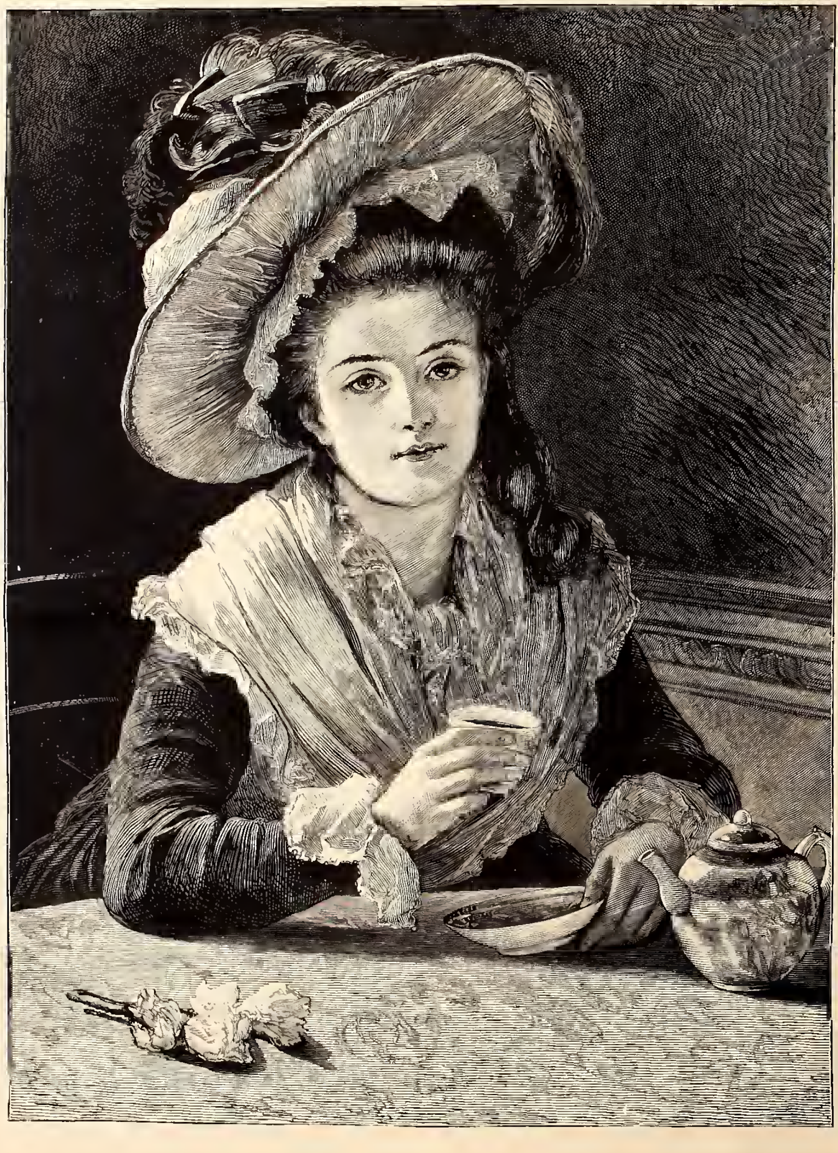
THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY

072
GR
v. 16

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

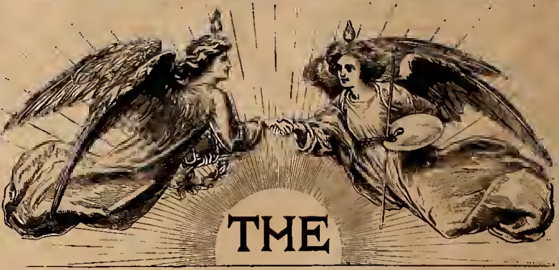
https://archive.org/details/nationalgraphic1877unse

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



"PHYLLIS"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MISS MARIE CORNELISSEN, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY



THE GRAPHIC.

An
Illustrated
Weekly
Newspaper.

VOLUME
16

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1877

LONDON
OFFICE 190 STRAND

JOHN F.S.A.
LEIGHTON

LONDON: PRINTED BY EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, 12, MILFORD LANE, STRAND

INDEX

- Adelsberg, The Caves of, 59
- Africa, Foreign Explorations of, 15
- Antonelli-Lambertini Lowsuit, The, 495
- Archery Meetings, 211

- Ballad Land, In, 159
- Belgium Thirty Years Ago and Now, 158
- Black Forest, A Bath in the, 134
- Brittany, Through, 36

- Camping Out, 135
- Chapel Uny, near Penzance, 158
- Chasse en Plaine in France, A, 187
- Chinese Ambassador at Chatham, The, 187
- Christmas Books, 463, 495, 523, 542, 570, 591
- Christmas Number (Extra) Dec. 25—
  - Animated Portrait, The, 4
  - Blisson's Last Round, 12
  - Christmas Guest, The, 16
  - Barley Mow, The, 21
- Church Music in Germany, 302
- Cleopatra's Needle, 20
- Coach, On the Top of a, 323
- Commonest Thing in the World, The, 135
- Consort, The Life of the Prince, 567
- Correspondents, War, 178

- Dark-Night Work, A, 283
- Dibdin's Successors, 230
- Dieppe, Seaside Economy at, 279
- Distinguished Arrivals, 162

- Ecclesiological Discoveries in London, Some, 58
- Edinburgh, Celebrating the Birthday of the Duke of, 188
- Exhibitions, Winter, 423, 447, 523, 534, 559

- Falcons on the Moors, With the, 138
- Flight of "Fancy," A, 179
- Food for Powder, 62

- "Going Out of Town," 211
- "Grandfather's Darling," 134

- Hands, The Language of, 326
- Hares, Folk Lore of, 282
- Holiday, An Unfashionable, 14
- Horn Head, 302
- How some People Live, 199
- Hunting the Impalpable, 110
- Hyères, 86

- Irish Watering Place, An 259

- Lead Miners, Amongst the, 326
- Les Touches, The Gardens of, 231
- Lewes, Monument to Russian Prisoners at, 20
- Local Museums and Galleries, 135
- "Look to your Nose," 138
- Luther, Martin, before Cardinal Cajetan, 182

- Manderschied, 326
- Mecca, The Pilgrimage to, 235
- Mourne Mountains, The, 42
- Mussel Culture in France, 58

- Newman on the Anglican Via Media, Dr., 347
- North and South, 15

- Obstructives, The, and the Session of 1877, 179
- Osmanieh and Medjidieh, Orders of the, 42
- Out of the Way, 139
- Oxford Reading Parties, 162

- "Pantiles," On and Off the, 62
- Pariah, The British, 87
- Photographic Society of Great Britain, The, 342
- Plevna, The Siege of, 518
- Poetry—
  - Bay, The Beautiful, 91
  - Her Little Shoe, 231
  - Christmes Carol, 587
- Poetry and Verse, Recent, 62, 207, 235, 275, 471, 499, 583
- Poonah, Pig-sticking at, 36
- Prince Consort, Life of the, 567
- Printers, The Older, 11
- Punch and Judy Show Reform, 303

- Rhine Thirty Years Ago and Now, The, 111
- Roman Relic, A, 347
- Roughing it, 299
- Rubens Tercentenary, The, 182

- Scotch Village Industry, 299
- Seaside in the Dumps, The, 163
- Seasons, The Four, 182
- Snoring, 283
- Soldier, The Private, 91, 107, 210, 227, 258
- St. John, New Brunswick, The Great Fire at, 31
- Sussex Downs, The, 179
- Swan-Upping on the Thames, 134

- Tauranga to Rotomahana, A Ride from, 11
- Tay Bridge, The, 405
- Telegraph, A Speaking, 86
- Terminus, Thumb-Nail Sketches at a London, 90
- Text Society, The Early French, 42
- Thames Regattas, 39
- Theatrical Audiences, 163
- Topics of the Week—
  - Alabama Bonds, 26
  - Alfred the Great's Statue at Wantage, 65
  - Alpine Accidents, 242
  - American Strike, An, 50
  - American Railway Strike, The, 98
  - American Railway Riots, The, 266
  - Anglicanism among the Alps, 267
  - Antipodean International Exhibition, 578
  - Arbitration, Workmen and, 266
  - Art in Private Houses, 290
  - Art in the Provinces, 506
  - Auctioneers and their Victims, 386
  - Austria, The Policy of, 68

  - Balconies, London, 51
  - Balkans, Across the, 50
  - Bank Holiday, The, 122
  - Beer, Salt in, 482
  - Bennett, the Aldermen and Sir J., 362
  - Begging, What is, 149
  - Belgium and Germany, 458
  - Besika Bay, The English Fleet at, 2
  - Blue Coat School, The, 146
  - Bridges, Free, 50

  - Canossa Monument, The, 194
  - Ceylon, 266
  - Chancellors, The Two, 266
  - Charitable Overbuilding, 458
  - Christ's Hospital, 50
  - Church Congress, The, 338
  - City Companies and Technical Schools, 530
  - Civil War in America, The, 74
  - Cleopatra's Needle, 362
  - Cleopatra's Needle, The Site of, 266
  - Clerical Party, The Violence of the, 506
  - Coach Horses, 315
  - Collision in the Channel, 242
  - Columbus and Bixio, 338
  - Confederation in South Africa, 74
  - Congress, The Domestic Economy, 50
  - Cruelties in the East, 26
  - Cruelties of the Russians, 98

  - Dardanelles, England and the, 482
  - Detectives, The, 291, 482
  - De Tourville, 2
  - Diplomatic Service, Our, 59
  - Disestablishment, The Agitation for, 458
  - Driving, Reckless Street, 26
  - Duc de Broglie, M. Gambetta and the, 242
  - Dupes, 170

  - Earlier Hours Wanted, 26
  - Early Closing, 554
  - Education, Freedom in, 26
  - Education for the Poor, Higher, 386
  - Electric Lamplighting, 350
  - Endurance Feats, 314
  - England and the Dardanelles, 482
  - England, The Indecision of, 530
- Topics of the Week (*continued*)—
  - England, The Action of, 602
  - English Opinion concerning the War, 314
  - Emigrants, Grumbling, 506
  - Explosives on Board Ship, 266

  - Fashion, Ladies and, 26
  - Food Supplies, Our, 290
  - Foreign Imitations of the British Constitution, 554
  - France, Conservative Union in, 50
  - France, The Situation in, 218, 386
  - France, in 1851 and 1877, 314
  - France, The Conflict in, 554
  - France, Peace in, 578
  - France, The Struggle in, 54, 530
  - Franchise, Rural Cottages and the, 434
  - Free Libraries, 578
  - Free Trade, Foreign Competition and, 482
  - Free Trade and War, 74
  - French Elections, The, 362
  - French Government and the Chamber of Deputies, The, 458
  - French Ministry and France, The, 2
  - French Republicans, Prospects of, 98

  - Gambetta, M., and the Duc de Broglie, 242
  - Gambetta, M., and the French Elections, 338
  - Gambetta, M., and the French Ministry, 194
  - Gas, 194
  - Gas Meters, 243
  - Germany and Italy, 338
  - Germany and Russia, 602
  - German Navy, The, 506
  - Gladstone, Mr., in Ireland, 338
  - Glove Fights, 410
  - Granville, Lord, at Bradford, 194
  - Greece, Servia and, 338
  - Guy Fawkes' Day, 434

  - Hardy, Mr., in Scotland, 554
  - Hartington, Lord, in Scotland, 434
  - Heresy in Scotland, 242
  - Hierarchy, A New, 434
  - Hippophagy, 122
  - Hoaxes, 195
  - Home Rulers, Ulster and the, 218
  - Hop Pickers, The, 170
  - Hospital Sunday, 122
  - Household Suffrage in Counties, 410

  - Imperial Meeting at Ischl, The, 122
  - Indian Famine, The, 170
  - India, Our Responsibilities in, 434
  - India, Mr. Bright on, 554
  - International, The, 242
  - Irish Members, The, 122
  - Italian Street Children, The, 50
  - Italy, Germany and, 338
  - Italy, Passports in, 146

  - Kew Gardens, 170

  - Landlords, Great London, 98
  - Latin, The Teaching of, 602
  - Laundries and Disease, 170
  - Laundry Reform, 315
  - Librarians in Council, 314
  - Light Sovereigns, 554
  - Lord Rectors, 482
  - London below Bridge, 74
  - Longevity, 578
  - Lunatics on their Travels, 74

  - Mad Dogs, 386
  - Madras, The Famine in, 146
  - MacMahon and the Republicans, 434, 482
  - MacMahon and France, 506
  - MacMahon's Dilemma, 410
  - MacMahon's Manifesto, 266
  - Manchester and India, 26
  - Manchester and Thirlmere, 602, 603
  - Manifesto of M. Thiers, The, 290
  - Mining Accidents, 386
  - Modern Progress, 290
  - Money Orders and Registered Letters, 378
  - Monument, The Canossa, 194
  - Murder, The Penge, 290
  - Music, Skating, Dancing, and Drinking, 338
- Topics of the Week (*continued*)—
  - North American Indians, 386
  - Notable Swindler, A, 75
  - Obstructives, The Irish, 74, 98
  - Omnibuses, 194
  - Overbuilding, Charitable, 458
  - Oysters, 218

  - Parliament and the Public, 2
  - Parliament without Ministers, A, 386
  - Parliament, The Summoning of, 578
  - Passports in Italy, 146
  - Pauper Hatching, Artificial, 530
  - Pauperism and the Revenue, 2
  - Peace, Prospects of, 458
  - Peace, The Talk of, 242
  - Permanent Employment *versus* High Wages, 602
  - Penge Murder, The, 290
  - Penge Convicts, The, 362, 410
  - Pio Nono, 530
  - Plevna Charnel House, The, 602
  - Plevna, The Fall of, 554
  - Police, The, 122
  - Policy of Austria, The, 68
  - Policy in the East, English, 74
  - Post Cards, Scurrilous, 219
  - Pope, The Next, 410
  - Postcards for the Million, 98
  - Prison Reform, 242
  - Processions at Home and Abroad, 458

  - Queen's Speech, The, 146

  - Railway Improvements, Minor, 506
  - Railway Platforms, Perils of, 2
  - Railway Riots, The American, 266
  - Registration Fees, 602
  - Retired from Business, 290
  - Russian Success, A, 362
  - Russian and Turkish Generals, 315

  - Seaside Manners, 194
  - Servia and Greece, 338
  - Servia, The Action of, 578
  - Shakespeare in Germany, 602
  - Shop Awnings, 170
  - Silk and Seed, Adulteration of, 506
  - South Africa, 218
  - South Africa, Confederation in, 74
  - Southern India, 75
  - Steam Launches, 194
  - Street Rowdyism, 482
  - Strike, The Clyde, 290
  - Sunday Schools, 458
  - Sunday Trading, 314
  - Superstition, 147

  - Telephonic Anticipations, 482
  - Thiers, M., 218
  - Thiers, M., The Manifesto of, 290
  - Transvaal, England and the, 122
  - Tribunal, An International, 362
  - Truant School, A, 362
  - Turkish Generals, Russian and, 315
  - Twelfth, The, 146

  - Ulster and the Home Rulers, 218
  - Universities, Provincial, 410

  - Vaccination, 2

  - Waits, The, 578
  - War, Progress of the, 2
  - War, The, 34, 122, 146, 170, 218, 410, 434
  - War, England and the, 506
  - War, English Opinion Concerning the, 314
  - Water Supply in London, 21, 170, 218, 458
  - Water Rates and Cisterns, 530
  - Weather Forecasts, 363
  - Westminster School, 362
  - Weavers, The Northern, 530
  - Workmen and Arbitration, 266
  - Wreck of the *European*, The, 554
- Tuscany, A Prehistoric City in, 58

- Via Media, Dr. Newman on the Anglican, 347

- Wales Travelling in, 230
- Wiesbaden Under a Cloud, 259

NOTE.——*The undermentioned subjects are not included in the foregoing Index, as they appear in every week's issue, or at regular intervals—"Our Illustrations," "Home," "Legal," "Foreign," "Court," "Church," "Sporting," "Scraps," "Theatres," "Music," "New Music," "Reader," "New Novels," "Rural Notes," "Fashions," "Magazines," "Weather Chart," and the Serial Stories, "By Celia's Arbour" and "The History of a Crime."*

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

- "A Day in the Country," 60
- African Exploration—
  - Arrival of H. M. Stanley and the Leaders of the Expedition at Cabenda, 501
  - Stanley, H. M., The African Explorer, 529
  - The Chief Captain, 532
  - The Wives of the Captains, 532
  - The Hero Uledi, 532
- Agricultural Show at Liverpool, 49
- Alexander II., Czar of all the Russia, 433
- Alfred the Great at Wantage, Statue of, 65
- Alpine Accident, The Recent—English Church, Zermatt, with the Graves of Messrs. Hayman, Lewis, and Paterson, 293
- America, The Indian War in—"The Sitting Bull" Council, 509
- Angling in Nova Scotia, 420
- Annexation of the Transvaal,—Sketches in Kaffraria, 260
- Art Gallery at Liverpool, Opening of the, 241
- "Awkward Predicament, An," 184

- Black, Rev. Dr., 204
- Blantyre, The Explosion at, 409
- "Blunderland, Our Trip to," 492
- Brigham Young, 476
- Brion, Gustave, 477
- Bristol Cathedral, Opening the Nave in, 428
- *Britannia* at Dartmouth, The Home of the Young Princes, 400
- "Brittany, Through," 29
- Bussell, Grace Vernon, 477

- *Calcutta*, Portsmouth, Gallery of H.M.S. (Supplement, Aug. 18, 1877)
- Camping-out in Scotland, 320
- Cape Town, Coolies Looking at the *Graphic* War Number, 521
- "Capture of a 32-pounder, The," 256-7
- Cariboo Hunting in Canada, 165
- Carlisle, Princess Louise's Visit to, 344
- Cattle Show, The, 564
- Chatham—
  - The Siege Operations at, 97
  - Chatham, Chinese Ambassadors at, 189
  - Military Athletics, 364
  - The Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at, 548
  - Hand-Grenade Practice at, 461
- China, The Famine in—Children for Sale at Shantung, 245
- Christmas Number (Extra, Dec. 25, 1877)—
  - Lady Mildred and Her Lover, 2
- Christmas Number (*continued*)—
  - The Caricature, 6
  - Cupboard Love, 7
  - The Calico Ball at Grohy Castle, 10
  - A Christmas Hamper, 14
  - A Cottager's Christmas Hamper, 15
  - Lilian's Birthday Presents, 18
  - "Once Upon a Time" (Coloured Supplement)
  - Ancestor Ralph, 19
  - Blisson's Last Round, 22
  - The Christmas Guest, 23
  - A Horrible Tale, 26
  - The Barley Mow, 30-31
- Church Congress at Croydon, 365
- Cleopatra's Needle—
  - Base of the Sister Obelisk, 21
  - Raising the Obelisk of Luxor in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, Oct. 25, 1836, 293
  - On the Voyage, 392
  - Launching of the Obelisk at Alexandria, 244
  - The Obelisk in Tow off Alexandria, 269
- Coffee Cultivation in Guatemala, 376
- Colliery Explosion at Blantyre, 409
- Colliery Explosion at Pemberton—The First Rescuing Party, 428
- Collision in the Channel, The—Attempt to Blow up the Hull of the *Forest*, 293
- Constantinople, British Consul at, 453
- Cow, Earl Bective's Prize ("Tenth Duchess of Geneva"), 548
- Creedmoor International Rifle Match, 341

- Dahomey Blockade, Raising of the, 68
- Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, The, 337
- Detectives, Trial of the, 464
- Detectives, The Charge against—The Prisoners in the Dock: Mr. Poland examining Benson, 193
- "Dinner Time—Outside the Refectory Door," 228
- Dogs at Battersea, A Table-d'Hote at the Home for Lost, 280
- Ecclesiastical Discoveries and Remains in England, Some, 64
- Edinburgh's Birthday, Celebrating the Duke of, 188

- "Faust" (Mayer and Seitz), 620
- Fawcett, J. H., *Esq.*, Consul-General at Constantinople, 453

1011667

"Finishing Touch, The," 472
"First Dip, The," 489
Fleet at Besika Bay, The—Officers Hunting with Beagles, 557
Flying Machine, Suggestion for a, 596
Forbes, Archibald, Special War Correspondent of the *Daily News*, 557

Gladstone in Ireland, Mr., 477
"Grandpapa's Darling," 140
Godiva Procession at Coventry, 208
Golf, The Royal and Ancient Game of, 105

Heligoland, A Visit to, 406
Hildegarde, The, Winning the Queen's Cup, 188
Holiday Notes at Yarmouth, 276

"Home" (from the picture by S. E. Waller), 108
Hughenden, Her Majesty's Visit to, 580-1
Hunt, M.P., The late Right Hon. G. W., 113
"Huntsman's Courtship," The, 424

India, The Famine in—
    A Council of the Commissioners at Bangalore, 545
    Depôt of Grain at Bellary, 372
    Distribution of Relief in Bellary, 368
    Scenes in the Bellary District, 329
India—The Poonah Boat Club, 332
    The Prince of Wales's Visit to: Memorial Fountain, Kandy, 389
    A Sarogi Idol and its Golden Car, 269
Inflexible, H.M.S., 93
Inverary Castle, The Fire at, 379
Italian Folk, North, 616

Juggernaikloo, Havildar, 36th Madras Infantry, 68

Kaffir War, The—
    View of East London Roadstead, 449
    Kreli—A Rainmaker—Amaguilla—A Basuto Doctor, 484
    Sandili and his Four Wives—A Kaffir Warrior—A Basuto Doctor—The River Kei, Nxahaxa Residency, 512
Kandy, Memorial Fountain at, 389
"Knight of the Seventeenth Century, A," 112

Lambertini, The Countess, 496
Lamerton, Burning of the Parish Church, 564
Laplanders at the Westminster Aquarium, 524
Layard, Funeral of Lieut., 437
Leader, The late Major, 453
Leuchtenberg, Funeral of Prince, 497
Lewes, Monument at, to the Russian Prisoners, 21
Life on the Paris Boulevards: Open-air Guests before a Café, 284
"Little Wisdom," 44
Loch Maree, The Queen's Visit to, 316
Longman, William, 204
Lord Mayor's Day, 468
Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, 436
Lord of the Isles Saloon Steamer, 69
"Luther, Martin, before the Cardinal Cajetan, Augsburg," 1518, 177

Malta, Character Sketches at, 352
Manchester, Opening of the New Town Hall at, 368
Manitoba, Life in, 232
Mansurah, Railway Bridge at, 621
Marlborough, School of Naval Engineering, 612
Mediterranean Garrisons, Reinforcements for, 100
    Disembarking at Malta, 189
Memorial Fountain, Monaghan, 425
Meyrick, F. G., 204
Monument to the Victims of the *Thunderer* Explosion, 425
Moriarty, Bishop, 372
Mormons, Some Prominent, 476
Mourne Mountains, The, 40
"Musical Memories," 385
Mussel Culture in France, 57

Naval Combat in the Pacific, The, 68
New Bedford Whaling Boat of 1½ Tons, 116
"New Sign for an Old Score, A," 448
"No Hope," 328
Norfolk, The Marriage of the Duke of—
    The Bride and Bridegroom, and Views of Arundel Castle, 500
    The Ceremony, and Some of the Presents, 508
Nottage, G. S., Alderman and Sheriff, 486
Nottingham, University College at, 316
Nova Scotia, Angling in, 420
Nubian Sports at the Alexandra Palace, 296

Obstructives, The Irish, 101
Osman Pasha, 480
Owden, T. S., Lord Mayor, 436

Paris, The Forthcoming Exhibition at, 560
Pemberton Colliery Explosion—The First Rescuing Party, 428
Penang, A Meeting of Mahommedans in Sympathy with the Turks at, 496
Peruvian Coast, The Great Earthquake on the, 84
Picnic Party on the Lagoon, 212
"Pig-Sticking" at Poonah, 37
Pigeons at the Guildhall, The, 612
Polar Expedition—How to Reach the Pole by Balloons, 317
Pomare, Queen of Tahiti, 588
Pony Race in British Burmah, 521
Pope, Inquiring after the Health of the, 601
Portland, Proposed Memorial Church at, 564
Prince of Wales at Cowes, The—Divine Service on Board H.M.S. *Osborne*, 220

Ramsgate, Sketches at the Granville Marina, 176
"Reaper and the Flowers, The," 323
Redoutable, Sinking of the, 380
"Rhine, from its Source to the Sea, The," 592
Riario-Sforza, Cardinal, 437
Riding Match at the Agricultural Hall, 461
Rifle Match at Creedmoor, The International, 341
"Robsart, Amy," 300
Roebuck, M.P., J. A., 604
Royal Review at Windsor—Her Majesty driving down the Line, 52

Russia, Condemned Female Revolutionists in, 388
Russia, Going to a Picnic in, 304
Rubens, Peter Paul, and his Second Wife (Supplement, Aug. 25)

Safety Net for Saving Life from Fire, 497
Saint Helena, Fishing Notes at, 596
Saint John's, New Brunswick (Map), 38
Sculling, Contest for the Championship of the World at Sydney, Trickett and Rush, 220
"Seasons, The Four," 180
Selby, The Abbey Church at, 524
Skobeleff, General, 372
Smirke, Sydney, 588
Stafford House Committee, Meeting of, 584
Staples, J., Alderman and Sheriff, 436
Steam Ferry, Opening of the Thames, 440
Stockenstrom, Mr. Andries, 372
Strike at the Law Courts, The Masons', 425
"Sublime and the Ridiculous, The," 540
Sunday-School Treat in Switzerland, A, 444
Swan-Upping on the Thames above Windsor, 136-7
Swimming the Channel, Professor W. Cavill—The Start from Cape Grisnez, 204

Temeraire, H.M.S., 309
Temple Bar, The Last of, 577
Thiers, M., 215
    The Funeral of, 248
Titiens, Teresa, 340
Torpedo Practice, The Steam Pinnace of H.M.S. *Thunderer*, 188
Torpedo Practice, H.M.S. *Flamingo* in Besika Bay, 204
Transvaal Annexation—Sketches in Kaffraria, 260
"Through Brittany," by Mrs. Macquoid, 29
Tuscany, A Prehistoric City in, 57
Tyrol, Sketches in the, 84

"Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Crown," 133
United States, Railway Strike in the—Views of the Railway, 117
Unveiling the Statue of King Alfred the Great at Wantage, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 65

Vienna Public Swimming Baths, 453

War Number (Extra), Sept. 29—
    Shipka, Ready for the Assault on Mount St. Nicholas, 3
    Russian Encampment in a Graveyard at Karahassankeui, 6
    Arrival of Prince Charles of Roumania at Plevna, 6
    Soup to the Front, 6
    A Red Crescent Bee at Constantinople, 7
    Mehemet Ali, 19
    "Mercy," 10
    Battle of Karahassankeui, 19
    Our Artist at Work, 22
    Son of the Grand Duke Nicholas, 22
    Rescuing the Body of a Favourite Officer, 22
    Russian Irregular Cavalry, 23
    "No Surrender," 26
    Plevna, Refugees Awaiting the Result of the Battle, 43
    Plevna, An Evening after an Assault, 43
    The Red Crescent at Work, 46
    The Czar Watching the Attack on Plevna, 35
    Bird's-Eye Map of the Seat of War (Supplement)
    Repulse of the Grand Assault before Plevna, 30
    Roumanians capturing the Gravitza Redoubt, 30
    Plevna, Turks waiting for the Attack, 31
    Turkish Attack on the Heights of St. Nicholas, 14
    Radetzky's Dragoons to the Rescue, 14
    Russian Positions in the Shipka Pass, 15
    Reinforcements for Suleiman Pasha, 15
War in the East, The—
    Princess of Roumania, 4
    Turko-Egyptian Squadron leaving Alexandria, 4
    Rock of Gibraltar, 9
    Rock-cut Roora, Wardzia, Armenia, 9
    Defile of Dariel, 9
    Dobrudscha, 12, 13
    Matchin, 12, 13
    Combat between Cossacks and Bashi-Bazouks, 128
    View of Sulina, 141
    Newspaper Correspondents and the War, 173
    An Episode in the Battle of Yeni Sagra, 200
    Relief for Turkish Refugees in the yacht *Constance*, 296
    The British Squadron at Besika, 533
War in the East, The—With the Russians—
    The First Day at Matchin, 1
    Town of Matchin, 5
    View of Ibraila, 5
    Crossing the Danube—View of the Bridge of Rafts, 5
    Cossack Outpost, South Side of Danube, 8
    Citadel of Tiflis, 9
    Residence of the Grand Duke Michael, Tiflis, 9
    Railway Guard on the Roumanian Line, 16
    Arrest of Our Artist at Galatz, 16
    Field Telegraph Wires at Plojesti, 16
    Turkish Bashi-Bazouks pillaging a Roumanian Village, 16
    "Halt for Tea," A, 17
    "Fresh Water by the Way," 17
    Bombardment of Giurgevo, 20
    Crossing the Danube—Russian Steamer Approaching Matchin, 20
    Grand Duke Michael, Governor of the Caucasus, 21
    Don Cossacks crossing the Danube, 28
    Arrival of First Turkish Prisoners of War at Simnitza, 28
    Crossing the Danube—Boat struck by a Turkish Shell, 32, 33
    Danube, Great Passage of (Supplement, July 14)
    Post from Kars to Alexandropol, The, 36
    Our Artist and the *Daily News* Correspondent on their Way to the Front, 45

War in the East, The—With the Russians—(*continued*)—
    Carting the Soup Kitchen to the Front, 45
    Russians at Oltenitza, With the, 56
    Biela, With the Russians at, 73
    Tirnova, The Entry into, 76
    Kuban Cossacks Returning from Reconnoitring, 76
    Biela, The Occupation of, by the Russian Cavalry, 77
    Burial of Russian Troops, 77
    Russian Positions before Kars, June 24th (Supplement, July 28)
    A Rush at a Store in Biela, 104
    "Caught Pillaging," 104
    Giurgevo, 116
    Photography and the War, 125
    Cossacks cutting the Telegraphic Communication, 132
    Friendly Circassians, 132
    Shipka Pass—Cannon in Danger, 148
    Loading an Ambulance Waggon, 148
    Mouth of the Shipka Pass, 148
    Bombardment of Kustendjie, 149
    Daily News Correspondent taken Prisoner, 149
    Our Artist's Notes at Rustchuk, Rasgrad, Shumla, Kavarna, on the River Lam, and in Asia, 152, 153
    Circassians Dancing, 156
    Camp for the Wounded at Magra, near Kars, 156
    Plevna, Great Battle of—General View of the Battle, 157
    General Gourko and his Staff in the Shipka Pass, 169
    The Czar's Tea Kitchen at Biela, 172
    Newspaper Correspondents and the War, 173
    Bringing a Bashi-Bazouk into Camp, 197
    In a Turkish Bath at Kezanlik, 200
    Russian Officers Bathing, 200
    Transporting Officers' Baggage, 200
    An Episode in the Battle of Yeni Sagra, 200
    The Heights of Shipka, 200
    Heads of Russian Wounded decapitated by the Turks, 200
    Cossacks saving Wounded Bulgarians, 201
    General Gourko and Staff Inspecting mutilated Bodies, 201
    Russian Council of War, 213
    Threshing Corn in Camp at Poudin, 213
    The Capture of Kezanlik, 221
    A Cossack Raid on Turkish Dogs, 224
    Russians taking a Height in the Shipka Pass, 229
    General View of Russian and Turkish Positions, 229
    Cossacks' Method of destroying Railways, 233
    Our Artist's Horse under Fire, 233
    Fugitive Turko-Armenians, 237
    Czar's Headquarters at Biela, 244
    General Dragimiroff wounded, 252
    Bulgarian Peasantry fleeing from Circassian Irregulars, 261
    A Cautious Movement, 265
    Drawing the Turkish Fire, 265
    A Cossack capturing a Turkish Major with a Lasso, 265
    "Another Bulgarian Atrocity," 265
    Repulse of a Turkish Cavalry Reconnaissance, 272
    Turkish Prisoners on their Way to Russia, 272
    Brewing the Djonka, 285
    The Russians taking the Redoubt at Loftcha, 285
    Colonel Wellesley, the *Scotsman*, and *The Graphic* Visiting the Great Redoubt at Gravitza, 289
    The Giant Battery before Plevna, 292
    The Czar and His Staff at Gorny Studen, 292
    Before Plevna—The Third Day, from the North East, 305
    Before Plevna—The First and Second Day's Fighting, 305
    The Czarevitch and Staff on the Field, 308
    Turkish Cannon captured in the Gravitza Redoubt, 313
    Officers' Baggage on the March, 313
    A Bulgarian Poulterer, 313
    A Deserted Turkish House, 313
    General Ignatieff, 313
    Correspondents' Quarters, 317
    Imperial Camp at Gorny Studen, 320
    The Czar, Prince Charles, and Grand Duke Nicholas watching an Attack, 333
    Photography in the Field, 348
    At Plevna—Their Late Leader, 361
    Outside the Bourse at Bucharest, 405
    At Simnitza, after a Storm, 412
    Imperial Guard marching upon Plevna, 412
    General Tedleben, 416
    A Russian Reconnaissance on the Lam, 416
    Russians rejoicing after a Battle, 429
    Valley of the Kara Lom, In the, 449
    Fire Signal Station, 449
    A Jeweller's Shop at Sistova, 457
    Before Plevna—Firing a Falconet, 516
    Plevna, Bird's-Eye View of Russian and Turkish Positions (Supplement, Dec. 1)
    Skobeleff sleeping in the Trenches, 532
    Skobeleff and his Standard Bearer, 536
    The Guards outside Plevna drawing Rations, 545
    Russians sending Women and Children into Plevna, 549
    Relative Turkish and Russian Positions in the Pravca Pass, 573
    General Rauch's Attack on Pravca, 573
    Soldiers rejoicing after the Fall of Plevna, 597
    Meeting of Osman Pasha and the Grand Duke Nicholas, 608
    In the Balkans—A Difficult Corner, 621
War in the East, The—With the Turks—
    Artillery Magazine, Tophaneh, Constantinople, 16
    Cavalry Outpost, A, at Shumla, 25
    Bird's-Eye View of Shumla, 25

War in the East, The—With the Turks—(*continued*)—
    Turkish Fleet at Anchor, Sulina, 36
    Turkish Imperial Orders, 42
    Bombardment of Rustchuk, 53
    Examining a Russian Spy in the Konak, Sulina, 65
    Notes by our Artists at Sistova, Pavolo, &c., 81
    Yeni Tabra—One of the Entrenchments of Varna, 113
    Olti, Turkish Troops Covering, 116
    Shelter Trenches, Making, 116
    Bashi-Bazouks at Bay, 121
    Atrocities, 124
    Shumla, With the Turks at, 132
    Shumla, A Cavalry Encampment near, 141
    Wounded Soldiers coming Back from the Battle of Kezanlik, 145
    Captain Annesley pursued by Cossacks, 149
    Mosque at Rustchuk after the Bombardment, 165
    Jewish Fugitives at Rasgrad, 165
    Three Russian Prisoners of War at Rasgrad, 172
    Sharpening a Sword Bayonet, 172
    English Officers of the Turkish Army at Shumla, 172
    Coffee in Camp, 172
    Death of Aziz Pasha during a Skirmish, 172
    A Doctor and Field Equipage of the "Red Crescent," 172
    Reception of the Artists and Correspondents by Mehemet Ali Pasha, the Turkish Commander-in-Chief, 173
    Re-Embarking the Troops at Tchamchira, 185
    Battle of Plevna from the Turkish Side, 185
    Mehemet Ali's Headquarters at Rasgrad, 196
    Interrogating a Russian Prisoner, 196
    The Best Abused Men in Europe on the Road to Glory, 196
    A Mountain Pass, 196
    The Correspondents' Race, 196
    Hanging Bulgarians, 197
    Stripping Lead for Bullets from the Mosques at Adrianople, 221
    Baker Pasha and British Officers leaving Constantinople for the Front, 224
    A Turkish Outpost in a Forest of Georgia, 236
    Abkhasian Mountaineers, 236
    Town of Rasgrad and Turkish Encampment, 244
    Execution of Bulgarian Spies, 244
    Gorge in the Derbend Balkans, 244
    The Public Crier of Constantinople warning the Populace not to Fire at the Moon during the Eclipse, 245
    Russian Flag of Truce, Arrival of a, 252
    Correspondents in a Storm, 285
    Suleiman and Staff watching an Attack on Fort St. Nicholas, 340
    Suleiman's Nearest Position to Fort St. Nicholas, 352
    Our Artist's Notes of a Journey from Phillipopolis to Shipka, 353
    With Ismail Pasha in Asia, 356
    "Allah! Allah!" A Turkish Charge, 357
    Night Sentries in Camp at Shipka, 361
    Bayazid, Views of, 381
    Mount Ararat, 381
    Bulgarian Church at Kopatche, transformed into an Hospital, 389
    A Russian Prisoner, 389
    Turkish Look-Out, 389
    Battle of Cherkovna, 396
    The Camp Barber, 396
    A Red Cross Official Arrested, 396
    English Officers in Turkish Service, 396
    A Council of War in Baker Pasha's Tent, 396
    Prince Hassan, 416
    A Russian Prisoner, 429
    A wounded Circassian, 429
    Citadel of Niesics, 429
    Head of the Ostrog Pass, 429
    With Ismail Pasha in Asia, 452
    Reading Newspapers in a Stamboul Café, 457
    In the Shipka Pass with the Turks, 484
    A Café Chantant, 485
    Drilling Workmen Volunteers, 485
    Sultan decorating Wounded Soldiers, 485
    Summary Punishments, 505
    English Officers' Quarters at Sarnasufla, 505
    Sunset before the Battle, 516
    The Fortress and Defences of Kars, 525
    The Red Crescent Ambulance Section taken Prisoners by the Russians, 533
    Silistria, 533
    The British Squadron at Besika Bay, 533
    The Taking of Pyrgos, 553
    Silistria—Sentinels in the Advanced Posts, 556
    Turkish Soldier praying over a Buried Comrade, 556
    Beginning of a Pontoon Bridge, 556
    Monument at Silistria, 588
    Despatching Mules from Rasgrad, 588
    Suleiman Pasha's Headquarters, Rasgrad, 588
    "Welcome Loot," 588
    "An Outpost Sentinel," 588
    "Surrounded," 588
    Conscription at Rasgrad, 604
    Stafford House Delegates Distributing Soup, 604

Waiting for the Verdict—Scene at a Glasgow Police Station during a Crusade against Stray Dogs, 85
Warren, Q.C., The late Samuel, 141
Watkin, Alfred Mellor, Esq., 141
Westminster School, 413
"What's That?" 88
Wheeler, Dr. G. B., 477
"Winter Time, In," 508
Wisconsin Scenery, 92
Woods, Colour-Sergeant Alfred, 81st Regiment, 68

Yarmouth, Holiday Notes at, 276

THE GRAPHIC

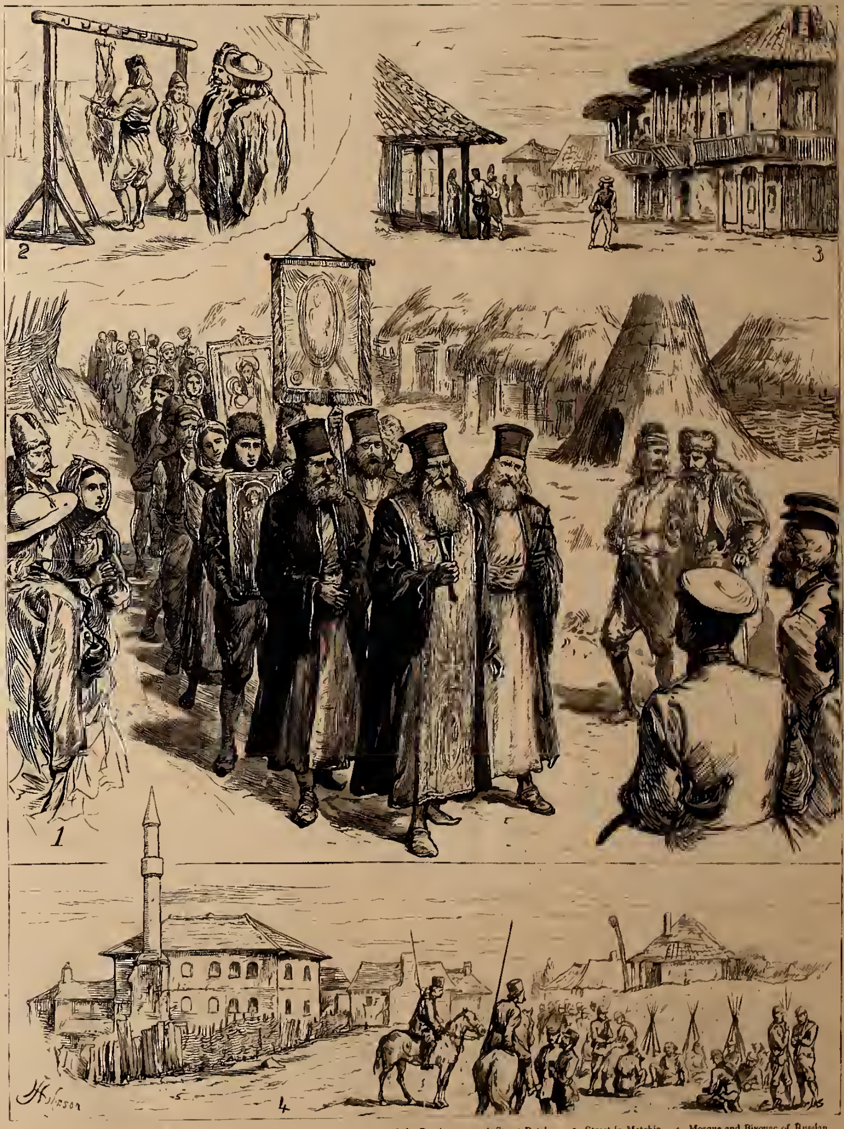
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 397
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1877

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



1. Procession of Priests and Christians of Matchin meeting General Zimmerman and the Russians.—2. A Street Butcher.—3. Street in Matchin.—4. Mosque and Bivouac of Russian Infantry in Matchin.

THE WAR IN THE EAST: WITH THE RUSSIANS ACROSS THE DANUBE—THE FIRST DAY AT MATCHIN

Topics of the Week

THE ENGLISH FLEET AT BESIKA BAY.——A profound sensation was created this week by the order that the fleet should once more proceed to Besika Bay. The Government has hitherto so carefully confined itself to a policy of watchfulness that a large number of people seem to have made up their minds that it would never advance to a policy of action. Yet if it is of importance to us that Constantinople should not fall into the hands of Russia, England clearly could not stand aside, and simply do nothing. For, however bravely the Turks may resist the invaders, it is certain that they must in the end be overpowered. Russia has doubtless solemnly pledged herself not to take possession of the Turkish capital, but events might be too strong for the Czar. The popular cry for Constantinople might become so vehement that he would be unable to resist it. The supreme question for England, therefore, is, Do we mean to keep the Russians out of Constantinople? Or is there no sufficient reason why we should fight for it? That this question would be answered in accordance with the traditional policy of England, if we did not shrink from allying ourselves with the Turks, there can be little doubt. Nothing made Constantinople valuable to us twenty years ago which does not make it valuable to us now. The sole difficulty is that the Turks have so abused their opportunities that we resent the idea of even appearing to fight on their behalf. After all, however, as has been pointed out scores of times, we should not really be fighting for them, but for ourselves. In defending Constantinople we should be defending the Indian Empire, and, with the Indian Empire, the whole cause of civilisation in the East. We believe, therefore, that the Government have acted wisely in sending the fleet to Besika Bay. The Russians thus receive due warning that we are prepared in case of need to maintain what we believe to be our rights; and they may be induced to moderate their ambition, whatever may be their success in the field. Mr. Gladstone appears to have convinced himself that England would under no circumstances interfere; but the instant Constantinople is in danger he will find that he is mistaken. All classes of Englishmen detest Ottoman tyranny, but no important class would consent to see it replaced by the despotism of Russia.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.——The accounts from the seat of war both in Europe and Asia are, as is usually the case, of a somewhat conflicting character. The official reports of the respective combatants are rarely trustworthy. If the Turks invent imaginary victories, the Russians conceal or slur over reverses. Nor is the news from the special correspondents of neutral nationalities altogether to be depended on. These gentlemen, however active and energetic they may be, cannot be everywhere at once, and much of the intelligence which they send home is derived from hearsay reports coloured by the views and wishes of the army with which they are serving, and modified to meet military exigencies. Neither of the combatants can be blamed for this, as, whatever their object may be in fighting, it is certainly not for the sake of providing sensational pabulum for English newspaper readers. Meanwhile the war, as it is gradually developed, proves a weightier business than many of us expected. Both Russ-lovers and Turk-lovers, drawing erroneous inferences from the rapidly-decided campaigns of late years, imagined that the Turks would be speedily brought to their knees. These expectations have hitherto been falsified. In Armenia the Russian army, which at first seemed to carry all before it, has met with serious reverses, insomuch that the siege of Kars is likely to be abandoned. In Europe the crossing of the Danube by the invaders has not been met with the determined opposition which a more energetic people would have shown; but, even as it is, the transfer of the army to the Turkish shore is a slow process, and much remains to be done before the Balkans are reached. The faint resistance on the Danube is probably due to Turkish remissness; but it may also be due to an impression that the enemy can be more satisfactorily dealt with when a considerable space intervenes between his army and his base of operations.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND FRANCE.——There is a cynical audacity about the Circular addressed by the French Minister of the Interior to the Prefects which probably no other Minister in any of the advanced European nations could have equalled. He does not even pretend that the forthcoming elections are to be free. The Prefects are to "take care to direct public opinion well;" they are to "enlighten the electors;" they are to "put universal suffrage on its guard against the snares to which it is constantly exposed." All the world knows what this means. It means that the Prefects must miss no opportunity of influencing voters, and that if they adopt questionable methods of doing so the Government will interpret their rights in a very large sense. That they may feel no scruples they are reminded that "functionaries of every kind are knit to the Government which has appointed them by ties which they are bound not to forget." On this ground M. de Fourtou feels sure that the action of the Prefects "cannot be hampered by those who in any degree represent the Government." It would be very foolish to suppose that all this will have no effect. The respect of the French peasant for the Prefect and the Mayor is intense; and a policy of direct and indirect intimidation by means of these officials may have a powerful influence on the more ignorant class of voters. On the whole, however, it seems certain that intelligent France and the Ministry are absolutely opposed to each other. The former cannot understand what are the fearful perils to which the latter so persistently point. No one talks of breaking the law except the Bonapartists; the Republicans earnestly uphold existing institutions, and desire only that they shall be worked in an impartial spirit. Frenchmen, therefore, naturally ask, against what dangers are they to be protected by the Government? M. Gambetta's followers have hitherto refrained from all action that would give their enemies a pretext for violence; and it may be hoped that even the Irreconcileables will now be induced to remain calm until the decision of the nation is known. If they do so, and France nevertheless returns a Chamber pledged to support the Duc de Broglie, the friends of liberty will have good reason to feel that they have a dark prospect before them. On the other hand, a Parliament more Republican than that which has just been dissolved would be the best possible proof that at last France is competent to govern herself, and does not mean to be any longer misled by selfish and narrow-minded partisans. The whole of Liberal Europe wishes that the latter may be the result of the wretched intrigue which has thus far been conducted with so much insolence and unscrupulousness.

VACCINATION.——Lawyers and railway directors abound in the House of Commons, but medical members are few in number. The chief reason, perhaps, for this paucity of doctors in Parliament is the absorbing character of their occupation. Their working hours are passed at the bedside or in the consulting-room, and the persons with whom they are brought in contact are far too much interested in their own disordered bodies to care about politics. Besides, the busiest lawyer or merchant has his evenings free, whereas a doctor's work is never done, and, if he continues to practise while in Parliament, his legislatorial labours would always be liable to interruption by the claims of his patients. We are led to make these observations because during the discussion of Earl Percy's motion on Vaccination only one medical man spoke, and yet this is just a subject where professional opinion is of the highest importance. The thinness of the House was no doubt in some measure due to the daring raid made by the Home Rulers early that morning on honourable members' repose; still it must be confessed that questions affecting the public health are rarely discussed in the House of Commons with much liveliness or much capacity. As for the question of Vaccination, little if any new light was thrown upon it, and the general opinion seemed to coincide very fairly with that of the outside public, namely, that while there are risks attached to vaccination, which may in some measure excuse the prejudices of the anti-vaccinators, these risks are so small compared with the peril incurred by those who are unprotected by vaccination, that the application of Jenner's great discovery must be rigorously enforced. We cannot approve of the suggestion that cumulative fines should be abolished—that a non-vaccinator should be once fined and then let go scot-free. Rich men, and poor men aided by anti-Jenner clubs (several of which are in existence) would, if the law were thus altered, enjoy the luxury of disobedience at the price of a fine, while the small-pox plague would be spread by the unarmoured children of these fanatics. Nor would the American plan of refusing unvaccinated children admission to school be of much advantage, as prejudiced parents would then be tempted to defer the ceremony till the school-age was reached.

PARLIAMENT AND THE PUBLIC.——It is a disagreeable fact that Parliament is not rising in the esteem of the public. At one time statesmen reserved for it all important announcements; but now a man like Mr. Gladstone prefers to expound his ideas to a number of Baptist ministers. Such a shock to its dignity as this it would recover, but it will find it hard to do away with the impression caused by the disgraceful scenes of last Tuesday morning. That half-a-dozen members should have been able to keep the House of Commons at work until seven in the morning, and to force it to go through seventeen divisions during the night, is enough to bring Parliamentary institutions into utter contempt. It is hardly worth while to argue with the fanatics who were so reckless of the fair fame of the House to which they belong. Their aim is to compel the country to grant from a sense of disgust what no amount of argument will ever induce it to concede. Hence they probably take their ridiculous tactics for a proof of the loftiest patriotism. The House of Commons itself, however, is to blame for not having long ago deprived them of the weapon they have so shamefully used. By all means let private members have as much liberty as is compatible with the proper dispatch of public business; but their freedom ought obviously to be limited by a strict regard to the welfare of the community. With their present powers a few wild enthusiasts may simply thwart every attempt at serious legislation. It is to be hoped, therefore, that no time will be lost in so modifying the existing arrangements as to render impossible a repetition of the now famous morning sitting. The nation will gladly exchange some of the endless talk with which it is now bored for a little real work.

DE TOURVILLE, OTHERWISE PERREAU.——In this country any legal proceedings which happen to attract public curiosity are apt to be spun out to an extraordinary length, and so we may congratulate the Austrian authorities on having, when they once made up their minds to undertake the task, decided the question of M. de Tourville's guilt or innocence with such comparative rapidity. This is the more remarkable because to the strict mind of a British-bred lawyer their method of procedure seems both lax and amateurish. All the known incidents in the prisoner's past life, whether relevant or irrelevant to the charge before the Court, are set forth in the preliminary act of accusation, and both this and a vast amount of hearsay evidence is purposely permitted to influence the minds of the jury. It is possible that altogether justice is substantially done under both the English and the Continental systems, and that each is suited to the people among whom it exists. Innocence occasionally, though rarely, suffers on the Continent; while in England a good many rogues, whose moral obliquity is plain both to judge and jury, are set free on technical grounds. But it is worth observing that the facts which transpired at the outset in connection with Madame de Tourville's death, and which by Englishmen would have been regarded as highly suspicious, did not seem to the Austrian authorities of sufficient importance to justify her husband's detention. It was not until they had raked up various damaging antecedents in M. de Tourville's previous career that they began to suspect that the fascinating ex-notary's clerk of Valenciennes might possibly be a murderer. Altogether, Continental justice seems of a more feminine type than our own. Lastly, this case shows that gradually, for all practical purposes, Europe is becoming one homogeneous State. In this case a man, who was by birth a Frenchman but by naturalisation an Englishman, killed his wife in Austria, was arrested in England, extradited to Austria, and there convicted of the crime. Much less than a hundred years ago such a cosmopolitan story would have been impossible.

PAUPERISM AND THE REVENUE.——The satisfaction caused by the prosperous condition of the Revenue has been somewhat damped by the fact that pauperism has in the latest return ceased to show signs of decrease. Of late years we have become accustomed to hearing at stated intervals that there were fewer paupers than at the same season twelve months before; and many hoped that a time was speedily coming when the evil would be brought within very narrow limits. Already, however, we have reached a point at which a decline is no longer mentioned. The reason probably is that the decrease has been mainly due to the more rigorous application of the workhouse test. In the good old days, when it was thought that charity could not be too lavish, it was comparatively easy for an idle scoundrel to obtain help from the public purse. Since political economists have taught us that it is no kindness to the poor themselves to be indiscriminately generous, applications for help have been more rigorously examined. And the result has been that thousands who were once relieved have been compelled to depend on their own exertions. But all who seek for public aid are not indolent impostors. A considerable proportion are really unable to provide for themselves. It would seem that relieving officers have now managed to get rid of most of the undeserving, and find themselves confronted by a class who cannot be dismissed without harshness. If this theory is correct, we need not look for any further diminution for a considerable time to come. The number of those who are absolutely obliged to beg for assistance is very slowly lessened by the increasing prosperity of the nation. The chances are that in the immediate future the burden of pauperism will become rather heavier than it has been during the last few years.

PERILS OF RAILWAY PLATFORMS.——The other day at Camden Town Station a passenger, hurrying to get on board of a train which had already started, jostled against a little girl, and sent her flying under the engine. Strange to say, although all the carriages went over the little girl, she escaped unhurt, but she owes no thanks to the reckless passenger. With all our alleged phlegm, we Britishers are, to judge from our behaviour at railway stations, the most nervous, impatient beings alive. It is quite a sight to watch the arrival of one of the early suburban trains. Nearly every male creature, who is not a cripple, or over seventy-five years of age, is out on the platform while the train is still going at the rate of a swiftish omnibus. Similarly, when homeward-bound in the evening, seven impetuous gentlemen simultaneously seize the handle of each compartment some seconds before the train stops. Nobody likes to be outdone in the race of agility, and the company's guards set the brightest example of all, for they swing into their lonely little cells with the alertness of acrobats. As the company never summons anybody unless the said body is so clumsy as to tumble down and hurt himself, this high-pressure method of doing business is extremely jolly for the stalwart and active, but unfortunately there are apt to be old folks, or women and children, "foolin' round," as the Americans phrase it, and they sometimes come to grief. This is especially the case where the platforms are very narrow, with a train on either side,—as is the case on a certain much-patronised line within a hundred miles of Waterloo Bridge,—and where, when the porters come tearing along trundling a mountain of toppling portmanteaus, and bellowing "By your leave!" the timid passenger feels as a startled Russian gunner might have felt when Lord Cardigan and the Six Hundred thundered along the Balaklava Valley.

NOTICE.——*With this Number is presented an* EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *forming* TITLE-PAGE *and* INDEX *to* VOL. XV.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½*d.*

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1*d.* thin and 2*d.* thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
Via Brindisi,
36s. thin edition.
45s. thick edition.
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. BATEMAN.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, THE LYONS MAIL. Mr. Henry Irving, Messrs. Mead, Brooke, Archer, Lyons, Tyars, Huntley, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Lydia Howard, and Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 7.30, by CHARLES II.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, W. J. Hill, Billington, C. Harcourt, H. H. Vincent, G. Barrett, and E. Righton; Mesdames Emma Ritta, Marie Stevens, C. Jecks, and Lydia Foote.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, THE SEXTON OF STEPNEY. Followed by CONCERT. The Coltrell Family. Beatrice Belmond, Sydney Barnes. Concluding with IS SHE GUILTY? Wednesday, for the Benefit of Miss Julia Summers.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—EVERY EVENING, at 7 o'clock, THE SCARLET LETTER. Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Syms, Vincent, Nicholls, Inch, Grant, &c. Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with THE CHILD STEALER. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated. Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW ENTERTAINMENT
WILL BE REPEATED EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY,
WEDNESDAY,
SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN, from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-EIGHTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN. 5, Pall Mall East. From Nine till Seven. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, EGYPT, NUBIA, and THE NILE, with a number of fine Alpine and other Works. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

GOUPIL and CO.'S PICTURE GALLERIES.

LONDON, 25, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

PARIS, 9, Rue Chaptal.

PARIS, 19, Boulevard Montmartre.

PARIS, 2, Place de l'Opera.

NEW YORK, 170, Fifth Avenue.

THE HAGUE, 20, Plaats.

BERLIN, 63, Charlotten Strasse.

LA ROSÉE DU MATIN.—This admired picture, by Jules Lefebvre, is included in GOUPIL and COMPANY'S EXHIBITION of MODERN CONTINENTAL PICTURES.—FINE ART GALLERIES, 25, Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

GOUPIL and CO.'S EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS CONTINENTAL PICTURES, including important works by Meissonier, Gérôme, Fortuny, Diaz, De Nittis, Sorbi, Fromentin, Villégas, Troyon, Israels, Lefebvre, Maris, Mauve, Daubigny, &c. now on view at their FINE ART GALLERIES, 25, Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Open daily from 10 to 6 o'clock. Admission One Shilling.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1877.—1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Tourist Tickets, available for two months, will be issued from May 14 to October 31, 1877.
For Particulars see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.
Paddington Terminus. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route *via* Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

CROSSING THE DANUBE

As the majority of our sketches mainly refer to one event, namely, the crossing of the Danube by the Russians on the 21st ult., and their subsequent entry into Matchin, it is scarcely needful to give a lengthened description of each sketch, and in many cases the titles alone sufficiently explain their purport. To take our sketches chronologically, the engraving of "Towing the Rafts into Position" represents the formation of the bridge by which the Russians crossed into the Drobrudscha, and which, as completed, is shown on another page. We illustrated and fully described last week the construction of these rafts, each of which, as soon as completed, was towed to its position at the end of the line of its fellows, where it was duly lashed and secured until the time arrived for swinging the bridge across the river. Our sketch was taken on the day the Russians crossed, and represents a raft loaded with men and huge wooden horses or trestles approaching the Matchin bank.

Ibraila, whence the Russians crossed into Turkey, has frequently played an important part in Turko-Russian campaigns, and notably in 1828, when it was captured by the Russians from the Turks—after a courageous defence during which a fleet of thirty-two Turkish gunboats was utterly routed by a squadron of eighteen Russian vessels. In the present campaign it was early occupied by the Russians, who at once turned the natural advantages of the place to account—for the banks of the river here are elevated and precipitous—by erecting strong batteries destined to protect the troops during their crossing. In peaceful times Ibraila is a busy, thriving town, and its quays teem with shipping, but just now there is no thought of commerce, and troops have replaced the ordinary peaceful army of merchants.

From the heights of Ibraila a good view is obtained of the Dobrudscha and the little town of Matchin, and of this our artist has taken advantage to send a couple of sketches of especial interest in connection with the crossing of the Russians and their subsequent operations. They were taken from the roof of the English Consulate, and are admirably described by the *Daily News* correspondent, who accompanied our artist, and from whose letter the following description is extracted:—"Nearly opposite Ibraila ends a large island, which, commencing at Hirsova, some sixty miles higher up, divides the Danube into two channels, which run almost parallel to each other—the right branch, or Turkish, on which Matchin stands, being called the 'Old Danube,' and the left, the 'Danube Proper.'

"The island formed by these branches belongs to Roumania; it is low, flat, and intersected with watercourses. At this season quite one-half of it is swamp. The tail of it here opposite us, as we look out from the roof of the Consul's house, is partly bare, partly covered with low scrubby wood, alders, and willows. The Old Danube beyond these alders and willows trends away sharply to the southward, almost but not quite at right angles to the main branch which lies at our feet between us and the island. Follow with the eye the course of the Old Danube. About half-way up between the bifurcation and Matchin notice that tall bare spar rising in its nakedness high above the foliage. That is the still standing mizenmast of the ill-fated *Lufti Jelel*, the Turkish corvette. The tragic story of her fate has been already told. In the hospital under the Red Cross flag there lies, torn and mangled, the sole survivor of the two hundred men who formed her crew. Some distance higher up are visible more spars above the trees; but these are not so lofty as the mournful relic of the corvette. Here, under what shelter the island bank may afford, lie three Turkish gunboats; there is not sufficient water for them, it appears, to emerge from the Old Danube branch upward. Looking a little to the right of the topmasts of the gunboats, we trace the outlines of the principal buildings of Matchin. The distance is eight miles, so that even with the glass not a great deal is to be made out, save that in a slope near the centre stands a mosque, with an imposing front, flanked by two minarets. Matchin is fortified after a fashion—that is, the old walls, and peppercorn flanking turrets, and crenellated curtains have not wholly crumbled into the moat; but it has no pretensions to be a place of strength in the modern acceptation of the term. There are a few batteries about it which were armed with large but obsolete small-bore cannon. Matchin slopes up on the hill-side, and is very pretty from the distance at which we look on it, while the sun is dancing on the housetops and lighting up the sombreness of the woods on the ridge behind it, growing gradually paler till it fades away into a faint blue, that ridge recedes in a south-westerly direction towards Hirsova, sixty miles off at the head of the great island."

THE FEVER LAND OF THE DOBRUDSCHA

THIS famous tract of land, which has so frequently served as a battle-field between Russians and Turks, and which from Toultscha almost to the Wall of Trajan is now in the hands of the Russians, is in all about 7,000 square miles in extent, and mainly consists of an undulating treeless prairie like the tract depicted in the foreground of our sketch—excepting in a few districts where a range of hills occur such as the Baba Dagh, in which Toultscha and Matchin are situated. Owing to the extreme flatness of the ground there are various inlets from the river, which overflows in the spring, and then retreating leaves inland lakes and large marshy districts. Not a tree or shrub is to be seen for miles, and the only villages are those built by German colonists, while the towns, such as Matchin and Toultscha, are in a half-ruined condition. There are no streams and water-courses, and the inhabitants often have to dig deeply for their wells. Some of the lakes near the sea are brackish, while others afford a livelihood to fair-haired Cossack fishermen, who, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* recently stated, "have here followed their hereditary occupation since the days of the conquest of the Ukraine." The same writer roundly contradicts the "hallucination" that the "Dobrudscha is only another word for all that is fatal or pernicious to health." The loss by General Espinasse of a large portion of his force at Mangalia and Kustendjie during the Crimean War has been so often attributed to the "pestilential malaria of those fatal swamps" that the fact that it was due to cholera, which was then raging with equal violence in the English fleet off Baltjik, has been quite overlooked. The writer declares that the Dobrudscha is ordinarily as healthy as the Wiltshire downs, so that from his account the Russian troops will probably benefit from the change of air rather than be decimated by malaria as so many prophets have foretold. To return to our sketch, the hills on the right are manifestly those where a severe engagement ensued after the crossing, after which the Turks were forced to retire upon Hirsova.

ACROSS THE DANUBE

THE Russians entered Matchin on the 23rd inst., the Turks having evacuated the town without striking a blow. The Russian troops under gallant General Zimmermann met with a hearty welcome from the Christian residents of the town, who in a procession headed by their priests met them on the outskirts with banners and holy pictures, and presented their "deliverers" with friendly offerings of bread, salt, and a Bible, meanwhile singing songs in praise of the Russians. Each priest held in his hand a small wooden cross. The Russian general and officers took off their caps and kissed the crosses, while the priests sprinkled them with holy water, and the people cheered. Having once effected a crossing the Russians poured over bodies of troops, and Cossacks in particular. Of these one of our illustrations depicts an outpost now stationed on the Turkish bank of the Danube, while two other sketches, "Fresh Water by the Way" and "A Halt for Tea," depict incidents during the march of the Russian troops in the Dobrudscha, which manifest the kindly feeling of the Christian inhabitants towards the invaders.—Our sketches of the interior of Matchin are self-explanatory.

IN ROUMANIA

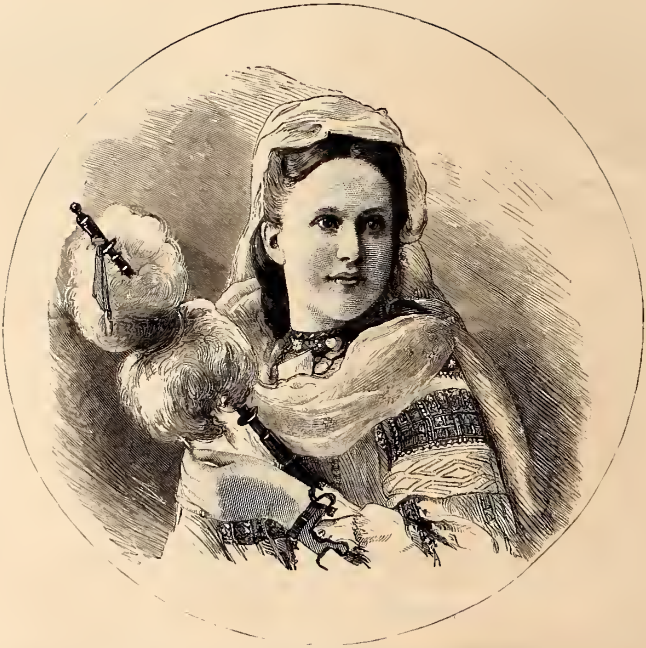
"TELEGRAPH Wires at Plojesti" and a "Roumanian Railway Guard" are self-explanatory titles, and "A Spy! A Spy!" represents a disagreeable incident which befel our artist at Galatz, but which, thanks to a timely explanation, had no serious result. The "spy fever" is raging rather hotly just now in Roumania, and even diplomatic agents are charged with exercising a greater curiosity regarding military operations, and less reticence as to divulging any knowledge they may have obtained than is agreeable to Russian official circles. The sketch of the Bashi-Bazouks represents one of those frequent raids upon "women and sheep," in which these troops are wont to indulge. It is against these marauders that the Cossack outposts are mainly utilised.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF GIURGEVO

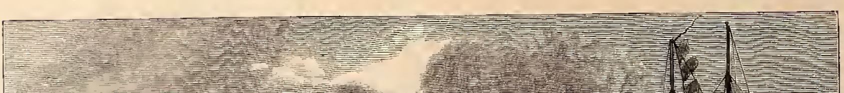
WHEN the Russians began their terrible bombardment of Rustchuk, which has laid the town in ruins, the Turks speedily replied with a cannonade almost as destructive upon the opposite town, Giurgevo, which, according to the *Daily News* correspondent, has certainly had a "bad time of it." All the prominent buildings have suffered, including the German and Dutch Consulates and the Hotel d'Europe. The inhabitants have accordingly been wont to leave the town during the day, while many have camped out altogether in the environs, where restaurants and stalls for all species of edibles have been improvised. One of the chief reasons for the bombardment of Rustchuk by the Russians was to draw the attention of the Turks off Simnitcha, and thus be enabled the more easily to effect their second crossing.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA

THIS lady, whose full name is Pauline Elizabeth Ottilie Louise, is the daughter of the late Prince Hermann of Wied, and was born in 1843. In 1869 she was married to Prince Charles, three years after his accession to the throne. The Princess is deservedly popular with the Roumanians, for she spares no pains to ingratiate herself with her husband's subjects, and always makes it a rule on the *fête* day of the country (the Moschi or "*fête* of ancestors") when great festival is held at Bucharest, to appear together with the ladies of her Court in the national peasant's costume of Roumania. It is in this dress that she is represented in our engraving, which is from a photograph by F. Duschek, of Bucharest. Nor does her sympathy with the people extend only to adopting their outward attire, as on the last *fête* day she descended from her carriage, and actually joined

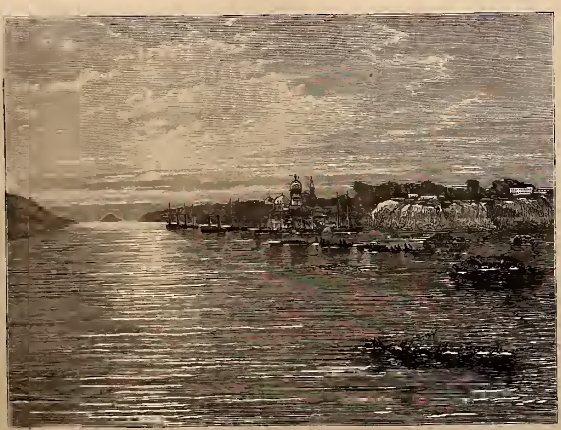


THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA IN THE NATIONAL PEASANT COSTUME OF ROUMANIA

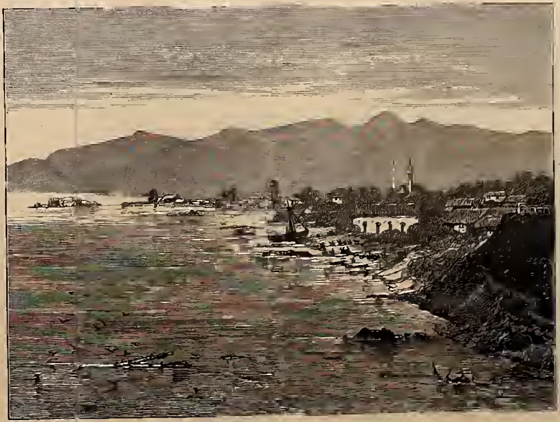


THE TURKO-EGYPTIAN SQUADRON LEAVING ALEXANDRIA FOR CONSTANTINOPLE WITH EGYPTIAN TROOPS

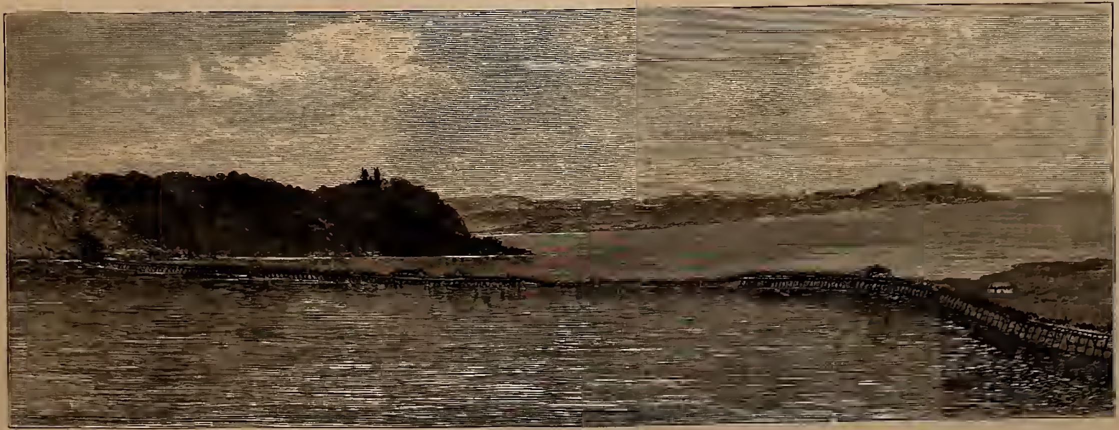
THE WAR IN THE EAST



VIEW OF IBRAILA FROM THE BRIDGE



THE TOWN OF MATCHIN



VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF RAFTS BY WHICH THE RUSSIANS CROSSED THE DANUBE INTO THE DOBRUDSCHA—SKETCHED FROM THE MATCHIN BRANCH OF THE DANUBE

THE WAR IN THE EAST: WITH THE RUSSIANS—CROSSING THE DANUBE in a national dance which was being executed by a group of peasants whom she had noticed while driving by.

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL

THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL NICHOLAIEVITCH, the third younger brother of the Czar, is the Governor-General of the Caucasus, and since the outbreak of war has commanded the Russian forces in Asia. His chief personal efforts in the present campaign have been as yet mainly directed to the reduction of the famed fortress of Kars, which he has been besieging with great energy, but as far as is at present known without any definite success. He is in his forty-fifth year, having been born in October, 1832, and in 1857 married the Grand Duchess Olga Feodorovna (*née* Cecile Augusta), daughter of the late Grand Duke Leopold of Baden-Baden.

DEPARTURE OF THE EGYPTIAN SQUADRON FOR ALEXANDRIA

THIS sketch represents the Egyptian contingent of 7,100 men under the command of Prince Hassan leaving Alexandria for the Turkish army. Their departure was delayed for some time on account of the non-arrival of the ironclad squadron which was to protect them from the Russian cruisers; but on June 15 four men-of-war having arrived, the transports were enabled to set sail. "The departure was a fine sight," writes the correspondent of *The Times*. "The Ottoman escort lay outside the harbour with steam up—four huge men-of-war quite able and ready to sink all the audacious Russian cruisers that are said to be prowling about these waters in hopes of capturing the Egyptian fleet. The transports, preceded by a gunboat, went out in the following order:—*Behara*, *Fayoum*, *Charkieh*, *Rahmanieh*, *Dahalieh*, *Garbieh*, *Tanta*, each named after an Egyptian province. Then followed the frigate *Mehemet Ali*, which in these days is 'as much good as a card-board box;' at least so said an old navy officer. The *Masr* (the Arabic name for Cairo) brought up the rear, with the Prince Hassan, the Commander-in-Chief, and his staff on board. The shipping in the harbour was dressed, and all the ports saluted the ships as they passed out to sea. The Arabs seemed proud of the sight, and talked of certain victory in the war. 'Things have changed,' said one, 'since the great war (the Crimean War); we no longer need the aid of the Queen of England. Look at our paved streets, our square, our gas, our progress! Allah must make us wise.' 'But why,' asked another, 'did Allah make all these men? Not to kill each other. There is something wrong in it all.'"

THE ARTILLERY MAGAZINE, TOPHANEH, CONSTANTINOPLE

THE Artillery Magazine, Tophaneh, is one of the chief depôts of military stores in the Turkish capital, and it is here that the "Council of Tophaneh" sits, under the presidency of the chief of artillery, and furnishes and controls the *matériel* of war and all military and manufacturing establishments. As the name implies (*top* cannon, *haneh* manufactory) the establishment is also a foundry, where cannon and shells are cast, the copper for the latter being mostly furnished from the mines in Asia Minor. Here also in a large square are stored numberless cannon and their limber in readiness for service. The magazine is situated in the little Turkish quarter at the junction of the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, between the busy Frank quarter of Galata and the Sultan's marble palace at Dolma Bagtché.

PALACE OF THE GRAND DUKE, CITADEL AT TIFLIS, ROCK CUT ROOM, AND DARIEL

THE "dvorets," or palace, the residence of His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael-Nicolaievitch, at Tiflis, was built by the Russian Government as a residence for the Emperor's lieutenants in the Caucasus; and here have resided the Princes Woronzoff and Bariatinsky, whose administration won for them so much esteem in the country. Formerly the Governor's residence was the scene of much gaiety; the lieutenants of the Emperor gave many *soirées* and balls, and the Georgian ladies wasted small fortunes in *toilettes*. In those days it was that Hervien, Blot, and Tollet, the French milliners, waxed rich, and that the Armenians pocketed the wealth of their former rulers. Since the arrival of the Grand Duke the Palace has become a quiet home for the family of His Highness.

The Grand Duke is very courteous to English and American travellers, and very simple mortals who have left their cards at the palace have been surprised at receiving an invitation to dinner. His Highness and the Grand Duchess Olga-Feodorovna (*née* Duchess of Baden) both speak English readily.

The principal promenade of the elegants of Tiflis is on the Galavinsky Prospect, beginning in front of the palace at the drawing room window, at which, opposite the Museum, the Grand Ducal family may be seen every day from one to two o'clock looking at the passers-by. Court balls are rare occurrences at Tiflis now, invitations to dine having superseded those to dances at the palace. The garden of the Imperial Governor is the only fine one in the town.

The citadel of Tiflis is of a very imposing aspect, but is not used as a fortress, though having all the appearance of a stronghold. It is used as a barracks and arsenal. It commands the Persian quarter of Tiflis called Avlabar or Isni. In the picture may be seen beyond the citadel the ruins of the ancient Georgian fortress of T'pilici-Kalaki (town of T'pilici, or warm town, *t'pili* meaning warm). On the other side of the fortress beneath the hill is the only pretty spot in Tiflis, the so-called Botanical Garden. The view from the fortress of the town, with the Kura flowing through the valley, and the Kazbek in the distance, is very fine. The peaceful appearance of Tiflis has not been altered by the vicinity of the war. Ambulances and waggons with supplies, troops defiling, or prisoners escorted by a few Russian soldiers, pass through quietly, and business goes on, and people frequent the Alexander Sad (garden) and Mustajid as usual. The picture of the rock-cut room in Armenia will give an idea of the artificial caverns in the rocks which, both in Georgia and Armenia, excite the traveller's wonder. Sometimes there are steps cut in the rock giving access to these chambers, formerly all inhabited, now mostly deserted; but oftentimes there appears to be no means of communication with the caverns and the rock above. At Gori, near Koutais, at Achalzich, and near Erzeroum, there are numbers of these abandoned refuges of the past. On our way here we passed through the Defile or Pass of Dariel. This military station is considered important, as the old fortress commands the highway and, it is considered, could hold it against a considerable force.

GIBRALTAR—FROM THE "QUEEN OF SPAIN'S CHAIR"

THIS view of Gibraltar is taken from the top of the hill commonly known as the "Queen of Spain's Chair," about four miles from "the Rock." In the foreground is a waste of sandhills and the Spanish village of Linea, or "the Lines," which forms the Spanish boundary. Beyond is the neutral ground, many times a battle-field; then the English lines, along which our sentries are posted; and inside this the piece of ground known as the "North Front," whereon is the cemetery, racecourse, kennels of the Calpe Hunt, and the hut barracks, &c., the chief exercising ground of the Rock. Here take place the field days, races, &c. Sheer from this rises the "North Front" of the Rock, a height of 1,335 feet, and in this rocky front are hewn the celebrated "galleries" and the well-known battery termed "St. George's Hall," hewn out of the solid rock. More than half-way up, at the top, is the "Rock Gun," which was several times dismounted by the Spanish guns during the great siege. The old Moorish walls and castle which formerly protected the town on this side are well seen, as also the city itself, which lies at the foot of the slope. Beyond are the Straits, Ceuta on the left, and the mountain rising in the middle known as "Apes' Hill," the other Pillar of Hercules. The monkeys, which still frequent the Rock, are said to have come from here. Beyond these, again, lie heaped huge spurs of the Atlas Mountains, usually capped with snow and half-hid in clouds. Down the African coast to the right lies Tangier. It is said that the then Queen of Spain, at the taking of Gibraltar by the English, took up her station in the tower at the summit of the hill (shown in the picture), and vowed she would never leave it until the Rock was retaken; hence the name. When the enterprise was abandoned as hopeless, they raised a large black cross of wood, which stands there to this day.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant Randolph, 69th (South Lincolnshire) Regiment.

MONUMENT AT LEWES TO RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR

AND

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

See page 21.

HOME.

THE RUMOURED VOTE OF CREDIT.——Mr. Gladstone, in a letter acknowledging an address from the Baptist Churches of Worcestershire, refers to the rumours that the Government were about to apply to Parliament for a vote of credit with a view to increased military preparations; and says that though he is far from asserting their truth, and trusts that they may prove unfounded, their character as a whole has been such that, if they need not be actually believed, they cannot safely be disregarded and dismissed from view. He denies that the vote taken by the late Administration after the outbreak of the Franco-German war can fairly be considered as a precedent for such a demand, and says that he is prepared to show in detail that in no material point do the two cases correspond.

A LIBERAL COMMITTEE FOR LONDON.——Mr. James Beal, who in 1865 acted as hon. secretary to the late John Stuart Mill's Westminster Election Committee, has written a letter to the *Echo* suggesting the organisation of a Liberal Committee (2,000 strong) for the whole metropolis. The planks of the political platform which he proposes are—"Assimilation of Borough and County Franchise, with re-distribution of seats; Religious Equality; a good Land Bill; Reform of the City Guilds and the City Corporation; and the Unity of London Government. (The three last points would mean, says Mr. Beal, a saving of 2,000,000*l.* a year in the administration of local government.) Mr. Beal thinks that all the candidates run by this Committee should be returned free of expense, and he modestly asks for "a large subscription" and "2,000 earnest men" to assist him in relieving London, outside the aldermanic area, "from the corruption of Guildhall."

MINOR POLITICAL MATTERS.——At the annual banquet of the National Union of Conservative Associations at Portsmouth on Saturday, the Solicitor-General, in responding for "Her Majesty's Ministers," said that it was one of the leading principles of their foreign policy to do right and observe justice. The distinguishing feature of English diplomatists above all others was that when they spoke or wrote they were known to mean what they said.—The Huntingdonshire election has resulted in favour of Lord Mandeville (C), who polled 1,468, being fifty-eight more than his opponent, the Hon. H. Fitzwilliam.—The electors of Stoke-upon-Trent are apparently getting tired of Dr. Kenealy. At all events the Liberal Council have ignored his claims, and decided to support Messrs. Melly and Woodall when the next contest takes place.—Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters at Northampton have expressed their determination to use their utmost endeavours to secure his return to Parliament at the first opportunity.

THE CAXTON MEMORIAL EXHIBITION at South Kensington was opened on Saturday last in the presence of a large and fashionable company. Mr. Gladstone was met at the entrance by Sir C. Reed and the rest of the Committee, and a procession was formed in the "Caxton Room," where the Archbishop of York offered up a dedicatory prayer, and Sir C. Reed read a paper, stating that the object of the exhibition was twofold—viz., the celebration of the quatercentenary of the art of printing, and the fiftieth anniversary of the Printers' Corporation. Mr. Gladstone then held up a "rough proof" of the catalogue, and declared the exhibition open. At the luncheon which followed, and at which the Emperor of Brazil was present, Mr. Gladstone, as chairman, spoke at some length on the character and career of Caxton, and the incidents connected with the introduction of the art of printing into this country. Towards the close of his speech he made the singular blunder of claiming, as an instance of the progress made in the art, that a copy of the Caxton Memorial Bible had been entirely produced in sixteen hours. "Sixteen hours ago," said he, "it was not bound, it was not folded, it was not printed, and the type was not set up;" the fact being that it had been printed from stereotype plates within the specified time; but as to setting up the type, a contemporary remarks that "all the printing houses of all the Universities in the world could not have performed so Herculean a task." It has since been stated that the book, a copy of which is to be presented to the Earl of Beaconsfield, was printed in Oxford and bound in London within twelve consecutive hours, ten copies being delivered at South Kensington before 2 P.M. The book consists of 1,052 pages 16mo., minion type, and is bound in Turkey morocco, bevelled boards, flexible back, gilt lettered on back, side, inside cover, and is free from a "set off" or any blemish. It contains an explanatory inscription and title, "In Memoriam Gul. Caxton," with the occasion and date of the edition printed on each of the thirty-three sheets.

GREAT FIRES.——An extensive fire occurred in Pimlico on Tuesday. Breaking out in a large timber yard, the flames quickly spread to a number of houses surrounding it, of which no fewer than twenty-four were more or less damaged. An immense crowd of spectators were attracted to the scene, and were with difficulty kept in order by the 150 policemen, and a like number of Foot Guards, who were marched to the spot.—Another large fire is reported from Bradford, where the business premises of three merchant firms have been destroyed, the total damage being estimated at 100,000*l.*—The Lord Mayor has consented to convene a public meeting in aid of the sufferers by the disastrous fire at St. John's, New Brunswick, and Lord Carnarvon and Lord Kimberley are to be asked to lend a helping hand. The Mansion House Fund amounts to over 3,000*l.* It was stated that 2,800 had been collected in Manchester, and 2,200*l.* in Liverpool.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Archbishops and Bishops and about 300 of the clergy dined with the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Wednesday. The Primate responded to the principal toast.—General Grant, on Tuesday, received a deputation of representative working men, who presented him with an address of welcome. On Wednesday (Independence Day) a number of American residents in London were invited to meet him at the United States' Embassy, and on Thursday he received an address from the Corporation of Folkestone before embarking for the Continent. The General is expected at Berlin towards the end of the present month, and will go thence to Russia.—A public garden, which has been constructed at a cost of 5,000*l.* on the site of the historic churchyard of old St. Pancras Church, was last week inaugurated by Sir J. Hogg, M.P., Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, the Baroness Burdett Coutts taking part in the ceremony by laying the first stone of a memorial sun-dial, which is to be erected at her expense.—Next Saturday H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is to unveil a marble statue of Alfred the Great, which has been executed by Count Gleichen, the Queen's cousin, and erected at Wantage, the birthplace of King Alfred.—A great portion of Morecambe Bay is to be reclaimed from the sea by a Land Company, who have already commenced the work. The cost is estimated at 150,000*l.*, and the reclaimed land is expected to be worth 400,000*l.*—The Manchester Water Works Committee propose to purchase Thirlmere, one of the Cumberland Lakes, and to convey water thence to the city by means of an aqueduct 100 miles in length.—On Saturday three men employed on a floating powder magazine off Gravesend were killed by the explosion of the store of explosives which were on board. A waterman who was rowing by at the time had a narrow escape, one of his oars being blown from his hand to a distance of at least thirty yards.—An accident similar to that which recently took place at Bath occurred at Saltash last week. A narrow wooden bridge connecting the steamboat pier with the shore suddenly gave way, and the crowd of persons upon it were precipitated into the water. Happily there were plenty of boats at hand, and no lives were lost.—On Sunday last Mr. Arthur Adderley, a son of the President of the Board of Trade, fell over a precipice at the Falls of Tummel, near Perth, and was drowned in the pool below.—An extraordinary and shocking railway accident occurred at Crewe on Tuesday last. The Scotch express was passing the station, when it came in contact with a long bar of iron, which was being carried in the opposite direction by a luggage train, and which projected over the other line of metals. This knocked away a portion of one of the carriages, and completely decapitated a lady who was seated within it, her husband and their child, who were seated beside her, escaping unhurt.

PARLIAMENT

THE events of the week in Parliament have not been of absorbing interest; but, such as they are, they have been absolutely dwarfed by the events of Tuesday-morning. For once in the history of the House, there have been two morning sittings on the same day. The second was arranged in accordance with custom; the first was altogether unarranged, growing out, in an unexpected manner, of a little difference between Mr. O'Connor Power and the Minister for War. Monday evening had, in accordance with instructions received from the Irish members through the exceptionally courteous mouthpiece of Mr. Butt, been devoted to Supply. On the previous Thursday night there had been much rebuking of Ministers for their dilatoriness in obtaining Supply. Mr. Rylands, mounting the high horse, had charged at the Treasury Bench, declaring in his most solemn and impressive manner that never was there a Government like this for neglecting its business and making it necessary to take votes on account. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, ordinarily the mildest of men, was so moved by this groundless and cruel charge that he girded at Mr. Rylands in quite a lively manner, finishing off for the night that estimable, amiable, but not precisely brilliant member. The Irish members, beholding a fray, dashed in, and naturally taking the lead in anything that betrayed a difference of opinion, they presently had all the debate between themselves and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the result indicated above—that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, lectured by Mr. Butt, humbly promised that henceforward Supply should be taken *de die in diem* on all Government nights.

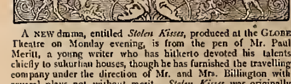
Thus on Thursday the estimates for War were put down as the first order of the day, and Mr. Cathorne Hardy arrived with a breast full of hope and a despatch box full of papers, prepared to finish the estimates of which he has charge. But at the outset his progress was barred by a number of notices of amendment, which, according to the good old constitutional maxim, had to be discussed before Supply could be granted. Even when these were disposed of an enemy rose up out of the Ministerial household, and inadvertently and undesignedly, but not the less effectively, stopped the unfortunate Minister for War from obtaining his supplies. Captain Stanley, the Financial Secretary to the War Office, undertook to defend the policy of the department in the matter of the Militia. This he did in a speech of tremendous length and no particular point, growing for his own part so obfuscated that it is no wonder the House was wholly unable to follow his drift. But the captain gallantly stuck at the trail, pursuing his own meaning through a wilderness of words, and, though he never came up with it, he succeeded in occupying the time of the House for nearly three-quarters of an hour.

This landed the Committee beyond midnight, on the near side of which lurks that lion in the path, "the half-past twelve rule." Mr. Biggar was not in his place, but Mr. Parnell was there, ready for emergencies. Before he could interfere, however, an accident arose which rendered his interposition unnecessary, or at least gave it a variety of form. Mr. O'Connor Power had addressed to Mr. Gathorne Hardy an inconsequential question, which the right hon. gentleman, not unreasonably thinking there had been talking enough, made no sign of answering. This irritated Mr. Power, and by way of punishing the discourtesy of the Minister for War he determined to take the constitutional course of stopping Supply. The petulance of the movement was so obvious that the House resented it, and backed up Mr. Hardy in his objection. The little band of Irish members, recruited by the arrival of Mr. O'Donnell, who in many undesirable points more than compensates for the temporary absence of Mr. Biggar, cheerfully accepted the defiance, and braced themselves up for a long encounter. Mr. O'Connor Power having moved to report progress, and having been defeated, Mr. Parnell moved the alternative motion, that the chairman do leave the chair. This was also rejected, the figures being in the proportion of 100 to 5—a condition of affairs quite exhilarating to Captain Nolan, who as the Irish "whip" delights in leading forlorn hopes of this character. Major O'Gorman was present, but judiciously, and in view of the heat of the weather, abstained from exhausting himself by talk. But there was no need of his assistance. Mr. O'Connor Power is equal to a school of girls; Mr. Parnell is a practised utterer of many words which need not necessarily mean anything; whilst as for Mr. O'Donnell, there is about him a physical energy which sets time and exhaustion at defiance. Having, it is understood, received some education, which he has supplemented by desultory study of foreign politics, this gentleman is able at a moment's notice to launch out into a more or less incoherent description of the various constitutions of Europe.

This he did in the earlier hours of Tuesday morning, to the great weariness of the House and the audibly expressed disgust of Sir W. Edmonstone. Mr. Locke, who is not often in the House, chanced to be present on this occasion, and treated Mr. O'Donnell to a few plain words of a character not often heard on the floor of the House of Commons. He did not stop short of turning round to the new member, and whilst declining, from excessive anger, to look him in the face, threw over his shoulder the remark that he "saw him now for the first time, and Heaven knew he did not care if he never saw him again."

This little episode, with another in which Mr. Blake figured, and in which he terribly castigated Mr. Parnell for that gentleman's recent speech on Parliamentary affairs to a Sunday evening congregation, carried the House blithely through the morning hours. The minority of five were evidently prepared to sit, as Mr. O'Connor Power said, till the arrival of the New Zealander famed in historical essay. The pace was beginning to tell on Major O'Gorman, but he was plucky to the last, and strolled out for the last division with an air not less defiant and a step scarcely less buoyant than were observed when, six hours earlier, he entered upon the unequal contest. In the end the House was counted out at a quarter past seven, meeting again at two o'clock the same day, sitting till seven, adjourning till nine and sitting again till nearly half-past twelve, and then only being counted out at the sight of Mr. Whalley, prepared to give it a lengthy lecture on the question of the "Priest in Absolution."

On Wednesday it seemed for half-an-hour as if there would be no House at all, but by the end of that time sufficient members were assembled, and a mild, not to say dreary, debate took place throughout the afternoon on two Bills, one of which, Mr. O'Sullivan's, had no more chance of passing than if its object had been the beheading of the Prince of Wales.



THEATRES

A NEW drama, entitled *Stolen Kisses*, produced at the GLOBE Theatre on Monday evening, is from the pen of Mr. Paul Meritt, a young writer who has hitherto devoted his talents chiefly to suburban houses, though he has furnished the travelling company under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Billington with several plays not without merit. *Stolen Kisses* was originally produced at Liverpool a short time since, where it is said to have been received with much favour. It belongs to a class of pieces which for lack of a better name have become known as comedy-dramas. There is, to begin with, more of a story in it than is generally deemed necessary in a comedy; on the other hand its comedy scenes, in which the aim, at least, is to interest by character and amuse by pointed dialogue, have certainly nothing in common with *melodrame*. It is perhaps due to the author's study of suburban tastes that he has considered it advisable in the construction of his plot to introduce a peer with a terrible secret which places him absolutely in the power of a wealthy *parvenu*, besides a gentleman who, having sustained a wrong at the hands of a twin brother, nourishes in consequence a life-long hatred which induces him to take delight in heaping humiliation and reproach upon this unfraternal wrongdoer. The scenes which arise out of these matters are somewhat artificial in character; though Mr. Ryder as the *parvenu*—who, it may be observed, is also the stern and injured brother—acts with a degree of force and sincerity which goes a long way to redeem these defects. There is a great deal of vigour and pathos in Mr. A. Garner's acting as the ex-pantomimist, though he might have given some little relief to the tone of incurable depression of spirits which he maintains throughout. The fierce reproaches and the bitter taunts with which Mr. Ryder assails him become almost ludicrous from the manifestly superfluous energy with which they are accompanied. Some of the best scenes in the piece arise from the relations between a young lady named Temple and her two admirers, Fred Gay, a medical student, represented by Mr. D'Arley, and the Hon. Felix Freemantle, a part assigned to Mr. Leathes. Miss Foote, whose fate it has hitherto been to represent for the most part only consumptive heroines, plays the part of Miss Temple with a very natural and easy flow of spirits; and there is a vast deal of amusement arising from her lover, Fred Gay's, inseparable attachment for his cornet, the notes of which, though ever agreeable in the young lady's ears, constitute only an additional "fly in the ointment" of the moody *parvenu*. There are also very amusing interviews between Miss Temple and Felix Freemantle, who are so delighted with each other because each discovers that the other's affections are engaged elsewhere that their extravagant effusions of joy are mistaken for tokens of passionate attachment. All this, if not entirely new, is in the genuine spirit of comedy, and in these scenes the dialogue reaches a level of merit which is unfortunately not evenly sustained throughout the piece. Though crude at times in conception and and execution, the piece indicates considerable promise, and it unquestionably affords a good deal of amusement to the audience.

A new and revised edition of *Lady Audley's Secret*, the dramatised version of Miss Braddon's novel of that name, has been brought out at the OLYMPIC. The piece has been extended to four acts, and some attempt has been made to introduce comedy scenes by way of relief to the somewhat melodramatic gloom which pervades the play, which still, however, follows closely the lines of the tale. It is in many respects powerfully acted. Miss Pateman's Lady Audley is a picturesque and vigorous performance, wanting little but a truer sense of proportion and of the importance of not overtaxing the feelings of the spectator. Mr. Henry Neville's earnest and forcible style gives great interest to the part of Robert Audley. By way of after-piece the management have produced a version of François Coppée's *Luthier de Cremone*, in which Mr. H. Neville, who is the adaptor of the little piece, performs with picturesque art and a rough kind of pathos the part of the hunchback, whose generous self-sacrifice constitutes the basis of the play. A pleasing young actress, Miss Gerard, sustains with grace and refinement the part of the violin-maker's daughter.

Madame Chaumont's appearances at the GAIETY have again proved more successful in attracting audiences than any of the series of French performances hitherto given under Mr. Hollingshead's rule. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any foreign actress ever enjoyed in England a more genuine popularity. Besides the regular evening performance, Madame Chaumont and her company will perform this morning in two of her most popular pieces, and will sing some of those songs, or rather musical scenes, for which she has so great a renown. The whole series of French performances at the Gaiety Theatre is under the immediate direction of Mr. M. L. Mayer.

A special performance of *Othello* at the OPERA COMIQUE on Friday last served to introduce to English audiences a new aspirant for dramatic honours in the person of M. Arno Marque, a French gentleman. M. Marque, who has attained a fair mastery over the difficulties of English accent, played the part of the Moor in the earlier scenes with every indication of careful study, albeit with some want of force. In the more passionate scenes of the last three acts his lack of physical power was all the more apparent from the violence of his action and his hurried utterances, which became now and then absolutely unintelligible to the audience. On the whole we fear that M. Marque has only furnished another example of the truth that something more than study, intelligence, and good taste is required to make a great tragic actor.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.——Mr. and Mrs. German Reed will close their season on Saturday next, the 14th inst., and after, a short tour in the southern provinces, reopen the St. George's Hall again on the 1st of October. An extra night will be given on Monday, July 17th, for the benefit of Mr. John Williams, who has for many years been connected with the entertainment.

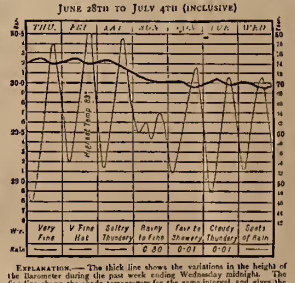
Monday next, July 9, will be the 800th night of *Our Boys* at the VAUDEVILLE.

THE RIPON HOUSE AMATEURS got through their week at the ROYALTY very creditably considering that there was a change of performance each evening. On the last night (Saturday) Mr. Charles Sleigh himself appeared as Matthew Elmore in Lovell's play of *Love's Sacrifice*. He played carefully and intelligently, but has hardly the physical capacity necessary for the part. Mr. Crofton as Paul Lafont, and Miss MacMahon as Margaret Elmore, received well-merited applause.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JUNE 28TH TO JULY 4TH (INCLUSIVE)

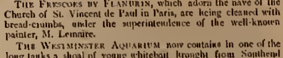


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over the south-eastern parts of England remained very hot until the close of last week, the highest point reached in the shade being 83°, on Friday, the 29th ultimo. On Sunday, the 1st instant, there was a very considerable change. Heavy clouds were formed, and from about 8.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. we had a steady fall of rain, after which the sky cleared somewhat. Since that that time the sky has been cloudy all over the country, and thunderstorms have been frequent. Around London the showers have been very partial, and although on Tuesday evening, the 3rd instant, there were only a few very slight falls of rain in the southern suburbs, yet 0·35 inch of rain fell in Hackney, and an extremely heavy storm of hail was experienced in Camden Town and St. John's Wood. The barometer was highest (30·26 inches) on Friday, the 28th ultimo; lowest (29·96 inches) on Monday, the 2nd instant; range, 0·30 inch. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (83°) on Friday, the 29th proximo; lowest (47°) on Thursday, the 28th ultimo; range, 36°. The interference with the normal daily range of temperature caused by the rain on Sunday, the 1st instant, is shown very strikingly in the diagram. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·32 inch, on three days; greatest fall, 0·30 inch, on Sunday, the 1st instant.

◆

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,300 deaths were registered, against 1,271 during the previous seven days, showing an increase of 29, but being 43 below the average, and at the rate of 19·2 per 1,000. There were 45 deaths from measles (an increase of 3), 24 from scarlet fever, 6 from diphtheria, 28 from whooping-cough (a decline of 7), 26 from different forms of fever (an increase of 4), 50 from diarrhœa (a decrease of 4), and 44 from small-pox, the same as last week. The Metropolitan Asylum Small-pox Hospitals contained 646 patients on Saturday last. There were 2,291 births registered, against 2,270 the previous week. There were 58·4 hours of sunshine last week out of the 115·7 hours that the sun was above the horizon. The mean temperature was 61·6 deg., or 0·4 above the average.



SCRAPS

THE FRESCOES BY FLANDRIN, which adorn the nave of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris, are being cleaned with bread-crumbs, under the superintendence of the well-known painter, M. Lemaire.

THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM now contains in one of the long tanks a shoal of young whitebait brought from Southend some weeks ago. The fish are in excellent condition, and are said to be daily growing more and more like herrings.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE NEWSVENDORS' INSTITUTION will be held at Willis's Rooms on the 10th inst., under the presidency of Mr. Serjeant Cox and a distinguished company. We wish success to this deserving cause, worthy of public support.

ONE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN BOAS in the Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens has just produced twenty young ones, all alive and strong. They have not yet been fed, but bite freely enough if anything is placed near them. They are from 15 to 18 inches in length.

A PICTURE ATTRIBUTED TO PERUGINO has been discovered in the Church of St. Pierre, near Vaucluse. The painting, which represents the Adoration of the Shepherds, was hidden away in the loft of the church, and is in an excellent state of preservation, the colours being perfectly bright and fresh.

THE CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD, the *People's Journal*, has been brought out at Calcutta for the modest sum of one pice per copy (4 pice go to ½d.). Readers of this cheap sheet, however, are frankly informed that, although brief and popular articles on scientific, legal, social, and political matters may be expected, "learned and elaborate research in any of these departments is beyond our scope, and our readers will be disappointed if they are to look for such articles in our columns."

CREMATION is being seriously discussed in Paris, where the subject of burial in the present over-crowded state of the cemeteries has long been a difficult question. At Wednesday's sitting of the Municipal Council it was decided to petition for a law permitting cremation, and one of the members suggested that a competition should be organised for the best mode of disposing of bodies by burning. This competition should be opened at once, and continue till the end of the year, and all plans must be expeditious, inodorous, and economical. A jury of fifteen members would decide on the best method after experiments had been made of every reasonable plan. It was also proposed to present a law authorising cremation to the new Chamber.

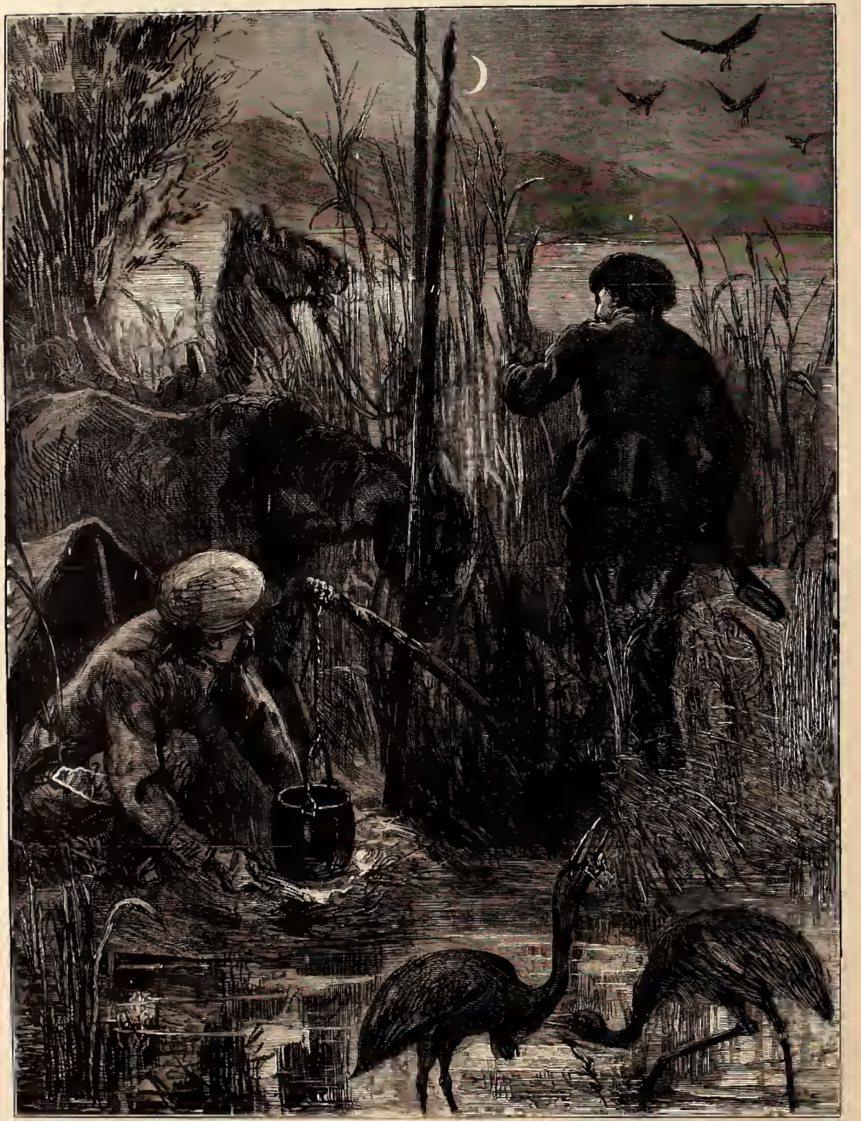
PICTURES OF THE DUTCH AND FLEMISH SCHOOL have marvellously increased in value within the last half-century. In France this has been especially noticeable of late years; and while during Republican and Imperial times from 1795 to 1825 paintings by Snyders, Breughel, and Hondekoeter formerly bought for 200*l*. and 250*l*. fell to 3*l*. and 4*l*., after the return of the Bourbons the prices again rose steadily to the present period. The pictures of Hobbema, Teniers, Wouvermans, and Rembrandt show the greatest increase in value. For example, Rembrandt's "The Gilder" in 1802 was knocked down for 200*l*., and many years after it was bought by the Duc de Morny for 1,000*l*., while after the Duke's death in 1855 it was sold for 6,200*l*.

EDELWEISS—the fluffy white flower dear to Alpine climbers and superstitious brides—is at length to be legally protected, such a measure being rendered necessary to prevent the plant from becoming totally extinct. In the Engadine a law has been passed prohibiting the sale of the *edelweiss* in its fresh and living condition, the first offence to be visited with a fine of 4s. The Swiss children are the worst offenders, as they pull up the plant roughly by the roots, and pester travellers to buy a tiny bouquet of *edelweiss* or other "Alpenblumen" for 50 cents, while in the tourist season nearly every passenger in the homeward bound steamers to the Swiss lake-side towns wears a tuft in his hat as a trophy of his mountaineering exploits, be they even confined to a railway trip up the Rigi.

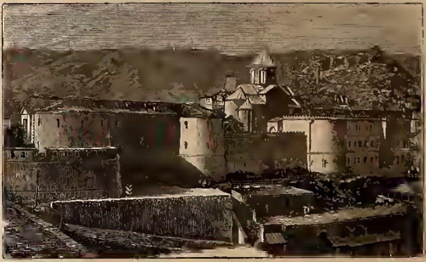
THE PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOURED PEOPLE in the United States shows little signs of abating despite the increased privileges of the negro of late years, and a striking instance of this aversion has recently occurred at the Military Academy at West Point. A coloured cadet entered the institution in 1873, and his classmates, unable to deny his equal right to education, refused to a man to exchange a single word with one of a despised race, but effectually sent him to Coventry. The poor lad never heard his own voice except in the recitation-room, and until another negro entered West Point last year, he was literally alone. Out of the seventy-five students—all citizens of a Republic whose watchword is equality—not one had the boldness to break down the barrier, yet the negro cadet had courage enough to endure four years of total isolation for the sake of his studies.

LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONABLE LIFE differ widely in their various features, according to a Gallic critic in the *Constitutionnel*. Fashionable circles in Paris only awake at night; in London, on the contrary, they are astir all day and all night. A Parisienne spends the morning in bed, or lounging at home in her dressing-gown, and would regard any one with horror who invited her to breakfast or lunch. Englishwomen, however, have a better idea of the value of time, and spend their mornings in healthy exercise, such as riding and walking, while after lunch there are endless attractions and exhibitions of all kinds, garden and water parties, &c., to occupy the time till dinner, without including the innumerable scientific, literary, and charitable meetings, in which the English aristocracy, declares the writer, take so great and active an interest, and for which the French nobility care as little as "a fish for an apple."

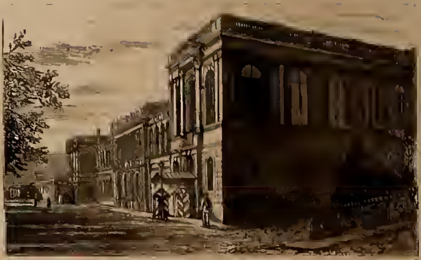
THE FALLS OF NIAGARA have lost a well-known feature in Table Rock, the last piece of which broke off and fell into the river on May 24th. Table Rock was a wide ledge, projecting from fifty to sixty feet over the precipice on the Canada side near the Horseshoe Fall, and commanded a splendid view, while over 4,000 names of visitors had been carved upon it. Only half of the original rock remained, as portions had given way in 1818, 1829, and 1850, the piece which fell in 1829 being nearly the size of half an acre, and causing such a shock as to resemble an earthquake. The mass which gave way last month weighed sixty tons, and the shock when the rock struck the water was distinctly felt three miles from the fall. Several of the trees which grew on the rock are now standing in the river as erect as when in their original places, and where the rock shelved off from the bank, at a distance of twenty feet from the top can be seen the root of a tree estimated to be two feet in diameter. The fall of Table Rock is supposed to have been caused by the sapping power of the water running under the bank.



THE WAR IN THE EAST: WITH THE RUSSIANS—COSSACK OUTPOST ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE DANUBE

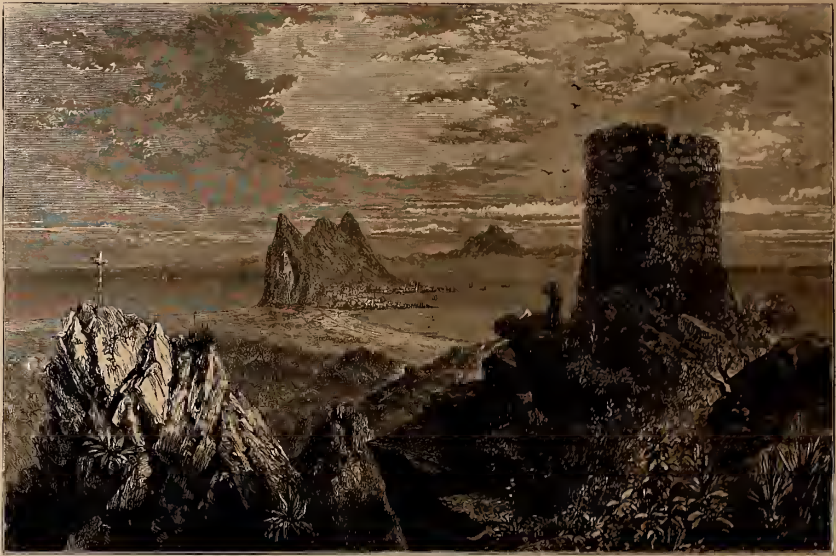


WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE CITADEL OF TIFLIS

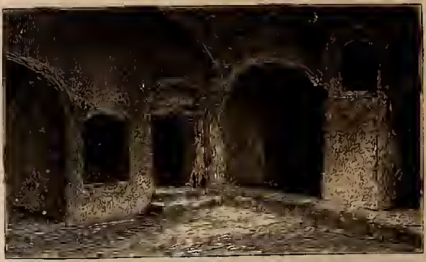


TIFLIS—THE RESIDENCE OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL NICHOLAIEVITCH

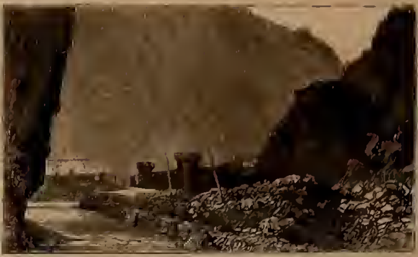
THE WAR IN THE EAST



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR—FROM THE "QUEEN OF SPAIN'S CHAIR"



ROCK CUT ROOM—WARDZIA, ARMENIA



FRONTIER OF SOUTHERN RUSSIA AND THE CAUCASUS—THE DEFILE OF DARIEL

THE WAR IN THE EAST

FASHIONS

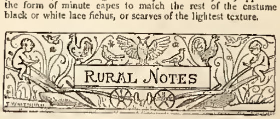
It is no easy task to give a summary of the fashions for July, 1877, in Paris and London, so varied are the materials used, so artistic the combinations of colour, so suitable the designs for every age and figure, and for all times and seasons.

Never were black and white so much worn as the foundation on which to display an endless variety of trimmings and tasteful mixtures of colour. Amongst numerous elegant toilettes at a recent *fête*, one of the most remarkable was of rich black silk, with a very long train skirt, trimmed up the front with a double pleating, lined with deep red silk, open over a petticoat of the same startling hue; the skirt was turned up with red, and the deep pleated flounce which was round it was lined to match; the bonnet and parasol corresponded with the rest of this striking toilette, the wearer of which was very tall and of a commanding appearance. A stylish but more subdued costume worn by a married lady was of black silk, with a violin back of black velvet, which trimming was carried down the skirt, and gradually widened, until at the hem of the long train the width was a yard and a quarter. The front breadth was of velvet trimmed with handsome gimp ornaments graduated; bonnet of white plush, trimmed with sky blue velvet and ostrich feathers. A severely classical costume was of white cashmere, with no other trimming but a two-inch border of faded green and brown leaves, most exquisitely worked in chenille; the dress was somewhat of the Princess form, but was semi-loose-fitting, fastened at the waist with a thick cord and tassels; the bonnet was of coarse white straw, trimmed with leaves and cherries, a scarf of old point black lace was artistically knotted at the back.—There was a great tendency towards simplicity of style, especially with young people at the *fête* above-mentioned; there were some young girls who might have stepped out of one of Morland's or his contemporary painters' pictures, so neat were they in their attire; white cambric or grenadine dresses, fitting tight to the figure, in some cases actually without a train (these were, however, exceptional), a small round or pointed *fichu*, trimmed as was the skirt, with a pleated frill; elbow sleeves, and long black lace mittens. The bonnets were of the Pamela shape, of fine white straw lined and trimmed with white satin, a bunch of poppies and corn were the only bits of colour about these modest costumes, which attracted more notice by their simplicity than did the most gorgeous attire. The Pamela-shaped bonnet is very becoming to some faces, whilst for others the more dashing Gainsborough hat is appropriate; public favour is almost equally divided between the two; we are inclined to give the palm to the latter, which suits almost every type of countenance under—we will give a wide margin, and say—thirty-five years old! Some of these hats, which were recently shown to us, were really charming. One was of coarse straw, the brim moderately wide, lined with dark emerald green velvet, and edged with a narrow silver cord; the crown was covered with ostrich feathers fastened with two dark green wings. The next was of pearl grey velvet, lined with satin of the same colour and shade, and trimmed with feathers to match, amongst which nestled a deep crimson full-blown rose—a second rose was placed above the left ear. Another was of white Leghorn lined with blue satin in fine puffings, trimmed with blue satin Alsatian bows and minor *convolvuli*. Prettiest of the group was one of white felt lined with white satin in very small puffings, a long ostrich feather went round the crown, and fell on the right shoulder; in the front was a bunch of small ostrich feather tips, in which were mixed roses of many hues and shades, a bouquet to correspond was placed under the brim. With these Gainsborough hats it is impossible to wear a veil, yet when the hair is worn waved or frizzed the least wind will blow it across the eyes in a most uncomfortable manner. To meet this difficulty a Parisian *coiffeur* has arranged a *filet invisible* so fine, that although it keeps the hair in its place it is really invisible; these nets are made specially for and to match the front hair; they will be found most comfortable, particularly for the seaside. Before quitting the subjects of hats and bonnets we must mention that the shapes like a Swiss milking stool are much in vogue; as a rule they are becoming to but few, and are very ungraceful; for the most part they are trimmed with velvet and fruit, large bunches of cherries hanging by their stalks, plums, ripe and unripe, currants, red, white, and black, and even half-grown oranges. Most of us know by experience that these coarse straw bonnets or hats are stiff and heavy, and when overladen with trimming they are unbearable for summer weather, and should not be adopted for the next two months. As a contrast to the above may be mentioned some simple little bonnets, the foundation of light willow covered with quilted or fluted ruching of muslin, white, or of some pale delicate colour, with no trimming save bows of the same; for a homely picnic, school feast, or water party, where economy without dowdiness, and comfort combined with style, are desirable, these neat little head-dresses will be most welcome.

Although white dresses of every description are very fashionable, and in many cases most economical, they quickly lose their freshness, hence materials which are light, cool, and durable are best adapted for country, and even London wear, at this season, when the *blanchisseuse* may and will assert her independence. From a well-known firm in Paris we have received some carefully assorted patterns of materials, many of them very inexpensive. For morning wear zephyr cloth or cambric, in a variety of soft, neutral tints, plain and checked, *Grenadin mousse*, batiste, a peculiar but effective variation on this material in parti-coloured stripes; for an afternoon toilette the mohair *crépon*, a silky texture made in plain colours or parti-coloured hair stripes, is very stylish, and requires no further trimming than Renaissance lace and bows of twi-coloured ribbons. The Holbein lace may also be used for these materials, but is more suitable for a black, stone grey, or white foundation. *Gaze façonée* is a still more dressy material, which in spite of its delicate appearance will bear a large amount of packing and crushing, and is therefore calculated for a visiting dress, where only a brief stay is intended.

A few words as to parasols, which are perfect works of art. A real *article de luxe*, for show more than use, was made of the clearest silk grenadine, hand-embroidered in shaded green leaves, below which was a Grecian border; the lining was of white silk, the fringe waved and of many artistically blended colours; on the top of the ivory stick was a bouquet of pink roses.—The parasol must correspond with the trimmings of the dress, if not also with its materials.

As to the make of costumes in general, there is little if any change, except a marked tendency towards simplicity; a long train skirt Princess shape, with a double frill or ruche on or under the hem, is one of the favourite modes; tight bodices are laced up the front instead of the back, the more convenient style of the two. Mantles or jackets are said to be indispensable for the promenade, but during this sultry weather they only appear in the form of minute capes to match the rest of the costume; black or white lace fichus, or scarves of the lightest texture.



RURAL NOTES

The Weather.——According to accounts from all parts of the compass in the British Isles, the weather has been of the proverbial character—variable. There has been too much rain in the north, too much sun in the south. Wheat is suffering in one part from too much moisture, in other localities it is noted that the want of rain has been inimical to the growth of grass. Farmers are not always the best judges of that which are best for themselves. The sun shines and the rain falls where best they list, and this year, taking the land generally, they have shone and fallen upon pleasant places. The crops will be light in hay, except where farmers were 'cute enough to stay the scythe and the mowing machine. Those who have cut first will fare the worst, as the genial falls of Sunday and Monday have wrought a wonderful change upon the face of the rye-grass and the meadow hay, and indeed upon all crops except the wheat, which may suffer a little; and this is a misfortune, considering that we depend considerably upon our supplies from the borders of the Black Sea and the Baltic.

The Colorado Beetle.——This injurious little creature (a kind of fish torpedo against potato farmers), which can swim as well as fly, has once more made its appearance on the banks of the Rhine. It has been diagnosed, according to accounts, in that city of various "stinks" too numerous to be mentioned, and official warning has been issued against its approach to these shores. The insect was figured a year or two ago in *The Graphic*, and prescriptions given as to how best to get rid of it—when it comes. In the opinion of the writer of these "Notes," so far as this country is concerned, the Colorado beetle is a bugbear. Giving it all the destructive powers it is said to possess on the other side of the Atlantic, it cannot possibly do more harm than the blight which thirty years ago was the motive power for the abolition of the Corn Laws. The cause of the blight, which has frequently exhibited itself since the days of Sir Robert Peel's cheap loaf, has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained. A hecatomb of pamphlets have been published upon the subject to leave "confusion worse confounded;" and cultivators in Penzance and Penrhyn, in Lincolnshire and the Lothians, in Dublin and Donegal, are now at their wits' end concerning it. Perhaps it may have been this identical foreign beetle that has been the cause of all our woes, and the occasion of sombre discussion in the House of Commons. Would that it were so, because we have the remedies ready to our hands. They are these, according to Canadian authorities:—"1. Searching for and crushing every potatoe beetle wherever found. 2. Frequent visits to the potato fields, and searching for the eggs deposited on the under side of the leaves of the potato vine. 3. Watching for the presence of the larvæ on the beds and on the leaves of the plants in order to destroy them by means of Paris green, the only substance yet discovered to be effectually operative on a large scale for the destruction of the insect in its larvæ state." The instructions are a little too elaborate, we fancy.

> See ocean into tempest toss'd,
> To waft a feather or to drown a fly.

Miscellaneous.——The Game Laws, as often pointed out in this column, are merely legal fictions to conjure with. Years ago it was stated that Mr. M'Lagan's Bill was the only one propounded in Parliament likely to settle the question, and Commons and Lords, with modifications, have accepted it. It is a triumph to Mr. M'Lagan, but it is doubtful whether those for whom he so manfully fought will rest and be thankful.—A Clydesdale Stud Book is a record much wanted. Lord Dunmore has not only accepted the task of editorship, but has generously resolved to defray the cost of the first volume. All entries should be sent to his lordship's residence in London by the 15th of the present month.—An Ayrshire Stud Book is also on the *tapis*. It is a pity that these beautiful creatures and prolific milkers should have been left so long without a pedigree.—The show season will soon be in its heyday. Several local shows of importance have been held with success, and the Royal Agricultural Society of England (commencing rather awkwardly in the middle of the week, and hanging over another) promises to excel even Birmingham last year, which is saying much.—The *locale* of the Highland and Agricultural Society has for its name this year "The Grey Metropolis of the North," and never has its entries in all classes of stock and implements been more numerous.—Mr. Mechi requests us to state that, owing to his advanced age (over seventy-five), the Tiptree annual gatherings will be discontinued; but he hopes that his brother agriculturists will come and inspect his crops before or during harvest.

New Novels

"A Woman-Hater," by Charles Reade, D.C.L. (3 vols.: Blackwood).—The most striking characteristic of this, as of every other of Mr. Charles Reade's novels, we should say, was the buoyant, even exuberant, fulness of life that flows through it from end to end. Yet we are conscious that his stories possess some quality besides which gives them their peculiar flavour, for we meet with equal animation in other works—say in Mr. Trollope's "American Senator"—which impress us quite differently. Perhaps the speciality lies in this—that, as we think we may have said before, in Mr. Reade's novels we do not seem to be so much *reading* a story as *listening* to a brilliant *raconteur*, who colours the whole of his narrative with his own personality. It is Charles Reade himself who is to be seen and heard on every page of his books. His imagination is quick at seizing and making the most of broad and telling effects as a *raconteur's* should be, but it never broods. He seems to us to have carefully watched human nature on the outside rather than attempted to probe into its depths; he shows no turn for anything of the nature of spiritual vivisection. All his characters are dashed off with a few bold free strokes of the brush, and whatever cannot be done in that way he is content to leave undone. Fanny Dover here, for instance, "a keen, sensible, girl, and not a downright wicked one; only born artful," would have been just the personage Balzac or Thackeray would have made a perfect "study" of; in Mr. Reade's hands she is indeed eminently amusing, but nothing more, because he does not care to get to the roots of his own conception. In these remarks on what seems to us the character of Mr. Reade's genius we hope we shall not be understood as implying any wish that it were other than it is, or any dissatisfaction with the powerful and, we may go so far as to say, fascinating, tale of which we have to speak, though our words concerning it must needs be few. Of course it would hardly be its author's if it were not full of whimsicalities, and vagaries, and tricks of style, which might vex and offend coming from anyone else, but which in Mr. Reade's case we only laugh at, feeling that it is "his way." There is no doubt that that exuberance of life which we have already referred to as a characteristic of his novels is continually leading him into a grotesqueness closely bordering on caricature, and it is only his splendid *verve* and that artistic sense of fitness which never really deserts him which carry him in safety along the perilous path he treads. With regard to the personages whose acquaintance we make in this novel, most of them belong to types with which Mr. Reade has long ago made us familiar, though they are not the less pleasant and welcome companions on that account. As we might expect, the "Misogyn," as Mr. Reade delights to call him, whose name is Harrington Vizard, a Barfordshire squire of between thirty and thirty-five, of ancient descent and ample fortune—is the veriest impostor; railing at women with his lips, but coaxed, bullied, and domineered over by any member of the sex who chooses to take the trouble. All the same, he is a fine conception; as thorough a specimen of the highminded English gentleman as Mr. Reade has ever given us—and that is saying not a little. The villain of the piece, the handsome and fascinating Edward Severne, who rivals Charles the Second by his exquisite politeness, whilst, as he says, "engaged in dying," is almost an exact counterpart of the villain in "A Simpleton," whose name we do not remember, resembling him even in the most un-masculine facility with which he can produce tears on fitting occasions. As for the heroines, Ina Klosking, the great singer, and Zoe Vizard, Harrington's half-sister, they are just the ideal mature woman and girl as the author always conceives of them; creatures of impulse, not reason, of warm affections, and not above a little innocent trickery when it suits their purpose. But Mr. Reade has hardly ever written a novel which was not intended to point a moral, or plead a cause, or expose an abuse, and his aim here is to give a helping hand to the "medical women," or "doctresses," as he rightly frames the word, one of whom, Miss Rhoda Gale, M.D. of the University of Montpellier, plays a very prominent part in his pages. He pleads the cause of these, as he maintains, much-wronged ladies with an ardour and eloquence all his own; but of course the matter is not one to enter upon in a notice like this. "A Woman-Hater" is in every way most characteristic of its author, and will doubtless be, as it deserves to be, one of the prime favourites of the season.

"Winnie's History," by M. C. M. Simpson, author of "A Long Summer's Day" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Unless our memory is much at fault "A Long Summer's Day," published some years back, impressed us as not without some good points, but as in the main a very striking instance of

> Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir.

In that case Mrs. Simpson is to be congratulated on having made an unmistakeable advance, for "Winnie's History" is an excellent story, and excellently told—told, too, with a certain polish and *savoir vivre* that show us we are dealing with a woman of the world. We could have wished, indeed, that the author had lingered longer over those chapters of her work in which she introduces us to Parisian society such as it was in the palmy days of the Second Empire. That portion of Winnie's "history" which we are here invited to study is concerned chiefly with the tale of her married life as the wife of Count Émile de Canisy, a scion of a very old French Legitimist family, a gifted, charming, and with all his selfishness, thoroughly amiable person, but uncomfortably given both to simulation and dissimulation. As Winnie Glendower has all a frank English girl's horror and contempt for falsehood it is not wonderful that when she discovers that her husband has deceived her in one matter—his culpability, be it said, is by no means as grave as she believes—she should rush to the conclusion that he is altogether false and faithless, and harden her heart against him, though making herself as wretched as she makes him. Her obduracy may seem excessive, but we think it is as characteristic of her depth of feeling as the stedfastness with which she clings to Émile's memory when, after they have been reconciled, she loses him at the end of a few weeks of perfect happiness. But we have neither space nor inclination to tell the story in detail here. The troubles of Winnie's worldly-minded sister, Lina, who has married a millionaire with a taste for natural history, are very amusing. "How could you bear," she says, "to live with a man who is on the look-out for two sorts of bugs? I assure you it preys on me night and day." There is a Mrs. Hamilton, too, in the book who gives utterance to a great many sayings both sharp and true. Altogether "Winnie's History" is a book of decided merit, and gives us a right to look for yet better things from the author in the future.

"Frank Carey: A Story of Victorian Life," by the author of "Sketches of Australian Life and Scenery" (3 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—"In telling 'Frank Carey's Story,'" says the author in a preface, "I have endeavoured to convey a true idea of our ordinary life; to portray people, places, and circumstances as we commonly find them in the class with which the story is concerned." Far be it from us to say that he has not succeeded in the attempt; but if so life in Australia, or perhaps we should say Victoria, must be a somewhat poor and tame affair. Of course in this day it is hardly necessary to say that the chronicle of dull lives need not be dull reading; but to give interest to such a chronicle the writer must possess other qualifications besides local knowledge and familiarity with the ways of a class—which are all, as far as we can see, that the author of "Frank Carey" can lay claim to.

"In the Shadow of God: Sketches of Life in France during the Eighteenth Century," by the author of "The Spanish Brothers," &c. (Dalby, Isbister, and Co.), consists of two tales, "In the Desert" and "In the City," which have appeared in the pages of the *Sunday Magazine* and *Sunday at Home* respectively. They are both written to depict the condition of the persecuted Protestants of France in the last century, and, making all due allowance for peculiarities of tone which we do not greatly admire, are tales of fair merit in their way—the latter, to our thinking, the better of the two. "Renruth," by Henry Tanner (Samuel Tinsley), is a flimsy and foolish story by a writer who, we should think, would have spoiled a better one in the telling, even if he had it to tell.

A RIDE FROM TAURANGA TO ROTOMAHANA

I LEFT Auckland for Tauranga in a little coasting steamer, and at Tauranga hired a horse at *7s. 6d.* per day for the journey. The first day I rode from Tauranga to Ohinimutu, a distance of forty-two miles. The road is a good one, over fern-covered hills for the first twelve miles, and then for the next eighteen miles through one of the densest forests imaginable. The trees grow to an enormous height, and the undergrowth is thick with bushes, ferns of every description, and a kind of creeper called souple jack. This souple jack is really a sort of cane, very strong and pliant, and twines from tree to tree in a way which makes it excessively difficult to get through the bush.

Emerging from the forest I came again on to fern-covered hills, where as far as the eye can reach nothing is to be seen but ferns to right and left, while in front lies the great lake Rotorua, with the little settlement of Ohioimutu twelve miles away, round which I could see great jets of steam puffing up into the air in all directions. Along the flat I pushed my horse to a canter, and having left Tauranga at 7.30 in the morning, reached Ohinimutu at a little after five o'clock, both beast and rider tolerably tired.

All the land in this district belongs to the natives, and settlers are not allowed to purchase from them except the transaction goes through the Native Lands Office at Wellington. Ohinimutu is a large native village with a few stores, a couple of accommodation houses called hotels, and a place where you can get shelter and feed for horses.

I had heard a great deal about the Maoris, both good and bad, but after a few days among them I came away not at all prepossessed in their favour. I had met numbers of them on the road, and had always been courteously saluted with *Ten-arkuhi*, which I suppose is their good day. One young woman insisted on shaking hands with me, a token of good will I could well have dispensed with, as her digits were none of the cleanest.

My first impression after dinner, when settling comfortably down to my pipe, was that my stomach was very much out of order, and that a horrible taste pervaded my mouth. I found, however, that it was simply the sulphur which impregnated the air, and gave a flavour to everything I took. All round the edge of the lake this "medicinal" water is bubbling and shooting into the air, and it is necessary to be exceedingly careful to keep on the beaten tracks as, if the traveller ventures off them, he may find the ground suddenly give way under his feet, and himself up to his waist in boiling water.

The inhabitants praise the virtues of this water in the most extravagant terms, and I believe it has effected some really remarkable cures in chronic cases of rheumatism and sciatica.

The next morning I walked all round the village, and visited the "Warré" or "Town Hall" of the natives. Most of the little houses were made of the native flax, tied in bundles, and very well thatched. Some of them were built on piles to lift them above the swamp, and most had either in front, or close by, a natural warm bath which they used both for cooking and washing. A flax basket full of potatoes is suspended in the mouth of one of the small holes, and in a very short time is pulled up again, the potatoes steamed and cooked to perfection.

The natives, as a rule, seemed a drunken, dissolute lot, intercourse with the whites has not done them any good, and generally those English who live among them, and who are called Pakeha-Maoris, are most unscrupulous men to whom all means are good.

They are terribly grasping people to deal with; I would rather do business with a Jew and a Scotchman rolled into one than with a Maori. Fortunately, I had got fairly posted as to what I ought to pay, and not knowing the language stuck to any sum I first offered and refused to increase or decrease it a penny. The language seems a very easy one, the vowels are pronounced as in French, so that Pakeha must be read Par-ke-hah.

The Maories are fully alive to the value of their hold on the land and to the slavish fear of another war shown by the New Zealand Government. The mistake was to treat the natives too mildly when they were beaten, and now the Government tries to keep them in good temper by giving them blankets and sugar, and generally spoiling them. Another thrashing would do them a world of good. They are fine, well made men and women, with very animal faces, and running to flesh as they get older.

One evening I was at a dance in a school-house, ten miles from Ohinimutu, and the young girls danced beautifully, especially those who wore no boots—they were as light as it is possible to imagine. I danced a set of quadrilles, and my partner was a most stalwart young person, twisting me round with the utmost vigour; fortunately she was quite clean, and had, I think, combed her hair.

From Ohinimuti I rode to Wairoa, again through fern-covered hills and dense forest. The Acclimatisation Society has succeeded in introducing pheasants, and these birds have increased so rapidly in the excellent cover afforded by the fern, that in some places they are becoming a positive pest. They were continually getting up under my horse's feet as I rode along, looking very beautiful and making me long for a gun. I had to pass two more lakes before reaching Wairoa, one of them of a perfectly blue colour. The natives have some superstition with regard to this lake, and never venture on its waters.

At Wairoa I arranged for a party of natives to take me next day to the terraces, *the* sight of all others in this part of the country. The journey to the terraces of Rotomahana has to be made in a canoe for nine miles over the lake, then at the mouth of a creek the traveller leaves the canoe, and walks along the banks and up to the terraces, while the natives carry and drag the boat, and meet him two miles further on. The creek is always very rapid, and in consequence of there having been heavy rains was so swollen as to make the task of rowing up a sheer impossibility.

Next morning accordingly we started on the lake—myself, guide (an old Frenchman) and four natives (three men and a woman) as crew. The canoe was about 30 feet long, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and about 3½ feet wide in the middle, with no seats but big bunches of fern to sit on. I squatted down near the stern, one native behind to steer with his paddle and the guide, and the three others in front also working paddles. We had a very fair run over the lake, though the water began to get lumpy at one time. Sudden squalls are common about these parts, and the canoes are apt to get upset, sometimes the waters are so wild and high that nothing can live in them. Fortunately we arrived without accident, and landed at the mouth of the creek after a pull of two hours. In passing a big rock which juts out into the water we all threw pieces of fern upon it to propitiate the Devil, who is supposed to live there, and so ensure a safe voyage. Coming back, the journey over, the natives were no longer afraid of His Satanic Majesty, and so didn't trouble him with any further tribute.

The guide and I now left the crew to their task of working the canoe up the creek. We had about two miles to walk, and then came upon the White Terrace, which may be compared to a series of gigantic steps made of what looks like frosted alabaster. The water seems to have streamed from the top of the hill, to have made one terrace with a large pool in it, then to have trickled over, and formed another and so on down to the lake. I climbed to the top and looked down, the pools of water on each terrace or step were of the most perfect blue, very deep in the centre, and getting fainter towards the edges, the contrast against the white of the terrace was exquisitely beautiful, and below was the great lake, Rotomahana, spreading miles away, and surrounded by deep, fern-covered hills. The terraces have been formed by a deposit of silica in the water, and if anything is left in one of the pools for a month or two it becomes perfectly petrified. At the back of the Terraces was a pool of a deep green colour from a deposit of arsenic.

We next went on to the Geysers round the hill, and I could feel the ground trembling under my feet as I approached, and then we came upon an enormous hole from which steam was rushing in clouds. Presently the monster began to heave and groan, and then a great column of boiling water shot into the air, and after spouting for several moments gradually sank down again. This was repeated every few minutes. There were many of these places, big and small, some tiny ones only a few inches high. I tried to stop up one of the small ones with pieces of stone, but the little fellow was not to be beat, and after some convulsive-looking struggles shot everything out.

By this time I was pretty well tired, so the guide and I went down to the foot of the terraces, and found our crew already there, and cooking their dinner of potatoes in one of Nature's kettles. I had brought a loaf, a can of tinned mutton, and two bottles of stout with me, and did ample justice to our lunch. Then we crossed the lake in the canoe, and every now and again would come upon a spot where the water was bubbling from some geyser at the bottom. The second terrace we visited was formed apparently of the same deposit, but instead of being roughed, as if frosted, was perfectly smooth. It is pink in colour, but the pink was not very vivid, and is, I am told, gradually fading.

On our return we did not leave the canoe to walk down the creek, but shot it, the natives guided it with their paddles and, to use an Americanism, simply let it slide. It was perfectly marvellous to see the way they ran the long boat round the bends and sharp curves, the water actually boiling round us from the rapidity of motion. I am afraid to say how quickly we did the two miles, but we hardly seemed well started before we came out at the other end. When on the lower lake we found we had a fair wind, so the natives cut some saplings for masts, made sails of their blankets, and came back in the scantiest of clothing, but at a fine rattling speed. Each Maori got five shillings for the day's work.

The old woman sang all the way back, and turned the habit of wearing earrings to real practical use, passing her pipe through the hole where the jewel generally goes.

When I got back to Ohinimutu I found that an episode of Maori life had taken place there, the chief had killed his wife, or rather had so ill-treated her that she had died in consequence, the third he had served in this way. The poor man was quite inconsolable, and was sitting between two women, each with her arm round his neck, and every now and then giving vent to a most doleful howl. Whenever any one of importance dies, and in this case the woman was herself a chief and of importance irrespective of her husband's dignity, it is customary to hold what is called a "Tangi." All the relatives, men, women, and children, come from far and near, and indulge in the most abominable gluttony. All the time I remained the natives were pouring in, marching in Indian file, each fresh arrival being greeted by a howl on the part of the chief as he presented himself. The Maoris are fully alive to the value of the telegraph and had sent despatches wherever they could. Pigs were being killed wholesale, and a tremendous banquet was in course of preparation. The corpse was stretched under a little tent, and was being watched night and day to keep off the rats. These "Tangis" sometimes last four or five weeks, and the body gets into such a condition that it hardly hold together. When at length buried all the guests go home again, but before doing so they have a general howl. I started directly after breakfast for Tauranga, and again rode the forty-two miles in a day. The animal I had was a staunch little nag, carried me almost without a stumble, and did its work right well. I was told that the chief intended to starve himself to death, and had not tasted food for two days. I can't vouch for the truth of this, nor do I think, with the smell of roast pork about, he would hold out very long.

At Tauranga I was introduced to the chief of a tribe which lies on an island opposite. He pressed me to come and see him, wrote his name in my pocket-book, both in Maori and English, and accepted my card with immense pleasure. I was assured that if I did go he would make a great feast and give me the best he could. He accepted a fig of tobacco, and then began to beg for drink. I stood him a couple of glasses of beer, and then declined to do any more. I had no time to go over to the village, as the coasting steamer left the following day.

The Maoris are remarkably intelligent, and the children learn to do quite difficult sums in a very short space of time. It is the same with the men, they take readily to new work, and buckle to like tigers. But it is the same with one and all, they have no stability, and soon sink from great efforts to utter idleness.

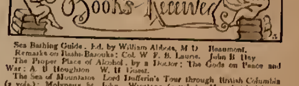
G. S. M.

THE OLDER PRINTERS

FULL wise was it in Mr. Gladstone, amidst much temptation to descant on progress, Walter presses, and Bibles printed, folded, and bound within the space of sixteen hours, to turn in preference to a more gracious theme, the nobler aspects of those long-buried worthies, to printers and publishers of whom Johann von Guttenberg and Caxton may be called the types. Printers and publishers—in the division of labour the very terms have half become dissociated. The title-page that bears at its foot the name of some almost historic firm oftener than not will show on the reverse a totally different legend, "Printed by So-and-So at B." Printers and publishers four hundred years ago were rather, indeed, type-founders, master-printers, authors, critics, and publishers in one. Was it to this combination of qualities that of all arts and mysteries few made more rapid progress than printing in the first century from its birth? A hundred years from the day when Johann Gansfleisch of Guttenberg, gentleman, first gave his famous Bible to the world printing—for type, for ink, for paper—stood quite as high as it does now. The best work of the latter part of the sixteenth century can be no more surpassed by modern skill than early Rembrandts by the best work of the Etching Club. Between the latter date and the introduction of steam, printing in most countries positively retrograded. It was in troth, a sort of fine art then. There was no type to buy or borrow, if some hard sentence had to be "set up" in Greek or Syriac. The type had to be invented, as well as made. As late as 1551 the Greek words in Turner's "Herbal" were represented by English characters. Syriac had to be printed in Hebrew up to the beginning of the next century. The Continent was far in advance of us in this. The Jews of Soncino gave Milan Hebrew characters not long after the great dispersion of the artificers of Maintz. Chalcondylas and his Cretan workmen brought the Greek type—collated for its capital letters with the ancient monuments, for its smaller characters with MSS. rich in those abbreviations and contractions that only recently vanished from our texts—to Milan first and then to Florence, whose masters just before had been the first of all Italians to cast their own type with the proud vaunt, "To Florentine ingenuity nothing is too hard." Aldus, in 1501, took for the pattern of his new Italic type the flowing manuscript of Petrarch. As late as 1558 a curious attempt at originality in the shape of a book printed in cursive capitals comes from the press of Granjon of Lyons.

The devices alone of these old printers would make a chapter in themselves as interesting as any book of knightly shields or blazons won on fields of battle. The olive tree of the Estiennes, with its modest motto, "Noli altum sapere sed time;" or the "Plus olei quam vini," sometimes assumed by Henri Estienne the elder in pleasant mockery of the "In vino veritas" of his rival, Martin of Alost; the hand and compass of the famous Plantin; the dolphin and anchor—emblems of accuracy and speed—of the Aldi; the mulberry of the Morels; were known wherever good types and carefully edited texts were in esteem. Honour, in sooth, went hand in hand with danger in these early days of the trade, when the press of Germany and Switzerland could scarce keep pace with the literature of the Reformation, and doctors of the Sorbonne watched for heresy in every new product of the King's Printing Office. If Francis I. and Marguerite of Valois lean over the presses of the elder Estienne, as had Edward IV. over those of Caxton, if one King's Printer is Dean of the Order of Regius Professors and another is King's Printer and Regius Professor to the University by turn, there is much, too, of peril to life and purse to be set down on the other side. More than one Estienne must go into exile; of Ferrandus of Brescia, and the greater Morel, tradition runs that they died ruined men; of Neobar, that he sickens to death with trouble and fatigue; of one Dolet, that he is burned alive; of his brother that his body is exhumed, burned, and its ashes scattered on the Place de Grève. There is little respect just then for copyright, and if Aldus is provoked to print a pamphlet pointing out errors by the hundred in works that profess to bear his name, what does the pirate but buy the pamphlet, suppress the preface, and publish the rest as his own *errata!* Nor are trades-unions quite unknown, and the same Aldus waxes quite vituperative in Greek and Latin over the "runaway and accursed slaves who, inspired by covetousness, mother of all things evil," had struck apparently for higher wages, and, 'God helping,' been so put down as to be bitterly sorry for their misdoings. With the last of the Estiennes and the younger Aldus the reign of great printers—great printers who were also great men of letters, for whom a Melancthon could act as corrector of the press, a Klein be content to serve fifty years, well satisfied if handed down to posterity as "vir candidus et in versibus facetus," comes seemingly to a close. Great names confront us still—Dutch Elzevirs, Scotch Foulis, English Baskerville, Parmese Bodoni, hardly less famous on his own account than for the contrast he presents to the average Italian biography of his day—each handing down the torch of progress from his own generation to the next, but hardly names, be the cause division of labour or spread of "sound commercial principles," so great as those that went before. With us who live in the age of steam of course all is changed once more—though we pride ourselves more on printing fast than on printing splendidly, on giving to the world a high average of books rather than a few here and there whose cost withholds them from the general buyer—doubtless we with all our appliances can turn out such work when we choose as even the *virtuoso* will admit the best of elder times could barely equal, certainly not excel. Yet though the old wooden presses are lumber now, the types that served from Pynson's days almost to our own no better than mere playthings, it is surely well at Commemoration festivals to linger rather on those things in which our predecessors were truly great than those in which we who stand upon their shoulders must necessarily surpass them.

INSUFFICIENT FOOTWAYS.——A correspondent writes to complain of "the very inadequate capacity of foot pavement from the crossing of Northumberland Street till it sweeps round in a direct line with Northumberland Avenue, just before reaching the elbow or turn of the avenue. The width is just that of the side porches of Temple Bar. What with the extension of the Railway Hotel, and all sorts of erections rising on or about this spot, those using this particular stretch of footway will be increased manifold. Even now it is a constant push and jostle all the day long, further increased by intending omnibus passengers, who find they can hail the conductors more readily at this spot. Any building constructions, as carried on at the present day, are so quickly completed that it seems before long the inconvenience will become fixed and permanent; also the entire length being so narrow, in wet weather the whole surface is thickly covered with liquid mud radiating from the wheels of passing vehicles of all kinds. Additional space should be gained from the ground at the back, the carriage way not being by any means of too ample dimensions even as it is now."



Sea Bathing Guide. Ed. by William Aldous, M.D. Beaumont.

Remarks on Bashi-Bazouks: Col. W. F. B. Laurie. John B. Day.

The Proper Place of Alcohol. by a Doctor: The Gods on Peace and War: A. B. Houghton. W. H. Guest.

The Sea of Mountains. Lord Dufferin's Tour through British Columbia (2 vols.): Molyneux St. John. Winstowe (3 vols.): Mrs. Leith-Adams. Hurst.

Motherliffe (2 vols.): J. W. Ferrier. W. Blackwood.

Touch Not the Nettle. A. Fearon: Seed Time and Reaping. H. Paterson: The Vandeleurs of Red Tor: T. R. Monro, Against Her Will (3 vols.). A. L. Walker. S. Tinsley.

The Scripture Club of Valley Rest. Author of "Helen's Babies." Routledge.

The Evening and the Morning. J. [illegible]

A Summer Holiday in Scandinavia. E. L. L. Arnold. S. Low.

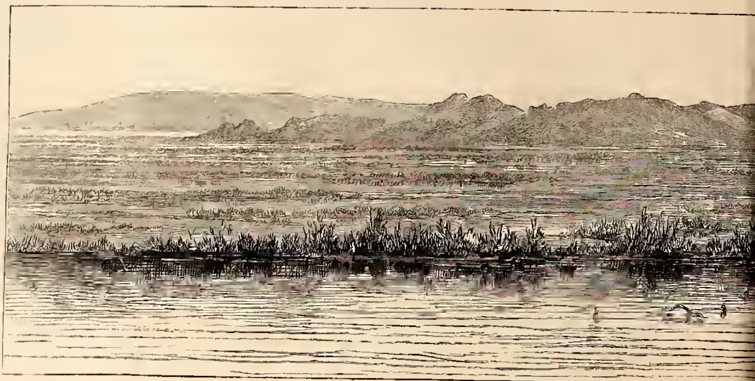
Marston (a Story—2 vols.): A. J. Duffield and W. H. Pollock. Smith and Elder.

The Earl-Printer. C. M. M. J. F. Shaw.

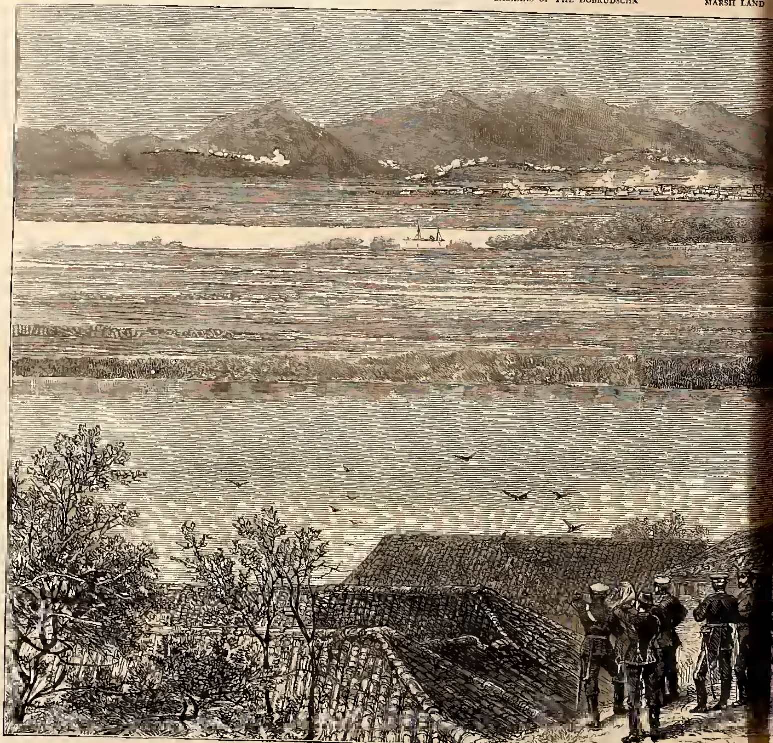
Festus (10th Edition). P. J. Bailey. Longmans, Green.

Critical Miscellanies (2nd Series): J. Morley. Chapman and Hall.

Doing and Dreaming: E. Garrett. W. P. Nimmo.

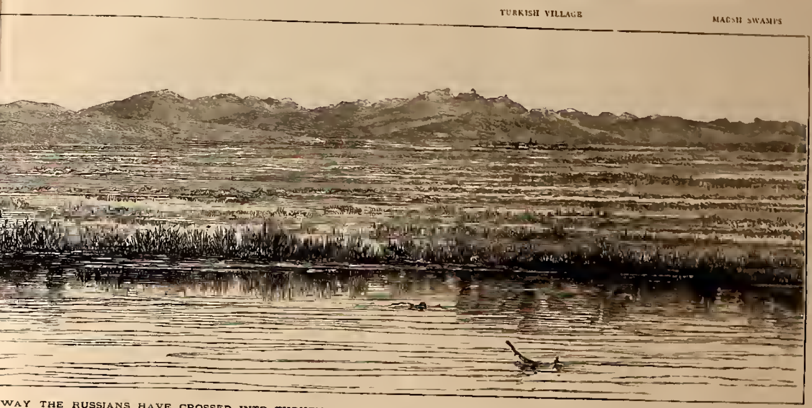

TURKISH BATTERIES

THE FEVER LAND OF THE DOBRUDSCHA :

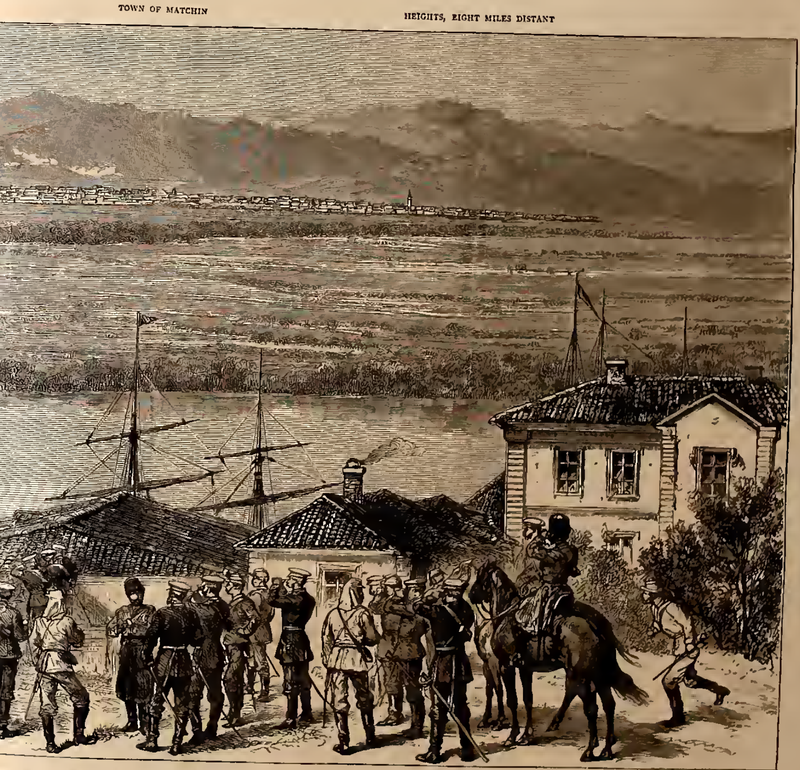

PLACE WHERE THE FIRST MONITOR WAS SUNK
BALKANS OF THE DOBRUDSCHA
MARSH LAND
RIVER DANUBE

MATCHIN, FROM THE TOP OF

THE WAR IN THE EAST—THE CROS


TURKISH VILLAGE
MARSH SWAMPS

WAY THE RUSSIANS HAVE CROSSED INTO TURKEY


TOWN OF MATCHIN
HEIGHTS, EIGHT MILES DISTANT

NGLISH CONSUL'S HOUSE, IBRAILA

NG OF THE DANUBE BY THE RUSSIANS

Magazines

I.

THE second portion of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's observations on Turkey (which appears in this month's *Nineteenth Century*), although written a few years after the Crimean War, is well worth studying at the present time, as embodying the views of a veteran statesman, who does not, like some of the partisan writers of the hour, evolve an imaginary Turkey out of his internal consciousness, but practically understands the subject concerning which he writes. Lord Stratford says that Turkey is by no means the stand-still, immoveable Power which she has been depicted, and that there has been a gradual departure from the principles of strict Islamism, and in the direction of Western civilisation, ever since the sixteenth century. The conclusion forced upon us by this valuable essay is that if Russia had possessed sufficient self-control at the present crisis to imitate the other Powers in letting Turkey alone, the pressure of surrounding European opinion would have produced a slow but steady amelioration of the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte, whereas now we have infinite bloodshed and misery, with the probable result that Muscovite aggrandisement will override Bulgarian freedom.—The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol writes a calm and sensible paper on the Ridsdale Judgment and its probable effects. The Ritualists, he thinks, do not take into sufficient consideration the "Protestantism" of the mass of the English laity, which is usually latent, but bursts out fiercely under strong persecution. The Eucharistic cope might, he thinks, if introduced with prudence, have become as familiar as the surplice. But Protestantism was aroused by the wilful manner in which the vestment movement was conducted, and so a good many clergy must strip certain fulgent garments off their backs, or seek refuge in the Roman Communion.—Mr. T. Brassey gives the first portion of his yacht voyage round the world, and Cardinal Manning finishes his "True Story of the Vatican Council." "Never," he says, "was any Council so numerous, nor were ever the dissentient voices relatively so few, and never did the Church come out from a great conflict more confirmed in its solidity or more tranquil in its internal peace." The zeal of converts is proverbial, and Dr. Manning's thorough-going advocacy of Vaticanism appears the less remarkable when we remember that only the other day he was a clergyman of the Church of England holding Evangelical views.—Mr. F. Harrison, who is a Positivist, holds forth at great length on "The Soul and Future Life." He does not believe in an immortality of personal consciousness, he thinks it is far nobler to live, as it were, by proxy, in the eternal effects of our thoughts and actions. Such a creed as this will never exercise any effectual control over human conduct; most of us are selfish, and if we can but convince ourselves that we shall cease individually to exist after death, we shall try and get as much enjoyment out of this life as we can, regardless of the claims of abstract Humanity in the future.—Some years ago, says Sir Julius Vogel, the late New Zealand Premier, the Whigs wanted to break up our Colonial Empire, and were ready to encourage our more important dependencies to start on their own account. Now the Tories are in office, and as public feeling is strongly in favour of keeping our colonies, Sir Julius recommends Federation, and that they should all be regarded as integral portions of the United Kingdom. The great practical difficulty, we think, in the way of any genuine federation arises from the insuperable fact that our colonies are so widely scattered. California, it may be said, is nearly three thousand miles distant from Maine, but then both States are situated on the same Continent, and all the intervening territory acknowledges the same flag, whereas oceans and continents lie between Great Britain and Australia. We see no objection to Sir Julius's proposed Board of Advice, but we suspect that this Board practically exists now in the shape of himself and other colonists who, though living in England, have the confidence of their countrymen abroad, and who are pretty sure to be consulted by a sensible Colonial Secretary before he undertakes any step of importance.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. Gladstone writes very temperately on the case of the Borneo pirates of 1849. It will be remembered that when the announcement was made of the cruelties inflicted by the Russians on the Yomud Tartars, Mr. Gladstone replied that our own dealings with savage or semi-savage races were not always very scrupulous, and as he was charged with vilifying the character of the late Sir James Brooke, he promised that he would investigate the whole matter. When Sir James Brooke was lord of Sarawak, the settlement was much harassed with pirates. He asked the aid of British ships of war, and the piratical tribes were caught like rats in a trap, the mouths of all the rivers being closed against escape. They were then mown down by grape-shot and musketry, at least 500 being killed, for whom, under the law then existing, head-money was paid. Mr. Gladstone points out that his object is to show the real nature of the acts the doers of which received from Parliament a triumphant acquittal, in order that we may be forbearing in our judgment upon other nations. There can be little doubt that if the victims had been white men the affair would have been stigmatised in this country as a barbarous massacre, but, somehow or other, the bulk of our countrymen (and our kinsmen, the Dutch and the Americans, are equally obtuse) refuse to regard dark-skinned men as true human beings. There can be no doubt that the Turkomans are much more like Russians than the Dyaks are like Englishmen, and hence, perhaps, the horror caused by the alleged atrocities in Tartary.—A lady writes a very fresh and interesting paper on Virgil, and another lady (Lady Verney) gives us some charming pictures of Holland. She is quite right in saying that the country (as distinguished from the towns), though quite as flat in Holland as in Belgium, is far more picturesque.—Mr. Wallace gives an interesting account of the state of parties in the Scottish Churches at the present time. There has been a general advance in the direction of Liberalism, especially among the laity, but Mr. Wallace maintains that the true essence of Calvinism (as distinguished from certain accidentals which are often associated with it) still holds sway; and he pays an eloquent tribute to a form of Christianity which has modelled the lives of two such notable peoples as the Scotch and the Dutch.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's essay in the *Fortnightly* on "The Defeat of the Liberal Party" is clever and clearly expressed, as is usual with this author, but he would act more persuasively on us if he were not so fond of attributing base motives to those from whom he differs. Mr. Smith knows as well as we do that there have been Whigs and Tories, under various appellations, ever since the world began, and although we do not wish to imitate his acrimony by stating the name (according to Dr. Johnson) of the first Whig, we cannot admit that one party has a monopoly of all the virtues. When Mr. Smith attacks Lord Beaconsfield and compares him to Bolingbroke, we are not so surprised, remembering the "social parasite" of "Lothair."—Mr. Chamberlain's account of the new political organisation which has been launched into existence at the Hardware Metropolis, the great focus of modern Radicalism, is far more calculated to disarm the hostility of opponents than Mr. Smith's acrid paragraphs. There can be little doubt that some such system as this for the selection of candidates for Parliament will become absolutely necessary when a redistribution of seats takes place on account of the great size of the new constituencies, and it can be adopted by Tories just as much as by Liberals; in fact, the Tories claim to be the inventors of it.—The annexation of the Transvaal has, says M. de Laveleye, caused keen chagrin among all Netherlanders, but he adds that the Boers will be the better for it, and reminds them that the French of Switzerland and Canada are happier than those who live in France.—There are other noteworthy papers in the *Fortnightly*, of which we can name but two—Professor Clifford's "Ethics of Belief," and the biography of the Duc de Broglie.

THE READER

"AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR J. BOWRING," with Memoir by Lewin B. Bowring (H. S. King and Co.).—Already, we suspect, the once well-known figure of Sir John Bowring, LL.D., has become a shadowy form to most of our readers. A wondrous linguist among Englishmen forty years ago, the writer of at least one almost brilliant book about the East, the *teterrima causa* of a wretched Chinese war—is probably all that most of us could say offhand of the old pupil of Jeremy Bentham, the *collaborateur* of John Stuart Mill in the primal days of the *Westminster Review*, the somewhat *doctrinaire* associate of the first Freetraders, the representation of a stout old stock of West of England Dissenters and manufacturers. The "Recollections" which Mr. Lewin Bowring has edited with a memoir, which, though brief, is meritoriously free from the memoir-writer's besetting sin of hero-worship, were doubtlessly designed by their composer to be the nucleus of a connected volume of autobiography. Fate has left them *disjecta membra*, amusing enough, but sketchy and unconnected, roughly divisible into three great sections of "Work that I have done," "Places that I have visited," "Celebrities that I have known." And Sir John Bowring, however amusingly, and, we think, unconsciously self-important—boasting, for instance, that it was he who converted Belgium to Free Trade, who made the fortunes of Sylvan van der Weyer, who was the bosom friend of Louis Philippe till he offended him by saying *des choses vertes*, who buttonholed Thiers on the spot when there was some delay about signing a Convention, and set George Canning right about Russian intrigues in Greece, and all this while yet the outside world believed him simply a thriving merchant and expert in strange tongues occasionally employed abroad on missions rather financial than political—had more to see than most people of men and places in that long space from 1815 to 1860, of which so much is not yet among the histories we get by heart, while it has ceased to be among the histories we remember personally. From Spain—first visited in 1813 after a voyage described with a touch of Smollett-like humour—to the Russia of Alexander I. and Madame Krudener, the Egypt of Mehemet Ali, or, later on, the treaty ports of China and the dominions of the one Eastern potentate who could fairly match the doctor in his own linguistic field, the active pen is everywhere busy, jotting down politics alike and gossip, introducing us by turns to monarchs Constitutional and autocratic, to statesmen and diplomatists, to philosophers like Bentham, rarely emerging from his hermitage, though dutifully visited there with somewhat different objects by "canny" Brougham and the unselfish doctor, to soldiers of a just closed era like Mina, the *guerrillero*, or Dumouriez basking in his snug retreat at Turvile. Too slight in texture to add much to our historic knowledge, with once or twice a slip of memory, and oftener a printer's error, the "Recollections" still make up a volume eminently readable, to all at least who care for political and literary anecdote and gossip.

"Ancient Classics for English Readers—Aristotle," by Sir A. Grant (Blackwood and Sons).—To give to the unlearned reader not some such vague impression merely of the philosopher of Stageira as might be taken from a brief abstract of his greater works, a summary of the few known facts of his life, but a just idea of his true place in the history of thought, and all within the compass of some 200 pages, is palpably no easy task. It is one which Sir Alex. Grant has accomplished with the same thorough mastery of his subject which gives his "Xenophon" so high a place among the earlier volumes of this useful series. For many ages Aristotle was to the world almost another name for all philosophy. Not more profound and keen of intellect than radically and essentially systematic, it was he who first organised for good the entire structure of philosophic research, Physics, Morals, Metaphysics, with their accompanying train of Logic, Rhetoric, and Politics. A fragment only of his logical writings made up the entire groundwork of the philosophy of the schoolmen. An unwise reverence for his physical teachings was for centuries the great obstacle to modern science. Yet Aristotle, as Sir A. Grant points out, was hardly to be blamed for this. It was certainly not his fault if later followers forgot his rule to base all reasoning on fact, and turned his syllogism to purposes he never dreamed of. In any way he stands before us the completest form among the thinkers of all time, the direct precursor in the higher philosophy—with scarcely a step gained in all the time between—of the great Germans Kant and Hegel; childish in some things, *passé* in yet more, because long since worked into newer books, but not even yet in his more finished treatises a writer easily superseded or improved upon. Not the least interesting of Sir A. Grant's chapters is that indeed upon the evidence which ordinary conversation yields of our old debt to Aristotelian thought. "Matter," "form," "motive," "energy," "mean and extremes," "habit," "maxim," "principle," are but a few "Aristotelian fossils," once new words—and new words mean new ideas, too—for which, but for the Peripatetic the world might have waited long. As an introduction at once precise and clear to the life and writings of the most encyclopædic thinker (Hegel himself not excepted) of any age, Sir A. Grant's volume can scarcely be too highly praised.

"Treaty Relations of Russia and Turkey, 1774 to 1853" (Macmillan and Co.), by Professor Holland, D.C.L., or a survey of all the treaties between the two Powers from 1774 to the commencement of the Crimean War, with an appendix giving in tabular form the relations of these treaties to one another, with the full text of that of Kainardji, which begins the period, and that of Paris, 1856, which opens out a new departure, unfolds a chapter in the Eastern Question not always easily disentangled from its surroundings, but one that once set free cannot be too carefully analysed and studied. Treaties, of course, or rather truces after the fierce old rule which regarded war, not peace, as the normal state of relations between States, there were many before that treaty signed by the Grand Vizier "in the tent of Field-Marshal Count de Romanzow, near the village of Kutschouc-Kainardji, on the right bank of the Danube," as there were very many after it. But between these and it was this great difference, that whereas by it all former conventions were utterly abrogated and wiped out, it has itself been to all later treaties as the text of which they have been but commentaries or expansions. In Professor Holland's words, it began the system whose programme was (1) the gradual aggrandisement of Russia at the expense of Turkey, and (2) the special protectorate by Russia of the Christian vassals of the Porte, just as the Treaty of Paris—"the complete diplomatic success" of the Crimean War—began the system which has for its programme (1) the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, (2) the protectorate of the Christians, not by any single Power, but by the collective guarantee of all. European jealousy of Russian aims cut short the programme of Kainardji. Russia's "impatience with a merely co-ordinate position" has broken away in its turn from the programme of Paris, with what results the world has yet to see. By this careful abstract of transactions, too often hurried over as wanting "in life and picturesqueness," Dr. Holland has done the student no slight service.

From such dry bones of history as these we pass to picturesque history *in excelsis*, in Vol. V. of the Cabinet Edition of Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" (Blackwood and Sons), with its superb *tableaux* of individual prowess at Balaclava and wondrous diagrams of the battle-path of one man here or fifteen men there. But Englishmen will always read such chapters with delight, nor care to ask too nice proportions from a brilliant colourist.

"Some Difficulties of Belief," or Sermons by the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is a very good book indeed—direct and forcible as only sermons are that have been preached as these were from rough notes; subtle and penetrating in argument; instinct throughout with fullest sympathy with modern thought and wide acquaintance with modern controversies. The difficulties dealt with are not those of the unbeliever who does not even wish to be convinced, but of the earnest worshipper, perplexed, yet hardly daring to confess it—as beyond doubt an ever-increasing number are—in the attempt to reconcile God's ways in Scripture with human views of what is best and highest. Among the Sermons those on Answers to Prayer; on the Temptation—ascribed by Mr. Shore, as by Lange in his "Leben Jesu," to visible human agents; on the Atonement, with the subtly drawn distinction between vicarious *punishment* and vicarious *suffering*; and on religious selfishness or the doctrine of working out of *our own* salvation, may possibly be selected as the most striking. But all without exception bear the impress of genuine power and unmistakeable earnestness.

Among books of lesser mark we may notice a "Shilling Life of Handel," by Dr. Fowle (F. Pitman), a very fair *resumé* of the chief incidents in the great musician's life, based largely but not slavishly on the well-known "Life" by Schœlcher.—"Some Account of a New System of Elementary Teaching" (Pickering), by E. Barrington de Fonblanque, a somewhat interesting description of a system adopted in Mrs. Fielden's schools at Centre Vale, Todmorden, by which "sounds and motions" from a little signal held in the hand are used (to the great saving of time and breath), for directions in general discipline, in reading lessons and sewing—a system, however, only, we think, likely to answer with children very good or very small.—A useful but rather dry little "Tourist's Guide to the West Riding" (C. Stanford), by G. Phillips Bevan, and a "Tourist's Guide to Sussex" (Stanford), by G. F. Chambers, rather nicely planned for visits to the chief watering places first, and then, from east to west, through the more central districts afterwards, and with a general introduction—the dreariest thing in guide-books usually—of really considerable interest and conciseness.

◆

AN UNFASHIONABLE HOLIDAY

THERE exists a venerable adage to the effect that a certain nameless personage is not quite so black as he is generally painted, and we are instinctively reminded of the charitable proverb as we slowly and laboriously make our way through the vast and surging mass of artisan life which, during the evening of the first Friday in July, fills the broad and spacious thoroughfare—the Champs Elysées of East London—reaching from Whitechapel Church to the grand old forest, whose mossy dells and sylvan glades have so recently become rescued from the grasp of the spoiler, and dedicated for ever to the recreation and enjoyment of the toiling myriads in the dusty and smoke-dried city. We look around in vain for indications of the squalid poverty and heart-rending misery with which we are instinctively accustomed to associate our ideas of Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, and other densely populated districts which have so long formed the favourite hunting grounds of the lovers of sensational effect. There are congregated many of the labouring poor, men and women in whose careworn and pallid features may be read the dismal story of ceaseless struggles to keep the wolf from the door; but they form a small, very small minority of the enormous crowd, the numbers of which have been variously estimated at from two hundred thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand, patiently awaiting the return of the "Fairlop boats" from the "merry greenwood," where the joyous festivities initiated by good old Daniel Day have been religiously kept up with undiminished vigour, although the famous oak which gave its name to the popular holiday has long since become a thing of the past. The gathering is essentially one of a working-class character, and the domestic tastes of the London artisans are unmistakably shown in the frequency with which they are found accompanied by their wives and families. Occasionally there is to be seen some rough horseplay, accompanied by language more remarkable for emphasis than for taste or politeness, but, in nine cases out of ten, the culprits are half-tamed savages dwelling in the narrow, close, and unsavoury courts which yet bid sullen defiance to the labours of social and sanitary reformers, and remain, as of old, the foul abiding places of shameless immorality and skulking crime. Such incidents, however, are common to all large street gatherings, and the wonder is, not that they are noticeable during the Fairlop Fair evening, but that they are not more general, considering the comparative paucity of police constables entrusted with the almost sinecure duty of preserving order.

True, the public-houses are doing a roaring trade, for walking about in a dense crowd on a July evening is thirsty work; yet there is very little drunkenness, and still less disorderly conduct. Even the bands of open-air preachers stationed at various points of the route to Bow and Stratford find plenty of listeners, and rarely hear a word of derision or insult. In fact, the London artisan is naturally one of the most peaceable and orderly of mortals, if left to himself. In 1848 so alarmed were a few of the authorities at the rumoured revolutionary tendencies of the East-enders that there was some talk of attempting to prohibit the popular July festival. Fortunately wiser counsels prevailed, and when the dreaded day arrived it was discovered that the apprehensions entertained by the panic-stricken guardians of the public peace were entirely groundless. It is very rarely that the English artisan permits politics to interfere with his holidays, as the well-known Democratic leader, Ernest Jones, discovered, to his great mortification, when he invited the metropolitan workmen to assemble "in thousands" in the neighbourhood of the newly-formed Victoria Park on the Easter Monday of the same year. Instead of flocking to the meeting, the artisans wisely stayed away, and the police and soldiery in attendance were compelled to beguile the "weariness of waiting" by dancing to the dulcet strains of barrel organs or slicing lettuces with their glittering cutlasses. It is while waiting for the return of the three-masted boats, mounted on wheels, from Hainault Forest, that the London workman may be seen exactly as he is. In the Whitechapel Road he stands on his own ground, and amid his own class. He is not regarded as an interloper, as is sometimes the case in more aristocratic regions, but is as much at home as if he were sitting in his own humble room.

Perhaps it may be a sense of this which causes him to take his pleasures so soberly. He gazes dreamily at the coloured fires and limelights which herald the return of the boats, or at the hundreds of vehicles which, half-hidden by masses of leafy boughs ruthlessly plucked from the forest trees, dash madly through the street as if the safety of the excited occupants depended on the speed of their horses. The scene is to him a kind of stage spectacle, got up for his especial amusement, and he enjoys it as he would a stirring melo-drama at the Pavilion or East London theatres, the exteriors of which are brilliantly illuminated, as though the managers—unlike their West End brethren—rejoiced in an event which tended to thin their audiences. If his wife and little ones are pleased, he is happy, and when the boats have passed by, the stores of red and blue fire exhausted, and the cheering at an end, he trudges merrily homeward, as if there were no necessity for him to be up and doing at six o'clock on the following morning. He may stop a few moments during the homeward journey to light his pipe, but with his wife and children at his side the public-house has no charms for him, and thus it is that long before the church clocks have chimed the first hour of the new-born day, the streets have become deserted and quiet, revealing to the belated wayfarer not the faintest trace of the popular, albeit unfashionable holiday.

◆

NORTH AND SOUTH

M. d'Assier, in a very interesting paper, in the on the "Evolution of the Human Race," remarks that nearly all great scientific Frenchmen have come from Northern France. This he deems only part of the larger fact (?) that science has always thriven far more in Central and Northern than in Southern Europe: "the sonorous languages of the South do not lend themselves well to scientific precision." He is perhaps right in saying that Spain never produced a great scientific discoverer; but surely "every schoolboy" can name plenty of great Italian scientists, from Galileo to Galvani and from him to Father Secchi. As to his own country, M. d'Assier is probably correct. The scientists of Southern France have been comparatively few and ineffectual. Fermat, of Toulouse, for instance, did next to nothing, when just a little more energy would have enabled him to do great things. He got a glimpse of the calculus some years before Newton and Leibnitz discovered it. He got it in precisely the same way, by applying Descartes' method to infinitesimal analysis. But having enunciated what is called Fermat's theorem, he stopped there, whereas they pushed on. M. d'Assier traces this lower development of the scientific mind in Southern France mainly to religious persecution. In spite of the proverb about the blood of martyrs, it is possible to stamp out a religion; and, in like manner, though a little blood-letting may give a fillip to intellectual energy, too much of it will exhaust and prostrate. First, then, there was the Albigensian war, the sufferers in which were vastly more enlightened than their persecutors, seeing that none would become a sectary unless he gave some thought to the subject. Just, therefore, as Captain Galton notes that the monastic system selected for sterility most of the gentlest and many of the noblest natures in Europe, leaving the race to be mainly kept up by the coarser and more savage, so the exterminating of the Albigenses was a true anti-intellectual selection.

Next came the religious persecutions of the sixteenth century, which, we are told, raged most fiercely in the South. In Toulouse alone 4,000 Protestants were massacred—a jubilee festival, abolished only ten years ago, commemorated the fact. Then followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and in both cases the *élite* of the population was cut off; for Protestantism in France began from above, not, as in Germany, and partly in England, from below. The masses (except in a few districts) were always Romanist; the strength of the Reformation lay in the small *noblesse* and their dependents. These, the most intellectual part of the nation, were decimated over and over again, and the work was (says M. d'Assier) far more thoroughly done in the South than in the North. This we take leave to doubt. There was plenty of Protestantism among the Norman "squires," indeed, at one time, when Montgomery and D'Aubigny and Colombières held the field, it seemed as if the cause would succeed in the North. The difference was that there grew up in the North no large Protestant population like that which existed (and still exists) in the South; the "squires," both Northern and Southern, were killed off or converted, but the descendants of the Camisards are Protestants still. M. d'Assier's fact, which we do not dispute, we partly account for from difference of race. If race is, as he says, "to be put out of the question in a homogeneous (?) country like France," Brittany, where there has scarcely ever been any religious persecution, because nearly every one has always thought alike, should be the most scientific province of France, which it certainly is not. France as a whole has lost fearfully by religious persecutions; had not so much clear-headed, sober-minded energy been cut off or driven abroad, the Reign of Terror would have been impossible; but we do not see that (except in the Albigensian crusade) the South suffered so much more than the North as to warrant M. d'Assier's conclusion. The sack of St. Lô and the religious sieges of Rouen may be set against the massacre of Toulouse.

◆

FOREIGN EXPLORATIONS OF AFRICA

We pride ourselves, and justly, on English explorations, and in that active period of African Exploration which extends over the last forty years, it may be fairly said that we have greater achievements and more legitimate results to show than any other nation. But the English public are by no means equally well acquainted with what has been done by foreign explorers in the same vast field. There have been active foreign explorers contemporary with our own great travellers, and as a matter of fact England has been anticipated by several foreign nations in some most important tracts of exploration. Many of Livingstone's discoveries on the Zambesi and the Congo had been anticipated by the Portuguese. The Dutch from the Cape, and the French from Senegambia, had penetrated far into the Continent. The German Hornemann and the French Mollien attempted the same enterprise as Mungo Park, the greatest of all the travellers of his time. From their vantage ground of Algeria and Senegal the French have sent repeated expeditions into the great desert of Sahara which forms the limits of their possessions. The expedition of Gerhard Rohlfs, in the eastern part known as the Libyan Desert, in 1873-4, yielded very remarkable results. The five years' journey of Dr. Nachtigal in the African interior has made him as famous in Prussia as Livingstone. Only two explorers have ever penetrated Africa from north to south. One of these is Sir Samuel Baker, with whose exploits we are all acquainted; the other is Dr. Schweinfurth, a Russ by birth, but educated in Germany, who was enabled by the Humboldt Institution to penetrate into the heart of Africa. The Italian Expedition of the Marquis Antinori's was a comparative failure. Though Bruce determined the sources of the Blue Nile, yet the Frenchmen Lefebvre and Lejean settled decisively the geography of the region. Our own English missionaries have done much, and the efforts which have been made and still are being made by the great English Missionary Societies, and more especially by the Central African Mission promoted by our Universities. Roman Catholic Missions were established at Khartoum, Gondoroko, and St. Croix, more especially with a view to check the slave trade, but they have been unsuccessful. The German missionaries, Rebman and Krapf, have rediscovered Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon, "the probable site of the sources of the Nile." Kiepert's map of 1874 is by far the best, and may now, mainly through the labours of Stanley and Cameron, receive considerable additions. How great the progress has been will be seen by contrasting it with Carl Ritter's map of 1822 in his "Comparative Geography." The Austrian Marno in 1872, after reaching the South of Abyssinia, made a *reconnaissance* to the left of the White Nile, which is perhaps the best opening for further discoveries in Equatorial Africa. But our own Livingstone stands head and shoulders above the travellers of all nations, who has traversed the Continent from east to west and from south to north.

The present King of the Belgians may justly be accredited with having given the greatest possible impetus to the cause of African exploration. In the autumn of last year he assembled an International Conference of the geographers of all nations for the purpose of considering the African problem. Leopold II. considered that by a combination of national and individual efforts the region of Central Africa, which at the commencement of the present century was simply a blank on the map, might be civilised and Christianised. The King's speech on this occasion was one of the happiest regal addresses on record, and he expressed a hope that Brussels would become the headquarters of the civilising movement. Belgium has no Geographical Society like our own, but if it attains this distinction no Geographical Society will have higher eminence and honour. To this Conference Germany sent her great travellers, Nachtigal, Rohlfs, and Schweinfurth. France sent among others its distinguished African traveller, Duveyrier; Russia, M. P. De Semenow, the Vice-president of the Geographical Society of St. Petersburg. We give the list of English members: Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Rutherford Alcock, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Leopold Heath, Lieut.-Col. J. A. Grant, Commander Cameron, Mr. W. Mackinnon, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Sir J. Kennaway, Sir Harry Verney. This International Congress seems to have met on the basis that by the public law of Europe, as embodied at the Congresses of Vienna and Verona, the traffic for negroes in Africa is condemned. It is international action based upon international opinion. The proceedings of the Conference have been edited by one of the members, M. Emile Banning, and have been published in French and English. The great practical object aimed at—the *desideratum* of all travellers and geographers—is the establishment of depôts or stations where explorers may be sure of finding a resting-place, and fresh stores, and fresh men. The plan submitted by Sir Henry Rawlinson was that there should be a continuous line of stations between the east and west coasts south of the Equator. Such "stations" would have saved many a life, and facilitated many an expedition. Our own Royal Geographical Society is raising a Special African Fund, thoroughly in harmony with the purpose of the Brussels Congress. It must be said to the credit of the Church Missionary Society that in various places they have established stations or depôts which may serve as a nucleus for a future Christian community, and appear to have been more fortunate than the Roman Catholic missionaries. Some English diplomatic posts have the same character, and the English are allowed to have led the way, although it is hoped that the new stations will be on a larger scale. Those stations are to be called "international," and travellers will be received as public guests of the States of Europe. It is supposed that a population of natives will gather round the stations just as towns have grown up beneath the shadow of castle or cathedral. The place in each case is to be a relief station, a depôt, and a scientific observatory. It is hoped that the Governor will be able to devise measures to resist the slave trade. Each place is to be the basis of operations into the interior—the thick end of the telescope, which will be drawn out to the furthest possible extremity. All is intended for a system of thorough exploration of the African Continent. Extraordinary efforts are now being made in different European countries, and Englishmen will have to look to their laurels. Committees are actually formed in Germany, Austria, Spain, and the Netherlands. They are being formed in France, Italy, Switzerland, Portugual, and, we believe, the United States. All these conform to the programme, and put themselves into relationship with the International Congress. It is quite as well that so vast an undertaking as the reformation of a Continent should be a European rather than a national business. At the present moment France has an expedition on the Ogowé, a river which has only been discovered within the last few years, and Germany is organising one on the coast of Loango. The present state of the matter is that there remains about one-quarter of the Continent of Africa to be examined and described. It is, perhaps, not too much to hope that there are men now living who may survive to see a comparative completion of the exploration of Africa. England will doubtless retain her foremost place in this great work, but happily we may now expect to see her labours more and more shared by America and the nations of the Continent.

New Music

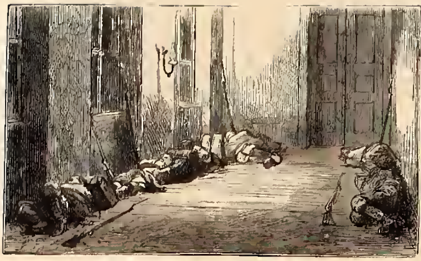
Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.——Two of the brightest and best ballads which F. H. Cowen has ever composed are "Ay or No?" published in two keys for tenor and baritone, and "Steering," for a mezzo-soprano. The pleasing words of the former are by W. J. Stewart; of the latter by F. G. W. Quite the reverse are the commonplace words and music of a ballad "My Boyhood's Dream," by Dr. Carpenter and J. L. Hatton, a reproach which can seldom be cast at these popular *collaborateurs.*—Quaint and amusing is a little poem by L. Thornton, entitled "The Cuckoo's Concert," but it failed to inspire H. P. Danks with aught but a very dull melody.—Fairly good in their way are two transcriptions for the pianoforte, by F. Lemoine, of a brace of popular ballads of bygone days; the one "Far Away," by Miss Lindsay, the other, "Thy Voice is Near," by W. T. Wrighton.—A very interesting and useful little manual for the musical student is "C. Czerny's Letters to a Young Lady on the Art of Playing the Pianoforte." It may with advantage be studied by all beginners and many advanced students. Commencing with the first rudiments of the pianoforte he passes on progressively through ten letters until he arrives at "Extemporaneous Performance." Excellent advice and many valuable suggestions for the public as well as private executant will be found in this work.

Messrs. Witt and Co.——Tenors with small but sympathetic voices may warble most successfully three love songs by F. Sieber, either with their native German words or with the ably translated English version by J. Oxenford. Most affectionate of the three is "The Bird's Lay" ("Ein Vöglein Sang"). Next comes "Before Me Float'st Thou" ("Du Schewbst nur Vor"), and least tender of the three is "The Valley" ("Blühendes Thal"), to ordinary taste the prettiest of the group.—L. Samson has set to a tuneful melody Byron's charming poem "Know'st Thou the Land;" "Mignon" is the title of this song.—Foremost amongst modern German composers is Heinrich Hofmann, from whom come "Four Two Part Songs," entitled respectively "Wake! 'Tis Morning," "The Little Sweetheart," "The Snowflakes," and "When o'er the Sea," a group of brief but so graceful compositions that the series may be sung consecutively without fear of tedium or monotony; these duets are for two *soprani;* the pleasing words are by Lewis Novra.—"The Hungarian Maiden" is a song of no ordinary merit, for a soprano of medium compass; words and music by Novra and Hofmann.—Both for study and execution a "Grand Funeral March," composed for the orchestra by H. Hofmann, and ably arranged by the composer as a pianoforte duet, may be highly commended.—Although not very easy to learn, "Prairie Pictures," three pianoforte duets on original Russian melodies by H. Hofmann, will repay the trouble of studying them.—By the above-named composer are nine graceful *morceaux* for the pianoforte, published under the collective title of "Nachklange" (Op. 37).—Of a more sketchy and facile description, but the work of a true musician, are "Nine Pianoforte Pieces," by K. Mahlberg (Op. 11). The system adopted by some modern composers of publishing a suite of pieces in one number has its advantages for those amateurs who cannot play from memory, if only as giving them a variety to chose from in a small space.—H. Fliege, who composes very neat and correct pianoforte pieces, well adapted for schools, sends us four, the most tuneful of which is "Mazurka" ("Auf zum Tanzen"), certain to be the favourite of the series—second to which will be "Lorely."—In "The Happiest Moment" and "Abendständchen" there is nothing either novel or striking.

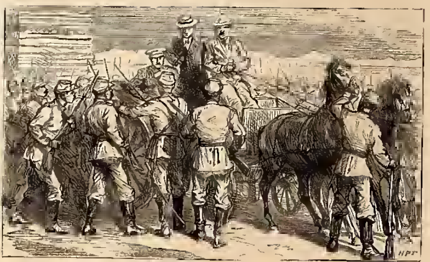
Messrs. Wood and Co.——The words are far better than the music of a "Mischievous Love," a lively song for a mezzo-soprano, written and composed by R. Harvey.—There is a fair amount of originality both in the poetry and music of a tenor song, "Guessing," written and composed by Messrs. J. Endersohn and W. C. Levey, compass from D below the lines to E on the fourth space.

◆

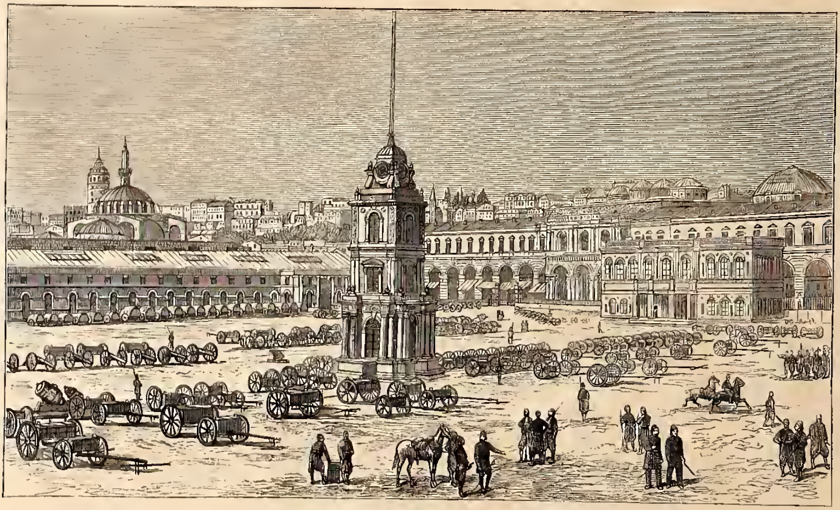
Mr. J. H. Parker, in his book on the "Aqueducts of Rome," gives us some facts which may well put modern municipalities, not to speak of Governments, to the blush. The exact quantity of water daily poured into Rome in Trajan's time is known from careful estimates of Frontinus, the head Government surveyor and engineer. It amounted to 24,805 *quinaries,* a section of which amount would be just upon 120 square feet; *i.e.,* in Mr. Parker's words, "we can form some notion of the vast quantity, if we picture to ourselves a stream twenty feet wide by six deep constantly running in at a fall six times as rapid as that of the Thames." It is calculated that, when Trajan's and the Aurelian aqueducts were finished, the daily supply was quite 332¼ millions of gallons; *i.e.,* at least 332 gallons per head, for the population of old Rome probably never exceeded a million. Nowadays forty gallons per head per day are thought ample, and by many excessive; these forty including, of course, all that is used in manufactures, in street-cleansing, sewer-flushing, &c. The site of old Rome was notably unhealthy, and there was much over-crowding; yet after the chief aqueducts were made, no city of antiquity was so free from epidemics. The contrast in this respect is great between Imperial Rome, with its copious water-supply, and the Rome of the Commonwealth, which, till the blind Censor Appius made his first conduit, was supplied only from wells and from the river. Another point to which Mr. Parker calls attention is the care with which the best water (such as the Marcian, now lately brought into use again) was kept wholly for drinking purposes, while the muddier and less pure (such as the Anio Vetus, and Novus) was used for street and sewer flushing, for the baths, and for scenic representations. In many of our coast towns sea-water is now used for street-watering. But there are many inland towns which might be fairly supplied with pure drinking water if the good water was wholly reserved for domestic use. Stored rain-water would do for many purposes except for cooking and drinking; and that we ought to store our rain-water we have been once more reminded in a way which has cost us more than the making of many reservoirs and the adjusting of many water-claims.



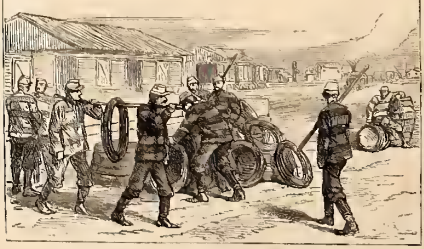
WITH THE RUSSIANS—A RAILWAY GUARD ON THE ROUMANIAN LINE



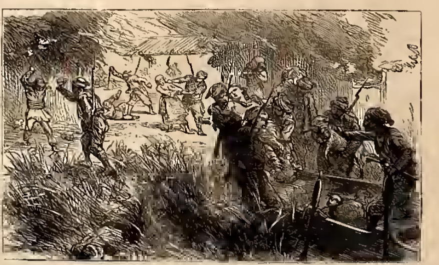
WITH THE RUSSIANS—"A SPY! A SPY!" ARREST OF OUR ARTIST AT GALATZ



WITH THE TURKS—THE ARTILLERY MAGAZINE, TOPHANEH, CONSTANTINOPLE

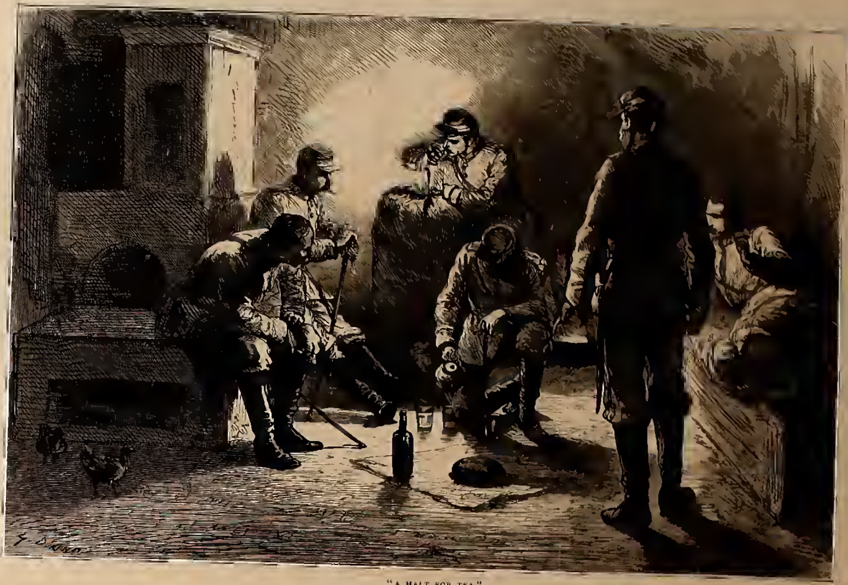


WITH THE RUSSIANS—FIELD TELEGRAPH WIRES AT PLOJESTI

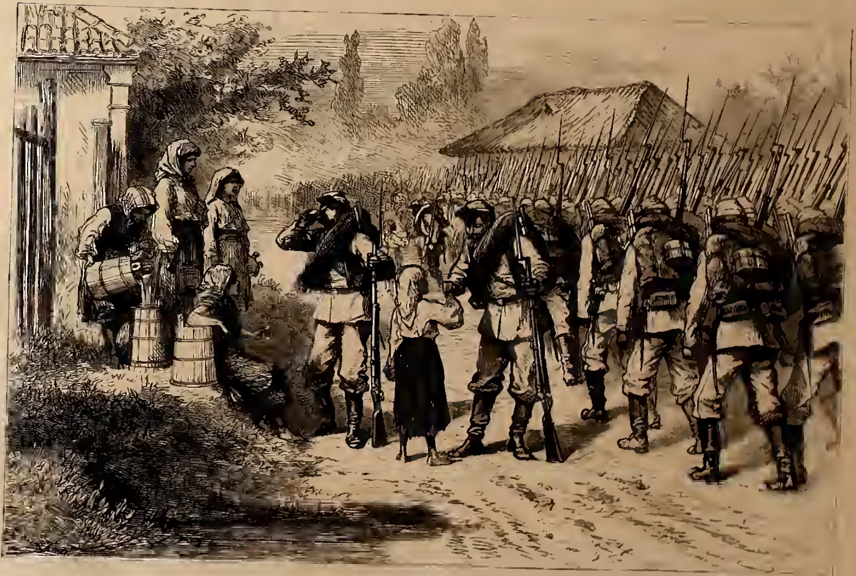


WITH THE RUSSIANS—TURKISH BASHI-BAZOUKS PILLAGING A ROUMANIAN VILLAGE BETWEEN GIURGEVO AND OLTENITZA

THE WAR IN THE EAST



"A HALT FOR TEA"



"FRESH WATER BY THE WAY"

THE WAR IN THE EAST—WITH THE RUSSIANS: ACROSS THE DANUBE

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The Russians have effected a second crossing of the Danube, are now fairly established in Bulgaria, and have already begun the formation of the promised Bulgarian "constitution." To resume our chronicle of events. Very early on the morning of the 27th ult., a Russian *corps de armée*, under General Dragomiroff, crossed in boats, protected by iron shields, at Simnitza, and, notwithstanding some sharp firing from the Turkish batteries, effected a landing by daybreak, when no fewer than 208 boats had made the passage. The Turkish troops then retired from their position at Sistova, which was immediately occupied by the Russians, the Grand Duke Nicholas crossed over with reinforcements, and a proclamation from the Czar was at once published to the Bulgarians. In this the Czar announces the entrance of his army into their territory—where it has already several times fought for the sake of the Christians. After alluding to Russia's sympathy with her co-religionists in the Balkan Peninsula, he states that he has now confided to his troops under his brother Nicholas the mission of securing the "sacred rights" of the Bulgarian nation. "Henceforward the Russian arms will protect every Christian against all violence, no attack will be made with impunity upon his person or his property by any one, and every crime will be followed by a fitting punishment." Next comes a "salutary warning" to the Mussulmans of Bulgaria, who are reminded of the recent atrocities, but are told that "all will not be held responsible for the crimes of a few." Regular and impartial punishment is to be dealt out to those criminals who have remained unpunished, but as for the others they are recommended to "acknowledge the justice of God, bow to His will, submit their legitimate needs to the Russian authorities, and become peaceful members of society." "Your existence, and your property, the lives and honour of your families will be sacred before us Christians." The Bulgarians are then told that as the Russians advance the Turkish power will be replaced by "regular organisations in which the Bulgarians will be summoned to take an active part, and new Bulgarian legions will be formed in order to maintain order and security." According to the Russians the crossing was effected with a loss of only 200 men. The Turks, however, claim to have slaughtered 4,000.

On the 28th ult. the Czar himself crossed over to Sistova, where he was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the Christians. His Majesty had been previously watching the bombardment of Nicopolis, where the Turks appear to have successfully prevented a third Russian crossing. Having established themselves at Sistova, the Russians at once began to complete the construction of a pontoon bridge, and this, notwithstanding a violent gale, and the interference of a monitor, was ready for service by Sunday, when a large force was enabled to cross, and a general move forward was made. The statements concerning the fighting during the march into the interior are somewhat confused and contradictory. The Turks report great victories and "carnage" at Biela, a town a little south-west of Sistova, but the Russians are reported to have penetrated to Tirnova, so that the combats at Biela were probably only carried on to keep Abd-ul-Kerim and his troops well occupied. As each town has been taken by the Russians a municipal administration is at once organised, and Matchin and Sistova are now under Christian magistrates, elected by the inhabitants from among their own citizens, and all able-bodied Bulgarians have been summoned to enrol themselves in the Bulgarian legion. Tirnova, the historic capital of the Bulgarian Czars, is to be the head-quarters of the Provisional Government of Bulgaria, of which Prince Tcherkassi has been appointed the head.

Tirnova possesses several noteworthy advantages, as from thence branch off the roads to the important Shipka Pass and the Selimno Gorge, while the city forms a central point for the southward advance of the Russian troops. The prospects of the passage of the Balkans seems now far better for the Russians than a week ago, as the Turks will probably be unable to defend the long line of passes any better than they have protected the shores of the Danube; while the Russians will be befriended by the Heyducs, those hardy mountaineers into whose retreats the Turks have never ventured, and who alone are acquainted with various secret passes by which the invaders could benefit. To return to the Danube. Nicopolis and Rustchuk have been laid in ruins by the continued bombardment, and all the consuls and authorities at the latter place have removed to Varna, whither all the railway rolling stock has been also transferred. In the Dobrudscha the whole army under General Zimmerman has now crossed over, and a general advance towards the Wall of Trajan and Kustendjie may daily be expected.

As for the Turks, the success of the Russians and the rapidity with which they have thrown a large army into Bulgaria, occupied some of the principal points, and possessed themselves of almost the whole territory except the Quadrilateral, has been received by the passive Osmanli with even more than his usual apathy. Abd-ul-Kerim reported, however, that he intended to attack the Russians at Biela, which he certainly seems to have done, but apparently with no beneficial result. The Sultan on learning the news is said to have flown into a rage and nearly to have quarrelled with Redif Pasha; and this perhaps had something to do with his departure with reinforcements for Shumla—a step looked upon with great joy by the Constantinopolitans.

In ASIA the Turks continue to be highly successful, and the Russian retreat is even admitted by the Russian despatches. On the 25th ult. there was a great battle at Zewin, in which General Melikoff, who wished to prevent Mouktar Pasha from going to the relief of Kars, lost a very large number of men (he admits 850 disabled), and apparently suffered a very severe defeat, so that according to Turkish accounts communication has been restored with the besieged city, Mouktar Pasha being encamped at less than a dozen miles distant. The Russian troops round Batoum also have been driven back by Dervish Pasha, and General Oklopochio has now ensconced himself near Mukhaelstaule. General Tergukassoff also, who has been gradually retreating for some time past, was attacked, on Monday, at Karakilissa, and completely routed, the Turks capturing large stores of provisions and ammunition. In Abchasia the Turks are holding their ground and repulsing the Russian attacks, but they make no headway with the insurrection, which may fairly be considered suppressed. The checks the Russians have received in Asia have compelled them to send home for reinforcements, which are being sent, but are not expected to arrive for some weeks, during which time the Turks may manage to secure valuable successes. The Turkish fleet in the Black Sea is keeping very quiet, its sole exploit being a boat attack upon the Cossacks in the look-out towers on the Sulina mouths of the Danube. The Porte has issued another Circular to the Powers, complaining that the retreating Russians are committing great cruelties upon the Mussulmans. Thus the inhabitants of the villages of Djerza and Hadji-Tchefllik having been despoiled of all they possessed were sent in a state of complete nudity to join their compatriots at Kars. At Constantinople the Parliament has been dismissed for the Session.

To return to Europe, ROUMANIA is becoming more and more anxious to join the fray, and it is said that 2,000 Roumanians have already crossed the Danube. From MONTENEGRO there is no news of importance, but in SERVIA Prince Milan has opened the Skuptchina at Kragujevatz with a speech, which after alluding to recent events, and to his visit to the Czar at Plojesti, asked the Deputies to give preference to the voting of the estimates. "Although Servia is at present at peace," concluded the Prince, "events are developing around us of so great importance that the country's welfare imposes circumspection upon us, and a false step at so decisive a moment might ruin our fair prospects."

FRANCE.——An Order of the Day addressed to the troops by Marshal MacMahon after the review on Sunday has called forth considerable discussion owing to its possessing a political rather than a military tenour. After complimenting the troops, the Marshal wrote: "Yes, you understand your duties; you feel that the country has entrusted to you the protection of its dearest interests. In any event I count on you to defend them. You will, I am certain, aid me to maintain the respect and authority of the law in the exercise of the mission which has been confided to me, and which I shall accomplish in its entirety." This last phrase is interpreted to mean that the Marshal intends to remain at the head of affairs until 1880, despite any hostile majority which the country may choose to send to Versailles, while the Conservatives and the Bonapartists in particular construe the first portion of the document into a tacit threat to employ force of arms if necessary to prevent the triumph of the Radicals. "Blows will fall on you, citizens, like hail if you do not march straight. . . . he has appealed to bayonets, and everything is going to be as it should be," triumphantly exclaims the *Pays*—which, by the way, as every good Bonapartist should, piques itself on being a staunch advocate of the right of the people to choose their own rulers. By the Republicans the Marshal's utterances are warmly condemned, and even the sober *Débats* avows its conviction that the Marshal was "evilly inspired." This, indeed, is the opinion of most impartial people, who equally condemn a Circular of the Minister of the Interior to the Prefects concerning the elections. In this M. Fourtou tells again the old story of the President having overturned the Radical intrigues on May 16th, and having appealed to the Conservatives, and requests the Provincial officials to inform the electors that Marshal MacMahon, acting "in the regular exercise of his Constitutional rights," has saved France from a great danger, and that the Marshal and the Conservatives intend to respect all existing Constitutions under the law which makes the Constitution unrevisable until 1880. The Minister then dealing with "official candidates" declares that the Government has the right to point out to the electors "the candidates who support and those who oppose its policy," and concludes with a warning to all functionaries that the Government cannot permit any to be hostile to it, and those who venture to display any opposition may expect neither "toleration nor indulgence."

The prospects of the elections are engrossing public attention, but owing to the repressive measures adopted by the Duc de Broglie, little is heard just now from the Republicans, who nevertheless profess themselves eminently confident of the success of the 400. The very frank language of the Marshal and his Ministers, however, which implies that if the 400 are elected no material change is to be expected, the broad hints that another dissolution will simply be voted, and the covert threat in the Marshal's order of the day are not unlikely to have a very powerful effect on the country voter, who is, above all, anxious for peace and commercial prosperity, and has an intense horror of civil war. Moreover, notwithstanding that the *Bien Public* has been fined for republishing a telegram from an English paper that Mgr. Guibert had come to Paris upon a political mission from the Pope, there is little doubt that if there is no direct alliance, there is a very good understanding between the Marshal and the Clerical party, whose influence in electoral matters is in no way to be despised.

Paris is very hot, the thermometer during the review on Sunday standing at 92 in the shade. The review passed off very successfully, but there were comparatively few of the artisan class present, a fact probably owing to the exhortations of the Radical leaders to their followers that they should abstain from any hostile demonstration towards the Marshal. As it was the review took place amid absolute silence. There has been one first representation this week—*Les Deux Carnets*, a comedy by Madame Figuier at the Cluny, a sort of second edition of the *Pink Dominoes*, and Marivaux's *Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard* has been revived at the Français.—A repetition of the *Vanguard* disaster has occurred in France—the frigate *Reine Blanche* having been run down by the spur of the ironclad *Heroine* off the Hyères Isles.

GERMANY.——Prince Bismarck has paid another unexpected visit to Berlin. Our Ambassador has suddenly returned thither before his holiday is over, and consequently there have been rumours of intervention in the Eastern Question. These rumours have been strengthed by the report that the exportation of horses is again to be prohibited. This, again, is construed into a foreshadowing of complications with France owing to the Marshal's asserted Clerical affinities.

The Emperor is still in Kissingen, and the *Cologne Gazette* gives the following account of his daily life:—He rises at 6 or 6.30, appears on the promenade about 8, drinks the water at the prescribed intervals till 9.30, then breakfasts, and every other day also takes a bath between 10.30 and 11.30. During the morning he receives civil and military reports; dines about 4, generally inviting company; and then receives a report on foreign affairs, a Cabinet courier arriving every morning, and the telegraph office being open night and day. If an interval remains before the theatre the Emperor takes an airing, and about 7.30 appears on the promenade, then attends the play, next takes tea, and about 10.45 retires to his narrow iron bedstead, unless business detains him till 11 or 11.30.

UNITED STATES.——President Hayes has been visiting Boston, where he has had an enthusiastic reception, being invested at Harvard University with the honorary degree of LL.D.—The British rifle team which is to compete with the Americans at Creedmoor for the Centennial trophy will consist of ten members and the captain, Sir Henry St. John Halford.—Several severe tornadoes prevailed throughout the States on Saturday and Sunday. Great damage has been done, a train was overturned, and in Ohio and Indiana sixteen persons were killed.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The British fleet has again been ordered to its last year's quarters in BESIKA BAY—a proceeding which caused the Paris Bourse to fall, excited some comment in Berlin, and considerable dissatisfaction at Bucharest.—From AUSTRIA we hear that the Czar's proclamation to the Bulgarians is eyed unfavourably owing to the Czar assuming to himself the protectorship of the Christians, which hitherto has been shared by the Powers. The De Trouville trial has resulted in a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was condemned to death. He has naturally appealed to the higher courts.—TUNIS has sent mules, cattle, and money to the Porte, and the French Consul asking for explanations, the Bey, who had given his promise to remain neutral, replied that the presents were the result of popular sympathy with the Sultan.—From INDIA the only news is that the Ameer of Afghanistan is behaving strangely, having ordered all his subjects in the British service to resign their posts. Cabul and Peshawur also are closed against British traders. The Maharajah of Cashmere has taken up 60,000*l.* of the new Government Loan, Puttiala 20,000*l.*, and Jheend and Nabha 10,000*l.* each.—Mr. Rainford, an English subject, who was accused of resisting and insulting the Carabineers at Taormina (SICILY), when arbitrarily arrested by them last September, has been tried. The presiding magistrate, admitting "extenuating circumstances," sentenced him to pay a fine of 100 francs and costs.—In ITALY the Antonelli will case is attracting considerable interest. The whole of the property is now claimed by an asserted daughter of the Cardinal, the Countess Lauretta Lamberlini.

THE COURT

THE QUEEN paid a short visit to town on Saturday. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice came up in the afternoon, visited the Duchess of Cambridge, called on the Emperor and Empress of Brazil to take leave of their Majesties, and returned to Windsor in time for dinner, at which they were joined by Prince and Princess Christian and the Dean of Windsor. Next morning, the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended service in the private chapel, and in the evening the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Col. and Miss Violet Lindsay, and Major-General Ponsonby dined with Her Majesty. On Monday the Queen gave a dinner-party, the Belgian Minister and Baroness Solvyns, the Portuguese Minister and Madame D'Antas, the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute, and the Earl and Countess of Listowel being the chief guests. During dinner the Grenadier Guards band played in the quadrangle. On Tuesday Her Majesty gave an audience to Lord Salisbury, and received Sayynd Yakub Khan Turah, envoy from the Amir of Kashgar, Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold also being present at his reception. On Wednesday the Count and Countess of Paris dined with Her Majesty. The Queen will leave for the Isle of Wight about the 16th inst.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been spending a few days at Sandringham, the present visit being instead of their usual one at Easter, when this year the Prince was just starting for the Continent, and the Princess had already left. The Prince and Princess and their children arrived on Saturday, and on Sunday attended morning service at St. Mary Magdalene's. They would return to town yesterday (Friday) to be present at the second State Concert at Buckingham Palace, which was fixed for last night. To-day (Saturday) the Princess will give away the prizes to the successful students of the schools of the Savoy Precincts at Burlington House. Next Saturday the Prince and Princess go to Wantage to unveil a statue of King Alfred, presented to the town by Col. Lindsay. Wantage was the King's birthplace, and the statue, which has been executed by Count Gleichen, and is of marble on a granite pedestal, is erected on the former site of the Town Hall in the market place. The Prince and Princess will stay with Col. and Mrs. Lindsay at Lockinge House, and will remain until the following Monday.—Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was nine years old yesterday (Friday).

The Princess Louise visited Tunbridge Wells on Saturday, and laid the memorial stone of the Friendly Societies' Hall now being built in the Camden Road.—The Duke of Connaught has been yachting in the Clyde with Lord Clanmorris, and has returned to Dublin.

The Emperor and Empress of Brazil are now in Scotland. Before leaving London their Majesties on Saturday paid and received numerous farewell visits, while the Emperor also inspected the Government Works at Wormwood Scrubs, the Pentonville Prison, Messrs. Trübner's printing establishment, and went to the Horticultural Gardens. In the evening their Majesties dined with Lady Holland. Early on Sunday morning they left for Edinburgh, where they arrived by 4 P.M., and spent the evening driving about the city. Monday was occupied in visiting the various sights of Edinburgh, and going to Melrose and Abbotsford, and next day their Majesties left for Inverness, the Emperor going on first to Dundee to see the great bridge, and then rejoining his wife at Perth. From Inverness they return by a different way to Glasgow, and thence go to Ireland for a few days, when they will visit Belfast and Killarney, and take Cork and Dublin on their road back.—The King of Hanover and his daughter, Princess Frederica, have gone to Biarritz for a few weeks.

CHURCH NEWS

CONVOCATION.——Both Houses of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury met on Tuesday, when "The Priest in Absolution" was the subject principally dealt with. On the motion of the Primate the Upper House adopted a resolution calling the attention of the Lower House to the declaration on the subject agreed to by a Committee of the whole House in July, 1873. In the Lower House a *gravamen* was presented by Prebendary Gibbs, praying that steps might be taken to remove the scandal which had arisen out of the discussion and reading of, extracts from the book in the House of Lords, and to make it manifest that the Provincial Synod of Canterbury strongly objects to the practices and doctrines inculcated therein, and on Wednesday, after an animated discussion, a resolution expressing concurrence with the declaration of the Upper House was carried by 62 to 6.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.——On Friday last the 176th anniversary sermon of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was preached by Canon Duckworth, who said that the prospects of Christianity in India would be measured imperfectly by outward appearance; the railway, the printing press, the schools, and courts of justice were all so many auxiliaries in mission work. Even the occurrence of mutinies and famines helped forward the labours of the Society and kindred associations. At the present moment 4,000,000 Hindoo and 100,000 Mohammedan children were attending schools in India, and some 60,000 were receiving instruction up to the Universities' standard. It was quite impossible to overrate these influences. Their flow marked also the ebb of idolatry. There was, however, great need for increased efforts, for there were but 500 European and American missionaries to minister to the spiritual needs of 236,500,000 people.

The Church League held its first public meeting on Tuesday, under the presidency of the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, who said that the Church, originally one in doctrine, was now split into a thousand divisions, and the only remedy was the separation of Church and State. It had been gradually dawning on men's minds that the work of severing the union was one rather for Churchmen than Nonconformists. John Keble maintained that the connection was positively sinful, and John Wesley was forced out of the Church simply because he was the only man within it in that corrupt period who could be found to preach true religion. Archdeacon Denison, whose speech was often interrupted, said that it was at length necessary for all true Churchmen to choose between Catholicity without Establishment and Establishment without Catholicity, and he felt it to be his duty to do what in him lay to help to sweep away the connection. Disestablishment was inevitable, not from without only, but from within. Another speaker declared his belief that, as soon as the object of the League was accomplished, Dissenters would return to the bosom of the Church; an assertion which was met by cries of "They will not come to 'The Priest in Absolution,'" followed by hisses and groans. Gradually the meeting grew more and more noisy and disorderly, and after the rejection of several amendments, the original resolution declaring that the true idea of a Christian Church was opposed to its union with the State, and another to the effect that the results of modern voluntary effort afforded the fullest assurance that the Church when disestablished would be amply provided for by the offerings of her members, were carried by a large majority. During the proceedings a lady made an ineffectual attempt to obtain a hearing, and, after an angry altercation with the chairman, left the platform declaring that, as neither the Archbishops nor the League would allow women to speak, she would go over to the Dissenters. The meeting broke up in confusion.

The Rev. T. Pelham Dale, rector of St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, who did not think proper to defend himself against the recent prosecution for Ritualistic practices, and against whom first a judgment and afterwards an inhibition was issued, has now obtained a triumphant victory upon a technical point of law. The Queen's Bench Division has decided that the Bishop of London was disqualified from acting in the matter, being interested in the voidance of the living as next patron. The whole proceedings are therefore void, and Mr. Dale may, we suppose, at once resume his position in the church, and continue his practices until again checked by a possible fresh prosecution. The Judges expressly say that they feel assured that the Bishop of London was not influenced by his personal interest in the living, but still the dry law of the point remains the same, and even if this had not been so, it seems likely that the whole proceedings would have been vitiated on another nice legal point; Lord Penzance having held his Court not in London or Westminster, as he should have done, but at Lambeth, which is outside the diocese. It is wonderful how closely the Ritualists appear to study the minutiæ of the law while treating its broad provisions with the most utter contempt.

A Quaker Wedding.——The marriage of Miss L. Ashworth, niece of the Right Hon. John Bright, to Mr. T. G. Palmer Hallett, of Bristol, was solemnised last week at Bath, the bride being a member of the Society of Friends, and the bridegroom a Churchman. The ceremony took place at the Friends' Meeting House, "a meeting for worship" having been called for the purpose. Mr. John Bright and Mr. Jacob Bright were both present, the former leading in the bride. The service proceeded in the manner invariably observed; the contracting parties rising during the "meeting for worship," and announcing to the assembled Friends their desire to become man and wife.

Various.——The Bishop of Chichester, speaking last week at the re-opening of Shoreham Church, justified his vote on the Burials Bill. He affirmed that the earnest desire of the clergy was for peace, and said that Lord Harrowby's proposition, if carried out, had a logical power which nothing could stop. It was just like introducing dynamite into a building; it must blow up the whole concern. Everybody must see that the way to the church was through the churchyard; and therefore they would be devoid of all common-sense and prudence if they did not stop them at the very outset.—The *Rock*, referring to the fourth annual volume of the "Tourists' Church Guide," notes the increase in the number of churches "where the law is broken" as compared with that of last year, and remarks that though the figures must to some people appear contemptibly small, it should be remembered that these "Romanesque Churches" form the advance-guard of the Ritualistic army which, unless checked would speedily overrun the kingdom.—*Coming Events* has a good story of a country clergyman, who, while on a visit to a certain noble lord in town, was prevailed upon to join in a game of cards at a club. They played till daybreak, and the parson rose the astonished winner of 1,500*l.* Next night the noble host suggested, as a matter of course, that he should give the losers their revenge. "No, no," was the reply, "you inveigled me into playing cards; or, if you like, the devil tempted me to play. Now, I look upon my winnings as *spolia opima* fairly taken from the Arch Enemy, and I intend to devote them towards building a new tower to my parish church."

SPORTING

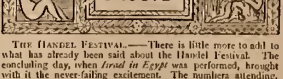
The Turf.——The July Meeting at Newmarket is always one of the landmarks in the Turf year, and by many real lovers of racing is enjoyed more than any other gathering. And no wonder, for its attractions are many. The course itself is a delightful one, pleasant shade is to be had beneath the trees, good horses of all ages put in an appearance, the blood-stock sales are most interesting, and the company generally is of "the right sort." In all particulars the meeting this week fulfilled the requirements to make things pleasant, and the racing itself was even above the usual standard. The First Welter resulted in a surprise, Lord Exeter's Vril, the least fancied of nine candidates, first catching the judge's eye; but on the next day, when made first favourite with 6 to 5 on him for the Second Welter, he was nowhere, thus illustrating the glorious uncertainty of racing. The July Stakes, as usual, brought out some dark and promising youngsters, but there were none good enough to beat the Duke of Westminster's Strathfleet, who won a Stake at Stockbridge last week. Lord Falmouth's Pacific, own brother to Atlantic, a former Two Thousand Guineas victor, was among the performers, and will be sure to see a better day. The talent made a good spot of Rosemary in a field of fourteen for the Maiden Plate on Tuesday. Lord Falmouth was to the fore in the Exeter Two Year Old Stakes with the previously victorious Redwing, and Springfield, as expected, had little difficulty in getting rid of the speedy horses, Lollypop, Trappist, and Ecossais, for the July Cup.—In the North the chief meeting has been at Carlisle, a kind of supplement to Newcastle, and there also the racing has been very good. Backers will remember the opening day, for Glendale, who ran Hampton such a very close race last week at Newcastle, was looked on as a certainty for the Cumberland Plate; but in a field of only four he had to put up with second place—another painful instance of Turf uncertainty. Hopbloom, whose career has been a somewhat chequered one, put in an appearance for the Grand Stand Handicap, and won it, The Prior of Prado, who was made favourite, only getting third. With the Sutton Park and Worcester Meetings the week has been a busy one; but the coming Liverpool gathering will probably be more interesting than either, the Summer Cup already having evoked considerable speculation. Judging from present appearances Petrarch is likely to be a very hot favourite; but it is just one of those cases in which backers are as likely to burn their fingers as to land their investments with interest.

Cricket.——There has been some rare cricketing during the last few days, the matches between the Amateur and Professional Elevens at the Oval and Lord's creating more than usual interest, and showing wonderfully close play. At the Oval the Players' first innings of 405 made things look pretty rosy for them, but almost all the Gentlemen made good scores, and amassed a total of 427, of which Mr. J. M. Cotterill made 59, and Mr. Hornby no less than 144 by a splendid exhibition of batting. The Players could only mark 119 in their second essay, thus leaving the Gentlemen only 98 runs to get to win. Time prevented the game being played out, but the draw was very decidedly in favour of the Amateurs. At Lord's the game was a very close one, the first innings of each side only showing a difference of 6 runs in favour of the Gentlemen. The Players' second innings finished for 148, thus leaving their opponents 143 to obtain. This they did, but when the two last men (Mr. G. F. Grace and Mr. Patterson) were in no less than 46 runs were wanted. These were gradually obtained, each hit being vociferously cheered, and amid a scene of excitement not often witnessed on a cricket field the game was won by the Gentlemen by 1 wicket. Finer all-round cricket has never been exhibited in London than in these two splendid matches.—The Surrey Club has made mincemeat of the South Wales Club at the Oval.

Aquatics.——We learn by telegraph that on the Parramatta River in Australia Rush has failed to wrest from Trickett the Sculling Championship of the world, for which the latter not long ago so gallantly defeated our champion, Sadler, on the Thames. We look in vain for a man likely to dispossess Trickett of his trophy for some time to come, our English scullers not showing in very brilliant colours just now.

Polo.——The Hurlingham Club has sustained a defeat at the hands of a picked team of the International Gun and Polo Club, who represented "the World." The riding and play on both sides was magnificent, and the game was considered by critics the fastest and best played contest ever witnessed.

Swimming.——The mile and six furlongs championship has been again contested between Putney and Hammersmith, the holder, E. T. Jones of Leeds and the once famous J. B. Johnson being the contestants. The result was—Jones first, and Johnson nowhere. If Jones can only hold—as he doubtless will—the handsome trophy till the 12th of September next, it will be his own for "ever and ever." Leeds should vote him a statue.



MUSIC

The Handel Festival.——There is little more to add to what has already been said about the Handel Festival. The concluding day, when *Israel in Egypt* was performed, brought with it the never-failing excitement. The numbers attending, however, were, for the first time on record, fewer than on the day devoted to the miscellaneous selection. We can only account for this by the fact that Madame Adelina Patti sang on the one occasion, and Mr. Sims Reeves did *not* sing on the other. That Madame Patti is always an attraction, *per se*, need no more be urged that that Mr. Sims Reeves, the foremost Handelian singer of our time, has been one of the main supports of the Festival from the beginning. The absence of Mr. Reeves, universally regretted, has been so generally commented upon that it would be superfluous to say another word on the subject. Apart from this, the performance of Handel's sublime Biblical oratorio was wonderfully good, and in the choral parts almost irreproachable. The solo singers were Mesdames Sherrington, Edith Wynne, and Patey, Herr Henschel, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. How these excellent artists aided the general effect may be readily understood. As of old, the National Anthem was given (by chorus and orchestra) when the oratorio was brought to a close; and the usual recognition of Sir Michael Costa's valuable services followed. We have reason to believe that this last Handel Festival has not only been an artistic but a pecuniary success. It was admirably managed throughout by the directors of our time-honoured Sacred Harmonic Society.

Royal Italian Opera.——As we cannot conscientiously say one word in praise of the opera *Santa Chiara*, which—it is difficult to guess why—after a repose of nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Gye has brought to life again for the edification of his subscribers and the public, we limit ourselves to merely stating the fact that it has been represented twice, and on each occasion before an audience utterly unable to see, however willing to recognise, any merit whatever in the work, whether in a dramatic or a musical sense. *Requiescat in pace!* The last performance of *La Traviata* calls for notice, if only on account of Madame Adelina Patti's impersonation of the character of Violetta, than which nothing more refined and exquisite—while characteristic throughout—has been witnessed in our time on the lyric stage. In M. Gounod's somewhat languid and spun-out *Romeo e Giulietta*—with its constant reminiscences of *Faust*, its feeble imitations of the dramatic "ensembles" of Meyerbeer, and its still feebler attempts at rivalling the not easily-definable "melos," and infinitely variegated orchestral colouring of Wagner—the extraordinary genius of this gifted lady shines no less conspicuously. She is not merely a singing Juliet, but an acting Juliet now beyond compare; and, if only for her sake, the revival of this most pretentious, though, artistically and poetically considered, the least successful work by the much-admired French composer, must always be more or less welcome. We wish, however, the accomplished songstress would omit the trivial waltz tune interpolated in the first act, which seems to have sprung from the popular waltz tune of Arditi ("Il bacio") just as the waltz tune of Arditi sprang from the no less popular waltz-tune of Venzano—once the favourite "show-piece" of the late Madame Gassier. This is so entirely out of keeping with the dreamy character of Juliet as seriously to disturb the main business of the first act. Madame Patti sings it irreproachably, no doubt; but the better it is executed the more does it jar upon our feelings while contemplating the ideal creation of Shakespeare. All the rest—to the very last scene, culminating in the death of the "star-crossed lovers"—is absolute perfection. Signor Nicolini is now unquestionably the best Romeo on the lyric stage, looking, singing, and acting the part equally well. In the garden scene especially he played up to Madame Patti with remarkable intelligence, and elsewhere supported her most effectively—which, bearing in mind what sort of an artist was his partner, is equivalent to awarding him almost unmeasured praise. Signor Cotogni, as Mercutio, is not exactly at his best; nor does he possess the requisite capability of giving due significance to the description of "Queen Mab," even had M. Gounod illustrated it by happier music. Mdlle. Bianchi is an unexceptionable Stefano; Signor Bagagiolo a Frate Lorenzo, to whom Juliet's exclamation, "Oh, comfortable friar!" might reasonably apply; and Signor Graziani does all that lies in him to make the personage of Capuletto conspicuous. On the whole the performance of M. Gounod's opera, under the direction of Signor Bevignani, is more than ordinarily efficient; but that it can ever become as popular as *Faust* is unlikely. Two weeks hence the season will come to an end. The only novelty now to be expected is Otto Nicolai's *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, under the hardly expressive title of *Le Vispe Comari di Windsor*. The opera announced for this evening is *Lohengrin*.

Her Majesty's Theatre.——The new singer, Madame Etelka Gerster, has followed up her success as the heroine of *La Sonnambula* by another success as the heroine of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Her Lucia is very much the same kind of performance as her Amina, always artistic, not seldom astonishing, but rarely distinguished by that undefinable something which we distinctively recognise as "charm." Madame Gerster possesses a voice of more than ordinary capability, and uses it very frequently to excellent purpose—sometimes, indeed, creating real enthusiasm. But while at times satisfying all requirements, at others she falls short of them; and thus her performance, regarded from a general point of view, is unequal. Her Lucia, however, obtained quite as much applause as her Amina, and Mr. Mapleson has every right to look upon her as a genuine acquisition to his already strong company. The opera on Thursday was *Lohengrin*, which independently of its other claims to notice must always interest when Madame Christine Nilsson represents the dreamy character of Elsa. Mr. Mapleson's season will, we understand, finish a week later than Mr. Gye's. No novelty, however, is advertised.

Waifs.——We regret to say that the state of Mdlle. Titiens' health is such as to encourage no hope of her appearing again this season.—More than 9,000 persons attended the concert of Mr. Sims Reeves in the Albert Hall on Wednesday night. Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, Herr Wilhelmj, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Signor Foli, Messrs. Santley, Lloyd, &c., were among the artists who assisted our great English tenor on the occasion. Mr. Sims Reeves was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm.—M. Francis Planté, the distinguished French pianist, played on Thursday afternoon (for the first time in England) at the French Embassy, in aid of the French Charities, Leicester Place. We shall have more to say about this gentleman.

◆

Steam Tram Cars are about to be tried in Dublin on a line four miles in length extending from the City to the suburban town of Clontarf.

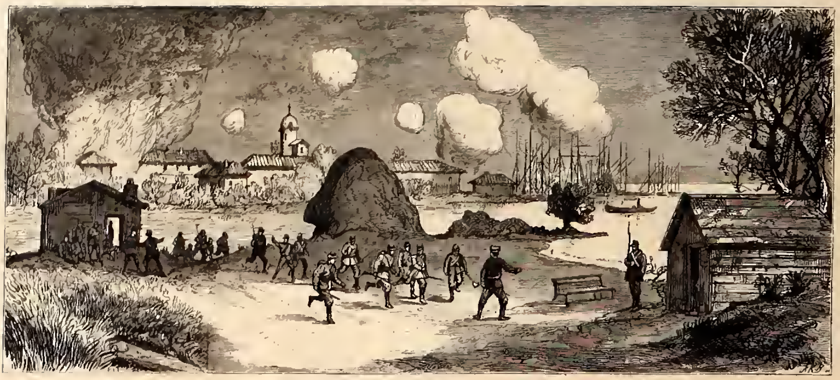
A Railroad connecting San Francisco with Buenos Ayres is being discussed in California. The line would be about 6,900 miles in length.

Two New Statues by Millet have been added to the chapel of the Orleans family at Dreux—figures of the Princess Adelaide and Prince Ferdinand, the son of the Duc de Montpensier, who died some time since while studying in Paris.

Suicides in San Francisco Hotels are so frequent nowadays that the proprietors find a difficulty in getting servants. The *San Francisco News Letter* declares it is quite a common thing for domestics to call down the speaking tube, "Some one dead in No. 490, and a man taken poison in No. 302;" while they consider it a most unusual occurrence if they do not hear the crack of a bullet at least once in the day.

The Emperor of Brazil, who is now once more in England, is more easy of access in his own country than any of his subjects. Every Thursday any person who may wish to speak to him is admitted to the Palace and waits in a long gallery. At a certain time Don Pedro walks down the room, listens to every request, replies to each gentleman in his respective native language (His Majesty is a wonderful linguist), and never makes a promise without fulfilling it, as he has an excellent memory.

American Farmers in New Jersey are afflicted by a fresh plague this year, the *Cicada* or seventeen year locusts having appeared. These insects, though called locusts, are of quite a different family, and are more like flies, while their habits are most curious. The eggs are laid deep down in some tender twig or branch in clusters of fifteen or twenty, and are hatched in five or six weeks. The larvæ fall to the ground, and work their way down to a considerable depth, where they remain dormant for seventeen years. A record of the appearance of these pests has been carefully kept, and it has been certified that they come at regular periods, and that another species, the thirteen-year brood, inhabit the Southern States. Strong trees are not touched by the *Cicada*; but the peach-trees and young fruit-trees in general receive considerable damage, while the branches in which the eggs are laid soon wither off and fall.



SKETCHES UNDER FIRE—THE BOMBARDMENT OF GIURGEVO

MONUMENT AT LEWES TO RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR

A MASSIVE monument to the memory of the 28 Finlanders who died in Lewes Prison while prisoners of war during the Russian campaign has just been completed in St. John's Churchyard, Lewes, by order of the Russian Government. Recently the work was officially inspected and approved by General Gorloff. Mr. Philip Currey, of London, is the architect. The total height is seventeen feet. The monument is an octagon, starting from a broad base of stone steps, tapering upwards and surmounted by a Greek cross, in which is inserted the kneeling steps peculiar to Russian crosses. In the base are eight arch-shaped recesses, supported by pillars of granite. On these are inscribed the objects of the memorial, the names of the prisoners who died, and other particulars. The monument is erected immediately over the spot where the burials were made. On the east of the monument the inscription is:—"Sacred to the Memory of the Russian Soldiers who died Prisoners of War in Lewes in the years 1854, 1855, and 1856." On the west it is recorded, "Raised by Order of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia Alexander II., 1877." The names of the men and four lines of a hymn fill the remaining spaces.

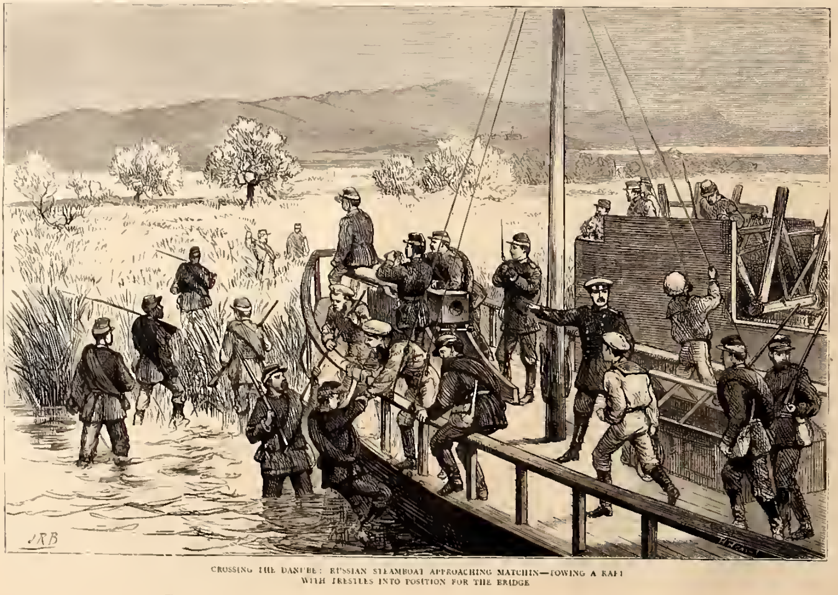
◆

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

THE works connected with the removal of the Alexandrian obelisk go on apace. Mr. Dixon's workmen have cleared the ground away, the great stone itself has been thoroughly cleaned, and is found to be in much better preservation than was imagined. It has been lifted and moved round into position parallel with the sea, and the ironwork of the vessel is being built around it.

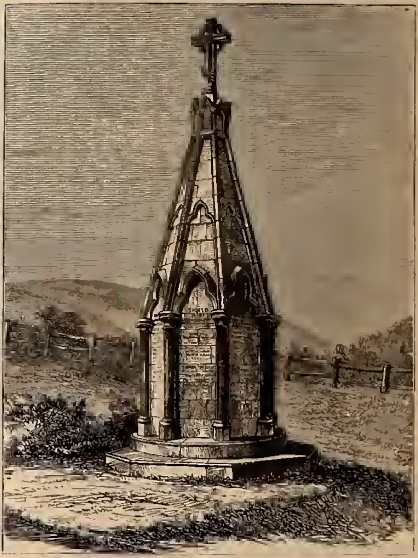
Many interesting antiquarian facts have already been brought to light. The exact date of the removal of these two obelisks has hitherto been mere conjecture. It was known they adorned the Temple of Heliopolis—the great University City of On, where Moses acquired his proficiency in "the learning and wisdom of the Egyptians." As they were removed thence to decorate the water-gate of the Cæsareum at Alexandria, it has been assumed that this took place about the time of Cleopatra, hence the popular name of Cleopatra's Needle. Doubt, however, is now set at rest, Mr. Dixon having had the base of the standing obelisk uncovered, and found the inscription "Anno VII. Cæsario, Barbarus præfectus Ægypti posuit, architectore Pontio." "In the seventh year of Cæsar, Barbarus, Prefect of Egypt, caused this obelisk to be placed here, Pontus being architect."

The excavation has also revealed another interesting fact, viz., that the obelisk stands on a pedestal of a square block of granite, upon which it is supported by four bronze crabs. The crab at the south-east corner is missing, and as the obelisk leans towards the north and west to the extent of a foot from the perpendicular the pressure on the missing bronze would be removed, and thus have permitted its abstraction. As the obelisk is raised eight inches clear of the pedestal the entire weight rests on its corner supports. These are bending, and there is a serious crack in the stone, so that unless steps be taken to secure it a few more winters will probably see it prostrate.—Our illustration is from a photograph forwarded by Mr. Wagerman Dixon, who has charge of the operations in Egypt.

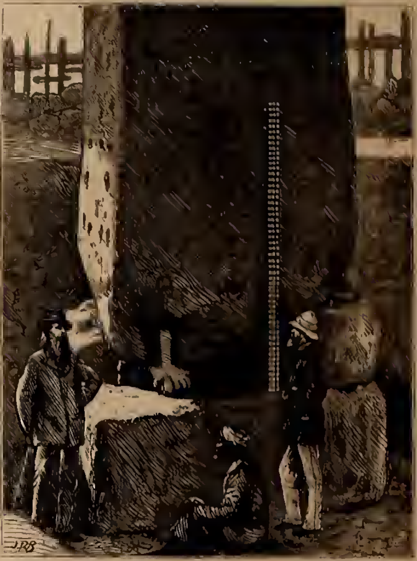


CROSSING THE DANUBE: RUSSIAN STEAMBOAT APPROACHING MATCHIN—TOWING A RAFT WITH TRESTLES INTO POSITION FOR THE BRIDGE

THE WAR IN THE EAST—WITH THE RUSSIANS



MONUMENT AT LEWES TO THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS WHO DIED DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR

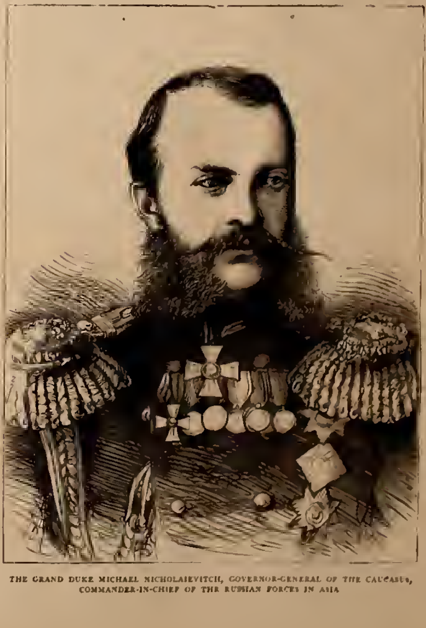


CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE—BASE OF THE SISTER OBELISK NOW STANDING, EXCAVATED BY MR. JOHN DIXON, SHOWING THE INSCRIPTION AND THE BRONZE CRAB

LEGAL

Hertford College, Oxford.——A curious dispute as to the meaning of the University Tests Act of 1871 has just been decided in the Queen's Bench Division. It will be remembered that in 1874 the property of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, which had been for some time in abeyance, was transferred by Act of Parliament to the newly-founded Hertford College, and that soon afterwards Mr. Baring, an old Oxford man, made a handsome gift to the College, stipulating that it was to be used solely for the benefit of members of the Church of England. This endowment was employed in founding fellowships, and all went well until the examinations were announced, when a certain Mr. Tillyard, a Nonconformist, offered himself as a candidate for the vacant fellowship, and on being told that he was ineligible, retired without troubling to compete. As soon, however, as the election was over, he appealed to the law to compel the College authorities to examine him as a candidate, it being contended on his behalf that the Test Act of 1871 had a prospective bearing which made it illegal for Mr. Baring to attach any restrictive condition to his gift. Mr. Justice Mellor decided that this was really the case, while Mr. Justice Lush gave judgment on the same side, though for a very different reason, namely that the Act of Incorporation contained references to the Act of 1871, which made it subject to the provisions of the latter. The decision will no doubt be submitted to the Court of Appeal, whose judgment will be looked forward to with much anxiety.

Mr. De Morgan's rough-and-ready method of settling disputes between Commoners and Lords of the Manor has at last been checked by the strong arm of the law. The Master of the Rolls has granted an injunction restraining him from pulling down any more posts or fences on Hackney Downs, and another in respect of the sand-pit at Plumstead, which he and his friends have filled up. There is also to be an inquiry in Chambers as to the amount of damage the plaintiffs have sustained, and two other actions, one by Earl Cowper in respect of property in Nottinghamshire, and the other by a Mr. Flint, are still pending. No one would for a moment dispute the importance of preserving for public use the few remaining open spaces in and near the metropolis, but there must surely be some less violent method of attaining that end than that of which Mr. De Morgan considers himself the apostle.



THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL NICHOLAIEVITCH, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE CAUCASUS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES IN ASIA

A Big Robbery.——A man and two women are now in custody charged with being concerned in a burglary which was committed about three weeks since on the premises of an ostrich feather merchant in Clerkenwell. The thieves carried off 6,000 feathers, valued at 3,000*l.*, besides some watches, jewellery, and money to the amount of another 1,000*l.*; and on the premises of one of the women charged were found three opera-glasses, four pieces of silk, one of velvet, one of cloth, some plated forks and spoons, six night-shirts, and a lady's companion, which are supposed to be the proceeds of another robbery, but which have not yet been claimed.

Miscellaneous Items.——It has been decided that the ratepayers of Keighley will have to pay the costs (125*l.*) incurred by the anti-vaccination Guardians in their resistance of the Local Government Board.—At Reading last week a curious action for libel and conspiracy was brought by an aged solicitor of Ewelme, in Oxfordshire, against a number of persons resident in that place who, some seven years ago, had treated him to "rough music" and publicly burnt him in effigy, in consequence of his having quarrelled with his wife. A verdict was given for the defendants in all cases except one, which was allowed to go by default, and in which one farthing damages was awarded.—In an assault case heard at Warrington last week the defendant asserted that so far from being the aggressor he himself had been subjected by the prosecutors to violence because he would not join a local secret society, the members of which were compelled to take a very sanguinary oath expressive of their readiness to kill father, mother, sister, or brother when a colleague was in distress. The society, he said, was connected with the "Hibernians," which held their meetings at a "jerry-house" on Sundays. On Friday last Inspector Vesey, of the Derby police, was murderously attacked by a fellow whom he attempted to arrest on suspicion of having robbed a till. The ruffian first snapped a pistol in the officer's face, and afterwards stabbed him several times in the wrists and neck. The would-be assassin, who is a well-known thief, is now in custody, whilst Inspector Vesey lies in a precarious condition at the hospital.—People whose trading proclivities lead them to study with avidity the exchange columns which have become so popular in certain periodicals, should make sure before parting with their knick-nacks, lace, jewellery, fancy work, books, papers, or pet dogs that they are negotiating with honest correspondents. Two Liverpool clerks, who have for some time past made this barter system a source of profit by frequently changing their address and never sending anything in return for the property sent to them, have just been sent to prison for a year.—The *Echo* says that seven or nine gems (it is curious that any uncertainty should exist as to the number) were recently stolen from the British Museum, and that two of them have since been recovered through the honesty of the dealers to whom they were offered for sale.—On Sunday last a young woman of eighteen gave herself up to the police at Notting Hill, alleging that she had killed her fellow-servant at the country house of Sir Adam Bittleston, in Buckinghamshire. She described how she had been scolded by her victim, whom she had then struck on the head with a poker, leaving her dead in the chair. Upon inquiry, however, it turned out that no such crime had been committed, and although the girl had really left the house suddenly on the day she named, there was no reason for her doing so. Before the magistrate she denied having signed the statement, and she is now under remand that the state of her mind may be ascertained.—A disgusting story comes from Wolverhampton. Last week a woman named Rogers was murdered by her husband, who, it seems was jealous of her. He confessed his crime and has been committed for trial, and, it is said, untruthfully we hope, that those who had charge of the body exhibited it publicly at so much per head until the police interfered.—At the Hampshire Assizes, a young woman of twenty has been sentenced to death for the murder of her infant child, which she killed by beating it on the head, and afterwards buried under a heap of stones. When arrested she exclaimed that she knew the body was found at twelve o'clock, for at that time the child appeared to her. Curiously enough that was about the time at which a police sergeant discovered the body.—Richard and Anne Sidlow have been convicted of ill-treating the two little pauper girls placed in their care by the Nantwich Guardians, and have been sentenced, the man to nine months' and the woman to fifteen months' hard labour.—Mr. and Mrs. Morris, of Slough, did not appear at the Aylesbury Assizes to answer the charge of cruelty to their servant. Their bail has therefore been estreated and a warrant issued for their apprehension. The poor girl, who since February last has been in the Princess Louise Home at Wanstead, is now restored to health. The trial was not transferred to the Queen's Bench because the necessary sureties had not been given.

NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries, in 3 vols.,
WINSTOWE. By Mrs. Leith Adams.
THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By George MacDonald, LL.D.
MRS. ARTHUR. By Mrs. Oliphant.
THE BURTHEN OF REUBEN. By Mrs. Randolph.
ANNETTE. By the Author of "St. Olave's." 2 vols.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

AIMARD'S TALES. EDITED BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.
First Out. Four New Volumes, price 6d. each.
QUEEN of the SAVANNAH. Price 6d.
Buccaneer Chief, 6d.; Smuggler Hero, 6d.; Rebel Chief, 6d.
N.B. Each Volume complete in itself. Author's Copyright Editions.—London: GEORGE VICKERS, and all Booksellers.

1s., or by post for 13 stamps.
SUMMER CATARRH—HAY FEVER; Its Causes, Symptoms, Prevention, and Treatment. By George Moore, M.D.—JAMES EPPS and CO., 170, Piccadilly, and 48, Threadneedle Street.

Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.
DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS;
REPRODUCED BY THE
AUTOTYPE PROCESS
FROM THE
ORIGINALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
With Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. Comyns Carr.

"This splendid volume. . . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine tact. . . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. In two cases, minute gradations of light and shade are so well rendered that most people would pronounce the photographs hardly inferior to the originals. Of the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value. Such criticism is rare in any country, but it is particularly uncommon in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

SHILLING KINDERGARTEN MANUAL. Fully Illustrated with Diagrams. By J. H. Ladue. INFANT EDUCATION; or, Descriptive Notes on the Kindergarten System. Price 6d.
Specimen Pages on application to the CENTRAL SCHOOL DEPOT, 22, Paternoster Row.

Now ready, 8vo, sewed, price 6d.
CONTINUOUS RAILWAY BRAKES. A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY, Bart., President of the Board of Trade. By "A Frequent Railway Traveller."
London: TRUBNER and CO., Ludgate Hill.

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES, upon the Principles of Stoechiological Medicine, by John Francis Churchill, M.D.
With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stoechiological Inhalants. And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Heslop, Stirling, Bird, Santa Maria, Gomez, Mnestre, Parigot, Reinvillier, Galvez, Letiverend, Dembele, Feldman, Pleffal, Viotras, Hungard, Tillahy, Laurl, Fabbri, Panegrossi, Lerart, Tonidi, Tosini, Ascenzi, Regnoli, Valentini, Cavalli, Blasi, Buronneo, Florelli, and Trilell.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 6s.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED
THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. H. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of E. Werner by Mrs. Parker. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and useful information. The grimmest reader will find some parts of it hearty enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUNTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilised world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere for one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN discusses men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace; it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 125, FLEET STREET; 29 and 31, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte SCHOOL.
Section I. No. 1. Pianoforte Tutor.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
The list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in Japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

MAYALL'S PHOTOGRAPHIC ART GALLERIES, 224, REGENT ST., LONDON; and 91, KING'S ROAD, near Grand Hotel, BRIGHTON.
(Medals from London, Dublin, and Paris.)
Photographic Miniatures, Enamels and Oil Paintings to life-size in the highest style of art. New patents in permanent carbon, opal, &c., finished by the first artists of the day.
To prevent delay, three Studios always open.
The Galleries open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Admission free.

MISS S. L. KILPACK begs to state that her PAINTINGS and SKETCHES may be seen and purchased at her residence, 9, Bedford Street, Bedford Square, W.C.

LONDON HOSPITAL, Whitechapel ROAD, E.
(Mainly supported by Voluntary Contributions).
FUNDS ARE NOW GREATLY NEEDED.
Annual Subscriptions or Donations earnestly solicited.
Fixed Yearly Income about £14,000.
Yearly expenditure about £41,000.
Over 600 In-Patients (admitted according to urgency) always under treatment.
From 4,000 to 5,000 Out-Patients also in constant attendance.
Wards and other parts of the Institution always open to the inspection of visitors.
Reports, with full information as to privileges of Subscribers and of the work effected by this Hospital sent (free) on application.
A. G. SNELGROVE, Secretary.
Bankers: Robarts, Lubbock, and Co., and Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN,
227, Gray's Inn Road, and Mitre Street, London.
Established 1864.
Physician—Dr. BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.
Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

MALVERN.—HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The compressed air bath, important remedy in chest diseases. Situate near the Hills. Extensive Grounds, Winter Garden, and Billiard Room.—Resident physicians: C. F. Grindrod and E. Durant.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—TO LET in the best part of Shanklin, a DETACHED HOUSE, handsomely furnished, standing in a large well-wooded garden. Three reception rooms, four bedrooms and dressing-room, large kitchen and offices. Water and drainage excellent. To a careful tenant, £3 3s. per week for twelve months. Or unfurnished, £60 per annum, on lease.—For particulars apply to Mrs. JOHNSON, Library, Shanklin, I. of W.

BRIGHTON.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED, from July next, a COTTAGE RESIDENCE charmingly situated in one of the healthiest parts of the town. It consists of 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, two of which contain sleeping accommodation for two, small garden, good service of gas and water, with excellent out offices, the whole forming a well furnished residence for a small family; to be let on very reasonable terms for a short or long period.—Apply to Messrs. TOPLIS and ROBERTS, House Agents, 11, Thurloe Place, opposite the South Kensington Museum, South Kensington, S.W.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."** UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS., 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says,—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well matured, and of very excellent quality."

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their
CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,
CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,
BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR
UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

BULLOCK IN A BOAT, "Trade Mark."—AUSTRALIAN BEEF AND MUTTON. Just Landed. Specially prepared for SUMMER use by WHITEHEAD & CO. (Limited). To be had of all Grocers.

(The Old House)
JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR IS THE BEST.
"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, sold in ½ lb. and 1 lb. packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

MORSON'S PEPSINE,
AND ITS PREPARATIONS
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE NAME ON LABEL.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
As Wine, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 9s.
Lozenges, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.
Globules, at 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.
And as Powder, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each.
Sold by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers,
MORSON and SON,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

SALE of PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.
THE MOURNING WAREHOUSE.
According to Annual Custom all Goods have been reduced to HALF-PRICE.
The SALE will continue during the Month of JULY.

GREAT BARGAINS are SELLING in
JACKETS,
MANTLES,
FICHUS,
COSTUMES IN SILK,
COSTUMES IN MATERIAL,
COSTUMES FOR DINNER,
COSTUMES FOR EVENING,
MILLINERY,
PARASOLS,
COLLARS,
TIES, &c.

BLACK SILKS, reduced from 4s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. and every quality in proportion.
BLACK SILK COSTUMES, reduced from 6½ to 4½ guineas, and every quality in proportion.
Several FRENCH MODELS, costing in Paris 29 guineas, reduced to 12 and 14 guineas.

DUST CLOAKS, reduced to 8s. 9d.
CLOTH JACKETS, reduced to 25s. 6d.
SILK JACKETS, reduced to 40s.
FUR-LINED CLOAKS, reduced to 3 guineas.
SEALSKIN JACKETS, Semi-fitting, 33 inches long, reduced to 9 guineas.

DRESS LENGTHS, ODD LENGTHS, AND REMNANTS will be cleared at nominal prices.

MOURNING ORDERS during the SALE will receive the usual prompt and careful attention. MADE-UP ARTICLES, MILLINERY, &c., forwarded free of extra charge to all parts of England.

PETER ROBINSON, 256 to 262, REGENT STREET,
LONDON.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON, upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR cools and refreshes the face, hands, and arms of ladies, and all exposed to the hot sun and dust. It eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, &c., and allays the pain and irritation caused by
MOSQUITOE BITES and GNAT STINGS. The KALYDOR produces a beautiful, delicate, and clear complexion. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers. Great care must be taken to avoid worthless imitations, and to ask for
ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, altar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, W.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—Sweet Scents.
FOUR CADEAUX.
Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Lign-Aloe, White Rose, Psidium, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 in a case, 7s. Sold by fashionable druggists in all parts of the world. Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S Pistachio-Nut SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration. 2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

GOOD COMPLEXION.
PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,
PURE, FRAGRANT, AND DURABLE.
THE BEST FOR TOILET, NURSERY, OR FOR SHAVING.
Invariably used by the
PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND CHILDREN.
Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.—This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.
For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing, and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d. E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

HENRY GLAVE'S
SALE OF MR. W. T. BAKER'S STOCK,
of 57, King's Road, Brighton,
commences on MONDAY, the 9th of July.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of the
STOCK OF MR. W. T. BAKER,
57, King's Road, Brighton,
WHICH WILL BE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC AT ONE THIRD ITS REAL VALUE.

ABSTRACT OF STOCK TO BE SOLD.
Black Silks.
Foreign Silks.
Coloured Silks.
Black Velveteens.
Coloured Velveteens.
Japanese Silks.
Micado Silks.
Yokohama Silks.
Matelasse Silks.
Floral Japanese.
Fancy Dresses.
Turkish Beige.
French Beige.
French Cashmeres.
Silk Poplines.
Silk Mixtures.
Steel Alpacas.
Glacé Alpacas.
Coloured Grenadines.
Floral Alpacas.
Washing Fabrics.
Tussore Linens.
Linen Galateas.
Snowflake Cambrics.
Lace Seraphines.
Satin Stripes.
Don Matting.
Don Twills.
Rich Cretonnes.
Vanderine Stripes.
Household Linens.
Damask Cloths.
Witney Blankets.
Welsh Flannels.
Linen Huckabacks.
Cotton Sheetings.
Linen Sheetings.
Muslin Curtains.
Tea and Glass Cloths.
Printed Cambrics.
Exhibition Costumes.
Promenade Costumes.
Costumes with Jackets.
Travelling Costumes.
Seaside Costumes.
Washing Costumes.
Children's Costumes.
Dressing-Gowns.
Evening Dresses.
Ball Dresses.
Mantles and Jackets.
Dust Cloaks.
Cloth Paletots.
Silk Paletots.
Trimmed Hats.
Trimmed Bonnets.
Ladies' Underclothing.
Children's Outfitting.
Scarfs and Ties.
Lace and Linen Sets.
Gloves for Ladies.
Gentlemen's Hosiery.
Ladies' Hosiery.
Gentlemen's Outfitting.
Dress Trimmings.
Pocket Handkerchiefs.
Sash Ribbons.
Swiss Embroidery.
Dress Buttons.
Ladies' Bags.
Chinese Fans.
French Ornaments.
Fancy Baskets.
Camp Stools.
Croquet-Chairs.
Flower Stands.
Waterproof Tweeds.
Sun Shades.
Ladies' Umbrellas.
Gentleman's Umbrellas.
All Goods Legibly Marked in Plain Figures, and sold for Cash only.
Country Orders will have our usual care and attention, but should any slight delay occur we beg for a little forbearance from our customers.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S
SALE OF MR. W. J. BAKER'S STOCK,
of 57, King's Road, Brighton,
commences on MONDAY, the 9th of July.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

GASK and GASK'S SALE of SURPLUS LADIES' DRESS GOODS, at greatly reduced prices. Catalogues free. See below.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

GREAT SALE OF SILKS, Costumes, Mantles, Dress Fabrics, Lace Goods, Fichus, Ties, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Trimmings, Parasols, Millinery, Underclothing, Mourning, Soiled Table Linens, Sheetings, all odd dress lengths, remnants, and the whole of the surplus stock throughout the house will be sold at a great reduction in price. GASK and GASK.

GASK and GASK'S USUAL SUMMER SALE has now commenced, at greatly reduced prices. See above.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

ANNUAL SALE.—Regent House.

J. ALLISON and CO. beg respectfully to announce that their ANNUAL SALE has commenced, and will be continued during the month. Special attention is invited to a parcel of coloured gros grains, at 3s. 11d., fancy striped silks, 2s. 6½d.; sash ribbons, from 1s. 5½d. Costumes in great variety, from 21s. upwards. Made-up lace goods. Mantles of every kind considerably reduced in price.

REGENT HOUSE, 238, 240, and 242, REGENT STREET.

WATERLOO HOUSE.
The ANNUAL SUMMER SALE at WATERLOO HOUSE will continue until the end of this month.
On account of the low price at which the goods are marked, no discount can be allowed on anything during the Sale.
Worthy of particular attention amongst other cheap things will be found MANTLES, COSTUMES, PARASOLS, and
In the SILK DEPARTMENT
a large assortment of COLOURED SILKS at 3s. 9d. per yard.
In the SHAWL DEPARTMENT
a fresh importation of very fine CHUDDAH SHAWLS, at very low prices.
In the GLOVE DEPARTMENT
a Large Stock of 2-button Brussels Kid Gloves, at 25s. per doz.
In the LACE DEPARTMENT
some fashionable LACE FICHUS, from 7s. 6d., and some fine specimens of Old Lace at moderate prices.
In the BALL DRESS DEPARTMENT
a choice assortment of MUSLIN DRESSES in all shades, from 21s.
In the LINEN DEPARTMENT
a Manufacturer's Stock of CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, from 7s. 6d. to 30s. the doz.
In the CARPET DEPARTMENT
some very good BRUSSELS CARPETS, from 3s. 11d. per yard, and a large number of SCINDE RUGS, at 13s. 9d. each.
HALLING, PEARCE, and STONE,
WATERLOO HOUSE,
COCKSPUR STREET and PALL MALL EAST.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
VELVET CARPETS, &c.
EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862: DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

GENT'S GUINEA WALKING BOOTS. GENT'S CALF OXFORD SHOES, 16s. 6d.
EDWARD KING, Boot Maker,
16, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL.

MR. CHAPMAN'S SPRING NOVELTIES.

Extract from the *Queen*, June 2, 1877.

Mr. Chapman, of Notting Hill, has forwarded a selection of samples of fancy materials for spring and summer wear in such variety and quantity that *embarras de choix* is the first feeling that they suggest. But new dresses are almost imperative necessities at this season, and a large choice is always welcome to the *bona fide* shopper; therefore Mr. Chapman has shown wisdom in catering thus extensively among home and foreign manufacturers. Foremost there are new washing fabrics called Bolton yarns or workhouse sheetings, not plain and unbleached as we have been used to, but cream grounds, covered with thin lines and dashes of dark red, blue, or black. They are light, and the effect is that that of a neigeuse cloth. Then these are dark blue, green, and brown fabrics, striped with thick and thin lines of contrasting colour, exact imitations in style of the costly twilled silks worn during the winter. Other dark cambrics are striped with Persian patterns; basket-woven linens, and damask linens, close imitations of silken fabrics, are also there in many fashionable colours. In fine fabrics of ivory white, tilleul, and other pale hues, there is a new challie gauze, soft in texture, and admirable for draping. In thicker materials there is the new loule cashmere in all the fashionable shades; it is light and soft, and makes up well, as it hangs in graceful folds without any stiffness. Casemir is another thin woollen material of a clinging nature with a twilled surface, and yet cool enough for summer wear. In silks those called the Mehrettes deserve special notice; they are soft and yielding, with a satin surface, and the patterns, though small and geometrical, are effective; in all the pale shades, such as blue, tilleul, pink, and ivory, they would make up well for evening wear. The broché Mahrattee, besides making up into stylish polonaises, would serve to trim evening dresses, as they are all self-coloured. Mr. Chapman possesses the art, and it is no small one, of bringing forward fashionable styles and patterns in cheap materials particularly suitable for young people; and those who do not care to expend large sums on short lived fashions, but who desire to keep pace with *la mode*, are likely to accord a warm welcome to these inexpensive fabrics. Another novelty in Mr. Chapman's packets are some embroidered stays; the embroidery is white, and ornaments the busk, gussets, and top and bottom of the corset. Embroidery is now found in every article of underlinen, even on the balayeuses which line the hems of our skirts. Stays alone were left out of the embroiderer's hand, and these now Mr. Chapman has added to the list of ornamental under wear.

FURTHER DEPRESSION IN THE LYONS SILK MARKETS.

BLACK SILKS.

RICH THICK CORDED Gros Grains, 4s. 11d. per yard, superb in colour and finish, equal in value to those usually sold at 7s. 6d. with as much appearance as Messrs BONNET'S at 15s. per Yard. WILL WEAR as well as any Silk than can be bought at the same price in England, but Ladies must not confound them with my celebrated IMPERIAL Silks, which are altogether a different manufacture.

COLOURED SILKS.

Rich quality	3s. 11d per yard.
Very superior value . . .	5s. 6d "
Magnificent Rich Failles . .	6s. 11d. "

JAPANESE SILKS.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT IN LONDON TO SELECT FROM

In consequence of the depreciation in the value of silk, I am compelled to reduce the whole of my Japanese Stock very nearly to what they cost me. The new tariff is as under:

Brilliant quality . . .	1s. 9½d. per yard.
The richest quality made, .	2s. 4½d. "

MAHARATTA SILKS.

Fashions, like history, repeat themselves. A more apt illustration of this saying could scarcely be found than the present rage for the pure, soft, undressed Silks, that are now rivalling those of Grains and Failles, which have been so long popular. These beautiful Silks are eminently adapted for the close-clinging draperies of the reigning styles, and the unlimited variety of this speciality would alone secure for them a large amount of patronage; but the designs are in most specimens quite artistic. There is the Pompadour and Bouquetière styles, ornamented with bouquets and sprays of foliage scattered over the surface; some of them are brocaded, or have satin and silvery flakes, harmonising with the colour of the background; while others have infinitesimal hues of alternate bright and dead-looking satin, slightly waved, covering the surface. For outdoor costumes dark tints still enjoy great favour, but in evening dress the most delicate hues are worn. These silks are my exclusive specialty.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES'

DANISH SILK-FINISHED TINTED ALPACAS

(AS WORN BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES).

Alpaca has always been a favourite dress material, and it certainly has not lost its popularity during the last few years. Since I had the good fortune to introduce the celebrated Danish Silk-Finished Tinted Alpacas to the public, the annual sale has more than trebled. The manufacture is brought to such perfection that for many purposes Alpaca is used in place of Silk. Imitations of it are numerous, but not one has ever been made to compare with the genuine article for brilliancy and lightness. The most perfect and by far the largest assortment to select from in the metropolis. Over fifty new tinted shades, any length cut, 1s. 11½d. per yard, 28 inches wide.

"Messrs. Chapman, of Notting Hill, stand alone for their chaste and elegant Costumes of what they term Danish Alpaca, for which they gain a special prize."—Vide *Standard*, Oct. 5, 1876.

The *Daily Telegraph*, of the same date, writes:

"Especially commendable is a white and cerulean blue promenade dress called the Danish, as a compliment to the Princess of Wales." The Price of Danish Alpaca is 1s. 11½d. per yard, 100 shades.

CHAPMAN, Notting Hill.

ENGLISH POPLINS.

The widespread depression in the silk trade and the very low prices at which the raw material is being offered, compel holders of manufactured goods to realise their stocks at considerable loss. Under these exceptional conditions I have purchased over TWO HUNDRED Pieces of English made Poplins, so nearly resembling real Irish that it would require a very good judge indeed to detect the difference. For superior finish and genuine value these Poplins will outrival anything I have ever sold at the price. 1s. 11½d. per yard. A REDUCTION OF ONE PENNY PER YARD WILL BE ALLOWED TO PURCHASES OF A WHOLE PIECE, ABOUT 48 YARDS.

FRENCH CASHMERE.

In the most perfect and beautiful shades that can be imagined. Cashmere is a fabric that adapts itself more easily than any other to the dyer's art, and the many lovely colours which I have had specially produced to match the silk cannot fail to elicit the admiration of the most sceptical. In ordering, ladies are desired to notice the width, viz., 48 inches, 3s. 3d. per yard.

TO ALL WHO ARE DESIROUS OF SECURING A BARGAIN.

Large quantities of DRESS FABRICS, chiefly Checks and Stripes, in perfect condition, cost from 1s. to 3s. per yard, will be sold at 6d. to 1s. per yard. Unusual importance should be attached to this advertisement. Patterns free.

CHAPMAN'S, Notting Hill.

ALGERIAN GAUZE.

These Gauzes are marvels of inventive genius. Like all other new materials, gauzes exhibit the prevailing taste for the Oriental Style. There are Openworked Checks, Honeycombed Stripes, Lattice Stripes, Raised Silk Arabesques, fine silk lines, crossed by bars of thick flossy satin. The Algerian Gauze, with its opaque silk stripe, alternating with others of rich thick silk, is particularly appropriate for evening and dressy toilettes. Another new material, Fine Wool Barege, is a charming fabric for summer wear, in a variety of shades, to match either silk or cashmere, in accordance with the prevalence for combining two or three materials in a single costume.

SWISS EMBROIDERIES.

The selection I offer to the public in these beautiful works is something enormous, several hundred patterns to choose from. The prices are perfectly marvellous, beneath anything that has ever been heard of. Some splendid designs at 6d. per yard, fit for the richest garment, and at 1s. per yard. They are perfect marvels of ingenuity and skill, far superior to anything that can be bought at double the price. Beautiful little edging at 2d. per yard. Patterns free.

HALF-A-SOVEREIGN FOR A FRENCH-WOVE CORSET.

Richly embroidered in every gore, also entirely down front. A beautiful specimen of French workmanship. Admirably suited for the present cuirasse bodices, being a deep corset with spoon busk. Size of waist only requisite. Forwarded to any part of the Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

ANNUAL SALE DURING JULY OF

SURPLUS SUMMER STOCK.

Silks, Dresses, Mantles, Cashmeres, together with advantageous purchases for Cash of Stocks and Parcels of Foreign Silk, Trimmings, Materials, and Costumes, including 600 pieces Bright Soft Gros Grain silk, at 3s. 6d. per yard, all colours and black.
Patterns and Illustrations Free.
Write for detailed Circular with prices.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

Damasse Silks of especial richness, at 3s. 3d. per yard, the usual price of this quality is 5s. 6d.
Double Warp French Silks, 5s. 3d. per yard, 200 Shades to select from.
Black Lyons Velvet, the usual guinea quality, at 10s. 6d. per yard. Patterns Free.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Black Silk Costumes, 58s. 6d., 5 yards for Bodice.
Grisaille Silk Costumes, £3 11s. 6d., 5 yards for Bodice.
Rich Silk Costumes, at 5½ guineas in every shade.
Engravings free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

NEW SUMMER DRESSES.
In every variety of Fabric, 10s. 6d. to 42s. the Dress.
Rich Summer Grenadines and other light Fabrics,
In White, Black, and Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress.
Cachemire de Perse, this elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced, 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns Free.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Beige and Matelasse Costumes, 38s. 6d.
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 3 guineas.
Mikado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

Several important purchases of
MANTLES AND JACKETS
In Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet, at very low prices. A large Stock of
Cashmere and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas.
The Seal Fur Jackets, &c., will be sold very cheap.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Parisian Fichus of all kinds, Netted, Crêpe de Chine, and Cashmere, Fringed and Embroidered; also Silk Scarves, Sashes, and Aprons, greatly reduced in price.
Painted and Feather Fans, Belts, Bags, and Fancy Jewellery, at extremely low prices.
The remainder of Wigmore's Stock of the above are being sold at less than half-price.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.

BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are

invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S

Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.

These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.

Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered) BOYS' SUITS.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.

Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY.

Property of the French Government.

CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.

HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.

GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.

HOPITAL—For Stomach complaints, &c.

VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drunk pure or mixed with wine or spirits.

CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

PURE AERATED WATERS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—

Crystal Springs. Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and for Gout, Lithia and Potass. Corks branded "R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Trade Mark. Sold everywhere, and wholesale of R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales. LONDON AGENTS: W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta Street Cavendish Square.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S

EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. Price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—Post free of MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, Clapham, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS

POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 61, Southwark St., London.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.

Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who

suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 61, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says:

"Laxora Lozenges, P. Gayet, 61, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

SUMMER SALE.
For Six Days only, from July 8 to 13.

During the remaining Six Days of our SALE, from July 8 to 13, all Goods that remain unsold will receive a still further REDUCTION IN PRICE. We have yet on hand many excellent lengths of

IRISH POPLIN (Plain)	IRISH LINEN (Sheetings)
IRISH POPLIN (Brocaded)	IRISH DAMASK (Table Cloths)
BLACK SILKS (Bonnet's)	IRISH DAMASK (Napkins)

Irish Laces, Irish Hosiery, White Embroidered Skirts, Linen Sets, Curtains, Quilts, &c., &c.

INGLIS and TINCKLER,

147, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE IRISH WAREHOUSE.

SILKS.

DRESSES.

COSTUMES.

BAKER and CRISP'S. Patterns free.

BLACK SILKS. Extraordinary. 4s. 11d., worth 6s. 11d.

FIGURED BARODA SILKS. Extraordinary. 2s. 6d.

JAPANESE SILKS. Extraordinary. 1s. 6½d.

WASHING FABRICS. Extraordinary. 5¾d.

BLACK GRENADINES. Extraordinary. 6¾d.

DRESS FABRICS. Extraordinary. 5½d.

WASHING COSTUMES. Extraordinary. 6s. 11d.

PRINCESS COSTUMES. Extraordinary. 8s. 11d.

TEXTILE COSTUMES. Extraordinary. 35s. 6d.

Extraordinary Bargains. Patterns Free.
Engravings Free.
BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street.

SILKS.—BAKER and CRISP'S.

Patterns free. The richest BLACK SILKS, standard makes only, will not crease or cut in the wear, from 2s. 5½d. to be 11s. per yard.

SILKS.—BAKER and CRISP'S.

Patterns free. DAMASSE SILKS, Japanese and Lyons, Gros Grains of every description, from 2s. 6d. yard.—198, Regent Street, London.

BAKER and CRISP'S

100 New TRELLIS WASHING FABRICS of every description, from 6d. per yard.

DRESSES.—BAKER and CRISP'S.

Patterns free. New WHITE, ECRU, CARDINAL TRELLIS, Tilleul, Cream, and other new Washing Fabrics, from 6½d. yard.

DRESSES.—BAKER and CRISP'S.

Patterns free. New Silky tinted ALPACAS, Poplins, Beiges, Damasses, Arabian Twills, Plain, Checked, Striped, and 100 other New Woollen Textures, from 6s. 9d. dress.

DRESSES.—BAKER and CRISP'S

Patterns free. New Himalayan and French CASHMERE, Cachemarette, Serges, and 100 other New Costume Cloths, from 10¾d. to 2s. 6d. a yard.

COSTUMES.—BAKER and CRISP'S.

Engravings free. The most ladylike Costumes. The Marvel (a speciality), Silk and Cashmere, all colours, 59s. 6d. complete. 100 other Parisian novelties in Costumes, from 29s. 6d.—Regent Street.

JACKETS.—BAKER and CRISP'S.

Engravings free. The most recherche Jackets, Mantles, Paletots. All the newest Parisian and other novelties. 2,000 to choose from. All the new shades and black, from 12s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
BAKER and CRISP, Regent Street.

BLACK FABRICS.

Black Broches, Damasses, Stripe, plain and figured Cloths of every description, from 8s. 9d. dress. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street, London.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

HOT AND COLD SEA-WATER BATHS.—HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SWIMMING BATHS.

BALLS, THEATRE, and CONCERTS DAILY.

GRAND FANCY FAIR.—SKATING RINK, GOOD HOTELS, AND BOARDING HOUSES, at all Prices.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL,

LIVERPOOL ROAD, ISLINGTON.

The Committee desire to make known that accommodation is provided in this institution for all classes of fever patients except paupers. Members of the family of an artisan are received free and without a letter of recommendation, and domestic servants, employés, &c., upon payment of an admission fee of two guineas. Private rooms are provided at a charge of three guineas weekly. An ambulance is kept at the hospital for the removal of patients, whose friends must be provided with a medical certificate at the time of making application.

To meet the large and increasing demand for free admissions the Committee earnestly APPEAL for CONTRIBUTIONS, which will be thankfully received by Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., 67, Lombard Street; Messrs. Dimsdale and Co., 50, Cornhill; Messrs. Drummonds, Charing Cross; Messrs. Coutts, Strand; Messrs. Hoare, Fleet Street; and by the Secretary at the Hospital.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each.

Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

TO LITHOGRAPHIC DRAUGHTSMEN.

WANTED.—To go to the City of New

York, United States of America, two or more FIRST CLASS LITHOGRAPHIC DRAUGHTSMEN, in Ink or Chalk work. Those having a thorough knowledge of Flowers, Illuminated Texts, and similar work, particularly desired.

Engagements under written contracts for a term of years will be made, and passage paid. None but temperate, industrious, steady men need apply. To such this is an opportunity to improve their prospects seldom offered.

Address for ten days, LITHOGRAPHER, care of [illegible] and Co., Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, London, England, enclosing specimens of work, references, stating amount of salary desired, and address. All specimens will be returned and arrangements made for an interview if desirable.

THE WIZARD'S BOX of MAGIC.

Full Instructions and Apparatus for performing Ten Capital Conjuring Tricks. Post free for 14 stamps.
H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

JEWEL ROBBERIES. — CHUBB'S

SAFES for JEWELS give the greatest security from the attacks of burglars, and are also Fire Resisting. All sizes, with various fittings. Chubb's Latches and Detector Locks. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria Street, St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI,

112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety of style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

AUTOMATIC ACTION

A

SPECIALITY

of the

NEW WILLCOX AND GIBBS
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE.

ALL

DIFFICULTIES are removed by means of
SELF-ACTING DEVICES.

PERFECT WORK is secured, even at the hands of Beginners

AUTOMATIC TENSION.

THIS

WONDERFUL INVENTION requires no care from the operator,
IS ALWAYS IN ORDER,
IS PERFECT IN ACTION,
IS STRICTLY SELF-REGULATING,
GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

THE

NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS has many other Automatic Features, etc.
SELF-ACTING THREAD PULL-OFF,
SELF-REGISTERING STITCH-INDICATOR,
SELF-HELPING FEED,
SELF-DETERMINING GUIDE TABLE (for Needle, Thread, and Stitch),
SELF-ADJUSTING NEEDLE,
SELF-CONTROLLING WHEEL-BRAKE.

BOBBIN and SHUTTLE are Obsolete, for the
NEW AUTOMATIC makes the
ONLY TRUE LOCK-STITCH. Its Work
ALONE has ALL the characteristics of the COMPLETE LOCK. Its seam is self fastening, both at the beginning and end, and every stitch is securely locked; yet it can be unlocked and removed when necessary—a great advantage in the alteration and remaking of wearing apparel.

THE

NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS is
PEERLESS IN
ITS SIMPLICITY,
ITS ELEGANCE,
ITS LIGHTNESS,
ITS CLEANLINESS,
ITS SPEED,
ITS SILENCE,
ITS DURABILITY.
IT is the most Elegant, Appropriate, and Useful of Presents.

FREE TRIAL for One Month in
YOUR OWN HOME. Carriage paid.
Price Lists post free.

WILLCOX and GIBBS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, New York

CHIEF OFFICE for EUROPE, 150, Cheapside, E.C., London.

WEST-END BRANCH, 135, Regent Street, W.

MANCHESTER, 16, Cross Street (Royal Exchange)

GLASGOW, 113, Union Street.

BRIGHTON, 32, New Road (facing North Street).

CANTERBURY, 15, Mercery Lane.

CERTIFIED AGENTS in all TOWNS.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT

THE FANFARE POLKA By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated. Price 1s 6d net. Orchestra, 3s; Septet, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	s.	d.
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer."	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1	6
RINK GALOP	2	0
FLEUR DE THÉ QUADRILLE	2	0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2	0
PRINCESS MARIE GALOP	1	6
ST. PETERSBURG QUADRILLE	2	0
CONSTANTINOPLE QUADRILLE	2	0
SULTAN'S POLKA	1	6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s; Septet, 2s each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. WALDTEUFEL'S NEWEST WALTZ

AU REVOIR WALTZ. Par EMILE WALDTEUFEL (Composer of the celebrated "Manola Waltz"). The above new Waltz will most certainly become very popular. Price 2s net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE RANELAGH GAVOTTE for the Pianoforte. By J. MEREDITH BALL. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s 6d net.—CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

LA FIANCÉE POLKA. By J. MEREDITH BALL. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s 6d. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS. Sung by Mr. EDWARD LLOYD.
WHEN THOU ART NIGH. GOUNOD. In C and E flat. 2s net.
I'LL SEND THEE SONGS OF ARABY. From "Lalla Rookh," by FREDERICK CLAY. In A flat and F. 2s net.
SWEETHEARTS. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. In A flat and B flat. 2s net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. GOUNOD'S NEWEST COMPOSITIONS.
MARCHE RELIGIEUSE (companion to his celebrated "Marche Romaine").
PIANOFORTE SOLO. 1s 6d. net.
PIANOFORTE DUET. 2s net.
ORGAN (with Pedal Obbligato). 1s 6d net.
HARMONIUM. 1s 6d net.
MARCHE MILITAIRE. 2s net.
Ditto Ditto. Piano Duet. 2s net.
Ditto Ditto. For Organ (with Pedal Obbligato), by Fred. Archer. 2s net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

KUHE'S NEW FANTASIAS.
KUHE'S DIE FLEDERMAUS. 2s. net.
KUHE'S FLYING DUTCHMAN. 2s. net.
KUHE'S TRIAL BY JURY. 2s net.
KUHE'S SWEETHEARTS. 1s 6d. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 120 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. Vol. I., price 6s net, or in four parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

NOW READY

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss), the New Waltz by OTTO MÜLLER, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half-price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MÜLLER's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

UNDER THE LAMPLIGHT.—LOUISA GRAY's New Song, sung with the greatest success by Miss Elena Angelè, at Madame Puzzi's Concert. Sold for 2s. net by all Musicsellers, and by the Publishers, DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

SONG OF THE SEA-BREEZE. By J. L. HATTON. "This new song is as fresh, vigorous, and enlivening as its subject. There can be no danger in foretelling an early popularity."—*Telegraph*. Post free of all Musicsellers, 2s.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

SPRING FLOWERS WALTZES. By FRANK ADLAM. Price 4s. These new and delightfully pretty waltzes may be had at half-price of Messrs. HOPWOOD and CREW, 42, New Bond Street, W.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.
THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRUMS AND FIFE HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.
The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "for power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

ROCKSTRO'S REMINISCENCES of the HANDEL FESTIVAL.

1. Messiah	4s
2. Miscellaneous Selection	4s
3. Israel in Egypt	4s

Each Number of the Reminiscence of the Handel Festival is published with an authentic Portrait of the great Composer, from an engraving in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, after the picture by Hudson, 1749.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

GEMS OF HANDEL. By J. T. Trekell.
No. 1. Gavotte from "Otho."
2. "Maestoso" and "Allegro" from Second Concerto.
3. Movements from the "Occasional Overture."
4. Lascia ch' io pianga (Rinaldo).
5. Minuet from Overture to "Samson."
6. Movements from the Overture to "Saul."
Price 3s each.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	1	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	2	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 112)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

	s.	d.
Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

	s.	d.
Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. 48 Numbers, price from 1s to 5s each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

MONOGRAMS.—Rodrigues' Novelties in Monograms, Crests, and Addresses. STEEL DIES engraved as gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour relief, and illuminated in gold, silver, and colours in the highest style of art.—42, Piccadilly, W.

VISITING CARDS, at H. Rodrigues'. A card plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superfine cards printed for 4s. 6d. BOOK PLATES designed and engraved in Modern and Mediæval Styles at RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly.

BALL PROGRAMMES at Rodrigues'.—All the new patterns of the season arranged, printed, and stamped in the latest fashion. BILLS OF FARE, GUEST CARDS, and INVITATIONS.—42, Piccadilly.

ELEGANT JEWELLERY.

LONDON AND RYDER invite inspection of their New Stock, as characterised by "Good Taste" and sterling excellence.
BRIDESMAIDS' LOCKETS, WEDDING PRESENTS, COURT DIAMONDS.
Diamond Ornaments in great variety charged at prices consistent with reliable value. Necklaces, Head Ornaments, Earrings, Crosses, Pendants, Lockets, Solitaires, Bracelets, &c.
Recipients of the only Medal awarded for "General Good Taste" at the International Exhibition.
THE DIAMONDS OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK ON SALE.
Indian Cats' Eye Rings, worn as a talisman to avert evil or misfortune.
LONDON and RYDER, GOLDSMITHS AND JEWELLERS, 17, New Bond Street.
(Corner of Clifford Street, opposite Long's Hotel).

JEWELLERY for PRESENTS.—All kinds of ENGLISH and FOREIGN JEWELLERY. Norwegian, Genoese, and Viennese silver filigree, enamel, &c.; German and Portuguese gold and silver Jewellery. Illustrated price lists of these charming novelties sent free by post. Goods sent for inspection to any part of the kingdom.—Address JEWELLERY DEPOT, 35, Cambridge Street Buildings, Birmingham.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 34, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES. Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S NEW VOCAL MUSIC. All post free at half-price.

I Awake and Dream. Song	J. Blumenthal	3s.
Summer Rain. Vocal Duet	F. Abt	4s
The Village Queen. Song	Ch. Schreiber	3s
The City Bells. Vocal Duet	F. Abt	4s
The Cuckoo's Concert. Song	H. P. Danks	3s.
Spring Morning. Song	F. Abt	3s
Biddy Malone. Irish Ballad	W. C. Russell	3s.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

MY LADDIE FAR AWAY and WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME. Two excellent Songs. By Miss M. LINDSAY. Post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S NEW MUSIC for the PIANOFORTE. Post free at half-price.
Batiste's celebrated Andante in G. W. Smallwood. 3s.
La Harpe Céleste. Melody Religieuse. Boyton Smith. 4s.
The Singing Quadrille. Illustrated Title. Cotsford Dick. 4s.
Wely's St. Sulpice. Wm. Smallwood. 3s.
Handel's March from Scipio. W. Smallwood. 3s; duet, 4s.
London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANOFORTE. 1,127th Edition, 68 pages, 4s; post free 28 stamps. The number of Editions this work has passed through sufficiently guarantees its well-deserved and world-wide popularity.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

MAPPIN and WEBB, MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
3¼ inch Ivory, per doz.	15s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
3½ inch Ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
3⅝ inch Ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	7s. 6d.
3¾ inch Ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	9s. 0d.
4 inch fine Ivory, per doz.	34s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB, MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

BATHS.—Deane & Co.'s Domestic Baths. Illustrated Priced Catalogue gratis and post-free.
1. Baths for Bath Rooms supplied and fitted.
2. Gas Bath, improved lever taps, patent burner, £14 14s.
3. Cheap Gas Bath without taps, atmospheric burner, £6 10s.
4. Plunging Baths, Roman, Grecian, and oblong.
5. Shower Baths (pillar, hip, and recumbent), 70s., 80s., 126s.
6. Taper Open Baths, japanned oak, 12s. 6d., 19s., 29s., 47s.
7. Hip Baths, for ladies or gentlemen, 19s., 22s., 25s., 33s.
8. Sponging Baths, all sizes, various patterns, 15s., 18s., 21s.
9. Nursery Baths for Infants and Children.
10. Travelling Baths, with lock and key, 27s., 33s., 40s.
DEANE & CO., 46, King William Street, London Bridge.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.
WALL LIGHTS and LUSTRES for GAS and CANDLES.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
KEROSENE and OTHER LAMPS for INDIA and HOME USE.
TABLE GLASS of all KINDS and NEWEST DESIGNS.
ORNAMENTAL GLASS, ENGLISH and FOREIGN.
BIRMINGHAM: Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad St.
LONDON: Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL PRIZE MEDAL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA. Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA. Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.
Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 11s. 4d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s. 8d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 10s.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, buckwheat, Indian corn, 5s. 4d. per bushel, or 20s. 6d. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 4s.; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meal biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; barley meal, 5s. 4d. per bushel, or 20s. per sack; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD.—Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Charles Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. Carpets, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.—OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DINING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZMANN and CO.—Handsome Mahogany Dining-Room Suite, consisting of a Couch, Six Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, well upholstered in best leather, price 20 guineas; Superior ditto in Oak or Spanish Mahogany, with handsome Lounge, Six Stuffed Back Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, upholstered in best leather, and finished in a superior manner, price 28 guineas; Handsome Early English and Mediæval Dining-room Suites, in Oak, consisting of a large Divan Lounge, Six Chairs, and Two Noble Easy Chairs, upholstered in best leather and finished in the best possible manner, price 35 guineas.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE SANDRINGHAM EASY CHAIR, full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable for any room, price 25s.; lady's ditto, smaller size, 21s. Also the Sandringham couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable, price 3 guineas. Every one about to furnish should see these marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and despatched same day on receipt of order per post.

THE "NONPAREIL" Bedroom Suite, complete, 6½ guineas, superior to any hitherto produced at the price, is enamelled imitation of Amboyna, Satinwood, or any other handsome Woods—also enamelled in Drab or White ground, decorated with fine lines—any colour. Ditto, but having a larger Wardrobe with Silvered Plate Glass in door, and a marble top to washstand complete, 9 guineas.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW BLINDS and SCREENS.—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.
CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.
CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.—A quantity of ready-made carpets will be cleared out a bargain. Quotations forwarded per post upon receiving size and description required. Large-size Hearthrugs, 4s. 9d. each; super ditto, 8s. 11d.; Axminster ditto, 12s. 9d.; best Axminster ditto, 15s. 6d.—usual price, 21s.; stout Floor Cloth at 9d. per yard; Patent Linoleum Floor Cloth and Stair Cloth, from 10d. per yard; Hemp Dutch Carpet, yard wide, 8d. per yard; large Kitchen Hearth Rug, 3s. 9d.; Sheepskin Hearthrugs, from 15s. 9d. upwards; ditto mats, from 2s.

CURTAIN DEPARTMENT.—Handsome Damask and Rep Curtains, from 25s. per pair, the largest, cheapest, and best assortment in London; Cretonne ditto, from 15s. per pair; Madrid stripe ditto, all wool, 15s. per pair; Muslin and Lace Curtains, elegant designs, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 to 64 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Guipure Lace Curtains, 4 yards long by 60 inches wide, 14s. 9d. per pair.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY DEPARTMENT.—Strong bronzed Fenders, from 1s. 6d. each; super ditto, 3s. 9d.; handsome drawing-room fenders, steel top, 8s. 9d.; ditto, with polished steel mouldings, new design, 12s. 9d.; fire-irons, from 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, 4s. 9d.; burnished steel ditto, 7s. 6d. per set; Japanned Oval Tea Trays, 3s. 11d. per set of three—16, 24, and 30 inches; handsome ditto, chaste pattern, gilt and enamelled, 7s. 6d. per set; elegant ditto, 12s. 6d.—reduced from 21s.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. A Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

NOTICE.—CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICES.—Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have now completed arrangements at the Works, affording greatly increased facilities for producing this speciality, and hope to keep pace with the demand which they have hitherto been unable to do. Customers can now be supplied with any of the colours direct from stock.—OETZMANN and CO., Complete House Furnishers, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road. Descriptive Price Lists post free.

WEDDING PRESENTS, USEFUL and ARTISTIC.—Intending Purchasers should inspect OETZMANN and CO.'S vast Display of ELEGANT VASES, Lustres, Figures, Clocks, Bronzes, Pictures, Cut-Glass Decanters, Wines, Tumblers, &c.; Electro Silver Plate and Table Cutlery, best quality, at lowest possible prices. A Descriptive Catalogue post-free on application. Country orders taken from the Catalogue receive prompt and careful attention.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at seven, and on Saturdays at four o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER's "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."
In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—JULY 7, 1877

THE GRAPHIC

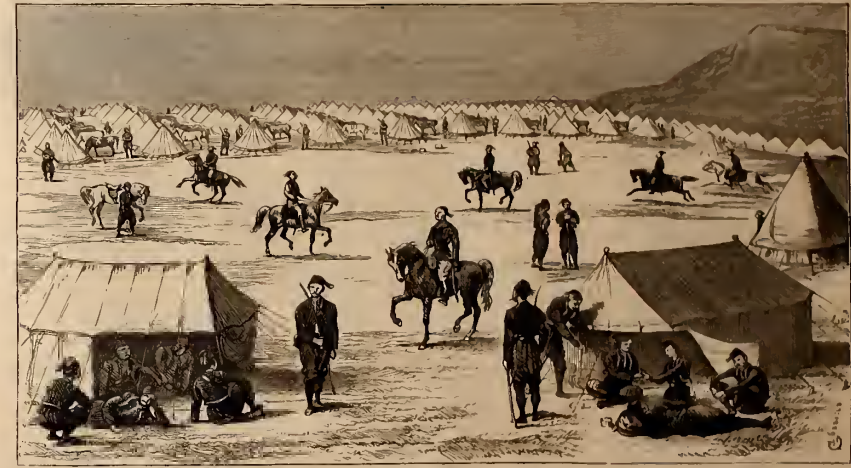
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 398
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

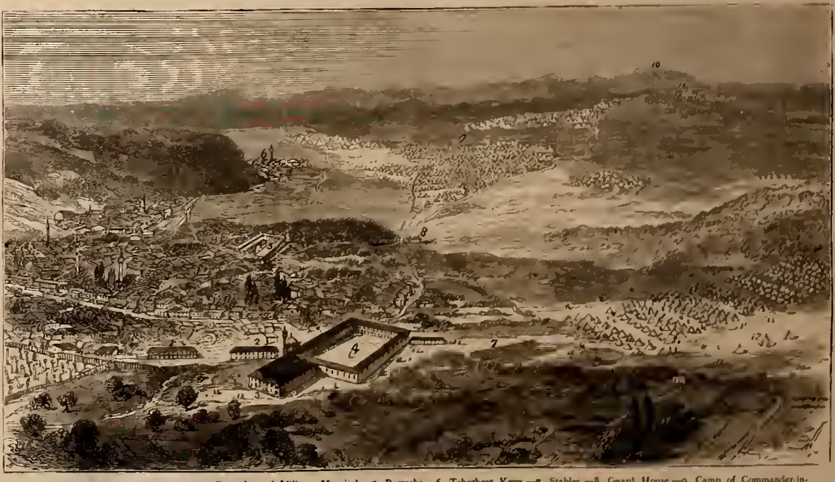
SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1877

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



A CAVALRY OUTPOST



1, 2. Barracks and Stores.—3. Stores.—4. Barracks and Military Hospital.—5. Barracks.—6. Tcherkess Keuy.—7. Stables.—8. Guard House.—9. Camp of Commander-in-Chief.—10. Height Celebrated in the Battle of Kuleftcha in 1829.—11. Village of Kuleftcha.—12. Tent of General of Cavalry.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SHUMLA AND ITS ENVIRONS

THE WAR IN THE EAST—WITH THE TURKS AT SHUMLA

Topics of the Week

Cruelties in the East.——Shocking tales are beginning to be told of the manner in which the present war is being conducted. Each side accuses the other of the most horrible cruelties; and the English newspapers as a rule give credence to the reports very much in accordance with their political sympathies. The *Daily News* gives slight prominence to the rumours which reach it respecting the barbarities of the Russians, whereas the wicked deeds of the Turks are daily branded with appropriate epithets; the *Daily Telegraph*, on the other hand, is fond of talking of "the patient and gallant Osmanlis," but cannot find words vehement enough to express its horror at Muscovite atrocities. On the whole, we fear, impartial observers must admit that neither army is much better than the other. English people constantly forget that the conflict is not being carried on by two thoroughly civilised peoples. The capabilities of the Turks, unfortunately, we have had only too good occasion to know; but the Russians are not really much ahead of them in the qualities which Western nations most highly esteem. Russia has grown up under influences wholly different from those which have determined the progress of England, Germany, and France. In ordinary circumstances the people may be as mild and genial as many travellers assert; but beneath the surface are all the elements of the most dangerous kind of fanaticism: the fanaticism of religion and the fanaticism of race. These elements have now been let loose, and it was to be expected that they would work terrible havoc among those against whom they are directed. All the same, however, the cruelties of the Russians are far more to be blamed than those of the Turks. The latter do not pretend to be fighting for more than their own interests; the former have nominally drawn the sword in defence of humanity and freedom. We should think that even the enthusiasts of St. James's Hall must be beginning to have some doubt whether, after all, these good things had so very much to do with Prince Gortschakoff's programme.

Earlier Hours Wanted.—It is not necessary to suppose that the compact little phalanx of Parliamentary obstructives are as sincere as was the late Mr. Joseph Brotherton in their desire to send the House of Commons to bed at midnight. They are aiming at other objects, and, if these objects were attained, the House might sit, for aught they would care, till sunrise during every night of the Session. Nevertheless, whether these gentlemen are sincere or not in their go-to-bed crusade, there is much force in their arguments in favour of earlier hours, nor can we admit that reform in this respect would be as difficult as has been represented. The time of day during which the House of Commons transacts its business is a matter of importance, not merely to the members themselves, but to the whole nation, because the House is the "Big Ben" by which all the clocks of Society, great and small, are regulated. Late hours on the part of the House generate late hours elsewhere, and so the whole community is gradually infiltrated with lateness. In this connexion, two points are worth bearing in mind, the first that, of all civilised nations, we are the latest in our habits; the second, that our late-hour system is a modern innovation, and cannot therefore be fairly charged on the damp and chilly weather prevailing during a large part of the year. Gas and good roads have, no doubt, had much to do with making us night-birds. When street-lighting was in its infancy, and roads were execrable, people appreciated daylight far more than they now do; and "the perils and dangers of the night" had a far more real significance to our ancestors than they have to ourselves. The lateness of the House of Commons, and consequently of Society generally, is chiefly due to the fact that we moderns want to get thirty-six hours' work out of a day twenty-four hours long, and that we borrow the small hours from Tuesday to lengthen Monday. The Emperor of Brazil is a wiser man; he begins his day early, and so, when midnight comes, has had his full "whack" out of it. Is it impossible for us to imitate this illustrious example? Why should we not push everything on two hours, begin work at eight where we now begin at ten, and so forth? Just during the depth of winter we should have to rise in the dark, but for nine months of the year we should gain wholesome daylight, which costs nothing; and save unwholesome lamplight, which costs a good deal. Early rising, too, would strengthen our bodies. Leigh Hunt, we remember, in one of his delightful essays, speaks of the high animal spirits prevailing in the seventeenth century, notwithstanding the manifold evils which our ancestors had to endure, and he attributes it to the habit of early rising which then prevailed.

Manchester and India.——The interests of Manchester were well represented on Tuesday in the debate in Parliament on the duties levied on cotton manufactures imported into India. Mr. Jacob Bright claimed that these duties should be abolished on the ground that it was the working man rather than the rich capitalist who would benefit by the change, and it would be impossible to conceive a more alluring way of arguing the question. The majority were, however, undoubtedly right in refusing to sanction the proposal. No one disputes that if it were possible it would be highly desirable to deliver trade from this particular burden; but fortunately we are now beginning to learn that even the welfare of the English working man must not be allowed to override that of India herself. If these duties were removed, how would the deficiency be made up? Notwithstanding our energetic and just mode of government in India, the country is still poor. Every possible means of raising revenue has been tried, and to do away with the cotton duties would simply be to put money into the pockets of the Manchester capitalist and working man at the cost of our Indian fellow subjects. It is true that the cotton trade would receive a considerable impetus in India, but the increased prosperity resulting from this source would not nearly make up for the loss sustained for the benefit of Manchester. As Sir George Campbell pointed out, if any remissions are to be made, we ought to begin with grievances which affect the humblest class, and of these the salt duty is undoubtedly the chief. It is deplorable that it should still be necessary to tax so essential a commodity. The burden of the cotton duties falls mainly upon the middle and upper classes, but everybody suffers from the high price which has to be paid for salt. What if the Manchester manufacturers were to agitate for a reform in this direction?

Reckless Street Driving.——There is an old American story to the effect that several judges in succession, travelling a certain circuit out West, were set upon by swarms of wild bees, and stung to death. The fatality became so common that the newspapers were in the habit of chronicling the occurrence in a single line, "We have just lost another judge by bees." Remembering that three years ago Lord Beaconsfield was nearly run over, and that Mr. Gladstone narrowly escaped a similar fate the other day, we may think ourselves fortunate that we have not to report, "We have just lost another ex-Premier by hansom-cab." As Premiers and ex-Premiers are not very numerous, and two have nearly been sacrificed within three years to the cab Juggernaut, the inference is that the cases of narrow escapes on the part of less distinguished members of the community are multitudinous. The mischief is, of course, attributable to unduly rapid, not to say reckless, driving on the part of cabmen, nor is it easy to suggest an efficient remedy. In spite of the important concession of the shilling fare for any distance under two miles, the legal cab-tariff is, looking at the price of horse-flesh and horse-food, considerably below the true market rate. If everybody paid the exact legal fare, and no more, cabmen would be unable to make both ends meet. Few of us, however, possess the Prodgerian faculties requisite for such a herculean task, and so some submit to extortion, others pay too much from pure ignorance, while the large majority—especially business men, who are the chief hansom-cab users—pay with intentional liberality, and expect high speed in exchange. Now think of the temptation to the cabman. Beneath sits a fare who is prepared to pay at the rate of a penny a minute, but who demands pace, and so cabby goes the pace. As a rule he drives carefully, but he makes many narrow shaves, and, as on wood or asphalte his vehicle is nearly as noiseless as a bicycle, people who are deaf or short-sighted run considerable risks after dark in some thoroughfares. It is a question whether, as in nine cases out of ten the passenger is the exciting cause of the rapid pace, the passenger should not be punished as well as the cabman in cases of accident from over-driving.

Freedom in Education.——It is characteristic of the time that not a murmur was raised this week in the House of Commons at the increased demands Lord Sandon had to make for elementary schools. Everybody was pleased that there should be such very decided signs of a growing interest in education among all classes. It is undoubted that within the last few years immense progress has been made in this most important of all departments of the national life; and Englishmen may be allowed to congratulate themselves on the fact without laying themselves open to the charge of patriotic vanity. At the same time there are some dangers against which we shall have to be on our guard, and one of them was well pointed out by Sir J. Lubbock, who deserves great credit for his persistent efforts to introduce freshness and intelligence into the methods of popular education. The peril to which we refer is the tendency to make our whole system too mechanical. A French Minister, pointing to his watch, once proudly declared to a foreign visitor that he could mention precisely the lesson going on at that moment in every town and hamlet of France. A rigid system of this kind has great attraction for a certain class of minds, and it has the undoubted advantage of being comparatively easily worked. But it destroys all individuality in the teacher's mode of impressing his pupils; and we sincerely hope the goal is one we shall never reach in this country. Up to a certain point the work of the elementary schoolmaster must, of course, be prescribed to him, but he ought to be allowed the utmost freedom that is compatible with due attention to essential subjects. One teacher, for instance, will be particularly interested in some branch of physical science, another in English literature. Why should not each be allowed to modify his general arrangements so that he may do full justice to his particular subjects? Then, every town, every district, has particular characteristics and wants of its own. Nothing but good can come of allowing the schoolmaster to adapt his instructions to these. The greater his freedom the more heartily will he enjoy his work.

Alabama Bonds.——An illiterate creditor being asked what composition he would take in lieu of his claim on a certain bankrupt estate, replied gruffly, "I don't want any dirty composition, I wants my money." His sentiments probably closely corresponded to those of the English holders of "Alabama Eight per Cent. Gold State Bonds," a species of security which, though bearing a title intensely attractive to the small investor, can scarcely have yielded unmixed satisfaction to its purchasers. Like most of the ex-Slave States since the Civil War, Alabama is very poor, she has no hard cash wherewith to discharge her liabilities, but she is still in possession of waste lands, and, under certain conditions, she has made over a portion of these lands to her creditors. The bargain seems to be rather a hard one for the bondholders, because there is evidently no brisk natural demand for these waste lands, and because out of the meagre sums thus realised the State demands a royalty of ten per cent. Altogether, the scheme appears remarkably ingenious, for not only does Alabama extinguish her liabilities, but she also artificially stimulates the sale of lands which would otherwise have hung on hand for years to come, and pockets a liberal percentage on each transaction. Still, half a loaf is better than no bread, and we suspect that Turkish bondholders would be well pleased if the Porte made a similar arrangement, provided—therein lies the difficulty—they could guarantee the undisturbed possession of the property in question.

Ladies and Fashion.——A lady standing the other day before a shop window put her hand into her pocket and found it already occupied by a hand which had certainly no right to be there. The owner of the strange hand, whose designs were clearly open to suspicion, was forthwith delivered over to the police. This was quite right, but we confess we have some sympathy with the magistrate, who protested not only that ladies act unwisely in carrying purses in exposed pockets, but that these pockets themselves are "a very unfortunate fashion." They are not beautiful, and they seem to be made for the express purpose of tempting the interesting class who get a living out of their neighbours' handkerchiefs. Who are the mysterious people who determine the precise point at which a pocket shall be placed? And why do ladies so humbly follow the orders of their concealed tyrants? These questions are far beyond the range of the male intellect; but surely, with all respect to the high intelligence of English ladies, they are in such matters a little too submissive. We have no desire to see them blooming out in the original costumes adopted by certain advanced champions of feminine rights in America; and it may be admitted that there is a lawful pleasure in following to some extent the varying commands of fashion. But when a fashion is clearly absurd, what possible reason can there be for women, who are otherwise thoroughly independent, meekly following in the wake of the crowd? Frenchwomen are far more free, and it is not generally believed that they are worse dressed than Englishwomen. A little of the comic spirit applied to dress would be of great advantage to our countrywomen, for the basis of the comic spirit is no more exalted quality than good sense.

Notice.——*With this Number is presented an* Extra Supplement, *showing the* Crossing *of the* Danube *by the* Russians *on* June 27.—*The Half-Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 36 and 45.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom, £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½*d*.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1*d*. thin and 2*d* thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
Via Brindisi,
36s. thin edition.
45s. thick edition.
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher

AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. BATEMAN.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, THE LYONS MAIL. Mr. Henry Irving, Messrs. Mead, Brooke, Archer, Lyons, Tyars, Huntley, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Lydia Howard, and Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 7.30, by CHARLES II.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, W. I. Hill, Billington, C. Harcourt, H. H. Vincent, G. Barrett, and E. Righton; Mesdames Emma Ritta, Marie Stevens, C. Jecks, and Lydia Foote.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, THE LUCKY STONE. Followed by CONCERT. Richard Geldard, Cockrill Family, Alexandrini and Queen Mab. Concluding with THE SEXTON OF STEPNEY. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. E. Newbound.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Re-apperance of Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at 7 o'clock, THE GREAT CITY, by Andrew Halliday. Messrs. G. Conquest, W. James, Sennett, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with THE SCARLET LETTER.. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated. Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE, BRIGHTON.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—RE-OPENING for the Season with Mr CHARLES WYNDHAM'S LONDON COMPANY for positively Six Nights Only. On MONDAY, July 16, and during the Week, the popular Comedy of THE PINK DOMINOS, preceded (at half-past 7) by a Serio-Comic Drama. A MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE PINK DOMINOS will take place on SATURDAY, July 21. To commence at half-past 2 o'clock.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION will shortly CLOSE. Open from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-EIGHTH EXHIBITION WILL CLOSE on Saturday, July 28. 5, Pall Mall East. From Nine till Seven. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE WAR IN THE EAST

THE GREAT CROSSING OF THE DANUBE AT SIMNITZA

OUR principal sketches this week illustrate what as yet has been the greatest event of the campaign—the crossing of the Danube from Simnitza to Sistova on the 27th ult., by the troops under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army of the Danube. For some time previously, in order to mislead the Turks respecting the real point of crossing, the Russians had kept up vigorous bombardments of Nikopolis on the one side and Rotschok on the other side of Sistova, and on the very same day a feint was made to cross from Turnu Magurelli, where the presence of the Czar lent an apparent importance to the movement, and called off the enemy's attention from the real attempt lower down the river. Our panorama, sketched by our artist from the heights of Simnitza, will give the reader a fair idea of the actual place of crossing, which is minutely described in the admirable despatch of the *Daily News* correspondent detailing the events of the day. Sistova is situated almost opposite to Simnitza, and for two miles down the river the Turkish bank is steep, in places quite precipitous, with here and there little hollows, while above the river side are steep wooded slopes covered with gardens and vineyards leading to a bare ridge forming the sky line. At the end of the two miles is a narrow marked depression in the bank leading up from a little cove formed by the affluents of a small stream. To the right of this cove was a small camp of Turkish soldiers, stationed there doubtless in consciousness of the weakness of the point, and above the camp on the sky line was a battery of heavy guns. Between the cove and Sistova several cannon were disposed under cover of the trees, and immediately on the proper right of the town was a small earthwork armed with a few field guns.

To turn to the Roumanian side, depicted in the foreground of the panorama, the bank proper is high, but between it and the main stream of the Danube lies a broad tract partly of green meadow, partly of sand, partly of tenacious mud—the whole just emerging from inundation. This flat is cut off from Simnitza by a narrow arm of the Danube, so that it really is an island. A raised road and bridge leading from the town across the flats to the landing place on the Danube had been wrecked by the floods, so that it was necessary for the Russians to gain access to the flats by a short pontoon bridge. These flats were scored with intersecting streams, and studded with impracticable swamps, so that the road through them was extremely difficult and tortuous. They were quite bare with the exception of a wood of willows and alders exactly opposite to the above-mentioned cove on the Turkish bank. The Danube there is about 1,200 paces wide, and opposite Sistova is a small island, which, however, played no part in the crossing. The Roumanian bank is steep and sloping, so that troops could not be brought from Simnitza wholly unobserved, and this fact enabled the Turks to prepare what resistance they could offer when the movement was perceived.

Under the friendly cover of the willows a small fleet of rafts and boats, capable of holding from fifteen to forty men, had been collected by General Dragimiroff, on the evening of the 26th, and during the night a row of field guns was planted along the edge of the flats to command the opposite bank. Columns of infantry also were marched down over the flats to the wood, and in the grey dawn of the morning the first boats, containing a detachment of the 14th Division, under Major-General Yolchine, were sent off, the boats being rowed across singly. The Turks, however, were by no means surprised, and received the invaders with a smart infantry fire from the slopes above the cove, while what cannon they possessed played upon the boats and the infantry crossing the flats. Yolchine, however, ordered his men to lie down in the mud, and, while maintaining a skirmishing fire, await the arrival of further boat-loads, which slowly but steadily arrived one by one. When enough had collected Yolchine ordered his men to fix bayonets, and charged the Turks, who, after firing a volley, slowly retired up the slopes. From that time until three o'clock in the afternoon boat-load after boat-load of Russians, infantry, Cossacks, and finally field artillery, crossed the river, notwithstanding a heavy shell fire from the Turks, who, as our illustration depicts, succeeded in sinking a few boats. A Turkish monitor at one time was observed approaching Sistova, and had it persevered she might have done incalculable damage. Owing to some unknown cause, however,—probably the fear of torpedoes—she suddenly turned tail, and retired down the stream. In the mean time the Russian batteries were far from idle, and busily shelled the Turkish positions, until, overpowered by numbers, the Turks retired, leaving the bank and Sistova completely in the hands of the Russians. The Grand Duke Nicholas himself crossed in the afternoon, and by the evening nearly the whole of the Eighth Army Corps had passed the river, and preparations were at once begun to throw an iron pontoon bridge across the river, on which the main body might pass. The number of killed and wounded, though numbering about 1,000, was less than might have been expected considering the mark offered by the Russian boats, and by the columns crossing the open marshy flats.

ON THE ROAD TO THE FRONT

ONE of our sketches represents our artist and the correspondent of the *Daily News* journeying to the front with their travelling equipment, which was so amusingly described by Mr. Forbes in a recent letter. The chief feature is the carriage which, covered with leather, and fitted with sundry wells, makes a sufficient habitation for two men who can pack tightly and can give and take one with the other. By a simple arrangement the floor becomes at night a bed place, the cushions doing duty for a mattress, and while in wet weather there is protection from the tilt of the waggon, on fine nights the front of this moveable bedchamber is open. In the wells is an assortment of tinned provisions, and a cooking apparatus of extreme simplicity, for no inns were to be expected on the other side of the river. Behind the waggon is a covered receptacle for luggage, and cunningly contrived on the roof is a canvas house, which, by undoing a couple of buckles, unrolls itself, a wide spread of canvas roofing, with two poles in the centre, thus affording, when fixed, a pleasant canvas drawing-room. "What does one want more," Mr. Forbes asks, "than this for occupation by day, with a little table and a couple of stools, the waggon for a bedchamber, and for kitchen a hole in the turf on the side of the 'eligible modern residence?'"

"Carting the Soup Kitchen," depicts the transport of a portion of the Army Commissariat, and the sketch of the arrival of the first prisoners of war at Simnitza portrays a detachment of Turkish irregulars and Bashi-Bazooks, who had been captured by the advance line of the Russians. Some of the prisoners looked defiant, ruffianly, splendid fellows, while others appeared downcast and half-starved.

WITH THE TURKS—THE CAMP OF SHUMLA

SHUMLA is one of the strongest fortified positions in Eastern Bulgaria, and the entrenched camp which has been established there by reason of its geographical situation and strategical value, resulting from great natural strength, ranks among the most important military positions of the Turks. It is situated a little to the southward of the railway from Rustchuk to Varna, and the town itself lies on the eastern slope of the mountain spur, separated from the Balkan range by the valley of the Killy or Akili-Kamchik. The height rises about 800 feet above the valley, and forms a kind of plateau or top, the ascent being at first steep, often almost perpendicular, and then gradually changing slopes partly on to the plain. According to a correspondent of *The Times*, the fortifications of the entrenched camp consist of nine large independent works, with several smaller ones, and batteries between which encircle the town at a distance from five to seven miles, ending on the one side on the steep impervious heights of Steulsa, and on the other on the heights of Cingal. The main works are provided with extensive traverses, and are adapted for infantry defence, and are incapable of being taken by storm, but are made of earth. They are armed with about 200 guns, including forty Krupp cannon. The smaller batteries last month were unarmed, but were to be provided with field batteries in case of need. The town itself of Shumla does not possess the slightest power of resistance, being neither surrounded by a wall, ditch, nor towers. The area, bounded by the line of works on the one hand and the steep ascent to the plateau on the other, and which is absolutely guarded from all observation from without, is able to shelter an army of more than 150,000 men. At the present moment about 60,000 troops are in the camp, and the head-quarters of the Turkish army, under Abd-ul-Kerim Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief or Serdar Ekrem, have been fixed there. Four times—in 1774, 1810, 1828, and 1829—have the Russians attacked Shumla without success. Whether they will be more fortunate in 1877 remains to be seen. There is luck, they say, in odd numbers.

WITH HOBART PASHA—THE TURKISH FLEET OFF SULINA

THE Sulina mouth of the Danube is one of the lower branches of that river, and although it is one of the smallest outlets, the channel there over the bar is deeper than that of the other mouths, as, owing to recent improvements, it has been deepened from eight to ten feet to twenty-one feet. Consequently it is now a harbour of the first class, is greatly frequented by shipping, and during the present war has been the chief naval station of the Turkish fleet under Hobart Pasha. It was here also that the Russians made their unsuccessful torpedo attack upon the Turkish ironclads, which was frustrated by the means of defence adopted by Hobart Pasha, namely a cordon of boats connected together by a chain. Of this we gave an illustration in No. 394.

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA—BEFORE KARS

THIS Illustration is from our artist with the Russian army of the Caucasus, and represents the mode of communication by couriers between the army besieging Kars and Alexandropol, the nearest town on the Russian frontier.

THROUGH BRITTANY
AND
PIG STICKING

See page 36.

THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS

See page 42.

"LITTLE WISDOM"

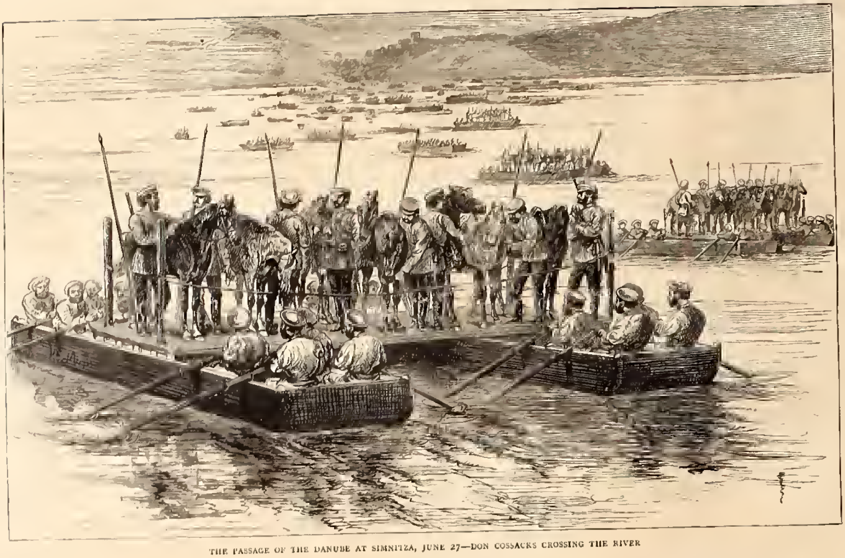
SOME wit at the end of the last century declared that nobody could possibly be so wise as Lord Thurlow looked, and this dictum would appear to apply to the dignified little lady in Miss Brooks' picture, who seems, judging from her outside aspect, to be endowed with a double portion of that quality which is usually associated with the goddess Minerva. So stately and self-possessed is she that she looks as if she were capable, despite her tender years, of becoming housekeeper to a Duke, or of sitting as a member of the School Board, or of superintending a Reformatory. Perhaps, however, it is all outside show. Perhaps she is like Coleridge's man of venerable aspect, who seemed the quintessence of wisdom so long as he held his tongue, but displayed his real nature when the arrival of the dumplings caused him to exclaim, "Them's the jockeys for me." Perhaps "Little Wisdom" is, in reality, a romp and a tomboy.

NOTE.—Mr. T. Jones Barker's picture of "The Balaclava Charge," now exhibiting at the Danish Gallery, 142, New Bond Street, was not in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition, as stated by us, having only been finished about seven weeks ago.

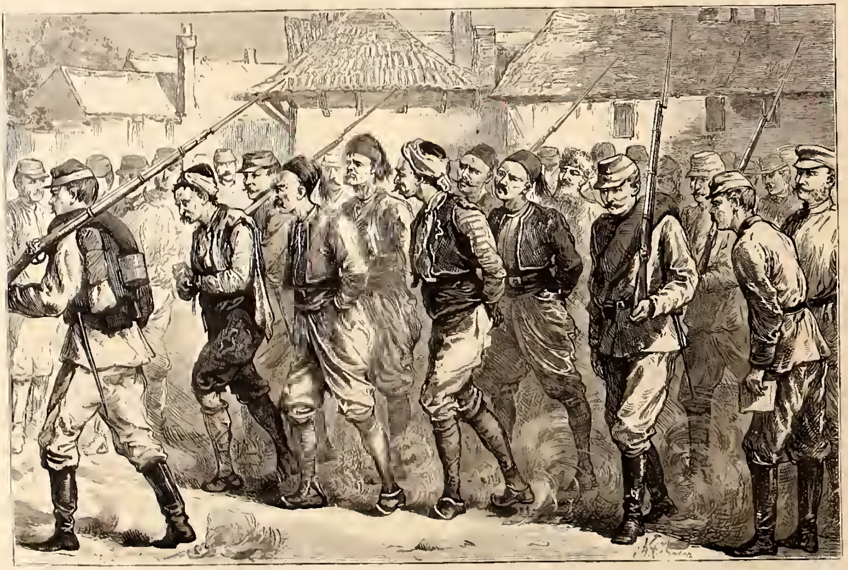
HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—Home politics outside Parliament have been remarkably stagnant during the past week, and there is scarcely anything worth recording beyond the fact that Mr. Gladstone has had a narrow escape of being run over by a reckless cab-driver, and that Mr. Ward Hunt is still very unwell. The Bishop of Manchester the other day delivered himself of a long speech on the Eastern Question, blaming the Government for sending the fleet to Besika Bay, and declaring that they were on the brink of a war which they would be less able to justify than any. He never could see why we could not have accepted the Berlin Memorandum, which was a better and more stringent document than the feeble Andrassy Note to which we had agreed. —The Conservative Associations of Manchester have presented Sir Stafford Northcote with a beautifully illuminated album, and an address expressive of their confidence in the policy of the Government.—On Thursday the *Daily News* announced that rumours prevailed, "in quarters which are usually well informed," that Lord Beaconsfield was about to resign the Premiership. The *Daily News* adds, that "although this report is probably premature, yet we believe that his lordship is anxious to retire from office as soon as the state of public business will enable him to take that step, his health having been for some time past in an unsatisfactory condition."

THE VOLUNTEERS AT WIMBLEDON.—The eighteenth meeting of the National Rifle Association is now being held at Wimbledon. On Saturday some 1,300 or 1,400 volunteers arrived in camp, and they slept comfortably under canvas, although the night was very cold. On Sunday morning, however, rain began to fall, and continued all day with little intermission, a circumstance which perhaps accounts for the thin attendance at the religious services in camp. The weather, however, cleared on Monday, though a strong wind and changeable light interfered in some degree with the shooting some good scores were made. On Tuesday the thermometer went up suddenly from 67° to 74° in the shade and 132° in the sun, but there was still a great deal too much wind to suit the marksmen. The first stage for the Queen's Prize was commenced, and the *Daily Telegraph* Prizes were shot for. On Wednesday, when the wind was more favourable, the chief events were the second stage of the Queen's Prize, and the contest for the Alexandra Prize, and there was plenty of cracking at the Running Deer, for which, by the bye, there is some talk of substituting a "Bounding Tiger." The Council have been closely investigating statements affecting the integrity of certain markers, and the possibility of connivance between them and competitors, in falsifying the scores. Strict watch has been set, not only at Wimbledon but elsewhere, on the actions of the suspected

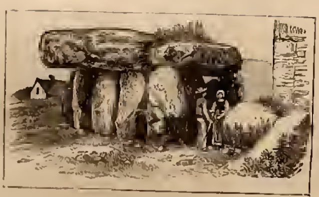


THE PASSAGE OF THE DANUBE AT SIMNITZA, JUNE 27—DON COSSACKS CROSSING THE RIVER

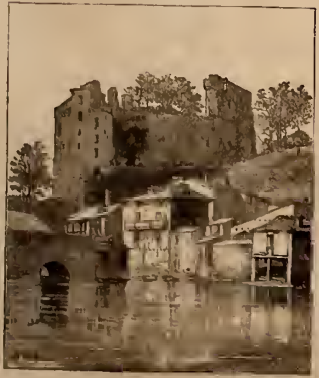


ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TURKISH PRISONERS OF WAR AT SIMNITZA

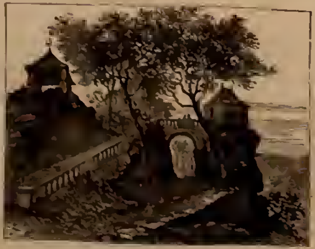
THE WAR IN THE EAST



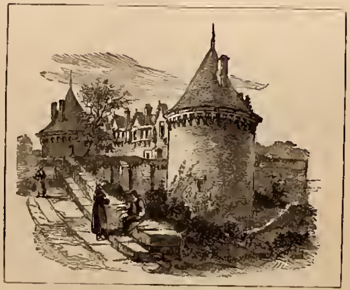
DOLMEN OF CORCONNO



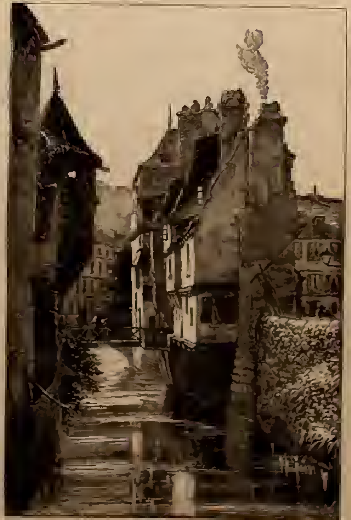
CASTLE OF CLISSON



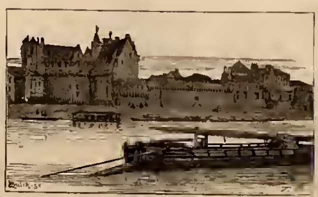
STE. BARBE



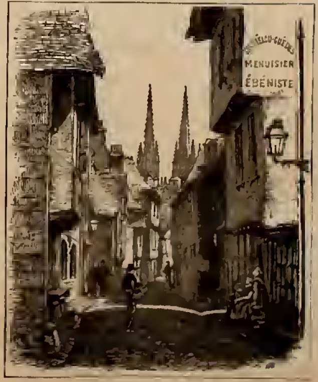
CASTLE OF PONTIVY



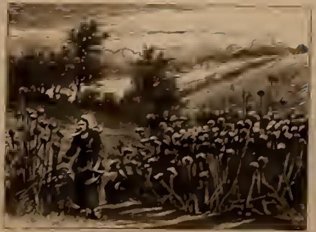
OLD HOUSES, QUIMPER



CATHEDRAL AND CASTLE, NANTES



A STREET IN QUIMPER



GIRL GATHERING ONION HEADS NEAR PONT AVEN

"THROUGH BRITTANY," BY MRS. MACQUOID

persons; and a successful shot who has managed twice to get into the first 60 for the Queen's Prize, and thrice into the first 300, was detected at the last Edinburgh meeting in an act of bribery. The result is that he has been compelled to leave the London regiment of which he was a member; and orders have been given to the officials attending at the several entries not to accept his name or money. The total number in camp on Monday was 3,113; more than half of whom were volunteers, and the regulations with regard to uniforms are more generally observed than was the case last year. Lord and Lady Wharncliffe, who took up their residence at the Cottage on Saturday, are making active preparations for private theatricals and practice for the athletic sports on the last day of the meeting.

The Royal Review.——A force of about 15,000 men was reviewed by Her Majesty in the Great Park, Windsor, on Tuesday. The troops, who had marched from Aldershot the previous day, and encamped for the night at Chobham and Ascot, looked remarkably well, and as "Queen's weather" prevailed throughout the day the display may be looked upon as a perfect success. The march past occupied about two hours, and was witnessed by an immense crowd of spectators.

The Child Suicide.—A boy, aged twelve, last week hung himself in the Infirmary of Christ's Hospital, and a coroner's jury have declared that the act was committed in a fit of temporary insanity. There has been much talk about the affair since, and the only consolation we can gather is that there will probably be a searching inquiry into, and possibly a reform of the system of monitorial surveillance and "fagging" which seems to be in vogue in Newgate Street. What makes such an inquiry all the more necessary is the statement that although this is the only suicide which has actually occurred, another lad did, some three months since, attempt to take his own life. We fancy that the evidence of that lad would be especially valuable to those whose duty it will be to conduct the investigation.

Sir John Bennett's election as alderman of the ward of Cheap is to be disputed by the Court of Aldermen, who have, it seems, the power of putting a veto upon it. It will be remembered that Sir John polled the extremely narrow majority of 334 to Mr. Waddell's 333, and that on the scrutiny it was shown that no fewer than eight of his supporters had voted as "occupiers" of a single apartment at 61, Cheapside. The opinion of the Recorder was that "a majority secured by such a device cannot be creditable;" but Sir John is satisfied with it, and is highly indignant that his position should be in any way disputed. He threatens that resistance to his election may bring about a reform of "the only unreformed corporation."

A Tiger Hunt in England.——On Monday a fine tigress which was being conveyed by rail from London to Liverpool broke open its carriage *en route*, and escaped. As soon as its absence was discovered the telegraph was set to work, and two old Indian officers of the 106th Regiment, quartered at Weedon, took a firing party down the line on a pilot engine in pursuit, and they found her near Buckby Bank. A number of shots appear to have been fired with little effect; but at last one made her "bound several feet into the air." After falling she growled furiously, and as the ammunition of the party was by this time exhausted, it is just possible that the tigress might have begun to chase the engine had it not been for the opportune appearance of a Mr. Judkins with another rifle, a few shots from which finished the business. The incident was fortunately only novel and exciting; but it might have been tragic, and Mr. Jamrach should see to it that his pets are more carefully secured. Some time ago, if we remember rightly, a snake escaped from his premises, but was fortunately recaptured without doing harm to anyone. Such may not always be the case, and we should certainly strongly object to live in the vicinity of Mr. Jamrach's collection.

London Mortality again increased slightly, and last week 1,322 deaths were registered against 1,300 during the previous seven days, being 72 below the average, and at the rate of 19·5 per 1,000. There were 23 from small-pox (a decrease of 11), 44 from measles, 18 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6), 9 from diphtheria (an increase of 3), 35 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7), 19 from different kinds of fever (a decline of 7), and 96 from diarrhœa, of which 80 were children under one year of age; but though this number exceeded that of the previous week by 46, the deaths were 34 below the average. Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 144, and were 15 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths, of which 50 were the result of accident or negligence. There were 2,220 births registered against 2,291 during the previous week, being 40 below the average. The registered duration of sunshine last week was 46·0 hours out of the 114·9 hours that the sun was above the horizon. The mean temperature was 58·2 deg., or 3·2 deg. below the average.

Miscellaneous.——Sir Stafford Northcote has consented to become a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. —Mr. de Morgan has had some correspondence with the First Commissioner of Works in relation to the Duke of Cambridge's preserves in Richmond Park. His cool request that the head keeper should be ordered to conduct him through the inclosures in order that he may assure himself of the various "illegal" practices is politely refused, and he is as politely referred to the Solicitor to the Treasury, "who will afford every facility for the speedy determination of any claims which he may make at law."—Kensington House was *not* sold last week. The bidding for it was very languid, and the auctioneer was obliged to announce that 165,000*l*. was not enough for it, and that those who wished to know what the reserve price was might call next day at his office, though he would not promise to put anything in writing.—The fifty-third anniversary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held on Tuesday at St. James's Hall, Lord Harrowby presiding. Professor Ruskin made a telling speech, saying that he thought the society had worked too much in the police courts and not enough in the field and cottage garden. The prizes to children for essays on kindness to animals were distributed on the following day by Princess Christian.—The eighth annual City flower show was held on Tuesday in the gardens of Finsbury Circus, the prizes being distributed by the Duchess of Westminster.—Four lives were lost on Monday night in a fire which broke out in Little Britain. The escape men made several gallant but unsuccessful attempts to save the inmates of the burning house—two women and two children, who were buried in the ruins by the sudden fall of the roof.—The Rotunda Theatre at Liverpool has been completely destroyed by fire. The damage is estimated at 40,000*l*., and the insurance is only for 14,000*l*.—On Monday the timber roof of a church at Sunderland was blown in by a sudden gust of wind, and some men who were at work within the building were severely hurt. —On Saturday a man was killed by the fall of a girder of a railway bridge which was being placed in position across the Seven Sisters' Road at Finsbury Park Station.

THEATRES

The continual extension of the District Railway, by which this line is brought more and more into communication with the suburbs and environs of London, reminds us of the great change which has come over the habits of playgoers consequent upon the enormously increased facilities for getting to and fro. The District line, running from the Mansion House to South Kensington, or rather Gloucester Road, and thence diverging in so many different directions, is above all the playgoers' line. Two-thirds of the most important theatres in London lie within a few minutes' walk of two of its stations; while the Court Theatre at Chelsea and the Royal Aquarium Theatre at Westminster could hardly have existed but for the fact of each having a station opposite its doors. Within the last few weeks this railway has been extended to Richmond by way of the populous districts of Hammersmith and Turnham Green; and a new line, now completed from Earl's Court to Acton, will next month bring important new neighbourhoods on the west and north-west sides of London into direct communication with the Strand, besides completing a junction with the Midland Railway. It is owing in great measure to such improvements in locomotion and the general custom of running late trains, that going to a play or to an opera has become more easy for residents in distant environs than it was for dwellers in the nearest suburbs twenty or thirty years ago.

Consequent upon this altered condition of things we have seen changes having a considerable influence upon dramatic art. Increased patronage has not only led to a very remarkable increase in the number of theatres, but has encouraged several managers to aim at a higher standard of perfection, and thus to set an example which cannot fail to exercise a beneficial influence upon the stage. It has been perceived that in so vast a circle of patronage there must exist a sufficient number of persons of cultivated taste to support a certain number of well-conducted theatres; and how quick these persons are to discover merit is shown by the brilliant success of Mr. Hare and his company at the **Court** Theatre—a house which had certainly no advantage either in prestige or in position. Whether the long runs which this almost inexhaustible supply of audiences also renders possible afford equal ground for congratulation is perhaps more open to question; though Mr. Thorne and Mr. James, who have this week appeared for the 800th time in Mr. Byron's *Our Boys* at the **Vaudeville**, are perfectly justified in continuing to perform a play which continues to amuse, and which in the present dearth of new pieces would not easily be replaced by one as attractive. Moderately long runs, however, are attended with advantages from the playgoer's point of view; for the effective production of most pieces requires an outlay of capital which it would be impossible to make remunerative if performances were limited—as they were in the case of even successful plays fifty years ago—to half a dozen or a dozen nights. A not less striking result of the tendency to confine the highest efforts in the way of dramatic art to one central neighbourhood is the sort of revolution which it has caused in our suburban theatres. Up to half a century ago theatres in the suburbs were, as a rule, small houses where prices of admission were comparatively high. Now they are generally enormous buildings, the best parts of which may be entered for a trifling sum. The general level of excellence of their entertainments is certainly not lower than it was; but, on the other hand, it was at one period less unusual to find distinguished actors performing at suburban houses. The fact is that the more educated playgoers now avail themselves of the improved facilities for going to the theatre, and do not as a rule patronise, unless it is at pantomime time, the houses of the suburbs. Hence these houses, admirably managed as some of them are, necessarily appeal to a humbler class. They depend mostly on the crowded localities in which they exist, and as low prices are an indispensable condition of their existence, it is only by their vast size that they can be made to hold a paying audience. In some respects this is a change to be regretted. Large theatres tend to encourage mere spectacular displays, and the finer qualities of acting are wasted upon an audience most of which is sitting at too great a distance from the stage to observe them. Besides this, short runs—with the single exception of the pantomimes—are so absolutely the rule at suburban houses that it is not to be expected that such large sums can be expended on their production as at the higher class of houses. Nor is this condition likely to undergo change. A very large house, which is compelled to depend chiefly on its own locality, necessarily exhausts in a short time the supply of audiences. The most satisfactory feature about the suburban houses is that they furnish the humbler classes with a cheap entertainment at their own doors, and one which is generally innocent enough. The unexceptional wholesome tendency of domestic drama in the suburbs is indeed as notorious as is the occasional habit of suburban audiences of applauding the virtuous heroine, and hooting at the villain, of the piece on purely moral as distinguished from æsthetic grounds.

Madame Chaumont's engagement at the **Gaiety** will terminate this week. This afternoon this accomplished actress is announced to appear in two pieces, and to sing some of her popular dramatic songs. On Monday the famous company of the Vaudeville Theatre will make their first appearance here in *Le Procès Veauradieux*.

An "entirely new and original comedy," entitled *Flirtation*, is to be produced at a morning performance at the **Globe** Theatre to-morrow. It is stated to be the work of "new authors." As new authors are just now much wanted, it is satisfactory to know that if the piece should prove acceptable to the audience its performance will add two names to the list of successful dramatists.

A new children's pantomime is announced to be produced at the **Adelphi** at an unusually early date. The title is *Little Red Riding Hood*, the author is the delightful writer who modestly concealed himself last season under the pseudonym of an "Old Boy," and the day fixed for the first performance is the 4th of August. The new harlequinade is to be arranged by Mr. Cormack, the new scenery is to be painted by Mr. Stafford Hall.

Drury Lane is to reopen for the autumn season on Saturday, September 15, when "a new and original romantic and realistic drama" is to be produced with scenery by Mr. Beverley.—Miss Lydia Thompson is about to return to the United States to fulfil professional engagements in that country.

Miss Glyn's Shakespearian Readings.——Miss Glyn began another of her excellent series of Shakespearian readings on Tuesday evening at 15, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, *Antony and Cleopatra* being the play selected for that evening. Miss Glyn, with wise discrimination, chiefly confined herself to the principal scenes between the two lovers, and gave an admirable representation of the proud and haughty Mark Antony struggling in the toils of the Egyptian queen. Miss Glyn's well-known style, marked by unusual power, plainly shows the possibility of alternately depicting passion and pathos without that objectionable tendency to rant which mars the delivery of so many Shakespearian readers. Her clear, distinct utterance, and the delicate light and shade with which she marks the difference between the various characters make these recitals a genuine pleasure for all true lovers of Shakespeare who can thus enjoy his plays as he really wrote them, and not altered and cut about as a medium for scenic display and star acting. Miss Glyn was as happy with the lighter as with the sadder side of Cleopatra's character, and she rendered the small part of the clown who brings the fatal asp with especial humour, but her greatest success lay in the death scenes of Antony and Cleopatra. The series consist of seven readings, which take place on Tuesday evenings and Friday mornings. *Macbeth* was given yesterday, and *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Measure for Measure*, and *King John* are announced for the succeeding representations.

ATHENA
PERICLES

PARLIAMENT

Mr. Whalley is following up with rapid strides the attempt already noted of making himself a centre of Parliamentary interest. In ordinary times the question hour has not been unacquainted with his presence and his voice; but since the discovery that "The Priest in Absolution" is actually an agency in English life, and that Mr. Whalley's fears of priestly influence, long laughed at, have sure foundation, he has grown simply irrepressible. His favourite times of appearance are in the first and last hours of the sitting, with various irruptions midway. Scarcely a day passes but he has one or more questions on the paper, the subjects varying from "The Priest in Absolution" to the Russians in Asia Minor. On Monday the former subject occupied his attention, when he brought under the notice of the House in general, and the Secretary to the Admiralty in particular, a statement which has appeared in *Mayfair* to the effect that two chaplains holding commissions in H.M.'s Navy are members of the Holy Cross Society. Mr. Whalley wanted to know whether these gentlemen were to be continued in their office, to which Mr. Egerton made the cautious reply that the allegation itself was not sufficient to ensure their dismissal, though the Admiralty regarded with disapproval any practices which had been declared to be contrary to the tenets of the Church of England. Mr. Whalley was moderately satisfied with this answer, and beyond occasional dashes-in during subsequent debates did not during the evening again obtrude himself on the notice of the House. On Tuesday, however, he had a grand field day, beginning the sitting with cross-examining the Chancellor of the Exchequer as to the truth of a statement that the English fleet was about to join with the French fleet in interference in the war in the East, and winding up the sitting by rising to move a resolution for the disestablishment of the Church of England. As Mr. Whalley has informed the House, he has after due consideration been driven to the conclusion that the only way to stop the practices of which he complains is to disestablish the Church of England. It must, however, be admitted that twenty-five minutes to two in the morning, after a sitting which, with an interval of two hours, had lasted since two o'clock on the previous day, was not a suitable occasion for commencing a discussion on a subject of so much interest. Accordingly he was, apparently to his surprise, counted out, and the House laughingly dispersed. There is, indeed, save for their monotony, nothing more pleasant than these little encounters between Mr. Whalley and the House of Commons. Notwithstanding his pertinacity, and his occasional guiltiness of waste of time, Mr. Whalley is a general favourite in the House, and he accepts with such resignation the regular rebuffs with which he meets that it is impossible not to be sorry for him.

Some progress continues to be made in the business of the House, and the estimates may now be said to be in a forward condition; though in truth, seeing that we are within three weeks of the natural close of the Session, that is not saying much. The second reading of the South Africa Bill was agreed to after a debate in which Mr. Courtney, who seems to have got over his recent difficulty, showed at great length—firstly, why the Transvaal should not have been annexed; and secondly, why the particular Bill by which the proposal was sought to be completed ought not to be passed. Mr. Courtney made a good speech, and received the valuable support in debate of Sir Charles Dilke and other members. But he made a great mistake in dividing, as in the result he secured a decisive victory for the Ministerial policy, indicated by the fact that only 19 voted against the second reading, whilst 81 were opposed. The division took place unexpectedly early, in full dinner hour, the Ministerial forces having been dispersed under the impression that the division would not be taken till after dinner. Had the division been taken later, it is probable that, whilst Mr. Courtney might have had a few more votes, the Government would have brought together an overwhelming force.

The morning sitting on Tuesday was given up wholly to educational topics, a subject which though important, does not afford opportunities for exhilarating conversation. Several members who take an interest in education seized the opportunity of bringing forward their views, Mr. Samuelson, who had precedence pressing to a division his resolution which condemned the English Education Code on the ground that it requires all students attending colleges and receiving Government aid to reside within such colleges. There was a pretty strong feeling in the House that there was something in this objection, which received the support of Mr. Forster, and on a division it was rejected only by 121 votes against 78. After this came a deluge of notices of motion, and it appeared probable that as has often happened to other Ministers, Lord Sandon would see the morning pass away without obtaining a single vote. There was in some quarters a conviction that the noble lord rather deserved such a fate, as he had adroitly attempted at the outset to take the *pas* of private members by making his statement before going into Committee. According to the rules of debate notices of motion relating to any particular subject precede the motion that the House shall go into Committee. As soon as the House gets into Committee the Minister in charge of the particular business makes his annual statement if he be introducing estimates. Lord Sandon wanted to make his statement first, leaving the notices of motion to take their chance afterwards. He had even risen to commence when he was stopped, and was fain to be content with following the ordinary course. As it was, private members fully enjoyed their privilege, talking for four hours to their hearts' content, and leaving the Minister of Education something less than half an hour, if he desired to get any votes. Lord Sandon sacrificed his speech to his pecuniary necessities, and confining the observations for which he is accustomed to take an hour and a half to a space of twenty-five minutes, he was rewarded by getting several votes through.

Wednesday's sitting was chiefly occupied by Scotch members in discussing a Bill of Mr. M'Laren's, the object of which was to abolish the Church Assessments in Scotland. The fate of the measure was a foregone conclusion, and it was thrown out by 204 to 143.

Church News

The Bible in School.——On Saturday about 5,000 Board School children of London attended a *fête* at the Crystal Palace, and 4,000 Bibles and Testaments, given by Mr. Peek and the Religious Tract Society, were distributed as prizes for proficiency in Scripture knowledge. Forty-three of these were presented to the winners by Lord Sandon, and the first who went up to his lordship was a blind girl, the best in her class in the second standard at a *vivâ voce* examination. Her prize was printed in the raised characters used in books for the blind. Lord Sandon made an eloquent speech praising the action of the London School Board in giving the rudiments of Christianity to the people, and expressing a hope that other school boards in all parts of the kingdom would soon follow the good example. His lordship was afterwards presented with a Bible by Dr. Manning on behalf of the Religious Tract Society. Some of the answers given in the competitive examination are curious on account of their irrelevancy or incorrectness. Thus, Elijah is said to have met his death by falling off a post and breaking his neck; the woman of Canaan is described as "a good woman who lived in Canaan, and had something the matter with her." One child, apparently unable to answer a question relating to Christ's betrayal and crucifixion, gives instead a long account of His burial and resurrection. Another stumbles over a well-known text as follows: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard to kick against a brick." A third speaks of Christ's having enough power to heal all the Jews and some to spare for the Gentiles; and a fourth, anxious to display her erudition, overleaps herself by saying that "there is rather an uncertainty" as to how Elijah was fed at the brook Cherith, as three letters in the Hebrew language, *r-v-n*, mean either raven or Arab.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council.——The sittings of this Council were opened on Tuesday last week with a sermon by Dr. Flin in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, followed by a public reception of the delegates by the citizens of Edinburgh in the Museum of Science and Art, an address of welcome being read by Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Amongst the subjects dealt with at the subsequent meetings were "The Harmony of the Reformed Confessions," "The General Principles of Presbyterianism," "The Relations of Presbyterianism to the Wants and Tendencies of the Day," "The Churchliness of Calvinism," "The Influence of Presbyteryianism in the United States," "The Scriptural Character and Simplicity of Presbyterianism," "Discoveries in Science and Philosophy," "The Underlying Principles of Infidelity," "Spiritual Life," "The Value of the Sabbath," "Intemperance as a Hindrance to Religion" (one speaker stating that there was an average of 500,000 habitual drunkards in the United States of America, of whom 50,000 went to drunkards' graves every year), and "The Position of Some of the Continental Churches." At the closing sitting on Tuesday last "Presbyterian Literature and the Use of the Press" was discussed, and a committee was appointed to inquire as to the available materials for a general Presbyterian History; an address to the Queen was adopted, and thanks voted to the City of Edinburgh for its hospitality. The next meeting of the Council is to be held in Philadelphia in September, 1880.

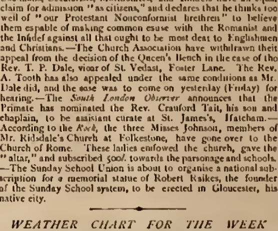
The Holy Cross Society.——It is some comfort to notice how firmly Convocation has set its foot down upon "The Priest in Absolution," though we fear that it is too much to expect that its unequivocal condemnation will have much effect upon the members of the Society of the Holy Cross, whom the Primate so justly stigmatises as conspiring against the doctrine, discipline, and practices of the Reformed Church of England. The Society have promised "in deference to the desire expressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury" to issue no more copies of the book; but the very manner in which they have done this, coupled with their casuistic defence of the practice of Confession, shows that there is no true penitence for their fault, and justifies the Bishop of London's declaration that the "Society had neither repudiated nor withdrawn the book from circulation."—Allusion was made to the subject in several places of worship last Sunday. The Bishop of Manchester preaching at Blackburn referred to the rumour that he had been connected with the Society and the book, and said that there was no truth in the statement. He was utterly opposed to both the one and the other. The Rev. J. Knox-Little, preaching at St. Alban's, Manchester, protested against the "vile calumnies" circulated against the Society of the Holy Cross, which was a good and noble society, comprising men whose lives were directed to the attainment of the highest and purest ends. He fully intended to continue the practice of Confession, and if any of his people thought that his teaching was in any way corrupting or pernicious he would resign the rectory of St. Alban's. The most outspoken defender of the cause as yet, has been the Rev. C. F. Lowder, vicar of St. Peter's, London Docks, a member of the Society, who preached at St. Mary the Virgin's, Primrose Hill, of which the Rev. C. J. Fuller, another member of the Society, is the "priest in charge." Mr. Lowder took his text from Nehemiah's description of the rebuilding of the Temple, each workman having a weapon ready to hand, and drew a parallel between the restoration of the Temple and the restoration of the Catholic Faith in England at the present day. They had, he said, fought for the faith of the Church, and had preserved it. The fight for ritual was also, he hoped, nearly won; but the hardest work was that still before them. The great doctrine of repentance, and of absolution, of the great gift which Jesus Christ had given to his Church for the reconciliation of sinners, had now become the subject of attack; and as the enemy was upon them on every side the trumpet must be sounded, and faithful Catholics must gather together. Though the clergy were the objects of the attack the laity must come forward in defence of their freedom and liberty to come to God's priest, according to Christ's ordinance, for the blessing of absolution; they must defend the doctrine in love and charity towards their persecutors, and towards those who were unconscious of the wickedness of their acts. Let them work, and fight, and contend for the faith; and let those who valued the great blessing of confession and absolution, and who had found it a benefit to their own souls, contend for it in charity and love against those who blasphemed and those who had not yet learned to feel the need of it.—The Church Association announce an anti-confessional meeting in Exeter Hall on Friday next.

Various.——The Rev. Dr. Thorold was last Saturday duly elected to the vacant See of Rochester. The *Record* says that it is quite erroneous to suppose that the Dean and Chapter proceeded to elect in obedience to the Royal *congé d'élire* and Letters Missive, after solemn prayer for guidance in their choice. "The prayer for the newly elected Bishop was offered after the First Lesson, immediately upon the announcement of the election by the chapter clerk. The election itself, in the Chapter House, was preceded by no such prayer as is commonly supposed to give the character of unreality or mockery to the election by petition for Divine guidance in the case of a foregone conclusion."—The Bishop of Lincoln has written to one of his clergy, severely rebuking him for forwarding a petition in favour of unfermented wine at the Holy Communion. He declares that in their present frame of mind the petitioners are not fit to receive the Sacrament at all, as in their pharisaical self-conceit they set up their private opinions against the universal practise of 1,800 years!—The same prelate has spoken in no uncertain tones upon the Burial Question. He thinks it childish to suppose that Protestant Dissenters or Christians would gain anything by the opening of our churchyards; he points out that Romanists, Socinians, Secularists, Mormonites, and Infidels have an equal claim for admission "as citizens," and declares that he thinks too well of "our Protestant Nonconformist brethren" to believe them capable of making common cause with the Romanist and the Infidel against all that ought to be most dear to Englishmen and Christians.—The Church Association have withdrawn their appeal from the decision of the Queen's Bench in the case of the Rev. T. P. Dale, vicar of St. Vedast, Foster Lane. The Rev. A. Tooth has also appealed under the same conditions as Mr. Dale did, and the case was to come on yesterday (Friday) for hearing.—The *South London Observer* announces that the Primate has nominated the Rev. Crauford Tait, his son and chaplain, to be assistant curate at St. James's, Hatcham.—According to the *Rock*, the three Misses Johnson, members of Mr. Ridsdale's Church at Folkestone, have gone over to the Church of Rome. These ladies endowed the church, gave the "altar," and subscribed 500*l.* towards the parsonage and schools.—The Sunday School Union is about to organise a national subscription for a memorial statue of Robert Raikes, the founder of the Sunday School system, to be erected in Gloucester, his native city.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

July 5th to July 11th (inclusive)



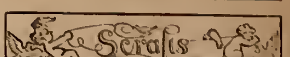
Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——We have now had a week of changeable weather. It commenced with a rather cloudy unsettled state of the sky, and the barometer falling a little; and for three days we had a series of thunderstorms, rain, and heavy hail showers, which, however, were very local. Thus the heavy showers of hail which fell over the City and West End on Friday and Saturday, the 6th and 7th, were scarcely felt at all in Brixton, whence, however, masses of heavy cloud were seen hanging over London, with vivid flashes of lightning shooting from them. The nights of Friday and Saturday, the 6th and 7th, were exceedingly cool, the wind being light from north-west, and the sky clear. On the first of the two, or, rather, during the early hours of Saturday, the 7th instant, the shade thermometer fell to 42°, and the grass thermometer to 33°, while on the following morning they sank to 41° and 32° (freezing point) respectively. Since that date the weather has been warmer and finer. The barometer was highest (30.33 inches) on Monday, the 9th instant; lowest (29.88 inches) on Thursday, the 5th instant; range, 0.45 inch. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (78°) on Tuesday afternoon, the 10th instant; lowest (41°) on Sunday morning, the 8th instant; range, 37°. The lowest on the grass was 32°, as above stated. Rainfall: Total fall, 0.29 inch; greatest fall, 0.20 inch, on Thursday, the 5th instant.

◆

The Israelite Community in New York are in a great state of indignation. One of the hotels at Saratoga—the Transatlantic Brighton—has formally announced its intention to receive no Jews this season, but this attempt to revive the proscription of the Middle Ages is almost universally condemned by sensible Christians. Personal pique is supposed to be the real cause of this intolerance.

M. Thiers' Art Collection has been entirely reconstituted, and is now nearly equal to its original condition before the Communists devastated the house in the Rue St. Georges. The library was easily re-arranged, as M. Thiers does not care for rare and beautifully bound editions, but regards books solely as means of gaining information, and as aids to his work, and thus prefers them in common binding, the pages being scribbled over with marginal remarks. His artistic treasures gave him more trouble, and although nearly all the Florentine bronzes and old Italian paintings were recovered, in many cases the ex-President has been obliged to put up with copies of the originals he formerly possessed. The china and porcelain Madame Thiers herself has superintended, and she has succeeded in collecting all the scattered pieces of an old Sèvres dinner-service, each plate worth 2*l.* or 3*l.*, and the set was used at the dinner given to celebrate M. Thiers' eightieth birthday.



A well-known German Novelist, Frederick William Hacklander, died last week at Munich, aged 61. His first work was written at the age of 15.

Christ's Hospital.——Speech Day has been fixed for July 18th. The proceedings will commence at two P.M. punctually, and the Lord Mayor has kindly consented to distribute the prizes.

The Colorado Beetle has made its appearance in Ireland, where a gentleman found a specimen crawling along a rope from a Liverpool vessel on to one of the Dublin quays.

M. Rubinstein's Opera, "Nero," is to be brought out next winter at the Paris Théâtre Italien, and the composer himself will superintend its production. *Nero*, by the way, was "promised" to a London audience this season.

A Portuguese Expedition to Africa started on Saturday for St. Paul de Loanda. The travellers will explore the territory between the provinces of Angola and Mozambique, and will study the relations between the valleys of the Zaire and the Zambesi.

The Site of the Ancient City of Sybaris in Catania, Southern Italy, is to be explored this autumn under Government enterprise. Sybaris, famed for its habits of luxury, which gave rise to the term Sybarite, was destroyed by the Crotonians about 510 B.C.

The Kentish Hop Harvest will be very poor this year. Round Canterbury it is believed that not more than one-third of a crop will be gathered in half of the district. On the other half, however, an average growth is expected if fine weather continue.

The Contest for the Dunmow Flitch of Bacon takes place on the 23rd inst. in Dunmow Town Hall, and the decision will be given by a jury of bachelors and spinsters. Two couples will compete for the prize, one of whom, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, of Hull, obtained the flitch on the last occasion.

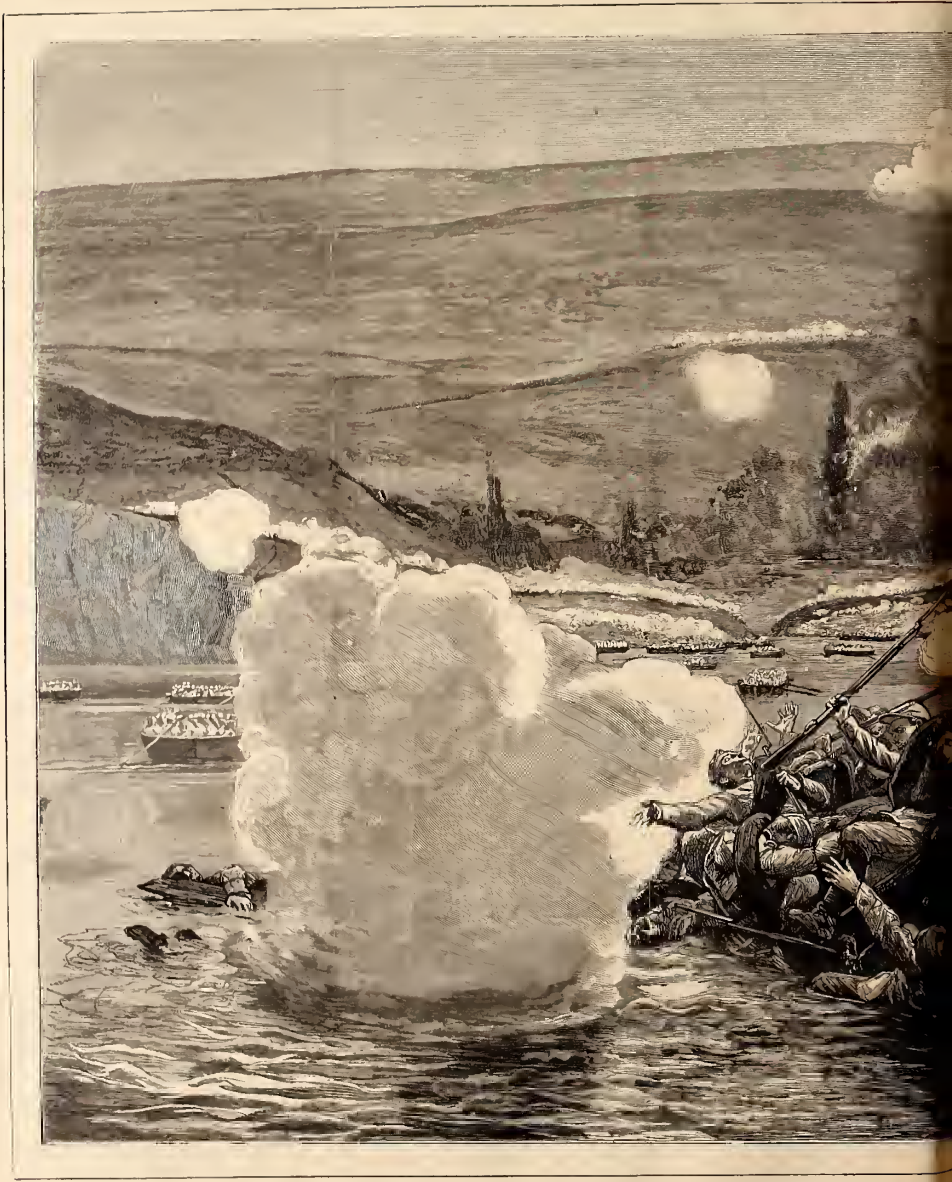
The Large Number of Russian Prisoners reported by Mussulman journals to be taken by the Turks, is believed by Moslem wiseacres to be due to a cunning stroke of Muscovite diplomacy. An old Mohammedan declared to the Constantinople correspondent of the Paris *Temps* that the Russians, "fertile in diabolical inventions," knew the Turks to be hard pushed for provisions for their own army, and therefore ordered many of their men to allow themselves to be made prisoners in order that the Moslems might be reduced to greater straits and distress by having to feed so many additional mouths.

The National Portrait Gallery has received thirty-two donations during the past year. These include portraits of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., painted by Sir Martin Archer Shee, R.A., of Sir Edwin Landseer, by Sir Francis Grant, of Miss O'Neill, afterwards Lady Becher, by J. Masquerier, of Lord Hardinge, by Sir Francis Grant, and various judges and other eminent members of the legal profession which recently hung on the walls of the hall and dining-room of Serjeants' Inn. The donations also include three medallions of Queen Mary, Philip II. of Spain, and Queen Elizabeth, by Mr. George Scharf. The number of visitors to the Gallery in 1876 was 108,252, which exceeded the number in any previous year.

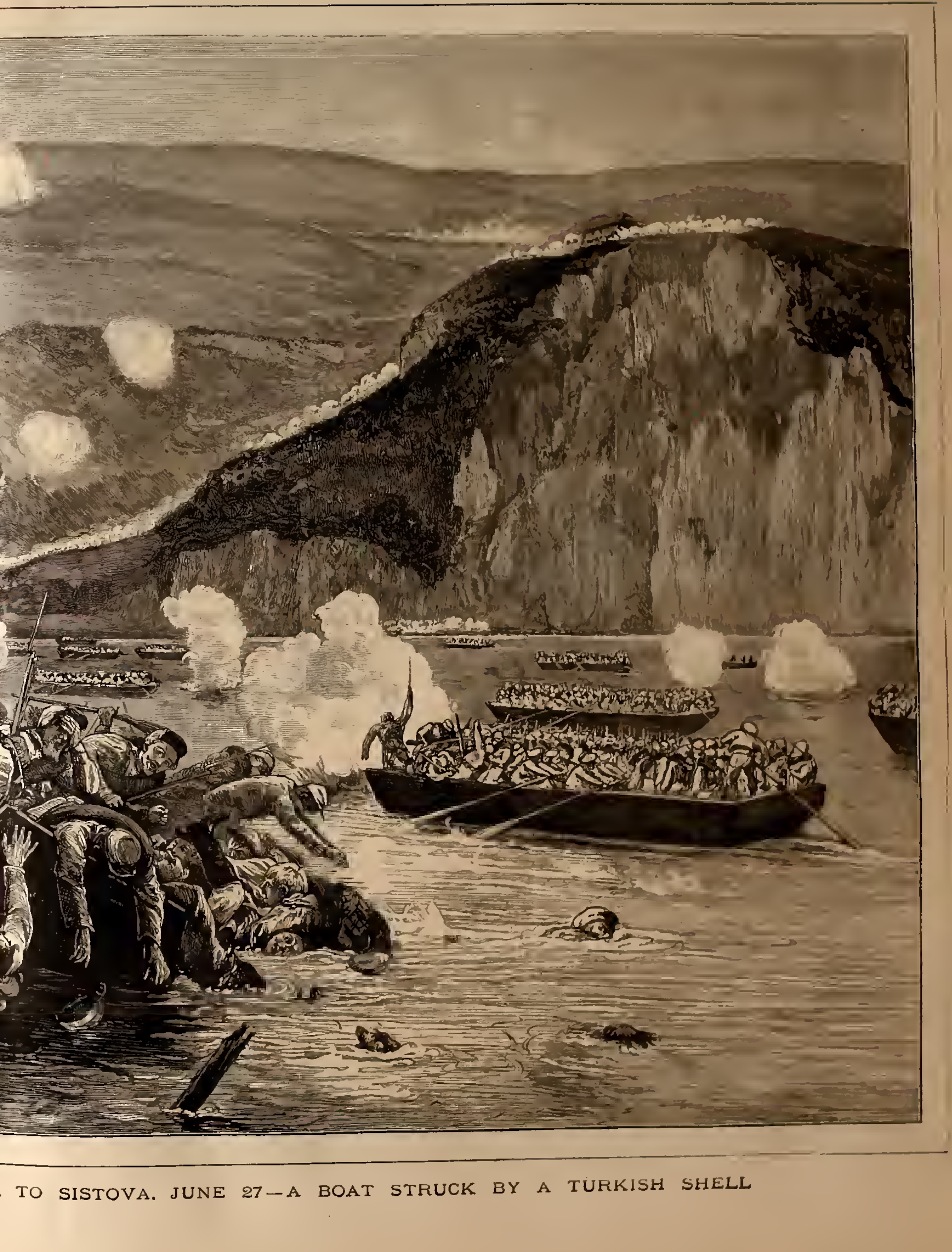
The Adoption of a Rat by a Cat is recorded by the *Live Stock Journal*. The cat was known in the neighbourhood as a most determined ratter, and had just killed six rats, which were believed to be the father, mother, and brothers of the one she had determined to adopt. This one she brought to her nest instead of killing it. The rat had been five days with the cat and her two kittens, and must have received nourishment from her, as it could not move away to get other food. Another strange case of adoption is also published by the same journal. In this instance three young starlings are being fed on grain by a pair of flying pigeons, while they also receive insectivorous food from their parents. The pigeons once had a nest in the same box as the starlings, which may account for this strange freak of natural adoption.

A Famine of Fowls is threatened in Assam. A "Starved Out Planter" writes to the Calcutta *Englishman* that the cause of the scarcity is said to be due to the powerful interest of a native high priest. This holy man has interdicted the breeding of fowls, threatening those who are disobedient to his command with his heavy displeasure in this world, and eternal perdition in the next. In the meantime he levies fines on all whom he suspects to be offenders. The "Starved Out Planter" sees no remedy for this terrible fowl famine but the interference of Government. "It is to be hoped that strict inquiries will be instituted by the authorities, and a quiet but firm intimation sent to the Aonhati Gokhain (the priest) that he is not acting in accordance with the views of the Government in thus interfering with the legitimate rights of the people." So writes the planter to the *Englishman*. We wonder what the Government will be asked to do next? Fowl-breeding or eating may be a legitimate right of Europeans and natives in India, but in the present state of the Imperial finances, it will hardly do to send an expedition into Assam to see that it is not interfered with.

The Paris 1878 Exhibition is fast getting into working order, and the demands for space from French exhibitors alone will probably not be under 35,000, while the number in 1867 was not more than 19,000. Germany is the only country which will not contribute, but other countries will be so well represented that the space allotted will not be sufficient, and numerous annexes are to be built. The English section will probably be the first completed, and will be much admired for its handsome *façade*. Close by will be the Dutch, Belgian, Swedish and Norwegian, Austrian and Russian sections, the Italian and Portuguese pavilions, with their respective *façades* of white marble and Spanish design, and the Grecian annexe, containing recent antiquarian discoveries. Close to the Ecole Militaire will be a group of architecture of different nations, such as the Louvain belfry, an old Amsterdam house and Dutch fortifications, a Swiss *châlet*, the turret of Gustave Wasa's house from Norway, Pericles' house restored from Greece, portions of a Turkish palace, the Palace of St. Mark at Venice, the palace at Lahore, and the Houses of Parliament, a china tower from Japan, a Chinese house, the gilded dome of the Teheran Palace, a cottage covered with feathers from the shores of the Orenoque, Brazil, and an Egyptian temple. In the Fine Arts collection only works executed since 1867 will be admitted, and the pictures will be grouped according to the nationality of the artists. Catalogues will be provided for each separate section of the Exhibition. A cattle and horse show will be held during the Exhibition on the Esplanade des Invalides.



WITH THE RUSSIANS: CROSSING THE DANUBE FROM SIMNITZ



TO SISTOVA. JUNE 27—A BOAT STRUCK BY A TURKISH SHELL

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The Russians are making good their advance into Bulgaria, and the report of the capture of Tirnova has only turned out to be premature, as that important town was entered by the Russians, under General Gourka, on Saturday, and Prince Tcherkasski is now established in the ancient capital of the Bulgarian Czars. The taking of the town is looked upon by the Russians as a brilliant feat of arms, as the garrison, which numbered 3,000 Nizams and a large number of Redifs, were surprised and driven out of the town, leaving their camp and ammunition in the hands of the Russians. As usual the Christians welcomed the invaders with a religious procession, and sang a *Te Deum* in their honour. Biela also has been occupied, as the Turks, contented with repulsing the Russians at the bridge-head on the Jantra, evacuated that town on the 5th inst. The Russians are now calculated to have 120,000 men across the river, but nevertheless are advancing with great caution, and adopt the German method of invasion by always sending cavalry vedettes in front to reconnoitre and scour the country, and see that all is safe for the main body to follow. At present the invading army from Simnitza is divided into three principal columns, one of which is marching to Tirnova, a second to Selvi, and a third have entered Plevna, which, however, the Turks under Atif Pasha claim to have retaken. The Russians are anxious to advance upon Rustchuk and Shumla, but have first decided to wait for reinforcements, which, owing to the limited means of crossing the Danube afforded by the one bridge at Simnitza, are necessarily slow to arrive. From the Dobrudscha army we hear very little beyond that General Zimmerman appears to be concentrating his troops prior to attacking the line of Turkish defence and investing Kustendjie.

As for the Turks, at present they are acting wholly on the defensive, and from Sistova to Tirnova on the one side, and Matchin to Kustendjie on the other side of the quadrilateral, do not as yet seem to have made any serious stand against the advance of the Russians. Whether this is owing to supineness, to incapacity, or to some deeply-laid scheme is unknown, beyond that, when the Sultan, alarmed at the Muscovite successes, telegraphed to Abd-ul-Kerim to know why he and his 300,000 men had not prevented the passage of the river, the Serdar Ekrem replied that he had a plan by which not one of the Russians would recross the river alive. Abd-ul-Hamid, however, somewhat distrusting the efficacy of such a "plan," at once dispatched Redif Pasha to Shumla to overhaul it, and Abd-ul-Kerim has since received peremptory orders to make a general advance. The main features of the Turkish line of action are evidently to follow out the late Duke of Wellington's mode of fighting, and by retiring behind their defences, weary out the invaders by harassing sorties and small battles. There is a lingering hope also that the Russians may make the same mistake in Europe as they have done in Asia, and by dividing their columns into too many portions render them individually weak to resist a combined attack. The Grand Duke Nicholas, however, is far too cautious a man to commit any such error. A defeat in Asia is a comparatively trifling matter, but a serious repulse in Europe, where the eyes of half-a-dozen nations, hostile and neutral, are anxiously watching every movement, would be a political as well as a military disaster.

In ASIA the Russians have now retreated along the whole line, and have frankly confessed that they had underrated their opponents' strength, and had committed an imprudence by trusting to isolated columns without supporting them by reserves. Thus the right wing, under General Oklobjo, has retired into Russian territory, the centre, under General Melikoff, has also retreated, while the left wing under General Tergukassoff is trying to relieve the citadel of Bajazid, whose garrison is closely besieged by the Turks under Faick Pasha. There are reports from Turkish sources of various engagements in which the Russians have been defeated, and notably of the Russian left wing, which Ismail Pasha is said to have pursued over the frontier. The Russians are nevertheless bombarding Kars more vigorously than ever, but they have not been able to prevent the advance of Mouktar Pasha, who with the main body of the Turkish forces arrived on the 7th inst. at Djievlikia, about five miles distant from Kars, and opened communication with the garrison, the new Governor Mehemed Pasha having been previously enabled to enter the city with a reinforcement of 4,000 men.

The British Government having represented to the Porte that the blockade of the Black Sea was wholly inefficient, the commanders have received orders to be more vigilant and active. The work of the fleet this week has been a bombardment of Eupatoria and an attack by two vessels on the Russian position at Otshamtshir, on the river Kalinga, where a combined land and sea assault took the Russians by surprise, and inflicted great loss upon them. The Turks, adopting the Russian tactics, are now accusing the enemy of having committed great cruelties upon the Moslems in Armenia, and in circulars to the Powers cite all species of atrocities, ranging from pillage and wanton destruction of hospitals to useless murders and flogging naked women with the knout. It is admitted that in Europe during the entrance by the Russians into Sistova the Christian inhabitants committed serious excesses upon the Turks out of revenge for their former tyranny; but the probability is that the asserted "atrocities" are the inevitable result of warfare in a semi-barbarous country carried on by semi-barbarous troops such as both sides employ for irregular cavalry. Thus it is said that at Simnitza the Czar and Colonel Wellesley found a Bulgarian wounded by the Bashi-Bazouks, who had cut open his head in the form of a cross. Anent our military attaché, he has been warmly received by the Czar, to whose head-quarters he is now permanently attached.

ROUMANIA has at last received a half-hearted assent from the Czar to her active participation in the war, and it is said that a bridge is now being prepared at Gruja, by which the little army will cross the Danube. It was at first thought that a Roumanian-Servian alliance had been concluded, by which the Roumanians might enter Turkey by way of Servian territory, but, Austria having put a very decided veto upon any such arrangement, the Roumanians will have to force a passage for themselves. In this they will receive little or no assistance from the Russians, who by no means favour the movement.

SERVIA has been holding her Skuptchina at Kragujevatz. The Assembly has dutifully echoed the Prince's speech, and has professed unlimited loyalty, gratitude, and confidence. A minority, however, has openly avowed its dissatisfaction, and has resigned, new elections being at once ordered. In the mean time the Cabinet is once again reported to be on bad terms with the Porte, owing to having remonstrated against the concentration of a strong Turkish force at Nisch, and having received a very decided refusal to her demand that it should be removed. These troops are being concentrated from MONTENEGRO, which for some reason is being evacuated by the Turkish forces which, it is supposed, are wanted for more important work farther East.

At CONSTANTINOPLE there is considerable uneasiness, owing to the news of the Russian advance, but there has been some rejoicing over the supposed disgrace of Redif and Mahmoud Damad Pashas, and it is thought that the reign of the Palace Cabal is fast coming to an end. The news of the despatch of the British fleet to Besika Bay has not given general satisfaction, the general notion being that perfidious Albion, noting the Russian advance, is anxious to secure her share of the spoil.

FRANCE.——The electoral campaign is being actively conducted by both parties, and the Cabinet, by exercising every possible weapon of authority—even to forbidding other than Conservative newspapers to enter military hospitals—are striving to prevent the Republicans from canvassing the electors. Public discussion is prohibited, railway officials are warned to propagate Radical prints, a map of France showing in red the various departments which last election had voted for the 363 has been confiscated, while Conservative pamphlets, poems, and treatises on Marshal MacMahon are being actively circulated, and Prefects have been instructed to send in a return of all political items relating to their particular district. Of course the Liberals are crying out as loudly as they dare against these repressive measures and the whole system of official candidatures, but without the slightest avail, so that they are making the most of the small means that remain to them to keep up the spirits of their electoral supporters. M. Lemoinne of the *Débats* has wholly gone over to M. Gambetta, whom of old he so bountifully abused as a demagogue and a tyrant, while the *Temps* has announced "propagandist subscriptions" at greatly reduced prices, and declares its intention to send a thousand gratis subscriptions to influential electors in the small towns and villages of France. M. Thiers has not issued his looked-for circular; but M. Gambetta has made another speech, the occasion being the presentation to him of a handsome gold watch by some Alsace-Lorrainers who have settled in Bienne, Switzerland. In his discourse he again declared his conviction that the Liberals would conquer peacefully through the ballot-box, and that in a few weeks France will have spoken, "and then who will feel himself strong enough to resist France?" He once more eulogised M. Thiers, whose health he declared was never more sound and excellent, despite the assertion of the other side, and concluded by repeating his assertion that he had no intention of figuring himself as a leader in the campaign, but "disinterestedly and without *arrière pensée*" would fight in the "ranks of the Democracy."

In the mean time the date of the elections has not been fixed, and there are signs of division in the Conservative ranks, the Cabinet and the Monarchists wholly disapproving of the attitude of the Bonapartists and their cool assumption that all that has been done is for the restoration of Napoleon IV. There has been a sharp article on the subject in the *Moniteur*, in which it is announced that the Marshal will not tolerate the promotion of the personal interests of the Bonapartists under cover of the Conservative Union, and this article has been followed by a general wrangling, in which both sides are displaying great bitterness. The Republicans are naturally greatly rejoicing at this turn of events. The Conservatives, on their side, are making capital out of the peccadilloes of young M. Ordinaire, one of the 363, who has been gambling at Saxon les Bains, and omitting to pay a waiter of whom he had borrowed 80*l*., and has also been mixed up with an absconding bankrupt of Lyons whom he had joined in certain speculations. M. Gambetta has accordingly ostracised him from the party.

From Paris there is very little news. The weather has been wet and windy, and the only "gossip" has been about the new electric light, which has been tried at the Palais de l'Industrie and the Lyons Railway Station with eminently satisfactory results.—The Duc de Broglie has received a deputation from the Chamber of Commerce of Northern France, which, representing the linen, cotton, coal, and metal interests, begged the Government to prolong the existing treaties of commerce for several years. The Minister replied that certain propositions had been made to England to which a reply had not yet been given, so that for the present no final resolution could be adopted. Permission has now been given to officers and soldiers to wear spectacles—a concession which, for some reason or other, despite many remonstrances, has long been refused.

GERMANY.——The much-talked-of order prohibiting the exportation of horses has been issued, together with a notice pointing out that this measure is disconnected with politics, and that Austria and Russia have already taken this step. Horses intended solely for "luxury" may be exported with a special permit.—Emperor William has gone to Coblenz, and Prince Bismarck has paid another visit to Berlin.—General Grant arrived at Cologne on Monday, and left next day for Coblenz.

INDIA.——The famine reports from Bombay indicate that the worst is over. Supplies are stated to be abundant, the general state of the people is better, there is a decrease of 70,000 on the Relief Works, and it is hoped that all cause of anxiety will soon cease. In Madras, however, the prospects are less cheerful, although they also are improving. The numbers on the works exceeds a million and a quarter, and the continued rise of prices causes considerable anxiety.—The amount tendered for the Four per Cent. Loan of 25,000,000 rupees amounted to 33,250,000 rupees. The Papal Jubilee was celebrated on the 10th ult. with great pomp at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Calcutta.—Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy is dead.

UNITED STATES.——The Mexican difficulty continues to be the chief topic. Senator Blaine, when speaking on the "Fourth," warned the country against any aggression upon Mexico under the guise of "protection of the frontier," and inveighed against any proposition to annex Mexico. If any annexation were advisable the incorporation of the British American provinces would be the most beneficial. The President, however, has since distinctly denied that he favours Mexican annexation. Respecting his Southern policy, which also formed a favourite topic with the speakers of the "Fourth," Mr. Hayes said he "wished to effect a complete reconciliation with the South, and would leave it to time "to vindicate his course." The Indian war in Idaho does not seem to prosper, and Colonels Perry and Whipple, lured by an apparent retreat, advanced too far into the territory of the Indians, who, suddenly rallying, cut off the courier column, and surrounded the little force. A courier succeeded in breaking through, and reported the affair to General Howard, who hurried forward to their succour. Indian runners are rousing the tribes, and the settlers are taking refuge in the military forts.

MISCELLANEOUS.——BELGIUM has been entertaining ex-President Grant and his family, and at Brussels there was a Court dinner in their honour.—In SPAIN Señor Castellar, having complained in the Cortes of the expulsion of Zorilla from France, the Minister for Foreign Affairs replied that Zorilla had been conspiring against the Monarchy.—From SWITZERLAND an enormous harvest of hay is reported.—From the TRANSVAAL we learn that all the native chiefs have given in their adhesion, that the country is quiet and highly satisfied, and that the taxes are coming in rapidly. At Cape Colony the Bill for the annexation of Griqualand West has unanimously passed the second reading in the Assembly.

THE COURT

THE Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, were to leave Windsor for Osborne yesterday (Friday) on Her Majesty's usual autumn visit to the Isle of Wight. The Queen at the end of last week received the Swedish and Norwegian Minister, Sir E. Thornton, the British Ambassador to the United States, and the Minister at Bogota, and entertained the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat at dinner. On Saturday Her Majesty drove to Old Windsor to see Mrs. Bagster, the widow of the publisher of the Polyglot Bible, who will attain her hundredth year next month, and Prince Leopold returned to Windsor from visiting the Princess Louise. Next morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended service in the private chapel, and in the evening Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Roxburgh, the Dowager Marchioness of Ely, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord de Ros, and Mr. Montagu Corry dined with Her Majesty, the Queen also giving an audience to Lord Beaconsfield. On Monday Her Majesty gave audience to the Judge Advocate-General, and in the afternoon the Queen and the Princess Beatrice drove on to Ascot Heath, to inspect the preparations for the review, Princess Louise and Prince Leopold joining Her Majesty on the Heath. The Queen gave a dinner-party in the evening, at which the Princess Louise, the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Lorne, Sir E. and Lady Thornton, the Duchess of Roxburgh, and the Dowager Marchioness of Ely were the principal guests. Next day Princess Louise and her husband, Prince Leopold, and Sir Edward and Lady Thornton left the Castle, and in the afternoon Her Majesty, with the Princesses Christian and Beatrice and the Duke of Cambridge, held a review in Windsor Great Park. The Queen was received with a Royal salute, and drove down the line, returning to the saluting point for the march past. On Wednesday Her Majesty held a Council at Windsor Council, and on Thursday the Queen and the Princess Beatrice were to come up to town to be present at the Prince and Princess of Wales's garden party.

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their children and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, who has been visiting his sister, returned to town at the end of last week. The Princess on her way back for the first time visited Newmarket to see the Prince's Arabian horse Alep run in a match. Alep however was beaten. On Saturday the Prince and Princess with Prince Waldemar went to Burlington House, where the Princess distributed the prizes to the children attending the schools of the Chapel Royal Savoy. Some of these prizes were sent by the Queen, and consisted of collarettes and *fichus* worked by Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice. The Prince and Princess afterwards visited the Hunterian Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, where the skeleton of the first tiger killed by the Prince had been placed, and in the evening they with Prince William of Hesse went to hear *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden. On Monday the Prince and Princess, with the Princess Louise, Prince Waldemar, and Prince William of Hesse, inspected Sir Richard Wallace's art collection in Manchester Square, and in the afternoon Prince Waldemar left London to rejoin his vessel at Southampton, the Prince and Princess going to the station to see him off. In the evening they dined with Earl and Countess Cadogan. Next day the Prince of Wales and Prince George went to the Duke of Devonshire's garden party at Chiswick, and in the evening the Prince and Princess dined with the Earl of Northbrook and Lady Emma Baring. On Wednesday evening there was a State Ball at Buckingham Palace, at which the Prince and Princess and the other members of the Royal Family were present. Next day the Prince and Princess were to have a garden party at Marlborough House. To-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess will visit Wantage to unveil the statue of Alfred the Great. They will go in state to the market-place, where an address will be presented and the statue inaugurated, and after the ceremony the Prince and Princess will go to Lockinge Park to stay with Colonel and Mrs. Loyd Lindsay until Monday, a garden party being given in their honour. Next Saturday, the Prince and Princess will be present at Lady Holland's garden party at Holland House.

Princess Christian presented the rewards given by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the children of the London schools at St. James's Hall on Wednesday. On Thursday the Princess was to give away the prizes of the Prince Consort's Windsor Association at the annual meeting in the Home Park. The Princess will lay the corner-stone of the new workshops at the Home for Little Boys on the 28th inst., and the Prince will preside at the luncheon.—The Princess Louise gave away the prizes to the successful competitors in the Children's Flower Show at Argyll Lodge, Campden Hill, on Wednesday.—The Duke of Edinburgh has been visiting Constantinople, and was to rejoin the British Squadron in Besika Bay on Thursday.—The Duke of Connaught visited the Queen's County Rose Show at Maryborough on Saturday, and inspected the camp of the Queen's County Rifles, going afterwards to stay until Sunday night with Captain Crosby at Stradbally Hall.—Prince Leopold on Saturday inaugurated a memorial tablet to Alberigo Gentili, the founder of international law, in St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate, Gentili having been buried in the churchyard. The Prince on Wednesday laid the first stone of the new infirmary of the Earlswood Asylum, Redhill.

The Emperor and Empress of Brazil made a short tour in the Lake District at the end of their Scottish tour, and crossed from Barrow-in-Furness to Belfast, where they went to the Giant's Causeway, and thence to Dublin. After doing the lions in Dublin their Majesties went to Killarney and Cork, whence they returned to Dublin and crossed to England, returning to London on Wednesday.—The Comte and Comtesse de Paris are in London.

MUSIC

Royal Italian Opera.——At Covent Garden we have had only repetitions of performances already noticed. *Il Barbiere*, *Lohengrin*, *Dinorah*, *I Puritani*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Il Vascello Fantasma* have all been given "for the last time this season." To night we are promised the new Italian version of Otto Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, produced many years ago at the old house in the Haymarket, under the title of *Falstaff*. One of the "merry wives" (Mrs. Ford) is to be impersonated by the charming Zaré Thalberg, of whom it will not seem surprising that her husband should be jealous. Next week (last of the season) we are to have a single representation of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, with Mdlle. Albani as Ophelia, which alone will impart a special interest to the occasion. We reserve general remarks.

Her Majesty's Theatre.——The first performance of Wagner's *Lohengrin* was in several instances remarkable. The Ortrud of Mdlle. Marie Rôze, though by no means comparable with the Ortrud of Mdlle. Titiens, is, nevertheless, a carefully considered and highly intelligent performance. The Elsa of Madame Christine Nilsson is one of the most thoughtful, finished, and admirable impersonations on the lyric stage. Wagner himself never witnessed such an embodiment of (Brunnhilde not forgotten) his especially cherished heroine. Madame Nilsson has not merely studied the music, but the character (which, it need scarcely be said, she looks to perfection), with conscientious earnestness, and has taken both to heart, the result being something unique of its kind. Elsa is assuredly Wagner's most ethereal creation, and its embodiment by Christine Nilsson is the absolute realisation of the poet's idea. Who would not be a "Knight of the Swan," to champion such a persecuted lady? Who can wonder at Lohengrin's regret in leaving her, even though returning to the guardianship of the Holy Graal? Wagner has just completed *Parcival* (or, as we should say, *Percival*). Has he found another Elsa, who shall be to the father what Elsa is to Lohengrin the son? We doubt it—while admitting that Wagner's poetical invention is apparently inexhaustible. If Signor Fancelli could (like Signor Nicolini) wear the semblance of the character as well as he sings and acts it, we might be cheated into believing that the real Lohengrin was before us. The music offers no difficulties whatever to his magnificent voice—one of the finest of existing tenors; and he has thoroughly mastered the requirements essential to a fairly dramatic presentment of the mythic hero. But something more is wanted, and that something more Nature has denied to Signor Fancelli. The other characters are efficiently sustained by Signor Galassi (Telramund), Herr Rokitanski (the King), and Signor Franceschi (the Herald). The opera is carefully put upon the stage, and the general execution under Sir Michael Costa is highly effective. The other performances, as at the Royal Italian Opera, have consisted exclusively of repetitions. Madame Gandini Gerster, the new soprano, has again appeared, both in the *Sonnambula* and *Lucia*, without however affording us any reason to modify the opinion of her talent already expressed. She possesses distinguished ability, but has yet much to acquire before she can be accepted without reserve as a finished artist. The *Trovatore*, with Signor Tamberlik, *vice* Herr Wachtel, as Manrico, sufficed emphatically to show the difference between a genuine artist and a make-believe. Madame Nilsson being indisposed, the part of Leonora was confided to Madame Marie Rôze, who, not for the first time, displayed eminent capability. The value of this lady as a working member of the company, ready at any emergency to fill the place of a comrade, can hardly be over-estimated. A morning performance of *Don Giovanni*, with M. Faure as the hero, Signor Tamberlik as Ottavio, Mesdames Trebelli, Marie Rôze, and Nilsson, as Zerlina, Donna Anna, and Donna Elvira, Herr Rokitanski as Leporello, Signor Zoboli and Brocolini as Masetto and the Commandant, brought together a "combination cast" which attracted one of the largest audiences of the season. There was scarcely a vacant place to be seen. Of the performance generally it is needless to speak. The opera advertised for this evening is *Lohengrin*. On Tuesday Madame Gerster is to give a new opportunity of adjudging her claims to consideration, as Elvira, in the *Puritani*. On Saturday, the 28th inst., the theatre will close.

Philharmonic Concerts.——On Monday night the last concert of the season (the 65th) was given in St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. The symphony was Mendelssohn's in A minor ("Scotch"). The chief feature of interest, however, was the "Elegiac Overture," composed by Herr Joachim for his Cambridge degree as Doctor in Music. This pleases more and more every time it is heard. Herr J. Wieniawski, brother to the eminent violinist, played Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor remarkably well; and the charming violinist Mdlle. Pommereuil gave one of the most showy pieces of Vieuxtemps in a brilliant manner. The singers were Miss Catherine Penna and Mr. Santley. The concert ended, as usual on such occasions, with Weber's *Jubilee* overture.

Waifs.—It is again with sincere regret we have to state that there is no improvement whatever in the state of Mdlle. Titiens's health. The idea of her appearing in public this season is out of the question; nor are there, we fear, any hopes of her ever resuming the profession of which she has long been so bright an ornament. —The last of the Floral Hall Concerts, at which all the principal members of Mr. Gye's operatic company are to take part, is announced for this afternoon.—Mdlle. Caroline Salla, the new-comer who has made so favourable an impression this season at Her Majesty's Theatre (where, it is to be hoped, she may be heard again next year), has returned to Paris.—It is believed that the Emperor of Austria will attend the forthcoming festival to be held at Salzburg, in commemoration of Mozart.—The Harp Recital of Mr. Frederick Chatterton, in Willis's Rooms, was, as usual, a great success with the many admirers of the instrument of which he has long been recognised as one of the most accomplished professors. Miss Mary Chatterton, who gives every promise of becoming an expert worthy the name she bears, not only in a duet with Mr. Chatterton, but in a solo on Welsh melodies, highly distinguished herself; and Miss Ada Clark, a young pupil of Mr. Chatterton's, showed great proficiency in "The Nymph's Revel," a "rhapsody" from the pen of the concert-giver. "The Prince of Wales's Grand March," performed by ten amateurs, also pupils of Mr. Chatterton, was a special feature of the programme, in which the clever Miss Julia Woolf took part, as pianist, Misses Lattue Laverne, Venie Roy, and Helen d'Alton, as vocalists. It is only necessary to add that Mr. Chatterton's own solo was his "Fantasie Brillante," on themes from *Robert le Diable*—how he plays which it would be superfluous to say.

SPORTING

The Turf.——The last day of the July meeting at Newmarket will probably be a memorable one in the annals of the Turf at head-quarters, for on that day the colours of the Prince of Wales were first seen in "flat" racing. It was the first time indeed during the present century that a Royal racing jacket had been donned on the famous heath. The occasion, from a racing point of view, was an unimportant one, as it was only a match between His Royal Highness's Arab Alep and Lord Strathnairn's Avowal, but it was so far interesting as showing that a second class English thoroughbred is much more than a match for a "pedigree" Arab, the unbeaten victor of numberless races abroad, over a four mile course. The day, too, was marked by the fact that the Princess of Wales for the first time honoured the heath with her presence. That the action of the Prince of Wales will make him still more popular than he already has been with a certain and large section of the community is highly probable, but whether, taking all things into consideration, his personal identification with even our "national sport" was an advisable step is open to grave question.

At the meeting of the Jockey Club at Newmarket steps were taken to mark the appreciation in which the late Admiral Rous was held by the upper section of the Turf world as they have already been by the lower. The sum collected, which doubtless will be a large one, will probably be applied to the foundation of some almshouses at the Turf metropolis—a very appropriate suggestion.

The Liverpool July Meeting, always a popular one, did not open very grandly on Tuesday, small fields being the order of the day, the only really interesting race being that for the Molyneux Cup, in which Trappist gave lumps of weight to Caramel and four others and beat them easily, thus indirectly showing what a wonderful horse among our moderns Springfield must be. For some unaccountable reason the fields were no better on Wednesday, notwithstanding the liberality of the lessees, and the sport was far from interesting. Lord Lonsdale won three races, his four year old Hesper giving Footstep 7lb. and a beating in the Liverpool Plate. Helena scored another victory for the Duke of Westminster in the Bickerstaffe Stakes, and John Day took the Aintree Cup. Winchester clashed with Liverpool, but did not seem to suffer thereby, the racing being quite up to the usual standard of this favourite southern gathering.

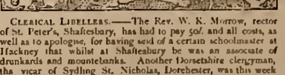
For the St. Leger Chamant holds the pride of place in the quotations at a trifle over 3 to 1, Silvio, the Derby winner, standing at 4 to 1, while a dark animal named Swlog—a son of Sea Saw—is backed at 25 to 1.

Cricket.——Plenty of fine cricket in London and elsewhere is to be chronicled.—The last of the now annual three matches between the Gentlemen and Players was concluded at Prince's on Saturday last in favour of the Gentlemen by nine wickets, the amateur element thus again asserting that predominance over the professional which it has shown almost uninterruptedly for the last ten years. Mr. G. F. Grace's 134 and Ulyett's 118 were the batting features of the match, while Mr. W. W. Read's 72 was an admirable innings.—On the same day at Manchester, Nottingham, having played much below its standard, fell an easy prey to Lancashire—a result mainly due to the admirable bowling of M'Intyre and Watson.—Kent still continues to play well and luckily, and has beaten Sussex at Brighton by no less than 10 wickets. For the home county Mr. F. Penn made 61, and the old Oxford bowler (Mr. Foord-Kelcey) 74, but Lord Harris, who seems a little off this season, could only contribute 12. Charlwood was the only batsman who made two fair innings for Sussex, marking 36 and 47, but Lillywhite in his second put together 52.—As might have been anticipated, Yorkshire has had no great difficulty in beating the aspiring county of Derbyshire; and Notts, in a match at Lord's for the benefit of G. Howitt, has defeated unlucky Middlesex by nine wickets.

Pedestrianism.——The fifty miles walking match for various prizes at Lillie Bridge on Monday last was a fairly successful affair, no less than seventeen men starting. A. Hancock proved himself the best of the party by doing his "little walk" in 8 h. 27 min. 45 sec., and beating his brother, O. Hancock, who was second, by over two miles. It is by no means unlikely that the winner, had he been pressed, would have eclipsed the best time on record—viz., 8 h. 19 min. 55 sec.

Billiards.——The professionals keep the balls rolling, and big breaks are still in the ascendant. In a recent match of 500 between W. Cook and J. Roberts, jun., the former went away at 24, and won with a break of 476, and being asked by the company to continue the break, he made it up to 756, though chiefly by the aid of the spot stroke.

Lawn Tennis, the youngest of our established outdoor pastimes, has had a definite mark made in its history, as during the week the first Championship gathering has been held at the All England Club Ground, Wimbledon.



LEGAL

Clerical Libellers.——The Rev. W. K. Morrow, rector of St. Peter's, Shaftesbury, has had to pay 50*l.* and all costs, as well as to apologise, for having said of a certain schoolmaster at Hackney that whilst at Shaftesbury he was an associate of drunkards and mountebanks. Another Dorsetshire clergyman, the vicar of Sydling St. Nicholas, Dorchester, was this week indicted for writing and publishing false, scandalous, and defamatory libels concerning the Rev. G. W. Whitehead, who was formerly curate of Sydling, and had been a rival candidate for the living. The defendant, however, obtained the appointment, and subsequently accused his rival of having been "turned out" for drunkenness. He also adopted the singular expedient of sowing mustard and cress in the vicarage garden, so that when the plant came up the words "Whitehead is a scamp" were presented to view. At the trial, under counsel's advice, he pleaded guilty, and Lord Chief Justice Coleridge sentenced him to two months imprisonment, remarking that he had never read a more malignant libel.

"White Gloves."——These symbols of purity, which are always presented to the judge or magistrate who may happen to preside when there are no charges of any kind to dispose of, have within the last few days been bestowed in no fewer than four different courts, the recipients being Lord Chief Baron Kelly at Dolgelly, the Recorder of Maidstone at the Quarter Sessions of that borough, and the aldermen on duty at the Guildhall and Mansion House police courts. We know not whether these facts are to be taken as indications of a "gratifying diminution of crime," or whether they only mean that in the districts over which the above-mentioned courts have jurisdiction all the naughty people have been asleep or making holiday.

"Fully Paid-up Shares" are it seems not always quite so valuable as the phrase might lead one to suppose. The knowledge of this fact has been dearly bought by the proprietors of the *Whitehaven Gazette* and some thirty or forty other provincial newspapers, who were foolish enough to accept paper instead of cash for the insertion of advertisements of "The Church and Empire" Insurance Company. "The Church and Empire" was soon disestablished, and the too-confiding newspaper owners not only get nothing for their advertisements but will have to help to pay the Company's debts. Such is the decision of Vice-Chancellor Hall, founded on a certain section of the Companies' Act of 1867, which provides that all shares shall be paid for in cash unless an agreement to the contrary is registered.

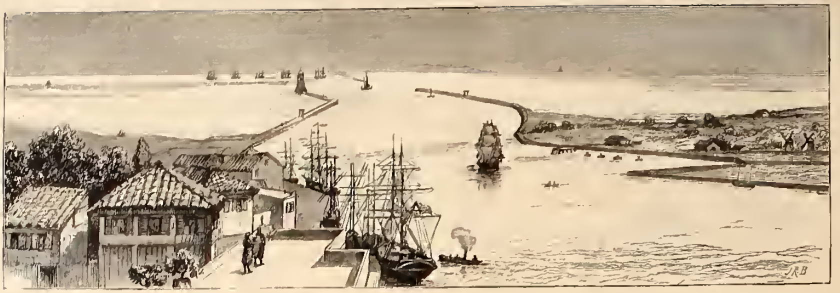
Floating Public Companies.——On Monday Vice-Chancellor Malins made some startling statements before the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the working of the Companies Acts of 1862 and 1867. He proclaimed himself still an advocate of the Limited Liability system, although he admitted that it had been very much abused, as in the case of "Overend, Gurney, and Co." No company should be started with less than 1,000*l.* subscribed. He knew of one (he would not mention names) formed by a financier among his clerks wherein only 35*l.* was subscribed, and it was sold in a few days for 400,000*l.* In another case, a fire insurance company, the advertised capital was 250,000*l.*; but all that was subscribed was 1,110*l.*, and when a fire occurred and a demand for money was made, it was proved that the company never had command of more than 300*l.* at one time. In the case of "Twycross v. Grant," the nominal capital was 300,000*l.*; but all that could be found when the company was wound up was 8,000*l.* in plant. He thought it impossible for the Legislature to protect the public from fraud, the devices and ingenuity of swindlers being so many and so great.

Erratic Jurymen.——At the Middlesex Sessions the other day a stableman was put on his trial for stealing a bridle. The evidence seemed more than usually clear; but the jury astonished everybody in court by returning a verdict of not guilty. Mr. Serjeant Cox, who was on the bench, was so indignant at the result that he peremptorily ordered the jury out of the box, remarking that he could not entrust them with any further business.—Another singular verdict was given last week in Jersey. A carter was charged with opening the gate of a level crossing on the Eastern Railway when a train was approaching, and thus causing danger to other vehicles. He pleaded guilty; but the jury at first said that they did not believe he intended to commit a crime, and on the Court refusing to accept this as a verdict, found the prisoner not guilty.

Miscellaneous Items.——A true bill for wilful murder has been found against the four persons accused of having caused the death of Mrs. Staunton at Penge, and they will be tried at the Central Criminal Court, whither the case has been removed by writ of *certiorari*.—Martha Baker, a Manchester "domestic," who was charged with giving poison to her mistress with intent to murder her, has been acquitted under the direction of the judge, who held that, as there was not sufficient poison in the "medicine" to make it fatal, the charge could not be sustained. —At Monaghan, in Ireland, a man is about to be tried for the murder of his wife by stopping her mouth with earth.—A curious charge of perjury has just been heard at the Worcestershire Assizes. It seems that in March last two men named Foster and Crumpton were convicted of a violent assault on one George Morgan, and were each sentenced to five years' penal servitude. It was however shown, by subsequent evidence, that there had been a stand-up fight between Foster and Morgan, and that the latter was not so much injured as the former. Morgan has in consequence been found guilty of perjury, and sentenced to penal servitude for five years, and the Home Office will be appealed to for a "free pardon" for the two men who were unjustly convicted.—A rate collector of Bristol, whose defalcations amount to 2,000*l.*, has been committed for trial for embezzlement, forgery, and falsification of the rate-books. It is said that there is only one other case of the kind on record, and that dates from 1780, when Lord Mansfield decided that any one altering a rate-book, even with the approbation of the justices, was guilty of a crime.—The other day a man walked into the Bow Lane Police Station, and gave himself into custody for stealing a Bible from a church into which he said he had broken. He produced a whole budget of burglar's tools, remarking as he did so, "That is what I call being my own policeman." He is now under remand.—A curious will suit has just been decided by Sir R. Phillimore and a special jury. The will propounded was made in 1876 by a gentleman named Hutton, and was disputed by his widow, in whose favour a former will had been made. It was shown that in 1874 the testator had met with a serious accident while hunting, ever since which he had been nervous, irritable, and suspicious, behaving in the most strange manner, and without any cause or reason accusing his wife and her relatives of drunken and dissolute conduct. His insanity being thus proved to the satisfaction of the Court, judgment was given against the will of 1876, and as the original will of 1871 had been lost, a draft copy of it which had been preserved was admitted to probate as expressive of the testator's intentions when of sound mind.

◆

Grasshoppers in Algeria are no longer to be considered as a plague, but as a source of considerable revenue to the colony. Hitherto at the appearance of a flight of these insects the inhabitants have immediately set to work to stupefy and burn them, or bury them while in a state of torpor. Now, however, a French chemist has discovered the means of extracting a brilliant dye from the grasshoppers, while the farmers find out that they make splendid manure, so that the Algerian Government intend to try the experiment of utilising the insects. One Arab tribe roast the grasshoppers, which are said to taste like dried nuts. If the experiment prove successful the hint may be useful to the Americans.



WITH HOBART PASHA—THE TURKISH FLEET AT ANCHOR IN THE MOUTH OF THE DANUBE, SULINA

*"THROUGH BRITTANY"**

To Brittany by boat for St. Malo or Morlaix, or better still by the long leisurely railway route through Paris to Angers and Nantes—who shall suggest a merrier round for a bright summer month, or marvel if books about Brittany accumulate and tourists feel their hearts burn within them to set down their impressions of hostelries whose homely fare is made more appetising by moderate charges and by kindly welcome; of hills where the wild boar and the wolf abound within an hour or two of English shores; of wild waves and tortured rocks, each with its tale of wrecks and storm; of moorlands dotted with Druidic avenues; of Pardons and pilgrimages, in whose rites the memory of the Korrigan is but half effaced by the legend of the Virgin and St. Anne? A marvel of condensed information, Mrs. Macquoid's "Through Brittany" may challenge comparison with any rival work for the fulness of its description of each and all these features (the second alone except) of Breton travel, while boasting quite a special excellence of its own in its sympathetic sketches of Breton life and manners, and of the subtler shades of difference to be found, not between Breton merely and Norman, but between Bretons *pur sang*, between the men of the Morbihan and of Cornouaille, or between these again and sad-eyed Leonnais or gentle priest-loving natives of Treguier. A bright sunshiny volume, where pen and pencil play an equal part, and legends of the Brittany of old are neatly interwoven with notes of the Brittany of to-day for the instruction of those who shall come after, it combines for all the coast-line between Nantes and Brest the exactness of the guide-book with the descriptive charm of the finished book of travel. And it is just along this southern line—North Brittany, we gather, will form a second volume—that Breton scenery is most varied and characteristic, that we pass in a few hours from the wooded glens of the Elle or the gigantic onion-beds of Pont-Aven, between which the tall peasant girl seems dwarfed, to the bare rock-ledges of Penmarch and the Raz; from the silent stones of Carnac and Plouharnel to towns and castles that still tell of Du Guesclin and "the Constable."

The sketches whence our engravings have been taken are rather perhaps typical Breton views than views of any special beauty. The Cathedral and Château of Nantes, with the well-preserved wall and towers that have flanked the Loire just four hundred years and the Castle of Clisson (in La Vendée, strictly speaking, but worth insertion here in memory of the knight whose name crops up all over the old Duchy) as you enter Brittany from the south-east; the famed dolmen of Corconno, with its capstone 22 feet in length—a monument once of Kymric chiefs, a barn after the rude wasteful Breton fashion now—and the pretty ruined castle of the De Rohans at Pontivy, as you pass onward through the Morbihan; or westward still half-way to Quimper (whose old houses, leaning forward as if to greet each other from either side the Odet, and twin cathedral spires looking down on the busy streets, will be remembered by all visitors to that most *bretonnante* of Breton towns), the quaintest bit of all, the old Church of Ste. Barbe, a true medieval eagle's nest in the cliff that sinks from the door sheer down into the Elle, with its little chapel of St. Bernard perched on another spur of rock at the end of the arched terrace just above, around whose base meritorious pilgrims sometimes creep by the aid of rings that are fastened in the wall.

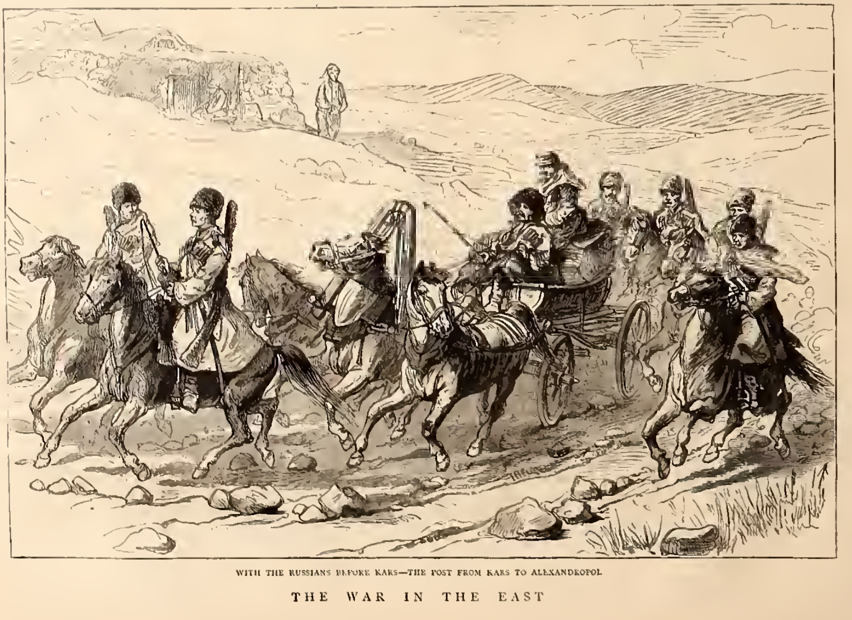
On the whole, however, we prefer the letter-press with its store of Breton legends, from "the Doom of Ker-Is" to the "Battle of the Thirty;" its good descriptions of Breton antiquities, Druidic, Gallo-Roman, and mediæval; its pleasant accounts of inland drives and boating excursions on the Sea of Morbihan. Mrs. Macquoid, too, has done her readers real service by a very excellent index of routes and distances, of inns and prices, not in the chief towns only, but in such out-of-the-way places as Audierne, Pont l'Abbé, &c. Whether, in fact, for instruction where to go or for pleasant readings at odd hours of the day, we could wish the wanderer through South Brittany no better or more trustworthy companion

---

* By K. S. Macquoid (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.)

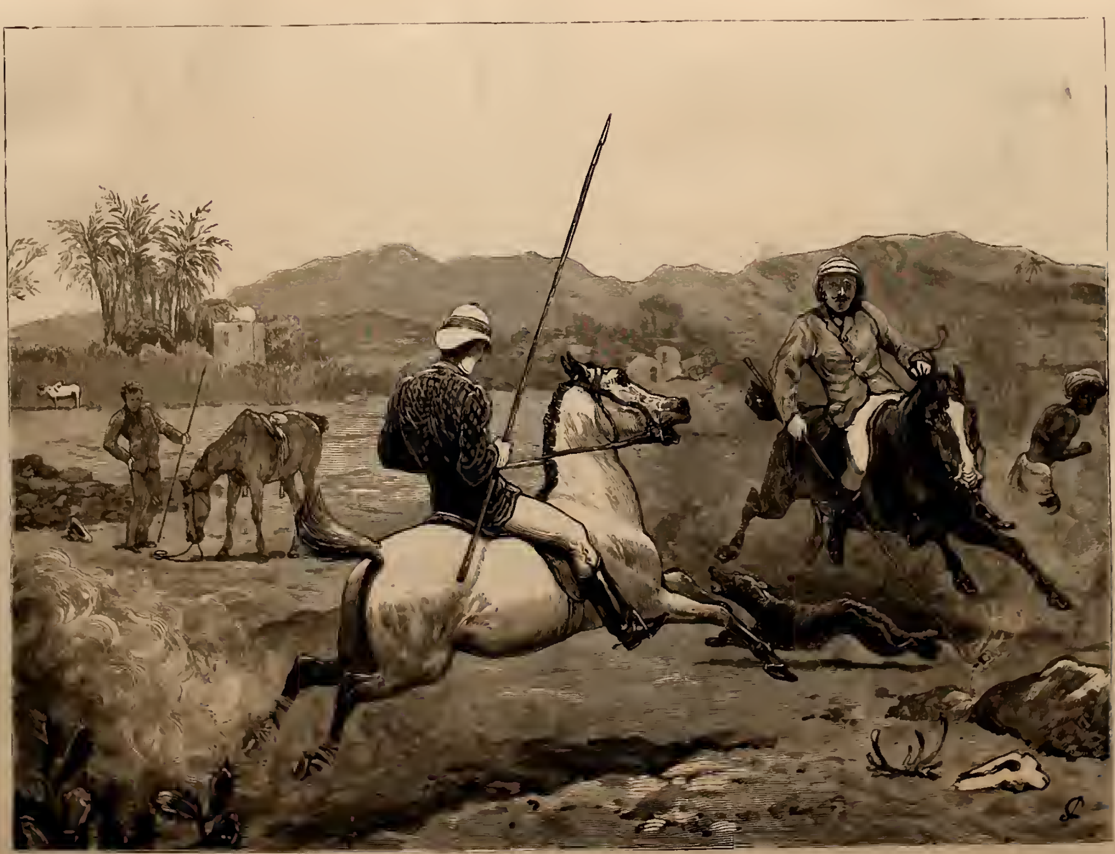
PIE-STICKING AT POONAH

INDIA of late having had a surfeit of old-young men in the way of Competition Wallahs, it does one's heart (and liver) good to see a genuine lad, and here we have them engaged in the "noble sport" of "pie" sticking. The pariah dog is one of the pests of the country, haunting the villages and camp, making night hideous with its howling, and in the day rushing at every stranger on horse or foot passing its kennel, half starved and savage, often rabid and living in hundreds a mangy existence, fed on offal and the filth of the neighbourhood. To "stick" a dog seems poor sport, but they sometimes give a good "run" across country, and our friends lately from Sandhurst—on direct appointments—seem at all events to be pulling up the art of riding. Soon they'll change their game, and hunt the grey boar over the stony plains of the Deccan. Let us hope that they will enjoy it equally, and that the youngster in the background who has just had a "pip" from his pony will find soft ground to fall upon. His "tattoo," who most likely has had hard times of it since in his present master's possession, appears used to the situation, and takes things easily, but as stones appear to be the principal growth of the land, he won't get much of a snack before his owner had rubbed himself all right, and mounts the pigskin again.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. G. D. Giles, 5th N.L.I., Poona, Bombay.

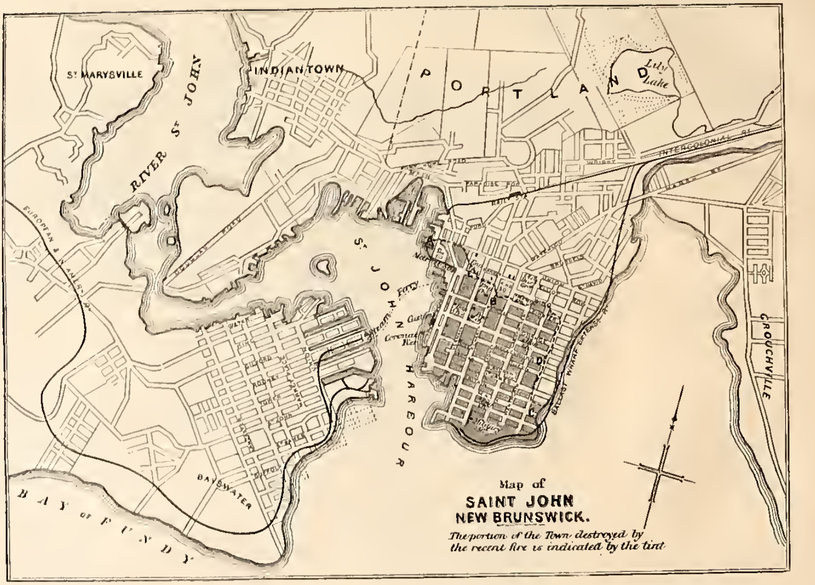


WITH THE RUSSIANS BEFORE KARS—THE POST FROM KARS TO ALEXANDROPOL

THE WAR IN THE EAST



INDIAN SKETCHES—"PIE-STICKING" AT POONAH



Map of
SAINT JOHN
NEW BRUNSWICK.
The portion of the Town destroyed by the recent fire is indicated by the tint

THE GREAT FIRE AT ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

This disastrous fire began on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 20th, in a building on the south of York Point Slip. In a few minutes after the first outbreak it had already passed beyond control, and in half an hour's time it was threatening the entire town. Although the firemen got to work right speedily, both sides of Union Street were soon in flames, and the conflagration, proceeding along Smyth Street in a southerly direction, soon reached Nelson Street and the South Wharf. With the strong wind from the north-west, the entire wharf was soon in a blaze. All Wednesday night and during the whole of Thursday the flames swept onwards, and ceased only when there was nothing left for them to feed upon. The greater number of the public buildings, churches, and newspaper offices were destroyed, and the bulk of the inhabitants were left without food and shelter. Never was the beneficent effect of the electric telegraph more obvious. Messages were flashed in all directions, and from various parts both of the Dominion and of the United States, replies speedily arrived promising immediate succour. Subscriptions have also been opened in London under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, as well as at Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow, which will, it is to be hoped, meet with a liberal response. Meanwhile a dark side of human nature is exhibited in the fact not merely that there was much marauding and plundering, but that several scoundrels were detected in the act of causing fresh fires for the sake of obtaining booty. We are indebted for the plan which we publish herewith to Messrs. Manchester, Robertson, and Allison, of 29, King Street, St. John, who write thus concerning the disaster :—

"The burnt district is all that part which is shaded. A shows where the fire originated, being in a boiler-maker's shop. B, C, and D are the only three houses in the burnt district that escaped. E is our place of business, where a determined and successful effort was made to stay the progress of the fire on the north side of King Street. The total loss of property is estimated at about 20,000,000 dollars, and the insurance amounts to about 6,000,000 dollars. The saddest part of all is the loss of life. Our people feel deeply gratified for the very tangible feelings and expressions of sympathy that are showered on us from all quarters, and the suffering of the poor and homeless is fast being alleviated. Rebuilding has already commenced in some quarters, and we think that the energy and pluck of our business men have not been extinguished, but that in a very few years, by the blessing of Providence, our city will rise up from its ashes, and that we will be again a prosperous people."

Magazines

II.

The *New Quarterly* would be worth buying were it only for Mr. Latouche's "Tourist in Portugal," which we are glad to see resumed in the present number. These sketches are both lively and scholarlike, they are full of interesting information about a little-known country, and their accomplished author possesses the rare gift of enabling the reader to see in his "mind's eye" the scenery described.—Besides the novelettes, which are by two "distinguished hands," namely, the author of "Orion" and Mr. George Meredith, we have by Mr. Jefferies an interesting survey of country society, showing how, under the influence of railways and telegraphs, feudalism is gradually vanishing away; and a critique on Edgar Poe, which is wonderfully fresh considering how much has been written concerning that erratic man of genius. The author points out his almost total want of humour, and remarks that "he is one of the very few men of undoubted genius who never, by any chance, move us either to tears or to laughter."

Setting aside the serial stories, the contents of the *Cornhill* seem more and more to be addressed to an audience "fit though few." Here, for example, are three papers, all excellent of their kind, and yet decidedly of a sort which is "caviare to the general." The first is an elaborate disquisition on the word "Philistine," as used in Mr. Matthew Arnold's sense; the second is an essay by a thoroughly competent hand on the French *ballade*, with the construction of which Mr. Austin Dobson has recently familiarised us; the third is a learned account, by Professor Ward, of a visit to Delphi. Mr. Proctor, discussing the planet Mars, is more within the scope of an average reader. It is curious that the "planet of war," which shone so brilliantly in 1854, will blaze out brightly again this autumn, when Russ and Turk are once more at strife.

Shakespearian scholars are well acquainted with Mr. Fleay's ingenious method of analysing the writings of the great dramatist. In the present number of *Macmillan* Mr. Fleay (whose name, by the way, is singularly appropriate to his work) submits *Romeo and Juliet* to this vivisectional process, and decides that Shakespeare's play is based on an earlier work by Peele.—Sir G. G. Scott, writing on the "Anti-Restoration" question, says very sensibly that while heartily sympathising in its leading aims with the new movement for the preservation of ancient monuments, he must protest against its being carried to the length of leaving our ancient ruins to fall into ruin, or to retain, in all cases, the effects of mutilation, disfigurement, and decay.—Mr. Fyfe writes an interesting anecdotical paper on "Modern Diplomacy." He is severe on Prince Bismarck, holding that there is a great deal of cunning underneath his apparently outspoken frankness.

The same subject, restricted to English diplomacy, is admirably discussed in *Blackwood*. Our diplomatists, it is shown, as compared with their Continental comrades, fight with their right hands tied behind their backs, because they never can feel sure that England will resort to force, without which in the background the cleverest diplomacy is mere child's play. This is a capital number of *Blackwood*. We have rarely read a more humorous sketch of a Continental *table d'hôte* at a tourist resort than that given in the opening of a new story, "Mine is Thine." "Heine," "Lord Abinger," and "The Storm in the East," are all papers worthy of *Blackwood's* high reputation.

By far the most interesting article in *Fraser*, to our fancy, is the "Exposition of Betting and Bookmaking." It should be carefully read and digested by that numerous portion of the community who hope to make money by backing racehorses, and will do them far more good than scores of those moral philippics against betting written by well-meaning philanthropists, who understand little or nothing of the business as it is actually conducted. The writer shows clearly that, putting roguery aside, the bookmakers, or layers of the odds, must, as a body, win, and the bettors, or takers of the odds, must, as a body, lose. Legislation has hitherto been futile. It has simply driven a number of speculators to Boulogne, who might just as well have been allowed to stay at home.—Madame Mario (*née* Jessie White) continues her "Experiences of Ambulances," and gives an interesting account of the extraction of the long-sought Aspromonte bullet from Garibaldi's ancle.—"British Trade" treats this month of Mexico and Brazil, of which countries the essayist says little that is financially favourable.

In the *Gentleman's* Mr. Proctor gives a clear description of some modern "Marvels in Telegraphy," including the transmission of drawings and of sounds. With regard to the latter he says that "before long Professor Bell's grand invention will be perfected to such a degree that words uttered so low on the Atlantic side that the nearest bystander cannot hear them will be heard distinctly after traversing 2,000 miles under the Atlantic at the European end of the submarine cable." Our descendants in the next century will probably go to listen to the Patti of the period, whether they are in London, New York, Calcutta, or Melbourne, and the fair songstress may save the trouble of facing an audience by staying quietly in her own drawing-room, say on the shores of Lake Como.—Another capital article tells us all about asparagus, including the etymology of that much-abused word.—A poem, entitled "A Dream of Sappho," by Minnie Mackay, shows that the writer has inherited no small portion of her father's talent.

Belgravia, as usual, rests its attractions chiefly on its fiction, which is at present supplied by Mr. James Payn and Mrs. Lynn Linton. Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope writes interestingly on Boccaccio in his series of papers on the Italian poets, and Miss Kate Field furnishes an attractive biography of that famous Trojan, Dr. Schliemann.

In the *Dublin University* Mr. Ingram, the editor of Edgar Poe's works, writes an attractive account of the Spanish novelist, who wrote such life-like pictures of Andalusian peasant life under the pseudonym of "Fernan Caballero." This lady, who died early this year, aged eighty, was of mixed parentage, half German and half Irish. She was born in Switzerland, yet was thoroughly Spanish by association.—Mr. Bagwell, in his "Basis of Irish Nationalism" gives a rapid yet masterly survey of the history of the Green Isle. He evidently disbelieves in the reality of the Home Rule cry, but considers that it is used by the Ultramontane party as a convenient weapon against the Fenians.

London Society, after its wont, deals chiefly in smartly-written novelettes, and verse of the "society" order, written to match pictures of young ladies more or less fascinating. "Gaol-Birds at Home" is painfully interesting, and the description of the agony endured by the well-bred criminal when he lies on his coarse bed on his first night in prison, cropped and close-shaven, and with his prison-clothes hanging up for him to wear on the morrow, is worthy of Dickens. But what does the writer mean when, speaking of a juvenile offender, he says "his hair was as disgusting to look on as that of an Australian bushman?" Australian bushmen are sometimes roughish fellows, but their heads are rarely deserving of such language as this. He must mean a South African Bosjesman.

A new story in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, entitled "The Queen of Sheba," promises to contain some vivid descriptions of rural scenery in New England. There is a good deal of quiet humour in the opening scene of the young bank-clerk who starts for a tour in New Hampshire, and who is so bothered by the eccentric propensity for backing which his mare Mary displays.—Pleasant also are Mr. Stillman's recollections of wandering in the forests of Maine. He gives a very striking description of the paralysing sense of horror which a man feels who thinks he has hopelessly lost his way in the woods. Personal experience enables us to corroborate his statements in every particular.—A writer in "The Contributors' Club" points out that the most sensational incident in "Daniel Deronda," the drowning of Grandcourt, corresponds almost exactly with a scene in Paul Heyse's "Die Einsamen."

We have also to acknowledge receipt of *Tinsley's*, *Charing Cross*, *Argosy*, *Chambers'*, *Spiritual Magazine*, *Poets' Magazine*, *Savoy Annual*, *Month*, *Vincent's Dictionary of Biography*, *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, *Good Words*, *Sunday Magazine*, *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, *Musical Times*, *All the Year Round*, *Golden Childhood*, *Ladies' Treasury*, *Street Life in London*, *Good Things*, and many others, including sundry serial publications from Messrs. Cassell. Those who want cheap magazines, full of wholesome matter, for lending among the poor, will find the four following very suitable, viz., *Christian Globe*, *Weekly Welcome*, *Hand and Heart*, and *Day of Rest*.

THAMES REGATTAS

Old Father Thames, at whom so many reproaches are thrown, whose sins and offences have been recorded in a hundred blue books, and denounced in a hundred parliaments, has a right to some share of credit as well as a great deal of abuse. Although he occasionally gobbles up the farmers' hay-crops, and washes away some of their flocks, he still more often fertilises with Nile-like libations their most productive fields. Although he has a way of flooding the wharves and choking the sewers of South London, he does a deal of hard work in carrying the wharfingers' heavy luggage for them, and carrying off the drainage of the trans-riverain people. Finally, against the rather formidable list of poor wretches annually drowned beneath his muddy eddies must be set in the opposite scale the enormous numbers who throughout the summer take their pastime on his broad surface. It is astonishing how greatly this last-mentioned class has increased within the past few years. The boat-builders and the lock-keepers could give, if they chose, some curious statistics as to the increasing popularity of the much-abused and much-slighted river. Where once only a stray punt-fisher was to be seen watching his float, or a lazy crew of undergraduates whiling away a week of the vacation, there may now be seen throughout June, July, and August the neat and luxurious craft of the Londoner, equipped with bag and baggage, tent, and cooking apparatus, and all the paraphernalia of a picnicking campaign. All along the banks of the Lower Thames, from Chiswick up to Staines, the dainty villas which have sprung into being send forth their inmates, clad in all the glory of many-coloured flannels and bewitching muslins, to flit up and down the stream; and on a fine evening few of the hundred miles of river between London and Oxford are without their half-score of pleasure boats paddling idly or busily hither and thither.

But it is the boating men in the stricter acceptation of the term—that is, the men who row in races—who have increased most notably, and with them the grand field days on which their competitions are held. Within the last ten years almost every one of the "reaches," or straight pieces of river suitable for racing, have been appropriated to some sort of regatta. Almost every town with any pretensions upon the Thames has given one of these *fêtes*, which has been more or less successful, and has been repeated more or less often according to the generosity of the local subscribers and the energy of the hon. secretary. It would take too long to enumerate the places which have thus distinguished themselves. Some of them, such as Pangbourne and Wallingford, have achieved a momentary success, and attracted in their day some excellent crews, but under various blighting influences which it would be easy to explain have died away, and been suppressed. Others, such as Walton, attempt annually, but with varying success, to organise a grand regatta. One year the neighbouring magnates, aided by some of the rich *parvenues* who abound in all places near London, are inspired with a noble generosity, and come down handsomely with their donations. Then a long array of bright silver cups is ordered from Bond Street, and immense handbills are printed and stuck up in the stations and boathouses round about. Another year—and this, we fear, is one of the bad years—a stingy fit seizes upon the Waltonians, and the most strenuous efforts of a patriotic regatta committee cannot induce them to provide funds enough for the purchase of suitable prizes. On the other hand, several new regattas, big and little, seem to have firmly established themselves as permanent institutions, and aspire in some cases almost to rival Henley in the magnificence of their prizes, if not in the quality of the competitors engaged. It is not more than a dozen years since the most ambitious of all these—the Metropolitan Amateur Regatta—was got up by the exertions of the London Rowing Club. Another still more modern aquatic *fête* is that which is held on the pretty reach between Moulsey Hurst, where the great fights used to be fought, and the picturesque village of Hampton. Finally, to quote a still more recent example, there is the great so-called "International" Regatta, which was rather suddenly started in the autumn of last year, with funds supplied, as it was always understood, by some of the railway companies.

An amateur regatta is not yet a public holiday and jubilee in the same sense as a race meeting on the turf. But there is little reason, especially considering the popularity already achieved by the University boat race, why it should not in time become so. It is not far behind in this respect in some parts of England: Tewkesbury, Evesham, and Hereford, for instance, and some of the northern towns where the "rowing men" are held in the highest honour. But if the enjoyment to be reaped at Ascot or Epsom be compared with that which is attainable at Henley and Walton, and fairly weighed in the balance, there are few, except out-and-out betting men and real lovers of horse-flesh, who will not give a preference to the latter. The cool shade of the trees, the refreshing sight of the water itself are more attractive, to the Londoner at all events, than the dust and glare of a racecourse. There is not, it is true, the same dash and spirit and excitement about a match between eight-oars or scullers that there is in the lightning-like finish of a race between thoroughbreds. But a good downright hard-fought struggle between a pair of well-trained crews is a grand sight in itself; and it may be watched with a critical eye at greater leisure and with a better appreciation of its merits by the spectator who knows nothing either of horses or boats. Moreover it has this grand and paramount advantage that it is rowed fair from start to finish. No one ever heard of an amateur crew which lost a race at a regatta on purpose, whereas who can assert with confidence of any jockey that he never "pulled" his horse? Everything tends to show that these amateur contests, waged on such an attractive scene of battle, will gain in favour with the upper classes, whatever may be the fate of the Turf, now that its old patrons are being so cruelly thinned.

A striking contrast to the Thames regattas in which gentlemen compete is afforded by those in which watermen row. The latter have dwindled and are dwindling away in a deplorable fashion. The professionals have themselves in a great measure to thank for this result. Fouling, jockeying, and unfair positions have been only too prevalent among them, and the gentlemen who would fain support them if they would row fairly and manfully hesitate to lend their sanction or contribute funds where such malpractices are likely to be the rule. A few regattas still remain, patronised by influential and patriotic amateurs. But the public has lost confidence in them, and it will be long, perhaps, before the professional rowing man will again take his place of honour in the boatracing of the Thames.

THE READER

"Critical Miscellanies," by John Morley (Second Series: Chapman and Hall).—Revised reprints—with, we think, one exception—from the *Fortnightly*, these papers fall into two main divisions; memorials and criticisms of John Stuart Mill by one who was at once a disciple and a friend, studies of eighteenth century France by a writer who has made the period from the Encyclopædists to the Terror his acknowledged specialty. The only two other papers flow naturally in side-currents of thought that branch from these main channels; the first an essay on Macaulay as the writer who side by side with, but in strongest contrast to, J. S. Mill, has been the model of form and method to one half of our modern prose-writers; the second, an address on popular culture with especial reference to the best methods of bringing historical and logical studies to bear their part in the practical education of the many. To say that all these papers are worth reprinting would be but a faint form of praise. To ourselves, at least, there is a charm in Mr. Morley's writings not always found in papers of quite equal cleverness; a charm that strikes us as in part natural, in part acquired, the combined result of a clearness of thought and expression, suggestive of long study of good French novels, and of an earnestness of purpose and evident *feeling* of the difficulties alluded to or discussed which seem to establish between reader and writer something of a personal contact. Of both these qualities there are ample traces in the volume now before us—in the memorial of J. S. Mill, above all in the close criticism (however much we may differ from it on many points, *e.g.*, on the low position assigned to religious motives as a moral force) of the philosopher's latest and least consistent utterances on the utility of religion and on theism, as in the historical "studies" of the "god-like Turgot," and Robespierre "the incorruptible." Of these two last—the most attractive papers for the general reader in the volume—we must confess to a preference for the Robespierre, though we could have wished that in the account of the final struggle of the Jacobins and the Convention a little more prominence had been given to the disciple born a year too young, the immature but colossal figure of St. Just. The Turgot seems somewhat over-weighted with analyses of the early writings and college theses—little more—of the great financier which tire us before we come to the really fine details of his work as Intendant of the Limousin, and later on as Finance Minister for France. But the papers one and all will bear reading not once but twice—papers full of suggestive thought on subjects of undying interest.

"A Peep Behind the Scenes at Rome" (Chatto and Windus), by T. A. Trollope—a reprint, too, in part from the columns of the *Standard*—is a fair specimen of the half-dramatised sketches—typical facts and fictitious personages—by which our newspaper correspondents, in their lighter moods, attempt occasionally to put the English reader *au courant* with the back-stair intrigues and social influences which play so large, if unconfessed, a part in the every-day game of politics abroad. The *Mercante de Campagna*—Liberal *au fond*, but with a Clerical wife and daughters eager for admission to the receptions of the Papalini aristocracy; Padre Donovani, priest of all work, lowest but not least influential link in a chain which joins on through Padre Corboli, the fashionable confessor and Monsignore Bartolommeo to the highest circles of the Vatican; Signora Vandini, the thoughtless girl whose large portion must be secured for the Church; Dario Morsa, prosperous editor of the Red *Morte à Tutti*, ready to combine with the blackest of the Neri if only he and they can oust the Moderates and friends of the Government from their seats in the municipality, are characters which we imagine most old residents at Rome will have no difficulty in recognising. Not without interest, too, are the side pictures of the Roman aristocracy now and forty years ago in the good old days of quiet *soirées* and unpretentious receptions at the Vatican, when strangers were not expected to kneel, and audacious people like Sir J. Bowring gave Pope Gregory's extended hand a friendly shake, not without some half-suspicion that perhaps he rather meant that they should kiss it. Altogether a pungent and amusing book, though one cannot help thinking that the politics of Rome are, after all, the *politique du clocher*, and that the first blast of a real crisis would scatter all these cobwebs to the wind.

Under the title of "By Stream and Sea" (Chatto and Windus)—another reprint, though he does not say so—the angler's old friend, "Red Spinner," gives us, side by side with the log of his outward voyage to his new home at Brisbane, some parting sketches of pleasant wanderings by lonely English streams, or bits of scenery caught farther afield in business outings, we may guess, as special correspondent at meetings of the British Association, or wedding festivities by the Neva side. Among them all—though there is certainly something novel in a voyage to the Antipodes with the angling spirit prominent all through, and even taking practical expression in idling hours by the Suez Canal—the rambles by our native streams are the pleasantest and best; by Colne and Chess, with rustics hanging over the bridge, and watching evening effects of light and shade with huge if unanalysed content; by Itchen, with its monster trout; by Wandle and Darenth, with its yearly fishers' carnival; or by the lonely rivers of the Peak. But all are bright and animated throughout, brimful of angling lore and of the angler's love of all things animate or inanimate, save fish and worm—chapters to form a good addition to the small library of the river-side inn, or to be read in city homes with equal pleasure in memory of past delights or gleeful anticipations of holidays to come.

In "Sea and Salmon Fisheries" (Stanford), a new volume of the British Industries Series, the palm for general interest must be given to Mr. E. W. H. Holdsworth's excellent account of the coast fisheries of the United Kingdom; the method of capture, from appliances of universal employ—the trawl, the drift-net, the hand-line—to those of local and restricted use—the Cornish sean, the sprat-fisher's stow-net, the kettle-net of Kent and Sussex; the build of boats, the modes of curing fish; the fishermen themselves, from the hardy temperate trawlers of the North Sea to the improvident and somewhat indolent boatmen of the Sister Isle. Yet no less useful (to those who read such volumes for instruction) is Mr. Archibald Young's comparative survey of salmon rivers in the three kingdoms, with its copious tables of streams improved by salmon passes or injured by pollutions, of open seasons for net and rod, of men employed, annual amount of catch, &c. *Apropos*, by the way, of the not unfrequent outcry against trawling, we may note that the very limited fishing ground of the Brixham men—the first introducers of the beam-trawl—though worked by them for more than a hundred years, produces now more fish than ever.

"The History of Coaches," by G. A. Thrupp (Kerby and Endean)—a re-issue of lectures delivered last winter before the Society of Arts—must not be taken for one volume more of the now fashionable literature of the road. On the contrary, though small in size, it is a work of infinitely wider scope—a survey at once historical and artistic, of carriages and carriage-building from the dawn of history till now, from the cars and waggons of Greek, Roman, and Briton, through the chariotless barbarianism of the Dark Ages to the revival of vehicles in the Whirlicote and Carroche, and so onwards from the cumbrous but highly decorated State coaches of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, to the elliptical springs, the graceful forms, the facile lightness of our own times. Although a little too technical for careless moods—a volume indeed addressed in the first instance to the coach-builder, and full of closely-reasoned disquisitions on length of shafts, distribution of weight, distance of horses from their work, and so on—it is rich, too, in rare antiquarian details set off by curious illustrations, for which but for its aid we might have to go to books not always accessible to the million. A book in a word of equal interest to the lover of old fashions or the practical student of modern industries.

Of "Scenes of Travel in Norway," by J. C. Phythian (published for the Author by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) it is not easy to say much in praise or blame. The tour described—from Christiana to the Sogne Fjord and back—is one that men make every year, its incidents the everyday events of Norway travel. Still it is written about not unpleasantly, and may amuse, perhaps, some not too exacting tourist.

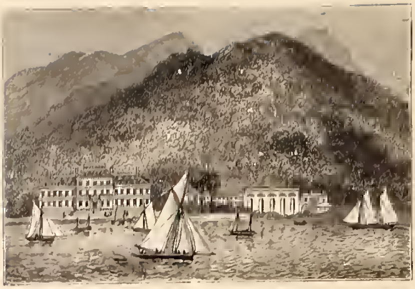
"Three Sketches of Life in Iceland," by Carl Andersen, translated by Myfanwy Fenton (R. Washbourne) would interest us more were we quite certain that they are realistic, not idealised, sketches of Icelandic homes. In the one case they are simply pretty tales; in the other curious illustrations of the survival to our own time of thought and manners familiar to every reader of the Sagas—tamer and modernised, no doubt, but genuine survivals still of dark superstitions, of curious aptitudes for mocking improvisations of stern and somewhat savage independence.

Pleasant reminiscences of the Burlington House Exhibition are awakened by "The Royal Academy Album for 1877" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), edited by S. Jennings. This annual collection of permanent photographs of the more prominent Academy pictures contains some of the best examples of Messrs. Goodall, Alma-Tadema, Marks, Storey, Pettie, Horsley, and a host of other well-known painters, and the work, which is tastefully and carefully executed, not only forms a valuable *souvenir* of the chief art-exhibition of the year, but is in itself a real *édition de luxe* for the drawing-room. The photographs, thirty-eight in number, appear to be especially fitted for reproducing land and sea-scapes, while figure subjects are also well represented. For example, Messrs. Cooke and E. Hayes' "Dutch Pinks" are admirably clear and distinct, and Mr. Leader's Alpine scenes and Mr. H. Moore's "Mist and Sunshine" are but little inferior, whilst, amongst others, Mr. Horsley's "The World Forgetting," Mr. Burgess's "Licensing Beggars," Mr. Storey's "Pump Room," and Mr. Sant's portrait of "Mrs. Starkie," are particularly noticeable for the delicacy and truth with which they are here depicted. Altogether, both editor and publishers may well be congratulated on having produced one of the handsomest books of the season.

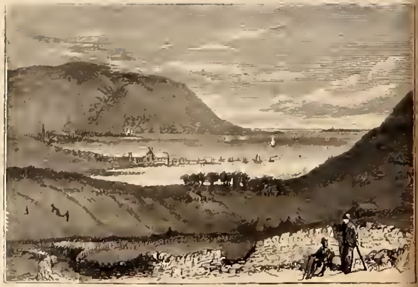
The Caxton Celebration has evidently suggested "The Earl Printer: a Tale of the Time of Caxton," by C. M. N. (J. F. Shaw). By a judicious mixture of truth and fiction the author presents an attractive picture of life in Caxton's office at Westminster, introducing sober Master Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, his assistant and successor—as yet a stripling—and detailing the visit of Edward IV. and his Queen. This Royal visit is fraught with serious consequences to the hero, a young Lancastrian noble, disguised as a printer. Pleasantly written, with considerable attention to historic detail, the book is likely to arouse interest about the first English printer and his days in youthful minds which take sparse interest in biographies and exhibitions of black-letter editions.—Sentimentalism *versus* activity is set forth, much to the detriment of the former, by Mr. Edward Garrett, in "Doing and Dreaming" (Nimmo), a practical story of women's work which may be commended to young ladies who consider it *infra dig.* to earn their own bread.—In "A Peep Behind the Scenes," by Mrs. Walton (Religious Tract Society), we have a pathetic account of life in a strolling caravan. The gilt is truly off the gingerbread in this recital, as the misery and poverty of the poor players stand out in strong relief to their apparently jovial life.—From the same publishers come "Bible Pictures for our Pets," consisting of Scriptural engravings and descriptions. These illustrations are far superior to the garish coloured prints usually considered suitable to educate the infantile eye.

The delightfully aggravating heroes of "Helen's Babies," Toddie and Budge, reappear in "Other People's Children" (Routledge), and though, perhaps, the sequel lacks the novelty and spontaneity of its predecessor, in genuine unforced fun it is but little behind. Desirous to prove that children should never be checked in questioning, and that a repressive system is the worst style of education, the author most humorously details the utter failure of the "babies'" well meaning, but misguided, aunt to govern such pickles according to set rule and stereotyped theories, and her conversion to the belief that parental government is the best of all. We suspect that however amusing the doings of Toddie and Budge may be to read about, most families will devoutly wish such exploits strictly confined to "other people's children."—American stories come thick and fast. "Dot and Dime" (Routledge) follows the fortunes of two little niggers who indulge in a perpetual fire of stupid repartee in very unintelligible English; and "Out of the Question," by W. D. Howells (Trübner) is a rather dull comedy dealing with life in a Transatlantic country boarding-house, and the triumph of worth over social prejudices.

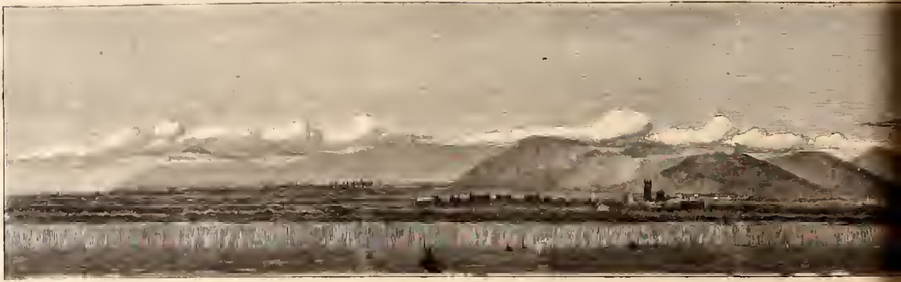
Norway yearly grows more and more frequented by travellers weary of the regular tourist round of the Continent, and "A Summer Holiday in Scandinavia," by E. Lester Linden Arnold (Sampson Low), pleasantly describes the experiences of a party of four bent upon roughing it in uncomfortable wooden carrioles and far from the civilised luxuries of railways and *table d'hôtes*. Starting from Christiania the travellers journeyed through South Norway by Lake Miosen up to the Fille Fjeld and the Sogne Fjord, and back to Christiania. They experienced no specially remarkable adventures, however, but met with lovely scenery, unfailing kindness, and a plethora of salmon. Mr. Arnold's volume is unpretending, and calculated to interest the general reader, as it contains some lively descriptions, and is not overladen with grumblings anent food, sport, and accommodation. Nearer home, but scarcely more visited, is "Lundy Island," of which a comprehensive account is given by Mr. J. R. Chanter (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). Owing to the difficulty of communication, Lundy for many years suffered from great isolation, a fortnightly post having only recently been established.



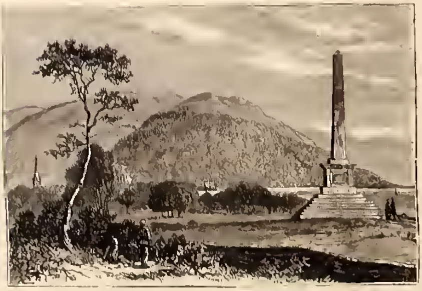
THE NEW HOTEL, ROSTREVOR



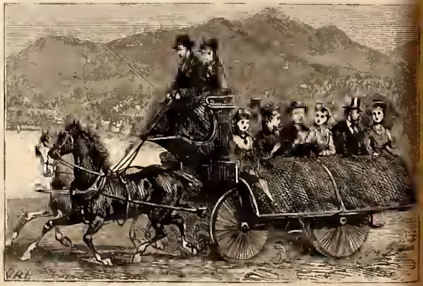
WARRENPOINT AND THE BAY FROM ABOVE NARROW WATER



PANORAMA SHOWING THE MOUR

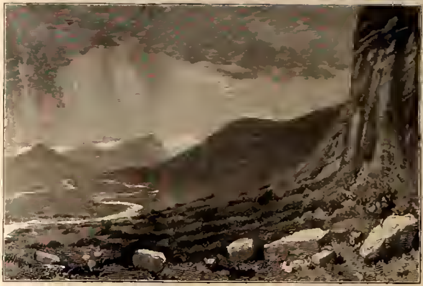


THE OBELISK, ROSTREVOR IN THE DISTANCE

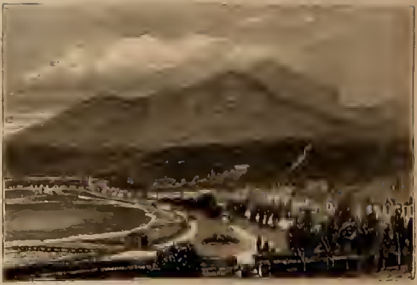


NORTON AND SHAW'S "LONG CARS"

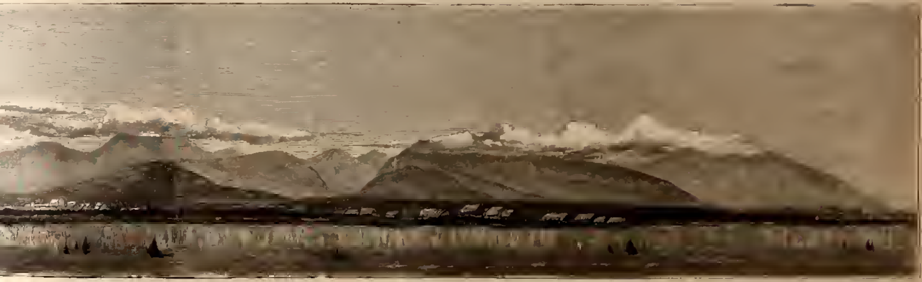
THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS



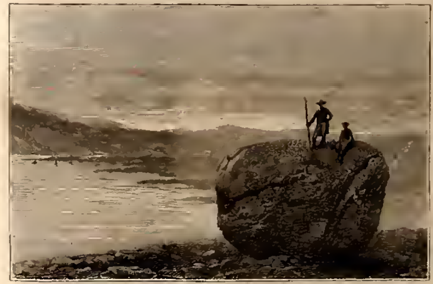
FROM EAGLE ROCK, LOOKING TOWARDS CARLINGFORD



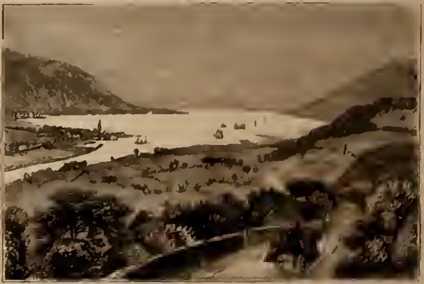
NEWCASTLE



MOUNTAINS FROM NEAR KILKEEL



FROM CLOUGHMORE, "THE GREAT STONE"

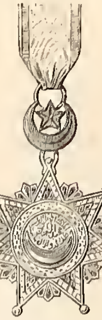


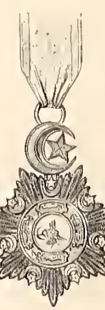
CARLINGFORD BAY

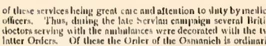
NEW FIELD FOR TOURISTS

THE ORDERS OF THE OSMANIEH AND MEDJIDIEH

TURKEY possesses three Imperial Orders of decoration—the Nischan-Iftikar, or Military Order of Glory, founded by Sultan Mahmoud II. in 1831; the Medjidie for both soldiers and civilians, instituted by Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid in 1852; and the Civil and Military Order of the Osmanieh, founded by the late Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz in 1861. These decorations of the Imperial Orders are given for various services to the State, one of these services being great care and attention to duty by medical officers. Thus, during the late Servian campaign several British doctors serving with the ambulances were decorated with the two latter Orders. Of these the Order of the Osmanieh is ordinarily reckoned the most important.


THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF THE OSMANIEH


THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF THE MEDJIDIEH



"THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE," by George Macdonald, LL.D. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—In "The Marquis of Lossie" we have that sequel to "Malcolm," which at its close Mr. MacDonald said would be necessary to complete his hero's history. It is so essentially a sequel that though a brief sketch of the situation is indeed given for the benefit of readers who may have no acquaintance with the former work, it is certain that without such acquaintance it cannot be properly appreciated, or even understood. In fact the two tales form a connected whole, and ought to be read together. It seems to us, as we said in reviewing "Malcolm," that this fashion of working is open to many objections on the ground both of art and of convenience, and we doubt if Mr. Macdonald could find any authorities for it, at any rate among modern novelists of a high order. Scott's "Abbot" is indeed styled a sequel to his "Monastery," but the interest is new, the bulk of the characters are new altogether, and the few among them whom we have met in the earlier work are so transformed by time as to seem virtually new creations. And though Thackeray and Mr. Anthony Trollope have been fond of introducing the characters of former stories upon the stage, these always play a subordinate part, and are little concerned with the main action. However, having freed our soul by this criticism, we can have no hesitation in pronouncing "The Marquis of Lossie" a work of much power and beauty, and one that could only have been conceived and wrought out by a writer who is altogether a poet in feeling, and possesses in no small measure the poet's faculty of expression. It will be remembered that Malcolm's father, the fifth Marquis of Lossie, whilst formally acknowledging on his deathbed the young fisherman as his lawful son and heir, bids him with his dying breath "be good" to his half-sister, the Lady Florimel, whom all the world, except the three or four in the secret, will accept as Marchioness of Lossie in her own right. This charge, it is needless to say, Malcolm would have taken upon himself, even if it had not been thus solemnly impressed upon him, but he is thus brought face to face with a divided duty. He must "be good" to Florimel, and to proclaim himself Marquis of Lossie is not only to take from her the title she has supposed her own, but to declare her illegitimate, his own mother, believed dead by her husband, having been still alive when Florimel was born. But he has a duty also to his poor fishermen of Portlossie and Scaurnose, among whom he has lived for twenty years as one of themselves, and whose needs he knows so well. He has now the power to help them, and having it holds himself bound to exercise it, but to do this he must tell the truth, and declare himself what he is, Marquis of Lossie. His decision is to get admission into his sister's service as groom, and thus to be near her, and to endeavour by steady devotion and usefulness so to win his way to her esteem and confidence that when the necessary disclosure has to be made, she may feel that if she loses title and position she gains instead a faithful and tender brother. How it fares with Malcolm in the execution of his design and under what circumstances the great disclosure is finally made it would take far too much space to tell here. Of course, a marquis bred-up as a fisher-lad, who, whilst appearing in the eyes of men as a groom, reads Epictetus in the original Greek, and is half-parson, half-poet in his discourse, is not a personage to stumble upon any day, and it is quite in keeping that so strange a being should have a strange story. But when a novelist lets us understand that he is not attempting a picture of contemporary manners, but dealing with those great truths of human nature which lie below all the passing fashions of the day, he need not feel himself trammelled by considerations of ordinary and commonplace probability. It may, no doubt, be said that here, as elsewhere, the author is too apt to sink the novelist in the preacher, but it must be remembered that the novel is after all a somewhat elastic form of art, and that if Mr. Macdonald were not allowed to render his stories "lay sermons" he would probably think it labour thrown away to write them; and also that something of the nature of such "lay sermons" was perhaps needed to bring out the deep seriousness and religiousness and the constant aspiration after perfection in Malcolm, that give his character its true dignity and nobility, and cause him to seem as much in his right place as Marquis of Lossie, as he was in Blue Peter's fishing-boat. We had intended to call attention to the beauty of some particular scenes and phrases—as the moon "at length blooming out of the darkening sky"—but our limits forbid, and we must be satisfied with recommending this very fine work to the attention of all discriminating readers.

"The Pilot and His Wife;" translated from the Norwegian of Jonas Lie, by G. L. Tottenham (Blackwood).—This is a work of very high and delicate finish, and, when once the author gets, so to say, into his swing, of great and unflagging interest. Its translation must have been a task of no ordinary difficulty from the nautical terms which so abound throughout, but Mr. Tottenham has accomplished it with so much success that it is very rarely indeed that we are even conscious that it is a translation we are reading. The interest of the tale turns mainly on the irrational—almost insane—jealousy displayed by the brooding, suspicious, savage-tempered, but passionately-loving pilot Salvé Kristiansen towards his beautiful and faithful wife Elizabeth. It is not that he insults her by absolute doubts of her fidelity, but he feels unworthy of her, and thinks that with her beauty and gifts of mind she must look down upon a common seaman such as he is, and be always comparing him disadvantageously with other men whom she might have married had she chosen. The torture which his constant unspoken distrust causes his wife, and the desperate remedy to which at last she has recourse—screwing herself up "to have it out with him" once for all, and thereby bringing full sunshine into their home and lives—is all admirably described, with a profusion of those slight but subtle touches that show the artist. The sea scenes are singularly graphic and vivid; in particular we may mention Salvé's adventures previous to his marriage on board the *Stars and Stripes*, and the wreck of the *Apollo*, through his mad and reckless sailing. Altogether the book is one of great merit, and the freshness of its tone and character form an additional attraction.

"Marriage and Married Life," by "Isha" (2 vols.: Remington and Co.).—This story is described on the title-page as "a novel for girls about to marry," its aim being to set forth that marriage instead of being the end of a woman's life, after which she has nothing to do but rest and be thankful, is in truth but the threshold to all its deeper interests. The moral, we should say, was a sound one, and it is not unskilfully illustrated in the stories of the matrimonial experiences of the three heroines of the tale, all of whom suffer more or less either from their own fault or the fault of their spouses. It is a pity that a writer who must be credited with the possession of good sense, insight into character, and some power of thought, and whose "talk" is written in English easy and forcible enough, should too often, when she speaks in her own person, have thought fit to adopt a style so intolerably ponderous and involved. In the earlier portion of the book sentences of twenty lines or more the construing of which demands quite a painful effort, are of the commonest occurrence. Let "Isha" cure herself of this fault, and we think she may have it in her to do well in the future.

◆

THE EARLY FRENCH TEXT SOCIETY

WHILE the increasing interest taken in the history of our literature renders it possible for an "Early English Text Society" to point with pride to thirteen years' good work achieved, to say nothing of other flourishing societies founded to illustrate our greatest poets, English students are bound to hold out the hand of welcome to their younger sister on the other side the Channel. The "Société des Anciens Textes Français" is yet little known in this country; although but in its third year it has given earnest of valuable labours in a vast field, that of the literature of France from its first monuments to the Renaissance; and considering the ancient interchange between the two countries, the various influence of each upon the literature of the other from Norman times to Chaucer and onwards, Englishmen may well take interest in the efforts to bring into daylight the early works of a language to which they themselves owe not a little.

The scope of the Society is wide. In the words of the accomplished secretary it includes "not only works strictly literary, composed for instruction and pleasure, but all writings in the vulgar tongue;" *chansons de geste*, romances, lives of saints, and holy legends, the lyric poetry of the *trouvères* and others, the religious and comic drama of the Middle Ages, prose works, poets as yet imperfectly printed or not at all,—all these it is intended shall receive illustration and justice from the Society's publications. Beginning at the beginning—as becomes a body which numbers among its leading members philologists and *archivistes*—it gives us a handsome album containing nine photographic *fac similes* of the oldest existing writings of the French language, of the ninth and tenth centuries, to accompany which a philological commentary is promised. We then have a charming volume of "Chansons du 15ᵉ Siècle," edited from a MS. in the Paris National Library, by M. Gaston Paris, popular songs belonging to a time when, as the editor points out, "an entirely new spring of poetry, abundant, fresh, and sweet, wells forth in certain provinces, and ripples gently on. It is the true French stream, which escapes through a crack, rather than pour itself into those stately machines which would make it into fountains and cascades to delight the eyes of princes." To help us to hear these songs as they were sung by the French country people, M. Gevaert, Director of the Conservatoire of Brussels, has transcribed from the MS. into modern musical notation the melodies for all the poems, 143 in number, the volume being completed by two *fac similes* of the original notation. Will some English lover of song work out these promising materials? Of the other four issues of the Society, three belong to the romances of the fourteenth century, "Brun de la Montaigne," edited by M. Paul Meyer, and "Guillaume de Palerne," by M. Michelant, who has given valuable assistance to the editors of the English version of this curious story, known here as the romance of William and the Werwolf. "Brun de la Montaigne" is a fragment of a romance, otherwise unknown, which gives the adventures in love and war of the hero Brun, who, having received various gifts from the forest fairies (one being, of course, malignant) at his birth, bears the charm of these throughout his life. Unfortunately only a part of this pretty story (in which Morgana, the cousin or sister of King Arthur, plays a part) remains, but for its peculiarities of form and verse it has been rescued by the editor from oblivion. The collection of forty miracle plays, known as the "Miracles de Nostre Dame, par Personnages," in the Paris National Library, furnishes the first issue of a work which will extend to six or seven volumes, under the editorship of MM. G. Paris and U. Robert, and to the indefatigable labours of the former is also owing an edition of the prose "Roman des Sept Sages, the "Seven Wise Men" of our childhood.

◆

CARLINGFORD LOUGH AND THE MOURNE MOUNTAINS

THIS beautiful and romantic district is situated on the east coast of Ireland, nearly opposite Holyhead, from which it can be reached in about six hours' sail, and it is thus within easy reach of Liverpool, London, and other parts of the United Kingdom. It is full of natural beauties attractive alike to the eye of the artist and the tourist, and its historic associations should render it of equal interest to the antiquarians. Leaving Euston by a fast express train soon after five o'clock, and the leading provincial towns at corresponding hours, we travel *viâ* Chester to Holyhead, whence we embark on one of a service of fine steamers, specially built for the cross-channel passage by the London and North-Western Railway Company. The voyage is a pleasant one, and we disembark at Greenore, a station erected on a plot of land "stolen from the sea." Here we find a commodious hotel and every modern convenience, and, taking our seats in a train awaiting us, run along the edge of Carlingford Lough to the old town of Carlingford, on the southern shore of the bay. Carlingford was a station of considerable importance at the time when the English first attained ascendancy over Ireland, and most of the early houses were constructed as fortalices or castles, because, the town being situated on the frontier of the Pale, was constantly exposed to attacks from the "Irish enemy." Its castle dates from the time of King John; and its ancient abbey which was founded in 1305 by the Earl of Ulster, is now a most picturesque ruin, the only part still standing being the long aisles and central belfry, with their immense pointed windows. The town has sadly fallen from its old-world importance, and it is now a quiet, unpretending little place, whose inhabitants depend chiefly for maintenance on the local traffic and oyster fishery, the Carlingford oysters being very famous for the extreme delicacy of their flavour.

Continuing our journey, we leave the train at Omeath, and cross the lough by a ferry to Warrenpoint, a fashionable watering-place at the head of the bay, which obtained its name from a rabbit warren which formerly existed here.

At Warrenpoint we enter the tram-cars of Messrs. Norton and Shaw, and drive among the beautiful scenery at the head of the bay, past an obelisk to the memory of General Ross, of which we give a view, to Rostrevor, one of the most charming watering places in Ireland, or, indeed, in the United Kingdom, and one which is deservedly growing in popularity. The scenery around is of the most delightful description, and from the summit of Slieve Bân, which rises almost perpendicularly above the town, a brilliant panoramic view is obtained of the whole range of the Mourne Mountains. About halfway down this mountain stands a huge boulder of granite some thirty tons in weight. It is called "Cloughmore" or "Cloech-meur," the finger-stone, and its position is accounted for by a singular legend to the effect that the Irish giant, Fin McCoul, having agreed to fight a certain Scottish giant, the latter came over to meet him, when Finn McCoul picked this "finger-stone" from the top of Carlingford mountain, eight miles away, and pitched it towards his opponent by way of greeting. The story has two endings, the listeners, we presume, being at liberty to take their choice. One is that the big Scotchman was so frightened at this feat of strength that he at once ran away home; the other gives him credit for courage, but says that he was conquered and chained Prometheus-like to Carlingford Mountain, upon the sloping side of which the impression of his huge frame is still to be seen.

From Rostrevor we travel over the romantic district of the Mourne Mountains by means of Norton and Shaw's "long cars," of which our engraving conveys a good idea, passing to Killowen, a picturesque hamlet, where stands an old chapel celebrated as the scene of the famous Yelverton marriage. The place at which Major Yelverton and Theresa Longworth landed on the morning of their wedding-day is shown to tourists, and the footpath by which they reached the chapel is still known to the peasantry as "Yelverton's Walk." The other towns in the district are Greencastle, Kilkeel, Newcastle, Castlewellan, and Rathfriland, all of which afford beautiful kaleidoscopic views of the Mourne Mountains. We have no space to describe them in detail, but even had we space, language would prove utterly inadequate to give anything like a fair idea of the glorious magnificence of mountain, lake, and ocean, which appeal with such irresistible charm to the enraptured vision of the beholder. The magic

(Continued on page 46)

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
WITH SPECIAL NOVELTIES
and Patented Improvements.
Without Addition to the
Recently Reduced Prices.
The Cheapest and Best.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
WITH New SELF-ADJUSTING
BALANCE WHEEL
are the Most Simple and Perfect
for Family Sewing
and every Variety of Needlework.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
REDUCED PRICE from £4 4s.
Cash £4.
With New Patent Triple Action
Balance Wheel,
Which is Self-Adjusting
In its Perfect Control by Learners.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
HAND OR TREADLE,
with
Self-Adjusting Balance Wheel.
On Hire at 2s. 6d. per Week,
with Option of Purchase
Without Extra Charge or
Expense.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
With
NOVEL THREAD-COCOON
and Cocoon Shuttle Case.
The Latest Improvement.
No Re-winding of Thread.
Perfect Sewing, with
Great Saving of Time.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
ARE THE MOST HIGHLY
PERFECTED for Every Class of
Lock-Stitch Sewing,
Braiding, and Embroidery,
and are the Cheapest.
Price from £4 4s. Cash £4.
No Re-winding of Thread.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED
and Largest Sale
In Every Country.
Hand or Treadle.
With New Patent Self-adjusting
Balance Wheel.
On Hire at 2s. 6d. per Week

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
WITH SELF-ADJUSTING
BALANCE WHEEL.
Machine cannot be turned in
wrong direction.
Perfection for those learning to Sew.
And for Every Variety of Family
Sewing, Embroidery, and Braiding.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
WITH SPECIAL IMPROVEMENTS.
The New Thread Cocoons,
On Sale at all the Offices of the
Company.
Price per dozen or per gross.
As cheap as Cotton on Spools.
No Re-winding of Thread.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
With Novel THREAD-COCOON
Ready wound for use.
Makes a Perfect Tension,
With a Precision and
Beauty of Stitch
Unequalled by any other Machine.
No Re-winding of Thread.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
HAND or TREADLE.
On Hire, at 2s. 6d. per Week, with
OPTION of PURCHASE,
Can be Returned at any Time, or
Purchased at any Time,
Without Addition to the Price,
or any Extra Charges of any kind.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
CAUTION.
BEWARE OF PERSONS WHO
HAVING NO GOOD TRADE
REPUTE OF THEIR OWN,
USE OUR NAME,
"SINGER,"
To PALM OFF COUNTERFEIT
MACHINES
of Inferior Construction and
Manufacture

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
EVERY SINGER MACHINE
Has the
COMPANY'S NAME
PRINTED UPON THE ARM,
And
Impressed upon the Brass Trade-Mark Plate.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
To Avoid Deception
Buy only at the Offices of the
SINGER MANUFACTURING
COMPANY.
(Formerly
I. and M. Singer and Co.)
CHIEF OFFICE in EUROPE—
39, Foster Lane, London, E.C.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
District Offices in London:—
Cheapside, E.C., 147.
Oxford Street, W., 132.
Commercial Road, E., 12.
Brompton Road, S.W., 144.
High Street, Croydon, S.E., 115.
South Street, Greenwich, S.E., 13.
Castle St., Kingsland High St., 2.
Newington Causeway, S.E., 32 and 33.
Clarence Street, Kingston, S.W., 1.
AND the OTHER
BRANCH OFFICES
throughout the
UNITED KINGDOM.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S
SPOONS AND FORKS.

Electro-Silver Plate on Nickel.	Fiddle or Plain	Best Qual.
12 Tablespoons or Forks, per doz.	£1 10 0	£2 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0
12 Teaspoons	0 12 0	0 16 0
Salt, Mustard, or Egg Spoons	0 5 0	0 8 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

DEANE'S TABLE CUTLERY, celebrated for more than 150 years, remains unrivalled for quality and cheapness. The stock is extensive and complete, affording a choice suited to every purchaser.

Ivory Handles.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Table Knives, doz.	16 0	19 0	22 0	25 0	30 0	35 0	40 0
Dessert ditto	14 0	16 0	19 0	21 0	27 0	30 0	31 0
Carvers, pair	6 0	6 6	7 0	8 0	9 0	10 6	13 0

DEANE'S FENDERS & FIREIRONS. DEANE and CO.'s Show Rooms for these goods contain a large, cheap, and choice variety of patterns.

Fenders, Drawing Room	£2 5	£3 3	£6 6	£11 11	£15 0
Fire Irons ditto	1 5	1 15	2 2	4 10	5 10
Fenders, Dining Room	0 17	1 4	1 10	4 5	4 4
Fire Irons ditto	0 10	0 15	1 1	1 10	2 5

Bed Room Fenders, 3s. to 18s.; Fire Irons, 3s. to 12s.
Deane and Co.'s Catalogue, with furnishing Estimates post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World

SANGSTER and CO.,
UMBRELLA MAKERS.
Six Prize Medals Awarded.
SANGSTERS' SILK and ALPACA UMBRELLAS, upon Fox's Celebrated Paragon Frames, all bearing Trade Mark, and fitted with the new AUTOMATIC RUNNER, are the Cheapest, Smallest, Lightest, and Best in the world.
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THE AUTOMATIC.
This invention has been long sought after.
THE PATENT AUTOMATIC RUNNER
Is Self-opening—Self-closing. Always ready.
140, Regent Street, W. | *75, Cheapside, E.C.
10, Royal Exchange, E.C. | 94, Fleet Street, E.C.
* Also Wholesale and Shipping Houses.
Philadelphia Exhibition, Prize Medal and Diploma awarded.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR cools and refreshes the face, hands, and arms of ladies, and all exposed to the hot sun and dust. It eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, &c., and allays the pain and irritation caused by

MOSQUITOE BITES and GNAT STINGS. The KALYDOR produces a beautiful, delicate, and clear complexion. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle. Sold by Chemists and perfumers. Great care must be taken to avoid worthless imitations, and to ask for

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted not to destroy the hair. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chemists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud et Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and 8 rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
PIANOFORTES
were awarded
THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR and DIPLOMA OF MERIT, Philadelphia, 1876.
THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.
THE HIGHEST AWARD—THE GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874.
LA MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR, Paris, 1869.
THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1862.
LE DIPLOME DE LA MENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE, Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869, &c.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
PATENT
PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION PIANOS,
were Patented 1862, 1868, 1871, and 1875, in
GREAT BRITAIN, PRUSSIA, FRANCE, | AUSTRIA, ITALY, BELGIUM, and AMERICA.

GILBERT L. BAUER'S PRIZE
MEDAL DRAWING ROOM ORGANS.
On the Three Years' System.
From 8 to 300 gs.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

9, Manchester Square.
I have examined Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Check Action as applied to their Pianos, and consider it a most ingenious and valuable invention, which cannot fail to meet with success.
SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

45, Blandford Square, N.W.
I have much pleasure in testifying to the great excellence of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianofortes. Their "Perfect Check Repeater" produces a touch that is absolute perfection, and which is unsurpassed by any other maker, native or foreign.
SYDNEY SMITH.

6, St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington, W.
To Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.
I have much pleasure in testifying to the efficiency of Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Patent Check Action for Pianofortes, which I consider a very clever and useful invention, and likely to be extensively adopted.
BRINLEY RICHARDS.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The effect which "the Perfect Check Repeater Action," patented by Messrs. Brinsmead, produces on the touch, is everything that can be desired by an artist. It appears to me the most important invention of modern times, both for freedom of execution and expression.

I have equal pleasure in referring to Messrs. Brinsmead's New Metal Back Pianofortes, which, as regards durability, richness, brilliancy, equality and contrast of tone, by far surpass Pianofortes of the ordinary construction at a much higher price.

I will not fail to draw the attention of Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, of Schleswig Holstein, to these inventions the next opportunity which may present itself.
CHARLES JOHN [illegible],
Conductor of the Philharmonic Society,
Capetown, Africa.

Bognor, Sussex.
The touch and tone of the Pianofortes manufactured by John Brinsmead and Sons are alike admirable, and having thoroughly examined their instruments, I have much pleasure in highly recommending them. In the present day there is so much imposition practised upon the musical public that the purchase of a Pianoforte that will give permanent satisfaction is a very important matter.
DR. T. LLOYD FOWLE, M.A.

I have great pleasure in certifying to the fine, rich, and powerful tone of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianos, also to the great improvements they have succeeded in attaining.
As a Professor of the Harp, I can safely add that the mellow tones of their Short Iron Gold Medal Grands blend charmingly with the instrument I profess, and form a delicious *ensemble*.
FREDERICK CHATTERTON,
Harpist to the Queen.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Close, Hereford.
Dear Sirs,—Your Patent Action is one of the best I have met with. This combined with the equal tone of your instruments must commend them to those desiring a first-class Pianoforte at a reasonable price.
Yours faithfully,
G. TOWNSHEND SMITH,
Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and Director of the Hereford Festival.

8, Lower Rock Gardens, Brighton.
Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.
Gentlemen,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to state that I consider the instruments manufactured by you to be most excellent in tone, touch, and quality of material. I particularly admire your Pianos with the Patent Check Repeater Action and new Grand Construction, being a wonderful improvement upon the old system. In my opinion your firm having been successful in creating so good a touch to the Cottage Pianoforte as that usually accorded to the Grand. All those I have chosen have given the greatest satisfaction to the purchasers.
I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,
W. KUHE.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons. Dresden.
I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your instruments. Your newly patented system, "the Perfect Check Repeater Action," when applied to these Pianos, greatly increases their value, and I have no doubt that these valuable improvements will excite general attention and admiration.
HERMANN [illegible].

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

80, St. Thomas Street, Weymouth.
I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the perfection of Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons' New Pianoforte Action, which, for promptness in repetition, and general excellence in touch, surpasses anything of the kind I have yet seen, whilst the extreme simplicity of the mechanism by which such important results are attained is an additional recommendation.
BOYTON SMITH.

To Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons, 18, Wigmore Street, W.
Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your upright and horizontal Grand Pianofortes, as they are simply perfect in touch and tone.
[illegible] GUILLAUME,
Chevalier de [illegible],
Examiner-General of the Ancient Bourbonnic Society in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Naples, Honorary Member of the Musical Academies of Rome, Venice, &c., formerly Director-General of all Military Music for both Infantry and Cavalry of the Line to the Army of the Two Sicilies.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.
"The improvements made in English pianos have caused this trade rapidly to increase, until one pianoforte manufactory after another has been built to supply the growing demand. One of the largest of these, lately erected by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of Wigmore Street, covers nearly an acre of ground in the Grafton Road, Kentish Town, and is intended to accommodate 300 workmen. These works alone can supply 3,000 pianos annually."—*Illustrated London News.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Standard	"Receive the greatest approbation everywhere of musicians and manufacturers."
The Engineer	"Greater volume and richness of tone are produced, with increased durability."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
PATENT "PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION" Pianofortes of every description, manufactured expressly for India and extreme Climates.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
PIANOFORTES.
Illustrated price lists and descriptions, with opinions of the London Press and musical profession, forwarded post free upon application.
18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.
Manufactory,
THE "BRINSMEAD WORKS," GRAFTON ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON, N.W.

BENNETT.	65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.
WATCHES.	BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTATION WATCHES, FROM £10 TO £100.
CLOCKS.	TO CLOCK PURCHASERS. JOHN BENNETT having just completed great alterations in his Clock Show Rooms, is enabled to offer to purchasers the most extensive stock in London, comprising Clocks for the Drawing, Dining Rooms, and Presentation, of the highest quality and newest designs, at the lowest prices.

JOHN BENNETT, WATCH and CLOCK MANUFACTORY, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Gold chains at manufacturers' prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS
POST FREE.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS
OF THE NEWEST DESIGNS.
ASTRONOMICAL, TURRET, and OTHER CLOCKS,
Made to Order.

BENNETT'S DINING, DRAWING-ROOM, and HALL CLOCKS.

MARBLE CLOCKS	from	£2 0 0
DITTO, STRIKING HOURS and HALF HOURS	from	3 3 0
DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS of the NEWEST DESIGNS	from	3 4 0
HALL CLOCKS, in MAHOGANY, OAK, or WALNUT CASES	from	12 12 0
CHIME CLOCKS, in HANDSOMELY CARVED CASES	from	26 0 0

Estimates on Application.
MANUFACTORY, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE.

BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTATION WATCHES.
For India, 10 gs., 20 gs., 30 gs., 40 gs.

BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES,
For India, from 10 guineas.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS, compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, with improved keyless action.
Specially fitted for India.

In Gold	30 to 40 Guineas
In Silver	16 to 25 Guineas
Ditto for Ladies, with richly Engraved Gold Cases and Dials, from	20 to 30 Guineas

---

BENNETT'S KEYLESS SILVER WATCHES,
For India, from 6 guineas.

BENNETT'S 18 CARAT HALL-MARKED CHAINS and choice JEWELLERY. Free and safe for Post-office Order.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS WATCHES.
NO KEY REQUIRED.
AIR TIGHT, DAMP TIGHT, DUST TIGHT.

Silver	6 Guineas	8 Guineas	10 Guineas
Gold	10 Guineas	12 Guineas	15 Guineas

Every Watch Skilfully Examined, Timed, and its performance Guaranteed.
SAFE AND FREE BY POST.

JOHN BENNETT'S WATCHES.
65, Cheapside.
PRESENTATION GOLD WATCHES, 20 to 40 guineas.
LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS ACTION WATCHES, from 10 guineas.
SILVER WATCHES, with Keyless Action, from 6 guineas.
GOLD KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 30 to 40 guineas.
SILVER HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 16 to 25 guineas.
HALF-CHRONOMETERS are compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, and Wind and Set Hands without Keys.
ENGLISH HALL CLOCKS, chiming the quarters, from 30 guineas.
RICHLY-GILT DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS, with classic designs.
MARBLE DINING-ROOM CLOCKS, with Antique Bronzes.
18-CARAT HALL-MARKED CHAINS and CHOICE JEWELLERY.
JOHN BENNETT'S
CLOCK and WATCH MANUFACTORY,
65 and 64, Cheapside.

COUNTRY ORDERS attended to with the utmost care. Post-office Orders, or Cheques, crossed London and Westminster Bank, to JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside.

INDIAN ORDERS should be accompanied by remittances or London references.

SHIPPERS, CAPTAINS, and WHOLESALE BUYERS LIBERALLY TREATED.

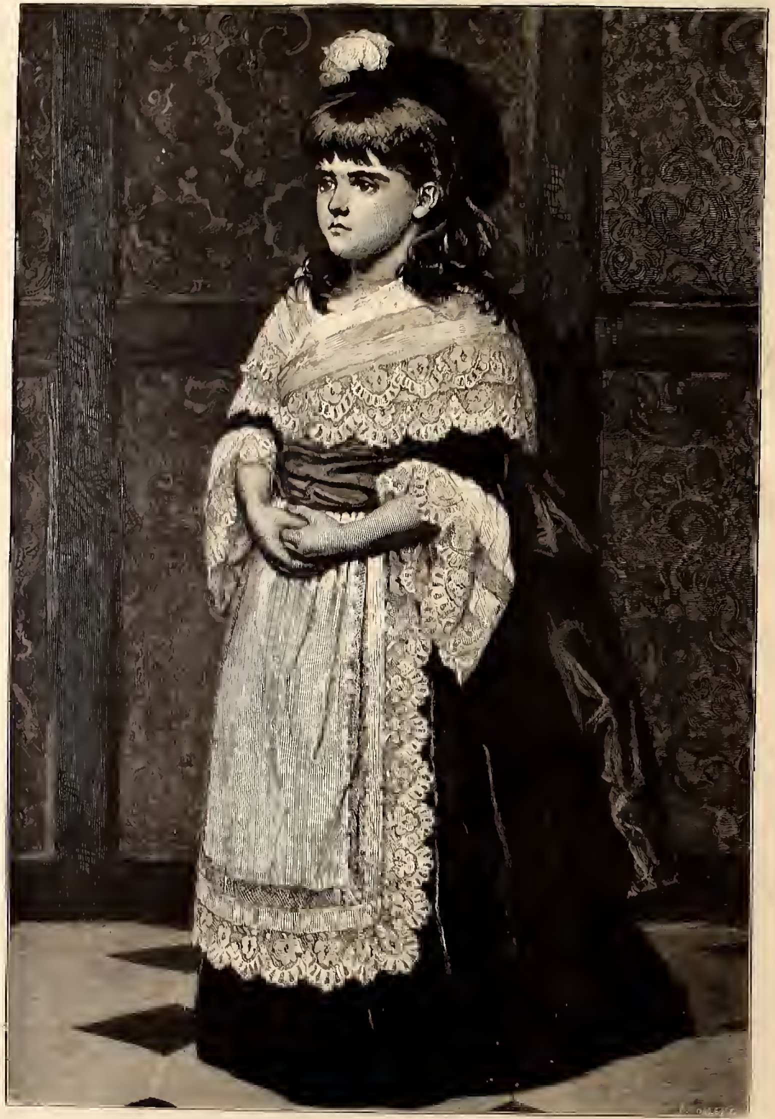
INDIAN and ENGLISH RAILWAYS CONTRACTED WITH on the BEST TERMS.

BENNETT'S HOUSE, OFFICE, and SHOP DIALS EIGHT DAY PIECES.
In Mahogany, Oak, or Rosewood Cases, warranted for perfect time.
CASH PRICES.

10 in.	£3 3	18 in.	£7 0
14 in.	4 4	20 in.	10 15
15 in.	5 5	30 in.	15 0

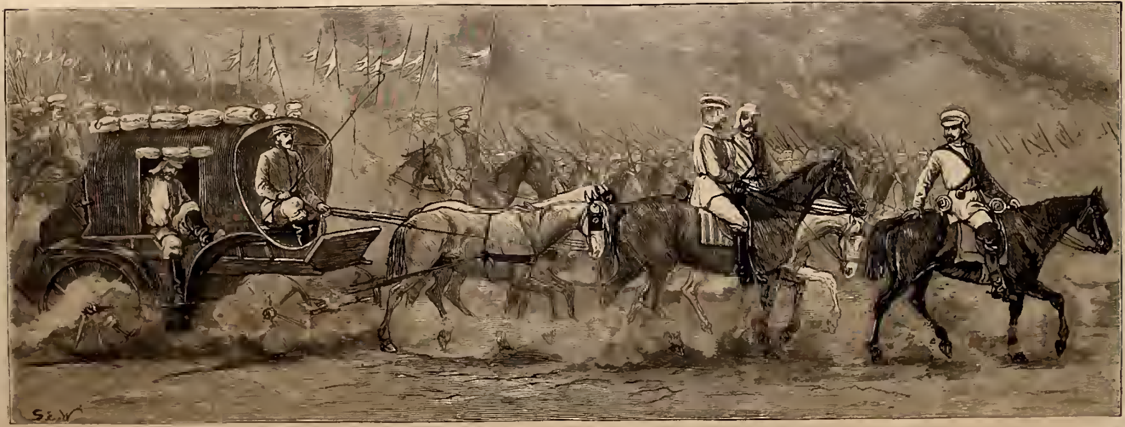
Price Lists post free on application.

JOHN BENNETT'S WATCH and CLOCK MANUFACTORY,
65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON.

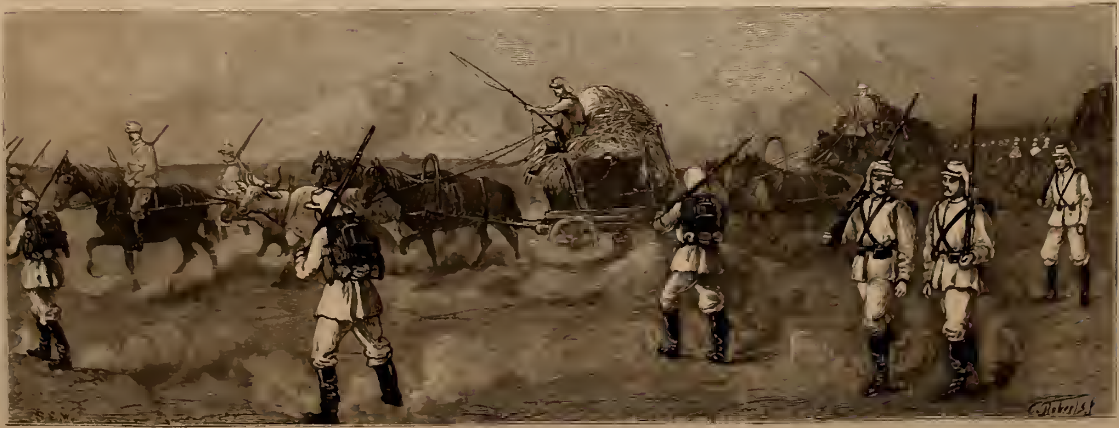


"LITTLE WISDOM"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MISS M. BROOKS IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY



OUR ARTIST AND THE "DAILY NEWS" CORRESPONDENT ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT



CARTING THE SOUP KITCHEN TO THE FRONT

THE WAR IN THE EAST—WITH THE RUSSIANS

(Continued from page 42)

pencil of the artist can do more, much more, than the pen of the most facile writer, but even that falls far short of the splendid and beauteous grandeur of Nature which must be seen to be appreciated. We have only to add that we have culled these brief notes from the pages of a guidebook, which has just been published by Messrs. Norton and Shaw, of London, Liverpool, and Belfast, who have organised a system of personally-conducted tours in the district; and we think that all those who are in any doubt as to the direction in which they shall turn faces when they leave town for their accustomed summer holidays, cannot do better than pay a visit to this lovely spot.

Books Received

Design and Work, Vol II. G. Parkins.
Continuous Brakes (a letter to Sir C. Adderley). Trübner.
Le Deuil. L. Marrier. F. Douvel.
Human Interests; S. Sainsbury; The Tome Tuck (a Novel—3 vols.). O. Harper; World's End (3 vols.). R. Jefferies. Tinsley Brothers.
South by East; G. F. Rodwell. Marcus Ward.
The Organ (3rd Ed.): E. J. Hopkins and E. F. Rimbault. R. Cocks.
The Invasion of the Crimea: A. W. Kinglake. Vol. VI. W. Blackwood.
Artistic Flower Decorating: F. C. Saward; Character Indicated by Handwriting: R. Baughan; Artistic Amusements; Foreign Cage Birds: C. W. Gedney. The *Bazaar* Office.
Danish Greenland: Dr. H. Rink. H. S. King.
Watching for the Dead: F. Chiltern. Provost.
The Dowerless Damsel: A. Dorset; Cleansing Fires (3 vols.): Mrs. Newton Sears. Remington.
For the Old Love's Sake. J. D. Hardy. A. H. Moxon.
London Chatham and Dover Railway Panoramic Guide. Bemrose and Sons.
Scripture Difficulties: T. Spalding; Montenegro: Rev. W. Denton. Daldy, Isbister.
British Interests—Horticulture: F. W. Burbidge; British Manufacturing Industries—Paper Printing &c.; The Upper Engadine Tourist's Guide: M. Caviezel. E. Stanford.

MARRIAGE.

On the 16th ult., at St. Martin's in the Fields, Westminster, by the Rev. Richard Isherwood, M.A., EDGAR JOHN VARLEY, Artist, of Chelsea and Guernsey, eldest son of CHARLES S. VARLEY, Esq., of Chelsea, and grandson of the late JOHN VARLEY, Esq., to FANNY FAY PEARCE, adopted daughter of DOCTOR FAY, Court Dentist, of Brussels.

NEW NOVELS.

MR. TROLLOPE'S NEW NOVEL.
THE AMERICAN SENATOR.
By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
3 vols.

NEW NOVEL by the AUTHOR of "FASHION AND PASSION."
WHO IS SHE? By the Duchess de M. Pomar. 3 vols. [In a few days.

THOUGH BROKEN, BRAVE: a Novel. By F. A. Rymer, Author of "The Wheel of Fortune." 3 vols.

THAT LADY LYNWAY: a Novel. 2 vols.

KING OR KNAVE? By the Author of "Hilda and I," "Spiders and Flies," &c. 3 vols.

CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

Now ready, in One Volume, demy 8vo, with Map, price £1 1s.

EGYPT AS IT IS. By J. C. McCoan, late Editor of the *Levant Herald*. Forming a Companion Work to Mr. Wallace's "Russia" and Colonel Baker's "Turkey in Europe."
CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, London; and all Booksellers.

Just Published, price Sixpence.

THE COCKS and the TURKEYS; or, THE "LITTLE SCHEME." With Map of Farmer Bigenough's Poultry Yard.
London: E. MARLBOROUGH and CO., 51, Old Bailey.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED

THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. H. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of F. Werner by Mrs. Parker. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and use of information. The gloomiest reader will find some parts of it heavy enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUNTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilised world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere for one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN illustrates men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace; it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 125, FLEET STREET; 29 and 54, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS. New Library Edition, crown 8vo, Illustrated, cloth, 6s.

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.

SONGS FOR SAILORS.
Cloth gilt, Illustrated, 3s. 6d.
Paper wrapper, 1s.
HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill; and 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in Japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond.; and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

MAYALL'S PHOTOGRAPHIC ART GALLERIES, 224, REGENT ST., LONDON; and 91, KING'S ROAD, near Grand Hotel, BRIGHTON.
(Medals from London, Dublin, and Paris.)
Photographic Miniatures, Enamels and Oil Paintings to life-size in the highest style of art. New patents in permanent carbon, opal, &c., finished by the first artists of the day.
To prevent delay, three Studios always open.
The Galleries open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Admission free.

TO LITHOGRAPHIC DRAUGHTSMEN.

WANTED.—To go to the City of New York, United States of America, two or more FIRST CLASS LITHOGRAPHIC DRAUGHTSMEN, in Ink or Chalk work. Those having a thorough knowledge of Flowers, Illuminated Texts, and similar work, particularly desired.

Engagements under written contracts for a term of years will be made, and passage paid. None but temperate, industrious, steady men need apply. To such this is an opportunity to improve their prospects seldom offered.

Address for ten days, LITHOGRAPHER, care of R. Hoe and Co., Dorset Street, Salisbury Square, London, England, enclosing specimens of work, references, stating amount of salary desired, and address. All specimens will be returned and arrangements made for an interview if desirable.

CHUBB and SON have REMOVED from 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, to new and extensive premises, 128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, St. Paul's, E.C.; and at 68, St. James's Street, S.W. Illustrated price lists gratis and post free. Lock and Safe Makers to the Queen and the Bank of England.

AFTER DRYDEN.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The 'Pickwick,' 'Owl,' and 'Waverley' were named;
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.
These points united with attractions new
Have yielded other boons, the 'Phaeton' and 'Hindoo.'"

WAVERLEY PEN.
OWL PEN.
PICKWICK PEN.
HINDOO PEN.

2,300 Newspapers recommend them. See *Graphic*, Feb. 20, 1875.
Sold everywhere. 1s. per box. Post, 1s. 1d.
Patentees: MACNIVEN and CAMERON,
23 to 33, Blair St., Edinburgh.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

THE NEXT TERM WILL BEGIN ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN,
227, Gray's Inn Road, and Mitre Street, London.
Established 1864.
Physician—Dr. BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.
Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL SPECIALLY FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Results of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Thursday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

MALVERN.—HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The compressed air bath, important remedy in chest diseases. Situate near the Hills. Extensive Grounds, Winter Garden, and Billiard Room.—Resident physicians: C. F. Grindrod and E. Durant.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL, LIVERPOOL ROAD, ISLINGTON.
The Committee desire to make known that accommodation is provided in this institution for all classes of fever patients except paupers. Members of the family of an artisan are received free and without a letter of recommendation, and domestic servants, employés, &c., upon payment of an admission fee of two guineas. Private rooms are provided at a charge of three guineas weekly. An ambulance is kept at the hospital for the removal of patients, whose friends must be provided with a medical certificate at the time of making application.

To meet the large and increasing demand for free admissions the Committee earnestly APPEAL for CONTRIBUTIONS, which will be thankfully received by Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., 67, Cornhill; Messrs. Drummonds, Charing Cross; Messrs. Coutts, Strand; Messrs. Hoare, Fleet Street; and by the Secretary at the Hospital.

CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY. Patron—The QUEEN.
The object of this Society is the improvement of the condition of the poor—(1) by bringing about co-operation between the Charities and the Poor Law, and amongst the Charities; (2) by securing due investigation and fitting action in all cases; and (3) by repressing mendicity.
Committees (38) have been established throughout London.
CONTRIBUTIONS towards the expenses of the Council can be paid at the Central Office, 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi; or to Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand, W.C. Contributions for the poorer District Committees can be paid to the District Committee Aid Fund of the Council.
CHARLES S. LOCH, Secretary.
C. J. RIBTON-TURNER, Organising Secretary.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—TO LET in the best part of Shanklin, a DETACHED HOUSE, handsomely furnished, standing in a large well-wooded garden. Three reception rooms, four bedrooms and dressing room, large kitchen and offices. Water and drainage excellent. To a careful tenant, £4 10s. per week for twelve months. Or unfurnished, £80 per annum, on lease.—For particulars apply to Mrs. JOHNSON, Library, Shanklin, I. of W.

BRIGHTON.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED, from July next, a COTTAGE RESIDENCE charmingly situated in one of the healthiest parts of the town. It consists of 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, two of which contain sleeping accommodation for two, small garden, good services of gas and water, with excellent out offices, the whole forming a well furnished residence for a small family; to be let on very reasonable terms for a short or long period.—Apply to Messrs. TOPLIS and ROBERTS, House Agents, 11, Thurloe Place, opposite the South Kensington Museum, South Kensington, S.W.

A LADY may find a comfortable and cheerful HOME in the House of a Widow Lady. A large Front Room, as Bed and Sitting Room if required.—Apply at CHAPMAN'S LIBRARY, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

BRUXELLES.—An English Lady is desirous of receiving into her Family a LADY or Two LADIES to share the expenses of housekeeping.—For terms, &c., address to Mrs. R., 87, Rue de l'Arbre Bénit, Bruxelles.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

HOT AND COLD SEA-WATER BATHS.—HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SWIMMING BATHS.

BALLS, THEATRE, and CONCERTS DAILY.

GRAND FANCY FAIR.—SKATING RINK, GOOD HOTELS, AND BOARDING HOUSES, at all Prices.

UNION OF FRENCH WINE GROWERS, an association of some of the chief Vineyard proprietors to sell direct from the grower to the consumer.

PURE AND CHEAP WINES direct from the Vineyard at the following prices:—
CLARET, at 14s., 16s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 60s.
BURGUNDIES, 14s., 18s., 24s., 30s., to 150s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.
Catalogues on application to the Manager at the Warehouse, 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE" MILD AND FRAGRANT.
WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"
A Choice Combination of "First Growths."
Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing cases and dressing bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

SALE of PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.
THE MOURNING WAREHOUSE.
According to Annual Custom
all Goods have been reduced to
HALF-PRICE.
The SALE will continue during
the Month of JULY.

GREAT BARGAINS are SELLING in
JACKETS,
MANTLES,
FICHUS,
COSTUMES IN SILK,
COSTUMES IN MATERIAL,
COSTUMES FOR DINNER,
COSTUMES FOR EVENING,
MILLINERY,
PARASOLS,
COLLARS,
TIES, &c.

BLACK SILKS, reduced from 4s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. and every quality in proportion.
BLACK SILK COSTUMES, reduced from 6½ to 4½ guineas, and every quality in proportion.
Several FRENCH MODELS, costing in Paris 29 guineas, reduced to 12 and 14 guineas.

DUST CLOAKS, reduced to 8s. 9d.
CLOTH JACKETS, reduced to 25s. 6d.
SILK JACKETS, reduced to 40s.
FUR LINED CLOAKS, reduced to 3 guineas.
SEALSKIN JACKETS, Semi fitting, 33 inches long, reduced to 9 guineas.

DRESS LENGTHS, ODD LENGTHS, AND REMNANTS will be cleared at nominal prices.

MOURNING ORDERS during the SALE will receive the usual prompt and careful attention.
MADE-UP ARTICLES, MILLINERY, &c., forwarded free of extra charge to all parts of England.

PETER ROBINSON, 256 to 262, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON, upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

JAY'S SEASON SALE,
BEGINNING on MONDAY, the 16th inst.
BONNET'S BLACK SILKS at Cost Prices.
FRENCH MILLE RAYE SILKS, 2s. per yard.
BLACK SILK COSTUMES, 4 guineas each, with Silk for unmade Bodice.
HALF MOURNING SILK COSTUMES, 4½ guineas each, with Silk for unmade Bodice.
ROBES PRINCESSE, 6½ guineas each.
FÊTES ET CÉRÉMONIES—Rich Paris Model Costumes, late 41 guineas, reduced to 14½ guineas.
RICH PARASOLS, from 8s. 6d. each.
MILLINERY.
French Pattern Bonnets and Hats (assortis aux Costumes).
SEASIDE HATS.
MANTLE DEPARTMENT.
SILK JACKETS, from 1 guinea each.
CLOTH JACKETS, from 7s. 6d. each.
GRENADINE MANTLES, from 1 guinea each.
CASHMERE MANTLES, from 1½ guineas each.
EMBROIDERED CASHMERE TABLIERS and CUIRASSES, 1½ guineas each.
SHAWLS, from 5s. 6d. each.
FUR LINED, FUR-TRIMMED, and VELVET MANTLES, worth buying for next winter wear.
BLACK DEPARTMENT.
MODEL FRENCH COSTUMES, at nominal prices.
FRENCH GRENADINES, 9d. per yard.
DAMASSE ALPACAS, 1s. per yard.
FANCY GRENADINES, 1s. 6d. per yard, late 2s. 6d.
HOSIERY, &c.
FRENCH BLACK KID GLOVES, Patent Welts, 1s. 11d. per pair.
SUMMER COTTON HOSE, 1s. 9d. per pair, late 2s. 6d.
IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, 8s. 6d. per doz.
SCARVES, PETTICOATS, DRESSING GOWNS, and FICHUS, at half the usual cost.
GREY DEPARTMENT.
COSTUMES, at 2½ guineas, late 4½ guineas.
SEASIDE and TRAVELLING DRESSES, 2½ guineas, late 4 guineas; 4½ guineas, late 9 guineas.
EXCELLENT WOOLLEN MATERIALS, at 1s. 3d. per yd.
BLACK TULLE EVENING DRESSES, a little out of condition, £1 8s. 6d., late £3 3s.
As the above named super-abundant Stock is limited in quantity, Messrs. JAY cannot guarantee a supply of individual articles during a continuance of the sale, nor can they send on approbation goods which are specially reduced for the occasion.
MOURNING ORDERS.
Messrs. JAY beg to announce that this Sale will in no way interfere with the execution of MOURNING ORDERS, nor with their Dressmaking or other general business. The ordinary staff of assistants will be employed for the performance of their usual duties.
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are invited to inspect, at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.
These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.
Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

THE STOCK IN TRADE of
MR. W. T. BAKER,
of King's Road, Brighton,
is now being sold by
HENRY GLAVE at
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.
Catalogues free.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of the
STOCK OF MR. W. T. BAKER,
of 57, King's Road, Brighton,
is now proceeding, and consists of the following cheap goods, catalogues of which may be had post free.

Black Silks.
Foreign Silks.
Coloured Silks.
Black Velveteens.
Coloured Velveteens.
Japanese Silks.
Mikado Silks.
Yokohama Silks.
Matelasse Silks.
Floral Japanese.
Fancy Dresses.
Turkish Beige.
French Beige.
French Cachmeres.
Silk Poplines.
Silk Mixtures.
Steel Alpacas.
Lace Alpacas.
Coloured Grenadines.
Floral Alpacas.
Washing Fabrics.
Tussore Linens.
Linen Galateas.
Snowflake Cambrics.
Lace Seraphines.
Satin Stripes.
Don Marting.
Don Twills.
Rich Cretonnes.
Vandeline Stripes.
Household Linens.
Damask Cloths.
Witney Blankets.
Welsh Flannels.
Linen Huckabacks.
Cotton Sheetings.
Linen Sheetings.
Muslin Curtains.
Tea and Glass Cloths.
Printed Cambrics.
Exhibition Costumes.
Promenade Costumes.
Costumes with Jackets.
Travelling Costumes.
Seaside Costumes.
Washing Costumes.
Children's Costumes.
Dressing-Gowns.
Evening Dresses.
Ball Dresses.
Mantles and Jackets.
Dust Cloaks.
Cloth Paletots.
Silk Paletots.
Trimmed Hats.
Trimmed Bonnets.
Ladies' Underclothing.
Children's Outfitting.
Scarfs and Ties.
Lace and Linen Sets.
Gloves for Ladies.
Gentlemen's Hosiery.
Ladies' Hosiery.
Gentlemen's Outfitting.
Dress Trimmings.
Pocket Handkerchiefs.
Sash Ribbons.
Swiss Embroidery.
Dress Buttons.
Ladies' Bags.
Chinese Fans.
French Ornaments.
Fancy Baskets.
Camp Stools.
Croquet Chairs.
Flower Stands.
Waterproof Tweeds.
Sun Shades.
Ladies' Umbrellas.
Gentlemen's Umbrellas.

All Goods Legibly Marked in
Plain Figures, and sold for Cash only.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

BAKER'S STOCK, OF BRIGHTON.
CATALOGUES of the various
Cheap Lots, gratis or post free from
HENRY GLAVE'S,
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

WATERLOO HOUSE.
The ANNUAL SUMMER SALE at WATERLOO HOUSE will continue until the end of this month.
On account of the low price at which the goods are marked, no Discount can be allowed on anything during the Sale.
Worthy of particular attention—will be found in the Costume and Mantle Departments a large variety of Cheap Yachting and Travelling Costumes, and a Fine Manufacturers' Stock of Ladies' Dust Coats, at 15s. 6d. each, also a Stock of Silk Mantles at half price, and a number of good Sealskin Jackets from £9.
In the SILK DEPARTMENT
a large assortment of COLOURED SILKS at 3s. 9d. per yard.
In the SHAWL DEPARTMENT
a fresh importation of very fine CHUDDAH SHAWLS, at very low prices.
In the GLOVE DEPARTMENT
a Large Stock of 2-button Brussels Kid Gloves, at 25s. per doz.
In the BALL DRESS DEPARTMENT
a choice assortment of MUSLIN DRESSES in all shades, from 21s.
In the LINEN DEPARTMENT
a Manufacturer's Stock of CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, from 7s. 6d. to 30s. the doz.
In the CARPET DEPARTMENT
some very good BRUSSELS CARPETS, from 3s. 11d. per yard, and a large number of SCINDE RUGS, at 13s. 9d. each.
Besides the above mentioned Specialities all the other goods have been much reduced.

HALLING, PEARCE, and STONE,
WATERLOO HOUSE,
COCKSPUR STREET and PALL MALL EAST.

GASK and GASK'S SALE of SURPLUS LADIES' DRESS GOODS, at greatly reduced prices. Catalogues free. See below.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

GREAT SALE OF SILKS, Costumes, Mantles, Dress Fabrics, Lace Goods, Fichus, Ties, Fourses, Hosiery, Ribbons, Trimmings, Parasols, Millinery, Underclothing, Mourning, Soiled Table Linens, Sheetings, all odd dress lengths, remnants, and the whole of the surplus stock throughout the house will be sold at a great reduction in price. GASK and GASK.

GASK and GASK'S USUAL SUMMER SALE has now commenced, at greatly reduced prices. See above.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

ANNUAL SALE.—Regent House.

J. ALLISON and CO. beg respectfully to announce that their ANNUAL SALE has commenced, and will be continued during the month. Special attention is invited to a parcel of coloured gros grains, at 3s. 11d., fancy striped silks, at 1s. 6½d.; sash ribbons, from 1s. 4½d. Costumes in great variety, from 21s. upwards. Made-up lace goods. Mantles of every kind considerably reduced in price.

REGENT HOUSE, 238, 240, and 242, REGENT STREET.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered) BOYS' SUITS.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height,
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

E. KING'S 33s. CALF SHOOTING-BOOTS, Warranted Waterproof.—EDWARD KING, Boot Maker, 16, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each.
Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

ANNUAL SALE DURING JULY OF

SURPLUS SUMMER STOCK.

Patterns and Illustrations Free. Detailed Circular forwarded on application to 103 to 108, Oxford St. London, W

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, having just concluded the purchase (in Paris) of Forty Thousand Metres of extra Rich Coloured Silks, is selling the same at unexampled prices. The shades are of the most distingué character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of Silks ever submitted. Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE. In addition to the above a large purchase of the Richest Figured Silks is now being offered at 5s. 6d. per yard, amongst which will be found the most choice shades of White, Bronze, Tilleul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, has purchased the Model Silk Dresses of Messrs. Pingat, Grange et Mugentiee, E. Pasquier, P. Canivet, Barutel and Dennery of Paris, and the same are now on sale at less than half-price. These Costumes are of the richest possible description, which will easily be understood by a glance at the names of the Artistes from whom they were purchased.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Family Dress Materials
in every variety of Fabric, 10s. 6d. to 42s. the Dress.
Rich Summer Grenadines and other light Fabrics,
in White, Black, and Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress.
Cachemire de Paris, this elegant material in all wool,
beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings
than any article previously introduced, 48 inches wide,
2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns Free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

Beige and Matalasse Costumes, 38s. 6d.
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 3 guineas
Micado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Several important purchases of
MANTLES AND JACKETS
in Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet, at very
low prices. A large Stock of
Cashmere and Silk Moutlee, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas.
The Seal Fur Jackets, &c., will be sold very cheap.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S

DENTIFRICE WATER

Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES
OF

VICHY.

Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the Mineral Waters.

The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.

In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.

The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or noisette.

In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each
VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.
In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each
VICHY BARLEY SUGAR.
An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principle celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equel.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS give instant relief to Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Colds, Hay Fever, Coughs, and Rheumatic and Hysterical Complaints. Price 1s. 1½d. per box, of all Druggists.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO, 82, Southwark St., London.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.

Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of Imitation. Sold te 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale. 80, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says: "Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 80, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

SAMUEL CANTOR,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN SPONGES
AND INDIA RUBBER,
40, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, W.C.

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the DETERGENT POWDER, which thoroughly cleanses Brushes and Sponges without injuring them.

PRECIOUS STONES and GEMS,

BY EDWIN W. STREETER.

PUBLISHERS: CHAPMAN & HALL,

PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

CLOTH, 18s.; Whole Calf, 27s.

EVERY

TRAVELLER

SHOULD BUY

MR. STREETER'S BOOK on

PRECIOUS STONES and GEMS.

ILLUSTRATED with COLOURED PLATES.

SHOWING the STONES

IN their ROUGH STATE.

PRECIOUS STONES BEING

SPREAD OVER EVERY KNOWN

QUARTER of the GLOBE,

TRAVELLERS MAY CHANCE

TO LIGHT INADVERTENTLY

ON A GEM

THAT WOULD REPAY THEM

A HUNDREDFOLD

THE VALUE OF THIS BOOK.

SPECIAL CHAPTERS are devoted to

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMONDS,

AUSTRALIAN DIAMONDS,

BRAZILIAN DIAMONDS,

INDIAN DIAMONDS,

COLOURED DIAMONDS,

DIAMOND BORT,

DIAMOND CARBON,

CELEBRATED DIAMONDS,

ROUGH DIAMONDS,

ON DIAMOND CUTTING,

ON DIAMOND POLISHING,

ON DIAMOND CLEANING,

ON DIAMOND BURNING.

FURTHER CHAPTERS TREAT of

THE RUBY (Oriental and Siam),

SAPPHIRE (Blue, Yellow, and White),

EMERALD and OPAL,

CAT'S EYE and TURQUOISE,

STAR STONES OR ASTERIA.

ANOTHER CONCLUDING PORTION

OF MR. STREETER'S BOOK

IS DEVOTED TO STONES

OF LESSER VALUE.

PRESS CRITICISMS.

"Contains a large amount of information, lucidly stated. . . . Of special significance to the purchasers of jewels. At once instructive and entertaining."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, May 31, 1877.

"Supplies a want which has long been felt. . . . Of singular originality and undoubted use and taste."—*Whitehall Review*, June 9, 1877.

"A book upon a special subject by an acknowledged master. . . . A welcome addition to permanent literature."—*Public Opinion*, May 25, 1877.

"Is an authority of deserved weight and competence."—*The Parliament*, May 26, 1877.

"A thorough master of the entire subject of which he writes . . . an accurate and complete description . . . an attractive and readable book."—*Standard*.

PRECIOUS STONES AND GEMS. An exhaustive and practical Work for the Merchant, Connoisseur, or the Private Buyer. Treats upon every description of Precious Stone, giving their History, Habitat, Value, and Uses for Ornament, together with much information regarding their Matrices or Rough State. With Coloured Illustrations, Photographs, &c. Demy 8vo, 18s.

CHAPMAN and HALL, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED
1832
NONE
GENUINE
EXCEPT
IN
PINK PAPER
WRAPPERS.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER

AMONG THE CULTIVATED AND REFINED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS RENOWNED PREPARATION IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED FAVOURITE WITH BOTH SEXES. OVER FORTY YEARS' TRIAL AND EXPERIENCE HAVE ESTABLISHED ITS SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESTORE GREY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GREY, LOSES ITS LUSTRE, AND FALLS OUT, IT SIMPLY REQUIRES NOURISHMENT. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION, STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES THE HAIR, AND, BY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL CAUSES, GREY OR WHITE HAIR IS QUICKLY RESTORED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. IT WILL STOP ITS FALLING, AND INDUCE A HEALTHY AND MOST LUXURIANT GROWTH. USE NO OTHER PREPARATION WITH IT, NOT EVEN OIL OR POMADE, OR ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER

IS THE BEST

TO RESTORE GREY HAIR,

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND PREPARED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL. OVER FORTY YEARS THE FAVOURITE PREPARATION. ENJOYING BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE, IT MUST BE THE BEST. IT DOES NOT DYE THE HAIR, BUT STRENGTHENS IT. GREY HAIRS SOON DISAPPEAR. BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION THE ROOTS ARE STRENGTHENED, THE SOFT AND SILKY TEXTURE OF HEALTHY HAIR FOLLOWS ITS USE.

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN
manufactures two entirely
distinct Preparations for the Hair.
One or the other is suited to every condition
of the Human Hair. Both are never required
at one time. For details as to each Preparation, kindly
read above and below this paragraph. Readers can easily determine which of the two they require. These Preparations have a world-wide reputation. Enormous
and increasing sale through Forty Years.
Every Chemist and Dealer in
Toilet Articles has both
Preparations.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

For the
Growth and Preservation
of the Hair.
It is a cooling, vegetable, and transparent liquid,
without sediment.

A SIMPLE TONIC AND DRESSING OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO BOTH SEXES. THE FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NO GREY HAIR. IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR, BUT, BY EARLY USE, IT WILL PREVENT IT TURNING GREY. PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, SO COMMON IN THESE DAYS, MAY BE ENTIRELY PREVENTED BY THE USE OF ZYLO-BALSAMUM. PROMPT RELIEF IN THOUSANDS OF CASES HAS BEEN AFFORDED WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN COMING OUT IN HANDFULS. IT PROMOTES A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH. HAIR DRESSED WITH ZYLO-BALSAMUM IS ALWAYS CLEAN, FREE FROM DANDRUFF, AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS ONLY SEEN IN HEALTHY HAIR. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT. NO OIL OR POMADE SHOULD BE USED WITH IT.

CAUTION!—The Genuine only in Bluish Grey Wrappers.
Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

THE FAVOURITE TOILET WATER OF THE AGE.

GOLDEN STAR

BAY LEAF WATER,

TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM THE FRESH LEAVES
of the BAY TREE (*Myrcia Acris*),
FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.

A
Toilet Water
of peculiar and
delightful fragrance,
delicate and lasting,
refreshing and soothing.
Golden Star Bay Leaf Water,
triple distilled from the fresh leaves of
the Bay Tree (*Myrcia Acris*). Indispensable
and a luxury for the Toilet, Nursery, and Bath.
A few drops on a sponge or towel moistened with water,
and the Face and Hands bathed with it, is very beneficial to
the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended
to apply after shaving. A small quantity in the Bath gives a
delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable refreshing
properties. Particularly adapted to the bathing of infants and young children, a few drops are sufficient for
a basin of water. Most grateful to invalids and
all who suffer from illness, from mental
labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine
Golden Star Bay Leaf Water,
sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles,
2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists
and Perfumers, or on receipt
of stamps from the whole-
sale depôt, 114 & 116,
Southampton Row,
London.

CROUP: Its Homoeopathic Treatment by Eight Remedies. Price 6d. By W. V. Drury, M.D., Edin., Physician in Charge of the Diseases of Children, London Homoeopathic Hospital.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

INDIGESTION: Its Homoeopathic Treatment by Eight Remedies. Price 6d. By William Morgan, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

RHEUMATISM: Its Homoeopathic Treatment by Eight Remedies. Price 6d. By William Morgan, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

SEA-SICKNESS: How to Prevent and Treat It Homoeopathically by Eight Remedies. Price 6d.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

TEETHING: Derangements Incidental to, and their Homoeopathic Treatment by Eight Remedies. Price 6d. By W. V. Drury, M.D., Edin., Physician in Charge of the Diseases of Children to London Homoeopathic Hospital.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

TIC DOULOUREUX: Its Homoeo-pathic Treatment by Eight Remedies. Price 6d.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Now ready, 25th edition, 8vo, cloth, pp. 1,100, price 16s.

HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. Laurie, M.D. Completely re-arranged, revised, re-written, corrected, and brought down to the present time, with a copious introduction, by R. S. Gutteridge, M.D. The present edition contains many important new chapters and sections, with new treatment and matter pertaining thereto, including the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of women and children, with plain directions for the treatment of accidents (including railway accidents), and numerous physiological notes, deductions, explanations, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. The new chapters comprise Nursing, Change of Air and Scene, Mineral Baths and Waters, Hydropathic Appliances and External Remedies, Affections of the Digestive Organs, Cancer, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Affections of the Lungs, Consumption and Diseases of the Respiratory Organs, Asthma and Hay Asthma, Affections of the Eyes (with a description of the Eyes and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the Eye), Insanity, Delirium Tremens, Hysteria, Locomotive Ataxy, Scurvy, Softening of the Brain, Alcoholism, Dipsomania, Diseases of the Spinal Cord, while Localities has been specially considered, and the section on Stammering is quite new. This edition possesses a New and Concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of Treatment, prefixed to the various chapters and divisions, and a most comprehensive and intelligible Index. The whole book is lucidly expressed, the diction being carefully divested of technicalities, and definite expression studied from first to last. Diseases of Tropical Climates are fully considered, and the volume may be pronounced of the greatest value to families, emigrants, and missionaries. An Epitome of the above, 25th edition, price 5s. A Case of Medicines adapted to the former work, in Tinctures or Pilules, price £4 4s.; in Globules, 60s. To the latter Pilules or Tinctures, price £2 2s.; Globules, £1 10s.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Now ready, post 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

HOMŒOPATHY and other MODERN SYSTEMS contrasted with ALLOPATHY. Also a Treatise on Diet and Digestion. By Joseph Hough, M.R.C.S.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Third edition, 8vo, price 1s.

HINTS on DIET, with Special Refer-ence to Homoeopathy. By J. R. Russell, M.D. The author consults the previous habits of the invalid, and deals with him as he is. This work is really practical, and of equal value to those who follow the homoeopathic system and those who do not.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Second edition, price 1s.

HOMŒOPATHIC TREATISE on DIGESTION and STRUCTURE and the USES of the LIVER. By J. Rutherfurd Russell, M.D.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Second edition, price 2s. 6d.

HOMŒOPATHIC TREATISE on the SKIN and its DISEASES. By J. Rutherfurd Russell, M.D.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Second edition, price 1s.

HOMŒOPATHIC TREATISE on AFFECTIONS of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, including Epilepsy, &c. By J. Rutherfurd Russell, M.D.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Second edition, price 1s.

HOMŒOPATHIC TREATISE on the HEART, its FUNCTIONAL and ORGANIC DISEASES. By J. Rutherfurd Russell, M.D.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Second edition, price 1s.

HOMŒOPATHIC TREATISE on PNEUMONIA, under Prompt and Effectual Treatment. By J. Rutherfurd, M.D.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

8vo, cloth, price 5s.

HOMŒOPATHY APPLIED; or, SPECIFIC RESTORATIVE MEDICINE. By W. Hutan, M.D. This work contains impressions and tests founded on experimental observations into the action of all medicinal drugs. A book of close research and high intelligence.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Cloth extra, 8vo, price One Guinea.

OUTLINES OF MATERIA MEDICA, REGIONAL SYMPTOMATOLOGY, &c. With Clinical Dictionary. By Henry Koch, M.R.C.S. Contains extended outlines of the subject, also characteristic signs of the remedies; comprehends also a complete system of therapeutics and materia medica, and is practical and concise in its style. The Clinical Dictionary presents many valuable points, easy of reference. Extract from the *Monthly Homoeopathic Review*, February, 1866:—"Mr. Koch has supplied the best treatise hitherto published. The book is exactly what it professes to be . . . just what is wanted."
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Fifth edition, 18mo, cloth, 1s.

INFANT LIFE AND HOW TO PRE-SERVE IT. By H. Rock, M.R.C.S. A valuable book of advice to mothers on the care of infants and their treatment during diseases, &c. A Case of Medicines adapted to this work, price 10s.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

18mo, price 5s. 6d.

TEXT-BOOK OF HOMŒOPATHIC VETERINARY PRACTICE. By Henry Gentry. Presents a Resume of the Application of Homoeopathy to the Horse, Ox, Cow, Dog, Sheep, &c., with simple directions respecting their Diseases, Remedies, Doses, and General Treatment. Invaluable to all who keep these animals.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

Second Edition, cloth, 18mo, price 5s.

THE PARENT'S GUIDE; an Ele-mentary Instruction in the Treatment of Diseases in Childhood. By J. Laurie, M.D. This work is intended for use in families. It contains practical advice concerning nursing, feeding, clothing, &c., and indicates the present homoeopathic treatment of the disorders, diseases, and accidents incidental to childhood.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Chyd.; and 9, Vere St., W.

18mo, price 1s.,

THE PRINCIPLES OF HOMŒO-PATHY, in a Series of Lectures. By E. F. Jones, M.D. The principles and practice of the system are fully set forth in this book, popular errors are investigated, the theory of potentization explained, also the law of cure, pure homoeopathy explained and elaborately demonstrated. Complete catalogues sent post free on application.

Gratis, post free.

LEATH and ROSS'S ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS of HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE CHESTS and MEDICINES, with plain instructions how and when to take them.
Merchant Shippers supplied on most Liberal Terms.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles

D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW

DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	3 0
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	3 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
PRINCESS MARIE GALOP	1 6
ST. PETERSBURG QUADRILLE	2 0
CONSTANTINOPLE QUADRILLE	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. WALDTEUFEL'S NEWEST WALTZ.

AU REVOIR WALTZ. Par EMILE

WALDTEUFEL (Composer of the celebrated "Manolo Waltz"). The above new Waltz will most certainly become very popular. Price 2s. net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE RANELAGH GAVOTTE for the

Pianoforte. By J. MEREDITH BALL. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s. 6d. net.—CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

LA FIANCÉE POLKA. By J. Mere-

DITH BALL. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s. 6d. net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

Sung by Mr. EDWARD LLOYD

WHEN THOU ART NIGH. GOUNOD. In C and E flat. 2s. net.

I'LL SING THEE SONGS OF ARABY. From "Lalla Rookh," by FREDERICK CLAY. In A flat and F. 2s. net.

SWEETHEARTS. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. In A flat and B flat. 2s. net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. GOUNOD'S NEWEST

COMPOSITIONS.

MARCHE RELIGIEUSE (companion to his celebrated "Marche Romaine").

PIANOFORTE SOLO. 1s. 6d. net.
PIANOFORTE DUET. 2s. net.
ORGAN (with Pedal Obbligato). 1s. 6d. net.
HARMONIUM. 1s. 6d. net.

MARCHE MILITAIRE. 2s. net.
Ditto Ditto. Piano Duet. 2s. net.
Ditto Ditto for Organ (with Pedal Obbligato), by Fred Archer. 2s. net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

KUHE'S NEW FANTASIAS.

KUHE'S DIE FLEDERMAUS. 2s. net.
KUHE'S FLYING DUTCHMAN. 2s. net.
KUHE'S TRIAL BY JURY. 2s. net.
KUHE'S SWEETHEARTS. 1s. 6d. net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy

Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 2 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

NOW READY.

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss),

the New Waltz by OTTO MULLER, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half-price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND

LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MULLER'S Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

UNDER THE LAMPLIGHT.—

LOUISA GRAY. New Song, sung with the greatest success by Miss Lena Angele. Sold for 2s. net by all Musicsellers, and by the Publishers,

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

ONLY LOVE CAN TELL. Song.

By BERTHOLD TOURS. "Peculiarly fresh and charming, and will prove a great acquisition to sopranos and mezzo-sopranos."—*Queen.* This popular song may be had of all musicsellers. Post free, 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

SPRING FLOWERS WALTZES.

By FRANK AOLAM. Price 4s. These new and delightfully pretty waltzes may be had at half-price of Messrs. HOPWOOD and CREW, 42, New Bond Street, W.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.

THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.

THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.

THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-

operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20

—GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28

Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—

Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Piano-

FORTE SCHOOL.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester,

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of

POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATA-

LOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent post free to any part of the World.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ROCKSTRO'S REMINISCENCES of

the HANDEL FESTIVAL.

1. Messiah	4s.
2. Miscellaneous Selection	4s.
3. Israel in Egypt	4s.

Each Number of the Reminiscence of the Handel Festival is published with an authentic Portrait of the great Composer, from an engraving in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, after the picture by Hudson, 1749.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

GEMS OF HANDEL. By J. T. Trekell.

No. 1. Gavotte from "Otho."
2. "Maestoso" and "Allegro" from Second Concerto.
3. Movements from the "Occasional Overture."
4. Lascia ch' io pianga (Rinaldo).
5. Minuet from Overture to "Samson."
6. Movements from the Overture to "Saul."

Price 3s. each.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of

STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 5)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BEN-

NETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW

PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of

sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. 48 Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded post free to any part of the world.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote,

Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate

Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

ELEGANT JEWELLERY.

LONDON AND RYDER

invite inspection of their New Stock, as characterised by "Good Taste" and sterling excellence.

BRIDESMAIDS' LOCKETS, WEDDING PRESENTS, COURT DIAMONDS.

Diamond Ornaments in great variety charged at prices consistent with reliable value. Necklaces, Head Ornaments, Earrings, Crosses, Pendants, Lockets, Solitaires, Bracelets, &c.

Recipients of the only Medal awarded for "General Good Taste" at the International Exhibition.

THE DIAMONDS OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK ON SALE.

Indian Cats' Eye Rings, worn as a talisman to avert evil or misfortune.

LONDON and RYDER, GOLDSMITHS AND JEWELLERS, 17, New Bond Street.
(Corner of Clifford Street, opposite Long's Hotel).

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN

COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 11s. 4d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s. 8d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 10s.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; Indian corn, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 4s.; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; barley meal, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

BULLOCK IN A BOAT, "Trade Mark."

—Liebig's EXTRACT OF MEAT. Prepared by WHITEHEAD and CO. (Limited), bearing this trade mark. To be had of all Chemists and Grocers.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF

MEAT.

Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.—

In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

COCK'S READING SAUCE

Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured

FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.

It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.

CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—

Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S NEW

PUBLICATIONS

All Music sent post free at half-price.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S NAAMAN.

Vocal Score, complete, Octavo Edition. 4s. net.
Do. do bound in cloth. 6s. net.

All the numbers of "Naaman" can also be had separately, including the celebrated Aria, "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," 3s.; and the Triumphal March, "Naaman," as Piano Solo, 3s.; Piano Duet, 3s.; and also as Organ Solo, with Pedal, 3s.

SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S

WORKS for the PIANOFORTE, in two vols. Cheap Edition now ready, including the celebrated Toccata, Scherzo, op. 13; Capriccio, op. 27; Three Sketches, &c. Price 6s. net each vol.; or, bound, cloth, 8s. net.

HENRY FARMER'S NEW VIOLIN SOLO.

SWISS AIR and GENTLE ZITELLA.

Also,

HOME, SWEET
BLUE BELLS
HOPE TOLD A
KEEL ROW

LAST ROSE OF
LIFE LET US
HARP THAT ONCE
SOUNDS SO JOYFUL

With Pianoforte Accompaniment, 3s. each; post free, 1s. 6d.

HENRY FARMER'S NEW PIANO-

FORTE TUTOR. 500th Edition. Price 4s. "This is decidedly the most useful and best instruction book for the pianoforte we have seen." All Music post free at half-price.

SHALL I WEAR A WHITE ROSE?

New Song. By EMILY FARMER. Poetry by Sarilla Clarke. This charming song is now being sung by Madame Trebelli at her Provincial Concerts with perfect success. Published in E flat and G for Soprano or Contralto. Post free, 24 stamps.

VERY SUSPICIOUS! H. Clifton's

renowned Serio-Comic Duet for Lady and Gentleman, introducing popular songs. Also, the Medley Duet, "Love and Pride." "Just the thing for penny readings and amateur concerts." Either sent free, 24 stamps, by JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

ROBINSON CRUSOE! H. Clifton's

enormously popular Comic Medley. Humorously Illustrated. "His songs are always free from the vulgarity which is unfortunately characteristic of some modern comic songs." Lists of Clifton's Comic and Motto Songs gratis.

PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP. C.

COOTE. Illustrated with New Portrait of the Prince. Solo or Duet, 2s. net. The most popular piece of dance-music ever published, the sum of £1,000 odd having been realised for the copyright alone.—Sole Publisher, JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

LITTLE CLARINA'S LESSON-BOOK

for the PIANO. By G. A. MACFARREN. Parts 1 to 4, 2s. 6d. each; bound, 8s. "It contains all that is essential to instruct the youngest child."—*Globe.* London: JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

W. SMALLWOOD'S PIANO

PIECES

Non mi Voglio. 2s. 6d.
Lena. 2s. 6d.
Mont Blanc. 2s. 6d.
She Wore a Wreath of Roses. 2s. 6d.
Rheda. 2s. 6d.
Sweet Home. 2s. 6d.
Rochelle (Morceau Militaire). 2s. 6d.

Novara. 2s. 6d.
Ballad Singer. 2s. 6d.
Verbena. 3s.
Fern Leaves. 3s.
Festal March. 3s.
Azalea. 3s.
Elaine. 3s.
Rose Pink. 3s.

All above at half-price.

W. WEIST HILL'S LIST OF

WORKS performed daily at the Alexandra Palace.

Belle of Promenade Polka. 3s.
To Paris Galop. 3s.
Alma Waltzes. 4s.

Son Image Waltz. 4s.
Gertrude Polka. 3s.
Madame Pompadour Gavotte. 3s.

All the above at half-price.

MY SAILOR LOVE. Words by

EDWARD OXENFORD; Music by L. DIEHL. Will be an established favourite. It is a simple and catching melody, the subject also being one of a popular character. Post free, 1s. 6d.

ONE LITTLE WORD. A New Song.

By that melodious Composer FRANZ ABT; the Words by E. OXENFORD; and the music has the simple, plaintive character so well known and so generally admired in other works of the Composer. Net 1s. 6d.—JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.

HOBART PASHA MARCH. By

MICHAEL WATSON. Just published. Splendidly Illustrated in Colours, with lifelike Portrait of this celebrity. Post free, 18 stamps.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S POPULAR

PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Each post free, 18 stamps.

Explanatory Note—M.E. Moderately Easy. M.D. Moderately Difficult.

Gavotte, Favorite de Louis XIV. Thirteenth Edition. M.E.
Menuet (de Boccherini). Eleventh Edition. M.E.
Nell Gwynne (a Reminiscence of the Court of Charles II.) Third Edition. M.E.
Autrefois (Souvenir de Margerite de Valois). Nineteenth Edition. M.D.
Marche au Tournoi. Fourth Edition. M.D.
Stentorello (Burla Toscana). M.D.
Bric-à-Brac, No. 1, E. Third Edition. M.D.
Chanson D'Amour. M.E.
La Lutina (Esquisse Espagnole). M.D.
Un Songe du Ciel (Thème de Batiste). M.D.
An Album Leaf (to Emilie). M.D.
Air de Ballet. Sixth Edition. M.D.

Review.—"Exquisitely quaint and captivating for originality, simplicity, and attractiveness combined. These compositions are unique."

BRINLEY RICHARDS'S NEW

PIANO PIECES. Free at half-price.

A Daydream. 3s.
Der Lustige Bauer. 3s.
I Love My Love. 3s.
Maiden's Flower Song. 3s.
What Will You Do Love. 3s.

Andante Pastorale. 3s.
Ernani (Verdi). 3s.
March in Scipio. 3s.
Nazareth (Gounod). 3s.
With Verdure Clad. 3s.

J. LEYBACH'S LATEST COMPO-

SITIONS. Free at half-price.

L'Alsacienne Valse. 4s.
Chant du Patrie. 3s.
L'Elisire d'Amour. 4s.
Pegase Galop. 4s.

Zampa (Hérold). 4s.
Fête des Bergeres. 3s.
Tancredi (Rossini). 4s.
Festa Romana. 4s.

HAROLD THOMAS'S NEW PIANO

PIECES. Free at half-price.

Faust (Gounod). 4s.
Cuirassiers. 4s.
St. Paul. 4s.
Lohengrin. 4s.

Huguenots. 4s.
Sleigh Drive. 4s.
Hymn of Praise. 4s.
Marche Nuptiale (Gounod). 4s.

CIRO PINSUTI'S NEW and SUC-

CESSFUL SONGS. Free at half-price.

Fairer than Morning (Beatrice)	3s.
The Owl. In A minor and G minor. Sung by Mr. Santley	4s.
I Love My Love. In A flat and B flat . each	4s.
The Raft. In G and E. Sung by Signor Foli	4s.
Love Will Shine All Through (contralto)	3s.
What We Have Loved We Love For Ever	3s.

A LIFE'S LOVE. Signor Foli's New

Song, the Poetry by CANON KINGSLEY, the Music by J. B. WALDECK. Free at half-price.

Also, by the same Composer:—

Peace Be Still. Sung by Signor Foli	4s.
Loved and Lost. Poetry by Miss Proctor	3s.
In the Twilight. Poetry by F. E. Weatherley	4s.
My Love is Fair. Poetry by E. J. Oliver	3s.
We Roam and Rule the Sea. W. C. Bennett	3s.

The Graphic says:—"Mr. Waldeck is evidently a good musician, and it gives us genuine pleasure to make his acquaintance; he knows how to write and writes well."

CATALOGUES of NEW PIANO

SOLOS and DUETS, Popular Songs, Comic and Motto Songs, New Dance Music, sent gratis on application.

Shipping Orders on favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZ-

MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Charles Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. Carpets, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.—OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

READY MONEY versus CREDIT or

BOOKING.—Messrs. OETZMANN and CO.'s business is conducted on the co-operative system of small profits and cash payments, with the extra advantages of centralised management and personal proprietory supervision, the public receiving all the benefit of the co-operative system without its inherent trouble and annoyances, and the prices will be found lower than those charged at Co-operative Stores.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DE-

PARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 15 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Maroon Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut oval Centre Table, 3 guineas.

OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM

SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas. Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas. Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards.

OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN'S Patent Pallio Mattress

supersedes the use of the old rigid Palliasse: is more cleanly, healthy, and elastic; combining the advantages of a Mattress and Palliasse at the cost of one article. Price from 16s. 9d. upwards. See page 123 in "A Guide to House Furnishing," sent post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW

BLINDS and SCREENS.—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

FLOOR-Cloth, Floor-Cloth, Floor-Cloth.

Well seasoned colours and designs to suit every style of decoration. An immense assortment for selection. Clearing out at 1s. 6d. per square yard; best quality and newest designs, 2s. 6d. A quantity of squares, 2 yards by 3 yards, 3 by 4, and other useful sizes, very cheap. Quotations forwarded per post on receiving size of room or hall. Bordered floor-cloth for passage or stairs from 9d. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large

handsome Axminster Hearthrugs that Oetzmann and Co. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern and design in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.

OETZMANN and CO.

TABLE LINEN. OETZMANN & CO.

SHEETINGS. OETZMANN & CO.

QUILTS, &c. OETZMANN & CO.

MUSLIN and LACE CURTAINS.—

CLEARING OUT.—Elegant design, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 and 56 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Tuileries lace curtains, 4 yards long by 72 inches wide, 21s. per pair. A special reduced list of curtains, with size and description, post free on application.

OETZMANN and CO.

LINEN DEPARTMENT.—Fine white

Linen Damask Table Cloths, 2 yards long, 3s. 11d.; 2½ yards long by 2 yards wide, 5s. 11d.; 3 yards by 2½ yards, 8s. 11d.; 3½ yards by 2½ yards, 12s. 6d.; 4 yards by 2½ yards, 15s.; Breakfast Cloths, from 1s. 11d.; strong Linen Kitchen Table Cloths, 1s. 11d. each; stout Huckaback, from 4¾d. per yard; Glass Cloths, 4¾d. per yard; stout White Calico Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. per yard; 83 inches ditto, 1s. 6d. per yard; white Linen Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 2s. 11d.; 86 inches ditto, 2s. 6d. per yard; superfine quality ditto, 68 inches wide, 2s. 11d. per yard. Horrockses Long Cloths and Sheetings at the Manufacturer's wholesale prices. Ladies should write for patterns, and compare price and quality.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE PORTLAND COAL VASE.—

OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the Season, new shape, much admired, handsomely japanned and gold relieved, has bowl castors, opal handle, handscoop, and strong loose lining—a great convenience and saving in the wear. Price complete only 10s. 6d.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT.

—Ironstone China Dinner Services—various new and elegant designs, from 15s. 9d. the set; handsome ditto at 25s. and 35s. per set; a large assortment of superb patterns for selection; dessert services complete, 17 pieces, 13s. 9d.; best French China ditto, 18 pieces, very chaste, with burnished gold edges, 18s. 9d.; China Tea Services, complete, 28 pieces, 5s. 9d.; elegant ditto, burnished gold and enamelled, 15s. 9d.—OETZMANN and CO.

ROYAL WORCESTER CHINA, from

the celebrated ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS, can be obtained from OETZMANN and CO., Complete House Furnishers, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, who are also SOLE VENDORS of the CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICES (ewer, basin, &c., complete—9 pieces), from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive price lists of the same can be had post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE

HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at seven, and on Saturdays at four o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST

FREE.

OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM,

NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—JULY 14, 1877.

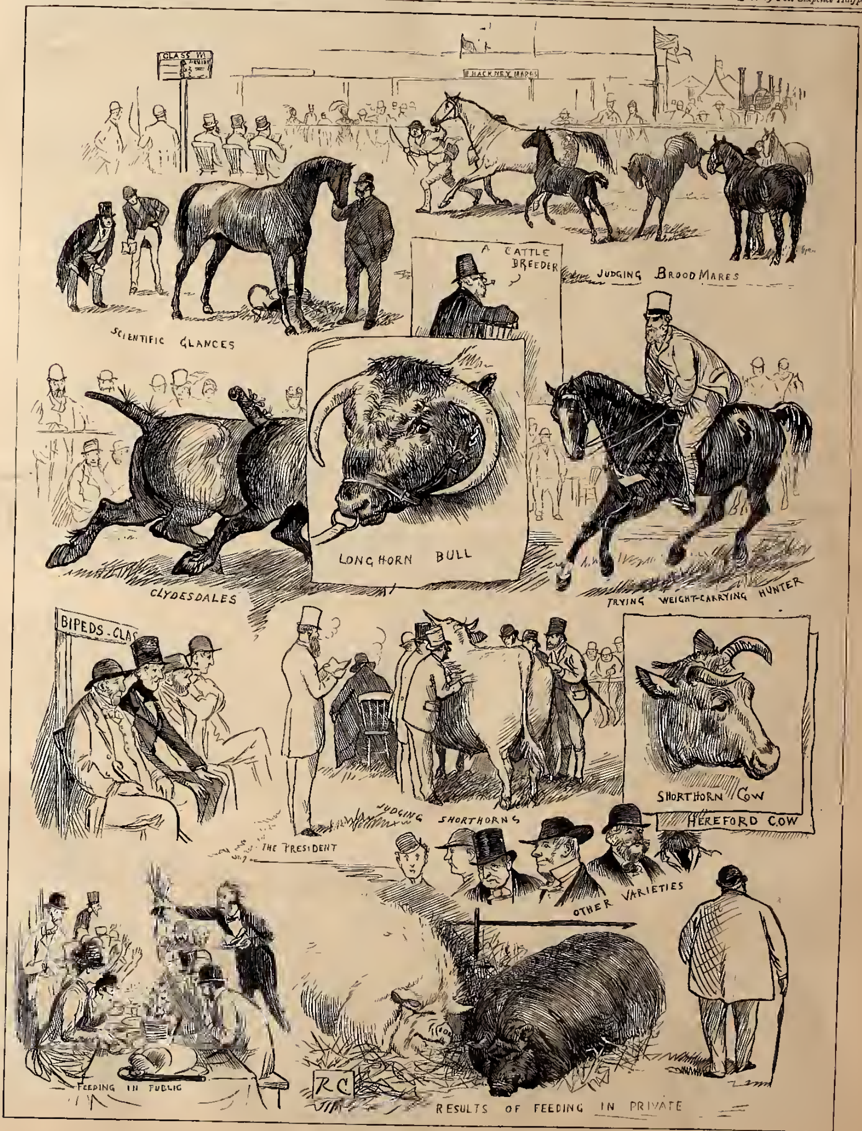
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 399
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny


CLASS VI
HACKNEY MARES
A CATTLE BREEDER
JUDGING BROOD MARES
SCIENTIFIC GLANCES
LONGHORN BULL
CLYDESDALES
TRYING WEIGHT-CARRYING HUNTER
BIPEDS-CLAS
JUDGING SHORTHORNS
THE PRESIDENT
SHORTHORN COW
HEREFORD COW
OTHER VARIETIES
FEEDING IN PUBLIC
RC
RESULTS OF FEEDING IN PRIVATE

OUR ARTIST'S NOTES AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT LIVERPOOL

Topics of the Week

ACROSS THE BALKANS.——Most people expected that Turkey would be ultimately overmatched by Russia, but few thought that she would make such a poor fight of it as she has done hitherto. Looking back to the events of the last few weeks it is easy to perceive how much more a Power possessed of the resources of Turkey might have accomplished to bar the Russian invasion. Even supposing that it was unadvisable to occupy Roumania, instead of allowing the enemy to traverse that country as easily as if they had been a party of Cook's tourists, the Turks might have made a strenuous defence on the Danube. Independent of their army, their fleet of gun-boats and monitors, if properly handled, might have performed invaluable service on the great river barrier. But they did nothing, or next to nothing; and no one probably was more surprised than the Russians themselves, who were prepared to sacrifice thousands of lives in forcing a passage, at the feeble resistance with which they met. Safely landed on the Turkish side of the Danube, the Russians proceeded with equal ease, and secured an almost unopposed passage across the Balkans, that famous range where at least it was expected the Turks would make a determined stand. It is true that the advanced guard have left some formidable fortresses behind them, but Nikopol has already fallen, and Rustchuk is seriously threatened. Abdul Kerim may have a "plan," but "plans" have an ill-omened sound after General Trochu's experiences, as they are apt to require time and other conditions which the enemy are not always inclined to accord. As in Armenia, early success may possibly be followed by subsequent reverses; but the circumstances of the two invasions are very different, as in Asia the Russians underrated the enemy's forces, whereas in Europe they seem to have taken every precaution to insure that they shall not be out-numbered

THE CONSERVATIVE UNION IN FRANCE.——The policy which the French Ministry mean to adopt in the approaching elections is now known. The Prefects have received directions to support no candidate who "unfurls the flag of one of the parties which aspire to power in 1880." The orthodox colours are to be those of the MacMahonites, and the MacMahonites alone. Each member of the "union" may have his private hopes, but he is to say nothing of them; he is merely to proclaim his loyalty to the Marshal. On the whole, the Republicans have little reason to regret this decision. The Marshal's is not a powerful name to conjure with. He serves the purpose of a stopgap very well; but nobody can pretend to be enthusiastic about him, or suppose that without him the France of so many centuries would be ruined. There are, however, signs that the "union" will be much less complete than the Government wish. The Legitimists have made it very plain that they will do nothing to strengthen the hands of the Bonapartists. M. de Franclieu has boldly declared that he and his co-religionists would greatly prefer the Republic to the Empire. They know that the former will not fight their battles; but then they also know that the latter was the direct cause of the misfortunes of their Church. Through the Empire Italy was united, and owing to its blunders Germany became powerful enough to contend with the priests. If so much was done in the past, what might not the future bring with it if an Emperor were again at the Tuileries? These jealousies are not likely to be diminished as the time for appealing to the nation arrives, and if not, the Duc de Broglie may prove to have been, against his will, the best friend the Republic ever had.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.——We are anxious to keep silence concerning the merits or demerits of this institution while the official inquiry is proceeding, but at the same time a few general remarks may not be out of place. It seems to us that such an exceptional incident as the suicide of a boy proves little or nothing as to the state of discipline of a school. Think of the innumerable miseries boys have undergone in former days when teaching was pitilessly enforced by the lash, and when the tyranny of the pedagogue was replaced after school hours by the bullying of schoolfellows. Think of the notorious Yorkshire schools of the last generation (effectually exposed by Charles Dickens in "Nicholas Nickleby"), where friendless little creatures were doomed to neglect, cruelty, and semi-starvation. The most pessimist Blue cannot compare modern Christ's Hospital with these places, yet boy-suicides were almost if not altogether unknown in them. We do not say that there has been no bullying in Christ's Hospital, we merely wish to show that the suicide of poor little Gibbs does not (as the public seem to think) prove that bullying of a specially atrocious character existed. Again, it seems to us scarcely fair to impugn a whole school for the deeds which may be done in one part of it. A public schoolboy lives, in some respects, in a very narrow world. He is far more affected for happiness or misery by his dormitory companions than by the school at large, and so fearful are boys of being regarded as "sneaks," that one or two ill-conditioned fellows may cause a vast amount of wretchedness without a syllable of complaint reaching the higher powers. This may have been the case with Gibbs, and if so, it is scarcely reasonable that an isolated case of tyranny should be levelled as an indictment against the entire establishment.

OUR DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.——We had thought it was an almost exploded idea that the British representative abroad is a person who absorbs a vast amount of money and does nothing for it. This venerable notion, however, appeared in full vigour the other evening in Committee of Supply, when Mr. Rylands and a few who agree with him thought it their duty to call out for a reduction of expenditure in the diplomatic service. A worse time for any such demand could not have been chosen, for, as it happens, we have just had bitter experience of the consequences of insufficient information respecting what goes on abroad. It is hardly too much to say that if early and authentic reports had reached England last year respecting the Bulgarian atrocities the antagonism that sprang up between the different parties in the State would not have been half so intense, and probably the national policy would now have been much more clear and firm than it actually is. There can be little doubt that the Consular service will have to be considerably strengthened in the East, and for our part we should be glad to see the country still more efficiently represented in all the important nations. The curse of John Bull is that in quiet times he thinks so little about his neighbours. He has so high an opinion of himself, and really plays so splendid a *rôle* on the stage of the world, that unless his attention is violently attracted he deems it beneath him to inquire what foreigners are about. The result is that when anything of great moment happens he astonishes mankind by the strangest antics. He knows nothing of the broad general causes of the events which surprise him; he is merely startled, thinks his interests are in danger, takes a side with characteristic vehemence, says one thing to-day and to-morrow does quite another. England can never pursue a policy worthy of her until the people are better instructed in foreign affairs; and the diplomatic service might be so managed as to convey the necessary instruction in the best possible form.

FREE BRIDGES.——Bridges which have been built for the purpose of making a profit out of the tolls levied cannot be freed by any financial hocus-pocus, and the reason why the passage of the Toll Bridges Act (which has just received the Royal Assent) has been so long delayed, is that it has been no easy matter to discover how to raise the money for buying out the existing proprietors. A victim has at length been found, in the shape of the Metropolitan ratepayer, and on his broad and multitudinous back the burden will be laid. The sacrifice is not equal to that of freeing the Russian serfs. Still, the sum required (1,500,000*l.*, for which we shall have to pay extra rates for the next half century) is not a fleabite, even for gigantic London. The people who will really benefit will be the very poor, those who twice a day, as they went to and from their labour, had to hand over their hard-earned coppers to relentless men in white aprons. The middle and upper classes will pay far more in rates than they will save in tolls. Rents on the Surrey side will no doubt rise perceptibly, and so the poor may not after all save much out of their bridge-halfpence. Nevertheless, it is right that the change should be made, and it accords with modern maxims that such charges should be borne by the whole community rather than by the actual users. One thing we shall regret. At present, Waterloo Bridge forms an agreeable resort for those in search of quiet. Fresh air and unrivalled views are obtainable from its uncompromising stone seats. The dust (which is always there in mysterious abundance) is a slight drawback, it is true, and so is the suspicion, entertained by the passing policeman, that you are contemplating suicide. Nevertheless, the Bridge of Waterloo is an agreeable lounge, and we shall feel sorry when those funny little red omnibuses vanish (as they probably will with the toll); and when the blind man ceases to read the Bible in sonorous tones from raised letters in one of the recesses; in short, when the old bridge becomes a commonplace, roaring, jostling thoroughfare, like its brother at the bottom of King William Street.

THE ITALIAN STREET CHILDREN.——The Charity Organisation Society deserves great credit for the care with which it has collected the facts relating to the unfortunate Italian children who are brought over in multitudes to this country to make a living for their *padroni*. Everybody is familiar with them. There is often something extremely attractive in their appearance and manner. They seem gay and light-hearted, and many a coin is dropped into their tambourines by persons who are usually stern in complying with the laws of political economy on the subject of begging. They remind passers-by of a sunnier land than ours, and brighter and more sociable manners. Now that the actual circumstances of the children have been made known it is to be hoped that only the feeblest class of sentimentalists will continue to give them money. The *padroni*, it seems, enter into a verbal contract with the parents of their victims, and then the little creatures have to make their way on foot across the Continent, sometimes arriving here in such a condition that they die of sheer exhaustion. When they have started on their miserable career their lot is that of slaves. They are unmercifully beaten if they do not bring in a proper sum of money; they are lodged in vile houses; and in regard to their morals the worst that can be imagined is nearest the truth. If the parents have the remotest suspicion of what happens to their children, no words can be strong enough to express their baseness; indeed, in any case, their conduct is utterly inhuman. But that does not make it the less our duty to put down so infamous a system. The Government may do something, but the effectual remedy is in the hands of the public, and that is—never to give a farthing to any of these poor boys and girls, however cheerful and attractive they may seem. If the business ceases to pay, it will cease to exist. Any one who encourages it now will simply prove his own selfishness.

AN AMERICAN STRIKE.——Perhaps there is more oxygen in the air of the New World than of the Old; at any rate, both Nature and Man are more excitable there than here. According to a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the thunderstorms of England are mere pop-guns and rushlight flashes compared to the tremendous tempests of Iowa, which, moreover, are repeated nearly every day through the summer. Again, the politico-theological feuds which date from the Battle of the Boyne, and which are dying out in their native island, blaze forth with fresh intensity in the bracing climate of the Canadian Dominion, and have just set the City of Montreal in an uproar. Lastly, a strike of railway *employés* is apt to assume very different aspects in this country and in the United States. Here it is happily an affair of rare occurrence, and seldom inflicts more than a slight temporary inconvenience on the general public. Men hang about grumbling and sullen for a while, but soon mutual concessions bring all, except a few malcontents, back to their work. The story of the late strike on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on the contrary, reads like a leaf from the Great Civil War, and the violence of the strikers seems the more remarkable, because the bulk of the Company's servants had accepted the 10 per cent. reduction. This violence, and the bloodshed by which it was accompanied, is traceable to several causes, which are fortunately either absent or less conspicuous on this side of the water. Our people are not in the habit of carrying firearms; between employers and employed there are powerful bonds of union arising from common lineage and nativity, whereas in the United States the labourers are too apt to be regarded by the native Americans, who act as their workmasters, as a horde of aliens; while, lastly, the bitterness of the strikers is often increased by a belief, possibly ill-founded, but not entirely unjustified by previous examples, that the "bosses" who reduce the men's wages are not very scrupulous as to how they feather their own nests. Altogether, it is plain that the most violent class animosities may exist in a community which enjoys universal suffrage, and owns neither nobles, nor Established Church, nor King.

THE DOMESTIC ECONOMY CONGRESS.——Few Congresses have met for so good a purpose as that which assembled this week in Birmingham. Professor Huxley in no way exaggerated when he declared that "some of the greatest evils of the workman are traceable to mere physical agencies which could be removed by energy, patience, and frugality." The working classes as a rule know nothing whatever of the laws of health. Their food is badly cooked; their dwellings are badly ventilated and drained; and their children are often, from sheer carelessness, so insufficiently clad, that it is impossible for them to grow up strong and vigorous. It is because the outward conditions of their lives are so mean and repelling that very many working men spend their evenings in the public-house, and bring themselves and their families to ruin. These facts are pretty well understood, but hitherto they have not led to sufficiently definite action. Social reformers have had too little system in their work; and the world generally has been inclined to content itself with vague aspirations. There is but one way in which a thorough change can be effected; and that is by beginning with the young. Those who have long gone on in the old way have acquired too fixed habits to adopt different methods; but there is no reason why the new generation should be allowed to pass into manhood and womanhood without a knowledge of simple laws that would alter the whole complexion of their lives. Now that education is all but universal, it would be very easy for properly-trained teachers to communicate ideas and aptitudes in accordance with the best lights and the acknowledged needs of the time. We have got far beyond the notion that education ought to be something altogether apart from real life. It is now generally acknowledged that its first object is to prepare children to make the most of the circumstances in the midst of which they are likely to spend their days. The object of the Congress was to force upon public attention the importance of the movement, and to suggest practical methods of reaching the desired end. We believe it has been very successful, and cannot doubt that the Government will by and by see the propriety of following in the direction indicated by the most enlightened opinion.

LONDON BALCONIES.——In the case of the painter at Kensington, who stepped from the drawing-room of the house he was engaged in decorating on to the balcony, which gave way under him, and precipitated him to the ground, the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." A verdict of manslaughter against the landlord of the premises would have been far more appropriate, and would have tended to stir up owners of house-property to look after their balconies, which in hundreds, if not thousands of cases, are unfit for the use for which they are professedly intended. A balcony which cannot be safely walked upon is not only a sham, but a most dangerous sham, and it would be better to get rid altogether of these appendages to our houses, unless they are kept in good order. Of course, the real reason of this neglect is easily discoverable. In our smoky, chilly atmosphere balconies are, as a rule, rarely used, and hence they are allowed to fall into decay. If some exceptionally attractive sight, such as a Royal procession, for which preparations are made long beforehand, is expected to fill the balconies of any given thoroughfare with spectators, prudent occupiers usually take care to ascertain that the supports are sound, and so accidents are rare on these occasions. The real danger is when people are drawn to their balconies in crowds by some sudden and unlooked-for attraction. The upshot of our advice is that people should first of all ensure that their balconies are sound, and then should make far more use of them than they now do. Smoky fresh air is better than no fresh air at all, and very few Londoners, women especially, get as much out-door air as they ought to have.

Now Ready.

THE NEW VOLUME, XV.,

OF

"THE GRAPHIC"

containing over Five Hundred Illustrations of all the Events of Interest transpiring during the first six months of 1877, handsomely bound in blue cloth, gilt lettered, and gilt edges, 20s.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½*d.*

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1*d.* thin and 2*d.* thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia Ceylon China	*Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition.	India Japan New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

AMUSEMENTS

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, W. J. Hill, Billington, C. Harcourt, H. H. Vincent, G. Barrett, and E. Righton; Mesdames Emma Ritta, Marie Stevens, C. Jecks, and Lydia Foote.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, THE LUCKY STONE. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Alexandrini, Queen Mab, Richard Geldard, and Bros. Keeling. Concluding with THE DARK HOUSE. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. H. Rhoyds.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Re-appearance of Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at 7 o'clock, THE GREAT CITY, by Andrew Halliday. Messrs. G. Conquest, W. James, Sennett, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with (except Wednesday) THE SCARLET LETTER. Wednesday with THE GHOST HUNTER. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated. Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. BATEMAN.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, THE LYONS MAIL. Mr. Henry Irving, Messrs. Mead, Brooke, Archer, Lyons, Tyars, Huntley, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Lydia Howard, and Isabel Bateman. Preceded, at 7.30, by CHARLES II.

MR. HENRY IRVING as LESURQUES, the victim, and DUBOSC, the robber of the Lyons Mail. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. Scenery by Hawes Craven. Music by R. Stoepel. Doors open at seven. Carriages at 10.45.—LYCEUM.

LAST NIGHT of the SEASON and of THE LYONS MAIL, SATURDAY, July 28, on which date (by request) there will also be a MORNING PERFORMANCE, at 2.30, of this most successful play, unavoidably withdrawn in consequence of

MR. HENRY IRVING'S PROVINCIAL TOUR, commencing AUG. 6th, when he will appear, supported by the Lyceum Company, at the THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER, as KING RICHARD III., in Shakespeare's play. Box plan open for

MONDAY, July 30, BENEFIT of Mr. HENRY IRVING (and his last performance in London until next December), on which occasion he will appear as HAMLET.—LYCEUM.

MR. W. H. HOLMES'S (Pianoforte) THIRD CONCERT, LANGHAM HALL, JULY 26. Tickets, &c., of Mr. W. H. HOLMES, 36, Beaumont Street, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION will CLOSE on June 28. Open from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-EIGHTH EXHIBITION WILL CLOSE on Saturday, July 28. 5, Pall Mall East. From Nine till Seven. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe: also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

Our Illustrations

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AT LIVERPOOL

THE Annual Show of this Society was held last week in Newsham Park, where the local authorities had liberally allotted no less than seventy-five acres of land to be used as a show-yard. The greater part of this immense space was occupied by what is technically called "dead stock," consisting of machinery and implements used in farming; but there was in addition a very fair show of horses, horned cattle, sheep and pigs. The number of exhibits in the first-mentioned department, in which no money prizes were offered, was larger than in any previous year, and the gold medal of the Society will be awarded to the most efficient sheaf-binding machine, the competition for which will take place at harvest time in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. The cattle-judging took place on the first and second days of the show, when the parading of the animals in the rings was naturally the great attraction to the visitors, who attended in large numbers in spite of the very unsettled condition of the weather. One of the most effective sights of the whole week was witnessed on Saturday, when there was a magnificent procession of Liverpool cart horses in their working harness.

The annual meeting of the Shorthorn Society was held on Thursday in the Council tent, under the presidency of Lord Skelmersdale. The report and accounts were adopted, and the chairman, Colonel Kingscote, M.P., and other members strongly urged the importance of an unceasing effort being made to stamp out the foot-and-mouth disease, as being a scourge which cost the country an enormous amount every year, and which was even more insidious and injurious than rinderpest.

THE WINDSOR REVIEW

THE review before Her Majesty in the Great Park, Windsor, on the 10th inst., was in every way a splendid success. The weather was magnificent, the ground in excellent order, crowds of delighted spectators were present, and the troops, some 15,000 strong, who had marched from Aldershot, breaking the journey for the night some at Ascot Heath and others at Cobham, looked as fresh and trim as though they had just turned out of barracks. The Royal salute sounded soon after five o'clock, and as Her Majesty's carriage came in sight the strains of the National Anthem broke forth from all the bands. The Queen was accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and the Duke of Cambridge and Prince Christian rode in front of the carriage. After passing down the lines a position was taken up beneath the "review oak," and the march past began. All went by in admirable order, the 1st Life Guards being especially noticeable as having discarded their buckskin breeches and high boots for the more serviceable pantaloons and low boots used by other cavalry regiments. The Lancers, too, came in for a good share of cheering as they went by, with fluttering pennons, in faultless line. The infantry looked exceedingly well, and seemed to impress Her Majesty, for as it went by the second time she stood up in her carriage as if to get a better view. The crowd cheered again and again as the final royal salute was given by the whole mass of troops, sabres and bayonets flashing in the sunlight, and the familiar "God Save the Queen" again rose upon the air. Her Majesty bowed in acknowledgment of the salute, and, the display being over, the Royal carriage drove off towards the Castle. Among the visitors were the Comte and Comtesse de Paris; but few other foreigners of distinction were present, and there was scarcely a foreign uniform to be seen.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE TURKS—THE BOMBARDMENT OF RUSTCHUK

ONE of the saddest incidents of the present campaign has been the bombardment of Rustchuk by the Russians, who have inflicted considerable damage upon the unfortunate town and its inhabitants. The bombardment was somewhat unexpected, and at present there seems to have been no adequate reason for inflicting so much devastation and suffering as were effected by the Giurgevo batteries, which up to the 23rd ult. confined their labours to bombarding the forts and the redoubts. Thus, when the first shell fell on the town on that day, it was thought that it was a piece of bad marksmanship; but a second and third speedily dispelled this illusion, and soon the missiles began to fall thickly upon the town, the British Consulate and the Military Hospital being apparently selected as special *points de mire*, notwithstanding that they were respectively surmounted by the British ensign and the hospital flag of the Turkish Army. One of our sketches represents a shell falling into a ward of the Military Hospital, or Hislar Hané. "The missile," writes our artist, "came crashing through the roof, and penetrating the floor, fell into the cellar, where it exploded, fortunately without hurting anybody." When it was found that the hospital was being fired at, the sick and wounded were removed to safer quarters, the Turkish women displaying especial courage in the task. As for the British Consulate, the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent writes that it was one of the most conspicuous buildings, while over it floated an enormous Union Jack—no mere rag, but a huge banner six yards long and three yards wide, which from the other side of the river might be distinctly seen without the aid of glasses. "The first shot thrown at it," he continues, "found the range, for it plumped through a large portion of the house. Then came a second, this time into the consul's office, destroying everything there; and a third, which tore one side of the house nearly in pieces, after which others fell all round till the house was a wreck. Four huge missiles had struck it and knocked the place literally to pieces—the while that the much-vaunted British flag waved over it." Our sketch represents the Consulate on 26th ult. On the following day, our artist tells us, it was still further damaged. It is only fair to state that the French, German, and Austrian Consulates also suffered, although to a less degree.

WITH HOBART PASHA—A RUSSIAN SPY

THIS sketch represents an incident at Sulina during a recent visit there of Hobart Pasha. A Russian spy has been caught, and has been brought by some *zaptiehs* or policemen to the Konak or Prefecture for examination by Hobart Pasha. The man, our artist declares, was chiefly noticeable for his ugliness. One of the chief dangers the Turks have had to contend with on the Danube has been the great prevalence of spies, and the difficulty of detecting them, as the Bulgarian peasantry, in many cases heartily sympathising with the invaders, voluntarily keep them well informed of all the Turkish movements.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—IN THE TRENCHES, OLTENITZA

THESE sketches have been taken at the Russian batteries, Oltenitza, which for some time past have kept up a vigorous artillery duel with the opposite town Turtukai. In the first sketch one Russian soldier is represented making that favourite Muscovite beverage—tea. Having taken off his boot, he has gathered the top of the leg over the little funnel which holds the charcoal in the tea urn, and is pumping the boot up and down as a bellows, while one of his colleagues is holding a dummy in an exposed position to draw the fire of the Turks, another being ready to fire when they see the Turk taking aim opposite. The pit is used as a shelter from pieces of shell.

The second sketch portrays a shepherd's hut, made of rushes and sticks, and situated near the camp, in range of the shells which fall daily. "The shepherds, nevertheless," writes our artist, "go on with their occupations as usual, milking the sheep to make the cheese. Behind the hut is a pen full of sheep which are let through one by one behind the two men who seize and milk them. It is curious to see these occupations of peaceful shepherds calmly going on while the shells are dropping at a few yards to the right and left. It is the Demon of War in the lap of the Goddess of Peace."

A PREHISTORIC CITY IN TUSCANY; SOME ECCLESIOLOGICAL REMAINS IN LONDON; AND MUSSEL CULTURE IN FRANCE

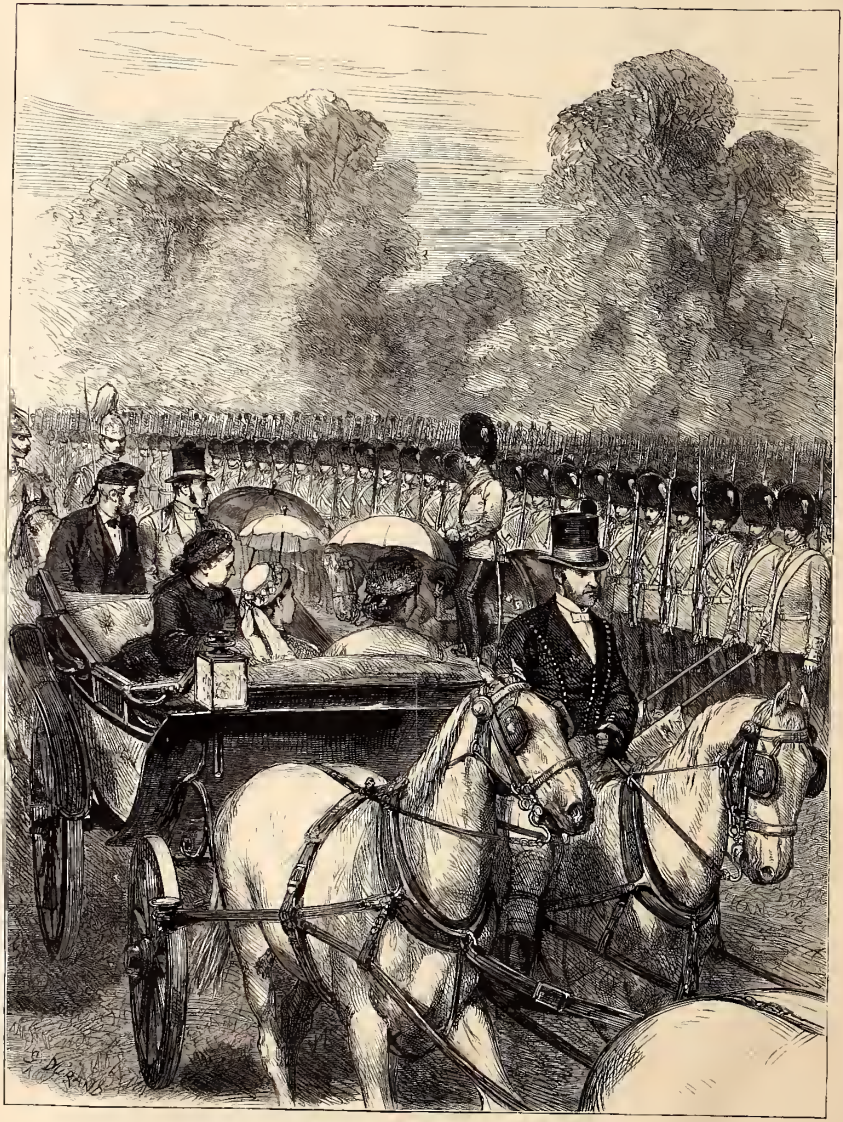
See page 58.

"A DAY IN THE COUNTRY"

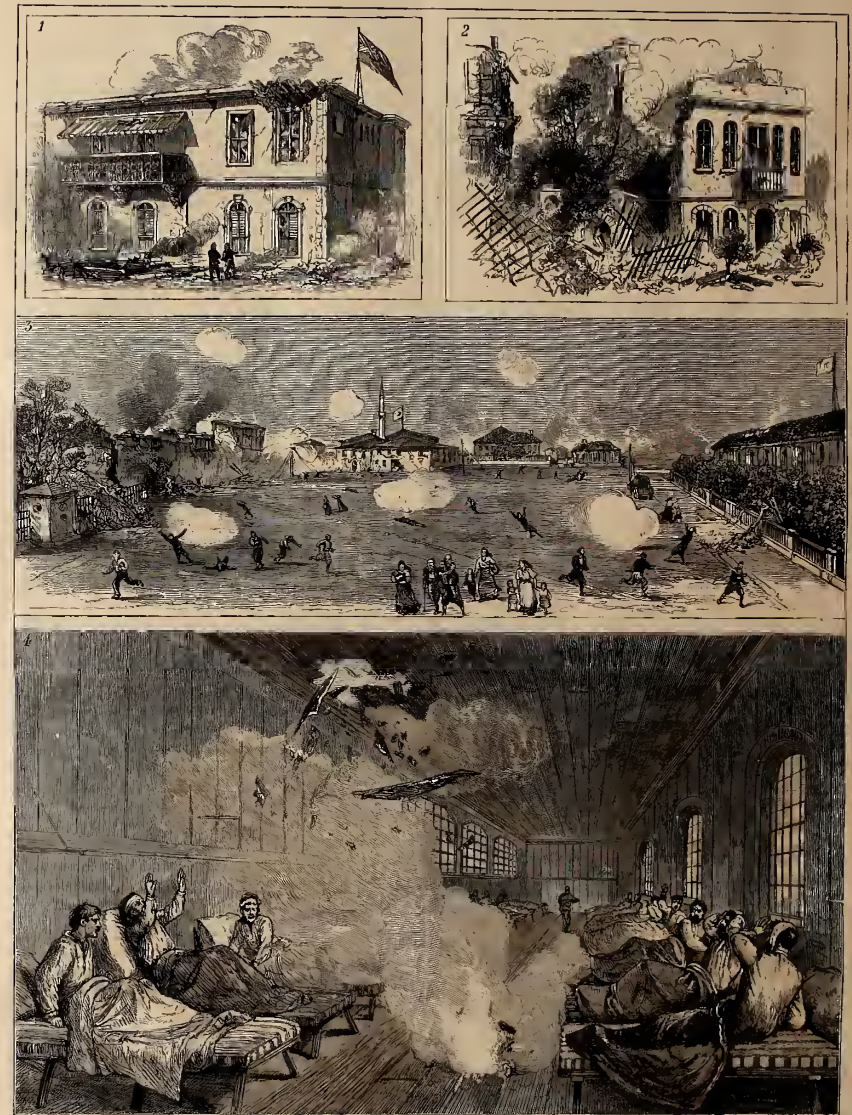
A COMPARISON of a map of London of the present year with one, say, of the year 1837 will show how rapidly London has spread over the green fields within a period which is quite within the recollection of middle-aged people. In 1837 boys and girls who wanted to exchange bricks and mortar for fields and hedgerows could accomplish their design even from the central districts by simply using their legs, and so for town-bred children a specially organised "day in the country" was not such a necessity then as now. In spite of all our boasted improvements, our People's Palaces, and so forth, the children of the poor have, through the inordinate growth of London, lost many cheap and simple pleasures which they then possessed; however, it is useless lamenting over the inevitable, and we must accept the modern "day in the country" as the best substitute we can get for the unofficial rambles in the fields of byegone days. Nor can there be any doubt that these excursions, in spite of the heat, the dust, the noise, and the feverish excitement, do confer a vast amount of pleasure on children who are pent week after week in streets and alleys. The scene represented in our picture was sketched at Richmond Bridge, a locality much favoured by the conductors of these juvenile cavalcades.

STATUE OF KING ALFRED

IN spite of the depressing weather which prevailed on Saturday, the people of Wantage gave a loyal and enthusiastic welcome to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The occasion was a Royal one from whatever point of view considered, the place had regal associations as being the birthplace of the good and wise monarch



THE ROYAL REVIEW AT WINDSOR—HER MAJESTY DRIVING DOWN THE LINE



1. The British Consulate (June 26).—2. Ruins of the Government Offices.—3. Aspect of the "Grande Place" during the First Few Moments of the Bombardment (June 23).—4. Bursting of a Shell in the Military Hospital.

THE WAR IN THE EAST: WITH THE TURKS—THE BOMBARDMENT OF RUSTCHUK of ancient times, whose name becomes familiar to us ere we leave the nursery, the statue to be unveiled was the work of Count Gleichen, an artist of royal lineage, and it was the "counterfeit presentment" of the great King Alfred, the brave and wise legislator of old, who first freed his country from a ruthless invader, and afterwards taught his people the rudiments of self-government. No wonder that the inhabitants of Wantage were enthusiastic. They appointed a reception committee, dressed their little town in gay attire of flags and flowers, and packed themselves as closely as possible around the statue in order to hear the speech of the Prince of Wales, the thirty-third-great-grandson of that king to whose memory the memorial was raised. His Royal Highness, after alluding in terms of high eulogy to the virtues, nobility, and patriotism of his ancestor, and to the generosity of Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, the donor of the statue, said that it gave him additional pleasure to unveil it, as it was the work of his cousin, Count Gleichen. After the ceremony the Princess of Wales was presented with a splendid bouquet by a deputation of five tiny little school girls, and the Prince and Princess each planted a memorial tree. The Royal party then drove off to Lockinge, the seat of Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, where a garden party was given.

THE DAHOMEY BLOCKADE—SHIPPING INDEMNITY OIL AT WHYDAH

OWING to the overwhelming interest excited by the War in the East, many of our readers may have almost forgotten our little "difficulty" with the King of Dahomey, which caused us to blockade his coast. The present King, having at length yielded to our demands, has agreed to pay a fine of 500 puncheons of oil, and our sketch, which is by Mr. F. Haynes, second officer of the steamship *Volta*, represents the shipment of the first instalment of this oil at Whydah. There are a number of French firms established at Whydah, and these firms, being unable to get their produce (palm oil and kernels) off the coast on account of the blockade, were glad to lend some of their oil, which was daily deteriorating in value, to the head men, whom the King of Dahomey considers to be responsible for the insults offered to Mr. Turnbull, which has produced all this difficulty. The French merchants estimate the loss they have sustained by the blockade at 200,000*l.*, and intend, it is said, to lay a claim against the English Government for loss of trade and detention of produce. There was great excitement among the shipping while the oil was being taken off the beach at Whydah. Steam launches from H.M.'s ships were plying about in all directions, taking orders, and towing off the boats with the produce from the surf to the mail steamers. The surf was very high, and the boats continually capsized until it was feared that the *Gambia* would have to leave before the 200 casks, which formed the first instalment, and the shipment of which would enable the blockade to be raised, had been got on board. Five days later, on May 17th, the *Gambia* struck on a rock at Cape Palmas, and became a total wreck. The crew were saved, but all the cargo was lost, including, of course, the 200 puncheons of indemnity oil.

CHAMPION SHOTS OF THE ARMY IN INDIA

HAVILDAR JUGGERNAIKLOO, of the 36th Regiment of Madras Native Infantry, was the winner of the gold medal presented by His Excellency Lord Napier of Magdala for competition by the whole of the native troops in the three Presidencies, in 1875. The number of men who actually competed was 6,691, as follows:—

In the Bengal Presidency	3,876
In the Madras Presidency	1,885
In the Bombay Presidency	980

Havildar Juggernaikloo won the medal with a score of 49 points out of a possible score of 56. The gold medal was presented to the Havildar at Bangalore at a parade of all the troops by Major-General Elmhirst, C.B., commanding Mysore Division. This same non-commissioned officer also obtained the silver medal as the best shot in the Madras Army during the annual course of musketry for both the season of 1873-74 and that of 1874-75, making a total score of 185 points each course.—We are indebted for the photograph from which our portrait is taken to Captain Hutchins, Adjutant H.M. 36th Madras Native Infantry.

Colour Sergeant Alfred Woods, 81st Regiment, was the best shot with the Snider rifle in the army for the year 1875-6. He was born at Bishop's Waltham, and joined the 81st Regiment in 1868. His age is twenty-eight years; his score is 110.—Our portrait is from a photograph forwarded to us by Lieut.-Col. Chichester, commanding the 81st Regiment.

THE NAVAL ENCOUNTER IN THE PACIFIC

WE are generally having some little difference with Peru, and the naval encounter of May 29th, when two of our vessels of war actually did that country a service by engaging a rebel ram and forcing her to surrender to the Peruvian squadron, which had previously vainly tried to capture her, bids fair only to form a new subject for diplomatic quarrels. On May 6th the partisans of Nicholas de Pierola, a revolutionary candidate, then undergoing a sentence of banishment, once more raised the standard of rebellion against President Prado, and seizing the most powerful vessel of the navy, the *Huascar*, steamed away to embark their chief from some Bolivian port, taking the opportunity on the way to intercept and board certain British mail steamers, and forcibly to remove some of the passengers, and taking away quantities of coal. As the Peruvian Government declared itself not responsible for these deeds, Vice-Admiral de Horsey, after consulting with Her Majesty's *Chargé d'Affaires* (and, according to some accounts, after telegraphing home), determined to take the protection of British interests into his own hands, and accordingly set sail in H.M.S. *Shah*, together with H.M.S. *Amethyst*, both unarmoured vessels, in search of the rebel ram.

In the mean time there had been an engagement between the *Huascar* and the Peruvian squadron, in which the former escaped without damage, and had succeeded in embarking the revolutionary President, Pierola. On May 29th the two British vessels came up with the *Huascar* off the town of Ilo, and summoned her to lie to. The Admiral then sent a lieutenant in a small boat to demand the surrender of the vessel to the British flag, stating that he acted solely on behalf of British interests, and in no way in complicity with any Peruvian political party. Pierola politely but firmly declined to surrender, and replied that the British Admiral must do his worst. After giving him five minutes to reconsider his decision, Admiral de Horsey began the action at six minutes past three, the *Huascar* at once replied, and a general engagement ensued, the Peruvian vessel taking care to keep in front of the town, so that the British vessels had to be careful how they fired, and also to keep in shoal water where the *Shah* could not follow. Thus for some time the battle was fought at a distance of from 1,500 to 2,500 yards. After two hours, however, the *Huascar* came into deeper water, and the *Shah* was then enabled to fire some steady broadsides, and to rake her decks with Gatling guns. The *Huascar* then tried to ram her adversaries, who, however, by skilful manœuvring avoided all contact. The Peruvian ironclad was exceedingly well managed throughout the fight by two brothers named Curraseo, and the firing is stated to have been extremely good, though neither the *Shah* nor the *Amethyst* were hulled during the action. The *Huascar* also, although struck by some seventy or eighty projectiles, had her armour only once pierced—by a 9-inch shell which killed a sentry during its passage. Her deck, however, was completely cleared of everything save her masts, turret, and smoke stack. A Whitehead torpedo which was sent against her failed to strike her, and about 6 P.M., darkness coming on, the *Huascar* once more steamed in shore, and both sides ceased firing. Admiral de Horsey, however, despatched a pinnace with a torpedo to blow up the *Huascar*, but the latter taking advantage of the darkness steamed off to Iquique, where she surrendered to the Peruvian squadron, her commander vainly endeavouring to induce the authorities to join him and attack the British vessels for insulting the Peruvian flag. Pierola's conduct has gained great sympathy for him in Peru, and even President Prado, instead of being grateful to us, has addressed to our Government a demand for satisfaction and indemnification for the "outrage," while the one man killed has been buried with the inscription on his coffin that he died defending his country against the British. To conclude, the *Huascar* is a British built turret vessel of 4½-inch plating, and mounts two 300-pounder Armstrongs, and two 40 and one 12-pounder.

THE "LORD OF THE ISLES"

THE river and firth of Clyde are pre-eminently the most highly-favoured of tourists' routes in Scotland. The natural beauty of the surrounding scenery is too well known to need description, and as the waters of the firth and the adjacent lochs are rarely ruffled by storms or strong currents, the trip can be enjoyed without the terrors of seasickness. Several new steamers have been added this season to Messrs. Hutcheson's river fleet, among which the *Iona* has hitherto been deservedly conspicuous, and one of these, the *Lord of the Isles*, which was launched at the end of May, is represented in our engraving. This vessel, which has been built by Messrs D. and W. Henderson, of Partick, is 246 feet in length, 24 feet in breadth, and has a depth of hold of 8 feet 6 inches. The promenade deck is about 200 feet long, the main saloon is 50 feet long and 16 broad; and the dining saloon, which is immediately under the main cabin, is 60 feet long and 22 feet broad, dining accommodation being provided for 100 persons. The galley is large enough to prepare food for an unlimited number of persons; and the steward's department is under the direction of Mr. David Sutherland, so long superintendent of Messrs. Hutcheson's Highland steamers. In all other points the arrangements of the new vessel are of the most complete character, and it is expected that a speed of twenty miles an hour will be obtained. The *Lord of the Isles* will leave Greenock Quay daily at 8.15 A.M., proceeding thence from Wemyss Bay to Rothesay, and thence through the Kyles of Bute and Loch Fyne to Inveraray. The trip will be accomplished in about five hours, and passengers can either return with the vessel or by coach and other steamer routes. The *Lord of the Isles* is commanded by Captain Robert Young, Mr. John M'Lean being purser.

NOTE.——Our engraving entitled "Little Wisdom," published last week, was taken from a photograph by Messrs. Paul Delarue and Co., 5, Percy Street.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Messrs. Biggar, O'Connor Power, and Parnell, have been addressing large meetings of Irishmen at Liverpool and Manchester on the policy of Irish members in Parliament. Mr. Biggar said that "the Obstructionists" had succeeded without infringing the rules of the House, but if the House of Commons refused to redress the grievances of Ireland, real obstruction might be recommended by the Irish people, and their representatives would be found willing to carry it out. Mr. Parnell remarked that they had not done one-tenth part as much as they might have accomplished in the way of obstruction, but they thought it best to let their opponents off easily. They had never obstructed the proper business of the House. Mr. Power said they had been threatened with "muzzling," but so long as the tax-paying class claimed the right of revising taxation, six members would retain the power of obstructing bad measures. Resolutions were passed at both meetings in favour of a more vigorous and combative policy.—Mr. Gladstone has been taking a holiday trip in Devonshire, and the Liberal Associations of Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Exeter have taken advantage of the opportunity to feast and compliment him upon the achievements of his political career. On Thursday week the Mayor and Corporation of Dartmouth dined with him on board the steamer *Dublin Castle*, in which he had made the voyage from Gravesend. Mr. Gladstone first returned thanks for his own health and afterwards for that of Mrs. Gladstone, remarking in his latter speech that now ladies' rights were becoming so prominent he felt bound to warn them that along with rights came duties, and they would soon have to respond to such toasts on their own behalf. On landing at Plymouth the ex-Premier met with an enthusiastic reception, and in spite of the rain he mounted the box of a carriage and bare-headed delivered a long speech on general politics, with an occasional unfavourable comment on the foreign policy of the Government. At Exeter, on Friday, another large gathering assembled to welcome Mr. Gladstone and his wife, who were escorted through the town in procession, with torches and music. An address from the local Liberal Association was presented, and Mr. Gladstone responded to it from the balcony of his hotel, the square in front being densely crowded and illuminated by limelight. It rained heavily, but with the aid of an umbrella the orator braved the elements and delighted his audience for fully half an hour.—The anniversary of the battle of the Boyne was celebrated last week at Belfast and various other towns in Ulster, and also in Liverpool, where an unfortunate boy was burnt to death in the streets, his clothes having accidentally caught fire from a "Pope" which some lads were dragging about in a blazing condition. Amongst the resolutions passed at the principal meeting in Belfast was one expressing indignation at the unpatriotic attacks made on the Government in the present crisis of European affairs, and expressing the determination of the Orangemen to support Her Majesty's Ministers in their manly and straightforward policy. Another protested against the claims of the Ultramontane party on the education question, and deprecated the Home Rule movement. —A new political organisation has been started at Bristol. It is chiefly composed of working men, and its programme is exhaustive and uncompromising.—Bradford is actively preparing for the reception of Mr. Bright on the 25th inst. The evening meeting will take place in St. George's Hall, under the presidency of Mr. Isaac Holden.—M. Léon Say is to be a guest of the Cobden Club, at its annual dinner at Greenwich, which takes place next Saturday.—The Southampton Liberal Association is making preparations for a Conference on the Eastern Question. —The first step towards the establishment of the Metropolitan Liberal Union proposed by Mr. J. Beal, has been taken by the formation of "The Westminster Liberal Union," the committee of which will consist of 200 members, with authority to co-operate with similar borough organisations.

THE CAMP AT WIMBLEDON.——The heavy rains have rendered the camp almost as uncomfortable as it was in 1875, but still there has been no lack of visitors. On Friday last week the shooting went steadily on, the Alexandra Prizes and the Battalion Sweepstakes being the principal competitions. On Saturday, when the Chinese Ambassadors visited the camp, *The Graphic* Prizes, the Chinese Challenge Vase, the Belgian Challenge Cup, and the National Challenge Trophy were shot for, the latter being substituted for the International Challenge Trophy, which the canny Scots, having once carried across the Border, will not suffer to be again brought south of the Tweed. It was carried off by the English team, who obtained an easy victory over the Irish. On Sunday there was the usual Church Service in the umbrella tent, conducted by the Rev. H. Villiers, rector of Addisham; a Presbyterian service, at which the Rev. Mr. Kirkwood officiated, was also held. In the afternoon, though heavy thunder-showers fell at intervals, thousands of visitors thronged into the lines. On Monday the chief item in the programme was the Albert Prize, the Lords' and Commons' Match being adjourned on account of the weather. Tuesday saw the victory of Private Jamieson, of the 15th Lancashire Rifles, who won the Queen's Prize by one point, and is stated by a contemporary to have dreamt on the previous night of having done so. On Wednesday the Regulars and Volunteers did battle for the Donegal Challenge Cup, the amateur soldiers beating the professionals. The second stage of the Albert Prize was also shot off. On Thursday the Public Schools' Match, the Lords and Commons competition, and the contest for the Elcho Shield were to come off.

STORMS AND FLOODS.——Violent gales, heavy rain, and high tides have been prevalent in many parts of the country during the past week, and much damage to property is reported. The crops have suffered greatly, and the hay crop especially has been spoilt. At Oldham two boys who were playing in a culvert were drowned by a sudden rush of water from the upper part of the town, their bodies being carried upwards of a mile and almost knocked to pieces. Part of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway between Wigan and Southport has been washed away. Several mills and manufactories have been flooded, and work stopped, and a large number of workpeople thrown idle. At Warrington the North Western Railway was flooded on Sunday to the depth of several feet, and some of the engine fires were extinguished. At Dunball, near Bridgewater, a new main drainage "cut" just completed at a cost of over 4,000*l.* on Monday suddenly collapsed with a loud report, carrying with it a large part of the turnpike road, and undermining a bridge and several houses. The road traffic is diverted for more than four miles. On Saturday the parade ground of the Camborne Volunteer Corps suddenly gave way, leaving a chasm 150 yards in width by 600 feet in depth. It appears that the ground formed the "crown" of a long-forgotten mine, and that the surface earth had become rotten by the action of repeated rains. The corps had a narrow escape, for immediately before the occurrence a full parade had been held on the ground.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to increase slightly, and 1,449 deaths were registered last week, against 1,322 during the previous seven days, an increase of 117, but being 27 below the average, and at the rate of 21·4 per 1,000. Deaths from small-pox numbered 32 (an increase of 9), from measles 28 (a decline of 16), from scarlet fever 21, from diphtheria 7, from whooping-cough 46 (an increase of 11), from different forms of fever 21 (14 below the average), and from diarrhœa 169 (an increase of 73, but being 21 below the average), 134 were infants under one year of age, and 27 of children between one and two. Different forms of violence caused 60 deaths, 52 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,310 births registered, against 2,220 during the previous week. The registered duration of sunshine during the week was 40·5 hours out of the 113·6 hours that the sun was above the horizon. The mean temperature was 61·2 deg., or 1·2 deg. below the average.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Commission of Inquiry into the condition of Christ's Hospital has commenced its labours, and much disappointment has been caused by its having done so with closed doors. It is hard to say why this should be, as the evidence must be published sooner or later, and we should certainly have thought better sooner than later. Meanwhile the public, though denied legitimate information, is at liberty to sup full of horrors related by "Old Blues" and others, whose experiences of school-life do not seem to have been of a very enviable character. Of course there are two sides to this as to every other question, so we have also a series of letters from other Old Blues, who picture Christ's Hospital as a kind of earthly Paradise.—An unfortunate quarrel has arisen over the distribution of the Fund collected in the City for the Welsh miners of Pontypridd. It seems that Mr. James Thomas and some other gentlemen, owners, agents, and engineers of the colliery, object to the list of candidates sent by the Rev. D. W. Williams, and demand that their own list shall be acted upon instead, otherwise they will accept no award. The Lord Mayor, however, declines to adopt the suggestion, and it remains to be seen what will become of the valuable presents which the discontented gentlemen have refused.—A Domestic Economy Congress is now in progress at Birmingham, under the auspices of the Society of Arts. It opened on Tuesday with a *conversazione* and exhibition of household necessaries, and amongst the speakers whose names have been announced are Mrs. Gladstone, the Countess of Ebersburg, Miss Helen Taylor, Professor Huxley, and Captain Galton.—Lord Shaftesbury took the chair at a meeting which was held at Willis's Rooms, on Monday, in aid of the distressed refugees from Bosnia and Herzegovina. He gave an account of Miss Irby's visit to the mountains, and said that she had received 15,000*l.*, all of which had been expended excepting 2,000*l.*, which was necessary for the support of twenty schools. Among the other speakers were Mr. W. E. Forster, Sir R. Phillimore, Mr. J. G. Hubbard, Mr. Forsyth, and Mr. Gladstone, and resolutions were passed expressing sympathy with the refugees and admiration and gratitude for the work done by Miss Irby and Miss Johnson on their behalf.—The people of Manchester do not appear to appreciate the educational advantages of its Aquarium. The building is to be closed and the company wound up.—Fleet Street is "up," vehicular traffic has been stopped for more than a week, and how long it is to continue so it would be hard to say. The paviours not only monopolise the whole road, but part of the footways also, and pedestrians have to keep a sharp look-out to avoid being jostled by the men who go to and fro bearing buckets of boiling asphalte, the smoke from which has a blinding and suffocating effect. Why cannot the work be hastened by employing more men, and working by night as well as by day?

ATHENA
PERICLES

PARLIAMENT

The position of affairs in the House of Commons is indicated by the fact that within the space of time ordinarily treated in this review there have been two "counts-out." The Session has been rather barren of this not unwelcome fruit, the earlier portion being remarkable for the success with which occasional attempts to count out were resisted. Lately, however, they have increased in a considerable degree. This is a matter which it is not difficult to account for. The Government have now, by an ingenious device which has been one of Mr. Disraeli's greatest Parliamentary successes, appropriated the time of private members, while affecting to leave them in the position they formerly occupied. Tuesdays and Fridays now being taken for morning sittings, the Government get their work done before seven o'clock, and at nine private members must look after themselves.

In the earlier stages of morning sittings the perils of private members are not so great, because—more particularly on a Friday—Supply is put down as the first Government order, and a sanguine Secretary always hopes against hope that he may, somewhere about midnight, come in and get a few votes. Mr. Biggar and Mr. Parnell have been instrumental in changing that to the extent that it is now well-known that obstruction will be placed in the way of doing any Government work after midnight. Thus the Government have practically abandoned the hope of doing work on nights following morning sittings, and it might be written under the current date in "Zadkiel's Parliamentary Almanack" (if there were such a thing), "Counts-out now occur frequently."

On Friday night the count-out occurred on a motion by Mr. J. W. Barclay, who had a motion on a Scotch subject. Under no circumstances is Mr. Barclay an attractive speaker, and the prospect of hearing a monologue of an hour's duration from him was not sufficient to bring members down at nine o'clock on the last day of a week throughout which long sittings had prevailed. There had been some understanding between Mr. Barclay and the Irish members, that in the event of his moderately curtailing his speech, they, who were interested in the sitting to the extent that Mr. Butt had a motion on the paper, would make a House. Somehow or other this compact failed, and Mr. Barclay, whilst the delight of hearing his own voice was still fresh, was cruelly counted out. On Tuesday the case was more serious. Mr. Russell Gurney had fixed this night for bringing forward his motion relating to the Turkish Loan of 1854. The subject was one interesting to a large class throughout the country, and was not without its political importance. The Recorder of London had devoted a considerable portion of his valuable time to getting up the facts and preparing his speech; but just as he rose, and before he had spoken a word, Mr. Callan called the Speaker's attention to the scarcity of members present, and on counting it was discovered that there were not the necessary 40. Thus, Mr. Russell Gurney's speech was nipped even before it had reached the bud stage, and the Ministerial statement which it was whispered the Chancellor of the Exchequer had prepared was also relegated to the limbo of unspoken speeches. Why Mr. Callan should have counted the House is one of those mysteries explicable only to the hon. gentleman's natural desire of making himself as disagreeable as possible. Mr. Osborne Morgan, it is said, looks upon this incident as a judgment upon the Recorder of London, who, having had an opportunity pressed upon him of standing aside so that the Burials Bill might be discussed, refused the offer, with the result recorded above.

On Monday the Government had the monotony of official life varied by a distinct defeat. The agent in this phenomenon was Mr. John Holms, the member for Hackney, who has taken up with some vigour and final success the curious appointment made by Lord Beaconsfield to the Controllership of the Stationery Office. This appointment had been held by Mr. Greg, who under the initials "W. R. G." has for many years used up a good deal of the commodity with which he was officially connected in writing for the newspapers and the quarterly journals. It seems that Mr. Greg when he was appointed knew very little about the practical duties of his office, and that Mr. Pigott knew at least as much. The difference between the two cases is that "W. R. G." was appointed a good many years ago, before Parliament had assumed its active inquisitorial character. Moreover, in the mean time a Select Committee has sat to consider the very question involved, and the Committee reported strongly against the appointment to this class of office of men who know nothing of the business which they are called upon to control. Probably Lord Beaconsfield forgot all about this. Peradventure he never read the report of the Select Committee. Possibly he did not care very much about it. However it be, upon the resignation of Mr. Greg he appointed to the office Mr. Pigott, whose chief qualification appears to be that he was the son of a gentleman who has for many years been Vicar of Hughenden.

The appointment seemed natural enough till it was called attention to, when such men as the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. W. H. Smith found themselves especially unqualified for defending it. Mr. W. H. Smith has special means of knowing how necessary is knowledge in this Department, whilst the Chancellor of the Exchequer's predominant business qualities and his strong common sense served to make him a poor defender of his chief's vagary. Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who on Monday was put up to strengthen the defence, was more emphatic, but not more successful, and amid rapturous cheering from the Opposition, to whom successes like this come very rarely, Mr. Holms' vote of censure on the Prime Minister was carried by a majority of four.

For the rest, the House has been kept steadily at work on the estimates, and Messrs. Biggar and Parnell being in a comparatively gracious mood, considerable progress has been made. On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Sullivan attempted a *coup d'état* by introducing a Bill which, failing the closing of public-houses in Ireland on Sundays, would close them at seven o'clock on Saturday evenings. The humour of the thing was, however, not to be prolonged throughout the debate, which proved rather dreary, and in the end the Bill was disposed of by a counter *coup d'état*. Towards five o'clock Mr. Sullivan left the House for a few minutes, observing which his compatriots suddenly stopped the debate, and the question being put, and no one being authorised to challenge the Speaker's decision, the Bill was declared negatived without a division.

SPORTING

The Turf.——A quiet week's racing has succeeded Liverpool, where the defeat of Petrarch by Snail was one of the sensations of the season. In a field of twelve odds were laid on Petrarch, who was leading, and appeared to be winning in a canter some four strides or so from the chair, when he stumbled, or did something or other, which enabled Lord Rosebery's horse to win by a head. There are some, however, who think that Lord Lonsdale's grand animal showed the "white feather" when the finish came. If he did it was not the first time in his career. But if all good things were brought off where would the poor bookmakers be? When, however, we say the past week has been a quiet one, it must not be supposed that the Sandown Park Second Summer Meeting was a minor affair, for the very contrary was the case, good fields and good racing ruling on both days, and the presence of the Prince of Wales infusing additional spirit into the proceedings. Nearly all of the ten starters were backed for the Surbiton Handicap, a compliment to the handicapper, and Tribute, who with Lady Atholstone and Strathavon shared the favouriteship at 4 to 1 each, secured the prize. The Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Stakes attracted thirteen to the post, and resulted in Lady Palmer II. beating Ambuscade by a neck. The latter, however, atoned for the defeat by winning the Warren Nursery Stakes on the Wednesday. On the same day King Death, who seems rather an unlucky horse, won the Members' Welter, and in the Royal Stakes Azov landed a 6 to 1 chance for Captain Bayley. Mr. C. Bush, who seems to be gradually becoming formidable as an owner, took the Surrey Juvenile Stakes with Brown Saxon, though Sister Louise started with evens on her; and Killiecrankie added another to his recent victories by securing the Handicap Plate, which brought the meeting to a conclusion.

Horses trained in Berkshire and adjoining districts of course figured conspicuously at the Lambourne meeting, and the Alexandra Park gathering was, as usual, Alexandra Parky.

The Goodwood Stakes continue to attract unusual attention, Lord Hartington's Rylstone being favourite at the time of penning these notes, with Prince George in close attendance, Hampton being "quiet." There seems, however, every reasonable prospect of the latter seeing the post, and with all his weight may not unlikely start first favourite. If so he will probably win.

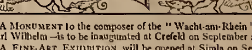
Silvio and Chamant are about equal favourites for the St. Leger, the French horse Fontainebleau being next in demand, and likely to meet a much shorter price than 8 to 1.

Cricket.——The ball has kept rolling pretty merrily since our last, notwithstanding the rain which has accompanied the festival of St. Swithin.—The Eton and Harrow Match at Lord's on the Friday and Saturday of last week presented the now well-recognised aspect of a gigantic aristocratic pic-nic. The play was very fair for "boys" all round, and the closeness of the first innings on each side—Harrow 157, and Eton 163—gave promise of a very interesting game. The Harrow team made 193 in their second attempt; but, owing to unforeseen cessations of the game from the rain, Eton could not complete their batting, and so the game had to be drawn. The Light Blues, however, got 78 with the loss of only one wicket, leaving them 110 to get with the nine remaining. It may therefore fairly be said that the draw was in their favour.—At Huddersfield, Lancashire has beaten Yorkshire by nine wickets, Mr. Appleby's 69 for the former being the highest score in the game, Greenwood for Yorkshire being next with 41.—Surrey has made a capital fight with Notts, being beaten by only 18 runs. A remarkable feature in this match was that 150 was the sum total of the highest of the four innings; and, as in the Lancashire and Yorkshire Match, there was no individual sensational score as is so common in first-class matches nowadays.—Among minor matches it may be noted that Westminster has beaten Charterhouse on the first innings of a day's match.

Aquatics.——The Amateur Sculling Championship of the Thames has been retained by Mr. F. Playford, of the London Rowing Club, who has beaten Mr. Edwardes-Moss, of Brasenose College, Oxford, the recent winner of the Diamond Sculls at Henley. The race, which came off on Monday last, was, as usual, over the Championship Course, from Putney to Mortlake, and as far as Hammersmith Bridge was a very fine one, both men showing first-class form, and with little to choose between them. After this crucial point, however, Mr. Playford had it all his own way, winning "anyhow." Mr. Playford, who is a "chip of the old block," and indeed something more, though only twenty-two years of age, is perhaps the best amateur sculler seen on the Thames for many years; and unless some new light of extraordinary brilliancy unexpectedly shines forth it does not seem likely that he will lose his proud position for many seasons to come.

Pedestrianism.——There really seem to be no limits to what our pedestrians can do. They continue to "eclipse themselves," and to use the words of the Laureate it is probable that "that which they have done" is "but earnest of the things that they shall do." Let us note then that in a three hours' walking match between Perkins and Howes at Lillie Bridge on Monday last, the former walked in the time specified 22 miles 190 yards, a feat that has never been performed before.

Quoits, like many other old games and pastimes, is experiencing a revival. And the game deserves it, for it is a good and a "classic" one. The first of three games for 200*l*. and the championship has been played in London between those well-known hands Graham and Hadnow, resulting in the victory of the latter; but the two games to be played at Glasgow may yet turn the table.—The "swells" are taking up the game, and aristocratic clubs are increasing and multiplying.—On Saturday last twenty-five gentlemen of Cheshire antagonised twenty-five of Lancashire, the game being played in two divisions, one at Liverpool, and the other at Manchester. Lancashire got the best of it.



SCRAPS

A Monument to the composer of the "Wacht-am-Rhein"—Carl Wilhelm—is to be inaugurated at Crefeld on September 2.

A Fine-Art Exhibition will be opened at Simla on Sept. 28th. The prizes will be open to amateurs, and the Viceroy gives a prize for the best water-colour on an Indian subject.

The Ceylon Section of the proposed Colonial and Indian Museum on the Thames Embankment will be largely supported by the Ceylon Legislative Council, which has promised 15,000*l*. in three annual payments towards the erection of the building.

A Newspaper for the Blind is to be brought out at Geneva in January. The publisher is also the inventor of an ingenious writing machine enabling the blind to form characters perfectly legible to ordinary persons, but raised so as to be deciphered by blind people.

The Fabulous Unicorn, like the sea serpent, seems likely to prove to be a reality. A wonderful discovery has been made near Hurdwar, in North-West India, where a party of European sportsmen met with an animal exactly resembling the one-horned companion of our British lion. Unfortunately the creature escaped.

The Rise in the Value of Old Books within the last five-and-twenty years was well illustrated on Monday by the sale of Earl Coningsby's "Collections Concerning the Manor of Marden," a small folio volume privately printed in 1722. The same copy was sold in 1851 for 12*l*., whilst on the present occasion it realised 340*l*.

The Shah of Persia has presented to the South Kensington Museum an assortment of modern Persian textile manufactures, consisting of carpets and various kinds of embroidery. The gift was accompanied by a letter expressing His Majesty's desire that the gift should be accepted as a souvenir, and as an acknowledgment of the friendly manner in which Persian art has been regarded in England.

A Race between a Carrier Pigeon and a Continental Express Train from Dover to London took place on Saturday, the pigeon being the winner. The distance is 76½ miles by rail, and 70 miles "as the crow flies," and the pigeon reached home twenty minutes before the train arrived at Cannon Street, beating by a time allowance representing 18 miles. The bird was a homing pigeon of the "Belgian Voyageur" breed.

Gold in India.——The Chief Commissioner of Assam has been asking for information about the auriferous rivers of his province. Years ago there was a good deal of gold washing done there; about 8,000*l*. or 10,000*l*. a year was made, but now larger profits are found in the tea plantations. The Assamese, however, as might be imagined, had only rough ways of collecting their gold dust, and with modern appliances this source of wealth might be again developed.

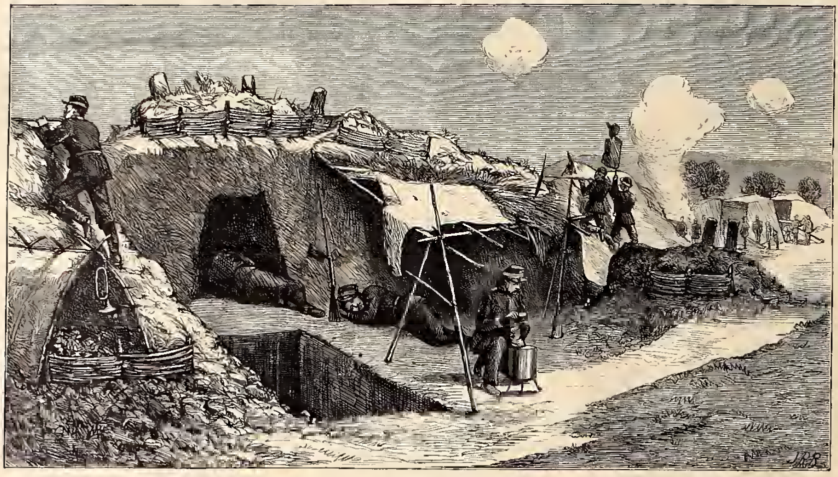
A Catalogue of the Artistic Treasures of France has been in preparation for three years, under Government direction, and the first instalment has now appeared. Not only are important historical monuments to be indicated, but even the minutest object in every private and public collection and in the most obscure village will be carefully described. The present volume is devoted to ecclesiastical art in Paris, and two volumes will be brought out every year until the work is completed.

The Divisibility of Gold into the minutest possible fibres has been tried by an American assayist with great success, the American *Architect* tells us. Some thin films of gold, which were obtained by electric deposition upon copper and afterwards detached, were shown to the Franklin Institute, these pieces of gold-leaf being perfectly transparent and transmitting a green hue. The films were so thin that one grain of the metal would cover nearly four square feet. This is ten thousand times thinner than ordinary writing paper, and 2,798,000 of such films together would be required to make an inch.

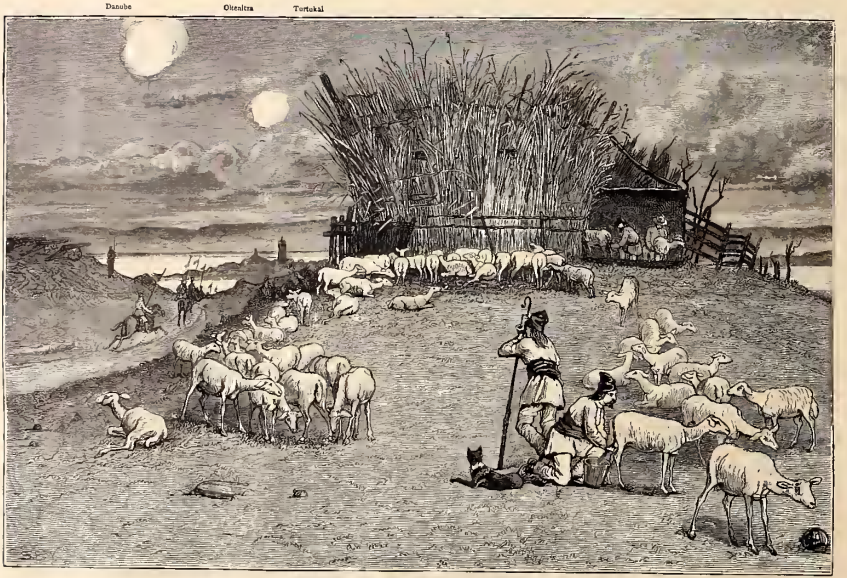
Country School for Poor London Children.——A house (with orchard, garden, &c.) has been taken by Mr. William Rossiter, at Halstead, near Sevenoaks, where it is proposed to try, on a small scale, the experiment of a country school, to which poor London children can be sent for a few weeks at a time. It is intended that the children shall keep the garden in order, cultivate small kitchen-gardens, and make collection of plants and other natural objects. The only ordinary schoolwork of reading and writing will be giving descriptions of such collections, and using a small library of reference which will be kept for that purpose; as it is hoped the school will be a real *Kindergarten* in which the teaching will be entirely by objects and by personal intercourse between teachers and scholars.

A Day in the Country.——An appeal for the annual holiday to a large number of children attending the London Cottage Mission, Limehouse, and Shadwell Sunday Schools, is made by the Hon. Director, Mr. W. Austin, 48, Finsbury Circus, E.C., who will receive contributions in company with the Hon. Secretaries, Miss Napton, 304, Burdett Road, E., and Miss Stewart, 63, New Finchley Road, Hampstead, N.—A similar request comes from the Bell Alley Mission and Ragged Schools, 6, Bell Alley, Goswell Road, E.C., where the Superintendent, Mr. J. Salmon, asks for donations of money, food, and clothing towards giving the Ragged School children and a few adults attending the Mission a day's fresh air. Contributions to be sent to the above address.

The Excavation of Cleopatra's Needle is going on most satisfactorily, and the obelisk has been cleaned, and proves to be in a better state of preservation than had been supposed. It has been conveyed down to the edge of the water, where it is being enclosed in the cylindrical iron vessel, the *Cleopatra*, which is to bring the Needle to England; and Mr. Dixon writes to the *Daily Telegraph* that he will start in a fortnight or three weeks to witness the launch. As regards the site of the obelisk, Mr. Dixon and Professor Erasmus Wilson have the final choice. Mr. Dixon objects to the suggestion of placing it either in front of the British Museum or at the end of Northumberland Avenue, and considers the best position would be at the Whitehall Steps, midway between Charing Cross and Westminster Bridges. Here the obelisk would be seen well from the river, would stand clear of the footpath, and would be visible from Westminster Bridge and along the whole line of the Embankment, while it would form an appropriate centre to the group of English statesmen in New Palace Yard. The obelisk would be landed to the west of the Victoria Tower, and would be brought to Whitehall Steps through Abingdon Street, so as to avoid all interference with the traffic and the danger of moving so heavy a weight through undermined London streets.

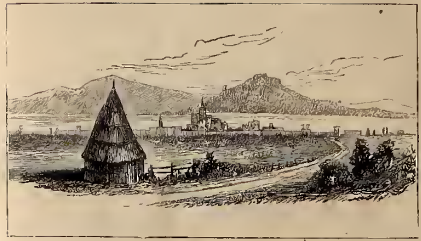


IN THE TRENCHES

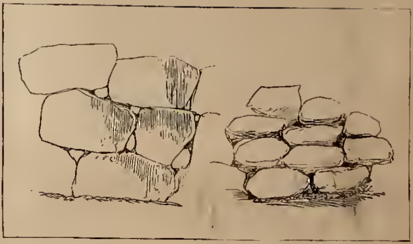

Danube
Oltenitza
Turtukai

"PEACE AND WAR"—A SHEPHERD'S HUT NEAR THE CAMP WITHIN THE RANGE OF TURKISH SHELLS

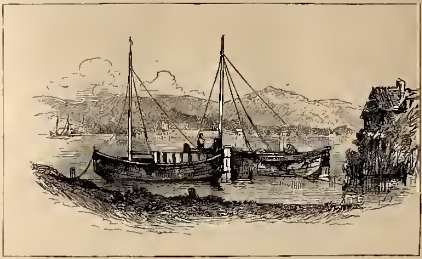
THE WAR IN THE EAST: WITH THE RUSSIANS AT OLTENITZA



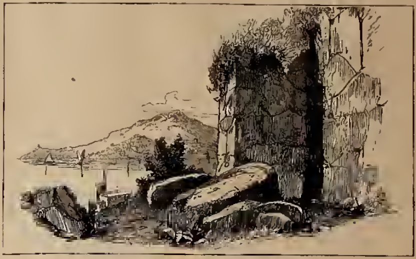
GROSSETO



WALLS OF SATURNIA AND ANCIENT WALLS ON MONTE LEONE

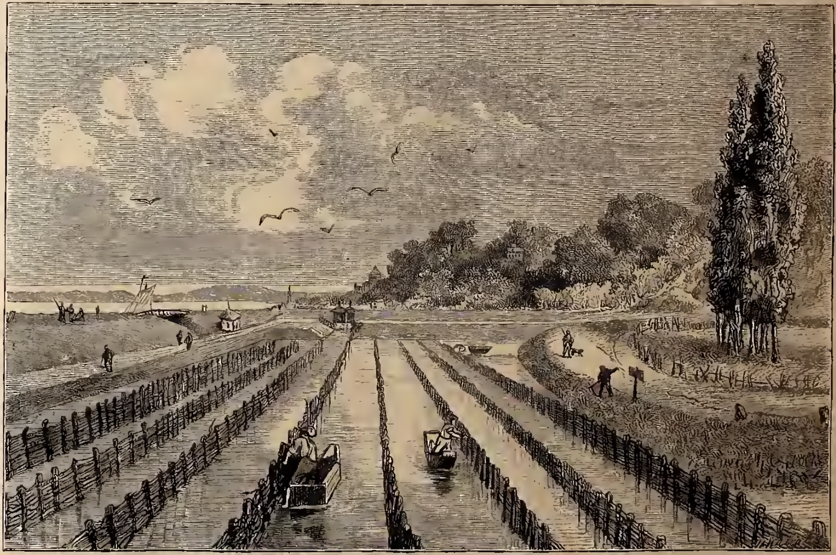


MONTE LEONE, FROM CASTIGLIONE DELLA PESCAJA



PART OF THE WALLS OF AUSIDONIA

A PREHISTORIC CITY IN TUSCANY



MUSSEL-CULTURE IN FRANCE—GATHERING THE MUSSELS AT THE MOUTH OF THE SOMME, NEAR ST. VALÉRY

SOME ECCLESIOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES AND REMAINS IN LONDON

WE have so frequently to record the destruction of ancient buildings in the metropolis, that it is with feelings of pleasure that we are able to call the attention of our readers to some interesting discoveries of ecclesiastical antiquities, and to the means taken for preserving several valuable examples of mediæval architecture. Our first sketch (No. 1), represents the remains of a singularly beautiful reredos (or altar-piece) recently discovered at Westminster Abbey upon removing the upper portion of the monument of the Duchess of Somerset. This fine fragment is situated in the centre bay of the eastern aisle of the north transept, and was the altar of a chapel dedicated to St. Michael. It originally consisted of seven remarkably fine niches, but of these only three and a half have been left; the others were totally destroyed when the monument of Lady Nightingale was erected. This reredos probably dates from about the time of Henry VI., and it bears traces of colour and gilding. In front of this reredos is a large slab of Purbeck marble, which was found near the spot, and it is presumed that it formed the slab of the altar; it is nearly nine feet long, and about three wide.

Our sketch (2) represents the monument of Sir John de Oteswich and Mary his wife, temp. Henry IV. This monument originally stood in the church of St. Martin Outwich, in Bishopsgate Street, which was pulled down about two years since. It has been re-erected in St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate, at the expense of the Merchant Taylors' Company. In preparing the side chapel of the church for its reception, the remains of an ancient altar and reredos were discovered; these are shown in our sketch.

Our sketch (3) represents the beautiful monument of Hugh Pemberton, which like the former was removed from the destroyed church of St. Martin Outwich, and rebuilt in St. Helen's. It is a very elegant example of Gothic architecture of the time of Henry VII., and is constructed entirely of Purbeck marble. The following inscription is to be read round the ledge of the tomb: "Hugo Pemberton, aldermanus ejusdem civitatis, et Katerina ejus uxor. Quī quidē Hugo obiit die mensis Septembris, Anno Dn̄i millesimo Vc—(1500) quoum animabus propicietur Deus."

Our sketch (4) represents the magnificent western window of Ely Chapel, which has recently been brought to light by the removal of two huge galleries and a coating of brick and plaster. It is a noble specimen of the very best period of Gothic architecture at the commencement of the fourteenth century, and is exceedingly richly moulded. The restoration of this chapel is progressing, the ancient roof, which was formerly concealed from view by a plaster ceiling, has been brought to light and carefully restored. It is to be hoped that the possessors of this remarkably beautiful chapel will not attempt to restore it *too much*. The fine wall arcade between the windows, for instance, certainly should be left in its present condition, for as the whole of the lower portions of it have been destroyed, it would be a great mistake to attempt to replace them by modern work, which would be simply converting what is now a singularly beautiful fragment into a valueless and unmeaning piece of patchwork. Should the authorities at Ely Chapel be over-burthened with money they might cover the lower part of the walls with rich oak panelling, but we most earnestly plead that the beautiful wall-arcade may be spared from any attempts at restoration. Our last sketch (5) represents the curious crypt of Ely Chapel, which has been reopened as a Roman Catholic chapel. It is singularly picturesque, and more Continental-looking than anything in London. We are glad to see that nothing has been done to deprive this portion of the building of its venerable appearance, and its somewhat grotto-like look adds greatly to the devotional and mysterious aspect of the place. The new stone columns supporting the vast ancient roof look very raw at present, but probably a few years of London dirt will reduce them to a more agreeable colour. We may just hint that some valuable examples of ancient work, including a curious stone bowl, deserve a better fate than to be converted into a kind of "rockery" in the priests' garden; they should if possible be replaced in the chapel, or at any rate placed where they will be taken care of, and protected from the weather. Some curious fragments of stained glass have likewise been discovered; these, we understand, are to be carefully preserved and replaced in one of the windows of the upper chapel.

H. W. B.

A PREHISTORIC CITY IN TUSCANY

GREAT interest has been excited in Italy by the discovery which has been made this summer by two of our countrymen, Mr. Heath Wilson and Mr. Pullan, of the remains of a vast prehistoric city in the dense forest which covers the flanks of the Monte Leone in the Maremma.

The accompanying sketches of Monte Leone and the scenery around have been kindly sent us by Mr. Heath Wilson. They were made by him as long ago as 1831, whilst he was inspecting the remains of several Etruscan cities in the neighbourhood which have since become well known. At this time neither he nor any one else seems to have suspected the existence of such a city, for its gigantic walls were only lighted on now and then by adventurous sportsmen who hunted the wild boar on the mountain, and who took no note of such purely archæological matters. But Mr. Heath Wilson, from information since received from Count Bossi regarding these walls, was led to believe that he had missed some remains of considerable interest during his exploration in 1831. He naturally felt very desirous of continuing his researches; but, his health not now permitting of his making such a fatiguing journey himself, his friend Mr. Pullan, the distinguished archæologist, undertook to make the necessary survey, assisted most courteously by the Count Bossi and the Count Salviati, the owners of the territory, who kindly provided guides, horses, and other requirements.

Mr. Pullan's account of what he met with during his ten hours' ride over Monte Leone through paths only known to the gamekeepers, and through brushwood and heath twenty feet high, was published in the *Academy* of June 16. He found that the walls he had come to inspect were rudely built of huge boulders piled one on the other without much attempt to fit them together; that in some places they rose to a height of twenty feet, and were also about twenty feet in thickness, and that altogether they enclosed a circuit of fifteen miles. Besides this encircling wall he observed on one spur of the mountain a great outwork of semi-circular form, the chord of which was a mile in length, and outside this another wall of six feet in thickness, evidently a second line of defence.

At first Mr. Pullan imagined that these walls might have been the defences of a camp of Gauls, who were defeated near this spot in 223 B.C. But their enormous extent and thickness soon precluded this idea. It became indeed certain as his survey continued that here must have been the site of an ancient and warlike city as large as Rome now is, and surrounded probably by enemies, or else why such enormously strong defences?

But what could this city have been, and who were the race that inhabited it? It has been suggested that here might be found the long-lost Vetulonia of the Etruscans, but these rude walls are not of Etruscan build. Mr. Pullan surmises in a letter to the *Academy* of July 7 that, although certainly not the Vetulonia of the Etruscans, the city on Monte Leone may be the Vetulonia described by Alberti as situated in a wood, and with walls of great extent. But even if this should be so, we come no nearer to the origin of this mysterious city.

Researches, however, are to be continued, and a society will probably be formed in order to raise funds for making a more extended survey, and, if desirable, excavations, so that it is to be hoped that before long modern science may throw some light on this interesting subject.

MARY M. HEATON

MUSSEL CULTURE IN FRANCE

PUBLIC attention has been steadily fixed upon every fresh improvement introduced in pisciculture from the date of the early experiments carried out at Huningue for fresh-water fish, and at various French ports under Mr. Coste for sea-fish. Advantage has been duly taken of the various results attained, principally in re-stocking rivers, and in multiplying and bettering oysters. In this matter a novel step has within the last two years been taken with considerable success in France, though it applies to what is still regarded in most English households as coarse food, yet keeps a very fair position upon every French table; it well deserves notice and imitation wherever tidal rivers, sluggish estuaries, sheltered creeks, and low foreshores can admit of it.

This new branch of pisciculture is the artificial breeding, rearing, and fattening of mussels; and the site selected for developing the natural produce into a fair rival of the oyster is at the mouth of the Somme, just below the pretty township of St. Valery, close to the outlet of the splendid ship canal connecting it with Abbeville.

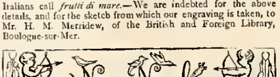
The process can be summarised into three stages, as it is carried on there by M. Lemaire, of Cap Hornu.

Just off the bend of the towing embankment, rows of wattled stakes, which might be mistaken for lines of sheep hurdles stuck close to low water mark, serve for intercepting the spat and germs of the wild mussels, which, after having been washed away from natural beds lying miles off along the sea-coast at Hourdel and elsewhere, are carried about by the tidal current; to the twigs of the wattling these stick and fasten, and then grow until picked off when they have reached a certain size. During this first probationary stage upon *les bouchots de grand flôt*, they live on conditions nearly identical with those on the foreshore *scorps* or beds.

Thence they are removed to large, wide, deep tanks, likewise set with parallel rows of wattled stakes, and lying close to high-water mark. These pits, two in number, and averaging fifteen acres, *les bacs d'élevage*, are designed with a view to hastening the maturity of the mussels deposited in them by means of water which, from its sheltered position at the foot of wooded heights, keeps warmer than the tidal stream, from its admixture with the canal outpour becomes noticeably softened, and from the variety of animal and vegetable matter carried by the Somme, supplies rich and abundant food. The spawning follows in its due seasons, and the spat thus thrown off finds a fitting receptacle and shelter in a broad-tangled belt of small twigs and fine branches set round the four sides of each *bac d'élevage*.

After attaining in these breeding pits proper size for removal, the young mussels are thrown into a large pool some forty-two acres in area, some seventeen or eighteen feet deep, which is also planted with numerous rows of stakes and wattles. This is called *le parc*. From causes similar to those which obtain in the *bacs d'élevage*—namely, a higher temperature, softer water, and plentiful feed—they soon attain in this fattening tank qualities of size, plumpness, juiciness, colour, and flavour not far inferior, if at all, to those with which the tough, rough, leathery wild oyster has been endowed by proper cultivation.

When ready for market, they are gathered off the rows of wattled stakes in a very picturesque, original fashion. The water being drained off with opened sluices, a shallow, narrow boat, made of four boards, and called *le poussepied*, from the mode of propulsion used, is carried down the sloping edge of the pit and laid on its broad keel; the mussel-gatherer sets one knee upon the bottom board, keeps his other leg over the side, and thus, astraddle on the gunwale, pushes the boat forward with kicks of his booted foot thrust down into the mud. With his two disengaged hands he navigates between the espalier-like rows of stakes like a vintager between rows of vines, picking bunches and clusters of mussels which thus very fairly represent what the Italians call *frutti di mare*.—We are indebted for the above details, and for the sketch from which our engraving is taken, to Mr. H. M. Merridew, of the British and Foreign Library, Boulogne-sur-Mer.



New Novels

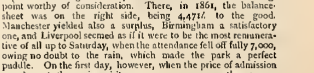
"FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," by Dora Russell, author of "The Vicar's Governess," &c. (3 vols.: Tinsley).—This is very much the best story we have had from Miss Russell since "The Vicar's Governess," and is indeed quite as good as that work, supposing it to have lacked the one character of the Vicar himself. Perhaps the situation out of which the plot is developed is somewhat more remarkable for boldness of conception than probability. It seems, to say the least of it, a farfetched and circuitous method of winning a woman for wife for a man to shoot the one of two brothers she does not love from behind a hedge, persuade her through the footprints left by the murderer in the snow that the crime had been committed by the other of them whom she does love, and then force her into matrimony by the threat of otherwise hanging her lover. A little reflection, one would have thought, would have convinced a person of Elizabeth Gordon's mental sanity that it was a great deal more likely that some other person had somehow become possessed of Lieutenant Jasper Tyrrell's boots and handkerchief than that he without assignable cause or object should have become suddenly transformed into a cowardly assassin, whose victim was his own brother. However, as this natural explanation of the mystery does not occur to Elizabeth, she is forced, as every appeal for mercy and release is vain, to pay the price demanded for secrecy, and become the unloving wife of the real murderer, her cousin, Richard Horton, justly described as a "sullen and selfish cub." Her farther fortunes, which we will not reveal, are sketched for us with much ingenuity and spirit, and form a tale, the interest of which hardly ever flags, and which is well worthy of the attention of all novel-readers. Sir John Tyrell, with his exquisite polish and courtesy of manner, his high sense of justice, and his kindly cynicism, is an excellent character, on whom the author may be sincerely congratulated, and Dean Dalziel and his brother, the Major, might, perhaps, have been nearly as good if as much pains had been taken with them. The contempt which each feels for the other's tastes and pursuits—a feeling, as we all know, so common among members of the same family as they grow advanced in years,—is very amusingly brought out in the cases of this worldly and ambitious churchman and stay-at-home, easy-going man of war. Eva Dalziel, too, in her fresh and innocent girlishness, makes an effective foil to the more mature and deeper-natured Elizabeth. Miss Russell's story might, perhaps, have gained by compression, not so much in the way of text as of commentary, but it is entitled to stand well in the fiction of the year, and with the signs of revived power she here displays we do not believe that we have even yet had from her by any means the best she may have it in her to give.

"Blue Roses; or, Helen Malinofska's Marriage," by the author of "Vera," &c. (2 vols.: H. S. King and Co.).—"Blue Roses," according to a phrase of Alphonse Karr's, which the author places on her title-page, are the roses which we may dream of, whose perfume we may even seem to breathe, but which we never gather. They stand for "ungrasped ideals, illusory hopes, golden dreams," aspirations after a happiness impossible in itself, or at least impossible to us. The tale of the quest after a "Blue Rose," resulting in a life spoiled and wasted, and only soothed into calm and harmony at its close, which we have in these pages, is very sad, but of very delicate and touching beauty. Princess Helen Malinofska, a young Polish lady of high rank, and the very "embodiment of youth, mirth, and beauty," falls passionately in love with Captain Francis Baldwin, an English officer in the Austrian service, and the heir to an ancient but impoverished baronetcy. There are difficulties in the way of the marriage of the pair; but Helen's mother and brother waive their objections in their desire to have her at any rate spared from the troubles they foresee coming upon their unhappy country (the period, it may be said, is shortly before the insurrection of 1863); and Helen departs with her "Franz" to England, loving him with all the passion and devotion of her ardent nature, exalting him into an ideal hero, and convinced that no cloud will ever darken her sky. Perfect happiness is the "Blue Rose" she seeks; nothing short of this will content her, little fitted as is one at once so wilful and so sensitive as she is to attain it at all, and impossible of attainment as it is to her as the wife of such a man as Francis Baldwin. But we cannot pause here to tell how Helen sees her rose wither and her dream dissolve; and realising at last that she has lost her husband's love, and with it lost all motive for living, passes out of the world with a broken heart. The pathos of the tale is deep and true, and in every detail of her work the writer shows herself the artist. The picture of the sufferings, patience, and heroism of the Polish refugees in Paris during and after the insurrection seems painted from the life, and is one of rare and high excellence. The book is almost too melancholy to allow us to say that it is a pleasant one, but no readers of culture can refuse it the tribute of sincere admiration.

"Love's Young Dream," by F. E. M. Notley, author of "Olive Varcoe," &c. (3 vols.: Tinsley).—On the title-page this story appears as "Love's Young Dream," but throughout the body of the work the title is "Love Has Eyes." We confess we fail to see the suitability of either the one title or the other, but this is not of much consequence. There is no want of incident of a startling and sensational kind in the story; it can boast a villain who is as hateful and unredeemed a specimen of his class as any one can desire; and some of the scenes, notably in the third volume, show some real power in working up "telling" situations. At the same time we must own to having often found it very tiresome, and we fancy that readers who are not content to put up with mere sensationalism, more or less effective, will be inclined to agree with us.

"Adam and Eve's Courtship; or, How to Write a Novel," by Jay Wye (Samuel Tinsley).—People who may not happen to come across this novel need not be apprehensive that they have thereby missed a pleasure. "Jay Wye" thinks it possible that ill-natured critics may even find fault with his grammar. With such sentences before us as "When gentlemen commence chess us poor ladies are entirely forgotten," and "Dear me! how carefully one ought to confine oneself to their subject," we should think this very probable.

"Love the Leveller," by Angus Comyn (Samuel Tinsley) is described as "a tale of the Great Rebellion." Its style abounds in the "fair comrade," "marry, wench," and other expressions suitable to the period, and we do not know that it is altogether a bad story in its way, though a little, or it may be more than a little, heavy.



RURAL NOTES

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.——This society has been "educating its party" at very considerable expense for a long series of years. Leeds was the first turning-point worthy of consideration. There, in 1861, the balance-sheet was on the right side, being 4,471*l.* to the good. Manchester yielded also a surplus, Birmingham a satisfactory one, and Liverpool seemed as if it were to be the most remunerative of all up to Saturday, when the attendance fell off fully 7,000, owing no doubt to the rain, which made the park a perfect puddle. On the first day, however, when the price of admission was dearest, the paying visitors were more numerous than on any previous occasion. In this column it would be superfluous to say that the treat given by the local committee to all the members to visit the public buildings and docks was thoroughly enjoyed, most of them having been previously prepared for the scenes by the illustrations in *The Graphic*. Nearly 140,000 people were registered at the turnstiles at Newsham Park, so that Birmingham and Liverpool, it may be said, run neck and neck as to numbers. So far as the merits of stock in the show are concerned, there was little difference save in the case of pigs, which were altogether inferior. Prize-taking shorthorns, the breed upon which we most rely for our beef, were identical with those of Birmingham. Sir Arthur Ingram, Mr. Linton's bull, was first in his class and the Cup as the first shorthorn male. He was only second at Birmingham, where he was beaten by the Marquis of Exeter's Telemachus, who stood second at Liverpool. These two animals have been chopped and changed about for the last three years. Sir Arthur gained the Havering Park Prize Cup of 100 guineas at the Essex Show at Chelmsford. Royal and cart-horses better. Milking cows, Jersey and Ayrshire, those that supply our milk, were of a mixed character. There were no surpassingly good Ayrshires; and those in the dairy class were mixed up with animals by no means of the same character, whose udders and thick shoulders showed that they were meant for beef rather than milk.

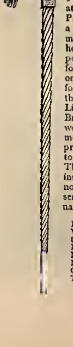
THE WEATHER.——St. Swithin this season appears to be in a very irritable temper. He has evidently got up on "the wrong side of the blanket." Although it was the Sabbath, and he was a saint, he commenced pouring down on Sunday most unmercifully raindrops as big as florins, with hailstones commingled, and has been continuing in "our next," greatly to the detriment of hay-makers who have not yet got all their hay in. Between Liverpool and London there is still a considerable portion to cut, and in the fields much lying to be put into cocks. The wheat must suffer from the violent blasts, and so the other cereals, because the rain has been accompanied with cold wind. The roots on heavy lands will not improve, and on light lands suffer from the showers that come down so sternly without accompanying sunshine. The stock looks fairly as they graze on the pastures, so far as can be judged in passing by on the train, and as they appear in the market. Sunshine, with little shade, is at the present time the farmer's only prayer.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.——About this creature something was said in last "Rural Notes." It was, as we all are supposed to know, found at Cologne some years ago; it was since our last writing discovered in Ireland, and found out—not to be the right sort. In order that no mistake may occur in future about its presence and its performances, the *Farmer* has published as a supplement a correct coloured life-like lithograph of the wretch in all its stages, from its larva state to its full-grown habit. All potatoe growers, therefore, knowing its appearance, can at once "stamp it out" without the aid of inspectors or policemen, at first thought advisable by the authorities to collar it on its first surreptitious arrival at principal ports in this country, where it has not yet appeared, nor likely to come, in its jaundiced-like guise.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.——Congratulations all over the country as to the quickness of settling the rinderpest—getting rid of the obnoxious visitor altogether—were, it appears, too early made. The Cattle Plague has been again discovered in the East End, and an Order in Council in an extraordinary *Gazette* issued on Monday evening prohibits the removal of all cattle north of the Thames except for immediate slaughter, an order which does not seem to alter much that at present in force, for no stock can go out of the cordon.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Board of Trade Returns for the six months may be called a turning point in our year. The meat question has been the great one for the last six months. It has been the subject of talk on exchange, in markets, and farms, and the conclusion seems to have been arrived at by some that foreign cattle should not be permitted, and that dead meat is the article to "go in for." These official returns prove that there is a diminution in the imports of live cattle, which is easy of understanding considering Cattle Plague restrictions, but there is also a reduction in bacon and salted beef, and not so much increase in fresh meat as to keep down prices.—Live cattle from the States and the Dominion have been reaching our shores in first-class condition. One animal arriving at Liverpool last week weighed, it is stated, about 30 cwts., heavier than Mr. M'Combie's Black Prince which took championship at Smithfield some years ago, and from whose carcase the Queen bought a baron.—Colonel Kingscote has been elected president for the Royal Agricultural Society, which next year is to be held at Bristol.—The *Agricultural Gazette* states that the visitors' books at Tiptree Hall Farm, containing the signatures and remarks of Mr. Mechi's visitors for a period of over thirty years, have been offered to and accepted by the authorities of the British Museum. The first volume, containing the signatures for the first fifteen years, is now in the Museum, and the second volume is being bound.

A CELEBRATED STICK



EARLY in 1802 a transport left the Cape of Good Hope and conveyed home the 91st Argyll Highlanders, Princess Louise's Regiment. It was attacked by a sword-fish, which left sticking in the timbers a portion of its ivory weapon 33½ inches long. This became the property of Andrew M'Lean, afterwards the regimental sergeant-major, who made it into a walking stick as shown in our illustration, and by him it was carried during the whole of his service in the Peninsular War. Fighting in the south of France, at Waterloo, and at Cambray, and with the Army of Occupation at Paris, Sergeant-Major M'Lean was promoted to a Lieutenancy, and having been specially recommended by the late General Sir Charles Rowan, he was appointed Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police in London, in which post he served for many years, and ultimately retired to Boulogne on a pension of 120*l.* a year, where Col. Browne found him residing, when that officer retired from the command of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. Lieut. M'Lean died in August, 1869, and Col. Browne, deeming that this relic of its war services would be acceptable to Col. Gordon and his regiment, transmitted the staff to Dover to be the property of the regiment in all times coming, and to be handed over to its successive sergeant-majors. The names of the battles it was carried in are inscribed on eight plates of solid gold, and it is now used on parades with all honour by the sergeant-major on the anniversaries of the battles named below:—

Battles.	*Dates.*
Roleia . . .	August 17, 1808.
Vimiera . . .	August 21, 1808.
Corunna . . .	January 16, 1809.
Pyrenees . . .	From Aug. 8 to Nov. 9, 1813
Nivelle . . .	November 10, 1813
Nive	December 9, 1813
Orthes . . .	February 27, 1814
Toulouse . . .	April 10, 1814

H. G. ROBLEY, 91st Highlanders.

THE CAVES OF ADELSBERG

AT a distance of five or six hours' rail from Gratz lies the small Austrian village of Adelsberg. It offers visitors good air and a pleasant situation amidst smooth-rolling hills and adjacent pine forests. But for the various classes of travellers who are in search of novelty, beauty, or fresh wonders to investigate, its great attraction lies in the neighbouring stalactitic caverns known, since their rediscovery in the beginning of this century, as the "Caves of Adelsberg." They take their name from an insignificant village covering a few acres; but for themselves they have already been explored for several miles, and there are numerous evidences that prove almost conclusively their extent over a vast area. Two of these may be mentioned. Pieces of wood thrown into the river Poik, within the grottos, reappear in a stream that issues from a cave ten miles off. And a drive of an hour and a half takes the traveller to the Château of Luegg—a strange, rambling old place, a former abode of brigands, built in the very mouth of caves precisely resembling those of Adelsberg, and which branch on the one hand towards them, on the other lead you over rugged floors of sand, dark pools, and rocks as far, apparently, as curiosity will induce you to go. A mile and a half of the slippery break-neck journey satisfied us, as we had already made a thorough scrutiny on two occasions into the marvels of the more accessible and better managed Caves of Adelsberg throughout nearly five miles of their extent. But that mile and a half showed one thing worth noting here, in the hope that future attention may be directed to verify and explain it. Whilst every portion of the Adelsberg rocks, and every obtainable specimen of the stalactites, is intensely hard, the specimens I collected in the grottos of Luegg are very brittle. It is just possible that in the more frequented caves everything easily destructible has been carried off; but it seems scarcely probable that the difference can be attributable to such a cause. There is another singular fact to be remarked. As has been already said, there is a strong resemblance between the Caves of Luegg and Adelsberg, but at the same time the whole appearance of the former proclaims them to be in an earlier stage of development. In the Caves of Adelsberg you find innumerable gigantic pillars reaching from lofty dome to floor. In those of Luegg you discover capitals depending from the roof above pedestals that are rising from the floor, while the intermediate columns have yet to be filled in by the silent stonemasons. At Adelsberg gigantic stalactites hang from the roofs, huge and sparkling as the mammoth chandelier sent from Salviati's, in Venice, to grace the Pope's Jubilee. At Luegg the roofs are studded with small projections that remind one rather of the whitewashed mouths of gas tubes into which the chandeliers should be screwed. There are occasional great masses in the latter caves, but they appear to be masses of the original rock encrusted with stalactites, and not absolute individual stalactites themselves like those of Adelsberg. For instance, in the grottos of Adelsberg, about two miles from the entrance, you come upon what has been well named "The Cascade"—a beautiful cream-coloured petrifaction that flows over from the wall far above overhead down to the ground. You see the full wave, and run, and curling edge of the apparently transfixed waters, and they shine as though stray moonbeams had been caught in them at the instant that their imaginary flow was arrested. In Luegg the guides point out also a "cascade;" but on this more leaden-hued boulder the creamy water-drops have as yet scarcely settled into fully discernible ripples, and the crystal sheen is wanting.

As the stalactites and stalagmites form at the rate of little more than the thickness of this paper in a lifetime, it is impossible to avoid the inference that a considerable period must have elapsed between the epochs when the almost invisible agencies commenced work in the two different series of caverns, and yet it is equally difficult not to feel certain that they are both portions of one vast system of grand galleries, all excavated by the same convulsion of Nature. However, there is little doubt that soon full light will be thrown upon this question. Although not even so many as ten of our countrymen, we were told, have extended their journeys so far south from Vienna, or east from Venice, during the last two years, it is to be hoped that no long time hence these caverns will be as well known and intimately studied by English travellers as they already are by many thousands of the neighbouring Austrian peasantry, who crowd to the annual Whit Monday festival given, for their pleasure, in the Caves of Adelsberg, which are then illuminated with twenty thousand lights, and present a most brilliant and animated spectacle. The Caves of Luegg afford interest for some minds only; but their neighbours have an abundance of beauty for the satisfaction of all, while the company, in whose hands they are, have done much to lessen the fatigue of their exploration. Steps have been cut from corridors to galleries, and bridges thrown across the dark, turbulent waters of the River Poik, a bright, sparkling thread without, within the caves not inaptly called "the Styx." Then a tramway laid down in 1872, and furnished with light iron carriages, helps the visitor comfortably over nearly two miles of the journey into the earth's heart. Guides walk beside the cars to point out, now a natural pulpit, with gleaming sounding board overhead; then an opera-box, with rounded cushion to lean on, edged with white fringe and tassels. There are innumerable resemblances to the Byzantine twisted pillars; but their incrustations appear to consist chiefly of diamonds, although coloured morsels are not wholly wanting. There are round columns, and columns fluted with the most wonderful regularity; and there is a beautiful resemblance to an organ, that appears to have been made, pipes and all, out of pure white marble. There is also a singular appearance of the side of an old castle. The lofty wall is white; high up there is a deep, almost perfectly even, oblong aperture, filled in with what looks like a dark brown wooden shutter; below it, reaching to the ground, is another aperture filled in with the brown door. The effect is almost startling. Indeed, in many instances it would be impossible to help thinking that human hands had aided to work out some of the vivid likenesses, if it were not still more impossible to believe that man's puny fingers had been able to interfere with such colossal works. In some places whole sets of Hindoo idols, with their flat hands on drawn-up knees, seem to test, to the uttermost, belief in their untouched, natural origin; and a grandly calm Sphynx appears to demand attention to the fact that she is the original mother of all her enigmatical children. Our guides pointed out to us at one part "the Garden"—bower, rather, it should be called—where some old Midas seems to have turned trailing plants, flowers, vases, and statuettes, not to gold, indeed, but to a uniform substance of crystal inlaid with silver. And there is a "Curtain," as transparent as fine muslin, and whose graceful draping might afford a lesson to an artist. The guides have special delight also in pointing out most laughable resemblances to many ordinary objects. As though Nature had occasionally, during the lapse of ages, grown weary or surfeited with its own abundant production of beauty, and turned to the common-place and practical for relief, the guides' elevated torches sometimes reveal to astonished eyes whole strings of big, reddish-brown Bologna sausages, rashers of "streaky breakfast bacon," and bundles of rather warm-looking wax candles, hanging from the ceiling of Nature's larder; while a "Parrot," perched on a bit of fallen column, holds its head on one side in a most knowing manner.

Having passed the spacious and lofty "Ball-room," in which the peasants dance most vigorously on Whit Monday, in the midst of a dense throng, the tram-cars have to be left, and the next mile or so must be traversed on foot, passing up and down the steep winding path called "the Semmering Pass." The extra fatigue is more than repaid by the extra beauty. None should turn back until they reach the seats on "Mount Calvary." The farther you go the more beautiful these Caves become, until the last ones seem almost like masses of snow-wreaths intermingled with hoards of diamonds and topazes, while the effect of vast white domes hung with the natural glittering brown banners is exquisite beyond belief. It is useless to say anything of "the roof of Milan Cathedral," for anything approaching the truth must sound like exaggeration to those who have not seen it, and those who shall see it will confess it is difficult to say enough.

Proposing visitors may be glad, in conclusion, to learn that a large and very comfortable hotel, the Adelsberger Hof, has been opened the last year or so, within ten minutes' walk of the entrance to the Caves; and the routes, either from Trieste or Vienna, are beautiful, the latter especially so, as it takes in the Semmering Pass. Tourists leaving Trieste by the 6.50 A.M. train (express) get to Adelsberg in time for a ten o'clock breakfast; but those who prefer to take the 7.10 A.M. train still have ample time to pay a long visit to the Caves the same day, and can go on the next morning at nine o'clock to Vienna, or the half-way station, Gratz.

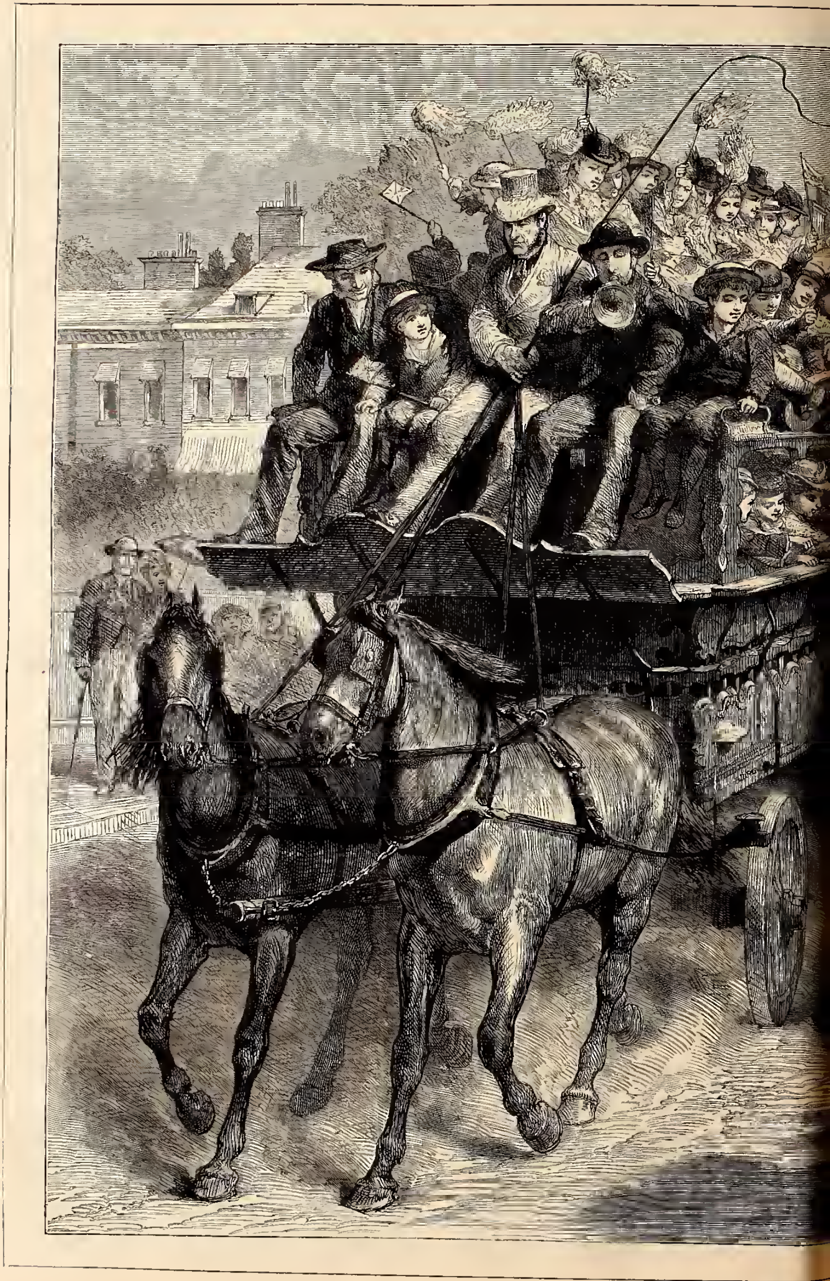
G. S.

New Music

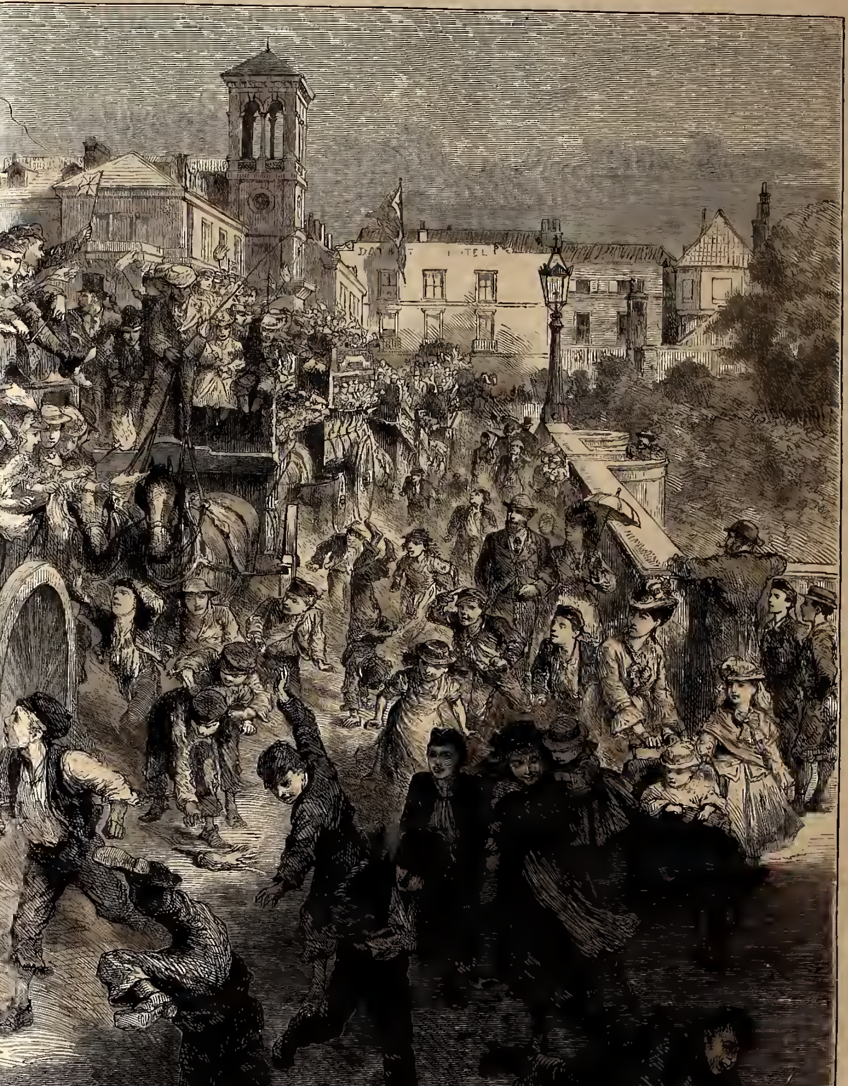
MESSRS. J. B. CRAMER AND CO.——A song for a mezzo-soprano, entitled "Who will go a Maying?" E. Oxenford and J. L. Roeckel, will please many.—By the same composer is a song, "Still Hope On," the words of which, by C. P. Harris, contain some salutary advice for the present age, and are superior in merit to the music.—Appropriate for all seasons is a song for a baritone, written and composed by B. K. Phillips and R. Stanley, the title of which is "Easting," both words and music are spirited and nervous.—"Jack's Weddin'" is the somewhat inappropriate title of a song composed by A. Camall, the words by F. E. Weatherley, for the matrimonial alliance is only a thing of the sailor's future,—vague and uncertain,—nevertheless at a seaside concert this song would make a decided hit.—Most of our readers will remember with pleasure Odoardo Barri's pathetic vocal composition, "The Shadow of the Cross," to which this composer has now written a sequel, called "Passion Flowers," and very wisely dedicated it to Madame Trebelli-Bettini, than whom few, if any, singers could do more ample justice to the subject. The devotional and heart-moving words are by H. B. Farnie, who therein shows his powers of treating successfully grave as well as gay themes.—Enthusiastic lovers of either sex will sing with enjoyment, "We Meet Again," the sentimental words and music of which are by R. A. Lejoindre and C. H. R. Marriott; the compass is from C below the lines to F on the fifth line.—A wholesome and vigorous antidote to the above is a really witty comic song by H. B. Farnie, "The Girl in the Eel-Skin Dress;" the words and music are very laughable, but void of vulgarity, and the frontispiece is but a mild burlesque of the prevailing fashions.

WILLIAM CZERNY.——A sweet little spring song is "Like the Lark" (Die Lerche), by Franz Abt, the English version by W. Czerny.—Somewhat more ambitious, but equally pleasing, is "The Flower's Fate," written and composed by J. S. Lyons and E. Marlois.—Sea songs for female voices are not very often to be met with, hence "Jack's Vow," the cheerful words of which are by E. Oxenford, the music by W. C. Levey, will be in great request at seaside penny readings this coming autumn.—Nos. 25 and 26 of "Popular and Celebrated Choruses for Ladies' Voices" are "In Young May," by F. Abt, and "In Early Spring," by J. B. Wekerlin; both are likely to become favourites in the home circle.—The most popular series of the day, in its special line, is "Momens de Loisir, Morceaux Classiques et Populairs pour Violon et Piano," by William Czerny, all of which arrangements are admirable and worthy of their designation. Nos 10 to 12 are respectively "Gigue in C" (Corelli)—by the same composer a "Gigue in A," Haydn's celebrated "Bagpipe Minuet," and Gottschalk's "Berceuse."—Two showy and taking pianoforte pieces are "Carolina," a serenade valse by Madame Oury, and "Festa Napolitana, by F. Coletti.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.——Sentimental words and a flowing melody will find favour with many singers of medium voices for "'Tis Many, Many Years Ago," the joint production of Messrs. Martin L. Hill and H. S. Roberts.—Henry Houseley has effectively set to music Barry Cornwall's quaint poem, "The Best of All Good Company."—Full of pathos and genuine sentiment is a poem by Thomas Hood, "These Eyes that were so Bright, Love." These words have inspired F. J. Simpson to compose a really charming melody for them; this song promises to win more than mere passing favour. By the same composer, who has proved equally successful when writing for the pianoforte, are eight very brief pieces, some of which are but half a page in extent; they are well worthy the trouble of committing to memory. "Short Pieces" is the appropriate title of this collection.—"A Boat Song," by Walter Spinney, and a "Gavotte" by H. Houseley, will be found useful for pianoforte school practice and holiday performance.—Book IV. of "Wood and Co.'s Organ Library" contains a "Middle Voluntary," by J. C. Richardson; "Concluding Voluntary," by T. Troman, Mus. Bac.; Andante in D major, by Walter Spinney; and a "Concluding Voluntary," by F. W. Pacey, Mus. Bac., all of which are well written compositions, worthy of a place in the library of every organist who can play moderately well, as they are free from any serious difficulties.—Few can fail to endorse the sentiment of the late A. H. Clough's "How Pleasant it is to Have Money!" which J. Owen has wedded to a blithesome melody.—A "Triumphal March in G" for the organ, composed by S. G. R. Coles, shows talent in the present and gives promise of excellence in the future.—Two excellent pianoforte pieces for practice and execution are, "The Song of the Mill Wheel," a sketch by D. Middleton, and "Les Murmures du Ruisseau," an idyll by F. Braungardt.—Easy, tuneful, but commonplace are "The Balmoral Caledonians," by C. D'Egville Michau.



"A DAY IN


HOTEL
G. DURAND

THE COUNTRY"

ON AND OFF THE "PANTILES"

"TUNBRIDGE WELLS," says lively Fanny Burney, writing in 1779 (she wasn't Madame d'Arblay *then*), "is a place that to me appeared very singular; the country is all rock, and every part of it is either up or down hill, scarce ten yards square being level ground in the whole place; the houses, too, are scattered about in a strange wild manner, and look as if they had been dropt where they stand by accident." Could the author of "Evelina" now revisit this agreeable locality, after the *quasi*-century that has elapsed since she and the Thrales took up their quarters at the Sussex Hotel, what a change would come over the spirit of her dream! True, the leading features of the Spa are unaltered; the rocks and hills remain as nature placed them, the latter presenting the same impediments to the progress of stout gentlemen as they did in the days of yore, and utterly discomfiting those nuisances of modern civilisation,—perambulators and bicycles.

But, in other respects, time has worked wonders; the scattered houses have become streets; Mount Sion and Mount Ephraim, though retaining their old Biblical appellations, have been long since transformed into compact masses of bricks, mortar, and stucco; and even the "dirty little lanes" of which Miss Fanny contemptuously speaks are now lined with shops especially attractive to the indigenous youngsters, the principal articles exposed for sale therein being cheap cricket-bats and "Turkish delight." The Sussex Hotel has vanished, and the Calverley and the Wellington reign in its stead; of these fashion has adopted the first, while bracing air and a glorious prospect recommend the second; Mount Ephraim also has its caravansary overlooking the common, and, if one may judge of its prosperity from the perpetual locomotion of the omnibus connected with it, ought to be a thriving concern.

You may lodge anywhere in Tunbridge Wells; either in the above-mentioned establishments, if a mere bird of passage, or, if tempted to prolong your stay, in one of the innumerable villas clustered about in every direction, each with its tiny grass plot in front and its miniature garden behind, where, if solitude be your object, you may enjoy a silence unbroken, save by the twittering of the birds, or the occasional hum of an adventurous bee. Nay, even if your temporary lot be cast in less pleasant places, and the only verdure discernible from your "apartments," be your landlady's slender slip of turf enlivened with dusty marigolds, you have but to ask your way to the "Grove," and a more secluded shady spot you will hardly find anywhere. It is, at a rough calculation, about an acre and a-half in extent, and accessible through Calverley Park on one side, and by a passage communicating with the High Street on the other; benches, conveniently disposed at the foot of wide-spreading old trees, and rarely occupied save by a solitary student (the specimen I saw had fallen asleep over the county paper) or a stray nursery maid with her infant charges, invite you to repose, and, if the sun shines fiercely, believe me, you might do worse.

The amusements offered to the sojourners at the Wells are of a very primitive character, consisting chiefly of the privilege of walking up and down the common, or up and down the Pantiles (I cannot bring myself to adopt the new fangled title of Parade), or of investigating in their own or hired vehicles the different objects of interest in the neighbourhood. Not that there is an absolute dearth of evening recreation; the German Reed Company, Mrs. Stirling, and the inevitable Vance having, during my stay, successively (and I trust successfully) issued their invitation cards; not to mention a remarkably flaring bill of vast dimensions adorning every blank wall in the vicinity, and announcing the arrival of Herr something or other (name not material), the inimitable and never-to-be-sufficiently-appreciated conjuror and prestidigitateur. But, barring these exceptional invasions of wandering stars, it must be confessed that the visitors are left pretty much to their own resources, or to those afforded them by the circulating libraries, the latter alternative involving, from the paucity of stock in hand, a larger consumption of three-volume novels than is positively wholesome.

A late able lawyer, when asked to describe Tunbridge Wells, laconically replied, "dust and dullness;" without presuming to question the correctness of the assertion, both charges being in a certain degree well founded, I would suggest the addition to the verdict of "extenuating circumstances." The sandy soil naturally produces the first of these grievances, which might be, to say the least, mitigated by a more efficient system of watering; it has, however, the advantage of drying as quickly as the cliff at Brighton, and of becoming, ten minutes after the hardest downpour, practical for the most delicate *bottine*. Then, as to dulness, that depends a great deal on the interpretation of the term; if it be intended to signify the almost total absence of balls, parties, and similar post-prandial gatherings, there is no gainsaying the fact, and those who need them had better migrate elsewhere; but that the general aspect of the Wells is the reverse of bright or cheerful I deny *in toto*.

Stroll along the High Street, penetrate through one of the narrow openings at its extremity leading to the Pantiles, and from thence emerge upon the Old London Road; and if during your walk you have found nothing either to interest or amuse you, then retrace your steps back to the railway station and *bon voyage!* But if what you have seen induces you to continue, and no asthmatic tendencies impede your climbing powers, the common is before you, with its yellow gorse and purple heath, its invigorating breezes and enchanting view of the neighbouring villa-crowned heights that bear a faint resemblance to the valley of the Arno. There you may sit or lounge at your ease, luxuriously indulging in the calumet of peace, or absorbed in the concluding chapters of a fascinating story; while ever and anon your reverie or study (as the case may be) is interrupted by the sudden advent of a juvenile donkey party, or by the cavalcade of Mr. Cramp, the riding master, chaperoning a bevy of inexperienced Amazons, bobbing up and down like floats in a fish-pond. Every available bit of level space is occupied by cricketers of all ages and all sizes, the youthful element largely predominating; and considering that the fielders have perpetually to pursue the ball as it bounds far away down the slopes, the "out" side has generally a hard time of it.

The regular cricket ground is situated at the summit of the common, nearly opposite the Wellington Hotel; and although its undulating propensities would scarcely be appreciated by the patrons of the "Oval," affords a very tolerable arena for the display of such talent as the Wells and its vicinity can bring together. There exists, I believe, a club called the "Blue Mantles," but the prowess of its members is unknown to me; the only matches I had an opportunity of witnessing being "scratch" ones, organised by the townspeople. One of these in particular appeared mightily to tickle the fancy of the bystanders; the players, with the exception of a single individual clad in correct cricket costume, evidently regarding uniformity of attire as a superfluous adjunct to the game. The wicket-keeper, for instance, wore tightly-fitting black trousers, with a handkerchief round his knee by way of pad; the "point" looked extremely knowing in a fur cap, very much cocked on one side; the principal bowler sported a striped livery waistcoat, while the remainder of the field, including the long stop whom, from his grimy exterior, I at once set down for a blacksmith, patronised shirt-sleeves and corduroys. It turned out to be a very one-sided affair, the flannel jacket and the livery waistcoat heading the successful eleven, and remorselessly levelling their adversaries' stumps like so many ninepins. When the latter *did* get a chance, they usually contrived to send the ball into the hands of "point," or to start for a run—think better of it—and return just in time to find the bails deftly removed by the wicket-keeper; in short, the innings lasted scarcely an hour, and when I left the ground, the flannel jacket, a sort of Admirable Crichton in his way, had scored almost as many runs as his opponents all together.

Ten minutes' further walk westward brings us to Rusthall Common, with its rural church and cemetery on our left and a natural monstrosity called the Toad Rock on our right; the approach to the latter is guarded by a detachment of small boys deserting the blackberry bushes in the anticipation of halfpence, which boon having been accorded or refused, they disappear among the brambles, and are seen no more. Returning homewards, I would recommend the admirer of quiet sylvan scenery not to pass unnoticed or unvisited the pleasant avenue leading through Hurst Wood into Bishop's Down Park, the favourite resort of loving couples and meditative smokers; the park itself, being a mere tract of land devoted to building purposes, may safely be left unexplored.

And now, without further infringing on the stereotpyed privileges of the guide-book, or planning out excursions which people in general prefer choosing for themselves, let us rather attempt to sketch the real feature of Tunbridge Wells, the Pantiles, and, to do our subject justice, adjourn thither at the orthodox hour any time between eleven and one. "How such a place," remarks Miss Burney, "could first be made a fashionable pleasure walk everybody must wonder." So probably thought Dr. Johnson, when thirty years earlier he gravely mingled with the *beau monde* of his day, conversing familiarly with Garrick and Colley Cibber, and perhaps not entirely disregarding the fascinating Miss Chudleigh, who in her turn, we may be sure, was by no means chary of her airs and graces for the benefit of the future Lord Chatham and Speaker Onslow. Narrow and confined, however, as is this time-honoured promenade, bounded by shops on one side and by steps leading to more shops on the other, it is nevertheless the great centre of attraction, and scarcely have the ten or twelve musicians composing the local band taken up their position beneath the trees in the centre of the walk than every bench is occupied as if by magic, enterprising cavaliers invade the shops as unconcernedly as if they had known their owners all their lives, and bear off in triumph, for the accommodation of their fair companions, as many chairs and camp-stools as they can lay their hands on.

Meanwhile the programme of the concert has been adjusted to the trunk of a tree, old ladies prepare their knitting needles, a pretty nursemaid (a fixture here) lays herself out for admiration, and a tremendously tall young fellow with a glass in his eye escorts the best-looking girl in the place to a seat commanding a comprehensive view of the entire scene. Already the cornet-a-piston and the bassoon are hard at work on a selection from Meyerbeer, and Paterfamilias, with his daughter on his arm, beats time—rather irregularly—with the ferule of his umbrella; a trio of exquisites in tweed and wideawake saunter indolently up and down from the Post Office to the milk bun establishment at the corner and back again, glancing approvingly at two simply, but becomingly, dressed ladies, sitting apart from the rest, and diffusing far and wide the odour of their cigarettes just purchased from an enticing *marchande* with fabulously piled up hair of variegated hues. Meyerbeer has been long since laid aside for Suppé's overture to "Poet and Peasant," followed by a waltz and a *pot-pourri* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the pretty nursemaid, whose little charge is inclined to be fractious, dandles it listlessly to and fro, invariably turning her profile (her best point) towards the passers by. Now and then some adventurous damsel descends the steps conducting to the spring, and imbibes a glass of the icy cold liquid, hoping inwardly that the iron will not spoil her teeth, and thinking (if she be a travelled young lady) how much nicer it would be to exchange the present surroundings for the loveliness of the Poubon at Spa. Stout elderly dames block up the fronts of the shop windows, staring alternately at the photographs and the work-boxes and card-cases in Tunbridge ware; children, dispatched by maternal order in quest of Papa, make an irruption into the reading-room, and carry off the old gentleman before he has half-finished his paper; and during all this *va et vient* the musicians, hoarse and weary, and thirsting for the product of Kentish hops, have been steadily getting through number after number of the programme, and are on the point of attacking a galop by way of finale.

This is the signal for a general break-up; the men start off for billiards or a country walk, while the fair sex charter flies, and bargain pitilessly with the drivers thereof; the pretty nursemaid casts a lingering look behind as she departs for the one o'clock dinner; the shop-keepers, as soon as the coast is clear, sally forth to recapture their chairs and retreat with them into their dens; and half an hour later, if the shades of the great lexicographer and Madame d'Arblay were to meet on the Pantiles and compare notes, they would most assuredly find themselves alone in their glory. C. H.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN, in his later works, has shown one special phase of the poet-nature which, more than anything else, entitles him to the respect, and we may add the love, of all kindred natures, viz., intense and true sympathy. Everybody already knew how great was his metrical facility—shown significantly, to those who can judge, by the fact that he is one of the few modern poets who can write a new ballad that reads like an old one. His power of description was also known of old, as were other excellencies too many to number; but it seems to us that only of late years has he himself become sensible of the full existence of that Humanity which must always lie at the depths of the highest poetry. "Balder the Beautiful: a Song of Divine Death," by Robert Buchanan (W. Mullan and Son), is the latest and most triumphant outcome of this awakening. It is possible—nay, highly probable—that it will not be as universally admired as, for instance, "Red Rose and White," for the very simple reason that its perfect appreciation involves an amount of serious thought and study such as, in this railway age, people are too often unwilling to give. Yet none the less is it a noble poem, to be cherished by those who can appreciate high thoughts wedded to almost faultless music. The lovers of Scandinavian mythology may regret—as we must own to doing—the alteration of the old legend; but if we, according to the author's warning, disabuse our minds of ancient prejudice, there remains nothing but admiration for a delicate and wonderfully imaginative allegory. The key note of the poem lies, we think, in three stanzas from the finest portion of the work, "The Coming of the Other":—

"But whosoe'er shall conquer Death,
  Though mortal man he be,
Shall in his season rise again,
  And live, with thee, and Me!

And whosoe'er loves mortals most
  Shall conquer Death the best,
Yea, whosoe'er grows beautiful
  Shall grow divinely blest."

The White Christ raised His shining face
  To that still bright'ning sky:
Only the beautiful shall abide,
  Only the base shall die!

In short, it is the sublimity of self-sacrifice that is preached—a lesson only too sorely needed,—and taught in such flowing lyric measures, such stately rhythm of blank verse, that surely some will hear the teacher. Did space permit we could gladly give long extracts from other portions of the work; but we must content ourselves with an indication of some of the most striking passages. Such are the description of morning on the lake at page 26; Balder's dream, and, later on, his pursuit of Death; the scene where the sea-beasts nestle at the feet of the Sun-God, and, which is perhaps the grandest of all, "The Bridge of Ghosts." Balder's prayer, fine as it is, strikes us as being written in a metre unfortunately suggestive of lighter subjects—this is a mere matter of taste. The poem, as a whole, remains a sublime one.

There is just one drawback to "The Meda Maiden, and Other Poems," by the Earl of Southesk, K.T. (Macmillan), which is that, despite its musical numbers,, it is nearly impossible to get up much interest in the chief poem. North American Indians are, practically, rather unromantic, and the history of the converted witch-wife was hardly worthy of the author's undoubted powers. We cannot share his great admiration for "Hiawatha;" and although there are good passages in "The Meda Maiden," such as the digression on bigotry and the description of the novice's vision, we have found it a trifle dull. "The Chamorra," a ghastly story of lycanthropy, is much more to our taste. It is every bit as musical, and has a weird power which impels at least a transient belief in the horrible legend. Joana's prophecy is exceedingly strong, both dramatically and as poetry pure and simple. Of the minor pieces, the best are "The Flitch of Dunmow," which one wants to *sing* whilst reading it, "A Honey-Bee Parable," and "Frankie." This last ought to find a place in all future volumes of poems intended for children.

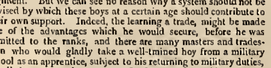
"A Dream of the Gironde, and Other Poems," by Evelyn Pine (Smith, Elder, and Co.), is tolerably correct throughout as to its versification, but also rather heavy. The chief fault in the dramatic description of Madame Roland's fate is that the speeches are far too long and didactic. One of them, however, by Théroigne de Méricourt, when she confronts her craven seducer, is really fine and impassioned. The song at p. 160, in a very long and rather unintelligible rhapsody called "Thistle Blossom," is painfully suggestive of a banjo accompaniment. The author seems to be an ardent admirer of the "music of the future."—"Harry," by the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal" (Macmillan), is not worthy of the writer who penned that charming domestic idyll. It is rather an attempt to imitate "Maud." There is a grossly improbable rescue of a supposed dead man, and some very uncomfortable rhythm in places. We think the author could do better than this.—"The Token of the Silver Lily," by Helen Mathers (Bentley), also shows signs of the Poet Laureate's influence. It is, in fact, a clever imitation of some of Mr. Tennyson's mediæval poems; but, though careful and studied, the blank verse has scarcely the genuine ring. Harold was certainly a fine fellow, and the portions of the tale in which he appears are amongst the strongest; but the author is too fond of ending her lines with a weak syllable, and would, we think, have made the tale of Ethelwyn's love more effective in prose.—If "Boyhood Lays," by William Henry Thomas (Trubner), are really what they profess to be, we can only pity the boy who thinks and writes in such a fashion, and advise him, in all sober earnest, to seek an instructor who may help him to better thoughts. We refrain from applying the sternest censure to a hideous verse at p. 40, but will only ask the author how he can excuse it on the ground of mere good taste?—Perhaps we are ourselves to blame for being disappointed in "Pegasus Re-saddled," by H. Cholmondeley Peanell (Henry S. King). We went to it with such delightful recollections of the former work, that it may have been impossible that the expectations raised should be fulfilled. At all events, the book is not equal to its predecessor, though it has some good things in it, such as "Rinking Reminiscences," "To an Anonymous Correspondent," and "The World's Mine Oyster." But at times the author seems to have written hurriedly, the verses do not strike one as spontaneous, and he really ought to know better than to rhyme "lost" and "Faust!"—"Poems of Places," edited by Henry W. Longfellow (Macmillan), is rather a good idea—viz., to give a selection of passages, more or less well known, from the different writers who have dwelt metrically either upon places in England and Wales, or with their associations. The work has been very fairly carried out. It would be absurd to expect that such a book should not leave something to be desired. For instance, we miss "The Fakenham Ghost;" there is a good *English* ballad extant on "The Luck of Edenhall;" "Piers Ploughman" should hardly be given as an author's name—surely the editor must have heard of "Langland!" and it is at least doubtful what share Shakespeare had in the celebration of Anne Hathaway's charms! But, as a general collection, the two volumes have their value.—The "Globe" edition of "The Poetical Works of John Milton" (Macmillan) is a very good one. The type is large and clear, which is a *desideratum*; and the worth of the book is enhanced by Professor Masson's prefaces, some of which are already well known to students, especially that which deals with the scheme of "Paradise Lost."

FOOD FOR POWDER

THOSE whose business or pleasure takes them to Westminster must have remarked the constant presence of military uniforms. The martial figures that pace so persistently the pavement of George Street, or stand so erect at the corner of Parliament Street are evidently picked men; their presence is good and their manners are affable, but there is a keen watchfulness in their eyes and a restless scanning of the horizon which betokens that they are no mere loungers, but are upon duty or business of some sort; in fact they are recruiting sergeants, whose office it is to receive the casual inquirer with open arms, to reassure the timid, to lend decision to the wavering, and to convert the scoffer, And very able proselytisers they are. If one took the trouble to observe their proceedings it would be seen that every now and then one or other of them was accosted, that a conference which commenced amicably suddenly became confidential, and that an inevitable adjournment to a hospitable public house followed. Into the mysteries there disclosed to the neophyte we do not care to inquire too closely: we fear that recruiting sergeants very often draw the bow with a very strong arm indeed. A visit next morning to the recruiting offices in the yard of the National Gallery would not unfrequently suggest the thought that the process of initiation must have been a severe one, for an air of dissipation lies heavily upon not a few of the faces present. There they are, however—some sullen, some defiant, and some repentant, and some again (of the better class) composed and at their ease. The reasons which have induced them to enlist are various, but in by far the greater number of cases privation and absolute want will be found to be the predisposing causes. This is proved, if proof were necessary, by the fact that in the winter months recruiting goes on with redoubled vigour. There are many who enlist at that season, however, with the full intention of deserting when spring comes round again. Upon the whole it may be said that our recruits are not drawn from the most respectable sources, and that there is a screw loose somewhere in most of their histories. It is wonderful that with such material to work with such grand results can be obtained. Discipline, however, is a great thing, and we agree with Carlyle that it would be well if all men were drilled, not merely to keep step in marching, but to act in harmony and unison in the every-day matters of life. As Wesley puts it—the kite that chafed at the string which held it in, fell to the ground when that string was cut. But discipline cannot do everything, and what we require most of all is a better class of recruits. The subject is now engaging a large share of attention, and there is a great diversity of opinions as to the means by which this end is to be obtained. The increase of pay offered has had some effect in raising both the number of enlistments and the quality of the "raw material," and the system of deferred pay will undoubtedly prove a safeguard against desertion, and a strong incentive to good conduct. But these small advantages are very insufficient inducements to good men; we cannot pretend to compete with the labour market in the payment of actual wages, and it is difficult to make men regard payment in kind with any sort of favour. The idea of restraint, too, is irksome, and they refuse to believe that the plentiful food, warm clothing, comfortable sleeping rooms, and light work of the soldier, together with medical attendance and comforts in sickness, are any equivalent for the higher wages and much too abundant beer of the labourer or artisan, coupled with the absence of discipline and freedom from supervision out of working hours. We believe, however, that a good deal of this repugnance to a military life might be overcome by a very simple expedient. If the better classes knew more about the internal economy of a regiment, could get a clearer insight into the daily life and duties of the soldier, and could be guided, by a course of sound reasoning, to arriving at a true estimate of the comparative advantages and disadvantages offered by service in the army, they would be much more disposed to entertain the idea of it. Few men like to take a leap in the dark, and it is just this feeling that restrains many of the more cautious and thoughtful of our young men.

We would suggest then the employment of lecturers who should visit our towns and tell a "plain unvarnished tale" of the conditions of a soldier's life, comparing them socially and economically with those of the working classes. The matter would be amply discussed in the newspapers, and we believe would result in a comparatively large accession of respectable men to the ranks. For it must be remembered that we want to progress in this direction, and that the first step is everything. We do not expect that the army would rise at a single bound to popularity, but if we could only see the first leavenings of a class of superior men entering it the object would have been attained. Example goes for a great deal in all the affairs of life, and if we could thus succeed in tapping another source of supply we could hope for a constant flow from it. At any rate the experiment would not be an expensive one, and might be worth trying.

We wish we could see more army schools established upon the principle of the training ships for the navy. We know the objections upon the score of expense, and that only a certain number of boys can be retained upon the strength of each regiment. But we can see no reason why a system should not be devised by which these boys at a certain age should contribute to their own support. Indeed, the learning a trade, might be made one of the advantages which he would secure, before he was admitted to the ranks, and there are many masters and tradesmen who would gladly take a well-trained boy from a military school as an apprentice, subject to his returning to military duties, if called upon to do so, at a fixed age. It would be easy to provide for his knowledge of drill being kept up, in these days when every town has its volunteer staff or regular depot.



THE READER

"Foreign Classics for English Readers," edited by Mrs. Oliphant.—I. "Dante," by the Editor (Blackwood and Sons).—The popularity of their "Ancient Classics Series" has given the Messrs. Blackwood good reason to attempt the same service for the English reader with regard to the great writers of modern Europe. The new enterprise, we strongly suspect, will prove on trial more arduous than the old. Of the ancient classics the unlearned reader asked little more than to be told pleasantly what they were all about; of the classic authors of the modern era he desires to learn much more if he learns anything at all. "Studies," critiques, translations of their works are part of the literature that everybody reads. The field is one where there are many rivals, and where audiences are somewhat critical and exacting. Still there is ample room for the new series to do service, not more to those for whom Dante and Tasso, Molière and Montaigne might otherwise remain mere names, than to those who need a guide at starting to map out the mazes of the Dantesque vision, to separate the gold from the dross through the forty and odd tomes of Goethe and Voltaire, or give the specimen sketch (which will probably suffice for good and all), of the correct classicalism of Corneille and Racine. Nor can it begin better—hardly, indeed, could it begin otherwise—than with the first of modern men who wrote on high things in the vulgar speech, the Italian father of all the new world's poetry and thought. In her bright sketch of Dante and his work Mrs. Oliphant aims above all things to write popularly, to combine (with as little as may be of the minuter criticism) a fair picture of the poet and his time—of the lover of Beatrice even more than of the passionate Ghibelline—with a complete analysis of his greatest works, the "Vita Nuova" and the "Commedia." This last, which is the larger portion of the little volume, is also on the whole the best; flowing and full, yet free from tediousness, and thickly interspersed with extracts from the literal prose translation of Dr. Carlyle or very fair poetic renderings of Mrs. Oliphant's own. Not of course a volume to supersede, or even be a substitute for, higher works of criticism on Dante, but as a popular introduction to his writings, both serviceable and tasteful.

"The Library of Contemporary Science" (Chapman and Hall)—a projected English version of the "Bibliothèque de la Science Contemporaine," a series started last year in France by MM. Reinwald and Cie.—commences well with a translation by Mr. A. H. Keane of M. Abel Hovelacque's most interesting "Science of Language." An anthropologist of the advanced school, and consequent advocate of the original plurality of languages and races, M. Hovelacque treats language as a physical science from first to last, discarding questions of etymologies and historical affinities, and preferring simply to class each family of speech in its place in one of the three great groups of monosyllabic, agglutinating, or inflected, with just so much notice as may explain its leading characteristics, and refer the student to the best authorities on its literature (if any) and its grammar. Hence his volume—though somewhat slight in parts, and not always free from over-hasty conclusions—is everywhere clear and readable to a degree not often reached when dealing with a science so abstruse. Mr. Keane, too, we should add, is by no means a mere translator, but a contributor in his turn of notes and additions of independent value, and of a most useful numbered map and tabular appendix for finding at a glance the name and history of the language of any known country on the globe.

"Turks and Greeks" (Macmillan and Co.), by the Hon. Dudley Campbell—the tiny note-book of an autumn run to Constantinople and Athens—tells little, of course, that is really new to serious students of the Eastern Question. But it is a modest, pleasant little book, well suited, we should say, for the homely lecture-rooms in which it first took substantial form, and with much that is quite worth reproducing in the shape of interviews and encounters *en route*. *Apropos*, by the way, of Greek aspirations, Mr. Campbell tells us, on the authority of a fair Perote, that her countrymen expect, among other things "in five-and-twenty or thirty years to have gone back completely" to Old Greek. What if the language of Xenophon and Demosthenes should reappear at Athens as a living speech, just at the time when it will probably have ceased to be taught in all but a few classes of a few schools abroad?

What profits it, one is sometimes inclined to ask, to reproduce with more or less effects, the hackneyed objections to orthodox Christianity, the contradictions real or seeming in the text of Scripture (in either case so easy to set forth plausibly, so hard to explain or justify to the unlearned), the *à priori* difficulties of a scheme not always consonant with human wishes? Is the world wiser or better for such efforts, or is not after all dogmatic faith the very life-blood of the morality of the many? Of two volumes now before us of this class "Our Creed, by a Barrister" (Chapman and Hall)—an essay ending logically in simple Theism—is on the whole the abler; marshalling objections with something of the method of the trained advocate, yet far from free on the other hand from assumptions hardly to be accepted as indisputable, *e.g.*, that "Nature" (as opposed to Scripture) "proclaims the Deity to be a Being supremely beneficent," that the Gospels if genuine would have been written in Hebrew, &c. The other "The Religion of Jesus compared with the Christianity of To-Day" (E. W. Allen), by F. A. Binney, aims rather at the separation of the practical from the doctrinal teaching of the New Testament, with the ultimate object it would seem of substituting for the latter a mixture of Swedenborgian and Spiritualistic beliefs as to the true key to mysteries "behind the veil." In the author's arguments from "contradictory passages" in Scripture and from "Modern Christianity in Daily Life," patient examination would find, we think, not a few weak points. For championship of the orthodox side we turn to the Rev. C. A. Row's "Reasons for Believing in Christianity" (Church of England Sunday School Institute) for a very fair and popular summary—somewhat in Paley's spirit—of the evidence for those main doctrines of the Christian Faith—the Resurrection and the Ascension—on which the whole fabric must stand or fall. The arguments in particular from the *consensus* of early belief in favour of the essential authenticity—no matter what the exact date or authorship—of the four Gospels seems very ably and not too strongly put.

The British National Aid Society was subjected to some sharp criticism in the Turko-Servian War, chiefly perhaps—for the criticism came wholly from the pro-Servian side—because it did not think itself bound to do all things for a Government which devoted all its own resources to the militant work of the campaign. It continued, however, to do good service at Belgrade and at the front until the end; at Nisch on the Turkish side till the last day of the old year. The "Reports of its Operations" (Johnson and Sons, Castle Street) make an exceedingly interesting collection of notes from the late seat of war—both on the work of surgeons on the field, and on the physical and moral strength of Turk and Servian combatant. Clearly it is not physical strength alone that makes the Turkish Nizam live through sufferings in field and hospital which would kill London guardsmen off like flies.

That useful little manual "The Chairman's Handbook" (Knight and Co.), by Reg. F. D. Palgrave, Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons, has already reached its second edition. Its specialty is the clear way in which it explains how by strict conformity to the House of Commons formula "that the words proposed to be left out stand part of the previous question," every variety of amendment, amendment of amendment, original motion, may be systematically discussed in turn without any of the indistinctness as to the point at issue, or undue prejudice to the original motion, which so often result when amendments are put simply and nakedly before the motion on which they are moved. But it contains besides full rules for the election of chairmen, speaking on questions of adjournment, consideration of reports, conduct in fine of discussions generally. Business, we take it, would be much facilitated were chairmen more at pains as a rule to study and enforce the procedure so well expounded in Mr. Palgrave's handbook.

Students of the intricacies of modern French politics will be interested in a little pamphlet by M. Eugène Ménier, the well-known editor of the *Liberté Coloniale* and ex-deputy for the Seine et Marne. It bears for its motto *Plus de guerres Civiles*, and treats of the *Loi Tréveneuc*, a law which was proposed by M. Tréveneuc in 1872, and subsequently passed by the National Assembly by 482 votes against 75, being specially drawn up with a view to prevent any future attempt at a *coup d'état*. By this law, if Parliament is illegally dissolved or is prevented from meeting, the General Councils are empowered to assemble together and choose delegates—two to each council—who are to meet in committee and take the necessary steps for the maintenance of order, and to restore to the Parliament its independence and the exercise of its rights. As this law is still in force M. Ménier argues that people need be under no fear of a repetition of 1851, for should another *coup d'état* be attempted the country thus has its remedy immediately to hand, an argument admirable in theory, but of which we very much doubt the efficacy when put in practice against a popular tyrant with a powerful army at his back.

Mr. W. Tegg continues his compilation of curious customs and ceremonies, and now brings out two fresh volumes. "One Hour's Reading" (W. Tegg), treats of the meaning and derivation of all kinds of queer sayings and doings, strange names, and the origin of seasons and holidays, while in "Meetings and Greetings" (W. Tegg), we are instructed in the forms and ceremonies of divers nations, both religious and civil, from Scriptural salutations down to courtly pageants of modern times. Both works are capital books of reference.—The late Dr. Andrew Wynter's papers on current topics, "Subtle Brains and Lissom Fingers" (Hardwicke and Bogue) have been republished under the direction of Dr. Steinmetz, who has revised and added to many of the articles.—The same publishers send us a pamphlet on "Gustave Doré," in which the French painter meets with rather rough treatment at the hands of Mr. W. Renton.

For a brief and comprehensive account in a cheap form of the recent voyage of the *Alert* and *Discovery* we may heartily recommend "The Arctic Expedition of 1875—6," by R. Johnston (F. Warne), which furnishes a simple and complete record of the work done by the explorers, in addition to a summary of previous research.—An energetic defence of Sir George Nares is put forth by Rear-Admiral Richards in "The Arctic Expedition of 1875—6" (E. Stanford); while Mr. Clements Markham as warmly exculpates the commander of the Expedition in "A Refutation of the Report of the Scurvy Committee" (Griffin).

"Turkey and Russia," by D. Murray Smith (T. C. Jack), is a work to be issued in fifteen parts, detailing the history of the Ottoman and Russian Empires, and their respective wars down to the present campaign. Part No. I. traces the origin of the Turkish tribes, and recounts the foundation of the Moslem Empire and the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. Judging by the present specimen the complete work will form a valuable and trustworthy history.—The notorious irregulars of the Turkish army are briefly commented on in "Remarks on the Bashi-Bazouks, with a sketch of Gen. Beatson," by Col. Laurie (J. B. Day).

Of a batch of manuals, "Cottage Gardening," by E. Hobday (Macmillan), points out the best flowers, fruits, and vegetables for small gardens, and gives hints for their culture; "Bookbinding at Home," by S. B. McCallum (Dean and Son), suggests a useful and inexpensive occupation for boys in the holidays at the benefit of old magazines, &c.; "Laurie's Kindergarten Manual" (Central School Depôt) clearly explains and illustrates Fröbel's method, which is rapidly becoming better known and more appreciated; while a number of papers on this subject by well-known writers are collected in "Infant Education," edited by J. Laurie (Central School Depôt).

Two suitable pamphlets for the season are "Sea Air and Sea Bathing," by C. Parsons (J. and A. Churchill), and "The Sea Bathing Guide," edited by W. Abbotts (Beaumont), the former of which is the more technical, and abounds in practical directions, while the latter gives a useful list of the principal seaside resorts and their chief curative qualities.

We have also received the half-yearly volumes of *The Weekly Welcome* (Partridge), of *Little Folks* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), which require little comment on the principle that "good wine needs no bush," and of *Design and Work* (G. Purkess), a magazine chiefly devoted to mechanics, and which would delight boys; two pamphlets on the temperance question, "The Proper Place of Alcohol," by a Doctor (Guest), and "Dipsomania," by S. Alford (H. K. Lewis), the latter forcibly representing the necessity of legally controlling drunkards, and summarising the bill to that effect recently laid before Parliament; an energetic attack on the Charity Organisation Society, "Words of Warning," by the veteran S. C. Hall (Hamilton, Adams), who brings forward some very striking truths and arguments; a "Service of Sacred Song, illustrative of the Life of St. Paul," by the Rev. J. Troutbeck (Church of England Sunday School Institution), containing a selection of hymns and appropriate Scripture passages; and B. and H. Morris's "List of London, Provincial, Colonial, and Foreign Newspapers (General Advertising Offices).

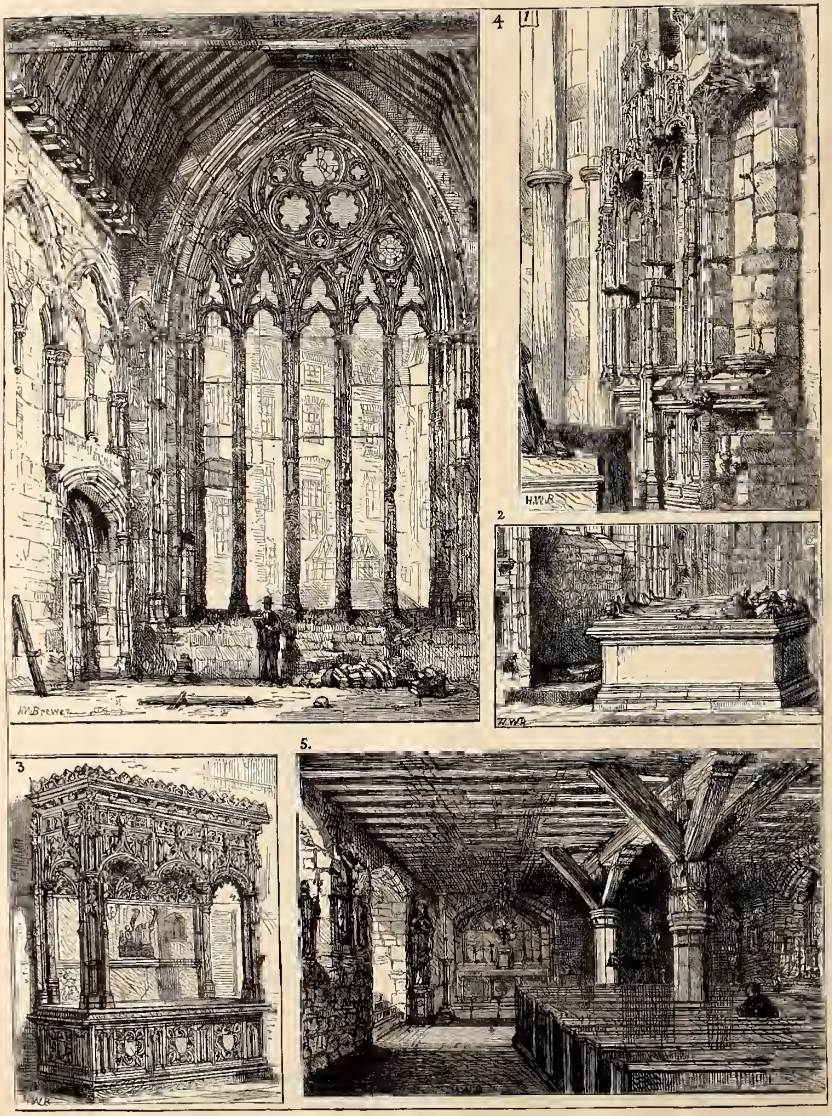
War Maps.——A well-executed bird's-eye view of the passages of the Danube and passes of the Balkans, showing the approaches to Constantinople through Bulgaria and Servia, has been published by Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald. This view, presumably taken from the heights of the Carpathians north of Roumania, gives an exceedingly good idea of the route to Constantinople looking south. The roads and railways are clearly marked; the principal towns are inserted; the chief geographical features of the Danube can be followed, while, more important than all, the various passes of the Balkans through which the Russians will have to penetrate are plainly distinguishable.—For those who wish to follow the progress of the Russians more minutely, Mr. Stanford, of Charing Cross, is publishing sections of a large scale map of Turkey. These sheets, of which we have just received No. 3 (from Adrianople to Northern Armenia), are remarkably distinct and comprehensive, and contain all the information regarding first and second-rate roads, streams, rivers, and small towns, necessary to the ordinary student of the present campaign.

Erratum.——For "good French novels" in our last week's notice of Mr. Morley's "Critical Miscellanies," read "good French models."

◆

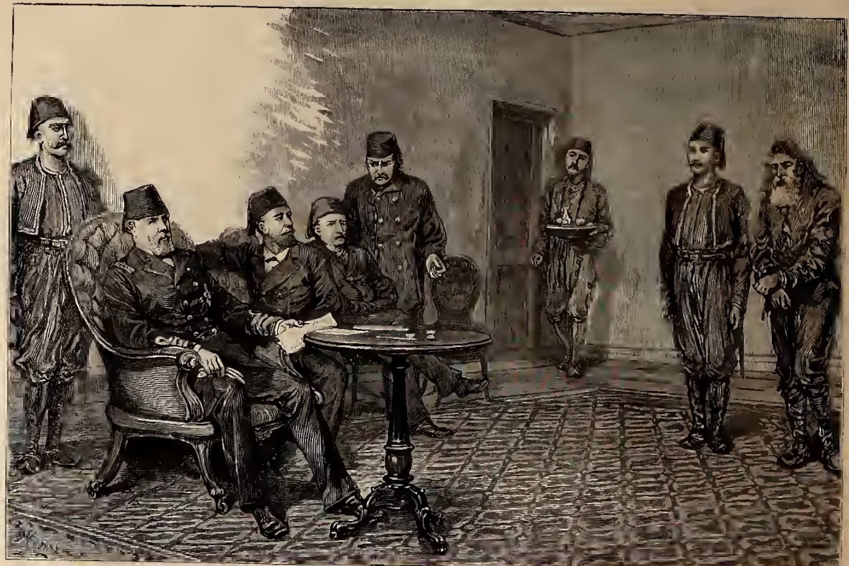
BOOKS RECEIVED

Lesko the Bastard: A. Austin; Puttyput's Protégée: H. G. Churchill; Leonora: Trans. from the German of Bürger by Col. Colomb. Chapman and Hall.
Out of School at Eton; Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart: W. Black. S. Low.
A Book about House-Work: Mrs. G. Cupples. Simpkin, Marshall.
Egypt As It Is: J. C. McCoan. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.
Through the Keyhole: R. M. Jephson; The Pleasures of House Building: J. F. Mackenzie. G. Routledge.
M.C.C. Cricket Scores and Biographies, Vols. VII. and VIII. Longmans.
Music in the House: J. Hullah. Macmillan.
The Cocks and the Turkeys, or the "Little Scheme." E. Marlborough.
The Countess of Rudalstadt: G. Sand. Weldon and Co.
Excavation at Carnac: J. Miln. D. Douglas, Edinburgh.
The Hon. Miss Ferrard (3 vols.). Author of "Hogan, M.P." R. Bentley
New Extended Map of London. G. W. Bacon.
Annette (2 vols.): Author of "St. Olave's," &c. Hurst and Blackett.
A Constant Heart (2 vols.): Hon. Mrs. E. W. Chapman; Kitty. Mrs. Betham Edwards. H. S. King.

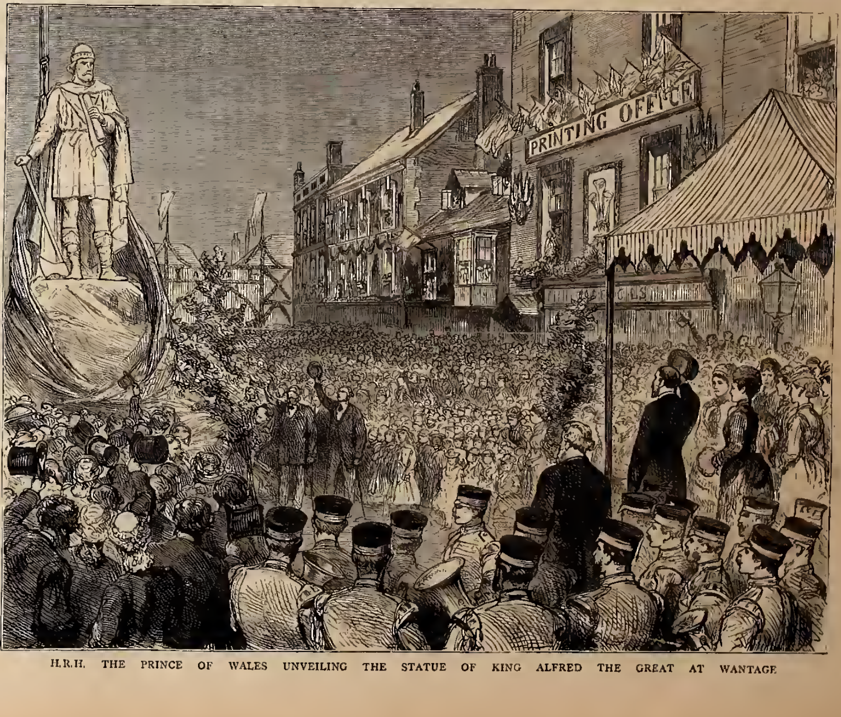


1. Ancient Reredos, Westminster Abbey.—2. Monument of Sir John de Oteswich, in the Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.—3. Monument of Alderman Hugh Pemberton in the Church of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.—4. Ancient Western Window of Ely Chapel, Holborn.—5. Ancient Crypt of Ely Chapel, Holborn.

SOME ECCLESIOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES AND REMAINS IN LONDON



THE WAR IN THE EAST: WITH HOBART PASHA—EXAMINING A RUSSIAN SPY IN THE KONAK, SULINA



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES UNVEILING THE STATUE OF KING ALFRED THE GREAT AT WANTAGE

FOREIGN

The War in the East.——The Russians continue to advance rapidly through Bulgaria, and an advance guard has even crossed the Balkans from Tirnova, while the important fortress of Nikopolis on the Danube has been captured. Throughout last week the Russians were busily investing and cannonading this town, which was also warmly bombarded by the Roumanian batteries across the river. On Sunday, the 15th, the attack was renewed with greater activity, under Lieut.-General Baron Krüdener, and the Russians, gaining possession of the heights commanding the town, commenced to pour in a hurricane of shells. Upon this the garrison attempted a retreat, but, however, were prevented in this by the Russian infantry, so that at daybreak on Monday morning the Turkish commanders, Achmed and Hassan Pashas, agreed to surrender, and the town, its garrison of 6,000 men, and 40 guns, fell into the hands of the Russians, together with two monitors. The fall of Nikopolis is a very important success for the Russians, who will now be able to construct a permanent bridge by which their troops can cross over, as the construction at Simnitza is far from perfect, and is constantly breaking down.

This important success, however, has been somewhat thrown into the shade by the apparent ease with which a small force of Russians have succeeded in crossing a pass of the Balkans. The Grand Duke Nicholas has now firmly established his head-quarters at Tirnova, where, on the 12th inst., he was received most enthusiastically by the inhabitants. From this town—the ancient Bulgarian capital—there are roads leading to several of the chief passes of the Balkans, and notably those known as the Shipka, the Travna, the Hain Boghaz, the Elena, and the Demir Kapou or Iron Gate passes. The first accounts of the crossing of the Balkans by the Russians were somewhat confusing, for at first they were reported to have mastered the Shipka Pass to the extreme right of Tirnova—a highly important position, and then to have forced the Iron Gate Pass to the extreme left of Tirnova—which according to Von Moltke is one of the most difficult of all the passes. Where the Russians really crossed was at Hain Bogaz, a small pass, merely a mule track, some 4,000 feet high, between the Travna and Elena passes, and a little to the south-east of Tirnova. There General Gourko, with an advance guard of Cossacks and dragoons, appears, on Saturday, the 14th inst., to have surprised the small Turkish force which was posted there, and to have gained possession of the pass. Next day General Gourko advanced still further, and fought another engagement near Arzazare, during which Raouf Pasha, coming up with a strong reinforcement, and—according to Turkish accounts and that of the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent—compelled him to retire with loss, not, however, before a detachment of Cossacks had appeared at Yeni Zagra—a station on the Jamboli-Adrianople railway—and had created a terrible panic amongst the inhabitants and officials of the district. According, however, to later and more independent accounts, General Gourko, by a clever manœuvre, circumvented the Turks, passed the Balkans, and is marching upon Kazanlik, a town at the Roumelian end of the Shipka Pass, in order to take that important position in the rear. Raouf Pasha, however, now daily hopes to be reinforced by Suleiman Pasha with 20,000 men from Montenegro, so that an important battle may be shortly expected, in which the Russians, unless heavily reinforced, will be, numerically speaking, at a great disadvantage.

The news that the Russians had so easily succeeded in crossing the Balkans has had a very dispiriting effect upon the Turks, more especially as their troops seem nowhere to be opposing any really efficient resistance to the Russian advance. Various reasons are stated for this inactivity, ranging from the supposition that it is part of a deeply-laid plan by which the Russians will be cut off in the rear by and by, to rumours that Russian gold is blinding the eyes of the Turkish commanders, and that the Turks while holding their troops in important positions allow the Russians to advance in order to induce some other European Power to come to their assistance. Be this as it may, the Russians, following the German tactics, are leaving troops to watch each fortified place, but are pushing forwards towards the capital with their main body with a boldness and audacity which would cost them dear did the Turkish commanders possess any average military skill or energy. As it is, the Russians are making good their advance throughout the line of the Dobrudscha as well as in Bulgaria, and it is stated that Kustendjie, abandoned by the Turks, is now in Russian occupation. As the Russians occupy each place they replace the Mussulman officials by Christians, though as a rule they find but few Mussulmans to replace, so great is the dread of the Muscovite inspired by the reports of the terrible cruelties committed by the Cossacks and the armed Bulgarians. The Turkish Government have published circumstantial accounts of the most sickening atrocities and massacres of women and children committed by the Russians, and one, the complete massacre of a long train of some 300 fugitives from the village of Heibeli, is corroborated by a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, who testifies to have seen twenty-one of the victims who had escaped, women with lance thrusts and sword cuts, and children of both sexes wounded in the most frightful manner. According to the accounts he heard, the Cossacks, becoming tired of backing the fugitives, brought up some field guns and literally mowed the poor wretches down. We mention this incident, as it is vouched for by an English correspondent—the horrors detailed by the Turkish Government we do not quote, as we can scarcely believe that even the Russian soldiery can be guilty of such fiendish acts which, if true, would throw even the Batak and Tartar-Bazardjik outrages into the shade. That the Russian soldiers are not wholly saints is manifest by Mr. Forbes' letter in Tuesday's *Daily News*, where he details a scene of pillage by the Russian soldiery at Sistova, witnessed by Mr. Villiers, our own artist, who sleeping the night in an inhabitant's house, was roused by some soldiery, who having broken into the cellar had opened and imbibed bottles of vitriol in mistake for spirits, and maddened with pain were trying to force the unfortunate master of the house to swallow the "devil's drink" which they declared he had placed to poison them. Our artist ran great risk at their hands, but finally, seeing the hopeless pillage which was going on, went to the General in command, who sent down a detachment of troops to arrest the malefactors, who were at once imprisoned. The Russian officers had done what they were able to stop the outrages, but for once the Russian soldiery had shown themselves wholly unamenable to discipline.

At Constantinople the successful advance of the Russians is causing great alarm, and a proclamation from the Sultan calls upon all the citizens, Mussulman and Christians alike, to form a volunteer corps to defend their country. There are various rumours of peace, and the German *Chargé d'Affaires* is said to have gone to the Balkans on a "special mission." There is little doubt here that the Sultan would now only be too thankful for any attempt at mediation. In the meantime the Sultan has changed his Foreign Minister, Safvet Pasha having resigned and being replaced by Aarifi Pasha, Savfet receiving the portfolio of Public Works.

From Asia there is little news save that the siege of Kars has now been definitively raised, and that the Russians have retreated across the border except at Bayazid, which General Tergukassoff has succeeded in relieving. The Turks are now said to be preparing to carry the war into Russian territory.

To return to Europe, Roumania is definitively preparing to cross the Danube, and General Manu with 20,000 men will probably now make the passage between Turnu Marelles, and Nikopolis. Servia is quiet, but Montenegro, whence all the Turkish troops have been withdrawn for the defence of the Balkans, is again preparing to assume the offensive.

France.——The ill feeling between the Monarchists and Bonapartists continues unchecked, and threatens seriously to embarrass the Government, which is exhorting them to unity, and has administered a snub to the Bonapartists by disowning as its candidate M. Tristan Lambert, who announced himself to the Fontainebleau electors as a staunch MacMahonist, but at the same time declared his intention of after 1880 doing his utmost to procure an Imperial restoration. The Monarchists were naturally at once up in arms at such language, and the Cabinet immediately telegraphed to the Prefects that "the patronage of the Government can only be accorded to those candidates whose addresses do not deviate from the policy of conciliation and union amongst all sections of the Conservative party." Not that the Monarchists can claim to be very much better than the Bonapartists, as it is said that each candidate they support has to pass a pretty strict examination as to his orthodox views with regard to Mother Church. In the mean time it is rumoured that the elections will probably take place on October 14th, and the Cabinet as the time approaches is growing more tyrannical, and organising yet more arbitrary measures for the restriction of free thought and discussion respecting electoral matters. That the Working Men's Congress should be prohibited might have been expected; but even provincial schoolmasters are forbidden to meet, as is their custom, to discuss educational matters; while municipal councils are being suppressed; mayors dismissed, amongst the latter M. Huguet, the Mayor of Boulogne, and a life senator; *café* keepers are threatened with being compelled to close if they do not send a daily report of their customers' sayings to the police; and on Tuesday M. Fourtou suddenly dismissed M. Mimerel, who has filled the post of Counsel to the Ministry of the Interior for the last thirty years. The reason was that he had taken part with the Jurisconsults of the Republican party who have been holding an inquiry into the legality of the acts of the Prefects, such as revoking hawkers' licenses, forbidding the sale of papers, closing newsvendors' shops, &c. Indeed, the Liberals in some cases are taking legal steps to check the action of the Prefects, which they assert is now not sanctioned by the law. With regard to the newspapers, the Provinces are becoming denuded of all but Conservative journals, and even these are subject to scrutiny, so that M. de Cassagnac is in a terrible rage because the *Pays* has been interdicted at the Beauvais Railway Station. He threatens to begin a campaign against the Duc Decazes and the Orleanists, as "he cannot tolerate his paper being classed with those of Gambetta, Rochefort, and Simon.

Paris, like London, is suffering from cold and stormy weather, and socially speaking is eminently dull.—Saturday was the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, but was celebrated by the Radicals with politic and praiseworthy quietude. Sunday, the *fête* day of the Comte de Chambord, was equally tranquilly commemorated by the Legitimists, the chief feature being an address of loyalty to the "King," published by the *Union*. Marshal MacMahon is preparing for a tour through the central provinces, including Bourges and Orleans, and will probably start on the 28th inst.; while his rival, M. Thiers, who on Saturday received a visit from Lord Lyons, is going to Dieppe.—The *Radical* and the *Bien Public* have each been fined 40*l.* for publishing the letter to the station-masters of the Lyons Railway, instructing them what to do in case of mobilisation; and M. Gambetta's paper, the *République Française*, is to be prosecuted for a letter attacking Marshal MacMahon.—There is little stirring in theatrical circles beyond the fact that M. Lamoureux is going to succeed M. Deldevez as leader of the orchestra at the Opera, that the *Perle du Brésil* is to be revived at the Opéra Comique, and that the well-known septuagenarian *jeune premier* actor, M. Laferriere, is dead.

Germany.——Baron Ketteler, the well-known Bishop of Mayence, is dead. He was one of the most energetic leaders of the Ultramontane party, to whom, in their campaign against the State, he will be a great loss.

The so-called Colorado beetle which appeared near Vlotho is now officially stated not to have been that dreaded insect; but according to *The Times*, the Colorado beetle has been imported by American vessels into German harbours, and all ships from across the Atlantic will now be carefully inspected. Placards containing life-size coloured portraits of the beetle are to be circulated throughout the country—a measure our own Government would do well to follow.

India.——Yakoob Beg, the well-known Attalik Ghazi and Emir of Kashgar, with whom we have so long been conducting intricate and difficult negotiations, has died at Kouralis. His death just now has special importance when taken together with the Chinese invasion of his territory, and the fact that he appointed his Lieutenant, Hakim Khan Tourah, as his successor, instead of one of his sons. The former, however, is said to have declined the dangerous honour, and Yakoob's eldest son, Kuli Beg, is now the reigning Emir. Yakoob's death will probably have the effect of hurrying on the Chinese invasion, an event on which many Anglo-Indians look with complacency, as they consider that an Empire such as China will prove a more trustworthy buffer to Russian invasion than a small state like Kashgar.

The Famine reports are not so favourable this week, the accounts from Madras being somewhat worse, as the rainfall has not been so bountiful as had been hoped. Indeed, unless rain falls, there will be grave reason for apprehension in Southern India.—The amounts and tenders for the new loan of two and a-half millions have been below expectation.—According to the *Times of India*, all the arrangements for sending a force of 40,000 men to Egypt in case of necessity had been satisfactorily settled on paper at least at Simla.

United States.——The general reduction of the 10 per cent. in the wages of railway operatives has not, as might have been expected, been received everywhere with perfect equanimity, and on the Ohio and Baltimore Railway in West Virginia there have been strikes and serious disturbances, the strikers obtaining possession of the trains, and refusing to send them on. A body of militia were despatched against them, but the soldiers showed too much sympathy with rioters to produce any effect, and the Governor has asked the President for Federal troops.

Canada.——There have been serious Orange riots at Montreal, where, although the Orangemen decided not to have a procession on the 12th, they attended service at church, and on coming out were attacked by a body of roughs, who killed an Orangeman in the *mêlée*. The Orangemen at once determined to make the funeral of their colleague an excuse for a demonstration. This took place on Wednesday, and owing to the presence of troops all passed off quietly until the evening, when some Orangemen returning home were attacked, one being shot dead and another dangerously wounded. The police then interfered, and protected the remainder from further violence.

THE COURT

The Queen has now gone to the Isle of Wight for her usual autumn visit. Before leaving Windsor Castle Her Majesty gave a succession of dinner parties, and entertained the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne on a visit. On Saturday the Queen gave audience to the Lord Chancellor, the Princess Louise and her husband left the Castle for town, and in the evening Prince and Princess Christian, Lady Abercrombie, the Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Susan Melville, the Lord Chancellor, Lieut.-Col. Sir H. Elphinstone, Lord de Ros, and Mr. Theodore Martin dined with Her Majesty. Next day the Queen, the Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended morning service in the private chapel, and Lady Churchill and the Misses Lambart joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday the Princess Louise lunched with Her Majesty, and the Russian Ambassadress was presented to the Queen by Lady Derby. In the evening Her Majesty gave a dinner party, at which the Duchess of Wellington, Lord and Lady Skelmersdale, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Lintorn Simmons, and Rear-Admiral Sir E. Commerell were the principal guests. During dinner the band of the Grenadier Guards played in the quadrangle. The Queen gave an audience to Lord Beaconsfield on Tuesday, and Her Majesty's visitors left the Castle. On Thursday morning, the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold would leave Windsor for Gosport, crossing the Solent in the Royal yacht, and arriving at Osborne to luncheon.—The Queen has expressed her satisfaction with the review in Windsor Park last week.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited Wantage on Saturday. They were received at the station by Col. Loyd Lindsay, and were escorted to the market-place, where an address was presented and replied to, the Prince unveiled the statue, a bouquet was offered to the Princess, and after the Prince and Princess had each planted a lime-tree in commemoration of their visit the Royal party adjourned to Lockinge Park. Here Colonel and Mrs. Lindsay were to have given a garden-party, but the rain was too heavy, so the visitors were entertained in a pavilion and dined in the house. The Prince and Princess remained at Lockinge Park until Monday, when they returned to Marlborough House, and in the evening went to a ball given by Lord and Lady Suffield. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess dined with the Duke of Cambridge. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince would preside at a meeting of the Commissioners for the 1851 Exhibition, when a deputation of representatives from about sixty of the leading towns of Great Britain would attend to ask for funds from the Commissioners towards the promotion of Science and Art in the provinces. To-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess will be present at Lady Holland's garden-party.—Prince Albert Victor of Wales is suffering from a slight attack of fever, but his illness is not so serious as to cause anxiety.—The Prince of Wales has presented his portrait to the officers of the *Thunderer* in remembrance of his recent visit to that vessel.

The Princess Louise on Saturday evening distributed the prizes to the successful competitors in the Clerkenwell Flower Show and Industrial Exhibition at Holford Square, the Marquis of Lorne remarking that he had never seen a better show.

CHURCH NEWS

Mr. Tooth Again.——The correspondence between his Grace of Canterbury and the recalcitrant Vicar of Hatcham shows clearly enough the uselessness of any attempt to reconcile the ultra-Ritualists to the Church. Taking advantage of the interregnum in that portion of the Diocese of Rochester which made him acting Diocesan for the time being, the Primate tried to persuade Mr. Tooth to obey the "living voice of the Church." Mr. Tooth, however, was not to be mollified; he will not yield even an inch. With an obstinate and egotistical presumption of infallibility he claims the right to reject the Resolutions of Convocation because they are not "Synodical Acts," although he knows full well that no Synodical Act can now be made without that very interference of the State against which he so vehemently protests. When his appeal comes on for hearing he may possibly gain a technical victory like that achieved by the Rev. T. P. Dale, but the final result is none the less inevitable because it is for a while deferred.

The Prestbury Ritual Case.——On Thursday Lord Penzance gave his decision in this case, which was instituted against the Rev. J. Edwards, of Prestbury, near Cheltenham, before the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act. After being part heard it was stood over until after judgment in the Ridsdale case, and when it came on again on the 18th ult. Dr. Deane, counsel for the prosecution, suggested that instead of a formal monition being issued the Rev. J. Edwards should simply be ordered to discontinue the practices complained of. This request has now been granted so far as the vestments are concerned, but with regard to the crucifix, the objection that there was no proof of its being bowed to or reverenced was held to be fatal, Lord Penzance remarking that the proper course would have been to apply for a faculty for its removal. The defendant has given notice of appeal to the Judicial Committee.

Various.——The Rev. Rowley Hill, Vicar of Sheffield, has been chosen to fill the vacant Bishopric of Sodor and Man.—The

Primate has written to the Council of the Church Association, expressing sympathy with the natural and legitimate anxiety they exhibit to promote a loyal obedience to the decisions of the Ecclesiastical Courts, but declining to receive a deputation on the subject, on the ground that it is wiser for those in authority to refrain from discussions which are apt to become desultory, and to show their intentions only by their formal acts and utterances.—"The Confessional" continues to be the subject of much conversation and correspondence. It is said that a number of wives and mothers who themselves go to confession are getting up a petition to the Queen upon the subject, and that another document expressing sympathy with the Holy Cross Society is in course of signature by laymen only. On the other hand, a petition to the Archbishops and Bishops, calling upon them to take immediate steps for putting down the practice of confession in the Church of England, and for preventing the members of the "Holy Cross" Society from promulgating the doctrines denounced by Lord Redesdale, is in preparation.—The Bishop of Worcester, speaking at a meeting last week, said that further experience had fully confirmed the opinion which he had expressed in 1874—"that the systematic use of confession and absolution in private is calculated to move, more than any other practice which was deliberately laid aside by the Reformers, the aversion and the indignation of the people of this country."—On Wednesday, the Rev. Canon Thorold, who is soon to be consecrated Bishop of Rochester, presided for the last time over the vestry of St. Pancras. A congratulatory resolution was adopted, and Dr. Thorold in returning thanks said that he was going out of a peaceful harbour into a wild and angry sea, but they might rely upon it that he would do his best in his new position to maintain the true faith of Christ and His Church.—The Wesleyan Conference is announced to commence at Bristol on Wednesday next, and much discussion is anticipated on the subject of lay representation. The candidates for the presidential chair are the Rev. S. Coley, Dr. Rigg, and Dr. Pope.

MUSIC

Royal Italian Opera.——By the production of Otto Nicolai's *Lustigen Weiber von Windsor* on Saturday night Mr. Gye has fully redeemed the pledges contained in his prospectus. Three operas, out of five specified, were to be given, and the favourite work of the Königsberg musician completed the promised number. Ten years have elapsed since it was last played here at Her Majesty's Theatre, where it was brought out in an Italian adaptation under the name of *Falstaff.* Both the libretto of Mosenthal and the music of Nicolai, however, are known well enough to render a detailed account of either superfluous. Although the first act of Shakespeare's comedy is overlooked, and several characters are omitted, the plot in the main is followed out with tolerable closeness. The music, if not very original, is tuneful, pleasing, and characteristic throughout, besides everywhere showing a practised hand. The overture is especially good, and its brilliant execution by the orchestra, under the direction of Signor Bevignani, obtained a general encore. The cast of the *dramatis personæ* at Covent Garden is for the most part excellent. Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg has seldom afforded more complete satisfaction than in the character of Mrs. Ford, which she acts and sings to perfection. Madame Scalchi, too, is excellent as Mrs. Page; while Anne Page could hardly be better represented than by Mdlle. Bianchi. The other parts are all more or less efficiently sustained, best of all being the Mr. Ford of the new baritone, Signor Pandolfini, which at Her Majesty's Theatre used to be allotted to Mr. Santley. The Falstaff of Signor Capponi only wants a dash of humour to make it thoroughly acceptable. The opera is placed upon the stage with appropriate scenery and appointments, and, to judge by the applause, the revival was unanimously approved. The second performance of *Le Vispe Comari di Windsor* (such is the Italian title adopted at the Royal Italian Opera), given on Tuesday for the "benefit" of Mdlle. Thalberg, was received with equal favour. On Monday Madame Adelina Patti repeated her admirable impersonation of Violetta in the *Traviata;* and on Thursday, for *her* "benefit," Madame Patti was to appear as the heroine in Gounod's *Faust e Margherita.* The opera selected for Mdlle. Albani's benefit was *Lucia di Lammermoor.* To the one performance of M. Ambroise Thomas' *Hamlet* we shall refer next week in some brief remarks upon the season, which comes to an end this evening with Verdi's *Aïda*, Madame Patti and Signor Nicolini supporting the chief characters.

Her Majesty's Theatre.——The *Puritani* of Bellini was represented on Tuesday in order to give Madame Ethelka Gerster an opportunity of appearing in a third character. Both dramatically and musically the part of Elvira helps to exhibit her best qualities in a more favourable light than either Amina or Lucia. Availing herself of every opportunity to display her higher notes to advantage, she never fails to evoke loud applause. She was especially successful in the polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," at the close of which she takes B, C sharp, and D in *alt.* with the greatest ease; and in the *cabaletta*, "Vien diletto," the sequel to "Quila voce." The voice of Signor Fancelli is somewhat too ponderous for the music of Arturo, but he sings parts of it with fine expression, more especially the duet with Elvira in the final act. Signor Rota is an excellent Riccardo, and Herr Rokitansky an intelligent if somewhat heavy Giorgio. The once famous duet, "Suoni la tromba"—which Rossini, writing from Paris an account of the first performance of *I Puritani*, number by number, to a friend at Bologna, dismissed curtly, with the observation, "I need not say anything about the duet for basses, you must have heard it"—did not create the ancient impression. Nor are we of opinion that this last of Bellini's operas can ever, under any circumstances, be restored to the popularity it formerly enjoyed. *Lohengrin* was repeated on Saturday, with Madame Nilsson's superlative performance of Elsa, which must ever lend it a powerful attraction. We have also had repetitions of *Don Giovanni*, *Faust* ("benefit" of M. Faure), and *Lucia.* To-night *Puritani* is to be given for the second time; for Monday ("benefit" of Signor Tamberlik), we are promised *Otello;* and on Saturday next the season terminates.

Waifs.——Mdlle. Titiens has abandoned all idea of coming to London for the present.—Mr. Carl Rosa has engaged Mr. Charles Adams as the principal tenor of his operatic company. The operas which Mr. Rosa intends to add to his repertory this year are *Oberon*, Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Professor Macfarren's *Robin Hood.*—The Christine Nilsson and Parepa Rosa prizes were competed for at the Royal Academy of Music on Saturday. The successful candidates for the first were Misses Mary Davies and Marian Williams; the second was awarded to Mr. James Sauvage. On Monday the Lucas and Sterndale Bennett prizes were contended for, the first being awarded to Mr. R. Harvey Lohr, the second to Miss Nancy Evans. The prizes are to be distributed to the successful competitors by Madame Sainton Dolby.—Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg leaves London for Barcelona to-day.—The Abbé Liszt has recently paid a flying visit to Berlin, where he was courteously received by the Crown Prince.—Signor Bozzetti has been commissioned by the Santa Cecilia Academy at Rome to compose a *Requiem* for the anniversary of the death of Charles Albert, father of Victor Emmanuel.—In Flotow's new opera, *Die Musikanten*, the leading character is Mozart, the great composer.—Notwithstanding all prognostications to the contrary, there is to be an Italian opera this autumn and winter, both at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Nilsson, Albani, and many other artists are already engaged.

THEATRES

The custom of producing new pieces by unknown authors at special morning performances has its disadvantages, but on the whole it is one that ought not to be discouraged. It is true that plays which make their first appearance in this way are rarely put upon the stage with due care. No manager is willing to expend money upon a piece brought out in this timid tentative fashion; and, worse still, the performers are apt to neglect the study of parts in which they are well aware that they will in all probability be only called upon to appear on one occasion. Besides this, there is an inevitable foreboding of disaster in these morning first performances which has a depressing effect. That the management do not believe in the attraction of the play is confessed, for if they did it is clear that in these days of dearth of dramatic talent they would hasten to bring it out in the regular way of their evening performances. In brief, a piece produced at a morning performance is understood to be one in which hardly anybody has confidence, and one which is only brought out to soothe the vanity of the author, or at best in the faintest possible hope that the distrust of the management may prove to have been unfounded. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that it has been abundantly shown that even experienced managers are occasionally greatly mistaken as to the value of an unacted piece; that the best test, after all, of the acting qualities of a play is to act it before a genuine audience; and that even a feeble representation ought not entirely to conceal the merits of a really good work from the eyes of the critical. But the best apology for these experimental performances is to be found in the fact that whatever their drawbacks they furnish the unacted with an opportunity of a practical trial—such as it is, and that but for this it would be much more difficult for an untried and unknown author to obtain a chance of appealing to the public. Certain it is that the merits of more than one new play have been made manifest in this way; though, unhappily, it must be confessed that as a rule the result has been to reveal only too much justification for the managerial misgivings. We regret to be obliged to place in this latter category a new comedy entitled *Flirtation*, brought out at the Globe Theatre on Saturday morning last. *Flirtation*, which is in four acts, is destitute alike of ingenuity of design or of creative power. Generally its subject matter is confined to the practical jokes and foolish hoaxes of two young ladies, and the counter jokes and equally foolish hoaxes of two young gentlemen. An old military beau of incredible silliness and gullibility is also represented as a victim of the playfulness of these young persons, who giggle and gasp a great deal at his expense. In making nearly every one of the personages say impertinent things to all the others in turn the authors are only following a fashion of modern comedy; but nothing can excuse the coarseness of their dialogue. There are very possibly young men and young women who when they see a gentleman and lady in conversation are capable of exclaiming, "Put a cherry in her mouth, Major, and try whether you can take it out without kissing her;" but as people of decent feeling would certainly like to avoid their society off the stage there seems no reason why any one should sit to hear them in a comedy.

French performances in London are apt to depend upon the attraction of one or two good names, but this reproach cannot be applied to the performances at the Gaiety by the famous Vaudeville Company, who took possession of Mr. Hollingshead's stage on Monday last. With the exception of Mr. St. Germain, who cannot be spared, and of Madame Fargueil, for whom there is no part in *Le Procès Veauradieux*, the entire company may be said to be here; and save in the case of M. St. Germain, whose part of Fauvinard is taken by M. Dieudonné, MM. Delacour and Hennequin's amusing farcical comedy is represented by the original cast who secured for this piece so great and so enduring a popularity in Paris. The *Great Divorce Case* at the Criterion has already made the public familiar with the story of this extravagant but most entertaining production; but all who have a taste for French acting, and for humorous invention and wild but genuine fun, would do well to see this piece as acted by M. Parade, Mdlle. Massin, and their supporters.

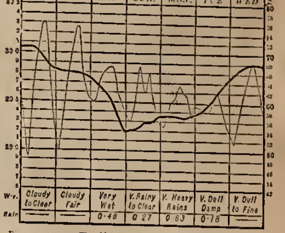
The season of the Court theatre has been brought to a close, and Mr. Hare and his admirable company are away on a provincial tour.—The Prince of Wales's will also close in a few days, but Mrs. Bancroft and her husband intend to take a holiday.—All visitors to the theatre will rejoice to learn that Miss E. Farren is so far recovered from her serious illness as to be expected to take part in the next season of English performances at the Gaiety, commencing at the end of this month.—The Lyceum will close next Saturday. On the 30th inst. Mr. Irving will appear here in the character of Hamlet on the occasion of his benefit.

The Royal Polytechnic.——An entirely new and very interesting programme is now being presented at this ever-popular institution. Amongst the "new inventions" which have always been characteristic of the place is Mr. H. Page's "Human Arm Writer," by means of which messages *in the handwriting* of the sender are transmitted from one part of the building to another. Mr. J. L. King gives a most instructive lecture on the Russo-Turkish war, vividly illustrated by dioramic pictures, some of which are copied from sketches which have appeared in *The Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News.* In some instances very startling effects are produced by an ingenious mechanical arrangement which shows the blowing up of the Turkish ironclads or the bursting of shells in a besieged city. Professor Gardner has a new *séance*, in which he exhibits the marvels of ancient and modern "spiritism." The first and second parts of this might, we think, be abridged with advantage. The evening closes with the story of the "Sleeping Beauty," written by Ellis Reynolds, and read and sung by Mr. O. Buckland, and illustrated by means of dioramic scenes and *tableaux vivants* on the stage. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays Professor E. V. Gardner substitutes for his "Séance of Mystery" his new lecture, entitled "Death in the Tumbler," in which the subject of Water and its Impurities is treated.

◆

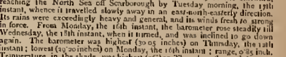
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

July 12th to July 18th (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The weather this week has been very unsettled and wet. On the morning of Thursday, the 12th instant, the barometer began to fall, and continued falling in the southern parts of England until eleven p.m. on Saturday, the 14th instant. By this time the centre of a small but rather deep depression had reached Dorsetshire, and travelling northwards was found over the Irish Sea by the following morning; here it remained till Monday night, the 16th instant, when it moved slowly to the eastward, reaching the North Sea off Scarborough by Tuesday morning, the 17th instant, whence it travelled slowly away in an east-north-easterly direction. Its rains were exceedingly heavy and general, and its winds fresh to strong in force. From Monday, the 16th instant, the barometer rose steadily till Wednesday, the 18th instant, when it turned, and was inclined to go down again. The barometer was highest (30·05 inches) on Thursday, the 12th instant; lowest (29·20 inches) on Monday, the 16th instant; range, 0·85 inch. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (76°) on Thursday, the 12th instant, lowest (49°) on the same day; range, 27°. It has been on the whole several degrees lower this week than last, and very unsteady. Rainfall: The total fall was 1·74 inch, on four days; greatest fall, 0·83 inch, on Monday, the the 16th instant. On Thursday morning last the barometer was again falling slowly.



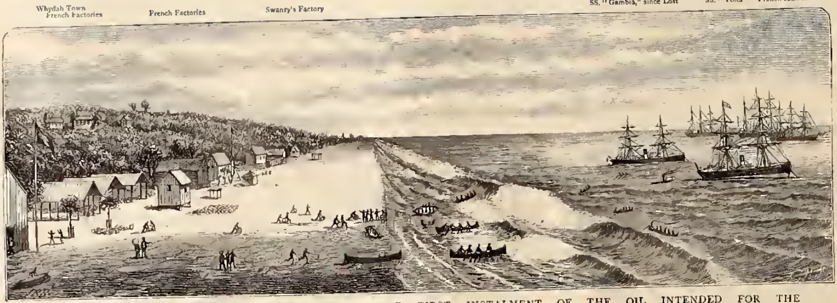
LEGAL

An Alleged Police Conspiracy.——On Thursday, last week an extraordinary charge was made at the Bow Street Police Court against Nathaniel Druscovitch, John Micklejohn, and William Palmer, three of the chief inspectors at Scotland Yard, for conspiring, with a solicitor named Froggatt, to defeat the ends of justice in the prosecution of the betting men who were recently convicted of swindling Madame de Goncourt. The case was not fully gone into, but Mr. Poland, who appeared for the Crown, said that secret inquiries had been going on for several months, and every care had been taken to have the clearest evidence before bringing such a serious charge.

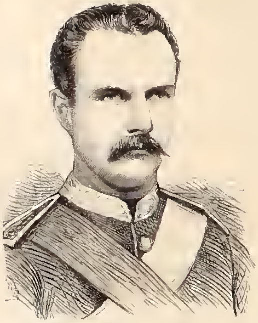
"Drunk or Dying."——A strange story was told at a coroner's inquest held last Saturday in Whitechapel. The deceased was a book-hawker named Patrick Keirmann, and was well known to one of the witnesses, a Mr. Williams, who said that on the previous Wednesday he saw him suddenly struck with great violence by a strange man, who afterwards walked away. The deceased fell on the edge of the pavement, and was taken off to the station by the police as "drunk and incapable." Next morning he was removed to the hospital, where he died. The curious part of the case is that, although a *post mortem* examination revealed "a large bruise on the forehead, a serious contusion at the back of the head, and a fracture of the skull," the police who had him in charge "saw no marks of violence upon him." The jury returned an open verdict in accordance with the medical testimony, and we suppose that some endeavour will be made to find the person whose unprovoked assault seems to have been the primary cause of his death. In the mean time it would perhaps be as well if Colonel Henderson were to issue strict orders that all supposed drunken persons taken into custody should, in case of any reasonable doubt as to their condition, be immediately examined by a competent medical man. The expense might be met by increasing the fines for drunkenness.

Tichborniana.——Several items of news respecting the irrepressible Tichborne case have cropped up within the last few days. Mr. Cobbett has made another unsuccessful application to the High Court of Justice to have the verdict and sentence set aside; and it is reported that Mrs. Jury, who was sent out to Australia by the Claimant's friends, has returned without being able to recognise the lunatic at Paramatta as her brother, Arthur Orton. On the other hand, one of the Tichborne jury, Mr. C. Dunsby, has come somewhat tardily to the conclusion that he was wrong in agreeing to the verdict against the Claimant, and has written to the Queen asking for the immediate release of the defendant or the institution of fresh inquiries. To these *on dit*, must be added the letter just received by Mr. G. Onslow from a man named Duncan, until lately a convict at Dartmoor, who gives a sad account of the indignities and unjust punishment which he says are inflicted upon "Sir Roger" by the officials.

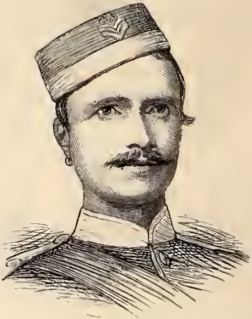
Miscellaneous Items.——Messrs. Swindlehurst and Saffery, who are accused of having conspired to defraud the shareholders of the Artizans' Dwellings' Company of 30,000*l.*, were again before the magistrates on Wednesday, when Dr. Baxter Langley, the Chairman of the Company, was associated with them in the charge, it being alleged that some of the money could be traced to his possession.—An engineer belonging to


Whydah Town
French Factories
French Factories
Swanry's Factory
SS. "Gambia," since Lost
H.M.S. "Boxer"
SS. "Volta"
H.M.S. "Sirius"
French Man-of-War

RAISING OF THE DAHOMEY BLOCKADE—SHIPPING THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF THE OIL INTENDED FOR THE INDEMNITY TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT AT WHYDAH

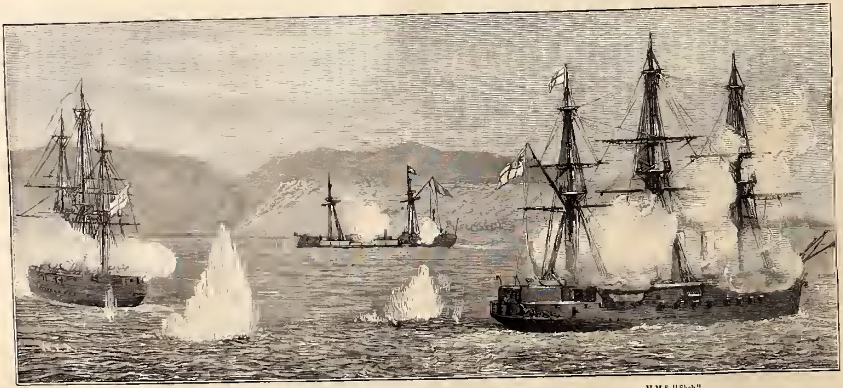


COLOUR-SERGEANT ALFRED WOODS, 81ST REG.
Best Shot with the Snider Rifle amongst the British Troops

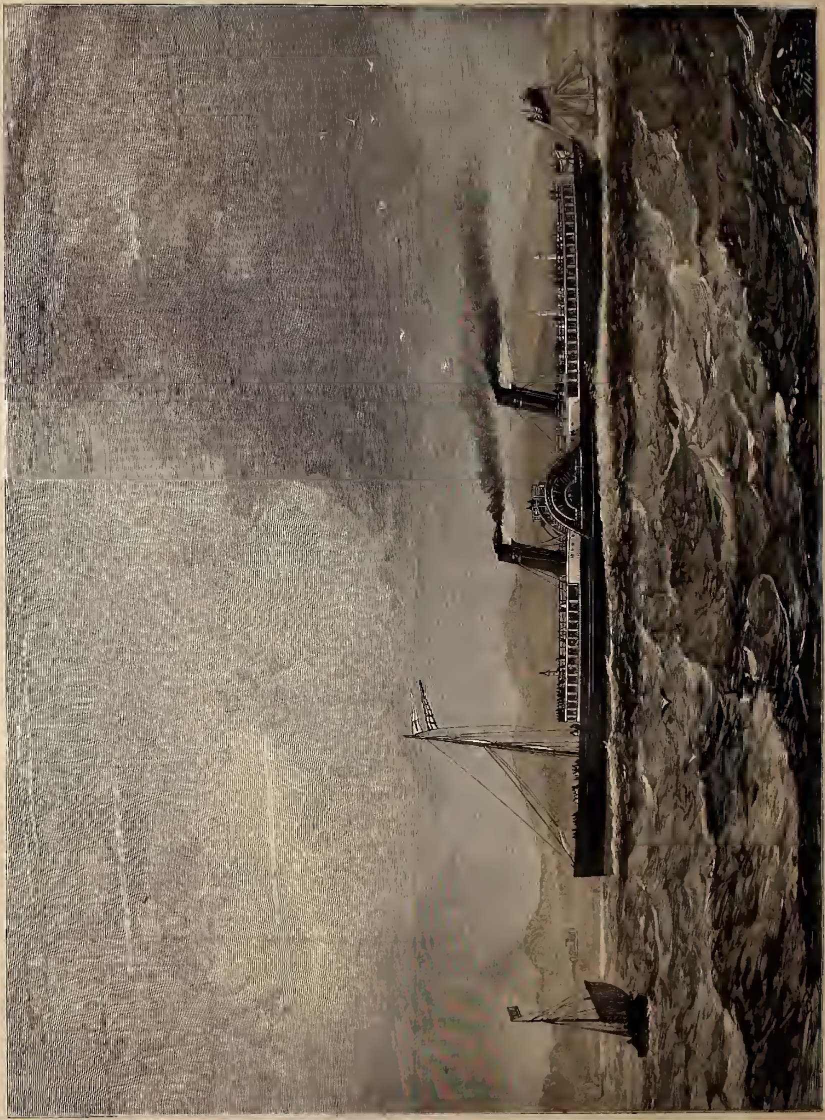


HAVILDAR JUGGERNAIKLOO, 36TH MADRAS INFANTRY
Best Shot amongst the Native Troops

CHAMPION SHOTS OF THE ARMY IN INDIA


H.M.S. "Amethyst"
Peruvian Ironclad "Huascar"
H.M.S. "Shah"

THE NAVAL COMBAT IN THE PACIFIC—THE ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN H.M.S. "SHAH" AND "AMETHYST" AND THE PERUVIAN REBEL RAM "HUASCAR" OFF ILO, MAY 29



THE NEW SALOON STEAMER "LORD OF THE ISLES," BUILT FOR THE NEW TOURIST ROUTE IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND FROM GREENOCK TO INVERARY

Her Majesty's ship *Simoom*, has been dismissed the service by court-martial, for the singular offence of stealing a parrot. The bird belonged to an Indian officer, and during the voyage home was taken from its cage in the cabin and subsequently found in the screw alley. As there were five hundred other parrots on board, the great point in dispute related to its identity, which, however, was held to be established by its extraordinary linguistic accomplishments.—The inquest on the victims of the recent bridge accident at Bath has resulted in a verdict of manslaughter against the four owners of the structure, and the toll-keeper, Tanner, who have all been committed for trial at the Assizes. Several actions for compensation have also been commenced, and an application to change the *venue* from Wells to Middlesex has been refused by the Justices of the Queen's Bench Division.—The other day a corpse was picked out of canal at Liverpool, and identified as that of one John Graham, a grocer of the town, who was accordingly declared by the jury to have been "found drowned." Next morning, however, the living John Graham called upon the coroner to explain that it was a case of mistaken identity, and that the dead man has not since been recognised.—A Metropolitan policeman has been fined 40*s.* for assaulting a watchman employed on the Thames Embankment. It seems that the constable found him sitting on a bench, and not believing his story as to his occupation, pulled him off, and in a rather rough fashion tried to persuade him to move on. Perhaps the simplest way to prevent a repetition of such a misunderstanding would be to supply these watchmen with some distinguishing badge or uniform by which they may be recognised.—The mutilated body of a woman has been found in the river Arran, near Dolgelly, North Wales. The remains are supposed to be those of a person named Sarah Hughes, who has been missing since the 4th ult., and much excitement has been created by the arrest of a farmer's son on suspicion of being her murderer.—Another Welsh woman, named Margaret Owen, has been missing since June 12, and the county authorities have offered 100*l.* for her discovery.

MARRIAGE.

On the 7th ult., at the British Legation, Lima, by the Hon. J. Reginald Graham, and afterwards at the Lima Episcopal Chapel by the Rev. Campbell McKinnon, M.A., assisted by the Rev. R. J. Weatherhead, B.A., Mr. CHARLES HOSSFALL WATSON to Miss MARY C. HACKUS, niece of HENRY MEIGGS, Esq. No Cards.

NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries.

ANNETTE. By the Author of "St. Olave's," &c. 3 vols.
THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By G. MACDONALD.
MRS. ARTHUR. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
WINSTOWE. By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS.
THE BURTHEN OF REUBEN. By Mrs. RANDOLPH.
A STRING OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. ALEXANDER FRASER. 3 vols. [Next week.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

NOTICE.—A NEW STORY, entitled

A CONSTANT HEART,

BY the HON. MR. E. W. CHAPMAN,
is NOW READY. Two Vols.
HENRY S. KING and CO., London.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS
THE BEST OF ALL RAILWAY COMPANIONS.
Price 6d. each at all Bookstalls.

BEMROSE'S PANORAMIC RAILWAY GUIDES. Descriptive of the principal objects of interest inviting the attention of Travellers over the chief Passenger Lines of Great Britain. A diagram of the railway occupies the centre of each page; the direction of the trains is indicated by types representing locomotives and carriages; the Stations and Junctions are clearly shown and the distances given. On the down and up sides is a description of the scene which presents itself through the carriage windows, and whatever locally pertains to history, biography, science, agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, is pointed out in plain language and readable type. Now Ready—

MIDLAND.	GREAT EASTERN.
SOUTH WESTERN.	SOUTH EASTERN.
NORTH WESTERN.	BRIGHTON & S. COAST.
GREAT WESTERN.	CHATHAM AND DOVER.

Other Lines will be duly announced.
London: BEMROSE and SONS, 10, Paternoster Buildings.

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES upon the Principles of Stœchiological Medicine, by JOHN FRANCIS CHURCHILL, M.D., With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stœchiological Inhalants. And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Heslop, Sterling, Bird, Santa Maria, Gomez, Maestre, Parigot, Reinvillier, Galvez, Leriverend, Oeni be e, Feldman, Pfeiffer, Vintras, Hougard, Tinfahy, Lanzi, Fabbri, Pancgrossi, Cerasi, Gualdi, Todioi, Ascenzi, Begnoli, Valentini, Casati, Biasi, Borromeo, Fiorelli, and Fedeli.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 5s.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED

THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. E. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of E. Werner by Mrs. PARKER. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and useful information. The grimmest reader will find some parts of it heavy enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilised world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere for one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN discusses men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace, it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 125, FLEET STREET; 29 and 54, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.
Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress in the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"**THE LANCET,**" June 9, 1877, says: "Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

MALVERN COLLEGE.
THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION FOR SCHOLARSHIPS and EXHIBITIONS WILL BE HELD in DECEMBER.

SCHOOL of MEDICINE for WOMEN.—Two ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of the value of £30 and £20 respectively, will be awarded, after a COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION in ARTS, to be held on the 1st of OCTOBER, 1877.—For further particulars apply to Mrs. THORNE, Hon. Sec., at the School, 30, Henrietta St., Brunswick Square, W.C.

MALVERN. — HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The compressed air-bath, important remedy in chest diseases. Situate near the Hills. Extensive Grounds, Winter Garden, and Billiard Room.—Resident physicians: C. F. Grindrod and E. Durant.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD.—Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

BRIGHTON.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED, from July next, a COTTAGE RESIDENCE charmingly situated in one of the healthiest parts of the town. It consists of 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, two of which contain sleeping accommodation for two, small garden, good services of gas and water, with excellent out offices, the whole forming a well furnished residence for a small family; to be let on very reasonable terms for a short or long period.—Apply to Messrs. TOPLIS and ROBERTS, House Agents, 11, Thurloe Place, opposite the South Kensington Museum, South Kensington, S.W.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—TO LET (for not less than 12 months) in the best part of Shanklin, a DETACHED HOUSE, handsomely furnished, standing in a large well-wooded garden. Three reception rooms, four bedrooms and dressing-room, large kitchen and offices. Water and drainage excellent. To a careful tenant, £2 10s. per week for twelve months. Or unfurnished, £60 per annum, on lease.—For particulars apply to Mrs. JOHNSON, Library, Shanklin, I. of W.

BRUXELLES.—An English Lady is desirous of receiving into her Family a LADY or Two LADIES to share the expenses of Housekeeping.—For terms, &c., address to Mrs. B., 87, Rue de l'Arbre Benit, Bruxelles.

A LADY may find a comfortable and cheerful HOME in the House of a Widow Lady. A large Front Room, or Bed and Sitting Room if required.—Apply at CHAPMAN'S LIBRARY, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

MR. MECHI'S ADDRESS to his OLD FRIENDS and CUSTOMERS and to the PUBLIC:
"As it has been erroneously supposed by some that I am no longer interested in my London business, I think it desirable to state that I continue to carry it on as energetically, and I trust, as satisfactorily to the Public, as formerly, assisted by my only son, who will in due time succeed me. It is now 50 years ago since I first commenced business in Leadenhall Street, and what changes have taken place! Then everybody shaved, and my razor and razor strop trade was immense; now moustache and beard are the order of the day, and the razor and strop trade is comparatively defunct. Then there were no railways, so people stayed at home and used wooden dressing cases; now everybody travels by rail, and we have dressing-bags to suit the altered conditions. Fifty years ago the poor geese supplied our pens, and many a now rich merchant in the City will remember the quality of Mechi's shilling pen-knives; but steel pens have extinguished the pen knife trade and the penmaking machines, and the geese are in peace, except at Michaelmas. In fact, steam has altered, and, I may safely say, improved everything, and has made us a nation of travellers both by land and sea. I wonder how much time is now occupied in reading the steam-worked press? and how much less time is occupied in sipping port wine, as we used to do 50 years ago, when we could not travel? Steam will make our 4 lb. loaves cheaper some day, just as it has converted calico from 2s. 6d. to 6d. or less per yard. Then, again, a letter which used to cost 6s. 6d. to Cork is now carried for a penny. Sir Rowland Hill richly deserves a monument. But to return to business. 50 years ago, when I first commenced on a small scale, I made it an axiom that what I sold should be good and useful, and I believe thousands who used the Strop and Paste, which I personally invented, can testify to this; in fact, it was sometimes complained of that I stamped on my razors, 'Exchanged if not approved.' I have never, and shall never so long as I live, deviate from that principle, because it is the true means to retain and increase one's connection. I devoted my attention especially to the quality and convenience of arrangements in the Dressing Bag and Dressing Case Department, and in the tasteful selection of articles suitable for presentation, as well as on the matter of Dispatch Boxes and Writing Cases. Although both razors and penknives have 'gone out,' our sportsmen remain, and 'Sporting Knives' form one of our special departments. I feel firmly convinced that there is no fear of the departure of knives and forks, or dinners, so we make this an important department in quality and price. In conclusion, I ask no favours, but simply desire that my customers should compare the quality and price of my wares with those of other dependable establishments, and form their own conclusions. Most of my worthy assistants and workmen have been nearly forty years in my service, and long ago learned that civility and attention to our customers are as important as good quality in the articles sold. Illustrated catalogues will be forwarded post free on application."
112, Regent Street, opposite Vigo Street, 1877.

STORY, G. M. and H. J.,

CABINET MAKERS and	UPHOLSTERERS,
WHOLESALE and	EXPORT,
WAREHOUSES,	LARGEST IN CITY.
COLEMAN STREET and	LONDON WALL.
PATENT	COMBINATION
BEDSTEAD and	SPRING MATTRESS
CHEAPEST and	BEST,
EVER OFFERED to the	PUBLIC.
PRICE from	15s.
COLLEGES,	CAMPS,
COLONIES,	COTTAGES,
HOSPITALS,	HOTELS,
INSTITUTIONS,	LODGINGS,
SCHOOLS,	STEAMERS,
SHOOTING BOXES.	PORTABLE.
DESIGNS on	APPLICATION.
IMMENSE STOCK of	FURNITURE.

COLEMAN ST., 1a, 2, and 2a; 33, LONDON WALL.

STORY, G. M. and H. J.

SALE of PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.
THE MOURNING WAREHOUSE.
According to Annual Custom all Goods have been reduced to HALF-PRICE.
The SALE will continue during the Month of JULY.

GREAT BARGAINS are SELLING in
JACKETS,
MANTLES,
FICHUS,
COSTUMES IN SILK,
COSTUMES IN MATERIAL,
COSTUMES FOR DINNER,
COSTUMES FOR EVENING,
MILLINERY,
PARASOLS,
COLLARS,
TIES, &c.

BLACK SILKS, reduced from 4s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. and every quality in proportion.
BLACK SILK COSTUMES, reduced from 6½ to 4½ guineas, and every quality in proportion.
Several FRENCH MODELS, costing in Paris 29 guineas, reduced to 12 and 14 guineas.

DUST CLOAKS, reduced to 8s. 9d.
CLOTH JACKETS, reduced to 25s. 6d.
SILK JACKETS, reduced to 40s.
FUR-LINED CLOAKS, reduced to 3 guineas.
SEALSKIN JACKETS, Semi-fitting, 33 inches long, reduced to 9 guineas.

DRESS LENGTHS, ODD LENGTHS, AND REMNANTS will be cleared at nominal prices.

MOURNING ORDERS during the SALE will receive the usual prompt and careful attention. MADE-UP ARTICLES, MILLINERY, &c., forwarded free of extra charge to all parts of England.

PETER ROBINSON, 256 to 262, REGENT STREET,
LONDON.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON, upon the most advantageous terms, to Families. The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

WATERLOO HOUSE.
The ANNUAL SUMMER SALE at WATERLOO HOUSE will continue until the end of this month.

On account of the low price at which the goods are marked, no discount can be allowed on anything during the Sale.

Worthy of particular attention—will be found in the Costume and Mantle Departments a large variety of Cheap Yachting and Travelling Costumes, and a French Manufacturers' Stock of Ladies' Dust Coats, at 15s. 6d. each, also a Stock of Silk Mantles at half-price, and a number of good Sealskin Jackets from £6.

In the SILK DEPARTMENT
a large assortment of COLOURED SILKS at 3s. 9d. per yard.
In the DRESS DEPARTMENT
the remainder of a Scotch Manufacturer's Stock of PLAIN and FANCY SERGES, at 18d. per yard, worth 2s. 6d., patterns of which will be sent on application.
In the SHAWL DEPARTMENT
a fresh importation of very fine CHUDDAH SHAWLS, at very low prices.
In the GLOVE DEPARTMENT
a Large Stock of 2-button Brussels Kid Gloves, at 25s. per doz.
In the BALL DRESS DEPARTMENT
a choice assortment of MUSLIN DRESSES in all shades, from 21s.
In the LINEN DEPARTMENT
a Manufacturer's Stock of CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, from 7s. 6d. to 30s. the doz.
In the CARPET DEPARTMENT
some very good BRUSSELS CARPETS, from 3s. 11d. per yard, and a large number of SCINDE RUGS, at 13s. 9d. each.

Besides the above mentioned Specialities all the other goods have been much reduced.

HALLING, PEARCE, and STONE,
WATERLOO HOUSE,
COCKSPUR STREET and PALL MALL EAST.

GASK and GASK'S SALE of SILKS, COSTUMES, MANTLES, DRESS FABRICS, &c., at greatly reduced prices, includes—

350 pieces Ecru Indian Silk, 9s. 9d., 11s. 9d., and 12s. 9d. the piece.	Wide Muslin and Lace Frillings, 6¾d.
Black Lyons Silks, 23½d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d., very cheap.	A Large Lot of New Muslin Costumes, 18s. 9d. and 21s. each.
Lots of Plain, Coloured, and Figured Silks, greatly reduced.	New Light Woollen Costumes, for seaside and travelling, from 21s.
Costumes of very rich Black Silk, from Paris models, now 7½ gs.	350 Doz. fine French Kid Gloves, embroidered backs, two buttons, 2s. 6½d. per pr.
Millinery marked at Half-price.	Showerproof Dust Cloaks, 21s.
	Black Cachemire and Drab Matelasse Paletots, 21s.

GASK and GASK,
58, 59, 60, 61, 61, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, S. Wells Street.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
VELVET CARPETS, &c.
EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862; DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

BATHS.—Deane & Co.'s Domestic Baths. Illustrated Priced Catalogue gratis and post free.
1. Baths for Bath Rooms supplied and fitted.
2. Gas Bath, improved lever taps, patent burner, £11 14s.
3. Cheap Gas Bath without taps, atmospheric burner, £6 10s.
4. Plunging Baths, Roman, Grecian, and oblong.
5. Shower Baths (pillar, hip, and recumbent), 70s., 80s., 130s.
6. Taper Open Baths, japanned oak, 12s. 6d., 19s., 29s., 47s.
7. Hip Baths, for ladies or gentlemen, 19s., 22s., 25s., 33s.
8. Sponging Baths, all sizes, various patterns, 15s., 18s., 21s.
9. Nursery Baths for Infants and Children.
10. Travelling Baths, with lock and key, 27s., 33s., 40s.

DEANE & CO., 46, King William Street, London Bridge.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 2s. each.
Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

THE STOCK IN TRADE of
MR. W. T. BAKER,
of King's Road, Brighton,
is now being sold by
HENRY GLAVE at
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.
Catalogues free.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of the
STOCK OF MR. W. T. BAKER,
of 57, King's Road, Brighton,
is now proceeding, and consists of the following cheap goods, catalogues of which may be had post free.

Black Silks.
Foreign Silks.
Coloured Silks.
Black Velveteens.
Coloured Velveteens.
Japanese Silks.
Micado Silks.
Yokohama Silks.
Matelasse Silks.
Floral Japanese.
Fancy Dresses.
Turkish Bege.
French Bege.
French Cashmeres.
Silk Poplines.
Silk Mixtures.
Steel Alpacas.
Glace Alpacas.
Coloured Grenadines.
Floral Alpacas.
Washing Fabrics.
Tussore Linens.
Linen Galateas.
Snowflake Cambrics.
Lace Seraphines.
Satin Stripes.
Don Matting.
Don Twills.
Rich Cretonnes.
Vanderine Stripes.
Household Linens.
Damask Cloths.
Witney Blankets.
Welsh Flannels.
Linen Huckabacks.
Cotton Sheetings.
Linen Sheetings.
Muslin Curtains.
Tea and Glass Cloths.
Printed Cambrics.
Exhibition Costumes.
Promenade Costumes.
Costumes with Jackets.
Travelling Costumes.
Seaside Costumes.
Washing Costumes.
Children's Costumes.
Dressing-Gowns.
Evening Dresses.
Ball Dresses.
Mantles and Jackets.
Dust Cloaks.
Cloth Paletots.
Silk Paletots.
Trimmed Hats.
Trimmed Bonnets.
Ladies' Underclothing.
Children's Outfitting.
Scarfs and Ties.
Lace and Linen Sets.
Gloves for Ladies.
Gentlemen's Hosiery.
Ladies' Hosiery.
Gentlemen's Outfitting.
Dress Trimmings.
Pocket Handkerchiefs.
Sash Ribbons.
Swiss Embroidery.
Dress Buttons.
Ladies' Bags.
Chinese Fans.
French Ornaments.
Fancy Baskets.
Camp Stools.
Croquet-Chairs.
Flower Stands.
Waterproof Tweeds.
Sun Shades.
Ladies' Umbrellas.
Gentlemen's Umbrellas.

All Goods Legibly Marked in Plain Figures, and sold for Cash only.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

BAKER'S STOCK, OF BRIGHTON.
CATALOGUES of the various Cheap Lots, gratis or post free from HENRY GLAVE'S,
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

Established in Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.

BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are invited to inspect, at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.

These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.

Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered) BOYS' SUITS.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

LADIES TRAVELLING, visiting the seaside, yachting, or otherwise exposed to the scorching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust will find

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR most cooling and refreshing to the face and arms. It eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, stings of insects, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Avoid imitations, and ask for

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—Sweet Scents.
FOUR CADEAUX.
Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Lign-Aloe, White Rose, Paidium, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 in a case, 7s. Sold by fashionable druggists in all parts of the world. Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S Pistachio-Nut SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration. 2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, W.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

SAMUEL CANTOR,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN SPONGES AND INDIA RUBBER,
40, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, W.C.
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the DETERGENT POWDER, which thoroughly cleanses Brushes and Sponge without injuring them.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

ANNUAL SALE DURING JULY OF

SURPLUS SUMMER STOCK.

Patterns and Illustrations Free. Detailed Circular forwarded on application to 103 to 108, Oxford St., London, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, having just concluded the purchase (in Paris) of Forty Thousand Metres of extra Rich Coloured Silks, is selling the same at unexampled prices. The shades are of the most distinguished character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of Silks ever submitted. Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE. In addition to the above a large purchase of the Richest Figured Silks is now being offered at 5s. 6d. per yard, amongst which will be found the most choice shades of White, Bronze, Tilleul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, has purchased the Model Silk Dresses of Messrs. Pingat, Grange et Magenties, E. Pasquier, P. Canuel, Baruiel and Dennery of Paris, and the same are now on Sale at less than half-price. These Costumes are of the richest possible description, which will easily be understood by a glance at the names of the Artistes from whom they were purchased.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Fancy Dress Materials in every variety of Fabric, 10s. 6d. to 42s. the Dress.

Rich Summer Grenadines and other light Fabrics, in White, Black, and Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress.

Cachemire de Paris, this elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced, 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns Free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS. This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.

BOULOGNE SERGES (all wool), at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free. In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES, 45 inches wide, 17s. 6d. the Dress. Patterns free. The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

Beige and Matalasse Costumes, 38s. 6d.

Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 3 guineas.

Mikado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Several important purchases of MANTLES AND JACKETS in Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet, at very low prices. A large Stock of Cashmere and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas. The Seal Fur Jackets, &c., will be sold very cheap.

PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

BULLOCK IN A BOAT, "Trade Mark," AUSTRALIAN BEEF AND MUTTON. Just Landed. Specially prepared for SUMMER use by WHITEHEAD and CO. (Limited). To be had of all Grocers.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."** UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."

Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS., 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their

CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.

SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.

CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.

OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.

Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES

Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

HOT AND COLD SEA-WATER BATHS.—HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S SWIMMING BATHS.

BALLS, THEATRE, and CONCERTS DAILY.

GRAND FANCY FAIR.—SKATING RINK, GOOD HOTELS, AND BOARDING HOUSES, at all Prices.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

PURE AERATED WATERS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.— Crystal Springs. Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and for Gout, Lithia and Potass. Corks branded "R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Trade Mark. Sold everywhere, and wholesale of R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales. LONDON AGENTS: W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY.

Property of the French Government.

CELESTINS.—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.

HAUTERIVE.—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.

GRANDE-GRILLE.—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.

HOPITAL.—For Stomach complaints, &c.

VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drunk pure or mixed with wine or spirits.

CAUTION.—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants. Price One Shilling per Bottle.

JAY'S SEASON SALE,

BONNET'S BLACK SILKS at Cost Prices.

FRENCH MILLE RAYE SILKS, 2s. per yard.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES, 4 guineas each, with Silk for unmade Bodice.

HALF-MOURNING SILK COSTUMES, 4½ guineas each, with Silk for unmade Bodice.

ROBES PRINCESSE, 6½ guineas each.

FETES ET CEREMONIES—Rich Paris Model Costumes, late 42 guineas, reduced to 14½ guineas.

RICH PARASOLS, from 8s. 6d. each.

MILLINERY.

French Pattern Bonnets and Hats (assortis aux Costumes).

SEASIDE HATS.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

SILK JACKETS, from 1 guinea each.

CLOTH JACKETS, from 7s. 6d. each.

GRENADINE MANTLES, from 1 guinea each.

CASHMERE MANTLES, from 1½ guineas each.

EMBROIDERED CASHMERE TABLIERS and CUIRASSES, 1½ guineas each.

SHAWLS, from 5s. 6d. each.

FUR-LINED, FUR-TRIMMED, and VELVET MANTLES, worth buying for next winter wear.

BLACK DEPARTMENT.

MODEL FRENCH COSTUMES, at nominal prices.

FRENCH GRENADINES, 9d. per yard.

DAMASSE ALPACAS, 1s. per yard.

FANCY GRENADINES, 1s. 6d. per yard, late 2s. 6d.

HOSIERY, &c.

FRENCH BLACK KID GLOVES, Patent Welts, 2s. 11d. per pair.

SUMMER COTTON HOSE, 1s. 9d. per pair, late 2s. 6d.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, 8s. 6d. per doz.

SCARVES, PETTICOATS, DRESSING GOWNS, and FICHUS, at half the usual cost.

GREY DEPARTMENT.

COSTUMES, at 2½ guineas, late 4½ guineas.

SEASIDE and TRAVELLING DRESSES, 2½ guineas, late 4 guineas; 4½ guineas, late 9 guineas.

EXCELLENT WOOLLEN MATERIALS, at 1s. 3d. per yd.

BLACK TULLE EVENING DRESSES, a little out of condition, £1 8s. 6d., late £3 3s.

As the above-named super-abundant Stock is limited in quantity, Messrs. JAY cannot guarantee a supply of individual articles during a continuance of the sale, nor can they send on approbation goods which are specially reduced for the occasion.

MOURNING ORDERS.

Messrs. JAY beg to announce that this Sale will in no way interfere with the execution of MOURNING ORDERS, nor with their Dressmaking or other general business. The ordinary staff of assistants will be employed for the performance of these usual duties.

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. Price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—Post free of MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, Clapham, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.— This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing, and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d. E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND HEARTBURN, &c.

Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP.

FOR THE

TOILET, NURSERY, & SHAVING.

"Is an article of the nicest and most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms to the Skin."

MR. ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.

Vide *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine.*

Pears's Soap is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and SCALPS, from 35s.

47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair De-partment for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Frizzy ditto, Chignons, Plaits, Coils, Coronets, Cachepeignes, and covered Stems in all shades of colour to suit the present fashion. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street.

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S TOILET GEM.—This elegant and fragrant preparation is universally in high repute for its unprecedented success during the last thirty years; it promotes the growth and restoration of the human Hair, improving and beautifying the same, while it prevents the hair from falling off or turning grey. By imparting strength to the capillary vessels in the region of the hair-bulb the hair is preserved to the latest period of life. The use of the Gem in early life is attended with the happiest effects. Price 3s., 4s. 6d., 6s., and 10s. Forwarded on receipt of stamps.—F. BROWNE, No. 47, Fenchurch Street, City.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S TONIC LOTION for LADIES.—Used for thickening the hair at the roots, near the partings; also for reproducing the hair on bald places. By the application of this Lotion eyebrows have been restored. From 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s., and 42s. Forwarded on receipt of stamps.—47, Fenchurch Street.

WALLER'S SCURF SPECIFIC, an infallible remedy for DANDRIFF, in whatever form it may assume on the head. 2s. 6d. per pot, or forwarded by post in wood boxes on receipt of 2s. 6d. in stamps.

W. WALLER, 86, Camden Road, London, N.W.

LADIES who SAVE the COMBINGS of their HAIR can have them properly prepared, the roots turned, and made up by a process perfected by W. Waller, and returned post free at 3s. 6d. per oz.—W. WALLER, Court Hairdresser, 86, Camden Road, N.W.

CHUBB'S FIRE AND THIEF-RESISTING SAFES, steel-plated, and with their patent diagonal bolts, are the most secure. Chubb's Patent Latches and Locks for all purposes. Cash and Deed Boxes. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria St., St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

AUTOMATIC ACTION

A

SPECIALITY

of the

NEW WILLCOX AND GIBBS
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE.

ALL

DIFFICULTIES are removed by means of **SELF-ACTING DEVICES.**

PERFECT WORK is secured, even at the hands of Beginners.

AUTOMATIC TENSION.

THIS

WONDERFUL INVENTION requires no care from the operator,

IS ALWAYS IN ORDER,

IS PERFECT IN ACTION,

IS STRICTLY SELF-REGULATING,

GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

THE

NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS has many other Automatic Features, viz.:—

SELF-ACTING THREAD PULL-OFF,

SELF-REGISTERING STITCH-IN-DICATOR,

SELF-HELPING FEED,

SELF-DETERMINING GUIDE TABLE (for Needle, Thread, and Stitch),

SELF-ADJUSTING NEEDLE,

SELF-CONTROLLING WHEEL BRAKE.

BOBBIN and SHUTTLE are Obsolete, for the

NEW AUTOMATIC makes the

ONLY TRUE LOCK-STITCH. Its Work

ALONE has ALL the characteristics of the COMPLETE LOCK. Its Seam is self-fastening, both at the beginning and end, and every stitch is securely locked; yet it can be unlocked and removed when necessary—a great advantage in the alteration and remaking of wearing apparel.

THE

NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS is

PEERLESS IN

ITS SIMPLICITY,

ITS ELEGANCE,

ITS LIGHTNESS,

ITS CLEANLINESS,

ITS SPEED,

ITS SILENCE,

ITS DURABILITY.

IT is the most Elegant, Appropriate, and Useful of Presents.

FREE TRIAL for One Month in

YOUR OWN HOME. Carriage paid, Price Lists post free.

WILLCOX and GIBBS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, New York.

CHIEF OFFICE for EUROPE, 150, Cheapside, E.C., London.

WEST-END BRANCH, 135, Regent Street, W.

MANCHESTER, 16, Cross Street (Royal Exchange).

GLASGOW, 113, Union Street.

BRIGHTON, 32, New Road (facing North Street).

CANTERBURY, 15, Mercery Lane.

CERTIFIED AGENTS in all TOWNS.

GLYKALINE,

THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
RESPIRATORY AILMENTS.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the breathing track.

GLYKALINE is a prompt and trust-worthy remedy for Catarrhs.

GLYKALINE is of great service to sufferers from Influenza, Colds, and Asthma.

GLYKALINE may be depended upon to relieve Congestion about the Head.

GLYKALINE is really effective in curing Dry and Expectoratory Coughs.

GLYKALINE, the New Remedy, is confidently but unpretentiously recommended to all who experience the above disorders. It is administered in drop-doses, and the form of Spray.

GLYKALINE is protected by Govern-ment stamp. The New Remedy is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. The price of the Spray Producer is 2s. 6d.; by post 3s.

NEURALINE,

THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF to
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Tooth-ache, by its timely use, frequently saves teeth from being extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia.

NEURALINE is indispensable to sufferers from Nerve Pains caused by Colds.

NEURALINE penetrates through the skin to the actual source of discomfort, is an external remedy, and should be freely used.

NEURALINE is a reliable medium of cure for Rheumatism, Gout, and Sciatica.

NEURALINE is very effective in re-moving Congestive Headache.

NEURALINE relieves Lumbago, and Diseases of the Loin-Muscles.

NEURALINE is a genuine instant cure for Surface Pains. Mr. Edgar, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 24th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case, in most cases, cures permanently; and in some cases, is successful by a single application. It is protected by Government stamp. Neuraline is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d., and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,

THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED
CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agree-ably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation or Excoriation of the Skin.

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of vegetable origin (without mineral admixture), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,

THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses the Teeth from Tartar and all incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases the whiteness of the Teeth, brightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in con-formity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invalu-able to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the substance, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the external smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared in bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S

PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES
Gratis and Post Free.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated. Price 2s. 6d net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0
FLEUR DE THÉ QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
PRINCESS MARIE GALOP	1 6
ST. PETERSBURG QUADRILLE	2 0
CONSTANTINOPLE QUADRILLE	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.
N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. WALDTEUFEL'S NEWEST WALTZ

AU REVOIR WALTZ. Par EMILE WALDTEUFEL (Composer of the celebrated "Manolo Waltz"). The above new Waltz will most certainly become very popular. Price 2s. net
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE RANELAGH GAVOTTE for the Pianoforte. By J. MEREDITH BALL. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s. 6d net.—CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

LA FIANCÉE POLKA. By J. Meredith Ball. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s 6d net
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.
Sung by Mr. EDWARD LLOYD

WHEN THOU ART NIGH. GOUNOD. In C and E flat. 2s. net
I'LL SING THEE SONGS OF ARABY. From "Lalla Rookh," by FREDERICK CLAY. In A flat and F. 2s. net
SWEETHEARTS. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. In A flat and B flat. 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. GOUNOD'S NEWEST COMPOSITIONS

MARCHE RELIGIEUSE (companion to his celebrated "Marche Romaine")
PIANOFORTE SOLO. 1s. 6d net.
PIANOFORTE DUET. 2s net.
ORGAN (with Pedal Obbligato). 1s 6d. net
HARMONIUM. 1s. 6d net.
MARCHE MILITAIRE. 2s net.
Ditto Ditto. Piano Duet. 2s net.
Ditto Ditto for Organ (with Pedal Obbligato), by Fred. Archer. 2s net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

KUHE'S NEW FANTASIAS.
KUHE'S DIE FLEDERMAUS. 2s net
KUHE'S FLYING DUTCHMAN. 2s. net
KUHE'S TRIAL BY JURY. 2s. net.
KUHE'S SWEETHEARTS. 1s. 6d net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 3 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MULLER'S Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

NOW READY

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss), the New Waltz by OTTO MULLER, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half-price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

ESMERALDA. W. C. Levey's popular Song. "One of the brightest modern compositions of its kind."—*Standard*. The Song in D, E, or F, 4s.; for piano, by Kuhe, 4s.; Richards, 4s.; Rochard, 2s.; Waltzes, by Godfrey, 4s.—Half-price.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.
THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above Instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also Illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte School.
Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.
Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent post free to any part of the World.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ROCKSTRO'S REMINISCENCES of the HANDEL FESTIVAL.

1. Messiah	4s.
2. Miscellaneous Selection	4s.
3. Israel in Egypt	4s.

Each Number of the Reminiscence of the Handel Festival is published with an authentic Portrait of the great Composer, from an engraving in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, after the picture by Hudson, 1749.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Fête du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Fenfile (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. 48 Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
3¼ inch Ivory, per doz.	15s. od.	11s. od.	7s. od.
3½ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. od.	15s. od.	7s. od.
3¾ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. od.	16s. od.	7s. 6d.
3¾ inch ivory, stout, per doz.	35s. od.	22s. od.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine ivory, per doz.	34s. od.	24s. od.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons.—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."
In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

AWAKE! New Song composed by STEPHEN ADAMS. Promises to be a great favourite. Post free for 18 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

UNFORGOTTEN DAYS and SO FAR AWAY, two new and good Songs by J. ROECKEL. Post free for 18 stamps each.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

MULLER'S MAY DAY. Transcribed for the piano by WILLIAM SMALLWOOD. This theme makes a most effective pianoforte piece. Post free for 18 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

EVER THINE. Song. By F. Abt. Sung by Miss Mary Davies. Post free for 18 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

MY BOYHOOD'S DREAM. Song. By J. L. HATTON. Sung by Mr. Maybrick. Post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

NEW SONG for Soprano or Tenor by LOUISA F. ESSINGTON, WHEN THY BEAUTY APPEARS. Also by the same Composer, SALVA PATRIAM, a Latin Chorus from Tennyson's "Harold," printed also in octavo at 4d. HERRICK'S ODE TO THE GRACES, for Tenor. QUEEN MARY'S SONG, from Tennyson's Drama, &c.—Messrs. LONSDALE, 26, Old Bond Street.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.
WALL LIGHTS AND LUSTRES
CHANDELIERS IN BRONZE AND ORMOLU
KEROSENE AND OTHER LAMPS
FOR INDIA AND HOME USE.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS
AND NEWEST DESIGNS.
ORNAMENTAL GLASS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN.
BIRMINGHAM: Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad St.
LONDON: Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.

ELEGANT JEWELLERY

LONDON AND RYDER
Invite inspection of their New Stock, as characterised by "Good Taste" and sterling excellence.
BRIDESMAIDS' LOCKETS, WEDDING PRESENTS, COURT DIAMONDS.
Diamond Ornaments in great variety charged at prices consistent with reliable value. Necklaces, Head Ornaments, Earrings, Crosses, Pendants, Lockets, Solitaires, Bracelets, &c.
Recipients of the only Medal awarded for "General Good Taste" at the International Exhibition.
THE DIAMONDS OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK ON SALE.
Indian Cats' Eye Rings, worn as a talisman to avert evil or misfortune.
LONDON and RYDER, GOLDSMITHS AND JEWELLERS,
17, New Bond Street.
(Corner of Clifford Street, opposite Long's Hotel).

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43, Royal Exchange, London. Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

NEW YORK.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful to Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL PRIZE MEDAL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.
Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.
Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

BULLOCK IN A BOAT, "Trade Mark." —AUSTRALIAN BEEF AND MUTTON. Just Landed. Specially prepared for SUMMER use by WHITEHEAD & CO. (Limited). To be had of all Grocers.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,
CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,
BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR
UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 11s. 4d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s. 8d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 10s.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; Indian corn, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 4s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 6s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; barley meal, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

JOHNSTON'S (THE OLD HOUSE)
CORN FLOUR
IS THE BEST.
"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, sold in ½ lb. and 1 lb. packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CARPETS.— OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received their new designs in Carpets for the present season, adapted to every class of furnishing, from the richest qualities and most artistic designs to the neat and inexpensive kinds. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before finally deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marono Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £4 15s.; handsome walnut OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.
OETZMANN and CO.

SIDEBOARDS, OETZMANN and CO. —Large and Handsome Mahogany or Oak Sideboards, with High Plate Glass Back and Carved Mountings, price 15 guineas; Massive Spanish Mahogany or Oak ditto, very handsome, 25 guineas; Noble Spanish Mahogany or Oak ditto, handsomely carved and lofty, Plate Glass Back, made and finished in the best possible manner, price 35 guineas. A variety of Early English and other designs, in rich Spanish Mahogany, or finest carved Oak, from 25 to 50 guineas.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for Inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas. Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas. Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards.
OETZMANN and CO.

BEDDING DEPARTMENT.—Strong Iron Bedsteads, from 6s. 6d. each; superior Iron French ditto, 15s. 9d.; handsome Arabian Bedsteads, from 27s. 6d. upwards; excellent Mattresses, full size, 12s. 6d.; good Feather Beds, full size, 30s.; ditto Bolsters, 7s. 6d.; ditto Pillows, 3s. 9d. each; handsome 3 ft. Mahogany Washstands, with Marble Top, 18s. 6d.; Mahogany Toilet Glass, Best Plate Glass (size of plate, 16 inches by 12 inches), 6s. 6d.

PAPER-HANGINGS. — OETZMANN and CO.—PAPER HANGINGS at WHOLESALE PRICES.—A great reduction in price. All the new patterns are now on view at the Show Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS. FURNITURE.
CARPETS. FURNITURE.
CARPETS. FURNITURE.
CARPETS. FURNITURE.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 3 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT. — Stout Tapestry Brussels Carpet, 1s. 9½d.; handsome pattern ditto, from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 9d. per yard; superior Brussels, new designs, from 2s. 11d. upwards; Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, 1s. 11d. per yard; Patent Felt Carpeting, from 11½d. per yard; Superior Rock Dye ditto, handsome designs, double width, 1s. 11d. per yard; excellent Stair Carpet, from 6d. per yard; Best Quality, all Wool, ditto, 1s. per yard.
OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.

DRAPERY DEPARTMENT.—Large white quilts, 2½ yards by 2 yards, 4s. 11d.; handsome marsella ditto, 9s. 9d.; white wool blankets, from 6s. per pair (see special reduced list sent post free); large Witney ditto, 2½ yards long, 9s. 11d. per pair; handsome cloth table covers, from 4s. 11d.; magnificent ditto, large size, 10s. 11d.; good chintzes, new patterns, 4½d. per yard; Cretonne ditto, from 6d. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

MUSLIN and LACE CURTAINS.— CLEARING OUT.—Elegant design, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 and 56 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Tuileries lace curtains, 4 yards long by 72 inches wide, 21s. per pair. A special reduced list of curtains, with size and description, post free.

EXHIBITION PATTERN COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the season much admired, handsomely japanned, and rich burnished gold ornamentation, with opal handles, strong loose lining, a great convenience and saving in wear. Price complete, 21s.—OETZMANN and CO.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT. —Alexandra pattern Toilet Services, ewer, basin, &c., complete—9 pieces, 7s. 11d.; handsome ditto, 9s. 9d.; richly cut Decanters, 7s. 6d. per pair; cut Wines, from 2s 6d. per dozen; superior ditto, richly cut, reduced to 5s. 9d. per dozen; Gilt Clocks, under glass shades, from 18s. 9d. upwards; Cottage Clocks, from 5s. 9d. each; elegant Lustres, Vases, Parian Figures, &c.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—JULY 21, 1877.

THE GRAPHIC

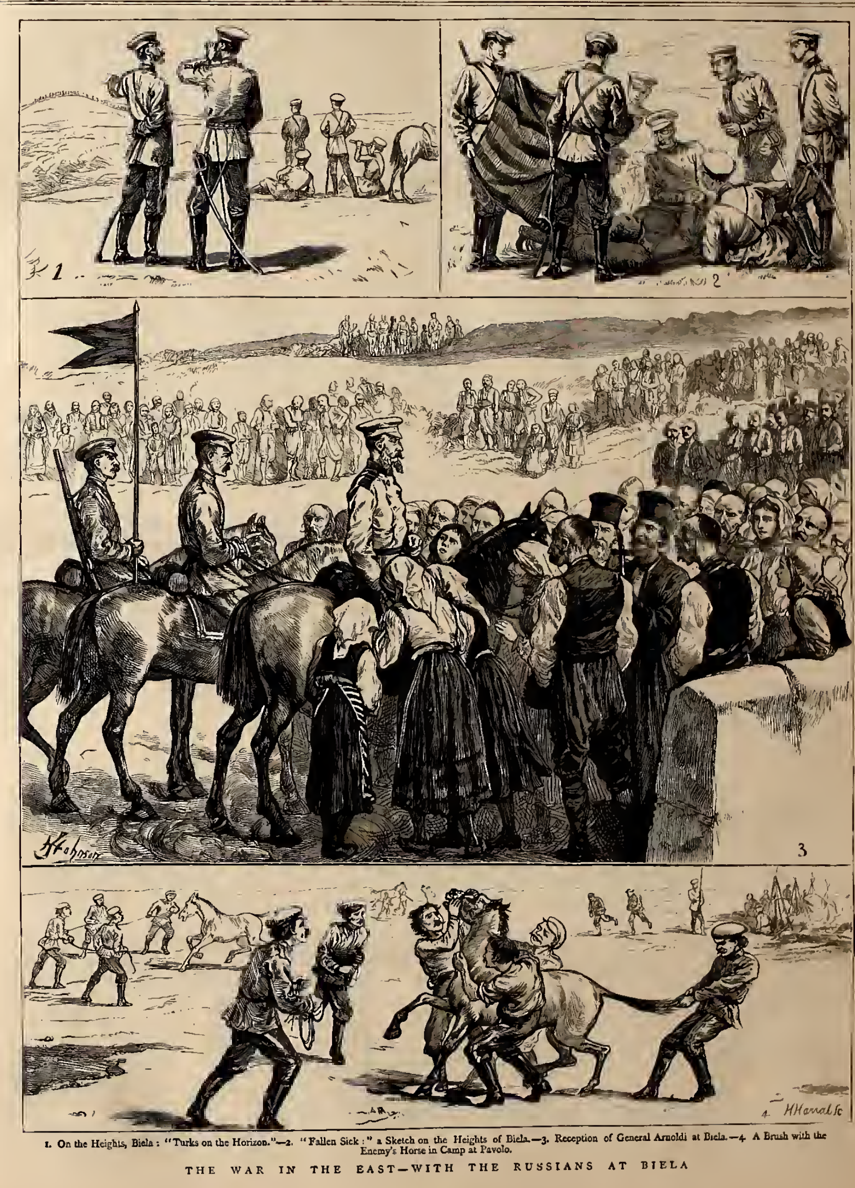
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—NO. 400
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1877

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



1. On the Heights, Biela: "Turks on the Horizon."—2. "Fallen Sick:" a Sketch on the Heights of Biela.—3. Reception of General Arnoldi at Biela.—4. A Brush with the Enemy's Horse in Camp at Pavolo.

THE WAR IN THE EAST—WITH THE RUSSIANS AT BIELA

Topics of the Week

English Policy in the East.——There is considerable discontent in the country with the policy of the Government, for nobody quite knows what their policy is. They have just sent 3,000 troops to Malta, and that looks as if they wished to be prepared for the defence of Gallipoli. But, in the first place, the force is not sufficient for that purpose; and, in the second, Lord Derby and Sir Stafford Northcote did their utmost to give the one decisive act of the Cabinet the appearance of an act which is without significance. What does it all mean? Are we going to prevent the Russians from taking Constantinople? Are the Straits to be kept closed? Or are we to stand aside, and not only let Turkey be broken to pieces, but allow Russia to make what new arrangements she chooses? These are the questions which are everywhere being anxiously asked, and the Government give no response. We believe this to be a profound mistake. England would submit to one policy or the other, for much can be said for both, but she does not wish to adopt a middle course, at one moment seeming very bold and at the next timidly drawing back. There is one theory which would give a certain consistency to the action of the Ministry, and that is that they have made up their mind to submit to the opening of the Straits, and possibly to the seizure of Constantinople by Russia, but intend to make sure of the only possible compensation—Egypt. This sounds very wicked in the ears of a certain class of publicists; but assuredly, if Constantinople goes, Egypt must practically become English. That is, if we intend to keep India; and on that point, we hope, there is no dispute. The sun of England will indeed have set when she admits even the possibility of being driven from that Eastern Dependency to which she has, with so much success, transferred the ideas and institutions of Western civilisation.

Free-Trade and War.——Mr. Bright's speculations on the pacific tendency of Free Trade doctrines form in our view the most interesting portion of his recent speeches at Bradford. He says frankly that he may be regarded as a dreamer, but inasmuch as we all—all Englishmen at any rate—profess to love peace and to detest war, it is well that men of eminence should dream such dreams, for then they influence other minds, and so become more capable of ultimate realisation. There can be no doubt that the altered commercial relations between England and France during the last twenty years tend much to support Mr. Bright's view. Even the very limited freedom of trade which exists between the two countries—the restrictions, be it observed, are all on the side of France—have made war between these once traditional foes a far more unlikely contingency than it formerly was. Not only does close commercial intercourse create multitudinous pecuniary interests which would suffer if war were declared, but it establishes bonds of personal friendship. Thousands of Frenchmen, who would formerly never have dreamt of visiting our foggy island, now come over here to transact business; they see John Bull in the flesh, and they find he is a much better fellow than the perfidious being depicted in historical annals. Hence they are less inclined to go to war with him on small provocation. The late Emperor of the French fully deserves all the eulogy which Mr. Bright bestowed upon him for having in the matter of Free Trade been so far in advance of the mass of his countrymen; and we can afford to unite in this praise of him all the more ungrudgingly because in some other respects his character was far from admirable. It would appear that in other countries as well as France the impulse towards Free Trade doctrines must come from above rather than from below. The example of England is apt to be somewhat misleading, because the chief protected article, corn, was supposed to be a monopoly of the territorial aristocracy. Hence landlords were Protectionists and workmen Free Traders. Elsewhere the positions are reversed, and accordingly the most Republican communities, where the workman is politically supreme, such as the United States, Canada, and Australia, are the most strenuously wedded to Protection. If Mr. Bright can only persuade the working classes all over the world that the Custom House tends to lower wages and lessen employment he will be in a fair way to realise his cherished dream of universal disarmament.

The Civil War in America.——"Civil War" is hardly too large a name for the extraordinary conflict now going on in the United States. We have seen many strikes in this country; but anything remotely resembling the strike of the American railway servants we have never experienced. The traffic of a very large part of the vast Continent is stopped; there have been deeds of violence and bloodshed; and the excitement becomes daily more dangerous. The difficulties of putting down the movement are enormous, for it is uncertain how far the agitators have the sympathy of the working classes and the militia. Some alarmists even maintain that now at last we are in presence of the struggle between Capital and Labour, which has long been predicted as certain to come in the end. Neither State Governments nor the Federal Government have large bodies of troops at their command; and if they had it would be impossible, with the railways in the possession of the insurgents, to send the men to all the points at which they may be needed. Europe watches with extreme anxiety the progress of the conflict, for many of the causes which have led to it are also at work on this side of the Atlantic. In America, however, there is a special reason for the vehemence of feeling which is being displayed. As we have before pointed out, the employers and the employed are for the most part men of diverse origin; they have an instinctive mutual dislike, and each resents every advantage claimed by the other. It must be added that railway companies in America are so unscrupulous in exaggerating their profits that the workmen naturally expect a rise of wages. When, instead of obtaining this, they find themselves worse off than ever their disappointment is proportionately intense. It is to be hoped that when the present trouble has been overcome directors will be convinced that honest statements are, after all, those which are attended by the least disagreeable consequences.

London Below Bridge.——Year by year the vast aggregation of buildings which we generically call London grows vaster, and year by year the isolation caused by the absence of bridges between the Middlesex and Surrey sides of the below-bridge portions of the Metropolis becomes a more serious inconvenience. These vast hives of population, which in themselves would form two respectably-sized capitals for a couple of second-class nations, are practically nearly as much prevented from communicating with each other by the broad river as if a steep mountainous ridge were interposed between them. Had the majority of the inhabitants been wealthy or even well-to-do their complaints would have long since been heard, but as the great bulk of them are labouring people they have been suffered to content themselves with the limited intercourse derived from ferry-boats, or from the circuitous journey across London Bridge. Merchandise and vehicles were necessarily compelled to seek this latter route, and consequently London Bridge has for long had to bear far more than its fair burden of traffic, and hence "blocks" and stoppages are of constant occurrence. Bearing in mind these considerations we regret to observe that the Common Council have decided—in opposition to the resolution they arrived at last year—to apply a mere palliative in place of a permanent remedy for the inconveniences complained of. The plan of widening London Bridge has once more been revived, an objectionable undertaking both from an engineering and an ornamental point of view, and one moreover which will afford little relief to the traffic unless the approaches to the bridge are also widened. As, however, the City authorities will have to apply to Parliament for power to raise the necessary funds it is possible the project may be vetoed, and then it will be advisable to consider the far more serviceable scheme of an entirely new thoroughfare across the river lower down. This may take the form of a high-level bridge, a subway, or a low-level bridge. Both the two former are costly, and necessitate steep approaches, while the latter will require to be opened at intervals—thereby suspending the traffic—to allow ships to pass. To the East Londoners, after the privations they have endured, any means of communication will be a boon, and a bridge which is closed now and then will be far preferable to no bridge at all.

The Irish Obstructives.——The Chancellor of the Exchequer undoubtedly acted somewhat hastily in the course he adopted on Wednesday in regard to the obstruction offered to the progress of public business. Mr. Parnell more than deserved all the hard things said of him, but in the particular words taken down he was quite within his right. It would be impossible to say that members shall never be allowed to express "satisfaction" or "interest" in "preventing and thwarting the intentions of the Government." Much of the best work done in Parliament has been done in vehement opposition to the Ministry of the day; and it may be the absolute duty of individual members to strain to the utmost the forms of the House in special cases. Sir Stafford Northcote evidently admitted the force of this argument in insisting that the words were to be taken in connection with the whole of Mr. Parnell's recent conduct. Whatever may be thought of the manner in which the question has been raised, it was high time it should be seriously considered. There is an obvious conspiracy on the part of a few foolish men to nullify as far as they can the labours of the national representatives; and it is now proved that the conspiracy may result in a vast amount of mischief. Mr. Biggar is quite capable of reading blue books by the hour in connection with any subject that may be before the House; and Mr. O'Donnell, of whom better things might have been hoped, will oppose any proposal for any length of time by arguments as applicable to a journey to the moon as to the question he nominally discusses. These tactics have apparently given much enjoyment to the gentlemen who have had recourse to them. We should not be surprised if they were thought witty as well as wise by some ardent patriots. But Parliament clearly could not permanently allow the time of the nation to be thus wasted. Its rules were framed on the assumption that they would be applied by men of the world and gentlemen. Now that we know that they can be persistently abused, it is absolutely necessary they should be modified.

Lunatics on their Travels.——Besides the external perils which are inseparable from railway travelling, there are internal risks, arising chiefly from objectionable companionship, which to many persons appear even more formidable. So long as we cling to our system of separate compartments some of these unpleasantnesses cannot be altogether got rid of. The most vigilant railway officials cannot always detect drunken people, because the liquor they have swallowed may not begin to show its effects till they have been some time in the train; nor is it possible to distinguish by any outward mark those cowardly fellows who insult and annoy solitary women. Again, a man may, without the knowledge of his friends and acquaintance, be on the verge of a paroxysm of raving madness, and yet, as he shows no external sign of it, may gain admission to a railway carriage. But when a man is known to be mad, the most thorough precautions ought to be taken against possible mischief before suffering him to travel. Inside a lunatic asylum, where bolts and bars abound, and where there is always at hand a strong staff of skilled attendants, it may be prudent to dispense with instruments of restraint; but when a madman has to be carried in public conveyances he ought, for the security of his fellow-passengers, to be handcuffed in all cases where there is any possibility of violence to be apprehended. Humanitarians may cry out against this proposal, but it is warranted by facts. Most of our readers will remember a horrible case near Liverpool, when an inoffensive traveller had his thumb bitten off by a maniac; and now a workhouse master, conveying a pauper lunatic from Glasgow to London, has been grievously wounded by him. Extraordinary carelessness was exhibited in this last case, as the madman, who could not have been properly searched, had managed to secrete a razor in his pocket. It would be well if, as is we believe the custom on French railways, specially constructed vans were used for the conveyance of criminals and insane persons; and, in the case of pauper lunatics, instead of carrying them to and fro about the country, to the risk both of keepers and passengers, it would be much more sensible to keep them where they are, and let their legal place of settlement pay the charge for their maintenance.

Confederation in South Africa.——Serious opposition will evidently be offered to the South Africa Bill, but we hope even at this late period of the Session the Government will be able to carry it. We could understand the objections urged against it if the Government proposed to force Confederation on the Colonies. A compulsory measure could only lead to discontent and disaster. But all the Government propose to do is to give the Colonies the opportunity of combining if they choose. And there are very strong reasons why, notwithstanding certain local prejudices against Confederation, it should be heartily encouraged. The individual States will never be quite safe from the invasion of lawless native tribes until all together are able to present to them a united front; and so long as the present divisions last the commercial relations of the colonies cannot be developed to their utmost possible extent. It is objected that perhaps only two of the colonies may take advantage of the powers granted them; but even that would be a step in the right direction, and we believe it would be soon followed by a complete scheme of union. No one wishes to hamper the free inward growth of the colonies; all that is wanted is to put them in a position in which their common interests shall be adequately studied. The only real difficulty in the case arises from the relations of the whites and blacks. It is impossible to say that the latter shall receive the same political rights as the former, for in Natal, for instance, that would be to hand over all power to savages. The circumstances of each State in this matter differ from those of all the others; and to each must be left to some extent the determination of the question. We can only insist that there shall be no slavery, that the blacks shall be enabled to acquire land, and that in the various Legislatures they shall be at least indirectly represented. These were the points to which Mr. Forster wisely confined himself; and all of them may be secured by reserving to the Imperial Government the power of veto in the case of every measure by which the rights of the coloured population are affected.

SOUTHERN INDIA.——Crops do not mature and ripen in a day, and a month ago, although the rains in the Madras Presidency were falling copiously, and all promised well for the coming season, it was shown by those competent to judge that a period of several months must elapse before the rice planted this year would become available for consumption, and that during that time the famine-stricken population would still stand in need of extraneous support. Since then, however, the situation has changed greatly for the worse:—the rain has almost ceased to fall in the famine districts, and unless it should recommence falling within a few days the probability is that Madras and Mysore are destined to a second year of scarcity. Those whose farming experiences have been confined to this country can scarcely appreciate the Indian demand for rain. Here we far more often suffer from excess of moisture than from drought, and even if drought does come its effects are usually beneficial rather than hurtful to our cereal crops, especially to wheat. Rice, the great cereal staple of the East, is altogether of a different temperament, moisture is its native element, it spends, or ought to spend, the greater part of its days up to its knees in water, and so drought simply means destruction as far as rice is concerned. As for future prospects, if Southern India is condemned to a second year of dearth, it is to be hoped that the Government will act generously, and not adopt the niggardly tactics of the Highland economist, who so nearly succeeded (had not the poor brute died) in feeding his horse on a straw a day. We speak thus, because the Relief Camp statistics indicate a frightful rate of mortality. This is, no doubt, partly due to the fact that the poor wretches are miserably pinched before they seek our help, but that is all the more reason for giving them enough to eat when we do get hold of them, otherwise the word "relief" becomes a mockery, and it would be more merciful to let them die outright at the outset than linger for weeks on semi-starvation rations.

A NOTABLE SWINDLER.——We feel more angry with that swindler who is going about victimising dealers in railway plant and building materials than with swindlers in general, because, for the sake of making a petty gain, he causes such a vast expense and inconvenience. Thousands of tons of heavy goods are sent careering about the country in order to enable him to negotiate a few *soi-disant* loans. In fact, it is the Berners Street Hoax reproduced in various parts of the country, and applied as a convenient implement for obtaining cash advances. These swindlers are always described as having "a plausible address," and they must indeed be much more plausible than the majority of honest men. People who are really honest generally find tradesmen to whom they are strangers by no means gullible, but rather on the contrary bristling with suspicion. If you take a house in a neighbourhood where you are unknown, they demand cash promptly for goods supplied; if in a strange shop you order goods to be sent to your house, and desire to pay with a cheque somewhat in excess of the amount of the bill, the tradesman is wont politely to demur to hand you the balance in cash. The truth, we suspect, is that under such circumstances honest men are apt to be shamefaced and self-conscious, they are aware that the tradesman is mentally calculating whether they are rogues or not, and their knowledge of his suspicions discomposes them. The swindler has no such misgivings, he knows he is a scoundrel whatever the tradesmen may think, and so he steps into the shop as bold as brass, and assumes a "haristocratic" *hauteur* which is very effective with the British shopkeeper, especially when accompanied by a fashionably-dressed female companion, and a neatly appointed brougham at the door. Honesty, on the other hand, with a substantial balance at its bankers, is often mistrusted, because it arrives on foot, dusty or muddy, or alights from a twopenny omnibus. Still, we are surprised that our enterprising engineering friend took in so many 'cute firms. They must have been blinded by their greediness for "orders." In such cases it is always safe to resort to the telegraph. A shillingsworth of "wire" to the alleged orderer of the goods would have revealed the swindler in all his naked deformity, and they might have had the pleasure of offering him the choice of the nearest police station or a jolly good horsewhipping on the spot.

NOTICE.——*With this Number is presented an* EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *illustrating the* RUSSIAN POSITIONS BEFORE KARS ON JUNE 24.—*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 84 and 92.*

Now Ready.

THE NEW VOLUME, XV.,
OF
"THE GRAPHIC"

containing over Five Hundred Illustrations of all the Events of Interest transpiring during the first six months of 1877, handsomely bound in blue cloth, gilt lettered, and gilt edges, 20s.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition: or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia, Ceylon, China } *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. { India, Japan, New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

AMUSEMENTS

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, W. J. Hill, Billington, C. Harcourt, H. H. Vincent, G. Barrett, and E. Righton; Mesdames Emma Ritta, Marie Stevens, C. Jecks, and Lydia Foote.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, THE CORSICAN BROTHERS. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. The Wises, Ascot Spiller, Richard Geldard, and Bros. Keeling. Concluding with THE LUCKY STONE. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. E. Drayton.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—Notice: Last Five Nights of THE GREAT CITY. EVERY EVENING (Thursday excepted), at 7 o'clock, THE GREAT CITY, by Andrew Halliday. Messrs. G. Conquest, W. James, Sennett, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with (except Thursday) THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE. Thursday with THE MARINER'S COMPASS, 1st Act BELPHEGOR, and INCIDENTALS. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated. Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

THEATRE ROYAL, LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mrs. BATEMAN.

LAST NIGHT of the SEASON and of THE LYONS MAIL, THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, July 28, on which date (by request) there will also be a MORNING PERFORMANCE, at 2.30, of this most successful play, unavoidably withdrawn in consequence of

MR. HENRY IRVING'S PROVINCIAL TOUR, commencing AUG. 6th, when he will appear, supported by the Lyceum Company, at the THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER, as KING RICHARD III., in Shakespeare's play. Box plan open for

MONDAY, July 30, BENEFIT of Mr. HENRY IRVING (and his last performance in London until next December), on which occasion he will appear as HAMLET.—LYCEUM.

THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE, BRIGHTON.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement for Six Nights only (commencing Monday, July 30) of Mrs. STIRLING, supported by Miss MAGGIE BRENNAN, &c. Commence at half-past 7. A MORNING PERFORMANCE of the GAIETY COMPANY will take place on SATURDAY, July 28. To commence at half-past 2 o'clock.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

CAXTON EXHIBITION.—A UNIQUE COLLECTION of CAXTON'S BOOKS.
BIBLES.—A magnificent Series, from the Gutenberg Bible and the Mentz Psalter to the productions of the present year.
MACHINERY IN MOTION.—Paper-making, Printing, Type-casting, Stereotyping, &c.
WOOD ENGRAVING.—A fine Collection, showing the Rise and Progress of the Art in Germany, Holland, Italy, France, &c.

CAXTON EXHIBITION.—Entrance in Queen's Gate, South Kensington.
Open Daily, from 10 to 6.
Mondays and Saturdays from 10 to 8.
Admission, by Payment at the Doors, 1s., except Mondays, 6d. Schools and Colleges, upon giving one day's notice, admitted at half-price.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

WALKER ART GALLERY.

LIVERPOOL CORPORATION ANNUAL AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

Arrangements are now in progress for opening this magnificent Gallery, on the 6th September, on which occasion the Right Hon. the EARL OF DERBY will inaugurate the building simultaneously with the ANNUAL CORPORATION EXHIBITION OF PICTURES. Intending Contributors are therefore requested to take notice that the days appointed for the reception of pictures are limited from Wednesday, the 8th, to Saturday, the 18th August inclusive, and that Artists who have not been especially invited to contribute must address their works, carriage prepaid, to the Curator of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

Mr. BOURLET, 17, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital, acting as Agent in London.

JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—The Exhibition will CLOSE on MONDAY, August 6 (Bank Holiday). Admission (from 8 till 6.30), 1s. Catalogue, 1s., or, bound with pencil, 1s. 6d.
The EVENING EXHIBITION will commence on MONDAY, July 30. Admission from 8 till 11, Sixpence. Catalogue, Sixpence. On Bank Holiday the admission, Day and Evening, will be Sixpence.
FRED. A. EATON, Secretary.

GAINSBOROUGH'S Renowned DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE ON VIEW at the BYRON GALLERY, 26, Savile Row, W., on and after Saturday, July 28. Admission, 1s., from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
A. T. HOME, Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route viâ Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

GOODWOOD RACES—GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

SATURDAY, JULY 28th, and MONDAY, JULY 30th, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS from VICTORIA, for Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, and Chichester.
SPECIAL FAST TRAINS for HAVANT, SOUTH HAYLING, PORTSMOUTH, and the ISLE OF WIGHT, from Victoria and London Bridge.
SPECIAL TRAINS for SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only, will leave VICTORIA at 7.50 a.m. and 1.0 p.m.
Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.
ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES
A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Kensington 7.10 a.m., Victoria 7.30 a.m., and London Bridge 7.40 a.m.
A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Kensington 8.48 a.m., Victoria 9.0 a.m., and London Bridge 9.5 a.m. (Return fares 26s. and 20s.)
AN EXTRA SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN (First Class only) will leave Victoria at 9.45 a.m. (Return fare, 30s.)
FORTNIGHTLY TICKETS for the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Race Meetings:—First Class Tickets (not transferable) available from Saturday, July 28th, to Saturday, August 11th, inclusive.—PRICE FIVE POUNDS.
TICKETS for the Special Trains, also the Fortnightly Tickets, may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations; also at the West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, which office will remain open till 11.0 p.m. on July 27th, 28th, 30th, 31st, and August 1st and 2nd.
(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.30 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1877.

FIRST and THIRD CLASS TOURIST TICKETS, available for Two Months, will be issued to the 31st October, 1877.
For Particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company.
JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, May, 1877.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE SACKING OF SISTOVA

TAKING our illustrations in chronological order our first sketch portrays the burial of the Russian troops who fell during the great crossing of the Danube on the 27th ult., and next comes the "Sacking of Sistova," which represents the scene in the Turkish quarter of that town at the entry of the Russians at the close of last month. The Turkish inhabitants had fled at the approach of the Russians, and the Bulgarian Christians had taken the opportunity between their flight and the arrival of the troops to sack and wreck the whole quarter. "The pillage and destruction," wrote Mr. Forbes to the *Daily News*, "are as sweeping and universal as if the place had been sacked by a victorious army after a storming. There is not a whole pane of glass in the window of any Turkish house in all Sistova. Cupboards are smashed, floors torn up, shelves torn down, stoves broken in search of secreted money. The furniture was broken in sheer wantonness and the plaster shattered." Eight mosques also were wrecked, and the Turkish stores and shops pillaged of everything valuable, the fixtures of the interiors being smashed into fragments. In justice to the Russian soldiery we should state that they took no part in these wanton outrages, but on their entry immediately directed their efforts to stop the pillage.

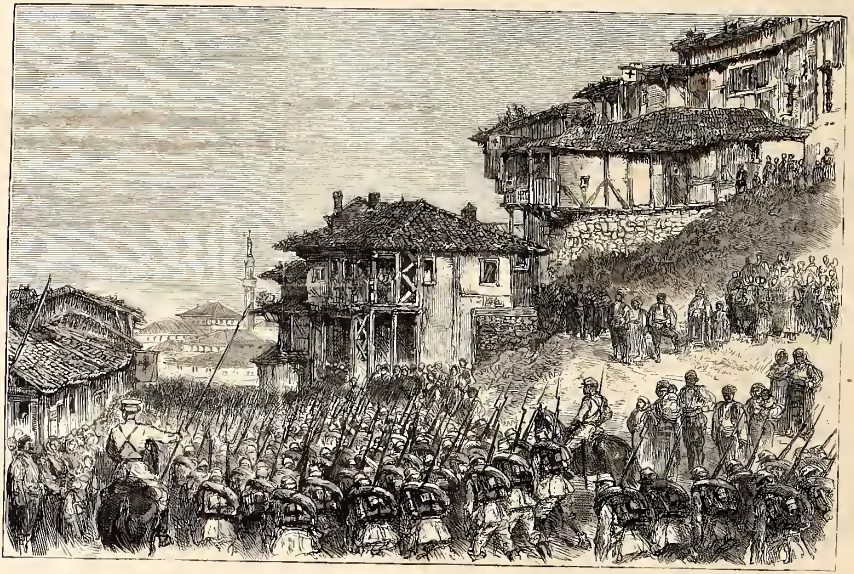
BIELA

NEXT in order comes the entry into Biela, which took place on the 5th inst., where the Turks, having previously made feeble attempts to defend the place at the bridge head on the Jantra, quietly evacuated the town, which was accordingly occupied by General Arnoldi, who had moved eastward from the little village of Pavolo, for that purpose. During his halt at Pavolo our artist sketched the "Brush with the Enemy's Horse"—a few Turkish ponies having strayed into the camp and giving the Cossacks considerable trouble before they could be secured. It was on the road to Pavolo also that the sketch of the "Convoy to the Advance Posts" was taken, Mr. Forbes and our artist having fallen in with a long train of waggons belonging to Tutolmin's brigade of Circassian Cossacks, and which they found slowly wending its way to the front, escorted by a handful of dragoons. At the foot of every little rise in the road the waggon halted, and the men crept up and peered over the crest, to see whether any inimical marauders were in sight, and Circassians in particular, of whose prowess the men had a very high opinion.

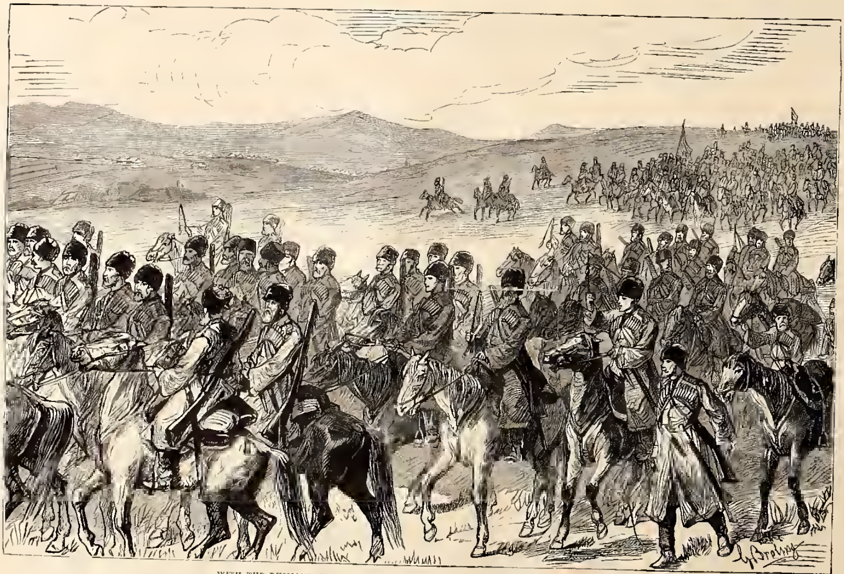
On the 5th, General Arnoldi, with a brigade of dragoons under Colonel Bilderling, advanced towards Biela, halting for a while on some heights surrounding the town and the valley of the Jantra, and then, descending the road to the bridge, he despatched a detachment of dragoons to scale the opposite heights on foot. These men, officers as well as privates, carry rifles, and up they climbed in skirmishing order, and with an astonishing celerity, considering their heavy accoutrements, only to find on reaching the top an unfinished battery and emplacement completely empty, only a few straggling fugitives being visible in the far distance. In the mean time General Arnoldi had ridden to the bridge head, where he was met by the Christian inhabitants, "greeting him with profound humility of gladness," and had continually to kiss various crosses tendered by different priests. The general, however, did not enter the town immediately, but, mounting the heights himself, despatched small parties in search of the fugitive Turks, and then encamped outside the town. Our artist, however, found quarters in the town, and it was here that he witnessed the regrettable excesses of the soldiery as related in Mr. Forbes' letter of last week. His sketches on the "heights" are sufficiently explained by the titles.

THE OCCUPATION OF TIRNOVA

TIRNOVA, the ancient capital of the Bulgarian Czars, and a place of considerable strategical importance owing to its being the converging point of various roads leading to the chief passes through the Balkans, was occupied by an advanced post of Russian troops on the 7th inst.; but it was not until the 12th that the main body of Russians under the Grand Duke Nicholas, whose march from Sistova has been described as rather like a

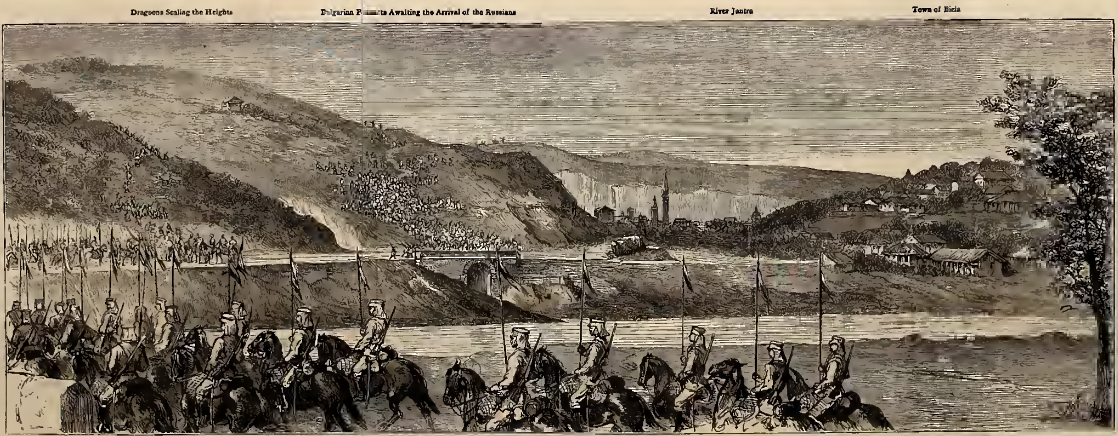


THE ENTRY INTO TIRNOVA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF BULGARIA

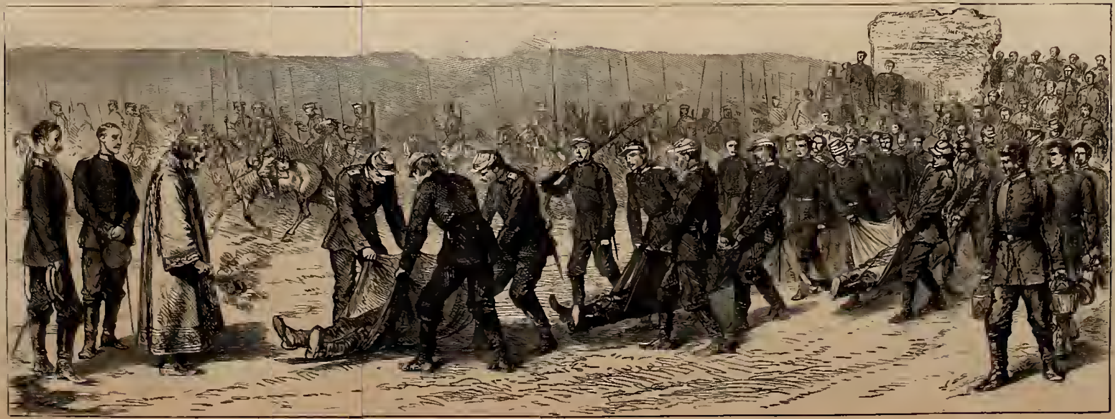


WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA—KUBAN COSSACKS RETURNING FROM RECONNOITRING

THE WAR IN THE EAST—WITH THE RUSSIANS


Dragoons Scaling the Heights
Bulgarian Peasants Awaiting the Arrival of the Russians
River Jantra
Town of Biela

THE OCCUPATION OF BIELA BY RUSSIAN CAVALRY



BURIAL OF RUSSIAN TROOPS WHO FELL DURING THE CROSSING OF THE DANUBE ON JUNE 27

THE WAR IN THE EAST—WITH THE RUSSIANS

military promenade or a triumphal procession than a forced march, which it really was, the people turning out everywhere as the Russians passed with greetings of welcome, and the villages being decorated with triumphal arches. The reception at Tirnova was highly enthusiastic; the windows were filled with faces of pretty girls, flags, and streamers, while the people joyfully fraternised with the soldiery. The Grand Duke was received by the usual procession of priests chanting prayers in the old Sclavonic tongue, who conducted him to the church. After a short service he passed through the streets, where numerous arches inscribed with "Welcome" had been erected, and where the Grand Duke and his staff had to sustain a running fire of flowers from the owners of the pretty faces at the windows. Apart from its military importance, Tirnova, which is situated on the Jantra some thirty-five miles south of Sistova, is a town of some note, is said to contain 50,000 inhabitants, and possesses several manufactories of silk and cloth, with an active dyeing industry.

WITH THE TURKS IN EUROPE

THESE four sketches, engraved at the corners of our extra supplement, are from our artist with the Turks, and depict various incidents around Shumla. First we have our artist and another correspondent travelling from Shumla to Kaspitchan. Their conveyance, which was generally utilised by the correspondents, consisted of an old Victoria, which had already seen many years of service at Constantinople, and is now ending its days in retirement in the provinces. It was drawn by four horses abreast, the two centre animals having gay-looking headpieces of bronze-coloured leather. The coachman was an old Tartar, a capital driver, always urging his steeds at a wild gallop, his charge being nine francs for a "course" of two hours.—"A Day's Leave" depicts a Turkish foot-soldier whom our artist encountered between Varna and Shumla, and who was one of several who, getting a day's leave, had borrowed a horse and started to pay a visit to friends at a neighbouring village. As a rule the Turkish infantryman is a bad rider, and, grasping with one hand the cord which serves him for bridle, he holds tightly with the other the wooden pommel of the clumsy wooden saddle—singing loudly the while to manifest his enjoyment of his holiday.—"Fugitives from Rutschuk" form one of many similar sad scenes to be met with between that fortress and Schumla or Rasgrad. An old Mussulman bent with the weight of years has placed his wife and family, together with his portable worldly goods, into an "araba," and is seeking shelter from the Russian shells which have devastated his former home. In "An Ammunition Train" is shown the mode the Turks adopt to transport ammunition and provisions into the interior of the country—in long trains of ox-carts. These, our artist writes, as the Turks do not expect the Russians here just yet, are confided to the sole care of the drivers, who faithfully fulfil their duty, an escort of troops being only allowed when the enemy is known to be in the neighbourhood.

THE ZEIBECKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE

THESE unruly troops, who some weeks ago kept the inhabitants of Pera in a constant state of alarm and terror, are volunteers from the neighbourhood of Smyrna, and for the most part are ex-shepherds and carters. Although in time of war they have an alarmingly savage and ferocious appearance, it is said that in their own villages they are singularly hospitable, kind, and gentle to strangers. When in Pera, however, our artist writes, "they seem entirely to have changed their nature." They roved about the town in bands, so as the more easily to rob any ambulatory vendor of eatables, or pedlar, and entering the best *cafés* and restaurants would order all sorts of things without the slightest intention of payment. After this six or seven of them would enter a *fiacre*, and order the man to drive them to the camp, of course without the slightest remuneration. In consequence the public gardens and *café* concerts were closed, while the inhabitants walked the streets in fear and trembling as the Zeibecks made a point of jostling every passer-by, and drew their arms in reply to the slightest observation, in no way fearing the police, who took care never to interpose. In the camp itself, situated on the plain of Chikly, Pera, they frequently fought among themselves, the authorities in no way interfering, while a few paces off the combat another party would be dancing to the sound of a clarionet and drum. The Zeibecks were drilled at Pera for some weeks at a time, being furnished with neither uniform nor guns, and then were sent on to the interior to make way for fresh levies. Their costume is little varied, consisting mainly of a species of silk shirt open in front, and a gold embroidered cloth jacket, while they wear three different kinds of headdress, of which the most curious consists of a tremendous fez, stuffed out with cotton to keep its shape, and wound round with silken cord, from which hang long fringes of tassels which reach to the shoulders, producing a most singular effect. Round their waists the Zeibecks wear a voluminous silk sash, which contain various leather pouches and their arms, which mainly consist of sharp-pointed yataghans. Short breeches, and occasionally leggings, complete the costume of these troops.

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA—BEFORE KARS

OUR extra supplement shows the Russian position during the recent siege of Kars, the sketch being taken on June 24 before the Russians had retired from attacking the town, the siege, which commenced in May, having been raised about the middle of the present month.

The town and citadel of Kars, so famous by its heroic defence in 1855, lies about seventy-two miles south of Alexandropol, and is situated in a species of amphitheatre formed by the slopes of a high hill cut through by a river, Kars-Tchai. The town is surrounded by a continuous wall, and the highest ridge of the hill is crowned by the citadel. As, however, the fortifications are too weak to resist a protracted siege, and the walls are no protection against modern artillery, the Turks have surrounded the town with strong detached forts, mainly built under the superintendence of British engineers, thus converting the place into a position of extreme strength. These exterior fortifications crown a ridge of hills which approach the town from the north-east and west; but the three principal forts are on the plain on the east and south of the town. All the surrounding heights compose these groups under the names of the Karadagh, the Shwrakh, and the Tchakmack Hill. It would be tiresome to the reader to give a complete geographical description of these, and we refer him to our extra supplement, where he will see that the Karadagh is the highest, being a continuation of the ridge on which stands the citadel. Fort Karadagh contains a curious elevated tower or battery called "Ziaret," together with defensive barracks and a glacis for defence by artillery and musketry. A second fort on the same height is Fort Arab, which, built on the rock on the top of a high precipice, commands the opposite bank of the river. There are fourteen forts in all, and of these Fort Hafiz Pasha, Fort Kanli, and Fort Suwari are in the plain, and the remainder lie on the opposite or left bank of the river. Of these Fort Inglis is an enclosed lunette; and Fort Muchlis is an irregular lunette, the latter being open at the gorge, and situated on the Tschakmack plateau, where it falls steeply into the river. Fort Tachmash, which consists of two bastioned forts, and is intended to bar the approach to the Schorakh Heights, was stormed by the Russians in 1855. Fort Tikh-Tepessi is a work of bastioned race; and close by is a battery which was captured by the Russians on June 20; while Fort Laz-Tepessi, consisting of three distinct batteries, is situated on a rocky summit, the "Bashi Bazouk" Hill, and dominates the whole neighbourhood.

KUBAN COSSACKS RETURNING FROM RECONNOITRING

THE Kuban Cossacks, as their name implies, come from the district of the River Kuban, on the Russian side of the Caucasus, and are descended from the Zaropoghians, who settled on that river at the request of Catherine II. of Russia, who wished thus to create a natural defence of what was then the Russian frontier. They are bold and active warriors, and as from their birth they are continually skirmishing with the Tcherkess or Circassians, they have acquired an immense fund of intrepidity, cunning, and perseverance, which qualifies them admirably for reconnoitring troops, in which capacity they are generally employed. Their horses, also, from long service on the steppes, are exceedingly wary and timid, owing to the nightly aggressions of the wolves to which their picketings are exposed. A certain apprehensive feeling keeps these horses from any profound sleep, and engenders a constant state of watchfulness, thus rendering their senses marvellously acute—a quality of vital importance to their master.

A REBEL CIRCASSIAN HORSEMAN

ON the outbreak of the present war, some of the Circassian tribes of the Caucasus under Russian dominion once more took the opportunity to raise the standard of revolt, and prompted by Turkish emissaries, who promised them every assistance, at one time threatened to give very serious trouble to the Russians. The Turks, true to their word, attempted to aid them, and by the capture of Soukhoum Kaleh were enabled to land a few troops on the Russian shore, together with a son of the famous chief Schamyl, whose name was to be used as a war-cry by the rebels. The Russians, however, took energetic measures to stamp out the revolt, and for some weeks we have heard nothing more of the revolt. We may mention that under the generic title "Circassian" are included a large number of tribes, each with a distinctive name of its own, such as Ahkhasian Adijè, Barrakai, &c. The Circassian is very much like the Cossack, but even more predatory and cruel, and less amenable to discipline.

THE PERUVIAN TIDAL WAVE AND EARTHQUAKE

UPWARDS of six hundred lives were lost, many ships were wrecked or damaged, and an immense amount of property was destroyed by the tidal wave which burst on the western coast of South America in the month of May last, and which extended from Callão in the north to Chili in the south. The shocks of earthquake, though severe, did little damage; and the destruction of life and property was chiefly caused by the frightful upheaval and ingress of the sea. The flourishing town of Iquique, the principal port for nitrate shipments, is left as complete a ruin now as it was after the earthquake and inundation of 1867. At Arica, the sea washed over the town to the hill at the back of the church, and destroyed much valuable property. The wreck of the U.S. steamer *Wateree*, carried inland a couple of miles by the tidal wave of 1868, was again floated, and carried a mile or two further up the coast. The smelting and other mining works at Autogasta were all swept away. The shipping at Pabellon de Pica and the guano deposits suffered severely. The sea in some places rose sixty feet. At Callão the docks and piers suffered most, and a quantity of merchandise temporarily stowed on the docks was ruined by the water. Our sketches, for which we are indebted to Mr. J. Miller, of Melville House, Mount View Road, Hornsey, do not need much further explanation. The lower town of Pabellon de Pica, in which there were 5,000 inhabitants, was almost entirely swept away. At Iquique, the rich were the chief sufferers, the part of the town most affected being the warehouses close to the waterside. From the bay Iquique looked much the same as ever, but on landing the havoc made was wofully apparent. One of our sketches shows a house in the principal commercial street of Iquique, most of which had been completely washed away, and with it property to the amount of one and a half million dollars.

SCENES IN THE STELVIO PASS

THE picturesque views shown in these two engravings are especially interesting just now, as representing the scene of the wife-murder of which M. Henri de Tourville has been convicted in an Austrian court of Justice. M. de Tourville, *alias* Pehreau, is a native of France, who has been naturalised in this country. He is about forty years of age, and early in 1875, he being then a widower, was married to a widow lady named Pike, who was some seven years his senior, and who made a will by which, at her death, he would inherit a fortune of 37,000*l.* In July last year they were travelling together in the Austrian Tyrol, and on the 15th of that month, when they had reached a point in the road which winds round the mountains between Trafoi and Franzenshoehe, he dismissed his carriage, telling the driver that he and his wife would proceed on foot. An hour or so later he arrived at Trafoi and said that his wife had fallen down and hurt herself. He, however, showed no signs of anxiety or grief, and merely asked that some one might go back with him to fetch her. After some search, the body of the poor lady was found under the edge of cliff. De Tourville was at once suspected of having killed her, and was taken into custody, but was subsequently released and came to England, where he was rearrested, and, after an examination at Bow Street, was sent back to Austria, under the Extradition Act, to undergo the trial which has ended in his conviction.

"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT"

THIS sketch represents a scene which was of too frequent occurrence at the Glasgow police-courts during the dog-panic which prevailed in that city in the early part of the present year. The authorities, alarmed by some foolish rumours as to the prevalence of hydrophobia, gave orders that all dogs found in the streets unaccompanied by their owners should be forthwith "comprehended," and unless claimed within a few hours should be destroyed. This absurd and cruel regulation was enforced for some time, and very many valuable animals were put to death without rhyme or reason. At last, however, the magistrates were brought to their senses by the institution of a number of actions for damages, and the raid was at once stopped. In our sketch the intelligent and trustful expression of the beautiful collie which is "Waiting for the Verdict" ought, one would have imagined, to have been sufficient to protect his life, but we fear that it was of little avail with such judges as he had.

"WHAT'S THAT?"

NOT a very unnatural exclamation to proceed from the lips of a young lady, who is endowed with nerves of the ordinary feminine calibre, and who is engaged in traversing the recesses of a thick wood with no companion save her Spitz dog, a species of the canine tribe which is more addicted to barking than to biting. Amid the general silence of a wood, which is at times almost oppressive, especially during the heat of a summer's day, when the birds rock themselves to sleep, and even the insects indulge in a *siesta*, a sudden crackling of branches is especially startling, conjuring up as it does visions of ill-looking men armed with bludgeons, and lying in wait for their prey. The noise is generally to be accounted for by some far less alarming cause. Either a decayed limb has fallen from a tree with a crash, or some beast of prey of the harmless sort still to be found in these islands—a stoat or polecat, may be—has for the nonce abandoned his nocturnal habits, and is making a daylight raid in hopes of finding some victim asleep. In this, or half-a-dozen other ways, we may answer our heroine's exclamation.

WISCONSIN SCENERY

LYING, as it does, nearly in the centre of the North American Continent, and extending as far north as the 47th parallel of latitude, the climate of the State of Wisconsin is very severe during the winter months, and hence it, with its sister State of Minnesota, which lies still further north, is a favourite resort for emigrants from the Scandinavian countries of Europe—Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Iceland. Wisconsin, which covers about the same area as England and Wales, may be described as a broad undulating plain, many parts of which are densely timbered, and dotted over with small lakes. Along the north-eastern shore, which is bounded by Lake Superior, and on the western border, mounds or bluffs of considerable elevation occur, and some of these have been fashioned by the long-continued action of the sun, air, and water into very quaint and fantastic shapes, as shown in our sketches. These formations, which appear to be more common in the New World than in the Old, may imaginatively be supposed to be supplied by Nature to atone for the absence of the picturesque ruins of castles and abbeys with which the landscape of Europe is diversified.

H.M.S. "INFLEXIBLE"

THE controversy which is now going on with regard to the merits of this ship as a vessel of war turns upon the question whether the fire of an enemy directed against her unarmoured ends would or would not have the effect of depriving her of that stability and buoyancy which are the very first requisites in naval architecture. The *Inflexible* is a turret-ship of the citadel kind, the turrets or battery being situated amidships. The central division of the hull is heavily armoured with iron plates and teak backing, and there seems to be no dispute as to the strength or efficiency of this portion of the vessel, but, beyond its limits fore and aft, the vertical armour plating gives place to a horizontal shot-proof deck, and the sides of the hull are left unprotected. A shot striking this portion of the hull, broadside, would first meet with an iron plating of 1 inch in thickness, which would be little or no obstacle. It would then come to a cork belt backing for stability and flotation. Behind this cork is a water-tight gallery called the "coffer-dam," in which are enclosed four watertight coal compartments. In action this passage would be stuffed with sacking, the expected effect of which would be to break the force of a projectile, and perhaps change its course, as well as to hinder the inflow of water through the breach made by the shot. The coal stowed in the watertight compartments would further assist in checking the force of the projectile. The contention of those who are dissatisfied with the *Inflexible* is that she would have no stability independent of her unarmoured ends, but, on the other hand, it is argued, that it would be practically impossible to deprive her entirely of their support, and therefore that for all practical purposes she will make a trustworthy and valuable fighting vessel. We have no wish to enter into the controversy. Suffice it to say that Mr. Ward Hunt has accepted the responsibility of completing the vessel on the original plans, and that being so, we can only hope that events may prove that Mr. E. J. Reed has been over-anxious and mistaken. To revert to our engraving, Fig. 1 is a plan of the lower deck, exhibiting the proportion of the armoured and unarmoured parts of the vessel; Fig. 2 shows the peculiar position of the turrets, placed not as in ordinary ships, in the centre of the ship, but diagonally and on either side in order to give the guns a wider sweep. Fig. 3 is a section of one of the vulnerable ends near the centre of the vessel; Fig. 4 the midship section containing the turrets, boilers, engines, &c. In Fig. 7 we have a bow view of the ship preparing for action, all top-hamper spar rigging being thrown over the lee side, leaving her as shown in Fig. 5. The rest of the sketches require no explanation.

NOTE.——In our description last week of the new steamer *Lord of the Isles*, we erroneously stated that she belonged to Messrs. Hutcheson and Co., the owners of the *Iona*, &c. The new vessel, we are informed, is the property of the Glasgow and Inverary Steamboat Company, and her speed is 22 miles (not 20) an hour, the fact being that she is one of the fastest paddle steamers afloat.—In our article last week on Tunbridge Wells we stated that the Sussex Hotel had vanished. We are now informed by the proprietor that the "Sussex" stands where it has always stood, and is as flourishing as ever.

HOME.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.——The one great agitating topic of the week has been the despatch of 3,000 troops to reinforce the garrisons of Malta and Gibraltar. Her Majesty's Ministers have been judiciously reticent as to their reasons for this step. Nothing could well be imagined more delightfully vague than the replies of Lord Derby and Sir Stafford Northcote. The garrisons are below their proper strength, and "in view of the uncertain and disturbed condition of Europe," or "the unsettled state of the Mediterranean region;" it is unadvisable to allow them to remain so. This commits the Government to nothing either way, and leaves every one to give the reins to his imagination and explain the facts this way or that as to him shall seem best; and indeed this has been done with a vengeance by the daily newspapers, each vehemently contending that the action of Government is susceptible of but one interpretation, which is of course that which the particular print has all along foreseen would be the policy that circumstances would develop. Meanwhile the Cabinet wisely keeps its own council, and goes steadily on its way, doubtless with the honest intention of doing its best for "British Interests" in the difficult position into which European politics are driftng.—The main topic dealt with by Mr. Bright, at Bradford, on Wednesday, after paying tribute to the character of the man whose statue he had unveiled, was, of course, the Eastern Question, and the position of England with regard to it. He spoke at great length, reviewing the course of events since 1859, and said that it was unfortunate that there was a war party both in the Press and in Parliament, though he believed that it was not strong enough to prevail against the true interests of the country. He thought that if Russia was not allowed to approach Constantinople it would tend to prolong the war. Our demands with regard to the Bosphorus and the closing of the Suez Canal were felt by other nations to be unreasonable and arrogant, and there was great danger of an European combination against us, which would result in our humiliation as a nation. Our true policy, both in morals and statesmanship, was one of neutrality, and if that were adhered to Britain might one day, clearing off her ancient errors, lead the grand procession of the nations in the path of civilization and peace.—While Mr. Bright was engaged in eulogising the great apostle of Free Trade, Lord Hartington was being made free of the Fishmongers' Company of London. In returning thanks for the honour, he alluded to our foreign policy, and said that both Lord Granville and himself had endeavoured to keep the subject clear of party politics, although he admitted that that was a difficult thing to do. They had never denied that British interests were involved, and though they had thought that the disastrous war might have been avoided had our Government conducted matters differently, yet since the outbreak of hostilities they had strengthened the hands of Her Majesty's Ministers in maintaining a strict and calm neutrality, believing that such was the real wish of the nation, and the best course for its interests.

Matrimonial Eccentricities.——The Dunmow. Flitch was on Monday duly claimed by and bestowed upon a happy couple, who, after twenty-eight years of married-life, were able to swear that no quarrel or regret had ever clouded the clear sky of their connubial felicity.—In default of being able to live happily with one's wife it is useful to know how to get rid of her without incurring the expenses of the Divorce Court. This problem appears to have been solved by one Frederick Dudley, a bricklayer, of Birmingham, who, when charged, the other day, with having left his spouse chargeable to the parish, coolly produced a stamped agreement of separation, to which their respective marks were attached. The document was lengthy and curiously worded, but perhaps Mr. Dudley would not have found it of much use had it not been for the fact that the lady had put herself beyond the protection of the law by her disregard of the seventh commandment.—A curious incident occurred at the nuptials of a French couple at Dover the other day. An awkward pause was made in the ceremony in consequence of the bridegroom's inability to find the ring. After a fruitless search, and an equally vain endeavour to borrow a substitute, the clergyman sent the verger for the key of the church door, but the "eye" of this was found to be *too small* for the bride's finger. The difficulty was at last overcome by using a steel key-ring belonging to the bridegroom.

The Wimbledon Meeting came to an end on Saturday with the distribution of prizes by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and the usual display of athletic feats, which form a somewhat poor substitute for the review and march past which in former years attracted so many sight-seers to the Common. On the Thursday the Lords and Commons match was won by the representatives of the Upper Chamber. The Public School prizes fell to Cheltenham, and the Elcho Shield to the Irish Team, who made some magnificent scores. On Friday the chief event was the competitions by Mounted Riflemen for the Loyd-Lindsay Prize, which was carried off by the Warwickshire Yeomanry. At the close of the meeting Lieut.-Colonel Phillips, the Camp Commandant, issued an order expressing his satisfaction with the conduct and discipline of the majority of the Volunteers, but remarking that some of the non-commissioned officers appear to have been appointed without regard to their fitness for the duties, and that there is still great laxness amongst the Volunteer ranks as regards speaking to officers without saluting them. He is glad that the discreditable incongruities of costume are becoming more rare, and hopes that in another year there will be no room for censure in this respect.

The Engineer Volunteer Corps in camp at Chatham have been working energetically and earnestly constructing redoubts and other military fortifications. The first battalion completed its work on Tuesday last, and left the camp to make room for the second battalion, which arrived on that day. The drill was to be brought to a conclusion yesterday, Friday, when some siege operations on an extensive scale were to take place in the presence of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief, who would also inspect the various fortifications which have been erected, and review the troops and volunteers in camp.

London Mortality decreased last week, and 1,438 deaths were registered against 1,449 during the previous seven days, showing a decline of 11, and being at the rate of 21·2 per 1,000. There were 173 deaths from diarrhœa, an increase of 4, but being 116 below the average. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 181, an increase of 22, and being 35 above the average. The fatal cases of small-pox rose from 32 to 35; the Metropolitan Asylum Small-pox Hospitals contained 588 cases on Saturday last. There were 42 deaths from measles (an increase of 14), 19 from scarlet fever, 6 from diphtheria, 36 from whooping-cough (a decline of 10), and 21 from different forms of fever. There were 2,415 births registered against 2,310 the previous week. Only 37·8 hours of sunshine were registered out of 112 hours that the sun was above the horizon. The mean temperature was 56·1°, or 3·4° below the average.

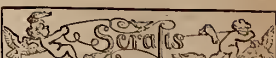
Miscellaneous.——On Tuesday the Lord Mayor gave a banquet at the Mansion House to the Brethren of the Trinity House and the members of the Thames Conservancy Board, and in responding to the toast of "The Lady Mayoress" alluded to her approaching marriage, remarking that it was 200 years since any wedding had been celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, and that never had a Lady Mayoress been known to have been married there. Sir Garnet Wolseley, responding for "The Army," said that our forces were never in a more efficient condition, and in allusion to the War remarked that when our neighbour's house was on fire and our own roof threatened it was time to look to our fire-engines.—H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge on Tuesday presented commissions and prizes to the successful cadets at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The sword of honour, which is usually presented for exemplary conduct, was withheld, as the general behaviour of the cadets had not been good, although no serious offence had been committed.—The first stone of a new wing of the Oxford Military College was laid on Saturday by the Earl of Morley, who also presented some prizes and delivered an address to the students.—A conference as to the best means of educating the deaf and dumb was commenced on Tuesday at the rooms of the National Social Science Association.—Two enterprising Americans, Capt. Crapo and his wife, have by good luck got safely across the Atlantic in a cockle-shell of a boat some ten feet in length. They are said to have suffered much from exposure and want of sleep, but we can feel no sympathy for them when we reflect upon the utter uselessness of such an undertaking.

Music

Royal Italian Opera.——Beyond the fact that the Ophelia of Mdlle. Albani becomes year after year a more finished impersonation (more poetical it could hardly be), and that both in a vocal and dramatic sense it may fairly take rank with her Senta, Elizabeth, and Elsa—*her* Wagnerian trilogy—there is nothing to add to what has already been said about it. To follow Christine Nilsson in this, one of the brightest of her creations, was no grateful task; but here success has recompensed ambition, and the Ophelia of the fair Canadian is pronounced by competent judges only second to that of the fair Swede. The Hamlet of Signor Cotogni shows every indication of earnest sympathy and careful study. It is not Faure's conception; but it is Cotogni's, and Signor Cotogni has a good deal to say for himself. The Queen of Mdlle. D'Angeri is now what it has always been—thoughtful and intelligent; and by no means the least striking incident of the performance is the great scene between the two—the scene of the portraits. The other characters are more or less well sustained; and yet, though only presented once in a way, the opera of M. Ambroise Thomas, despite its unquestionable merit, has not up to this time succeeded in impressing the London public to any great extent. On Saturday night the season came to an end with Verdi's *Aida*.

Her Majesty's Opera.——In consequence of the departure of M. Faure, *Il Trovatore* was substituted for *Otello* on the occasion of Signor Tamberlik's benefit. On Tuesday night *Rigoletto* was performed, with the new singer, Madame Gerster, as Gilda. We are inclined to think that were Madame Gerster to turn aside for a time from parts the prevalent characteristics of which are florid passages, more or less elaborately ornamented, and devote her attention seriously to the study and practice of the plain *cantilena*, where level singing is indispensable, she would improve the quality of her middle voice without in any way endangering the supremacy of her favourite high notes. The manner in which she sang more than one *cantabile* phrase on Tuesday night convinced us of this. As examples we would especially point to her delivery of the melodious passage "Quanto affetto," &c., which begins her share in the expressive duet with Rigoletto ("Veglia, O! donna, questo fiore"), and Gilda's recital to her father of the story of her clandestine meetings with Walter Malde, the pretended student. The charming soliloquy "Caro nome," but for two florid cadenzas quite out of keeping with its character, would have been irreproachable. Looked at as a whole, the Gilda of Madame Gerster is hardly up to the level of her Amina, Lucia, or Elvira. Madame Gerster has yet to acquire experience in the histrionic department of her calling; but if she possesses the intelligence for which we are inclined to credit her, she will doubtless acquire it. The Rigoletto of Signor Del Puente, as times go, is of more than average merit, and, seeing that we have no longer a Ronconi among us, more than acceptable. Signor Talbo as the Duke attempts too much, and perhaps for that reason achieves too little. He has a good voice, and should employ it with less continuous forcing; otherwise, one of these days it may chance to fail him. The most completely artistic performance is that of Madame Trebelli, in the part of Maddalena, which, though comparative a small one, the clever lady raises to importance. The *Huguenots*, on Wednesday, once more introduced to us the Valentine of Madame Christine Nilsson. It is a pity we should be allowed so few occasion of hearing the accomplished Scandinavian in this romantic part, for which her personal attributes as well as natural genius eminently fit her. This was our opinion when she first tried it—in 1874—an opinion strengthened the year following, and by this last essay fully confirmed. It was time that Madame Nilsson should exhibit her inborn capacity for the adequate impersonation of characters belonging to the highest walks of lyric drama, instead of limiting her splendid resources to the ordinary routine of conventional Italian opera, with Margaret, Mignon, or Ophelia occasionally thrown in. Now, in her golden prime, it becomes not only her right, but her duty, to turn it to the best uses, if only for the sake of that art of which she is so brilliant an ornament. Her Valentine, to be brief, ranks among the most finished performances witnessed of recent years on the operatic boards. It is poetically conceived, deeply studied, elaborately wrought out, and—a charm in itself where such an engaging individuality as that of Madame Nilsson is concerned—original. Of late years Madame Nilsson has been making extraordinary progress as an actress. This was especially shown on Wednesday night. The superb duet between Valentine and Raoul, after the chorus of the "Blessing of the Swords" was, as it should ever be, the culminating point. A more vivid impression than was created by this fine display of vocal and dramatic power could scarcely be imagined. Wagner, by the way, has done some good, in one special direction, for during this animated scene, which in his *Oper und Drama* the musician of the *Nibelungen* extols so highly, as having, through its poetical significance, inspired the composer, with whom Wagner deals so harshly, every attempt at demonstrative approval was hushed down. At the fall of the curtain, however, the applause from all parts of the house was as hearty as it was unanimous, and Madame Nilsson was compelled to appear four times in succession before the curtain, accompanied by her occasionally somewhat obstreperous but always enthusiastic Raoul (Sig. Fancelli). The other characters were as before. This performance of the *Huguenots* was the event of the season. Madame Nilsson should now try Norma, Semiramide—even Fidelio—to each and any of which characters she is in all respects eminently suited. It would be worth while to revive the *Vestale* of Spontini, or, still better, the *Armida* of Gluck, for such an artist. *I Puritani* was the opera on Thursday. Last night we were promised *Faust*, for the last appearance of Madame Nilsson. To night *Il Flauto Magico*, with Madame Gerster as the "Queen of Night," brings one more opera season to an end.

Waifs.——The post of secretary to the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club, left vacant through the death of Mr. Edward Land, has been accepted by Mr. W. H. Cummings, than whom, for more reasons than one, a more eligible successor could hardly be named.



Scraps

The Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, presented to the town by the Mayor, will be opened by Lord Derby on September 6.

The Works of the New National Opera-House on the Thames Embankment will be resumed next week, and the building is to be roofed and internally finished by Lady Day.

Feminine Curiosity is proverbially dangerous, and a striking instance is given by an advertisement quoted from a provincial newspaper by the *Live Stock Journal and Fanciers' Gazette*: "Will any one kindly lend a lady a live Colorado beetle for a few days? Great care shall be taken of it. Payment if desired. Address K. L., office of this paper."

The First Submarine Telegraph Cable manufactured in France was successfully laid last week between Havre and Honfleur. To the former town it was transported from the manufactory at Grenelle. Several ingenious novelties for receiving and paying out telegraph cable were used, the invention of Mr. Henry Menier, which will be of interest to telegraph engineers as contributing greatly to the success of the occasion.

The Fifth Annual Dinner of the *employés* of Messrs. H. R. Baines and Co. (Limited), proprietors of The Graphic, took place at the "Ship Hotel," Shepperton, on Saturday last the 21st inst., the chair being occupied by Arthur Locker, Esq. A capital dinner was provided, of which about fifty partook. Songs and speeches followed, and the party did not break up till a late hour. The stewards were Messrs. E. and H. Hall.

The Barrenness of Dramatic Invention in England is noted by the Paris *Figaro*, which gives with considerable pride the lists of adaptations from the French now occupying the English stage. Thus at the Lyceum there is the *Courrier de Lyon*; at the Adelphi, *Les Pauvres de Paris (Streets of London)*; at the Criterion, *Les Dominos Roses*; at the Princess's, *Les Oiseaux de Proie (After Dark)*; at the Alhambra, *Orphée aux Enfers*; while recently the Haymarket has given *Le Mari à la Campagne (The Serious Family)*; the Prince of Wales's, *Le Village (The Vicarage)*; the Globe, *Montjoye (Mammon)*; and the Olympic, *Le Portfeuille Rouge (the Scuttled Ship)*.

The Annexation of the Transvaal.——The following, which we reprint *verbatim*, has come to us by postcard from Utrecht:—

A FRIENDLY HINT.

About one hundred Years ago. Pit committed blunder on blunder till he drove the Americans mad. The results are known.

Now a days the Secretary of State Carnavon, Commits blunder on blunder. He will drive the Africans mad. What will be the results.

It is wiser to deal friendly with a free people than to Indispose a growing Nation.

The American Sample ought to teach the rulers, that National hatred does not easily wear off.

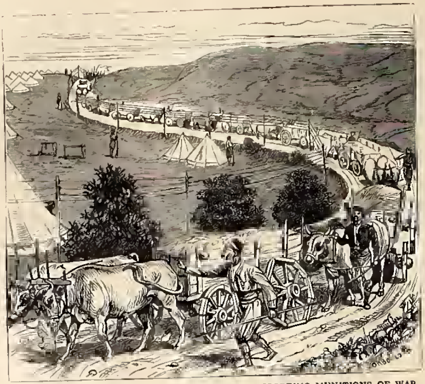
Would Carnavon imitate Peel and change his Policy in time, he would be in reality the great Statesman he fancies himself to be.

Julij 1877. so, be, it.

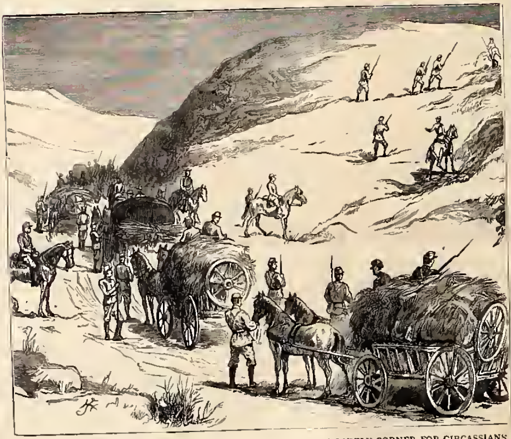
The Prevention of Sea-Sickness a subject interesting to many at the present season of holiday tours is discussed by the *Medical Examiner*, which states that the *Union Médicale* recommends the following simple method for the prevention of sea-sickness. A few drops—say from three to eight—of the nitrate of amyle are applied closely to the nose by means of a handkerchief. The inhalation must be rapid, care being taken to prevent the mixture of atmospheric air in any great quantity. The patient will soon feel a sense of pulsation in the temples and the face, losing its deadly hue, presents a light rose colour. These signs of salutary reaction continue for about half-an-hour, after which the individual falls asleep. The sickness may recommence in twenty-four hours or so; the inhalation, in such case, must be repeated as before. The remedy appears to act most efficaciously when employed immediately after the first act of vomiting. This method has been tried on 124 persons. In 121 cases the sickness was stopped at once; that is to say no efforts of vomiting were noted. In the remaining three cases it was necessary to repeat the inhalation two or three times, before the desired results were obtained.

Volunteer Sick-Bearers.——A meeting in connection with the scheme for organising this corps of volunteer sick-bearers was held on Wednesday at the establishment of the Society of Arts. Lieutenant-Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, M.P., presided. The Association, of which Mr. M'Clure is the secretary, proposes to establish in a few principal towns medical schools where volunteer surgeons may acquire the special training necessary for the skilful treatment of the wounded in the field, so that they should be in a position afterwards to instruct two or more men per company in the duties of sick-bearers. Several gentlemen have already notified their willingness to undergo the needful preparation, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge has approved of the proposal, and Miss Florence Nightingale has placed her name on a list of subscriptions opened in connection with it. No support having as yet been derived from the War Office, it was resolved yesterday, on the motion of Major Duncan, to petition that department to allow a competent medical officer to be quartered in London for the purpose of imparting instruction.

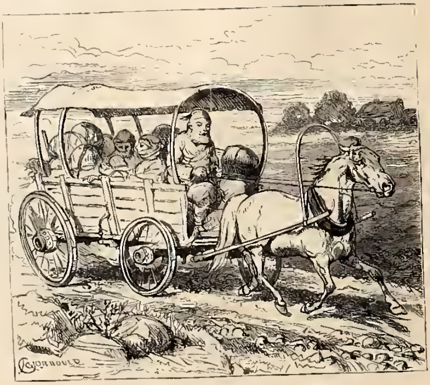
A Valuable Memento of American Independence is to be presented to the Queen by the Government of the United States. It is a State paper, "The Administrators of the United States Government at the beginning of its second century," and consists of a large sheet with an allegorical representation of the States, and the signatures of 401 Government officials ranging from the President to the Representatives. The paper bears at the top an eagle grasping a shield, olive branches, the cap of Liberty, and a scroll inscribed with the word "Constitution." On each side of the bird is a stand of colours, the whole resting on a representation of Plymouth Rock, which bears the dates 1776-1876, and the national motto "E Pluribus Unum." The border consists of faggots, typifying the original thirteen States, bound together with a band of stars, while above these are olive and oak branches—peace and strength—and a shield with similar emblems appears at each corner. This document is hermetically sealed between plates of glass, and was shown at the Philadelphia Exhibition. Copies are to be sent to the American State Libraries, and to the foreign Governments represented at the Centennial.



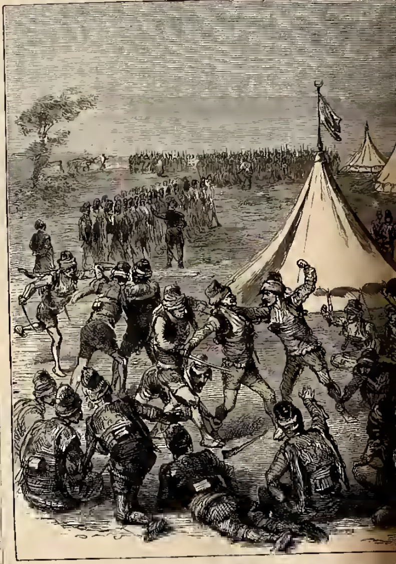
WITH THE TURKS—A TRAIN OF OX-CARTS TRANSPORTING MUNITIONS OF WAR



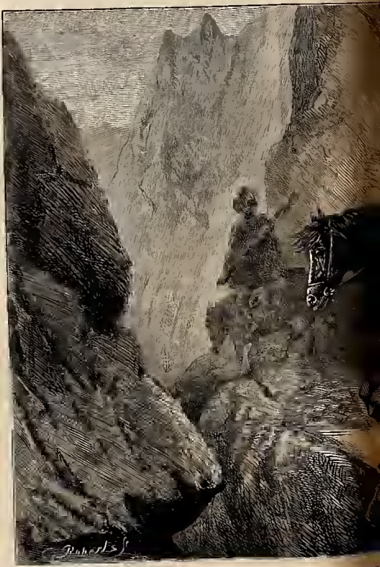
WITH THE RUSSIANS: A CONVOY TO THE ADVANCE POSTS—A LIKELY CORNER FOR CIRCASSIANS



WITH THE TURKS—FUGITIVES FROM RUSTCHUK

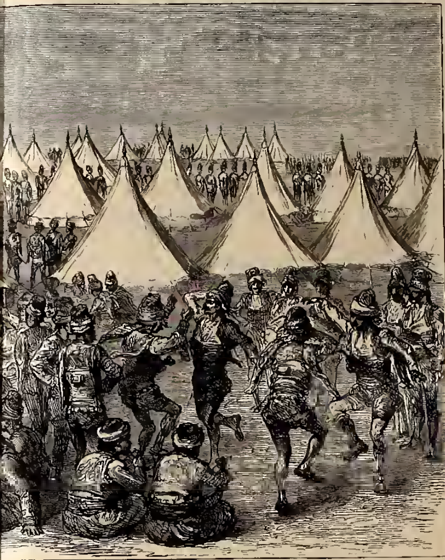


CONSTANTINOPLE—ENCAMPMENT OF ZEIBECK VOLUNTEERS

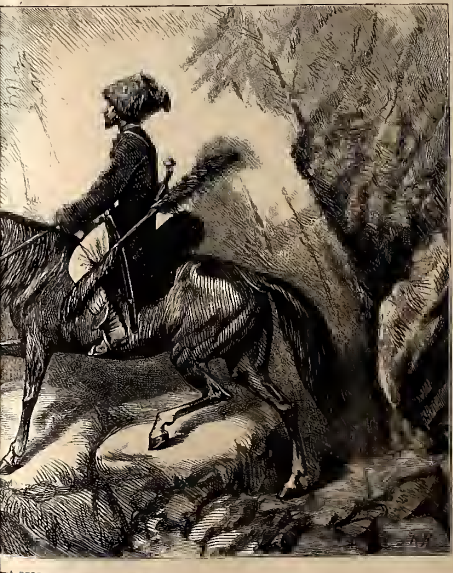


WITH THE TURK

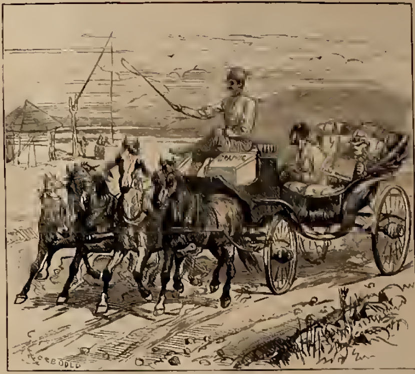
NOTES BY OUR ARTISTS:—AT SISTOVA, AT PAVOLO, WITH THE TU AND WITH THE



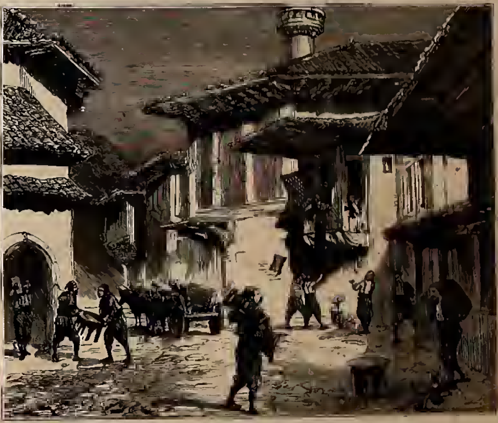
FROM THE ENVIRONS OF SMYRNA ON THE PLAIN OF CHICKLY, PERA



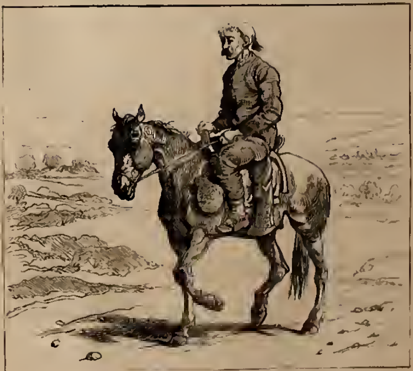
—A REBEL CIRCASSIAN HORSEMAN



WITH THE TURKS—CORRESPONDENTS ON THEIR WAY FROM SHUMLA TO KASPITCHAN



WITH THE RUSSIANS—BULGARIANS SACKING THE TURKISH QUARTER OF SISTOVA



WITH THE TURKS—A FOOT SOLDIER OUT FOR A DAY'S HOLIDAY

RKISH FORCES BETWEEN RUSTCHUCK AND SHUMLA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE,
URKISH ARMY IN ASIA

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The Russians are now fairly south of the Balkans, and having captured the Shipka Pass, are preparing for a march upon Adrianople. Throughout this campaign they have faithfully followed the German plan of invasion as practised in 1870, and, leaving strong detachments of their army before each strong Turkish position as they passed by it, have advanced rapidly through the country with their main body. As yet they have not encountered any serious opposition, for the Turkish ex-Commander-in-Chief Abd-ul-Kerim Pasha has kept his forces in such a determined state of inactivity and repose as to engender the idea that his apathy—which his friends can only excuse by reason of his advanced years and a chronic disease—has been purchased by Russian gold. The Sultan, however, now that his mind is thoroughly aroused to the danger of the situation, has taken matters into his own hand, and dismissing Abd-ul-Kerim, has appointed Mehemet Ali Pasha is his place, an energetic man of forty-seven, and a German by birth, though Ottoman by education. Suleiman Pasha also, who has shown considerable skill and energy in the recent Montenegrin campaign, has been appointed to the command of the forces south of the Balkans, and has now arrived at Adrianople with 20,000 of tried troops, and has effected a junction with Réouf Pasha—their joint forces amounting to 60,000 men. Thus, although the Russians have made good their advance throughout Bulgaria, and have even passed the dreaded Balkans, they may yet expect considerable trouble from the Turks, whose army as yet is undiminished—save by the few thousand men who surrendered at Nicopolis, and who have not, like their colleagues in Asia, had an opportunity to meet the Russians face to face. A few days will now probably bring about some sharp decisive fighting, as both Mehemet Ali and Suleiman Pashas have orders to take the offensive as soon as possible.

To resume our chronicle of events, the Shipka Pass was captured by Generals Gourko and Mursky, who, marching from Eski Sagra, where, as we detailed last week, they had crossed the mountains by a small mule track pass, boldly attacked and captured Kazanlik, the town at the mouth of the Shipka Pass, and subsequently made an attack on the Turkish entrenchments in the pass itself. The first attempt failed, and the Russians were driven back, but a second attack proved successful, and the Turks abandoning eight splendid positions, all well-fortified, the pass was occupied by the Russians.

The latter owe a good deal of their success to the Bulgarian guides, who led the advance guard over small passes only known to themselves, and consequently in no way defended by the Turks. North of the Balkans the Russians have met with a reverse, having been repulsed during an attack on Plevna on the 20th inst. by Osman Pasha, against whom the Grand Duke Nicholas is now concentrating a large force. The Russians have captured Tchneravoda, and are consequently in possession of the whole line of Trajan's Wall, but are devoting their main energies to the reduction of Rustchuk, where 60,000 men are said to have retreated. The Czarevitch, with 75,000 troops, under Prince Tchankovskoy and General Homovsky, is now busily investing the fortress, which at the same time is being actively bombarded by the batteries at Slobosia and Giurgevo. In the Dobrudscha General Zimmermann now has 45,000 men, and is ready to render powerful aid in the operations against Silistria, Varna, and Shumla, although it is hardly likely that any attack will be made on the last-named position, where the main body of the Turkish army is now stationed under Mehemet Ali. There have been plenty of skirmishes with no important results, the Turks claiming a small success between Shumla and Osman Bazar, at Kadikoi, and near Silistria. As for the Turks, the Russian advance has created considerable alarm south of the Balkans, and the various towns are striving to put themselves in a state of defence, Philippopolis setting the example by organising a National Guard. The railway traffic with Adrianople and the north is now interrupted, and the Turkish families are fast flying to the south. At Constantinople there is a perfect panic, not only from the fear of the Russian advance but also from the dread of the Turkish irregulars who may thus be forced back upon the capital. The Palace Cabal has been broken, and Redif Pasha has been disgraced, together with Abd-ul-Kerim, and both are to be court-martialled, but Mahmoud Damad still remains at the head of affairs, though as we have said the Sultan is now beginning to think and act for himself.

The Porte continues to accuse the Russian troops of committing great cruelties upon fugitive Mussulmans and their wives and children, and a circular testifying to the truth of the terrible massacre of fugitives and other atrocities which we alluded to last week has been signed by twenty newspaper correspondents at Shumla, amongst whom are the representatives of *The Times*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Morning Advertiser*, *Scotsman*, *New York Herald*, our own artist, and the artist of the *Illustrated London News*. Another circular issued by the Porte details the various villages burnt and the number of inhabitants massacred by the Russians and Bulgarians. Some dozen villages are mentioned, with an aggregate of 4,763 victims, besides a number burnt alive in a mosque at Chiansi Keui, and of many thousand houses burnt and utterly destroyed. Of course these statements are probably exaggerated, but it is certainly the duty of the Russian Government when invading a country in the name of "Humanity and Christianity" to give some reply to such categorical accusations of barbarity, and, with a civilised Power, unprecedented atrocities—which in some cases are vouched for by the signatures of English gentlemen. On their side the Russians accuse the Turks of atrocities upon the Christians, and of firing upon a flag of truce, while in consequence of rumours of Turkish outrages Mr. Layard has sent our gunboat *Rapid* to Karavarna in order to protect the Christians.

GREECE, in consequence of rumours of Turkish outrages upon the Christians in the Greek provinces of the Porte, is working herself into a war fever, and military preparations are being actively pushed forward, while the insurrectionary agitation in Crete is being busily fanned.—**SERVIA**, also, is singing *Te Deums* at Belgrade for the success of the Russians, and the Skuptschina has granted the Minister of War a credit for the maintenance of a corps of observation, and to establish a camp of militia.—From **MONTENEGRO** we hear of resumed hostilities and the capture of several Turkish positions in the Duga Pass, and in the neighbourhood of Nicksics and from **ROUMANIA** it is reported that a force under General Manu has at last crossed the Danube, and is operating with the Russians at Nikopol.

From **ASIA** the only news appears to be a few skirmishes of minor importance round Kars.

FRANCE.——There is little actual news. The Government and the Liberals are continuing their warfare, the latter making a point of acting in a strictly legal manner, and accordingly, instead of violently abusing and opposing the arbitrary measures which the Cabinet have taken to prevent the propagation and sale of the Republican journals, are quietly prosecuting those various Prefects and sub-Prefects, who have been active in prohibiting the sale of such prints as the *Temps* and *Bien Public*. An attack also in the Ministerial *Bulletin des Communes* on the 363 Deputies, calling them "Communists" and other approbrious names, has been declared "slanderous" by the Liberal jurists, who state that each individual Deputy can prosecute the Government for defamation. This *Bulletin des Communes* is being actively circulated throughout the provincial villages, 250,000 copies being printed weekly, and in articles entitled "A Radical Forger," "The Radicals at the Bar of Justice," and the "Break-up of the 363" violently abuses the Liberals, and urges the peasantry to vote for the Conservatives, threatening them with every species of disaster, even down to famine, if they do otherwise. The Railway Strike across the Atlantic is also made by the Conservatives the text for various sermons against all Republican and Radical institutions. The Minister of Finance has issued a circular to his *employés*, telling them that the Government will point out the candidate who is to be elected, and will brook no insubordination. The Marshal starts for his provincial tour to-day (Saturday), and will, according to an official announcement, deliver an important speech during his tour.

Paris is tranquil, and has been mainly occupied with discussing a scandalous trial of a woman who employed a workman to blind her lover with sulphuric acid, in order that she might nurse him and gain possession of his money in case of his death. A more fiendish deed has scarcely ever been perpetrated, even in Paris. It is now the dead season in theatrical circles, but there has been one first representation—*Les Trois Bougeoirs*, a bright little one-act comedy by MM. Eugène Grange and Victor Bernard, at the Gymnase, and a revival of Beaumarchais' *Barbier de Seville* at the Comédie Française, that famous piece which, after being prohibited for three years a century and two years ago, created so great a sensation at the Court of Louis XVI.

From the provinces come prognostications of a good wine and corn harvest, and the news of the sudden death of the Bishop of Nevers, whose Ultramontane circular brought about the anti-Clerical vote of the late Chamber of Deputies.

UNITED STATES.——The railway strike has assumed the proportions of a formidable insurrection, and proves to have been a well-organised movement amongst the operatives of the leading lines. The strikers are joined by thousands of the lower orders and many workmen of other trades who have been of late completely demoralised by the slackness of work throughout the States, and the rioters have succeeded in many cases in utterly defeating the troops, and committing robberies and wanton destruction of property. The strike first assumed a serious aspect last week, when the militia of West Virginia declared their sympathy with the strikers, and the Governor had to appeal to President Hayes for State aid. On the 19th inst. the strike extended to the Pennsylvania Railway, and the strikers took possession of the Pittsburg Terminus and blockaded the line: while on the Ohio and Baltimore line the strikers blockaded the line at Cumberland, the troops having gained possession of the Martinsburg Terminus. At Philadelphia the next day the terminus of the Pennsylvania Railway was taken possession of by a strong body of police—a wise precautionary measure, as on Saturday the strike extended until the three chief railways—the Pennsylvania, the Erie, and the Baltimore and Ohio—were completely blockaded, as well as several Western lines. At Baltimore, the Governor having ordered two of the Maryland regiments to assemble at Camden Station, to be despatched up the line, a mob of 10,000 men collected and attacked the soldiers, and set fire to the station.

The troops fired on the mob in reply, and it was thought prudent to retain them in the city, which, owing to the energetic measures adopted by the Governor, has since been restored to comparative quietude, the mob being kept in order by reinforcements of troops, and the arrival of an ironclad, and the garrison at Fort M'Henry, which dominates the city.

The entire military force of Pennsylvania was now ordered under arms; but in many cases the militia, sympathising with the rioters, refused to respond, and all the available State troops were accordingly brought into requisition. A detachment was despatched from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and, the Sheriff heading them, advanced towards the rioters with warrants for the arrest of the ringleaders. The rioters attacked the troops and killed the sheriff, upon which the troops opened fire. The mob, then numbering some 10,000, took possession of the heights, showered stones upon the troops, and forced them into the locomotive round-house. Here the unfortunate soldiers had to stand a regular siege until next day, when the mob setting fire to railway cars, and pushing them against the round-house, ignited the building. The soldiers then retreated, and, becoming disorganised, fairly took to flight, leaving fifteen dead and wounded colleagues, while the mob gave itself up to unlimited license, and roamed about the streets burning, destroying, and plundering *ad libitum*. Every building containing arms was ransacked; hotels were sacked; a hundred and twenty-five locomotives were destroyed, and over 1,000 cars burnt, many being laden with corn and petroleum. At length the mob became weary of plundering, and the respectable citizens, forming themselves into a Vigilance Committee, succeeded in restoring order, which has since been maintained.

The strike, however, continued to spread, the operatives of the New York Central joined the movement, and at Philadelphia there were various attacks upon the station, which, however, the police succeeded in repulsing. At Harrisburg and various other places the rioters held their ground, but there was no repetition of the Pittsburg outrages. At New York there has naturally been great excitement, business has been almost suspended, and great agitation has been caused by several meetings held to sympathise with the strikers. Farther north, at Buffalo and Lake Shore, there have been conflicts between the strikers and the troops, while the agitation has reached as far as San Francisco, where the "working men," to the number of 10,000, held an anti-Chinese meeting, and attempted a general massacre and burning of the Chinese quarters, but were fortunately overpowered by the police. The whole Eastern system of railways (New England excepted) is completely disorganised, and fears are entertained of a failure of the food supplies.

In the mean time the Government is doing its utmost to check the insurrection—for such we can only call it. All the available troops have been concentrated in the Atlantic States, under General Hancock at Philadelphia and General Pope at St. Louis. The President has issued proclamations to the rioters, and has notified to the Militia of all States to apply to the War Office for orders. By the latest news the situation is improved, lawlessness is under control, and the Cabinet consider that the crisis has passed. The Pennsylvania Railway were able on Wednesday partly to resume their traffic, but announced their intention of resisting the strikers' demands to the last. Several other companies, however, have effected a compromise.

INDIA.——The famine reports from Madras are exceedingly gloomy this week, as the rain has almost entirely ceased, and the situation is regarded as exceedingly critical, a second year of scarcity being now apprehended in Madras and Mysore. The mortality in the Relief Camps is already very great, and should the rain not fall it will increase enormously. In Bombay also there has been a break in the rains.

THE TRANSVAAL.——The news hence is very satisfactory, and the effect on the natives by the review of the British troops at Pretoria on the Queen's birthday is said to have been exceedingly good. Secocoeni has submitted to the Colonial Government, but it is said that the Zulu King, Cetywayo, is annoyed at the annexation, and that missionaries and natives are taking refuge in Natal. Ex-President Burgers attended Sir Bartle Frere's ball in honour of the Queen's birthday at Cape Town.

THE COURT

THE Queen, the Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold are now in the Isle of Wight. They will remain at Osborne for about a month, and will then go to Balmoral as usual to spend the autumn. Her Majesty, the Princess and the Prince, were present at the service performed at Osborne on Sunday morning, and in the evening the Rev. George and Mrs. Prothero dined with the Queen. Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell has also dined with Her Majesty, and the Queen has taken her usual walks and drives, while Prince Leopold has been yachting in the *Alberta*.—The Queen will give 100*l*. towards the restoration of St. Alban's Abbey. Her Majesty does not usually contribute to church restorations, but makes this exception in consequence of the great antiquarian and historical interest attached to the Abbey. The Queen will also subscribe 50*l*. towards the expenses of the Social Science Congress at Aberdeen in September.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday went with his children Prince George and Princess Louise to Lady Holland's garden-party. On Monday morning the Prince went down to Chislehurst to see the ex-Empress Eugénie, and in the afternoon the Prince and Princess visited the Duchess of Cambridge. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess again visited the Duchess of Cambridge and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz. The Prince and Princess will spend Goodwood week with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, and afterwards intend taking a cruise in the Royal yacht, their children accompanying them.—The attack of continued fever from which Prince Albert Victor has been suffering is not very severe. Saturday last was the 14th day of the Prince's illness, and he is going on satisfactorily.

The Princess Louise was at Lady Holland's garden party on Saturday. The Princess and the Marquis of Lorne have since been staying with Frances Countess Waldegrave and Lord Carlingford at Strawberry Hill.—To-day (Saturday) Princess Christian will lay the corner stone of the new workshops belonging to the Home for Little Boys, and Prince Christian will preside at the luncheon.

CHURCH NEWS

THE NEW BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.——Dr. A. W. Thorold, late Vicar of St. Pancras, was consecrated to his new office on Wednesday last, in Westminster Abbey, in presence of an immense congregation. The ceremony was performed by the Primate, assisted by the Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Winchester, Ely, Guildford, Durham, St. David's, Oxford, London, and St. Albans, the two last mentioned acting as the presenting Bishops. Dean Stanley and nearly the whole of the Abbey clergy were also present. The preacher was the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley, Bart., who, taking his text from 1 Tim. iv. 16., sketched the history and character of the Christian Ministry, and repudiated the commonly-received doctrine of Apostolical Succession, contending that the Episcopate consisting not in a succession of forms, but in faith and doctrine.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS which will be held at Croydon, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, will commence on the 9th of October with a special opening service and a sermon by the Rev. Professor Lightfoot; and the closing sermon on the 13th will be by the Rev. Canon Farrar. Amongst the most interesting subjects set down for discussion, are "Mahomedanism in relation to Christianity;" "Christian faith and sceptical culture in their relative bearings on practical life;" "The best means of promoting united action and mutual toleration between different Schools of Thought within the Church;" "Representative Assemblies of the Church of England;" "The readjustments, if any, desirable in the relations of Church and State;" "The mutual relations between the Church and Nonconformity;" "The Church in relation to Trades Union;" "The best methods of diffusing Biblical and Theological Knowledge;" "The Church in relation to Public Amusements;" and "The Observance of the Lord's Day."

VARIOUS.——At the Exeter Hall meeting held last week in opposition to Auricular Confession, Sir T. Chambers, M.P., in moving that an address be presented to the Queen, said that nothing could be more convincing of the reality of our danger than the fact that in twenty years we had passed from a state of things in which one clergyman proposed the practice of Confession, to one made conspicuous by the adhesion of 700 "priests" to the doctrines of such a work as that published for the benefit of the Holy Cross Society. The resolution was adopted, and also another proposed by Mr. Newdegate, M.P., calling on the Bishops to use their authority and influence for the repression of the practice, and a third inviting all loyal Churchmen to assist the Church Association. At a meeting of the Holborn Branch of the English Church Union the

Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, who presided, defended the publication of "The Priest in Absolution," by the Holy Cross Society, which he said had been undertaken to limit rather than extend its circulation. It made him quite indignant to think that persons who knew nothing about what they were speaking should dare to question the purity of those who taught and practised confession. Resolutions were passed, approving of the firm action of the Society, and regretting that the Bishops should have introduced the subject in the House of Lords without first consulting their clergy.—The various Committees of the Wesleyan Conference at Bristol have been very busy during the week preparing reports on all sorts of subjects to be laid before the Congress as soon as its session commences.—The new Church of St. John's, Copthorn, near Three Bridges, was last week opened by the Bishop of Chichester, who preached an eloquent sermon to a large congregation, amongst whom were most of the local clergy. The church, which is a Gothic structure designed by Mr. Brock, is the gift of Lady Lampson, and stands upon freehold land presented by Sir Curtis Lampson, Bart.

PARLIAMENT

On Monday night the House of Commons was drawn together in large numbers by the prospect of varying interest in the proceedings. In the first place there was the expectation of an important statement in respect of the war. Rumours which had reached the dignity of semi-official statements pointed to the dispatch to the East of a large number of troops. What was the exact destination of this force every one was inquiring, and the House of Commons was looked to as the place where the mystery might be settled. In fact, Mr. Callan had given notice of his intention to question the Government. He rose in due course, and received a severe snub, Mr. Bourke informing him that the leader of the Opposition had been in communication with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and had given notice of his intention to put a similar question. The questions on the paper being disposed of, the Marquis of Hartington drew from the Chancellor of the Exchequer the brief, but satisfactory, statement that the force was simply destined to bring up to their full complement the Mediterranean garrisons.

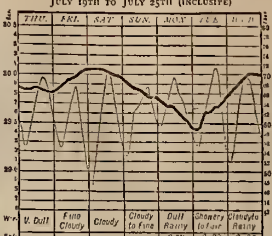
After this there was the question of Government taking over Tuesdays and Wednesdays throughout the Session. Mr. Monk took this opportunity of making a speech on an amendment which he had placed on the paper, and his purpose being effected when the speech was delivered he did not propose to push it to a division. Mr. Parnell, however, was not to be refused the satisfaction of dividing. He accordingly made a long speech, and was followed by Mr. O'Donnell, who maundered along—the word, though not Parliamentary, most exactly describes his peculiar manner of oratorical progression—amid repeated interruptions. When he sat down Mr. Chaplin, whose gift of saying bitter things was displayed on a well-known occasion, interposed, and took the opportunity of declaring that there were certain members of the House of Commons who displayed a stubborn insensibility to every sentiment and feeling by which gentlemen in the House were guided. This of course shocked the tender sensibilities of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar who, jumping up together, appealed to the Speaker to reprimand Mr. Chaplin. Mr. Chaplin had, however, so turned his words that though bitter they were not a breach of order, and so the Speaker ruled, whilst the house by repeated and prolonged cheering endorsed their application to Mr. Parnell, Mr. Biggar, and Mr. O'Donnell.

After this came on the third course at the spicy banquet. After Lord Beaconsfield's explanation in the House of Lords of the circumstances under which he had promoted Mr. Pigott, it was felt necessary to move in the House of Commons, and Sir Walter Barttelot was found a willing instrument for bringing forward a motion rescinding the vote of censure. The debate which followed was long, but not animated. The only interest pertaining to it lay in the explanations which the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave of his personal communications on the subject with Lord Beaconsfield, and which, as he himself confessed, showed a considerable amount of incompleteness. At one time there was a threat of dividing the House; but finally milder counsels prevailed, and amid grateful cheering from the Ministerialists the vote of censure was unanimously rescinded.

On Tuesday night there began a scene which culminated on Wednesday in one of the most remarkable episodes witnessed in the House of Commons since Feargus O'Connor ate the Speaker's chop and assaulted Lord John Russell. It began on the South Africa Bill, in which Messrs. Parnell and Co. have been pleased to take a lively interest. Mr. O'Donnell, fired with a noble envy of the fame which has pursued Mr. Biggar since he made his four hours' speech, undertook to emulate him, and to that end brought down some Blue Books and odd copies of journals said to be the *Spectator*, a journal which is favoured by occasional contributions from the hon. member for Dungarvan. The House naturally was not attracted by the prospect before it, and with one accord left Mr. O'Donnell to the hearing of his compatriots. Even this, however, failed him, only Mr. Parnell steadily sitting throughout the speech. Mr. Biggar came in later, and observing the state of things determined to punish hon. members by having a "count." This he did twice in rapid succession, bringing members in from distant parts of the House. Then Major O'Gorman, who had also been conspicuous by his absence, moved two "counts" in succession, the latter of which the Speaker declined to take notice of. All this led up to the scene of Wednesday. The South Africa Bill was in Committee again when Mr. O'Donnell appeared, and moved to report progress. Mr. Jenkins, who on Saturday was threatened by Mr. Parnell with the defection of Home Rule votes in Dundee, was careful to show himself in connection with the Irish members, and made a speech which had many points of resemblance with that delivered by Mr. O'Donnell the previous night. Mr. Monk expressing his impatience at the continuance of it roused Mr. Jenkins's ire, and calling forth from Mr. Monk the declaration that he was abusing the forms of the House, Mr. Jenkins moved that the words be taken down. After this the deluge. Mr. Parnell broke forth and made use of expressions which were three several times moved to be taken down, twice by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and once by the Speaker. Finally, Mr. Parnell having first been heard in his defence, verdict was passed upon him that he had been guilty of contempt of the House, a rule which the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Thursday moved should be made absolute. In the mean time, if so unimportant a thing as business may be mentioned, it may be said that the preamble of the South Africa Bill was agreed to, and the Committee reached the first clause.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JULY 19TH TO JULY 25TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period of seven days has again been divided into two distinct portions, the latter part of last week and Sunday having been dry, but cloudy, while rain has fallen on each day since Sunday, as will be seen by referring to the diagram. The barometer, after rising from Thursday night, the 19th instant, to Saturday morning, the 21st instant, fell steadily from the latter time until Tuesday morning, the 24th instant, when it rose briskly till Wednesday evening last, and then it again began to fall. Although the daily range of temperature is clearly shown each day, its variations have been small for the time of year. The wind has remained between south and west, and has been very moderate in force. The barometer was highest (30·05 inches) on Saturday, the 21st instant; lowest (29·43 inches) on Tuesday, the 24th instant; range, 0·62 inch. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (71°) on Tuesday, the 24th instant; lowest (47°) on Saturday, the 21st instant; range, 24°. Rainfall: The total fall was 0·42 inch, on three days; greatest fall, 0·30 inch, on Monday, the 23rd instant. On Thursday morning, the 26th instant, the barometer was falling briskly. Nearly two-tenths of an inch of rain had fallen in the night, and the sky was still very cloudy.

THEATRES

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD'S extensive and varied programme of French performances is at length exhausted, and on Monday next the regular company of the GAIETY, reinforced by the return of Miss E. Farren, who has been suffering from a long and serious illness, will resume their place upon the Gaiety stage. During the present week M. Parade and his associates have appeared in two pieces which, though familiar enough to Parisian audiences, have, we believe, not been seen before in London, either in their original shape or in the guise of an English adaptation. The first and most important of these is MM. Barrière and Thiboust's *Aux Crochets d'un Gendre*, a comedy of sterling merit, though somewhat old-fashioned in tone and structure. Here we have neither the licentious extravagance of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, nor the ethical paradoxes of M. Alexandre Dumas. To present life as it is, though with the colouring necessary to render it effective on the stage; to satirise human feelings, to bring into relief recognisable traits of character, and to associate these with enough in the way of story to give occasion for three or four acts—such were the principal objects of the writers of French comedy before metaphysics and moral problems were introduced to the stage by M. Alexandre Dumas, or the ingenious absurdities of the Palais Royal had found an echo in theatres with more dignified associations. To this school MM. Barrière and Thiboust's piece, though no older than the year 1864, when it was brought out at the Gymnase, is distinctly referable. It is an amusing satire upon the tyranny of needy relations and the abuses of hospitality, as exemplified in the experiences of an unfortunate son-in-law who, having received his wife's family into his house from motives of compassion, finds himself the object of a subtle kind of persecution arising chiefly from his ruined father-in-law's dignified humility and overpowering sense of personal worth. In this part, which combines the shiftiness of Micawber with the picturesque deportment of Turveydrop, with the qualities already indicated, M. Parade, who is the original representative of the character, exhibits all the resources of his art. When he draws from his unlucky speculations in cotton inferences highly favourable to his own claims to the esteem and affection of his fellow men, or resents the bounty which he is nevertheless eager to accept, or makes the very prosperity of his benefactor a text for disparaging comparisons—the exaggeration of the portrait never wholly obscures its fundamental truth, which lies in the ingenuity of men in discovering excuses for self-admiration. The comedietta entitled *Suzanne et les Deux Vieillards*, produced by way of afterpiece, is a trifle of the same school. Two old friends who are past the prime of life agree that it is expedient in the interests of an orphan girl whom they have brought up and educated that one or other should marry her. The question is which shall be the happy man. As neither is inclined to assume so serious a responsibility each is at first rather anxious to extol the claims of his rival than to be eloquent upon his own merits. Meanwhile the young lady, anxious not to give offence or to appear insensible to obligations, yet decidedly inclined to prefer a youthful nephew to whom she is secretly attached, resorts to an ingenious stratagem. By feigning passion for one of her benefactors she insensibly arouses first the self-esteem and then the jealousy of the other, until each is glad by way of compromise to bestow the young lady on the real object of her choice. There is genuine comedy and abundant humour in the situation and dialogue of this little piece, which derives no small assistance from the strongly-marked yet essentially-refined characterisation of M. Michel as one of the elderly admirers; while Mdlle. Massin sustains with the same delicacy and spirit, though, unfortunately, not with the same youthful grace as heretofore, the part of Suzanne, originally performed by her when this piece, which is from the pen of M. Henri Meilhac, was produced at the Vaudeville nine years ago.

A morning performance of *The Merchant of Venice* given at the GLOBE Theatre last week served to introduce to the public a young lady named Denman, who is understood to have been studying the art of acting under the guidance of Mr. Ryder. The character chosen for this purpose was that of Portia, a trying part even for an experienced actress. Unfortunately it proved to be wholly beyond the reach of the young lady who, prompted by her own aspirations, or by the ill-advised counsel of friends, was tempted to show us how Portia may be divested of all poetical charm by a formal and monotonous delivery of lines, and an absence of that varied and appropriate action which is hardly less important than the elocutionary graces.

The season at the LYCEUM will terminate this (Saturday) evening and on Monday Mr. Irving will reappear in *Hamlet*. This will be the last performance of this actor in London until December next.

The new spectacular drama in rehearsal at DRURY LANE is from the pen of Mr. W. G. Wills who, following in the footsteps of the late Mr. Halliday, has adopted a novel of Sir Walter Scott. The title of the play, which will be produced on the reopening of the theatre on the 22nd of September, is *England in the Days of Charles the Second*; the story is taken from "Peveril of the Peak."

THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.——"Pongo," the only live gorilla ever brought to Europe, is now being exhibited at the Royal Aquarium. We gave an illustration of him in our issue for October 21, 1876 (No. 360), together with a full account of his purchase in the Gaboon Country. Pongo is now about three feet high, and has a very grave face, not unlike that of a negro. He uses his fore feet as hands, but always walks on all fours. He goes through certain tricks on the trapeze, eats food like a man, and expresses a decided taste for wine and beer. He is now about three years old—a mere infant for a gorilla, and as such plays like a child, with a chimpanzee and his dog "Flock."

MISS GLYN'S SHAKSPERIAN READINGS at 13, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, continue to attract full and appreciative audiences, and deservedly so, for no one can listen to her without admiring the genius of the actress, and being made aware of hitherto unnoticed beauties in the author. The last of the present series will be given on Tuesday evening next, when *King John* is the play chosen for interpretation. We understand that Miss Glyn intends giving a second series of Shakespearian Readings, which will commence early in August.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——It is evident that Huntingdon is destined to take first rank among the meetings which do not attempt to vie with Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and Newmarket. The gathering hard by the old Cromwellian town during the week has been even more successful than its predecessors, a good class of animals competing for the different stakes, good finishes, especially on the first day, being frequent, and "good company" being present to witness the proceedings.

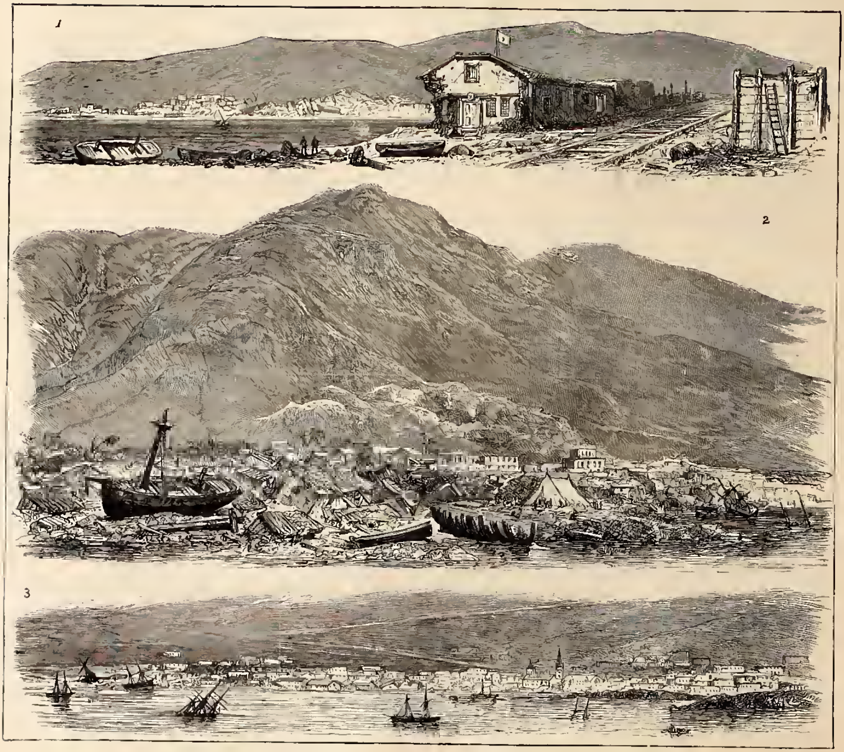
CRICKET.——The star of the Home Counties as represented by Kent and Surrey has certainly been in the ascendant during the present season, Surrey having done more than recall the memory of her former cricketing glories. On Saturday last she scored another victory, no less a celebrated team than that of Notts succumbing to the batting and bowling of the men of the Oval. On the first hand Surrey put together a nice round total of 250, to which Mr. Lucas contributed 115; and the Notts men only realising 97 had to follow their innings. They, however, ran up 247, the 64 of Wild being the best score, and Surrey lost 7 wickets before the balance was rubbed off; but "'Twas a glorious victory."—Flushed with success, the Surrey men were at The Mote, Maidstone, on Monday last to tackle the Men of Kent and Kentish men, who have also revived this season the cricketing fame of the hop county. But the tide still ran in favour of the South Londoners, who polished off their opponents by an innings and 99 runs. There was tall scoring on the part of the conquerors, Mr. Lucas, who is in full batting bloom, making another large score, 110, while that steady old hand Jupp marked 93.—Previous "form" cannot be always counted on in cricket, for if it could we should have few matches; but "on paper" Derbyshire was bound to beat Hampshire, and so it did at Derby this week, the county of trout, grayling, and water cures beating the Southrons by an innings and 113 runs. Platts, for Derbyshire, made the highest score in the game, 115 being his total.—Essex, famous for calves and ague, is working hard to make a show in the cricket world, but the match with the M.C.C. was rather a damper, the London Club winning by 10 wickets. N.B. Rylott for M.C.C. took 6 East Saxon wickets for 33 runs, and 3 of the wickets fell to 3 consecutive balls. It was hardly to be wondered at that the Essex batsmen looked a little amazed; but, as Dr. Lynn says, "That's how it's done." It was done, too, in a somewhat similar—may we say "more similar?"—manner in the recent match between the United South of England Eleven *v.* Eighteen of Sefton, wherein for the South Midwinter took 5 wickets for 7 runs, and G. F. Grace 3 for 5 runs: and yet they say that the bat is superior to the ball in modern cricket! The I Zingari seem to be losing their cunning to let the "School of Gunnery" mark 491 against their 104 in the first innings.

SWIMMING.——The Challenge Cup for Amateurs, subscribed for by the members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and competed for on Monday last under the auspices of the London Swimming Club, produced a very good competition. The course was from Putney to Westminster Bridge, a distance of about five miles and a half. There were no less than thirty-two entries, and all started. Mr. Davenport, the captain of the Ilex Swimming Club, who evidently had the race in hand from the start, was the winner, accomplishing the distance in 1 h. 13 min. 20 sec.; Mr. Fearn, of Putney, being second, fifty yards behind Mr. Davenport.

LEGAL

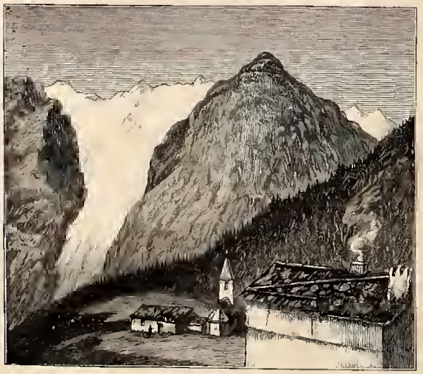
THE ALLEGED POLICE CONSPIRACY.——The detective police Inspectors Druscovich, Meiklejohn, and Palmer, and Mr. Froggatt, solicitor, were brought up a second time at Bow Street on Thursday last week; and Mr. Poland, instructed by the

(Continued on page 94)

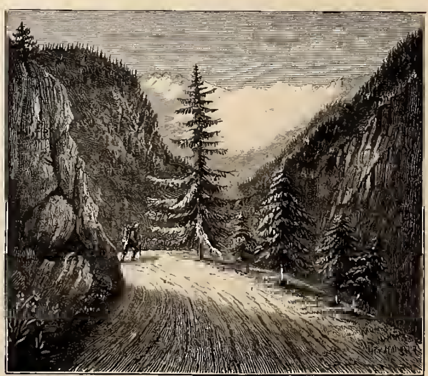


1. The German Consulate, Iquique.—2. Remains of Pabellon de Pica, formerly a Town of 5,000 Inhabitants.—3. Iquique from the Anchorage.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AND TIDAL WAVE ON THE PERUVIAN COAST

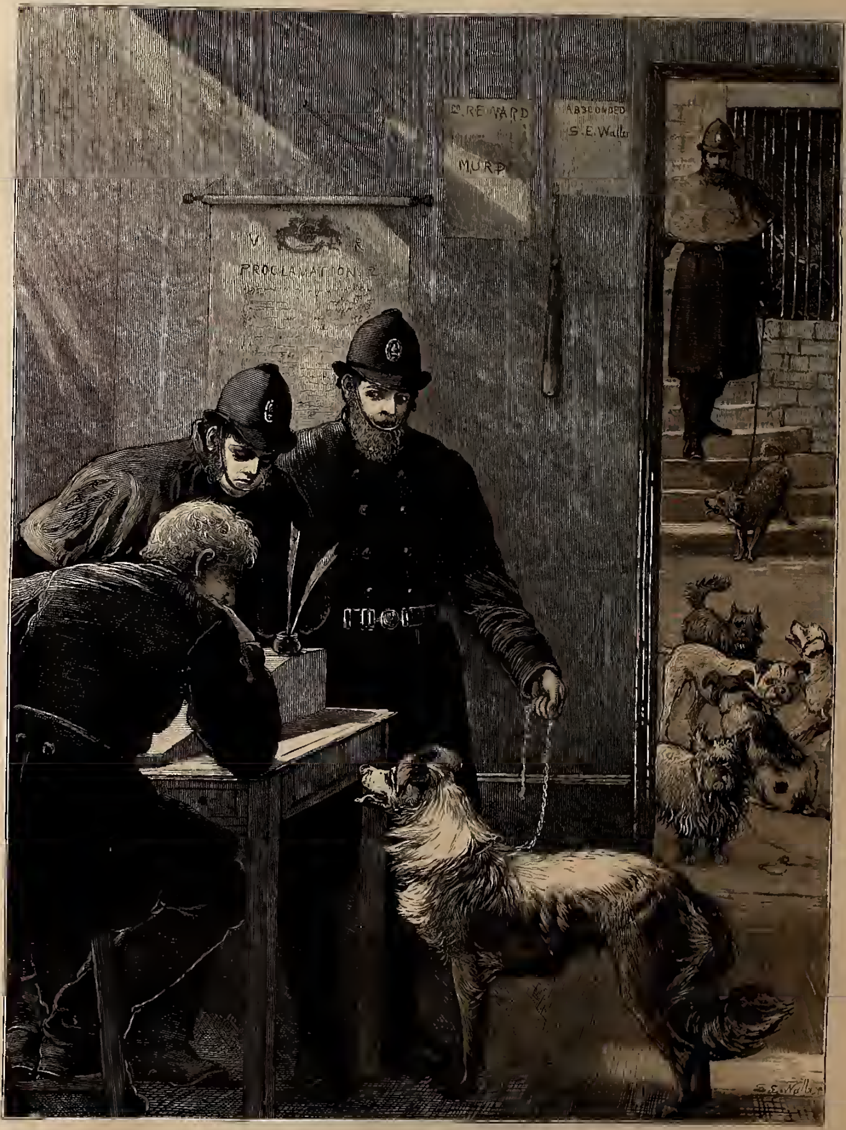


MADATCH GLACIER FROM TRAFOI



A TURN OF THE ROAD ON THE STELVIO PASS, ABOUT THREE MILES ABOVE TREFOI

THE DE TOURVILLE TRIAL—SKETCHES IN THE TYROL


£ REWARD
MURD
ABSCONDED
S. E. Waller
V R
PROCLAMATION
S. E. Waller

"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT"

SCENE AT A GLASGOW POLICE STATION DURING A CRUSADE AGAINST STRAY DOGS

A SPEAKING TELEGRAPH

In the whole range of science it would be difficult to find two branches which have yielded such marvellous results as spectroscopic analysis and electricity. From the simple act of Newton's decomposition of solar light by a prism of glass has sprung the spectroscope, and all the store of information we have since gained concerning the physical constituents of heavenly bodies. Similarly, from one simple fact observed by ancients and moderns, that a piece of rubbed amber has power to attract certain light bodies toward it, has been elaborated the great system of electric science, with its wonderful practical outcome—the electric telegraph. The small beginnings from which both these sciences have sprung, and their recent sudden growth, make, indeed, almost every fact connected with them seem to us marvellous. The electric telegraph, with its thousand-fold applications known only to those who specially study the subject, is almost entirely the growth of the last fifty years. In that time hundreds of instruments have been developed, and lived, and passed again out of existence, or to that Limbo of Forgotten Things—the Museum of the Patent Office. Others more fitting and ingenious have taken their places, and so the process of evolution has gone on, and still goes on. There is no abatement of electric novelties. Invention is constantly aiming at greater delicacy and speed of sending messages. And so within the last few years we have seen the successful operation of the duplex system of sending, not only on overland wires, both in Europe and America, but on long submarine cables. By this method a telegraph wire is made to speak as it were with two tongues. It carries two messages at once in opposite directions, so that the clerk at either end of the wire can be both sending and receiving a message at the same time. Besides the duplex system, another promising development has been going on—namely, the invention and perfecting of telephones for transmitting musical notes by electricity, and the applications of this power to the transmission of more than one separate message along a wire in the same direction at once. For example, by the telephones of Gray and La Cour as many as four, eight, or even sixteen messages may be sent along a wire at once, and all made separately audible as musical tones at the station receiving the message. Wonderful as this may appear, however, and beautiful as the apparatus certainly is, the speaking telegraph of Professor Bell is more wonderful still. This telephone actually reproduces the human speech. The sender, or person sending the message, speaks into the apparatus in a loud voice, as if he spoke into the mouth of a speaking-trumpet, and the receiver, with his ear placed at the receiving instrument, hears the sender speaking, although they may be many miles apart. It is easy to see how such an instrument as this will be made practically useful. For domestic communication where pneumatic tubes are unsuitable, for business and even private correspondence, for reports of lectures and speeches, or other purposes, where the distance of transmission is not too great, it will be specially fit. It has the advantage of speed over the ordinary modes of telegraphing. In these each letter of a word is signalled by, on an average, three distinct signals. But by the articulating telephone a whole word is transmitted in the act of uttering it.

Mr. Graham Bell, the inventor of this ingenious instrument, is a native of Edinburgh, and now a naturalised citizen of the United States. He is a Professor in Boston University. In December of last year he patented his telephone in England. It is small, and, to those versed in electric science, exquisitely simple. It consists of two pieces of apparatus, a transmitter for sending the sound message, and a receiver for receiving it. The transmitter consists of a strong horseshoe magnet with silk-covered wire wound round each of the poles. This wire is connected to the telegraph line, so as to be "in circuit" with it. If, then, electricity should be generated in this wire it will flow into the line, and proceed to the distant station; and Mr. Bell contrives that it shall be generated by the sound to be conveyed. For this purpose he employs a short speaking-pipe or cavity, closed by a membrane. When a sound is produced close to this open pipe, the air within it takes up the vibrations, and communicates them to the membrane. The air is like a delicate spring in vibration, and each air particle changes its velocity with the sound produced. The membrane, in the same way, vibrates to and fro in keeping with the sound. The pitch and loudness of a sound, of course, depend on the number of air vibrations per second, and their amplitude or swing. The membrane is so delicately adjusted that it is capable of following all changes of tone, and vibrating synchronously. This membrane carries a small thin piece of soft iron glued to its surface, and brought very near to the poles of the horse-shoe magnet. In short, it forms the armature of the poles, but does not touch them. It is designed to vibrate, with the membrane, in close proximity to the poles. The vibration of this armature *induces* currents of electricity in the silk-covered wire round the poles. These currents vary in strength synchronously with the vibrations of the magnet, and the air. In this way the sounds produced at the mouth of the pipe generate currents of electricity in the line—currents whose strength varies with the nature of the sound.

These currents traverse the line to the distant station, and then pass through the receiver. The receiver consists of a hollow cylindrical coil of silk-covered wire encased in soft iron. The mouth of the cylinder is half closed by a thin disc of soft iron, whose edge is free to vibrate over the mouth. When the current passes through the coils, the cylinder becomes magnetic, and attracts the edge of the disc, which starts into audible vibration. These vibrations are a reproduction of the vibrations of the armature and the membrane of the transmitter, and they reproduce the original sounds. All the variations of human speech, and the harmonies of musical instruments may be transmitted for miles by this simple but ingenious contrivance. Sir William Thomson, the highest living authority on electrical matters, in his address to the physical section of the British Association last year, thus gave his experience of it at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia. "In the Canadian Department, I heard 'To be or not to be . . . . there's the rub,' through an electric wire; but scorning monosyllables, the electric articulation rose to higher flights, and gave me passages taken at random from the New York newspapers. 'S.S. *Cox* has arrived' (I failed to make out the S.S. *Cox*); 'the City of New York;' 'Senator Morton;' 'the Senate has resolved to print a thousand extra copies;' 'the Americans in London have resolved to celebrate the coming Fourth of July.' All this my own ears heard spoken to me with unmistakeable distinctness by the then circular disc armature of just such another little electro-magnet as this I hold in my hand. The words were shouted with a clear loud voice by my colleague judge at the far end of the telegraph wire." Since then Professor Bell has been perfecting his apparatus, and has achieved even more remarkable success. At a lecture which he delivered upon the instrument at Salem, eighteen miles from Boston, a reporter of the *Boston Daily Globe* sent a verbal report of the lecture by telephone to his office. Those receiving the message at Boston even heard the applause of the audience who attended the lecture. From the platform, Mr. Bell conversed with Mr. Watson, his associate at Boston. The latter then sent a telegraph message in musical notes, and also a tune played from an organ, which were both distinctly heard by the audience. On being asked for a song, Watson complied with "Auld Lang Syne," and finally made a speech which was heartily applauded. Mr. Watson returned thanks, and the meeting, we are told, sang the "Star Spangled Banner" in company with the people collected at Boston.

In view of these undoubted facts we may anticipate a useful career for the articulating telephone, the last and crowning marvel of the electric telegraph.

"Though Broken, Brave," by E. A. Ryder, author of "The Wheel of Fortune," &c. (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—We hardly think that plot is a strong point with Mr. Ryder, but his story deserves favourable mention on the score of much good and careful work in the way of character-drawing, and the many really clever scenes we come upon in the course of it. The character who may, perhaps, be considered the central figure in the piece, the hard-hearted, close-fisted, grasping, and really knavish manufacturer, who, on the strength of his own reiterated assertions that "he's nowt if he's not honest," and that "honesty's th' rule wi' him," comes to be universally known among his fellow-citizens as "Honest John Burvil," is a type which, coarse and even exaggerated as it may seem, would yet, we believe, be admitted as true to nature by any one acquainted with the great towns of the North. But surely there is not a little improbability in the success of the fraudulent *coup* by which "honest John" manages to transfer to himself the bulk of the property of his partner and former patron, old Tom Garford. An old man of business, broken as he might be in health, would hardly sign deeds vitally affecting the fortunes of his family without reading them, in blind reliance on the assurance of his partner—originally only a mill-hand in his works—that they had been drawn up in strict adherence with the agreement come to between them. John Burvil's subsequent clumsy attempts to transform himself by means of his ill-gotten wealth into a country gentleman, the systematic snubbings he receives at the hands of Arthur and Felicia Hardaker, the aristocratic nephew and niece he has adopted after driving from him his only son, and the keen misery which the expenditure needful in his new position causes to his soul, well as he can afford it, are described graphically enough. But a more attractive picture is that of that Garford family whom his villany has brought down in the world. Of the three brothers Dacre, Thomas Joseph, and Mark, the last, though morally the most estimable—it is he, we take it, who gives its title to the book—is perhaps artistically the least effective; but Dacre's dilettanteism and harmless vanity, together with the real goodness of heart and generosity which so endear him to his younger brother, and the hypochondriacal affectations of Thomas Joseph,—whose pleasure it is to persuade himself and others that he, who cannot endure from hearty meal to hearty meal without occasional "snacks," and much brandy and soda-water, is a miserable invalid, whose appetite has completely deserted him—are very naturally and very amusingly portrayed. In Arthur Hardaker, again, we have a very fairly executed specimen of the well-intentioned spendthrift, and, little as he can be approved of, we are not without sympathy for him in the utter shipwreck he ultimately makes of health and happiness. Mr. Ryder seems to succeed least with his ladies. The passionate and wilful Felicia is so unattractive that we can hardly bring ourselves to pity her in her miserable marriage, and though Mary Garford is no doubt as sweet and loveable as she is described as being, she continues throughout quite in the background. However, as the novel is concerned a great deal more with the outer life of men than with love-making—a welcome change now and then—the author's comparative failure with his heroines is of less importance, and does not affect our estimate of the book as a fresh, well-written, and sufficiently, if not powerfully, interesting story.

"Alix Fairford," by John Dangerfield, author of "Grace Tolmar," &c. (2 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston and Co.).—This is a book of much thoughtfulness and power, with numerous happy touches and turns of expression revealing the artist's hand. It appears from the preface that an abridged version of the story, published in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, was handled very severely in "the chief organ of Women's Rights in this country"—whatever journal may be thus referred to—on the score of the extravagant patience and submission which the heroine is made to display towards her coarse and brutal husband. Nor, were it Mr. Dangerfield's intention to hold up Alix's conduct herein as a model for imitation, with all our admiration for the book, should we on moral grounds think the censure undeserved, for it cannot be held a part of wifely duty to remain with a husband whom she does not love, and cannot love, who not only treats her with outrage and insult, but in whose hands, she is informed on good authority, when in one of his drunken furies her very life is not safe. But there is no need to suppose that the author had any such intention; rather, he says, it was his design "to show the worthiness and inherent nobility in a woman, with perhaps a mistaken ideal of human life, but strong and upright in her endeavour to act up to her own standard." Mr. Dangerfield is at pains to bring out all those traits in Alix Fairford's character which impel her towards the *rôle* which, in spite of remonstrances, she persists in playing out to the end—to show how, by the influence of race, training, and association, she had developed into "a pure, guileless, very candid, very single and simple nature, always contented to be guided, and happy in being submissive to rule and precedent, and habit and authority." But this patient and ready submission is only irritating to the mean, ignoble, and brutal nature of Gerald Consett, the cousin who has cheated Alix into marrying him, seeking to save himself from ruin by the help of her fortune, and whose complete unworthiness cannot be long hid after matrimony, because in all her compliances "there was a quiet reserve of independence which he did not at all like," she fails in that subservience to him which he exacted from every one in his power, and does not seem to quail before his anger. So with the ingenuity of a fiend, and the cowardly ferocity of the "rough" that at heart he is, he sets himself to humiliate her, and "break her spirit," but the process, from which poor Alix barely escapes with life, we cannot enter upon here. The pretty, frivolous, yet, after a fashion, clever flirt, Mrs. Jocelyn, is as a "character-study" almost on a par with Alix herself and her husband. Her "word-duel" with Henry Consett as she drives him home in her pony-carriage in the early dusk of an autumn evening, and at last, in spite of his cunning of fence, succeeds in surprising the secret he is so anxious should be kept hidden, is a really masterly piece of work of its kind. But we must not attempt to enumerate the scenes of special excellence in a work well deserving the attention even of fastidious novel-readers.

"Kilcorran," by the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh (2 vols.: Bentley).—This is a pretty story, and told with freshness of tone and feeling, hackneyed as are both its theme and its *dramatis personæ*. Old acquaintances by this time are the frank, high-spirited girl, hardly more than a child either in years or in feeling, and the "world-worn, world-weary" man, whose passions are strong, and whose life has been reckless, nearly twice her own age, who is at first amused with her as a *piquante* child, and then comes to find that she is and must remain the one real love of his life. And readers versed in the complications of fiction will not be surprised to learn that Neal Trench and Lillis Fane have no business to fall in love with each other at all, the affections of both being already pledged elsewhere. How the author deals with the situation indicated we may leave readers to find out. We must say, however, that she seems to us to preach a questionable moral doctrine in bidding us admire Lil's heroism and self-sacrifice in putting aside from her the temptation of Neal Trench's love, even after he is free to offer it, and resolving at all costs to be true to her word, and give her hand to the man to whom she has promised it, knowing all the time that she does not love him as a wife should love her husband, and does thus love another man. It is, of course, no light matter to break a promise, but it may be more honourable and more honest to break it altogether, than to keep it in sound and break it in sense. But the book, pretty as we have said that it is, is too slight to be used as a vehicle for discussing a question of morals. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh would seem a mighty huntress, well "posted up" in the talk of the stable and the hunting-field, and writing on all such matters *con amore*. But, with all deference to her better judgment, would a journey of even thirty-five miles have so completely exhausted the powers of such a mare as Kittane, that when at the end of it she takes her last fence her heart should break with the effort, and she should fall dead on the turf? Be this as it may, we can recommend the book as always readable, and often clever and amusing.

We have also received a new edition, in one volume, of Mr. John Saunders' "Israel Mort, Overman" (H. S. King and Co.), that "Story of the Mine" which was noticed at length in these columns a little more than a year ago.

◆

HYÈRES

The charms of Hyères are but little known; few, indeed, know even where the town is, and confuse it with the islands with which it shares its name. There is little more connection than this between the two, for the town is on the main land, from which the islands are naturally cut off by the sea. Hyères is in one of the departments of Provence, called Var, on the Mediterranean coast, between Toulon and Cannes. It is situated a little way back from the sea, separated from it by some flat country. In allusion to the very common mistakes about its geographical position, it has been said by one who knows it well—

> Some said 'twas an island upon the blue ocean;
> Some thought 'twas a salt-marsh—delectable notion!

When we were there, some little time ago, the English colony was not large—three or four hundred people at the utmost; but we were very sociable, and were always having little tea-parties which, though not very exciting in themselves, made a merry finish to the day's occupations. Once a week our hotel "received;" that is to say, we all invited our friends to come in and spend the evening on a certain day in the week, and we generally entertained them with music and dancing. Everybody went away soon after ten o'clock, so that the invalids were not disturbed by these small weekly dissipations. Pic-nics formed a prominent feature in the amusements of the colony; an omnibus was chartered to convey the party to the place chosen, and on their arrival the hampers were unpacked, and their contents quickly went the way of all food, among much joking and fun. Then sketching parties were formed, or some of the party went to sleep in the hot sunshine, others for a walk, just as their inclinations prompted them, till the time came for returning home, when they mounted the omnibus and got back generally late for *table d'hôte*. Private theatricals, of course, were among our dissipations. Many were the rehearsals, and great the preparations. One room was turned into a manufactory of gold-paper ornaments, which were manufactured with much success by some persons whose services are not generally to be secured by the goldsmiths. In all rooms were to be found evidences of the theatrical fever, and the talk was of nothing but "the play," which at last came off to everybody's entire satisfaction, both actors and audience performing their several parts to perfection. Afterwards there was our amateur concert, which in its turn engrossed every one's thoughts, and kept us all in fear and trembling till the important day. Nothing was heard of then but practising, and the exciting events connected with the concert; such as, the conductor had disappeared, and no one knew where he was or when he was coming back; or that no room could be engaged large enough for the concert to take place in; fears that the music would not arrive from Marseilles in time, and so on. However, in spite of drawbacks, the concert at last went off triumphantly in a room placed at the disposal of the committee in the most courteous manner by the master of one of the hotels.

The town with its painted houses is very picturesque, and the palm trees and aloes growing here and there in the streets give an Oriental effect. There is a ruined castle on the hill, on one side of which the town seems to hang with its old narrow streets, which are certainly not pleasant to go through, but we were thoroughly repaid when we got up to the castle and looked out over the hills and valleys for miles round. The walks are lovely beyond description. Through the olive-gardens and the cork woods up Fenouillet, whence there is such an extensive view of the hazy blue Mediterranean, the Alpes Maritimes rising in broken ridges one after the other, whitened here and there with touches of snow; and down below, the flat valley running inland a little way, then separating into two arms, running east and west, till at last by a sudden curve of the shore the sea and the valley are brought together again. Or to the seashore, where the little waves play about on the sand and sea-weed, you can look back on the town with the old castle high above it, the palm trees waving in the breeze, and the low range of hills; or further to the Presqu'île de Gien, across the long bank of sand to the little village, just beyond which there is such a beautiful little boy, like an epitome of the South. We spent a whole day on the Presqu'Ile, and found fresh beauties at every step, till we could hardly tear ourselves away from it as the evening came on. The hills are clothed with such luxuriant vegetation, one sees so many plants one has never seen before (except in hot-houses) flourishing in the open air, the hills are so beautifully shaped, the sea so blue, the sunshine so glorious, everything makes one feel an intoxicating delight in the beauties Nature has showered around. One wanders about on the hill-sides among cypresses so dark and tall and straight, fig-trees, umbrella pines with their beautiful dome-shaped tops, palms with straight trunks and long feathery leaves, olives—who can describe the olives? their fantastic trunks, their leaves seeming to change colour as they rustle in the breeze; they are always green, the olives, a dull grey green, with a soft melancholy beauty about them as you look at a hill-side covered with them tossing their branches about in the wind. Orange and lemon trees with their yellow fruit brighten up the dark foliage with touches of brilliant colour.

Hyères is generally considered a dull place because it has no promenade, no regular balls and concerts, and it must be dull for any who require such stimulants to enjoyment; but for those who can carry their amusements with them, combined with a readiness to be pleased and a capacity for admiring the beauties which they will find ready laid out for them, there can hardly be a better place than our quiet little town on the Mediterranean.

K.

◆

THE BRITISH PARIAH

Who knows whence he comes, and whither he goes! More, who cares, except such as have unconsidered trifles lying about in public? The tramp is the pariah of British Brahminism, the outcast upon whom even the professional beggar turns his back. Not without reason. The wretched, cowering creature, with his furtive eyes, and half-abject, half-ferocious expression, is not a pleasant object. This, however, would not much affect his popularity with the mendicant class, whose philosophy has attained a perfect indifference to externals. But they feel no community of interest with the tramp. They have their own profession, such as it is, and faithfully they follow it, in spite of police persecutions. He, on the contrary, is a feckless wanderer, destitute of any regular vocation by which to earn a living. He will not settle down to comfortable beggary, and form a regular member of the fraternity monopolising that form of industry. It is true that he begs whenever an opportunity occurs, but he does so in an amateurish fashion, even as he filches on occasion. An erratic comet, whirling hither and thither as impulse prompts him, and without the slightest idea of the more refined arts of mendicancy, he has never yet learnt to pursue his profession according to the rules recognised by the begging brotherhood. They have certain laws, well understood among themselves, and certain definite bonds of union. By none of such restrictions will the tramp consent to be bound, and especially when they infringe upon his freedom of movement. Restless by nature, as if his veins were filled with quicksilver, fickle of purpose, indeterminate in carrying it out, careless about the decencies and comforts of life, indurated to the pangs of hunger, he has but one governing impulse,—the love of wandering. With his class, this forms a predominant instinct, having nothing in common with the desire for occasional travel felt by the rest of the community. The fancy picture of the fatigued tramp gazing up into the starlit sky from the hedgerow under which he rests, and wondering what it means, is touching, but imaginary. The poor wretch has quite lost the faculty of wonder. As for admiring the beauties of Nature, they form a sealed book written in an untranslateable cypher. The wild flowers that gem the hedgerows, and the sun that gives them life and colour are, because they are, even as he is a tramp because he is. It is an untrue picture to represent him as perpetually attempting to solve the problems of creation by the light of his dim intellect, and as constantly giving up the task in a state of hopeless puzzlement. This sort of sketch, when limned by the master-hand of Charles Dickens, was generally accepted as a faithful delineation of the working of degraded intellects, and has consequently been reproduced *ad nauseam* by less skilled masters. As a matter of fact, the tramp troubles himself about none of these things; the seeds of curiosity are dead within him. The universe forms no problem for such as he. The world and all its wonders are accepted as dry hard facts, like policemen and magistrates. There they are, law and order, the sky and the earth, life and death, and all he has to do is to make the best of them, without troubling his head about how they came into existence. Even when a bright comet flares across the dark vault of heaven the tramp regards the prodigy with unperturbed equanimity. It makes no change in his relations with creation, any more than a sky rocket, while as for the beauty of the flaming brand, his soul has been long blind on the æsthetic side. Hiding away from police ken in some wretched outhouse, and munching an eleemosynary crust or appropriated turnip, our friend is on good terms with the rats and mice who furtively peep at the intruder. Occasionally he may kick out at them, in a half-unconscious way, but as a rule he leaves them alone. After all, they are only claiming the freedom of roving, that blessed birthright which he and they enjoy in common. Besides, are not all men their enemies as well as his? Society has set its ban upon vermin generally, and the tramp therefore experiences a vague sense of sympathy with his playful companions. His position towards society, given in his own words as far as they may be printed—the tramp language abounds in too many embellishments for literal reproduction—is somewhat as follows:—

"Why don't I settle down? 'Cos I hates it wuss than bein' dead. It's all very fine you gentlefolks tellin' on me I ort to do this and that, but how'd you like if some'un wos to say you ort to go on the tramp? I likes wanderin' about, and you doesn't; that's wot it comes to, I think. A hard life? So's wot the wild beastesses 'ave, as I've heard tell, away in Africay and them parts. But they doesn't seem jolly when you puts em in cages, and no more'd I be, if I wasn't let go about. 'It's not respeckible?' P'raps not. That's as people think. If shoes and stockin's and plenty o' grub's respeckible, I ain't, and that's flat. And wot's more, I doesn't want to be, so why can't you leave a cove alone? You be as respeckible as you likes, and I shan't say ouffin' to you, not no ways. 'Tain't fair, seems to me, this everlastin' naggin' at a poor chap, 'cos he doesn't like just the things you gentlefolks likes. 'I steal sometimes?' Never said a truer word in your life. I generally does pick up things, when I has a chance, and I only wish as how the chance 'd cum a bit oftener. And does'nt you allays put me in quod, when you catches me at it? That's yer chance, and I don't grumble 'cos you jump at it. It's just like a sort o' game. Respeckible people leaves things about; I picks 'em up; if I ain't cotched, that's one for me; if I am, that's one for you. Then why doesn't you play fair, 'stead of bullying on me 'cos I does as the game allows? It's just heads you wins, tails I loses, and all round my hat I wears a green willow. If I'm ready to stand the shot, you're no call to screech as if you'd got bitten by a badger. 'Public moralty?' Wot's that got to do with me? I doesn't set up in that line of bizness. Suits some folks, and an unkimmon good thing they seems to make on it. Whenever I hears a chap torking 'bout public moralty, says I to myself, 'I wonders whether you was so blessed morril afore you made yer money.' If I goes into a shop—t'aint often, as you may guess—and buys a loaf of bread, or a bit of bakin, odds are I'll be cheated. 'The lawr purvides for sich cases?' Does it? P'raps so; t'aint for the likes of me to know. But ain't it odd, then, how reg'lar the game is carried on right under the noses of the perlice? Seems to me as how public moralty'd better take mind of these coves afore it comes down upon chaps like me.

"'My life ain't got no objeck?' There yer just wrong. It's all objeck from beginnin' to end. When I rouses up in the morning I've got to think where I'll find summat to eat, and that's a objeck you'd find precious botherin' to run a'ter. I'se been a'ter it ever since I was a babby, and I ain't cotched it altogether yet. Now and again I gets a jolly blow-out, but more times I goes to roost a'most as hungry as when I got up. It's allays a chivying on me, that objeck, till I often catches myself a wishing I hadn't got no stummick. I expecks that's why they makes them little flyin' chaps on tombstuns without any bodies. They lives up aloft, you see, and it wouldn't be much of a hevving if they had to be allays thinkin' about keepin' flesh on their bones. 'I'd get a good meal at the work'us?' I know all about that. Just bein' in quod, with not much better vittals. If I'se to be locked up, 'taint much matter to me whether it's in pris'n or the work'us. I ain't werry pertickler about what I eats and drinks. If I was, I wouldn't be a tramp, you sees. Wot I doesn't like and I won't have, if I can help it—and I generally does—is bein' shut up and made to work reg'lar. I likes dodgin' along; that's what I like, dodgin' along, and pickin' up ginerally. 'I'se lazy?' Well, doesn't seem like it, when a chap pads the hoof from mornin' to night a'most every day in his life. Expecks there's a precious lot of respeckible coves as 'd call it unkimmon hard work. You just try, Mister, and see how you likes it, before you calls me lazy agin. 'Don't I never feel a longin' for a home?' No, I doesn't, and that's flat. Wot's the good of a home, I'd like to know? If a chap has a crib of his own, he's jist sure to take a missus, and then there's rows and kids, and he's tied by the leg like a pig goin' to markit, and every one comes down heavy on the unfortnit cove if he goes in for ever such a bit of a lark. A home! Not if I knows it! That's jist givin' the perlice the hoffice where they may cotch a chap when he's wanted. And then on'y think of the missus a naggin' at one like a rusty sawr, and a lot o' squallin' brats, with their blessed bills allays wide open like so many young sparrers!

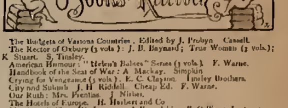
'The time will come when I'll want to be luv'd by sum 'un?' Will it? P'raps I ain't a almanick to tell wot's comin' off nex' year. But I doesn't feel that sort o'thing jist now, and so I'll wait till I does. Seems to me as how luv's precious dear at the price a chap has to pay for it. Tain't a reg'lar present, same as when folks gives me coppers, but just a sort of swop, and odds is a cove like me 'd get the wuss of the bargin. I'm game enuf to pocket as much luv as people likes to give me, but I ain't got none to hand over in return. We tramps doesn't live long, you sees. Now, you never cum'd across an old 'un, did you? I'se bin on the road ever since I was a chick, and I can't call to mind a reg'lar old tramp. So it ain't much good my goin' in for pilin' up luv when there'd be no time for enjyin' on it. It's a nice thing, I dessay, like cyder and pickled walnuts, but it might give a chap the mulligrubs if he war'nt 'customed to it. 'Humin sympathy is the salt of life?' Is it? Then my life ain't got much salt in it, I reckins. Leastways, so far as I knows anythink about humin' sympathy. That's wot a parson chap got torking to me about one day, when he cotched me pullin' turmits in his field. Says he, 'My man, you're going along a wrong road altogither. You cuts yerself horf from humin sympathy.' An' then he handed me over to the perlice, and I got a fortnit in the jug, by way of teaching me what humin' sympathy's like. An' if that's the salt of life, as you says, I'd sooner do without it. Life ain't 'ticklerly jolly with sich as me, and tain't made the pleasanter by lockin' up. There's wot we hates wuss nor anythink, bein' stopt from dodgin' about. Doesn't much matter whether it's a pris'n or a pallis, we'd feel miserable like if we was forced to remain stickin' at one place. A chap had a'most as soon be a eyester as take up with that sort of game. There's no fun in it; none of the larks as come of not knowin' wots goin' to turn up next. My duds isn't very swell, and may be I ain't as clean as a gal just goin' to be married. I see lots of folks get out of my way when I happens to be dodgin' through a town, and it makes me larf, it does, to hear the fine things people says about bein' feller Christins. I went into a church once, to rest a bit—it's a long time since—an' I a'most bust myself when the parson went on with a lot o' that gammon just while the beetle was a tellin' on me I ort to have polished up afore comin' in. But I wouldn't give up dodging along not for all the swell duds and soft soap in the world. Bein' half naked and pretty nigh starvin' isn't exackly jolly when winter's on, and the cold gets into one's bones and stummick. But it's better any day of the week nor sticking down like a cabbidge, and waitin' till yer turn cums for bein' biled. Leastways, so me and my likes thinks, and we doesn't see what all you respeckible coves has to be allays a pitching into us, 'cos we dodges along. 'I'se got no sense of morril responsibility?' Jiggered if I knows what you mean! Morril responsibility! Must be somethink unkimmon grand, it's got such a fine name. Much too grand for the likes o' me though. Morril responsibility! Will it put shoes on their feet, or make a chap's innards feel comforble, when he's got nothink to stuff 'em with but rawr turmit? Will a morril responsibility patch up them breeches so as to stop the cold comin' in? Will it make the ground a bit softer to lie on and shut them bobbies' eyes when I'se picked up somethink? There was a squire, a good sort, I comed across one day, and he begins a torking to me just like you, Mister, about morril responsibility. He guv' me a bob, and said he hoped as how I'd reform. Next time I chanced that way, I axed a'ter the old cock; bobs makes one feel friendly, you knows. An wot does I hear, but that he's bolted with another chap's missus, leavin' his own and three young kids to fish for theyselves. An' if that's morril responsibility, I don't mind going in for a dose, purvided I'm let get rid of the baggidge whenever I chooses. The squire did that a'ter a time, and next time I see'd him, he was just as chock full o' morril responsibility as ever." 'Does I see many interestin' things durin' my wanderin's?' That depends wot you calls interestin'. So far as I remembers, the most interestin' objeck I ever seed was a little bit of chap a whopping his big wife. She could a cracked him in no time, but there she stood just outside the toll 'us—they wos pike keepers, they wos—without raisin' a finger or screeching, and the little varmint goin' at her all the time with a stick as thick as yer wrist. That set me thinkin' a bit, and so, you sees, it must have bin interestin'. Then there was another time when I come'd across a young gal—and she wos a putty creetur, too—a lying dead as nails in a ditch, with her head all smashed in. 'What did I do?' Hooked it, in course, like one o'clock. If I'd bin cotched near the poor creetur, the perlice would a swore I cooked her goose. That's their game, allays. 'Cos a cove likes dodging along stead of sticking in one place, he's set down as a reg'lar bad lot, up to anythink from knockin' over a rabbit to killin' a babby. 'It's just that tramp's doings,' says the bobbies, when anythink unfortunit has tumbled up, and then they hunts him down, while the real chap gets away clear. T'aint fair, is it? There isn't more murders done by tramps than by other folks; not so many, I'll be bound. It ain't our game, you sees, to do big bounce like that. Picking up bits and scraps is one thing, an' breakin' into houses an' cuttin' throats another. We ain't got the pluck for sich goin's on, let alone the work seemin' nasty-like. Shan't forgit in a hurry the way that poor gal's white face came a peepin' out at me when I wos hidin' all of a shiver, in a bit of a spinney, a dozen miles horff where I seed her. By the time mornin' cum'd, I'd jist got in sich a state as I was a'most ready to shake hands with a perliceman. It cum into my hed as how I'd had some hand in polishin' her orf, and it seemed like as if she'd never let me sleep sound till I went afore the beak and said I wos guilty. There wos a rabbut as cum an' stared at me now and again, 'alf afeard like, and I chucked him a crust—I wos mortil hungry, too—to make him stay for company's sake. An' then, jist when he was beginnin' to nibble a bit, out pops a weazle or somethink o' that sort, and he grabs the rabbut, and then I feels a wuss murderer than afore. And even the moon seemed to know it, she looked so watery like and savidge. 'Who was the real murderer?' Never knowed. I was afeared to ax questions, you see; people allays suspecks a tramp if he's a bit curous about anythink. So I jist keeps clear of them parts for a couple o' years, and when I goes back there'd bin another murder, and t'other one wur forgotten. But it wos unkimmon interestin', and guv me no end of a scare, that's sure. 'It wos my dooty to have given information to the perlice?' Dessay it wos; seems to me like as how it's a tramp's dooty to do everythink he don't like doin'. But I weren't sich a fool as that cums to. Dooty! Wot's dooty? Folks is allays shovin' dooty down my throat, but blowed if I knows what it means. There was one cove, he wos a baker, as would never sell me a bit of bread without preachin' about dooty to one's neighbours. An' he got fined arterwards for sellin' short weight, he did. There wos another chap I'se heerd tell on, as got made a member of Parlymunt 'cos folks said he'd allays done his dooty by every one. An' when he died, it cum'd out as he'd cheated every soul, and his bank shut up, and there was no end o' poor people jist ruined. Dooty seems to me a doing of wot will make folks think yer helpin' them when all the time yer just helpin' yerself. Tain't a bad dodge, but too smart for the likes o' me to try, so I aint goin' in for dooty jist yet. An' now, Mister, I'm orf. A bob? Couldn't you make it two? 'You fear it'll only lead me into trubble?' Wot, you thinks I'd get drunk? Likely enuf; two bobs 'd be a temtashin that way. Throw in a tanner, then? You won't? Wot a hard-hearted chap you must be! Lucky it doesn't take much liquor to make a tramp tight. Starvin' stummicks make light heels, you knows! So p'raps I'll manidge to get pretty jolly a'ter all, though it's only a bob you've guv me. Good bye, Mister, and don't go a fancying on yerself sich a mighty fine chap. If you'd bin bred like me, you might have turned out somethink wuss than a tramp. Dogs is bad enuf, but wolves is wuss."

With this kindly admonition as to the dangers of self-conceit, the poor pariah goes slouching away, "dodgin' along" once more in vague search after the one "objeck" of his unsavoury existence. A degraded creature, certainly; a human being without much higher instincts, impulses, or emotions than what are possessed by brute beasts. At the same time, unquestionably a member of a Christian community priding itself with just cause on its progressive civilisation. Is there not, then, something wrong somewhere, some hitch in our social machinery, when such an unpleasant figure can still be seen "dodgin' along" suspicious of all it meets, through this happy and prosperous land?

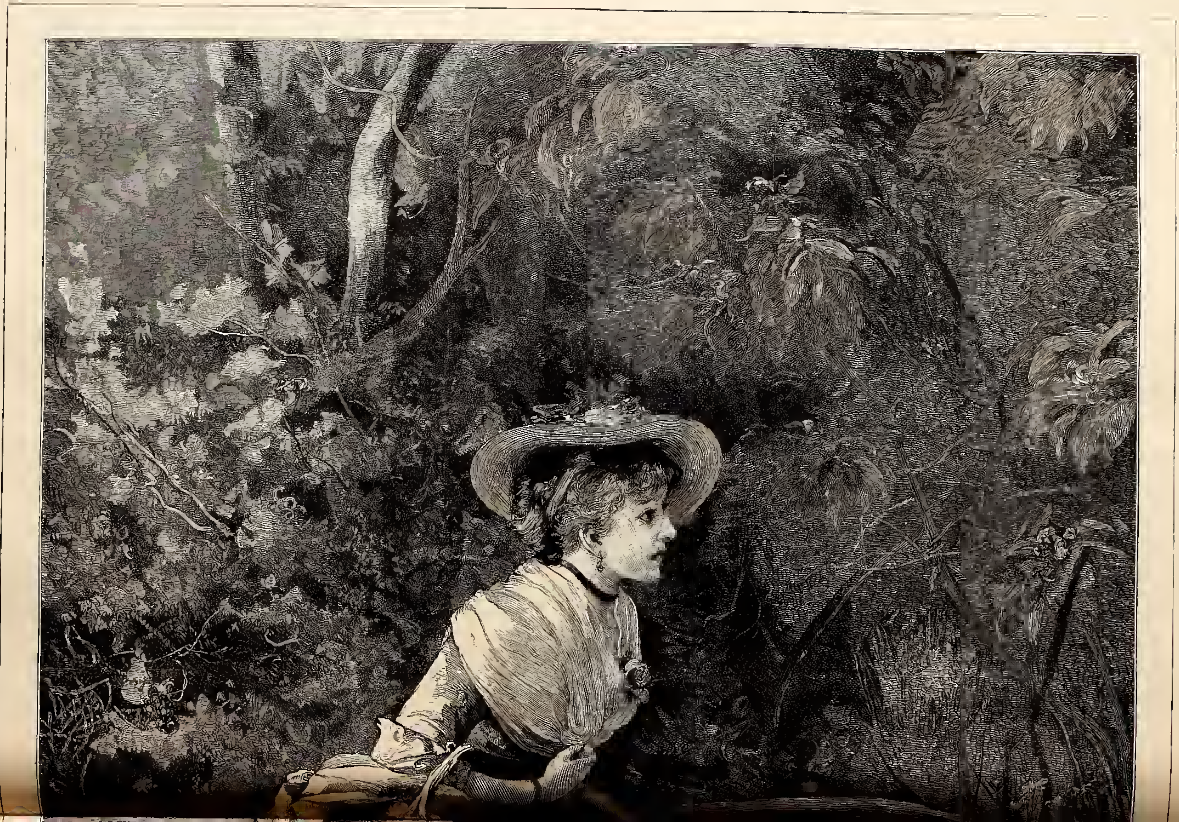
Haroun Alraschid

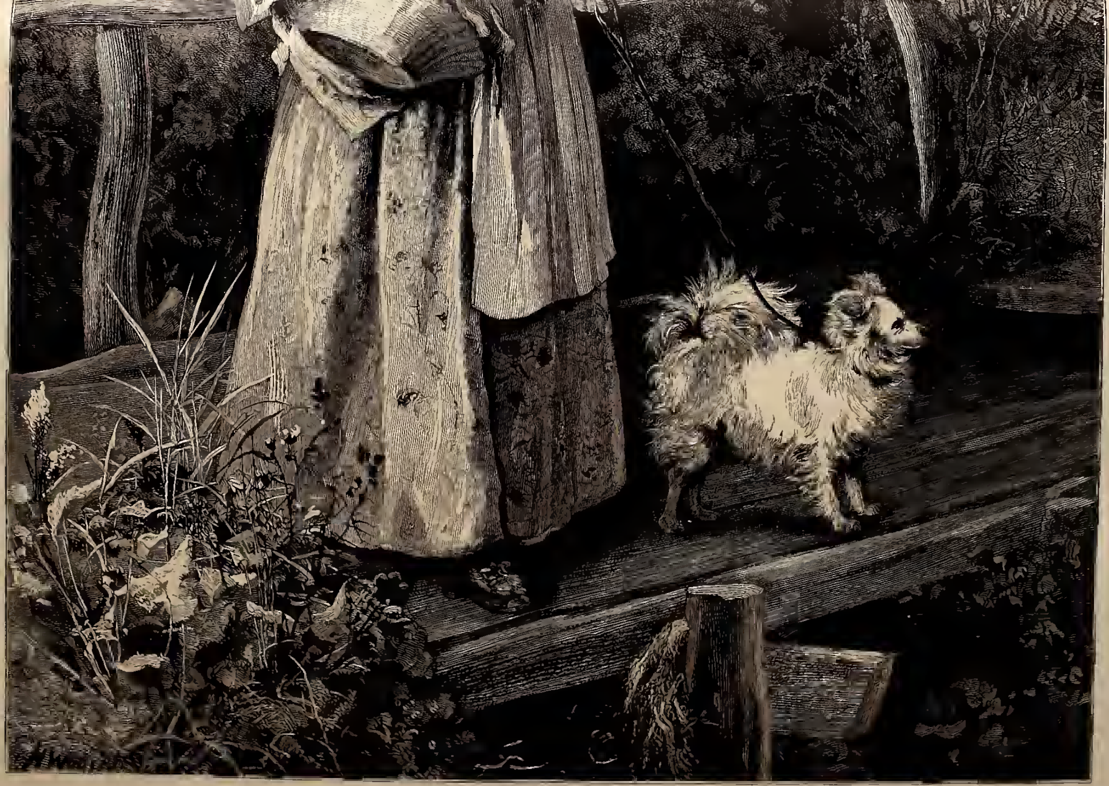
◆

The Manufacture of False Hair in France is daily on the increase, and within a few years the value of the hair exported has risen to 88,000*l*. England takes the largest share, from 12,000 to 15,000 made-up "chignons" being furnished to us annually, besides enough loose hair to make 10,000 more, while the United States comes next on the list. A great deal of this hair is imported to Marseilles from the East, Spain, and Italy, and especially from Naples and Sicily, the amount generally reaching nearly 40 tons annually, from which 65,000 chignons are made. The chief French harvest is reaped in Brittany and Auvergne, where in some places the girls let down their hair and sell it to the highest bidder, while the rest is supplied by the *chiffoniers* out of the town dust-heaps. All hair undergoes five processes before being made up. The lumps of hair are first washed, then carefully combed to separate them, next placed in bundles, are afterwards arranged in three lengths for wigs, plaits, and curls, and finally sorted into seven different shades. They are then sold to the hairdressers, who make them up and sell the false tresses at prices varying from 10*s*. to 20*l*.



The Budgets of Various Countries. Edited by J. Probyn. Cassell.
The Rector of Oxbury (3 vols.): J. B. Baynard; True Woman (3 vols.): K. Stuart. S. Tinsley.
American Humour: "Helen's Babies" Series (3 vols.). F. Warne.
Handbook of the Seat of War: A. Mackay. Simpkin.
Crying for Vengeance (3 vols.). E. C. Clayton. Tinsley Brothers.
City and Suburb. J. H. Riddell. Cheap Ed. F. Warne.
Our Ruth: Mrs. Prentiss. J. Nisbet.
The Hotels of Europe. H. Herbert and Co.
Mortimer Collins—His Letters and Friendship: F. Collins; Lectures on Architecture: E. Viollet le-Duc; trans. by B. Bucknall. S. Low.
Dulwich College: W. H. Blanch. E. W. Allen.
Seacliffe (3 vols.): Provost.
History of the Witches of Renfrewshire; Poems of Allan Ramsay (2 vols.): A Rollicking Tour in Ireland: "A.R.A." Alex. Gardner, Paisley.
Fatal Days. M. De la Franche-Comte. W. Mullan and Sons.
Handbook of Public Picture Galleries of Europe; Kate Thompson. Macmillan.
Pictures in Verse. T. J. May; Marley Castle (2 vols.): Sir Garnet Wolseley. Remington.
Royal Parks and Gardens of London: N. Cole. *Journal of Horticulture* Office.





"WHAT'S THAT?"

FROM THE PICTURE BY H. WOODS

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES AT A LONDON TERMINUS

II.

As the minute-hand of the clock slides slowly onward, the passengers begin to come up in double-quick time. The best seats are nearly all taken, and the laggards have to put up with such as are left. The refreshment bar is crowded, for it is a singular fact that four out of every six Englishmen who travel by rail think it incumbent on them to take a "refresher" in one form or another before starting on their journey.

Lounging about on the platform, and looking as if nothing in the world had the slightest interest for them, may generally be seen a couple of shabbily-dressed individuals. Nobody takes any notice of them and, so far as can be observed, they take no notice of anybody. Their sole object in life just now seems to be to keep themselves from being run over by the porters with their barrow-loads of luggage. Now and then they will stand for a moment and stare at somebody or something, but there is no speculation in their eyes. To all appearance they are evolving some intricate problem out of the depths of their moral consciousness. If you were to ask me who and what these men are, I should reply that they are detectives in *mufti*, and that they are employed by the railway company to look after those persons who, owing to an unfortunate lapse of memory, occasionally mistake their neighbour's luggage for their own.

Who comes here? A brisk, vivacious-looking, middle-aged gentleman who, as he walks quickly down the platform, glances sharply to right and left, as if he would fain have people believe that nothing is too minute to escape his attention. He is Mr. X., the general manager of the line. As he strides along an extra spasm of activity seems to agitate every official on the platform, from the busy station-master down to the oily looking individual who attends to the lamps. There is a general sense of relief when the great man is safely shut up in his carriage. He has been known before to day to have a man fined for coming on duty with dirty shoes, and yonder stands a porter who would certainly have been reprimanded had Mr. X. noticed that his jacket was minus three of its buttons. In brief, our general manager prides himself on the fact that nothing is too small to escape his notice, and it is quite possible that he owes much of his success in life to his wonderful power of diving into, and his mastery of, the innumerable petty details connected with railway management. He has sprung from the ranks, having started in life as a clerk at ten shillings a week. His powers of application are immense, and he is never so happy as when hard at work or having a tooth-and-nail struggle with some other company. His secretary has followed him into the carriage with a despatch-box full of papers. Mr. X. will dictate fifty letters while travelling as many miles, which letters his clerk will take down in shorthand, and then hurry back by the next train to write them out. Nearly half of Mr. X.'s life is spent in a railway carriage. He has learnt to eat, drink, and sleep on the road. One day you may hear of him as being in the wilds of Cornwall, the next he will be attending an important meeting at Aberdeen. His detractors—and what eminent man is without them?—say that his passion for doing everything and being everywhere himself, and for trusting too little to his subordinates, is his weakest point. They affirm—these *canaille*—that matters of moment are often ignored or allowed to "slide" in order that Mr. X. may have time to bully some trembling wretch of a station-master who has done what he ought not to have done, or to indite long wrangling epistles to the chief of some other company respecting a difference of a farthing per ton in the carriage of a ship-load of oranges, or a petty claim for the delay of a hundred hogsheads of sugar. Still, a man of Mr. X.'s experience may reasonably be supposed to know his own business best, and so long as he can contrive to keep his directors well in hand, and his dividends on a par with those of rival lines, so long will he continue to flourish like a green bay tree.

A very different style of man is his friend Mr. Z., the general manager of a big rival company. Mr. Z. is a tall, suave, dignified man, who through his gold-rimmed spectacles seems to look less at you than over your head. Mr. Z. has his clothes made by a West End tailor, is somewhat of a connoisseur in wines, and flatters himself that he knows a good painting from a bad one. When you come to talk with him on general topics, you soon discover that he is a well-read man, but very few people know that nearly all his reading is done in bed, when other men are fast asleep. Mr. Z., unlike Mr. X., troubles himself with few of the details of management. He has had the knack of gathering round him a staff of thoroughly-trained subordinates, each of whom knows his post and what is expected of him. Mr. Z. reserves his strength for great occasions and for foemen worthy of his steel. As a Parliamentary tactician he stands at the head of his class. If any man can pilot a shaky bill safely through the reefs and shoals of Committee, it is Mr. Z. He has the art of making the most complicated array of figures appear lucid, and even interesting, while under the most scathing fire of cross-examination he has never been known to lose his temper or presence of mind. He is always forecasting, always peering into the future. He regards the complicated network of English railways as a chess player regards the board before him. But he plays the game after a fashion of his own. He delights in making sudden moves and unexpected attacks. He is full of feints and surprises. You never know where to have him. He is like a rapier of the finest steel flashing in and out among the clumsy claymores slashing the air around him.

But who cares to study such insignificant personages as general managers when there are so many charming girls fluttering about the platform like love-birds about to take wing? To my mind a pretty girl never looks more attractive than on a bright summer morning when rigged out ready to travel. But who comes here in sable trappings dight? A pretty young widow, as I live. Very demure she looks, but not at all embarrassed, although the eyes of half the men on the platform turn and follow her. Now and again you catch a glimpse of a tiny high-heeled boot, now and again the morning sun glints for a moment on the jet rosary that droops from her neck. My friend the station master catches my eye, and shakes his head solemnly. I comprehend his meaning. About a year ago, as he was sitting one morning in his office, to him there entered a widow as young and as pretty as this one. She was bound for a certain station a few miles beyond Glasgow, and she wanted to travel by the next train. To her horror on going into the booking office to pay for her ticket she found that she had left her purse behind her. She had been staying with her father, the Rev. Mr.—— of —— Square. This morning she had been telegraphed for.—Her child—her only treasure—was dangerously ill, and she must go on at any risk. Under the circumstances, would the station-master pass her forward, and she would remit him the price of her ticket by the first post after reaching home? Now, the only way by which my friend could pass her forward was by issuing an ordinary ticket, which he at once and without hesitation instructed the booking clerk to do. He knew the Rev. Mr. —— quite well by reputation, and he satisfied himself by referring to the Directory that he did really live in —— Square. The widow was profuse in her thanks, and smiled a grateful farewell from her first-class compartment as the train carried her off. "I'm a married man, sir, and I love my wife," said the station-master to me afterwards, "but I am free to confess that for the next three or four days that young hussy's bewitching face did come between me and my work oftener, perhaps, than was quite proper." A fortnight passed, and then inquiry was made. The Rev. Mr. —— knew nothing of any such person, and my friend had to pay for the ticket—a matter of four or five pounds. Well may he shake his head when he sees a young and pretty widow.

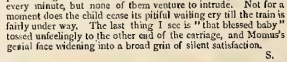
Here comes another lady—a portly dame this time, who is about to travel in her own victoria—indeed, it is said that she often does so travel—which, duly strapped down on to a carriage truck, is here in readiness for her. For the privilege of journeying thus, the company will charge her first-class fare, besides charging for the carriage itself. When she has taken her seat in the victoria, we see that she is about to travel with her face towards the engine, and without a protection of any kind from the weather—and not from the weather only, but from the smoke, and the blacks, and the fiery cinders, not to mention that other travellers' nuisance, the dust.

"What on earth will she look like by the time she has travelled a hundred miles?" I cannot help saying aloud. "Just what she looked like when she went down with us in her own carriage about six weeks ago," answers a guard who happens to be passing. "I give you my word, sir, that her face was nearly as black as your hat. She might have been married that morning to a Christy Minstrel."

The guard who has just spoken to me I have known for these eight or nine years. A rather singular circumstance first made us acquainted. I was staying for a few days at a certain north country watering place to which, during the summer months, run many cheap excursions from sundry manufacturing towns, no great distance away. During my stay there, a cheap train brought some three or four hundred working men, chiefly mill hands, with their wives and families. They came in the morning and were to go back at night. The tide being down, some of the men hired a boat and went out for a bathe in deep water. Unfortunately one poor fellow was drowned. His body, however, was found in the course of the day, and brought ashore. Going for a walk in the evening just about the time the excursion train was due to start back, I perceived that there was a greater commotion than usual at the little station. The curiosity of an idle man took me there to ascertain the cause. The cause was a singular one enough. The friends of the drowned man, having dressed him in his clothes, had carried him to the station and smuggled him into a third class carriage, and there he was now sitting like any ordinary passenger, but propped up on either side by a stalwart Yorkshireman. The railway officials, with my friend the guard at the head of them, insisted that the corpse should be left behind till an inquest had been held, while the poor fellow's friends as strenuously insisted that he should be taken home. "He's gotten a return ticket," they shouted, "and the company's bound to take him back." "It's cheating, and nowt else," cried others. "They've tekken the poor fellow's brass and now they refuse to let him ride." It seemed not unlikely at one time that a battle royal would ensue, and not till the aid of the town police had been called in would the excursionists give way, and permit the dead man to be lifted out of the carriage. But nothing could move them from their argument, that because the man had purchased a return ticket, the railway company were bound to carry him back, and no doubt many of them hold to it to this day.

Here comes a face that I seem to know. As it comes nearer I recognise it as the face of Mr. Momus, the well-known low comedian. It is a face, however, that nobody on the platform except myself seems to recognise, so differently does it look on and off the stage. Mr. Momus has two ladies with him. They are probably on their way to fulfil an engagement in some provincial town. They are fortunate enought to secure an unoccupied compartment, and they make haste to take their seats. The train, however, is now filling up so rapidly that it seems doubtful whether they will be able to retain the compartment to themselves. But Mr. Momus, who has a reputation for practical joking, is equal to the occasion. From his companions' shawls and wraps he quickly extemporises a dummy baby and hands the same over to one of the ladies, who at once enters into the fun of the thing. Momus, who can do a bit of ventriloquism when occasion requires, buries his face behind his paper and at once proceeds to give a most life-like imitation of a crying baby, while the lady rocks the child to and fro in her arms, or lays it on her shoulder and pats it gently on the back in a vain attempt to keep it quiet. But evidently it is a child that will not be quiet. "Poor dear, it must be cutting its teeth," says one sympathetic old lady who peers through the window. Many other passengers peer through the window, for seats are becoming more scarce every minute, but none of them venture to intrude. Not for a moment does the child cease its pitiful wailing cry till the train is fairly under way. The last thing I see is "that blessed baby" tossed unfeelingly to the other end of the carriage, and Momus's genial face widening into a broad grin of silent satisfaction.

S.



THE READER

In his "Egypt as It Is" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), Mr. J. C. M'Coan has supplied a much-wanted volume on a hitherto neglected subject. About Egypt from the tourist's or the antiquary's point of view each year brings with it new books by the score. Of the Egypt of politics and commerce, the State created, as it were, from chaos by Mehemet Ali and his grandson Ismail, there has hardly (a few *brochures* on the Canal and the Debt excepted) been even an attempt to give any systematic account. Yet the subject in its very nature—in the geographical position of the country, a land apart between the desert and the sea, in the extreme centralisation which gathers up each thread of government into the single hand of the Khedive—seems to lend itself at once to classified and comprehensive survey. Statistics, no doubt, may not be always above suspicion. There may be something ever and again behind the fair show of official documents. On the main questions of industries and trade returns, of public works and general administration, there can be little danger, if only pains enough are taken, of inaccurate or inadequate information. And the pains taken by Mr. M'Coan in the collection and the arrangement of his statistics well deserve our highest praise. From the opening chapters on Egypt and its population—not the Egypt merely of our school lessons, the land that ends at Assouan, but the greater Egypt that shall one day stretch from the Mediterranean to the Equatorial Lakes, from the western oases to the Indian Sea—to the final pages on Gordon Pasha and his work, there is hardly a detail of the material or administrative condition of the State that is not lucidly and amply noticed under its own especial heading. The whole, it is true, is slightly rose-coloured, for Mr. M'Coan does not pretend to disguise his faith in the Khedive and in the country,—in the one as a sincerely progressive ruler, in the other as a region rich enough, even when the Moukabala and the village annuities fall in, to pay five per cent. upon its debts all round. Nor sooth to say does he scruple to run in the face of certain popular beliefs, minimising for instance almost to nothing, at all events to malpractices of middlemen or the late Mouffetish for which the Khedive is scarce to blame, the oppression of the *fellaheen* so pitifully described by old residents like Lady Duff Gordon, and hardly concealing his belief that without "stick-law" Prince Hussein and Mr. Romaine of the Inland Revenue will fail terribly at getting in their taxes. But his book, despite these and other heresies, is emphatically a valuable one, not the best merely, but the only good general account of the resources and administration of Modern Egypt that we have.

That most delightful of recent memoirs, "Fifty Years of My Life," by George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle (3rd Edit.: Macmillan and Co.), has been reduced, by the omission of the long but interesting family history of the House of Keppel, to the dimensions of a single handy volume. *En revanche*, the personal recollections have been revived and enriched with some new matter, notably with some half-dozen more *naive*, hearty letters from the Princess Charlotte, that warmest friend in her and their school days of George Keppel and "the Brats;" letters full of good feeling and bad spelling, now recommending "Frier's barlsom" for a wounded finger, at another time alluding to a "Save" (Sèvres) vase, or plaintively admitting that "je crive tres mal." New, too, unless memory prove treacherous, is the fuller version of the late Dean Garnier's amusing account of a reception at the Tuileries by the First Consul, *anno* 1802. Lord Albemarle's pleasant book in this its newest form deserves to become a more popular favourite than ever.

"The Spaniards," says old Salmasius, "excel in proverbs; the Italians are little if at all behind; then come the French, but at a certain distance." Be this as it may—though if your proverb should be genuine home-spun, no half-epigrammatic work of art, Salmasius is probably in the right—certain it is that in no other European land do proverbs hold so high a place. In Spain only do they claim their part in literature, whether grave or gay, in serious *cronica* as in light *romancero*, in legends told before literature began, in the last products of a literature that, as a purely native growth, seems well-nigh spent and dead. In Spain only are they received at once to clench an argument or sum up a debate, references from which there is no appeal to the wit and wisdom of a hundred generations. And where in Spain, save to Cervantes, should we go for samples of Spanish proverbs at their best? It is some five years now since the author of "Spanish Salt" (B. M. Pickering) gave to the world, under the title of "Proverbs of Sancho Panza," a dainty collection of the choicest of these *refranes*. That collection has now been altered and enlarged, the introduction rewritten, the notes of parallel proverbs in other languages increased, until in "Spanish Salt," though still confined to the limits of "Don Quixote," we have less a new edition than a new work upon the former lines. Not all, perhaps, of its 352 examples strike us at once as proverbs proper. Some certainly—*i.e.*, 251, 279, and 219—have more, to our unlearned sense, the air of similes or moral sayings. But much the greater number are purest specimens of Spanish salt, excellently arranged (for purposes at least of reference) in alphabetical order of the key-word to each, and prefaced by an introduction which, to its other merits, adds a welcome little list of proverbs, not indeed in "Cervantes," but none the less thoroughly Spanish and *piquant*. But why, in days of Caxton celebrations, so many misprints in a book that bears the proud device of "Aldi discipulus Anglus?" Erasmus's definition of the proverb or Paræmia becomes a heap of unintelligible italics; and this, though certainly the worst, is not the only error by half-a-dozen that caught our eye in a very hasty survey.

An interesting though somewhat abstruse subject is ably treated by Mr. H. W. Chisholm, Warden of the Standards, in "Weighing and Measuring" (Macmillan and Co.), a new volume of the "Nature Series." But few, perhaps, have thoroughly realised the infinite pains, the reiterated experiments, the complicated calculations needed to secure a standard of length and weight that shall be accurate to the fourth decimal, or proof against the changes of temperature and time. Still fewer have had opportunities to inspect the delicate machinery, the instruments for weighing in air or water, the balances adjusted to the 0·07 milligram by which alone imperial standards can satisfactorily be tested. Whence, again, came our earliest notions of weight and measure at all? From the astronomic discoveries of Egyptian or Chaldæan sages, preserved, as some have thought, for after generations in the mystic proportions of the great Pyramid, or from the simpler standard of the natural proportions of the human body—for the units of length, the finger breadth and the palm; for the unit of weight, the weight of water in a cup so many fingers' deep and broad? What, too, the merits of the metric and the Imperial systems, or the story of our own standard from the old weights and measures of the Norman Exchequer to those restored, after the burning of the Houses of Parliament, by the Commission of '43? To those who seek information on such points, but most of all on the scientific history of our own system of measuring and weighing, we could not name a better little manual.

People who would like to know what English mariners are expected nowadays to have at their fingers' ends should turn—though even here we are referred to other books for the gun, the ram, and the torpedo—to Capt. Bedford's "Sailors' Pocket Book" (3rd Ed.: Griffin and Co., Portsea), a volume quite indispensable we should say, for the higher ranks of working seamen in Queen's or merchant or pleasure services. The chapters alone on "Signal Codes," and on the "Compass with its Directions" would "swamp," in Captain Cuttle's phrase, "a mind of ordinary tonnage easy." But besides these are tables of winds and currents, rule of the road at sea, rules for determining distances and position, for sailing round the edge of the cyclone, for beaching boats in heavy surf, for the conduct of landing parties, &c., and, as if this were not enough, appendices too on the choice of east, west, or middle passage from Australia to China, in-shore routes from Hong-Kong to the Yang-tse-Kiang, and so on. The strongest memory must gladly turn at times to so omniscient a refresher.

One distrusts most Royal Roads to learning, still more when heralded with a preface so pompous and metaphorical as that prefixed to M. Lafont's "Takimetry, or Complete Geometry in Three Lessons," translated by D. O. Gwynne, M.D. (W. Collins and Co., London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow). But there can be little doubt of the value of a system which may enable the unlettered workman in a few lessons to measure with ease and accuracy in M. Lafont's peculiar phrase "the accessible," "the inaccessible" (that which is out of reach), and "the incalculable" that which like the circumference of the circle cannot be calculated with rigorous exactitude, but with an error so slight as to be practically unimportant. The search is the reduction of all objects, so to speak, to a uniform mould by one or other of the three organic rules—we quote once more—of "equivalence," "resemblance," and "the three squares of the right-angled triangle." But the learner will need a box of models, and in the first instance we should say a little oral instruction from the master.

In the *Church Quarterly Review* for July (Spottiswoode), there are two especially interesting articles. The former, entitled "The Annihilation of the Wicked," examines the various teachings concerning the future state of mankind which have prevailed at various times in the Church. The writer regards the theory of Annihilation, which he holds to be untenable, as a natural reaction from the Calvinistic doctrine, which, abandoning Purgatory, led logically to the conclusion that the vast majority of mankind would be condemned to eternal torment.—The second paper treats of the Church of England in the eighteenth century, and shows how from being full of vitality and activity at the time of the Revolution in 1688 it gradually fell into a condition of sloth and indifferentism. To our thinking this change was in a large measure due to the fact that the clergy, as a body, never heartily accepted the Revolution doctrines till after the middle of the eighteenth century, their attitude towards the two first Georges was one of veiled disloyalty, and so they lost the respect of the laity, who had been taught by the misconduct of the Stuarts to abandon their belief in the divine right of kings.

From Mr. Charles Davenhill, an Englishman long resident in Spain, we have received a pamphlet entitled "Spanish Views of the Eastern Question," in which is embodied the pith of Señor Castelar's eloquent treatise entitled "La Cuestion de Oriente." Señor Castelar, as most of our readers are aware, is no admirer of Russia, whom he would relegate to Asia, leaving Constantinople to "its natural inheritors, the Greeks." Affairs have moved rapidly since the Spanish orator wrote, nor is Russia likely, after all her sacrifices, to relinquish the prize she has so long coveted for the sake of pleasing the Greeks.

We have also to notice Vol. III., F to Kells, of the useful "Globe Encyclopædia" (T. C. Jack, Edinburgh).—"Human Interests" (Tinsley Bros.), by S. Sainsbury, a well-meant collection of harmless maxims and reflections chiefly, it would seem, designed to inspire broader sympathy with our less prosperous or less gifted fellows.—"Essays on Human Culture: a Book for Girl Students" (Dulau and Co.), by Prof. G. D. Wood, of the Royal Academy of Music, papers of solid practical worth more especially as guides to the right study of the more important branches of a common English educational course.—And lastly "A Grammar of the Words in the Greek Testament," by the Rev. C. H. Waller, M.A. (S. Low and Co.), a little manual hardly perhaps to be commended to the general scholar, but very useful for the student who only wants to acquire Greek enough to read his New Testament with tolerable ease, and that within as short a term as possible.

◆

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

We propose to follow up the subjects already discussed in our former articles, "Territorial Regiments," "The Volunteer Movement," "The Army as a Career," &c., by calling attention to the inducements which the army can offer to steady and respectable men. We have endeavoured to show, as succinctly as possible, the connection which ought to be established between the army of the nation and a national army; the steps by which the Volunteers and Auxiliary Forces, generally so called, can attain this much-to-be-desired end. We have also considered the subject of the army as a career in a short article, and we now propose to summarise the advantages which, so long as he is willing to be disciplined and taught, any young man may obtain in exchange for service to the State in the honourable position which even a private soldier can occupy if he will.

From many causes the tendency to look down upon private soldiers has of late years become much weaker. The long peace which followed the crowning victory of Waterloo caused people in England to think that soldiers were more ornamental than useful, the blood of the new generation was not stirred by stories of battles and sieges, and such small matters as the Burmese wars, the Chinese wars, the Afghan and Sikh campaigns were too remote in those days of slow communication to create more than a passing interest. Men, indeed, thought of their pockets, merchants of their ventures, and of the issues dependent upon the success of our soldiers; but of the soldiers themselves they did not think at all. More than this—we regret to have to say it, but the truth must be told—there were numbers of old soldiers who, under a rough-and-ready discipline, had learned manners of the roughest and readiest, and who, when a grateful country had no further need of their services, were discharged. Their camp manners were hardly suited to the fastidious tastes of people in the "piping times of peace," and the welcome with which they were received on their return to the mother country, the land for which they had risked and done so much, wore itself out. The backs which the drill sergeant had straightened could not bend at once to toil, the limbs which rheumatism had stiffened, and the thews and sinews accustomed to the exercises of war, were alike at a discount when the martial tramp of the soldier had to be exchanged for the plod of the ploughman over weary furrows, and the sword had to give place to the scythe or the pruning-hook. And so it came to pass that many a gallant fellow, driven to extremities, came to an untimely end. Some took to the "road," and perished ignominiously; others to the workhouse, where they droned or pined out an effete existence; not a few, and these perhaps the happiest, succumbed to the combined evils of bad health, wounds, and privation. As it is the way of the world to kick those who are down, and to discard those for whom there is no present use, it cannot be a cause of wonder if the profession of a soldier came to be regarded lightly, and the soldier himself as of no account. Those in authority, whose duty it was to consider him, neglected him, and why should the public trouble themselves about his welfare? But with the Crimean War and the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny a change came over the spirit of the dream. A new light broke in upon the public mind; the Millennium had not yet come, and still appeared remote, and the British soldier once more rose in the market, and became a very valuable article indeed. Correspondents appeared upon the scene, and told us from day to day of the privation, the toils, and the heroism of our army. These useful but troublesome men placed it upon record that soldiering, if it is the sport of kings, is no child's play, and that war can scarcely be waged by rule of thumb. They showed that the greatest qualities of manhood were inherent in every breast, irrespective of rank; that the honour of the nation depended upon the display of those qualities; but that the ignorance, incompetence, carelessness, and dishonesty of those entrusted with the supreme control, and who from their position ought to have known better, went near to nullifying all the great results which might be expected. From this time of trial we date all the improvements in the army, and the amelioration of the condition of the soldier himself. Whatever might have been the difference of opinion as regards the wisdom or necessity of going to war, they were all merged in the determination that the soldier should no longer be needlessly hampered, and that his right place in the community should be assigned to him for the future. "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" was the question which naturally arose on all men's lips, and it was tacitly, if not by acclamation, decided that this was a matter into which the nation itself must look, and that it was scarcely safe to commit such vast interests to the care of either clique, committee, or party for the future. Though, owing to elaborate constitutional machinery and national phlegm, we move but slowly forward, the question of Army Reform soon became one of vital interest, and with more or less intensity it has agitated the public mind from that day to this. It has progressed not in arithmetical, but in geometrical ratio, as a very slight retrospect of the annual changes would show, and has now become one of the burning questions of the day. It has been acknowledged that the soldier is no longer an expensive toy, but a valuable citizen, and it is beginning to be whispered that the ranks, instead of being a refuge for the idle and vicious, should be open to none but well-conducted members of the body politic. In one branch of the service at least this is the rule. The recruit is no longer left to his own devices and the tender mercies of "old hands," who will fraternise with him so long as his money lasts, and just long enough to teach him bad manners and spoil his *début*; but he is carefully watched, and has just so much protection thrown over him as need not be irksome, whilst good advice can always be had for the asking. We hope to treat of this more at length, however, in a future article. It is only fair to the Royal Duke whose pride it is to command our army to state that in the opinion of many thoughtful men no fitter Chief for an army whilst undergoing transformation could have been found. Conservative enough to dislike sudden changes, he has always been open to conviction; and, whilst singularly mindful of individual interests, he has never been obstinately obstructive of public business, and knows how to yield with a good grace to the inevitable march of reform. As we remarked above, we advance but slowly; but we owe almost as much to the caution which marks that advance as to the enterprise and spirit which have conducted it of late years, for we seek no sweeping changes and untried methods so long as we can build up our system upon a firm foundation, and by well-tempered and seasoned courses.

New Music

Messrs. Chappell and Co.——From hence come a dozen songs by popular composers. Precedence must be given to "Lowly Born," the composition, both poetical and musical, of one who has just passed away from amongst us, the Hon. Mrs. Norton—than whom few of her sex have taken a higher position in the literary or musical world. This simple but charming song is published in C and E flat.—Two companion songs, the words by M. X. Hayes, music by Ciro Pinsuti, are "The Captive Skylark" and "The Skylark Free;" the former tells of the yearning for liberty felt by a feathered captive, the latter of its joyful restoration to freedom; both are of moderate compass for a mezzo-soprano, and are calculated to produce a favourable impression wherever they are heard.—"I'll Sing Thee a Song of Araby," from F. Clay's cleverly-written cantata of "Lalla Rookh," has already made its mark as a tenor song; it is now published in F for a baritone.—Although no relation whatever to the above "An Arab Flower," a showy bolero for a soprano, written and composed by Wellington Guernsey and Felice Mariani, is an excellent pendant for it.—For grave and thoughtful hours, "Smiles and Tears," written and composed by Messrs. E. A. Ould and A. Whitely, and "Not Far Away," by Messrs. F. E. Weatherly and B. Tours, are meet and congenial companions; both are for voices of medium compass.—Quaint and pleasing are the words of "My Lover Across the Sea," written by Bessie Hill, and set to a simple melody by Stephen Adams; this song will make a hit at a seaside penny reading. But the great success of the autumn season will be "The Men of Wales," a song with chorus *ad lib.*, the thrilling words of which are by F. E. Weatherly, the tuneful music by Brinley Richards, both of which are sure to raise the enthusiasm of every Welshman to the highest pitch.—There is little or nothing to be said in favour of a so-called patriotic song, "Our Boys," the joint production of H. J. Byron and W. M. Lutz, both of whom could and should have done better with so fruitful a theme for their respective abilities.—It is gratifying to come across so fresh and original a ballad as "The Day My Love went Maying," words and music by Louisa Gray, a simple love story for a mezzo-soprano.—It is but a rare occurrence to meet with a *valse chantante* which can lay claim to the least originality. "L'Albani," by L. Arditi, who has adapted it from a well-known valse, "Les Belles Viennoises," is no exception to the rule.—A remarkably pretty duet for two *soprani* is "The Fairy Glen," written and composed by W. H. Thompson and W. C. Levey.

Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.——Under the comprehensive title of "People's Songs and Ballads" come no less than seventeen vocal compositions for which M. L. Lawson has supplied the music; the demand upon his powers has resulted, as may be expected for so long a *suite*, in unequal success and much monotony. Without cataloguing the whole series, we may mention (Nos. V. and VI.), "A Student's Song" and "A Yorkshire Man's Love Song," the spirited words of which are by Theo Marzials, "The Proud Princess," a poem after the antique by Charles Kingsley (No. XII.), Sir John Suckling's well-known "Love's Resolves" (No. XI.), and, quainter still, his "Love and Debt" (No. XIII.), and "The Passionate Shepherd" (No. XVI.), by C. Marlowe, a poem more generally known under the title of "Come live with me, and be my love."

Messrs. Metzler and Co.——Equal credit is due to Frederick Enoch and Henry Smart for the success of a vocal duet for two *soprani*, "Fair Flows the River," the happiest of their recent collaborations.—Two respectably written love songs, the one for a bass only, the other in two keys for a baritone or tenor, are "The Knight's Wish," written and composed by W. S. Clarke and B. Tours; the other "She Haunts Me Like a Happy Dream," the joint production of H. B. Farnie and F. Musgrave.—Two pretty trifles for the pianoforte are "Avelette" a "Gondolied," by W. Smallwood, and "L'Etoile du Chant," a waltz, by G. J. Rubini.

Miscellaneous.—— "Andante for the Organ," by F. G. Cole, shows technical knowledge in the present, and gives promise for the future (Messrs. Weekes and Co.). The same composer has proved fairly successful in his musical setting of Waller's exquisite little poem, "The Rose" ("Go, lovely rose") (F. Attwells).—Much may be done with and a genuine success produced by a baritone or contralto who will study "Glorified," a "Grand Recitation and Aria, with *ad lib* accompaniment for the harmonium," written and composed by A. Phillips and Jules Taubert (A. Phillips).—Our American neighbours never do anything by halves, hence "When You'll be far from Me," is an ultra-love song for a woe-begone tenor; the words and music by G. T. Bulling (Messrs. J. Church and Co., Cincinnati).—A ballad writer of no mean merit, R. Bishop, makes steady progress, as shown in a very pleasing tenor song entitled "The Trysting Hour" (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"Spring Flower Waltzes," by F. Adlam, are smoothly written, but decidedly void of originality (Messrs. Hopwood and Crew).—Very interesting to professional and amateur artists is "A Year's Music in St. Paul's Cathedral" from Easter, 1876, to Easter, 1877, a report to the Dean and Chapter, drawn up by W. Sparrow Simpson, D.D., F.S.A., Succentor.

◆

A Sacred Relic of Mahomet is preserved in Cashmere, at a mosque in the village of Harmtbul on the Dhul Lake—a hair of the Prophet's beard. The hair is kept in a tiny gold stoppered bottle, and is exhibited to the faithful six times a year, when great festivals take place in its honour, and Mahometans come in flocks to see the sacred treasure.

Piping Bullfinches are no longer novelties, but a canary trained to sing a definite tune is a decided rarity. A Transatlantic bird fancier, however, has taught a canary to sing "Home, Sweet Home" in a clear, distinct tone. Instead of instructing the bird by means of a bird-organ the owner hung its cage opposite a mirror, and placed underneath it a musical box which continually played the desired tune. The bird, seeing its reflection in the glass, concluded the music came from one of its own species, and speedily imitated and acquired the notes.

The Anti-Chinese Fever still rages hotly in California, and so prejudiced are the authorities of San Francisco that a resolution has actually been passed by the Board of Supervisors forbidding the use of Chinese granite on any public works; indeed one official has already refused to accept a new portion of a roadway because the contractor had laid it with Chinese blocks. Many ships coming from Hong Kong are ballasted with granite blocks, and this granite is considered to be harder and to wear better than the ordinary kind. It is supposed that the officials have passed this resolution in order to curry favour with their supporters, the elections being near at hand.

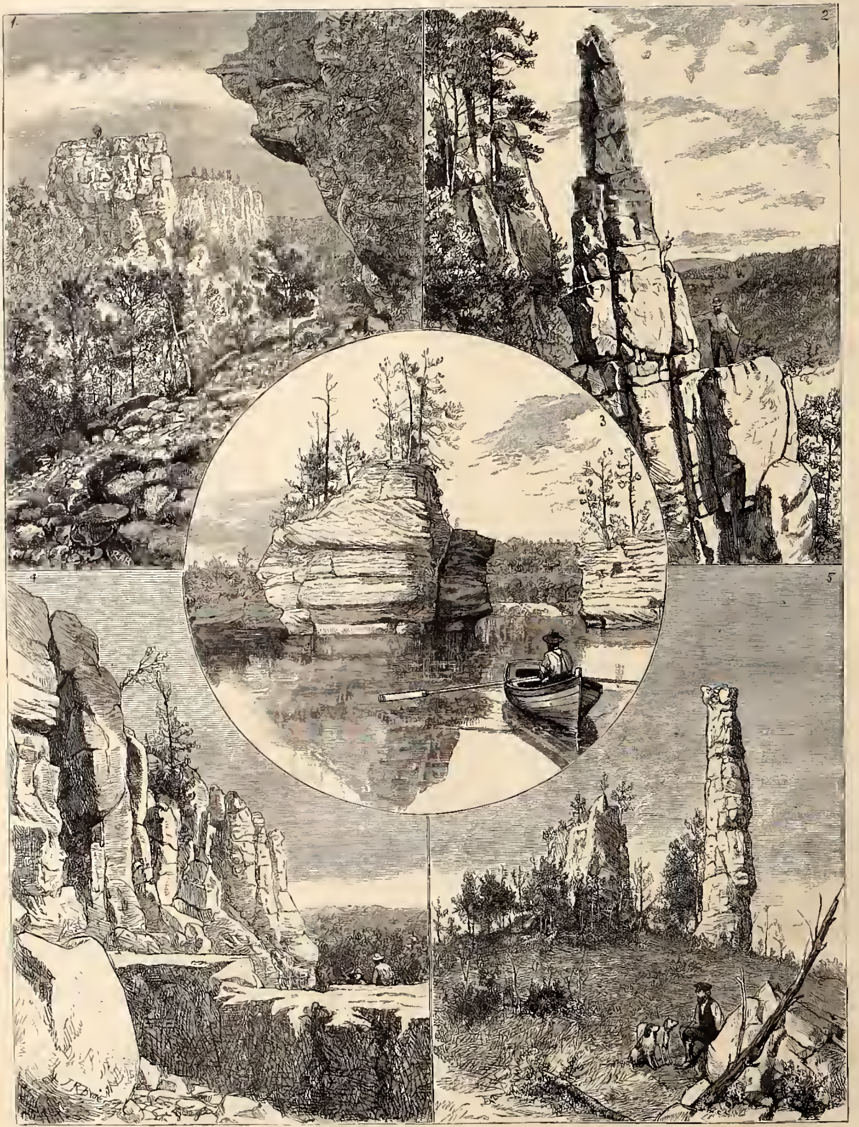
◆

THE BEAUTIFUL BAY:

A CADENCE OF KENMARE RIVER

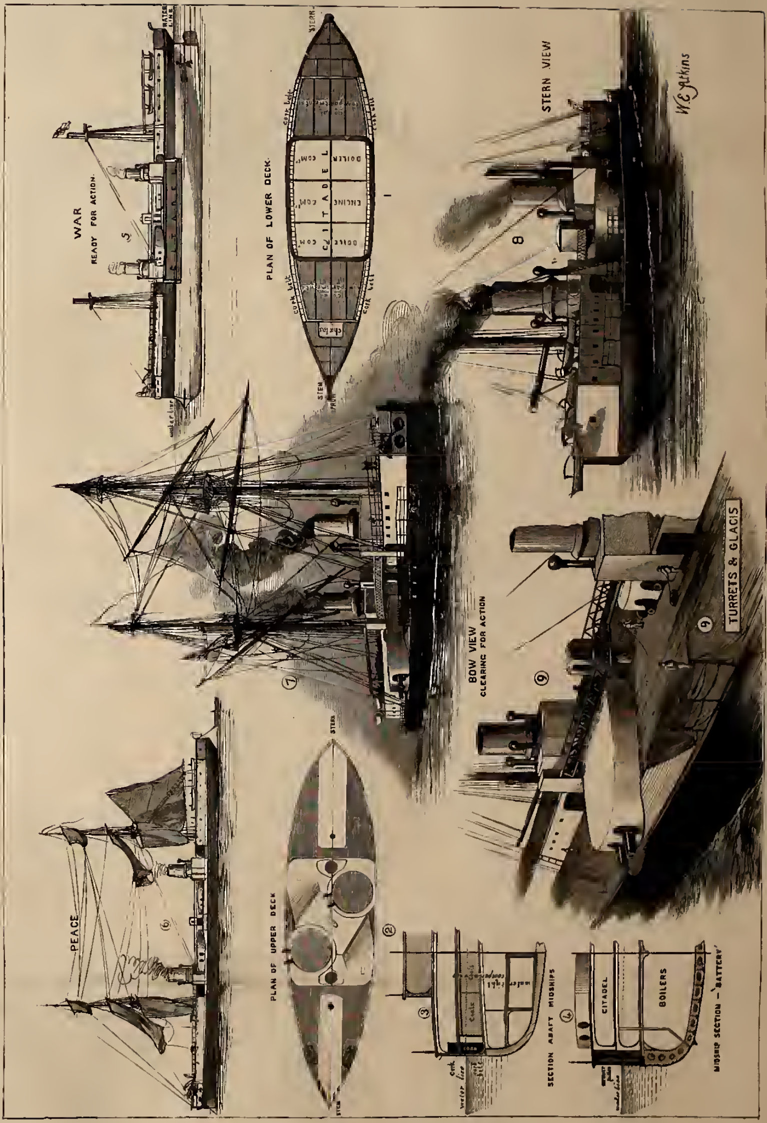
I lifted mine eyes, and beheld him lying, that Harper old, on the green sea grass,
And I said in my heart, "I will rise and seek a lonelier spot, O mother dear!
For this thy sea, and these thy woods, and those thy violet hills and dales,
At the coming of others estrange from my soul all their low sweet communings."
So I arose. Now he spake no word, but he glanced a glance, and his spirit met mine;
And swifter than speech and surer far, thus he answered my secret thought—
"Avoid not! I hush not her rich revealings, for I am hers, ay, even as those;
Avoid not, for surely she drew us together, her dearest children, for only this—
To breath to us both some tenderer tidings than ever she whispered each soul apart."
I looked in his face, and I believed the eloquent blue of the old man's eye,
And I knew by the ruddy rose of his cheek and the full white flower of his flowing hair,
A son, indeed, of Nature's love, I looked, and I loved him for her sake,
And returned again to my seat in silence, and side by side on the soft sea grass,
With the bluest blue of Heaven above us, we sate at gaze on the Beautiful Bay,
Gazing, gazing, O delight! for the Sea-turn blew from the ocean beyond,
And ever before his full sweet voice, the Arbutus Islands for utter joy
Shivered in every sparkling leaf, and called "He comes!" to the wooing waves.
And then leaped back with a silver laugh, and cried it to all of their crystal clan,
And the white smile spread, and hither and thither, with dark swift fingers pointed to shore;
The wind-flaws darted o'er the dreaming azure, and the ripples danced after in a diamond dance,
And nearer and nearer the rapture ran till the cool air kissed on the craving cheek,
O, breathing balm! O, sweet sea spice, O, wind of the West that most I love!
Now the sea had risen, and wrestled and lost, and wrestled and won with the struggling shore,
For the golden spoils they win and lose, with the moon above for arbitress,
Till only one thin red torque remained for Ocean's triumphant conquesting,
Then the Sea-turn fluttered, with fainting wings, fluttered, fluttered, failed, and fell;
And the Sun strode down from mountain to mountain, kissing their foreheads with his farewell kiss,
To a happy rose that flushed through Heaven, and thrilled and trembled out of sight.
Then the sweet night fell, and the soft stars shone, and we sang "Good night" to the Beautiful Bay.

The Author of "Songs of Killarney"



1 Bee Bluffs.—2. Cleopatra's Needle, Devil's Lake.—3. Sugar Bowl, Dells of the Wisconsin.—4. Cut Face Cliff.—5. Pillar Rock.

OUR ARTIST IN THE UNITED STATES, XX.—WISCONSIN SCENERY


WAR
READY FOR ACTION.
5
WATER LINE
CITADEL
water line
PLAN OF LOWER DECK.
STERN
cork belt
compartments
COM.
C. I T A D E L
BOILER COM.
ENGINE COM.
chains
STEM
PROW
1
STERN VIEW
8
W.E. Atkins
7
BOW VIEW
CLEARING FOR ACTION
9
TURRETS & GLACIS
PEACE
6
PLAN OF UPPER DECK
STEM
STERN
2
3
SECTION ABAFT MIDSHIPS
cork
water line
water tight compartments
Coals
4
CITADEL
BOILERS
water line
MIDSHIP SECTION — 'BATTERY'

H.M.S. "INFLEXIBLE"

(Continued from page 83)

Treasury solicitors, made an *ex parte* statement of the case for the prosecution to the effect that the proceedings were the result of disclosures made by William Kerr, one of the five prisoners who in April last were convicted at the Old Bailey of conspiring to defraud a French lady (the Countess de Goncourt) of 10,000*l.* Mr. Poland accused Meiklejohn of having been the chief actor in the conspiracy, and of having received 500*l.* from one of the convicts. Druscovich, who had been instructed to take charge of the inquiry into the betting frauds, was, he said, introduced by Meiklejohn to the men who were carrying them on, and having got into pecuniary difficulties had accepted a loan of 60*l.* from William Kerr. Palmer had given information which enabled the men at first to escape, and Froggatt had tampered with witnesses, and had tried to procure the release of Benson and his companions when they had been arrested at Rotterdam, by sending a false telegram to that place. A singular circumstance in connection with the case was the allegation that Bale, one of the convicts, was in custody in 1875 on another charge, and absconded from his bail, which had therefore been estreated, and that he continued to live near London up to 1876, the police allowing him to be at large. No evidence was taken, but another adjournment was ordered, Sir James Ingham declining to admit any of the three inspectors to bail, but accepting bail for Mr. Froggatt. On Tuesday there was a rumour that Druscovich had attempted to commit suicide in his cell, but of this we have seen no confirmation.

THE ARTISANS' DWELLINGS COMPANY.——Mr. Swindlehurst and Dr. Baxter Langley, the secretary and chairman of this company, who are accused of conspiring with a person named Saffery to defraud the shareholders, were again before the magistrate on Wednesday. The evidence as to the purchase of one estate was concluded; and Mr. G. Lewis, the prosecuting counsel for the Treasury, opened the case with regard to the purchase of another. He said that Dr. Langley, instead of being the philanthropist he pretended to be, had appropriated 1,800*l.* to his own use; Swindlehurst received 1,000*l.*, Saffery 2,000*l.*; and Mr. Lowe, the absconding director, 1,500*l.* Some amusement was created by the evidence of a Mrs. Roberts, who appears to have been living under the protection of Dr. Langley, and who spoke of various large sums of money having been given to her by him. On one particular day he had presented her with 1,000*l.*, and she had made him a present of 800*l.* At the close of the inquiry Dr. Langley's bail was increased from one surety of 500*l.* to two of 750*l.* each.

NOW READY, price 7d.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE
for AUGUST, containing—

HOW TO ENJOY THE SEASIDE.
HEADACHES, AND HOW TO CURE THEM.
A PARLIAMENTARY PAPER.
LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.
THE QUEEN'S NEW SUBJECTS.
CRAB AND LOBSTER LORE.
LAURA'S DOCTOR. A Short Story.
THE ORIGIN OF NAMES.
CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.
"ONCE AMID THE ROSES" Song.
A MILITARY TEA PARTY.
THE GATHERER.
PAUL KNOX, PITMAN. Serial Story.
STONE STEPS AND WOODEN STAIRS. Serial Story.
&c., &c.

CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, London, and all Booksellers.

NOW READY, price 6d.

THE QUIVER for AUGUST.
Containing—

THE TRIAL BY FIRE. By the Rev. W. HANNA, D.D.
SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME. By the Rev. J. W. GEDGE, M.A.
THE MORAL OF THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES. By the Rev. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D.
SCRIPTURE ADDRESSES FOR CHILDREN'S SERVICES IN CHURCH OR SCHOOL.
THE MORAL ORDER OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM. By the Rev. HENRY ALLON, D.D.
DOTTY: THE STORY OF A LITTLE LIFE.
WESTMINSTER SERMONS. By the Rev. Canon FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.
OLD TESTAMENTARY SERMONS. By the Rev. Canon BARRY, D.D.
"PRAISE, OH PRAISE OUR LORD AND KING!" New Hymn Tune. By JOSEPH BARNBY.
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER. New Serial Story.
THEIR SUMMER DAY. New Serial Story.
&c., &c.

CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, London, and all Booksellers.

NOW READY, price 6d.,

LITTLE FOLKS for AUGUST.
Containing—

AT HARVEST TIME. A Song in Season—STORIES ABOUT A GREAT ATHENIAN ORATOR—FOUR NEWTS—SHAKESPEARE'S LITTLE FOLKS. The Little Princes in the Tower—ETTIE'S FORGIVENESS—THE GUINEA-PIG BOY—HOW TO DRESS DOLLS IN COSTUME—THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE ESCAPE—WHY THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS BY NIGHT—THE STORY OF THE MONTH—RAINBOWS AND MOCK SUNS—CAUGHT IN CONWAY TUBE—PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE FINGERS—PAGES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS—MUSIC—OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES—OUR PUZZLE PAGES—THE YOUNG BERRINGTONS; OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS. Serial Story—POOR NELLY. Serial Story. &c., &c.

CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, London, and all Booksellers.

In medium 8vo, price 12s. 6d., cloth gilt and gilt edges.

PRATT'S FERNS OF GREAT BRITAIN, and their Allies, the Club-Mosses, Pepperworts, and Horsetails. Containing Forty-one Coloured Plates.

FREDERICK WARNE and CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

In medium 8vo, price £3 15s., cloth gilt and gilt edges.

PRATT'S FLOWERING PLANTS, GRASSES, SEDGES, and FERNS.
The Six Volume Edition.
With 313 Pages of Steel Plates, printed in Colours by Kronheim and Co.

FREDERICK WARNE and CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

SCHOOL PRIZE BOOKS. FREDERICK WARNE and CO.'S CATALOGUE of ELEGANT PRESENTATION WORKS, bound in morocco, calf, cloth, &c., gilt edges; all fully illustrated and strongly bound, can be had on application or forwarded post free—Bedford Street, Strand.

Nearly ready, price 1s., by post, 1s 1d.

REPORT on the BULGARIAN PEASANT RELIEF FUND, with a Statement of Distribution and Expenditure.
By the Right Honourable VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD.
London: HARDWICKE and BOGUE, 192, Piccadilly, W.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN ITALY.

IL SECOLO: a Daily Newspaper published in Milan. Sale, 50,000 copies daily. The proprietor, Signor EDOARDO SONZOGNO, has established a London Agency at 13, FURNIVAL'S INN, E.C., to meet the wishes of British Subscribers and Advertisers.

Rates for Subscription, postage prepaid:—

Twelve Months	. . . .	£1 15 0
Six Months	. . . .	0 18 0

Rates for Advertisements—

1st page	—	Four Lines and under . .	£0 10 0
Do.	—	Each Line afterwards . .	0 3 0
3rd page	—	Four Lines and under . .	0 5 0
Do.	—	Each Line afterwards . .	0 1 6
4th page	—	Four Lines and under . .	0 2 0
Do.	—	Each Line afterwards . .	0 0 6

Cheques and P.O.O. to be made payable to Messrs. GUIDI and CO., 13, Furnival's Inn, London, E.C.
IL SECOLO—The best advertising medium in Italy.

WAR MARCHES and MILITARY DIVERTIMENTOS for the PIANOFORTE. By J. PRIDHAM.
GRAND TURKISH MARCH.
ATTACK MARCH.
BATTLE MARCH OF DELHI.
GENERAL HAVELOCK'S MARCH.
NAPOLEON'S GRAND MARCH.
ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION. Military Divertimento.
Price 3s. each, beautifully Illustrated.
London: BREWER and CO., 14 and 15, Poultry, Cheapside.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S POPULAR LIBRARY.
NEW VOLUMES. Fcap 8vo, 2s. 6d. each.

IN THE SILVER AGE. By Holme Lee.

CHRONICLES OF DUSTYPORE: a Tale of Anglo-Indian Society. By H. S. CUNNINGHAM, Author of "Wheat and Tares."

NEW VOLUMES. Pictorial Boards, 2s. each.

A GARDEN OF WOMEN. By Sarah TYTLER, Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

PENRUDDOCKE. By Hamilton Aide.

ISEULTE. By the Author of "Vera," "The Hotel du Petit St. Jean."

London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

On the 30th July (One Shilling), No. 212,

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for AUGUST. With Illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER and FRANK DICKSEE.

CONTENTS:—
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. (With an Illustration.) Chap. XLIV.—Hermetically Sealed. XLV.—Conviction. XLVI.—Vain Zeal. XLVII.—Cadmeian Victory.
Amalfi, Pæstum, Capri.
A Study of Lower Life.
"Royal and Noble" Gossip.
Folk-Dirges.
The Veterans of the Grand Army meeting Napoleon's Ashes from St. Helena.
François Villon, Student, Poet, and Housebreaker.
Carità. (With an Illustration.) Chap. XLIII.—The Worse Scrape of All. XLIV.—Clearing Up. XLV.—Conclusion.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. No. 214.
For AUGUST. Price 1s.
Contents of the Number:—
1. Recent Designs for Ships of War. By Thomas Brassey, Esq., M.P.
2. Young Musgrave. By Mrs. Oliphant. Chaps. XXII.—XXV.
3. Pessimism and its Antidote. By Charles Nisbet.
4. The Decline of Party Government. By Professor Goldwin Smith.
5. A Russian Poet to the Empress of India.
6. A Scottish "Elia." By the Rev. John Service.
7. How Pommier was Married.
8. To Hermione.
9. Popes and Cardinals. By Charles Pebody.
MACMILLAN and CO., London.

Price 6d., post free 7½d.,

FAMILY HERALD for August.

FAMILY HERALD FOR AUGUST (PART 411) CONTAINS THE DOUBLE SEASIDE NUMBER, WITH A COMPLETE NOVELETTE ENTITLED

A BRIDE FROM THE SEA:
By the Author of "THE SIN OF A LIFETIME," "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," &c.

THE FAMILY HERALD FOR AUGUST.

PURE LITERATURE.—The *Literary Gazette* says:—"It must be said of the 'Family Herald' that it is the purest reading of all purely amusing literature; it is, indeed, a family paper."

THE FAMILY HERALD FOR AUGUST.

LEADING ARTICLES and ESSAYS. The *British Quarterly Review* says:—"There is a well-considered leading article or essay every week, upon some subject of an instructive or thoughtful character."

THE FAMILY HERALD FOR AUGUST.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.—The *Saturday Review* says:—"The editor is the confidant and confessor in every station of life. The Answers to Correspondents cannot be fictitious, a romance and a life history being embodied in almost each of them."

Price 6d., post free 7½d.,

FAMILY HERALD for August, Part 411. WILLIAM STEVENS, 421, Strand, London; and all Newsvendors and Railway Stations.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60 Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.

DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS:
REPRODUCED BY THE
AUTOTYPE PROCESS
FROM THE
ORIGINALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
With Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"This splendid volume. . . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine tact. . . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. In two cases, minute gradations of light and shade are so well rendered that most people would pronounce the photographs hardly inferior to the originals. Of the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value. Such criticism is rare in any country, but it is particularly uncommon in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

MONOGRAMS.—Rodrigues' Novelties in Monograms, Crests, and Addresses. STEEL DIES engraved as gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour relief, and illuminated in gold, silver, and colours in the highest style of art.—42, Piccadilly, W.

VISITING CARDS, at H. Rodrigues'. A card plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superfine cards printed for 4s. 6d. BOOK PLATES designed and engraved in Modern and Mediæval Styles at RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly.

MALVERN.—HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The compressed air-bath, important remedy in chest diseases. Situate near the Hills. Extensive Grounds, Winter Garden, and Billiard Room.—Resident physicians: C. F. Grindrod and E. Durant.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each. Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

CHUBB and SON have REMOVED from 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, to new and extensive premises, 128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, St. Paul's, E.C., and at 68, St. James's Street, S.W. Illustrated price lists gratis and post free. Lock and Safe Makers to the Queen and the Bank of England.

SALE of PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.
THE MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

According to Annual Custom all Goods have been reduced to HALF-PRICE.
The SALE will continue during the Month of JULY.

GREAT BARGAINS are SELLING in
JACKETS,
MANTLES,
FICHUS,
COSTUMES IN SILK,
COSTUMES IN MATERIAL,
COSTUMES FOR DINNER,
COSTUMES FOR EVENING,
MILLINERY,
PARASOLS,
COLLARS,
TIES, &c.

BLACK SILKS, reduced from 4s. 9d. to 3s. 6d. and every quality in proportion.
BLACK SILK COSTUMES, reduced from 6½ to 4½ guineas, and every quality in proportion.
Several FRENCH MODELS, costing in Paris 29 guineas, reduced to 12 and 14 guineas.

DUST CLOAKS, reduced to 8s. 9d.
CLOTH JACKETS, reduced to 25s. 6d.
SILK JACKETS, reduced to 40s.
FUR-LINED CLOAKS, reduced to 3 guineas.
SEALSKIN JACKETS, Semi-fitting, 33 inches long, reduced to 9 guineas.

DRESS LENGTHS, ODD LENGTHS, AND REMNANTS will be cleared at nominal prices.

MOURNING ORDERS during the SALE will receive the usual prompt and careful attention.
MADE-UP ARTICLES, MILLINERY, &c., forwarded free of extra charge to all parts of England.

PETER ROBINSON, 256 to 262, REGENT STREET,
LONDON.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON, upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

THE NEW CRAPE.

THE PURE SILK GORDIAN CRAPE
FOR WIDOWS AND FAMILIES.
Its advantages are—that it is made of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.

THE GORDIAN CRAPE is a Specialite
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

GASK and GASK'S SALE of SILKS, COSTUMES, MANTLES, DRESS FABRICS, &c., at greatly reduced prices, includes—

350 pieces Ecru Indian Silk, 9s. 9d., 11s. 9d., and 12s. 9d. the piece.
Black Lyons Silks, 23¾d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., to 6s. 9d., very cheap.
Lots of Plain, Coloured, and Figured Silks, greatly reduced.
Costumes of very rich Black Silk, from Paris models, now 7½ gs.
Millinery marked at Half-price.
Wide Muslin and Lace Frillings, 6¾d.
A Large Lot of New Muslin Costumes, 18s. 9d. and 21s. each.
New Light Woollen Costumes, for seaside and travelling, from 21s.
250 Doz. fine French Kid Gloves, embroidered backs, two buttons, at 6½d. per pr.
Showerproof Dust Cloaks, 21s.
Black Cachemire and Drab Matelasse Paletots, 21s.

GASK and GASK,
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—J. H. BRANSCOMBE begs to announce that he has just purchased a Manufacturer's Stock of Costumes for Seaside wear, from 7s. 6d. to 2 guineas, half the usual price.
331 to 337, Mare Street, Hackney.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered) BOYS' SUITS.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112 Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of the Remains of
BAKER'S STOCK, of BRIGHTON.
The last and final portion of this Stock has now been further reduced, and will be sold in large and small lots, and contains a quantity of useful things, including 10,000 Wall Screens at 3s 9d. the dozen, 2,000 Japanese Fans at 1s. 6d. the dozen, 10,000 yards Swiss Embroidery at 1s. 9d., 2s. 8d., 3s. 7d., and 4s. 6d. the dozen.
2,000 dozen cheap Pocket Handkerchiefs, ladies, children, and gentlemen, of which single handkerchiefs can be sent as samples for stamps, with 1d. extra for postage.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of Black and Coloured Silks, at Reduced Prices.
The New Figured Micado Silks, 8¾d. and 13½d. yd.
Yokohama Silks, 1s 6½d.; former price, 1s. 11½d.
7,500 yards Coloured Damasseen, 3s. 9½d. a yard.
Figured Japanese Silks (all Colours), 1s. 5d. and 2s. 10d.; former prices, 1s. 11½d. and 3s. 3½d.
50,000 yards of Coloured Dress Silks, in all the latest shades, 2s. 10d. the yard.
Rich Colours, Lyons Silk, 3s. 9½d.; former price, 4s. 11½d.
Immense quantities of Plain and Fancy Japanese Silk, 4¾d. to 1s. 0½d. the yard.
Black Silks, 1s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 2s. 6½d.
Black Silks, 2s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 3s. 9½d.
Rich Corded Silk, 3s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 4s. 11d.
The Princess Silk, very rich, 4s. 11d.; former price, 5s. 9d. To this quality we invite special attention, as it is a first-class Silk at a low price.
The Gros Grain Silk, 5s. 6d. per yard; former price, 6s. 11d.
Any Silk Patterns free on application.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of 500,000 yards of all kinds of DRESS FABRICS, marked in plain red figures, at Reduced Prices.
With the Sale of Mr. W. F. Baker's Stock, 37, King's Road, Brighton, our entire Dress Stock will be reduced.
Washing Check Mohairs, 4½d.; usual price, 8¾d.
The Basket Cloth, 7¾d. a yard.
15,000 yards of Bege, in neutral shades, 8¾d.; usual price, 1s. 2½d. A wonderfully cheap lot.
Coloured Russell Cords, 6¾d. yard, 29 in. wide, very cheap.
Scarboro' Twills, 9¾d.; a Job Lot, considerably under value.
Matelasse Bèges, 8¾d.; very durable and cheap.
750 yards Serge, for Bathing Dresses, 6d. a yard, 26 in. wide.
Serges for Country and Seaside Wear, 8¾d., 10¾d., 1s. 3½d. plain and Matelassé.
NEW GOODS FOR COUNTRY WEAR.
Estamene Serges, in dark colours, 1s. 4½d. and 1s 6½d. a yard.
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 4½d., New Autumn Shades.
The "Scarboro" Serge, 1s. 0½d.; the "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d.; "Snowflakes," prices 8¾d., 1s. 1d., and 1s. 6½d.
The "Derby" Matelassé, Autumn Shades, 1s. 2d.
8,000 yards Rich Silk Lustres, 11½d.
French Matelassé Bège, all wool, 1s. 3d.
Silk Poplins, all colours, 1s. 8d. a yard.
5,000 yards Black Check Grenadines, 4¾d. yard.
Black Glacé Stripe Grenadine, 6¾d.
75,000 yards Black Glace Grenadines, 4s. 6d. a dozen yards (a cheap dress for warm weather).
50,000 yards of Black French Cashmere, full 48 in. wide, 2s. 0½d.; splendid value.
"Special" Black Cords, 1s. 0½d., 1s. 3½d., and 1s. 6½d. a yard; any dress patterns post free.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
OF FASHIONABLE COSTUMES, &c.,
at Reduced Prices.
Washing Costumes, with Polonaise, 8s. 11d. each; Seaside Costumes, in all new and useful Textures of Cambric, Tussor, Galatea, Linen, and other Washing Fabrics, at 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s. 9d., 16s. 9d., and 21s.; Light Serge Costumes for Seaside and Country Wear, 29s. 6d.; Travelling and Tourists' Costumes of all kinds, 16s. to 50s. Promenade Costumes in all Shades, richly trimmed with galloon and fringe, 55s. 6d.
Girls' Costumes, in Mixed and Washing Fabrics, at a reduction of 30 and 40 per cent.
With large lots of Oddments in Children's Frocks, Petticoats, Ladies' Skirts, Stays, and Underclothing at reduced prices. Costume Photographs post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE,
at Reduced Prices, of MUSLIN CURTAINS, WASHING FABRICS, HOUSEHOLD LINENS, QUILTS, COUNTERPANES, &c.
Muslin, Lace, or Leno Curtains, 3 yards long, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. the pair; 3½ yards long, 6s. 11d., 8s. 11d., and 9s. 11d.; and 4 yards long, 9s. 11d. to 18s. 9d.
White Honeycomb Quilts, 2¼ yards long, 5s. 6d.; 2½ yards long, 7s. 6d.; and 2¾ yards long, 9s. 6d.
White Satin Striped Seraphines, 4¾d. to 10¾d. yd.
Check and Striped Galateas, 4¾d., 6¾d., 8¾d., 11½d.
The New Brighton Honeycomb, for Dresses, &c., 4¾d.
A lot of Foulards will be sold at 4¾d. a yard.
Brown Irish Hollands, 6¾d., 7¾d., 8¾d., 10¾d., 1s. 0½d.
Patterns and Samples of all kinds post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

ESTATE WANTED outside the Home Counties. £60,000 to £80,000. Good soil, gravelly, with or without Mansion. One NOT in the market to be treated for direct with owner preferred.—Apply to STUART BROS. and CO., 11, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

BRIGHTON.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED, from July next, a COTTAGE RESIDENCE charmingly situated in one of the healthiest parts of the town. It consists of 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, two of which contain sleeping accommodation for two, small garden, good services of gas and water, with excellent out offices, the whole forming a well furnished residence for a small family; to be let on very reasonable terms for a short or long period.—Apply to Messrs. TOPLIS and ROBERTS, House Agents, 11, Thurloe Place, opposite the South Kensington Museum, South Kensington, S.W.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—TO LET (for not less than 12 months) in the best part of Shanklin, a DETACHED HOUSE, handsomely furnished, standing in a large well-wooded garden. Three reception rooms, four bedrooms and dressing-room, large kitchen and offices. Water and drainage excellent. To a careful tenant, £2 10s. per week for twelve months. Or unfurnished, £60 per annum, on lease.—For particulars apply to Mrs. JOHNSON, Library, Shanklin, I. of W.

BRUXELLES.—An English Lady is desirous of receiving into her Family a LADY or Two LADIES to share the expenses of Housekeeping.—For terms, &c., address to Mrs. B., 87, Rue de l'Arbre Benit, Bruxelles.

A LADY may find a comfortable and cheerful HOME in the House of a Widow Lady. A large Front Room, as Bed and Sitting Room if required.—Apply at CHAPMAN'S LIBRARY, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

ANNUAL SALE OF

SURPLUS SUMMER STOCK.

Patterns and Illustrations Free. Detailed Circular forwarded on application to 103 to 108, Oxford St. London, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, having just concluded the purchase (in Paris) of Forty Thousand Metres of extra Rich Coloured Silks, is selling the same at unexampled prices. The shades are of the most distingue character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of Silks ever submitted. Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE. In addition to the above a large purchase of the Richest Figured Silks is now being offered at 5s 6d per yard, amongst which will be found the most choice shades of White, Bronze, Trileul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, has purchased the Model Silk Dresses of Messrs. Pingat, Grange et Maganties, E. Pasquier, P. Canivel, Baruel and Dennery of Paris, and the same are now on sale at less than half-price. These Costumes are of the richest possible description, which will easily be understood by a glance at the names of the Artistes from whom they were purchased.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Fancy Dress Materials in every variety of Fabric, 10s 6d. to 42s the Dress.

Rich Summer Grenadines and other light Fabrics, in White, Black, and Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress

---

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS. This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.

BOULOGNE SERGES (all wool), at 18s 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free. In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES, 45 inches wide, 17s 6d the Dress. Patterns free. The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

Beige and Matalasse Costumes, 38s 6d.

Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 3 guineas.

Micado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Several important purchases of

MANTLES AND JACKETS

In Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet, at very low prices. A large Stock of Cashmere and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas. The Seal Fur Jackets, &c., will be sold very cheap.

PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

Established in Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.

BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are invited to inspect, at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.

These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.

Lists, with prices, On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S

DENTIFRICE WATER Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES OF

VICHY. Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the Mineral Waters.

The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.

In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.

The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or aniselle.

In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each

VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.

In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each

VICHY BARLEY SUGAR.

An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

MORSON'S

PEPSINE,

AND ITS PREPARATIONS

FOR INDIGESTION.

SEE NAME ON LABEL.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

As WINE, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 9s.

LOZENGES, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

GLOBULES, at 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.

And as POWDER, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

MORSON and SON,

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

INSTANT RELIEF to Asthma, Consumption, Colds, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, &c., is given by Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS, which taste pleasantly. Sold by all Druggists at 1s. 1½d. per box.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"

MILD AND FRAGRANT.

WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"

A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."

Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.

BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important Improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.

ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.

LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.

42, Moorgate Street, E.C.

LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.

MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,

NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,

Mansion House Buildings, City, London.

The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S

SPOONS AND FORKS.

Electro-Silver Plate on Nickel.	Fiddle or Plain	Bet. Qual.
12 Tablespoons or Forks, per doz.	£1 10 0	£2 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0
12 Teaspoons	0 12 0	0 16 0
Salt, Mustard, or Egg Spoons	0 5 0	0 8 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,

76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.

The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

STORY, G. M. and H. J.,

CABINET MAKERS and	UPHOLSTERERS,
WHOLESALE and	EXPORT,
WAREHOUSES,	LARGEST IN CITY.
COLEMAN STREET and	LONDON WALL.
PATENT	COMBINATION
BEDSTEAD and	SPRING MATTRESS.
CHEAPEST and	BEST,
EVER OFFERED to the	PUBLIC.
PRICE from	15s.
COLLEGES,	CAMPS,
COLONIES,	COTTAGES,
HOSPITALS,	HOTELS,
INSTITUTIONS,	LODGINGS,
SCHOOLS,	STEAMERS,
SHOOTING BOXES.	PORTABLE.
DESIGNS on	APPLICATION.
IMMENSE STOCK of	FURNITURE.
COLEMAN ST., 1A, 2, and 2A;	33, LONDON WALL

STORY, G. M. and H. J.

NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

Established 1837

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.

ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble. Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers.—Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.

In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.

Manufactory—60, Worcester Street, Birmingham

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

BULLOCK IN A BOAT, "Trade Mark." —Liebig's EXTRACT OF MEAT. Prepared by WHITEHEAD and CO. (Limited), bearing this trade mark. To be had of all Chemists and Grocers.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.— In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

COCK'S READING SAUCE Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c. It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.

CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."** UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY." Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says,—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality.

UNION OF FRENCH WINE GROWERS, an association of some of the chief Vineyard proprietors to sell direct from the grower to the consumer.

PURE AND CHEAP WINES direct from the Vineyard at the following prices.—

CLARET, at 14s., 16s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 60s.

BURGUNDIES, 14s., 18s., 24s., 36s., to 150s.

SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.

CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.

OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 160s.

Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

Catalogues on application to the Manager at the Warehouse, 52, Long Acre, London, W.C.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION, and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

ESTABLISHED

1832.

NONE

GENUINE

EXCEPT

IN

PINK PAPER

WRAPPERS.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

AMONG THE CULTIVATED AND REFINED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS RENOWNED PREPARATION IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED FAVOURITE WITH BOTH SEXES. OVER FORTY YEARS' TRIAL AND EXPERIENCE HAVE ESTABLISHED ITS SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESTORE GREY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GREY, LOSES ITS LUSTRE, AND FALLS OUT, IT SIMPLY REQUIRES NOURISHMENT. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION, STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES THE HAIR, AND, BY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL CAUSES, GREY OR WHITE HAIR IS QUICKLY RESTORED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. IT WILL STOP ITS FALLING, AND INDUCE A HEALTHY AND MOST LUXURIANT GROWTH. USE NO OTHER PREPARATION WITH IT, NOT EVEN OIL OR POMADE, OR ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IS THE BEST

TO RESTORE GREY HAIR.

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND PREPARED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL. OVER FORTY YEARS THE FAVOURITE PREPARATION. ENJOYING BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE, IT MUST BE THE BEST. IT DOES NOT DYE THE HAIR, BUT STRENGTHENS IT. GREY HAIRS SOON DISAPPEAR. BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION THE ROOTS ARE STRENGTHENED, THE SOFT AND SILKY TEXTURE OF HEALTHY HAIR FOLLOWS ITS USE.

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN manufactures two entirely distinct Preparations for the Hair. One or the other is suited to every condition of the Human Hair. Both are never required at one time. For details as to each Preparation, kindly read above and below this paragraph. Readers can easily determine which of the two they require. These Preparations have a world-wide reputation. Enormous and increasing sale through Forty Years. Every Chemist and Dealer in Toilet Articles has both Preparations.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

For the Growth and Preservation of the Hair.

It is a cooling, vegetable, and transparent liquid, without sediment.

A SIMPLE TONIC AND DRESSING OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO BOTH SEXES. THE FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NO GREY HAIR. IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR, BUT, BY EARLY USE, IT WILL PREVENT IT TURNING GREY. PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, SO COMMON IN THESE DAYS, MAY BE ENTIRELY PREVENTED BY THE USE OF ZYLO-BALSAMUM. PROMPT RELIEF IN THOUSANDS OF CASES HAS BEEN AFFORDED WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN COMING OUT IN HANDFULS. IT PROMOTES A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH. HAIR DRESSED WITH ZYLO-BALSAMUM IS ALWAYS CLEAN, FREE FROM DANDRUFF, AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS ONLY SEEN IN HEALTHY HAIR. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT. NO OIL OR POMADE SHOULD BE USED WITH IT.

CAUTION!—The Genuine only in Bluish Grey Wrappers. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles

---

THE FAVOURITE TOILET WATER OF THE AGE.

GOLDEN STAR

BAY LEAF WATER,

TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM THE FRESH LEAVES of the BAY TREE (*Myrcia Acris*),

FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.

A Toilet Water of peculiar and delightful fragrance, delicate and lasting, refreshing and soothing. GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, triple distilled from the fresh leaves of the Bay Tree (Myrcia Acris). Indispensable and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY, and BATH. A few drops on a Sponge or Towel moistened with water, and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the BATH gives a delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING of INFANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for a basin of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists and Perfumers, or on receipt of stamps from the wholesale depôt, 114 & 116, Southampton Row, London.

SCHOOL of MEDICINE for WOMEN. —The FOURTH WINTER SESSION begins on the 1st of OCTOBER, 1877.—The Course of Instruction comprises all the Lectures required for the Medical Examinations and Clinical Practice at the Royal Free Hospital. Intending Students should pass the EXAMINATION in ARTS, at Apothecaries' Hall, on the 26th and 29th of SEPTEMBER.—For further Information apply to Mrs. THORNE, Hon. Sec., at the School, 30, Henrietta St., Brunswick Square, W.C.

GEOLOGY and PALÆONTOLOGY. —SIX ELEMENTARY LECTURES, adapted to a Juvenile Audience, will be given by Professor TENNANT, at his residence, 149, Strand, W.C., in the Midsummer Holidays, July 30, 31, August 1, 2, 3, and 4, at Ten a.m. and Three p.m. Terms, Half-a-Guinea for the Course. Professor Tennant will probably afterwards repeat the Elementary Lectures on Mineralogy given during last Christmas Holidays, and those in Geology given at Easter.

LADIES TRAVELLING, visiting the seaside, yachting, or otherwise exposed to the scorching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust will find

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR most cooling and refreshing to the face and arms. It eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, stings of insects, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Avoid imitations, and ask for

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—Sweet Scents. PHŒ'K CAID AUX Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Lign-Aloe, White Rose, Psidium, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 in a case, 7s. Sold by fashionable druggists in all parts of the world. Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S Pistachio-Nut SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration. 2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free

---

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependance can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.

Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.

Sold at Eight Lozenges, One Shilling and Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no illness to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold in 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.

Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says: "Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and

SCALPS, from 35s.

47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair De- partment for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Thirty-dito, Chignons, Plaits, Coils, Coronets, Cachepeignes, and covered bows in all shades of colour in all the present fashion. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street

---

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S TOILET GEM.—This elegant and fragrant preparation is universally in high repute for its unprecedented success during the last thirty years; it promotes the growth and restoration of the human Hair, improving and beautifying the same, while it prevents the hair from falling off or turning grey. By imparting strength to the capillary vessels in the region of the hair-bulb the hair is preserved to the latest period of life. The use of the Gem in early life is attended with the happiest effects. Price 3s., 4s. 6d., 6s., and 10s. Forwarded on receipt of stamps.—F. BROWNE, No. 47, Fenchurch Street, City

---

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S TONIC LOTION for LADIES.—Used for thickening the hair at the roots, near the partings; also for reproducing the hair on bald places. By the application of this Lotion eyebrows have been restored. From 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s., and 42s. Forwarded on receipt of stamps.—47, Fenchurch Street.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted not to injure the hair. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chemists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud, 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from face and arms without injury. 3s. 6d. Sent post free, carefully packed, for 54 stamps by Alex. Ross.

SAMUEL CANTOR,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN SPONGES AND INDIA RUBBER,

40, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, W.C.

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the DETERGENT POWDER, which thoroughly cleanses Brushes and Sponges without injuring them.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer."	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0
FLEUR DE THÉ QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
PRINCESS MARIE GALOP	1 6
ST. PETERSBURG QUADRILLE	2 0
CONSTANTINOPLE QUADRILLE	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. WALDTEUFEL'S NEWEST WALTZ.

AU REVOIR WALTZ. Par EMILE WALDTEUFEL (Composer of the celebrated "Manolo Waltz"). The above new Waltz will most certainly become very popular. Price 2s net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE RANELAGH GAVOTTE for the Pianoforte. By J. MEREDITH BALL. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s. 6d. net.—CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

LA FIANCÉE POLKA. By J. MereDITH BALL. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s. 6d. net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 3 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S NEW SONGS.

I Awake and Dream. J. Blumenthal. 3s.
Spring Morning. F. Abt. 3s.
The Cuckoo's Concert. 3s.
The Sick Stag. G. Fox. 3s.
Golden Sunshine. F. Abt. 3s.
The Skylark. H. F. Limpus. 3s.
Love Never Dies. A. S. Gatty. 4s.
The Sailor Boy. S. Adams. 4s.
Spring Morning. F. Abt. 3s.
The Knight's Shield. C. Pinsuti. 4s.
Two Little Fighting Cocks. G. Fox. 3s.
"Ayot No." T. H. Cowen. 4s.
Still is the Night, in B flat and F. F. Abt. 3s.
My Boyhood's Dream. Halton. 4s.
Evermore. H. P. Limpus. 3s.
Summer in the Heart. H. Pontet. 3s.
At Evening Time. F. Abt. 3s.
My Laddie Far Away. Miss M. Lindsay. 4s.
Sunset on the River. C. Pinsuti. 4s.
Steering. F. H. Cowen. 4s.
Slumber Song. H. F. Limpus. 3s.
Ever Thine. F. Abt. 4s.

All post free at half-price in stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

ALL SHEET MUSIC promptly forwarded, post free, at half-price. Accuracy to be depended upon. Payments received in stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss), the New Waltz by OTTO MULLER, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half-price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MULLER's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

LOUISA GRAY'S FAVOURITE NEW SONGS.

Under the Lamplight. 4s.
Home of My Childhood. 3s.
Jeanette. 3s.
My Highland Home. 3s.
Jenny's Wedding. 3s.
My Little Sister. 3s.

Half-price.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

A BIRD SANG IN A HAWTHORN TREE. J. L. HATTON's most successful new song for soprano. "Exceedingly original, quaint, and truly charming —a song that will add to the composer's fame."—*Queen*. Sent for 2s.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).— Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical PianoFORTE SCHOOL.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent post free to any part of the World.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ROCKSTRO'S REMINISCENCES of the HANDEL FESTIVAL.

1. Messiah	4s
2. Miscellaneous Selection	4s
3. Israel in Egypt	4s

Each Number of the Reminiscence of the Handel Festival is published with an authentic Portrait of the great Composer, from an engraving in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, after the picture by Hudson, 1749.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. 48 Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded post free to any part of the world.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

NEW SONG for Soprano or Tenor by LOUISA F. ESSINGTON, WHEN THY BEAUTY APPEARS. Also by the same Composer, SALVA PATRIAM, a Latin Chorus from Tennyson's "Harold," printed also in octavo at 4d. HERRICK'S ODE TO THE GRACES, for Tenor. QUEEN MARY'S SONG, from Tennyson's Drama, &c.—Messrs. LONSDALE, 26, Old Bond Street.

ELEGANT JEWELLERY.

LONDON AND RYDER invite inspection of their New Stock, as characterized by "Good Taste" and sterling excellence.

BRIDESMAIDS' LOCKETS, WEDDING PRESENTS, COURT DIAMONDS.

Diamond Ornaments in great variety charged at prices consistent with reliable value. Necklaces, Head Ornaments, Earrings, Crosses, Pendants, Lockets, Solitaires, Bracelets, &c.

Recipients of the only Medal awarded for "General Good Taste" at the International Exhibition.

THE DIAMONDS OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK ON SALE.

Indian Cats' Eye Rings, worn as a talisman to avert evil or misfortune.

LONDON and RYDER, GOLDSMITHS AND JEWELLERS, 17, New Bond Street.

(Corner of Clifford Street, opposite Long's Hotel.)

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

SANGSTER and CO., UMBRELLA MAKERS.

Six Prize Medals Awarded.

SANGSTER'S SILK AND ALPACA UMBRELLAS, upon Fox's Celebrated Paragon Frames, all bearing Trade Mark, and fitted with the now AUTOMATIC RUNNER, are the Cheapest, Smallest, Lightest, and Best in the world.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THE AUTOMATIC.

This invention has been long sought after.

THE PATENT AUTOMATIC RUNNER is Self-opening—Self-closing. Always ready.

140, Regent Street, W.
10, Royal Exchange, E.C.
*75, Cheapside, E.C.
74, Fleet Street, E.C.

* Also Wholesale and Shipping Depôt.

Philadelphia Exhibition, Prize Medal and Diploma awarded.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH

SEE THAT YOU GET IT,

As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOFORTES were awarded

THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR and DIPLOMA OF MERIT, Philadelphia, 1876.
THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.
THE HIGHEST AWARD—THE GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874.
LA MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR, Paris, 1867.
THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1862.
LE DIPLOME DE LA MENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE, Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869, &c.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION PIANOS, were Patented 1862, 1868, 1871, and 1875, in

GREAT BRITAIN,
PRUSSIA,
FRANCE,
AUSTRIA,
ITALY, BELGIUM,
and AMERICA.

GILBERT L. BAUER'S PRIZE MEDAL DRAWING-ROOM ORGANS.

On the Three-Years' System.

From 8 to 300 gs.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

5, Manchester Square.

I have examined Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Check Action as applied to their Pianos, and consider it a most ingenious and valuable invention, which cannot fail to meet with success.

SIR JULES BENEDICT.

45, Blandford Square, N.W.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great excellence of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianofortes. Their "Perfect Check Repeater" produces a touch that is absolute perfection, and which is unsurpassed by any other maker, native or foreign.

SYDNEY SMITH.

6, St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington, W.

To Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the efficiency of Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Patent Check-Action (for Pianofortes), which I consider a very clever and useful invention, and likely to be extensively adopted.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The effect which "the Perfect Check Repeater Action," patented by Messrs. Brinsmead, produces on the touch, is everything that can be desired by an artist. It appears to me the most important invention of modern times, both for freedom of execution and expression.

I have equal pleasure in referring to Messrs. Brinsmead's New Metal-Bark Pianofortes, which, as regards durability, richness, brilliancy, equality and contrast of tone, by far surpass Pianofortes of the ordinary construction at a much higher price.

I will not fail to draw the attention of Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, to these inventions the next opportunity which may present itself.

CHARLES JOHN HERMAN EUFSLEIN,
Conductor of the Philharmonic Society,
Copetown, Africa.

Bognor, Sussex.

The touch and tone of the Pianofortes manufactured by John Brinsmead and Sons are alike admirable, and having thoroughly examined their instruments, I have much pleasure in highly recommending them. In the present day there is so much imposition practised upon the musical public that the purchase of a Pianoforte that will give permanent satisfaction is a very important matter.

DR. T. LLOYD FOWLE, M.A.

I have great pleasure in certifying to the fine, rich, and powerful tone of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianos, also to the great improvements they have succeeded in attaining.

As a Professor of the Harp, I can safely add that the mellow tones of their Short Iron Gold Medal Grands blend charmingly with the instrument I profess, and form a delicious *ensemble*.

FREDERICK CHATTERTON,
Harpist to the Queen.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Close, Hereford.

Dear Sirs,—Your Patent Action is one of the best I have met with. This combined with the equal tone of your instruments must commend them to those desiring a first-class Pianoforte at a reasonable price.

Yours faithfully,
G. TOWNSHEND SMITH,
Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and Director of the Hereford Festival.

8, Lower Rock Gardens, Brighton.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

Gentlemen,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to state that I consider the instrument manufactured by you to be most excellent in tone, touch, and quality of material. I particularly admire your Pianos with the Patent Check Repeater Action and new Grand Construction, being a wonderful improvement upon the old system. In my opinion your firm having been successful in creating as good a touch to the Cottage Pianoforte as that usually accorded to the Grand. All those I have chosen have given the greatest satisfaction to the purchasers.

I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,
W. KUHE.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons. Dresden.

I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your instruments. Your newly patented system, "the Perfect Check Repeater Action, when applied to these Pianos, greatly increases their value, and I have no doubt that these valuable improvements will excite general attention and admiration.

HERMANN PAPENDIECK.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

80, St. Thomas Street, Weymouth.

I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the perfection of Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons' New Pianoforte Action, which, for promptness in repetition, and general excellence in touch, surpasses anything of the kind I have yet seen, whilst the extreme simplicity of the mechanism by which such important results are attained is an additional recommendation.

BOYTON SMITH.

To Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons, 18, Wigmore Street, W.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your upright and horizontal Grand Pianofortes, as they are simply perfect in touch and tone.

FREDERIC GUILLAUME,
Chevalier de Liguoro,
Examiner-General of the Ancient Bourbonnie Society in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Naples, Honorary Member of the Musical Academies at Rome, Venice, &c., formerly Director-General of all Military Music for both Infantry and Cavalry of the Line in the Army of the Two Sicilies.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The improvements made in English pianos have caused this trade rapidly to increase, until one pianoforte manufactory after another has been built to supply the growing demand. One of the largest of these, lately erected by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of Wigmore Street, covers nearly an acre of ground in the Grafton Road, Kentish Town, and is intended to accomodate 300 workmen. These works alone can supply 3,000 pianos annually."—*Illustrated London News.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Standard.	"Receive the greatest approbation everywhere of musicians and manufacturers."
The Engineer.	"Greater volume and richness of tone are produced, with increased durability."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT "PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION" Pianofortes of every description, manufactured expressly for India and extreme Climates.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PIANOFORTES.

Illustrated price-lists and descriptions, with opinions of the London Press and musical profession, forwarded post-free upon application.

18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY,
THE "BRINSMEAD WORKS," GRAFTON ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON, N.W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CARPETS.— OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received their new designs in Carpets for the present season, adapted to every class of furnishing, from the richest qualities and most artistic designs to the neat and inexpensive kinds. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before finally deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

PAINTINGS, OLEOS, CHROMOS, PHOTOS, and Engravings; a choice assortment in handsome frames. The paintings are by well-known artists, and the name guaranteed. Also, a large assortment of Bronzes, Statuettes, Vases, Clocks, Antique Furniture, and Artistic Furnishing items. A catalogue of art department post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Best Plate Chimney Glasses, in double gilt frames, rich Alhambra pattern, large size, 2 guineas; magnificent ditto, from 5 to 20 guineas; handsome Walnut Chiffonieres, shaped front, and richly carved mountings, 4ft., 3½ guineas; noble Mahogany Sideboards, 5ft., 6 guineas; 6ft., from 8 guineas upwards; Easy Chairs, from 14s. 9d. upwards; Drawing and Dining Room Chairs, from 10s. 6d. each.—OETZMANN and CO.

STANLEY DINING-ROOM SUITE in solid carved Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best marone leather, comprising a noble couch, two easy chairs, and six chairs. Price 14 guineas. Quality guaranteed. A variety of other patterns on show, from 8 guineas upwards. Massive mahogany telescope dining tables, 8 ft. by 4 ft., patent metallic screw, £6 15s.—OETZMANN and CO.

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZMANN and CO.—Elegant Drawing Room Suite, richly carved Italian walnut-wood, upholstered very soft and comfortable in best rep, consisting of a Couch, two Easy Chairs, and six Chairs, price 15 guineas; ditto, very handsome design, upholstered in rich Pekinade, made and finished in superior style, 20 guineas; ditto, very elegant design, richly upholstered in finest satin, and finished in the best possible manner, 33 guineas; also a variety of other Drawing-Room Suites, in Black and Gold, Early English, and other designs.

BEDDING DEPARTMENT.—Handsome 3ft. 6in. Mahogany Chest of Drawers, with deep bottom drawer, 2 guineas; Spanish Mahogany Wardrobes from 5 guineas upwards; Bedroom Suites, enamelled imitation of amboyna, satinwood, and other handsome woods, consisting of wardrobe, chest of drawers, washstand, toilet table, toilet glass (best plate, 16 in. by 12 in.), towel airer, 3 chairs, and pedestal toilet cupboard—all complete for 6½ gs.

LODGINGS.—Extra Bed to accommodate Visitors. A strong IRON FOLDING BEDSTEAD, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, with a wool mattress, bolster, and pillow, complete for 21s. Same items, 3 ft. wide, 25s. complete. Sent carefully packed; forms a portable package. Also, to suit the above, 2 white calico sheets, 1 ditto bolster-case, 1 pillow-case, 3 white Witney blankets, and 1 counterpane, for 38s 6d. the set. Iron Easy-Chair Bedstead, 6 ft. by 2 ft., with cushions forming the mattress, price complete, 21s.—Address order to OETZMANN and CO.

BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.

BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.

BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.

LINOLEUM.—OETZMANN and CO. —LINOLEUM.—Warm, soft, carpet-like in appearance, and very desirable. ALL the NEW PRIZE DESIGNS are NOW in STOCK. A visit of inspection solicited. Prices below those usually charged for this favourite floor covering. —OETZMANN and CO.

TURKEY CARPETS.—CLEARANCE SALE.—OETZMANN and CO.—A quantity of Turkey, Indian, Persian, Jubbalpore, Massalapatam, Farahan, Khorassan, Serabend, Koula, Ghiordes, and Kelim Carpets and Rugs, clearing out at greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 9d. to 80 guineas. A reduced Price List, with sizes and description, sent post free on application. Prices will be found much below those usually charged. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 15s. 9d. each; some very handsome ditto, at 35s. to 45s.

OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.

CRETONNES.—OETZMANN & CO. CRETONNES.—An immense assortment of all the choicest designs in this fashionable material, in every variety of style and colourings; excellent imitations of rare Tapestries, some being exact copies of the finest GOBELIN Tapestry. Prices varying from 9¾d. to 4s. 11d. per yard. Patterns sent into the country by stating kind required.

BOMBAY STRIPED CURTAINS.— The cheapest Curtains extant. Effective style, 3 yards long by 46 inches wide, 9s. 9d. per pair; 3½ yards, 11s. 9d.; 4 yards, 13s. 9d. Patterns on application.

KITCHEN REQUISITES.—OETZMANN and CO.'S TEN POUND SET (List No. 2A, page 231, in their "GUIDE TO HOUSE FURNISHING," sent post free on application), includes Tables, Chairs, Clock, &c., with the various culinary utensils and requisites, contains all the most useful articles required in every kitchen, each being of superior quality, and is the most practical selection extant.—OETZMANN and CO.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

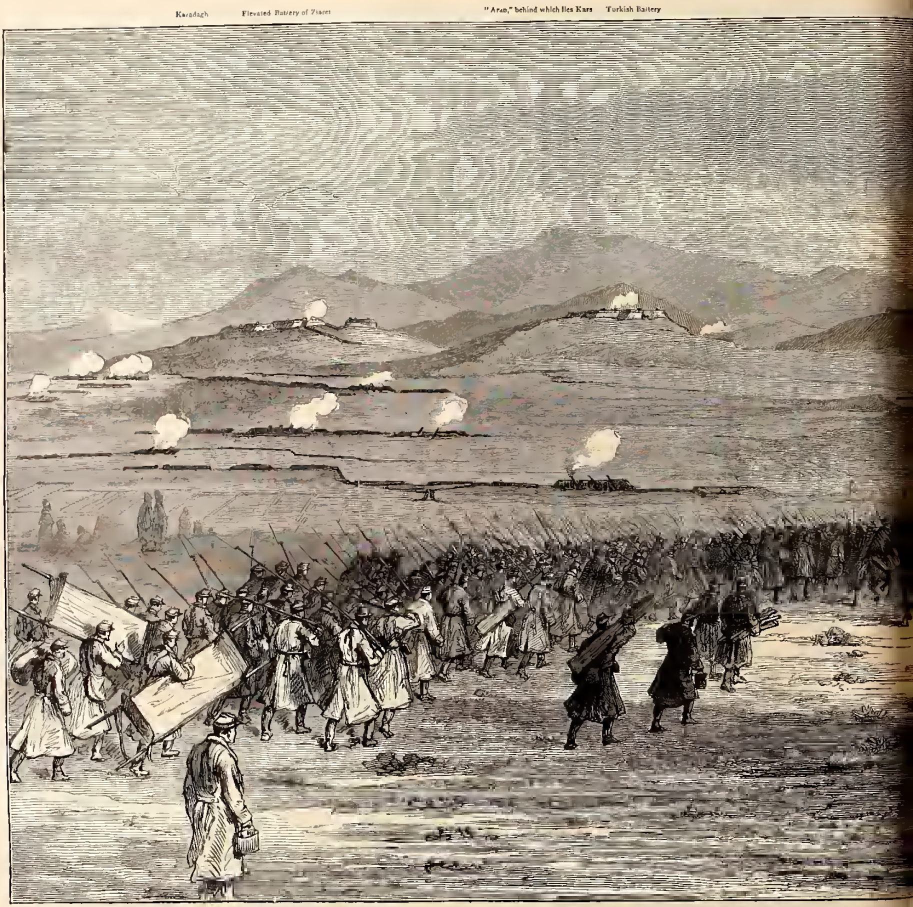
OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

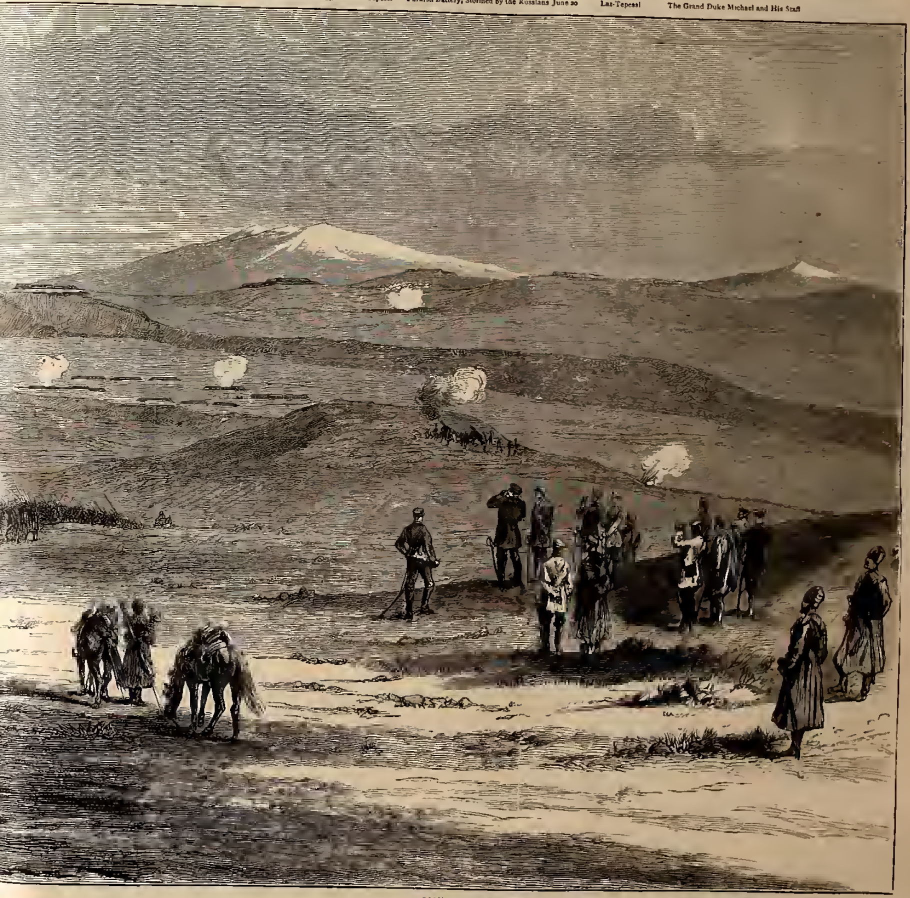
OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.— JULY 28, 1877.


Karadagh
Elevated Battery of Ziaret
"Arap," behind which lies Kars
Turkish Battery
LEFT BANK OF THE KARS TCHAI RIVER

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA—THE RUSS


Kouttouk
Inglis
Mouchlis
Tachmash (Stormed in 1855)
Tikh-Tepessi
Turkish Battery, Stormed by the Russians June 20
Laz-Tepessi
The Grand Duke Michael and His Staff

RIGHT BANK OF THE KARS TCHAI RIVER

POSITIONS BEFORE KARS, JUNE 24

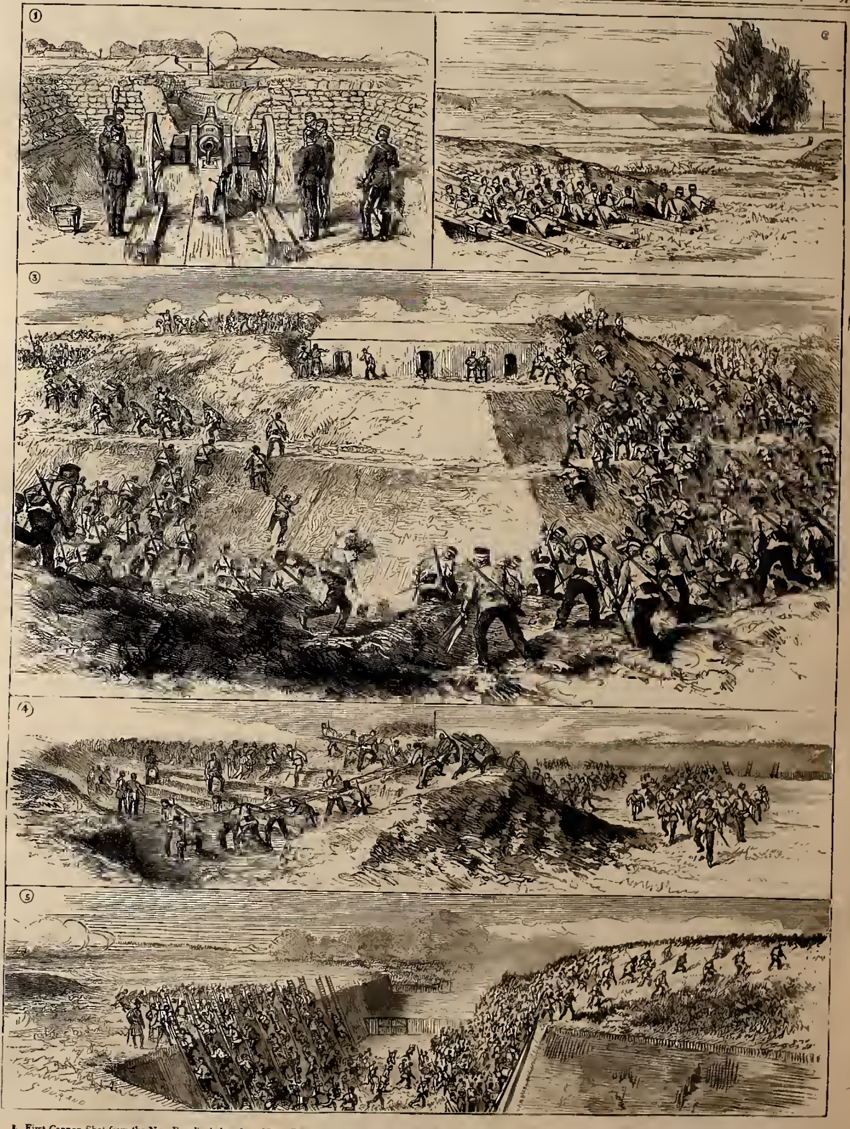
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 401
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



1. First Cannon Shot from the New Ravelin (taken from No. 3 Battery).—2. Explosion of the Mine destroying the Counterscarp.—3. Assault on the New Ravelin.—4. Prince Henry's Bastion: Repulsing the First Assault.—5. Second and Last Assault on Prince Henry's Bastion.

THE SIEGE OPERATIONS AT CHATHAM

Topics of the Week

THE OBSTRUCTIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.——The alteration in the rules of the House of Commons has hitherto been without effect. On Monday evening there was one of the most disgraceful scenes the present generation has witnessed in Parliament, and it was followed during the unprecedentedly lengthy sitting of Tuesday and Wednesday by a series of violent interruptions. It is to be hoped that the Irish people are thoroughly ashamed of the few fanatics who affect to represent them in this wild manner. Ireland may be passionate and self-asserting; but it cannot wish that its interests should be watched over by men who seem destitute of all the ordinary instincts of gentlemen. It must be admitted that the House of Commons has not stood very well the severe test to which it has been exposed. Members in their zeal for order have immensely increased the difficulty of maintaining it. If it were left to the Chairman or Speaker, who may be supposed to know best when the forms of the House are being abused, to deal with Mr. Parnell and his friends, their tactics would often be defeated without the least disturbance of the general feeling. Nor is there much reason to be proud about the so-called victory over the Obstructionists. When it comes to a contest of physical endurance between some hundreds of men and a poor half-dozen, of course the latter must give way; but the House of Commons, if it wishes to retain the respect of the country, must devise some much briefer and more decisive method of dealing with these gentlemen whose aim it is to goad us into granting Home Rule out of sheer weariness and despair. While the nation is thoroughly indignant at the agitators who have been making themselves so intensely disagreeable, it cannot but recall with regret the days when the House was dominated by strong minds that made their influence felt without much vehement eloquence. The House of Commons is an excellent institution when properly guided; but left to its own devices it is, as we now daily see, very apt to degenerate into a disorderly mob.

GREAT LONDON LANDLORDS.——Little or no merit belongs to the exalted personages who own extensive areas of those auriferous "diggings" known as metropolitan freeholds. They took the trouble to be born, and that is about the sum of their share in the matter. A few generations ago the lands which they own were of small value, being either pasture fields or marshy wastes, but the patient industry of millions of obscure persons and the perpetual growth of the population have gradually caused these estates to be covered with houses, and have multiplied their worth more than a hundredfold. Men who have thus become rich by the exertions of the public might be expected to show some gratitude towards the public, but they are rarely betrayed into such weaknesses. They are not bad landlords, as landlords go; they faithfully fulfil their covenants; but they are remarkably tenacious of what they deem their rights, and they are not in the habit of indulging in acts of unasked generosity. In provincial cities the philanthropists who present parks and pleasure-grounds to the municipality do not often belong to the hereditary landowning class; they are almost invariably self-made men, whose wealth is due to their own industry and enterprise. It was not a Duke, a Marquis, or an Earl, who beautified Leicester Square and made it a free gift to the public: it was a bold speculator from the purlieus of Capel Court. If we had the magnificent rent-rolls of some of these magnates we are apt to dream that we should be more philanthropic than they. If we were the Duke of Bedford, for example, we should replace the shabby sheds of Covent Garden Market by a structure worthy of a great city, and capable of sheltering the poor outside vendors of fruit and vegetables who now swelter in the sun and shiver in the rain. If we were the Duke of Westminster, whose surplus annual income would make a very decent revenue for a petty kingdom, we should anticipate Artisans' Dwellings Acts and such-like slow-moving contrivances by buying some acres of property every year in the worst part of London and building decent habitations for the people to dwell in. And we hope we should not, like the Duke of Buccleuch, obstruct the progress of the Thames Embankment on the ground that it interfered with the comfort of our mansion in Whitchall; or, like the Duke of Northumberland, extract half a million sterling from the pockets of London ratepayers as the price of our ancestral abode. The last alleged offender in this direction among the coronets is the Marquis of Salisbury, of whom we had hoped better things, because he has himself known what it is to be comparatively poor. The street from Charing Cross to Tottenham Court Road has been urgently wanted for years—far more wanted than Northumberland Avenue, which was pushed on so eagerly because there was a job to be made out of it—and now this improvement is in danger of being postponed for years, because Lord Salisbury, one of the principal landlords on the route, demands terms which the Board of Works declare to be unreasonable, but which his brother peers have conceded to him. The House of Commons is to look into the matter on Monday evening, and we hope, if the Marquis is shown to have secured more than he ought to have, that he will be compelled to disgorge.

THE POLICY OF AUSTRIA.——There has been a good deal of talk this week all over Europe as to the possible action of the Austrian Government. It has given orders for partial mobilisation, and many of those who ardently wish the career of Russia to be stopped hope that this indicates a very decided policy. We may, however, doubt whether Austria has a much clearer purpose than England. The Hungarians, indeed, clamour for war. They would willingly make almost any sacrifice to check the advance of the Russian troops; and it is probably to pacify them that the step has been taken which has formed the subject of so much speculation. But the Imperial Government must consider the sympathies of its Slavonic as well as of its Hungarian subjects; and it is certain that the Slavs would bitterly resent the idea of fighting for Turkey. Moreover, the wishes of Germany have very carefully to be taken into account. For a long time Europe has heard comparatively little of German policy; but Russia has apparently been obtaining very unexpected support at Berlin. Prince Bismarck almost seems to have made up his mind that the present is a brilliant opportunity for winning the good opinion of Russia, and thus preventing a future alliance with France. At any rate, the Russian papers are at present full of praises of Germany; and the presents which have been—or are about to be—sent to the Emperor and Prince Bismarck from Moscow indicate even better than newspaper articles the direction of public feeling. If Germany has really resolved that Russia is to be let alone, Austria will certainly not in the mean time interfere. Of course the Czar may spoil his own cause by going too far; but if he is content to dictate comparatively moderate terms of peace from Adrianople, there is reason to believe that he will emerge from the war with far more solid advantages than England wishes him to possess.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY STRIKE—TELEGRAMS *versus* LETTERS.——Owing to the enterprise of our daily newspaper proprietors, home and Continental news is transmitted almost as fully by telegraph as it used to be by letter; in fact, remembering the curt messages of the earlier days of electric telegraphy, we are apt to forget that we are reading a lightning message, and not a letter sent by ordinary post. The wire between Paris and London has now become a daily necessity, and it would seem as old-fashioned for the Paris correspondent of *The Times* to send his letter by post as to return to the old Calais diligence of forty years ago. America being far more remote than the Continent, cable messages are much more costly; still the accounts of the recent strikes were forwarded with wonderful copiousness, and we doubt not, if events as momentous as those of the Civil War were again to take place in the United States, that the activity of the telegraph would be greatly increased. At the same time one felt that these telegrams about the strike were rather tantalising. They were full enough to destroy all the freshness of the mails which are now beginning to arrive, but they were in many respects disappointingly meagre. They presented facts in the barest and most condensed form, but there is much more that we should have liked to know, and which, of course, we shall learn as the letters come in. Owing in some measure to long-continued slackness of work, the labouring classes must have been for long in a state of unrest and discontent, or the forcible stoppage of railway traffic would not have spread so rapidly over a wide area, or have been accompanied with deeds of such revolutionary violence. Again, we shall be anxious to know whether American sentiment generally approves of the sharp and stern method by which the insurgents were reduced to order in Pittsburg, Chicago, and San Francisco. In this country our authorities are very chary of repressing disturbances by means of shot and steel, whereas in Chicago we read of the mob being dispersed by grape and canister shot. Possibly, the insurgents would not have yielded to gentler remedies, but, on the other hand, these street-massacres must have left revengeful feelings rankling in the hearts of the kinsfolk of those who were killed or wounded, and these memories may hereafter bear bitter fruit.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLICANS.—The opponents of the Republic in France are playing with unexpected consistency into the hands of M. Gambetta. In the first place the Government seems to lose no opportunity of convincing the nation that it is without real faith in its cause. It prosecutes Republicans on the most frivolous pretexts, and one of its most recent acts was to order the Prefects to keep a sharp look-out on the behaviour of tobacconists, that any breach of political propriety may be at once punished by the withdrawal of the license. A Government which descends to pettiness of this kind can hardly impress the electors with a sense of calm strength. Then the breach between the Legitimists and the Bonapartists is becoming steadily more serious. The latter are quite willing to form a temporary alliance; but the former cannot persuade themselves to do anything that would even indirectly aid the Restoration of the Empire. This week many of the most influential Legitimists went to Vienna for the purpose of receiving orders from the Comte de Chambord, and he certainly has not advised them to encourage the hopes of the upstart family that chooses to call itself a Dynasty. As if the slip between the Monarchists and the Bonapartists were not enough, a bitter quarrel has broken out in the ranks of the Bonapartists themselves: M. Rouher, with that solemn gravity for which he is distinguished, lectures M. Paul de Cassagnac; and M. Paul de Cassagnac heartily returns the compliment, although by no means with solemn gravity. On the whole, then, if we may judge from what is passing among the supporters of the Ministry, the Republican party never seemed to have better prospects, and it daily improves them by acting with remarkable union and sagacity. Marshal MacMahon is freely showing himself to the electors, and uses the very largest words about his mission and his policy. But he is not a strong enough man to fight with success against the deepest forces of the national life.

POSTCARDS FOR THE MILLION.——Postcards, like Mechanics' Institutes, and various other modern devices, have been appropriated by a class higher than that for which they were originally intended. People who write a great many letters, and to whom, therefore, the saving of a halfpenny on each letter is a matter of consequence, use them largely in all cases where neither ceremony nor privacy is requisite. It is worthy of note that, in so many cases calling for correspondence, the aristocratic formality of the letter can be conveniently replaced by the democratic simplicity of the halfpenny card; and also that the contents of fully half the letters which are written may be exposed to the public gaze without detriment. Of course there are limits. Lovers, we imagine, prefer the shelter afforded by the envelope; it would scarcely be etiquette to acknowledge a Duke's invitation to dinner upon a postcard; nor would an amiable editor hurt the feelings of a poet by informing him by the same economical medium that his verses were "below mediocrity." Bad enough to have your lines rejected, worse still to know that the pretty parlour-maid, or pert "boy in buttons," who brings you the communication, is aware of your disappointment. Next to the commercial postcard senders, who scatter them wholesale, as they scatter circulars, we think the chief users of postcards are young ladies. Young ladies are generally short of money, halfpence are more a consideration with them than with their brothers, and, as they are copious correspondents, they manage to cram so much into a postcard that Lord John Manners must sometimes feel that he is giving them too good a bargain for their halfpenny. We imagine that hitherto poor people have not used postcards much. Now that they can buy them singly, for three farthings apiece, will they be tempted to use them more? We are inclined to think that they will not use them much more. Poor people, like children, don't care to have their queer penmanship and phonetic spelling exposed to public gaze more than they can help, and as writing is with them a comparatively rare proceeding they will not grudge another farthing for the sake of the privacy of an envelope.

THE CRUELTIES OF THE RUSSIANS.——The journals which have made themselves the champions of Russia have done their utmost to weaken the force of the evidence laid before Parliament respecting the manner in which the Russian troops are carrying on the war. It is, of course, true that considerable deductions must be made from the excited statements of men who are too near the scene of operations, and too much interested in the issues of the conflict, to be quite impartial. But, allowing for all exaggerations and misunderstandings, it is no longer possible to doubt that many deeds of fearful violence have been committed by the Russians. We do not know whether, as the *Daily Telegraph* maintains, they have wished to provoke reprisals, but that they have resolved to strike terror into the hearts of the Mussulmans is beyond question. The Turks themselves believe that the aim of Russia is simply to destroy the whole Moslem population of the Northern provinces. This is incredible; but with far slighter proof than that which we now possess it would be fair to charge the invaders with the design of overwhelming their enemies with fear. This is the policy they have pursued in Turkestan and Poland; and it was only natural to expect that they would pursue it in Bulgaria. It is hardly possible that England can do anything to mark her sense of horror at what is going on. She contented herself with expostulations after the outrages of the Bashi-Bazouks; she may not feel herself in a position even to expostulate after Cossack outrages. But surely the cruelties which have been exposed will at least have the effect of putting an end to the foolish talk about the high motives of Russia. A Power whose soldiers uphold humanity and freedom by the slaughter of women and children can scarcely deserve the sympathy of the most vehement enemy of the Turks.

NOTICE.——A NEW SERIAL STORY, *entitled* "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," *by the* AUTHORS *of* "READYMONEY MORTIBOY," *&c., illustrated by an eminent artist, will be begun on* SEPTEMBER 1, *and continued weekly until completed.*

Now Ready.

THE NEW VOLUME, XV.,

OF

"THE GRAPHIC"

containing over Five Hundred Illustrations of all the Events of Interest transpiring during the first six months of 1877, handsomely bound in blue cloth, gilt lettered, and gilt edges, 20s.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt

France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video

Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½*d*.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1*d*. thin and 2*d*. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
} *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. {
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

AMUSEMENTS

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—BANK HOLIDAY (NEXT MONDAY). Mackney, Fred Evans's Comic Ballet, Jockley Acrobats, Prunière, Professional Wrestlers and Hosein (Professors Graham, Beeby, Hundreds, Napper, &c.), Balloon Race (Orton v. Morton), Garden Concert, "The Crossing of the Danube," Harry Jackson and Fanny Leslie, Illumination of the Grove, Mr. Arthur Sketchley, the Prohibited Picture, Victor and Niblo on the Lofty Trapeze and other Gymnasts, the Colorado Beetle, THE COLLEEN BAWN, Cagliostro and Professor Field, Conjurors, Mr. W. J. Hill, the Popular Comedian, in CRAZED, Wieland's Great Hippodrome, Felix the Funniest, Aitinelli on Low Rope, Fred Evans, Little Georgius, Clown and Monkeys, &c., Swimming Races on the Great Lake (Man against Dog, &c.), Captain Crapo's Little Boat, and GRAND CONCERT—Madames Rudolph, Julia Elton, Annie Sinclair, Mr. Vernon Rigby. The Alexandra Palace Choir of 500 voices. Solo Cornet, Mr. Howard Reynolds. Conductor, Mr. Weist Hill. Jullien's British Army Quadrilles, with all the original effects, the Marching of Troops, &c. Admission, as usual, 1s.

Swings, Roundabouts, Boating on the Lake (Mr. Searle), American Garden, with Triple Lakes and Willow Bower, Rifle Shooting, the Beautiful Grove, Trained Hawks, Falcons, and Cormorants, Gymnasium, Japanese Village, Great Banquetting Hall, Italian Garden and Fountains, Great War Picture, Picture Galleries (every picture labelled, no catalogue required), magnificent views of surrounding country, Sixpenny Drives round the Park, Bicycle Track, Great Central Hall, with portrait figures of Kings and Queens of England, Deer Park, Great Conservatory, Aviaries, Great open Swimming Bath (the largest in England), Cosmorama Working Models, Moorish Houses, Music and Flowers everywhere, Portrait Busts, and the thousand and one delights of the Palace, Park, and Grove.

Note.—Accommodation for 300 Horses in Stables. Charge 1s. No charge for the admission of Vehicles.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, W. J. Hill, Billington, C. Harcourt, H. H. Vincent, G. Barrett, and E. Righton; Mesdames Emma Ritta, Marie Stevens, C. Jecks, and Lydia Foote.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, ONLY FOR LIFE. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Lieut. Walter Cole, Marie Loftus, Mr. and Mrs. Brian. Concluding with THE CORSICAN BROTHERS. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. C. Pitt.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—Notice: Great attractions for the Holidays. Grand Galas, &c. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated. EVERY EVENING at Seven (Wednesday excepted) THE MARINER'S COMPASS, by Henry Leslie, Esq. Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Syms, Nicholls, George Conquest, jun., Grant, Gillett, Vincent, Inch, &c. Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE. On Wednesday HAMLET and CATHERINE HOWARD.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
TO MORROW, MONDAY, AUG. 6.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
will introduce an
ENTIRELY NEW PROGRAMME.
The whole of the Songs contained in the first or musical portion of the Entertainment will be changed.
New Dances, New Whimsicalities, and New Burlesque Sketches for the first time.
THE NEW PROGRAMME
will be given
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, and on
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAYS, at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.
Doors open at 2.30 for the Day Performance, at 7.30 for the Evening Performance.
No Fees. Ladies can retain their Bonnets in all parts of the Hall.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Children of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Also on view Portrait Models of the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, and General Ignatieff. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

WALKER ART GALLERY.

LIVERPOOL CORPORATION ANNUAL AUTUMN EXHIBITION.

Arrangements are now in progress for opening this magnificent Gallery, on the 6th September, on which occasion the Right Hon. the EARL OF DERBY will inaugurate the building simultaneously with the ANNUAL CORPORATION EXHIBITION OF PICTURES. Intending Contributors are therefore requested to take notice that the days appointed for the reception of pictures are limited from Wednesday, the 8th, to Saturday, the 18th August inclusive, and that Artists who have not been especially invited to contribute must address their works, carriage prepaid, to the Curator of the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

Mr. BOURLET, 17, Nassau Street, Middlesex Hospital, acting as Agent in London.

JOSEPH RAYNER, Town Clerk.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12 0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE. — Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement for Eight Nights only (commencing Monday, August 6) of Mr. TOOLE, assisted by Miss Rose Saker, Miss Caroline Elton, Miss Ruth Francis, Miss Madeline Santon, Miss Ella Johnstone, Mr. H. Westland, Mr. G. Shelton, Mr. G. Herbert, Mr. S. Wilkinson, Mr. Denbigh Newton.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1877—1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Tourist Tickets, available for two months, will be issued till October 31, 1877.

For Particulars see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.

Paddington Terminus. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

THE CONTINENT *viâ* HARWICH. — An Express Train leaves LIVERPOOL STREET STATION at 8 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted) in connection with the steamer to Rotterdam; and at 4.45 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.

A Steamer leaves Rotterdam at 5.30 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted) in connection with an Express Train due in London at 6.30 a.m. the following day. A Steamer also leaves Antwerp at 4 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in connection with the train due in London at 6.30 or 10.12 a.m.

The Steamers are the finest running between England and the Continent, and lie alongside the Quay at Harwich, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, thus avoiding the use of small boats.

Interpreters accompany Passengers to and from Cologne *viâ* Rotterdam.

Passengers are booked through to the principal towns on the Continent at very low fares.

At Harwich there is an excellent Hotel at moderate charges, where passengers can stay who wish to break their Journey.

S. SWARBRICK,
General Manager.
GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route *viâ* Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

THE RUSSIANS IN BIELA

WE have already alluded to the regretable scenes of plundering at Biela, witnessed by our artist, and described by Mr. Forbes in the *Daily News*, and we now publish a couple of illustrations of the scene, a fact which completely disproves the assertion that an artist or correspondent with the Russians is prohibited from sending home any uncomplimentary sketches or letters. After the occupation of Biela by General Arnoldi, the town was entered and garrisoned by a detachment of infantry, and, owing to some strange negligence in not placing patrols about the streets, the soldiers commenced plundering, and after a while no longer distinguished between the deserted houses of the hated Turks and the dwellings of their beloved Bulgarian brethren, whom they had crossed the Danube to set free. Our artist sketched the pillage of a baker's shop which he witnessed during the day, but he bears witness that the officers made some attempts to check the pillage, and when they caught the plunderers thrashed them soundly with the flats of their swords. In the early morning of the 7th inst., however, our artist (Mr. Villiers) was awakened in the house where he was sleeping by the noise of the smashing of woodwork, and found that the soldiers had broken open a liquor shop, and were pillaging right and left. Presently they challenged the house he was in, but on his telling them that that it was a Turkish and not a Christian dwelling, and moreover occupied by gentlemen accompanying the army, they retired. Shortly afterwards, however, they broke into the cellars in search of wine, and a few moments afterwards came a wild tumult about the door, and a clamouring for admittance. Mr. Villiers opened the door, and found four soldiers maddened with rage and vitriol, for instead of wine the soldiers had found and imbibed some of that fiery liquid which the proprietor of the house used for cleaning wool. The soldiers had at once concluded that the house was a Turkish dwelling, and that the 'devil's drink' had been purposely stored for their destruction. Seizing upon Mr. Forbes' servant, Andreas, whom they took for the proprietor, they tried to force him to drink the liquid, but upon Mr. Villiers interfering, arrested the latter for a spy, and took him to their officer, who, recognising his correspondent's badge, at once set him free. Our artist then, seeing the plundering continue, walked up to the camp on the heights, and asked the colonel commanding to send down a guard, a request at once complied with, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing the marauders made prisoners and soundly thrashed. The officers were exceedingly annoyed at the bad conduct of the soldiery, and there was some talk of compensation being made to the sufferers.

YENI TABIA—VARNA

THIS sketch represents one of the entrenchments of the important fortress of Varna, the principal seaport on the Bulgarian coast, the head of the railway to Rustchuk, and the place of landing for stores and reinforcements for the European army. The fortress has been put into a thorough state of repair, and has received large consignments of heavy siege guns for its defence. The fort represented was taken by the Russians during the war of 1828. In the distance may be seen the Egyptian fleet, which brought from Alexandria the Egyptian contingent to the Sultan's army.

GIURGEVO FROM RUSTCHUK

GIURGEVO is situated opposite Rustchuk, and, as may be seen by the plan in another column, has taken a great part in the bombardment of that town, though at the same time suffering greatly from the reciprocal bombardment of the Turkish batteries. The town now is almost entirely deserted by its civil population, whose dwellings have been in many cases wholly wrecked and destroyed. Giurgevo before the war was a flourishing little commercial town, and in olden times, before the Treaty of Adrianople, was the fortified bridge head to Rustchuk.

WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA

THE first of our sketches represents the position of the Turkish troops on the heights round Olti, on July 12, at a time when the Russians were as yet unchecked in their advance, and were expected to march rapidly upon Erzeroum. The position, apart from its strategical importance, was one of considerable picturesqueness—the high, snow-covered hills in the distance, with bright green heights in the foreground, a smiling valley beneath, with the winding river and an old ruined Genoese castle, forming an admirable landscape picture. On the lower heights were posted strong batteries of field guns, while earthworks and shelter trenches after a somewhat modern model were thrown up.

The second sketch represents the troops of Ahmed Muktar Pasha throwing up earthworks prior to the battle of Eshek-Khalian on the 21st ult., in which the Turks, attacking the Russians, attempted to carry the latter's position. Although they failed in this, the Russians, who, together with their opponents, lost large numbers of men, thought it prudent to retire, and the Turks subsequently occupying their positions not unnaturally laid claim to an important victory. A few days after this the battle of Zewin took place, in which the Turks gained a *bona fide* victory, and forced the Russians to begin their retreat, which has ended in the withdrawal of the invading force within Russian territory.

"HOME?"

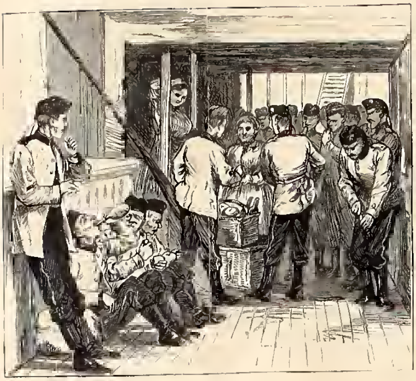
ALL admirers of the poetry of Thomas Hood are well acquainted with his "Haunted House," a very powerful poem, but, to our thinking, somewhat wearisome from over-elaboration. No sign or symptom of desolation is left for the reader to imagine for himself, all is set down with the merciless exactitude of an auctioneer's catalogue, and consequently the total effect is somewhat exhausting. In his picture, Mr. Waller has, as it were, skilfully skimmed off the cream of the poem, and given us, pictorially, a condensed edition of "The Haunted House," which is very effective. Mr. Waller's *forte* lies especially in the introduction of animal life, and here we have a group of deer assembled at the very door of the ruinous mansion, nibbling at the leaves of the once-cherished vines. On the right appears the figure of a man,—the owner, perhaps, revisiting his old home. For this incident there is no warrant in the poem, and Hood would probably have held that the introduction of a real live human being would have marred the ghostly effect which he had piled up in such a long succession of stanzas.

A KNIGHT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

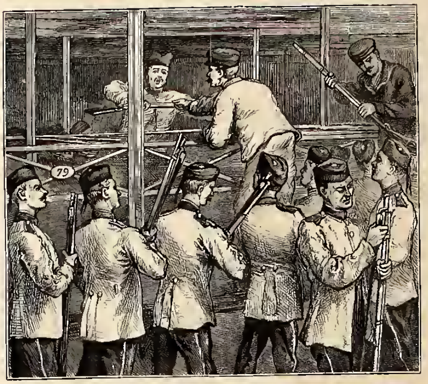
THE seventeenth century is a favourite epoch with Mr. Pettie, and is, pictorially, very effective, because the dress and surroundings are picturesque, and yet the people are sufficiently near our own time and like ourselves for us to feel a real interest in them. Moreover, in the case of this picture, the interest is enhanced by the fact that the gallant knight who regards us so sternly from his casing of steel is in reality a gentleman to whom thousands of us are indebted for many hours of innocent recreation, being no other than Mr. William Black, the popular novelist, author of "The Princess of Thule," &c. That the likeness is a faithful one we can personally vouch, having on the Press-view day of the Exhibition seen the original of the portrait sitting within half-a-dozen yards of his counterfeit.—Our engraving is published by permission of Mr. E. F. White, of 13, King Street, St. James's, the owner of the picture.

THE RIGHT HON. G. W. HUNT

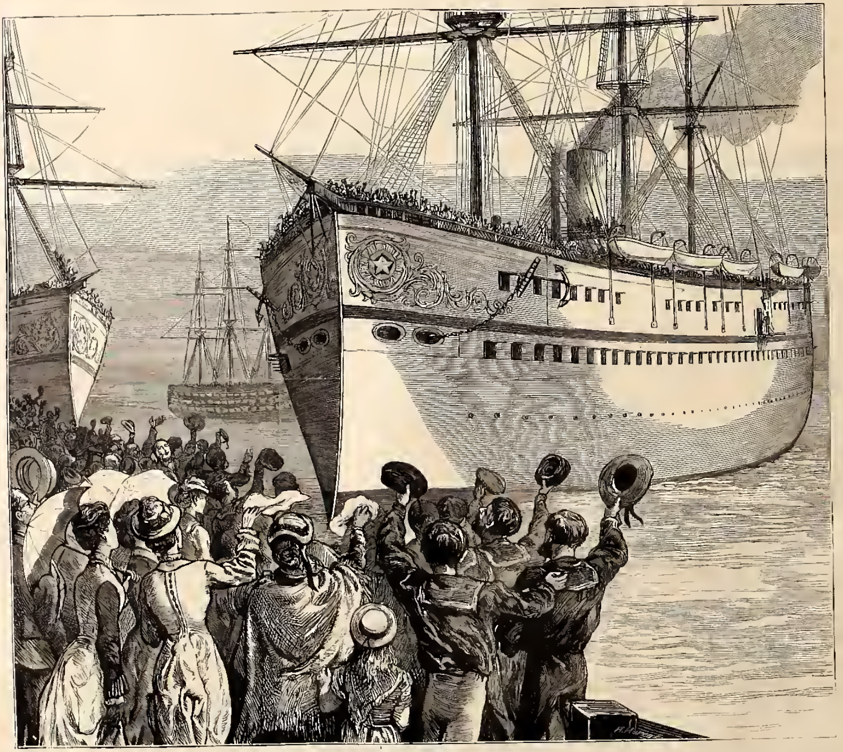
LAST week it was confidently reported that Mr. Hunt, who had been compelled to give up his official duties at Whitsuntide by cruel attacks of gout, would be in his place in the House during the following week, and therefore the news of his death, which occurred on Saturday morning at Homburg, caused considerable surprise as well as deep regret. For Mr. Hunt, although the best-abused man in the Cabinet, was popular both in Parliament and with the public, in fact wherever his portly form was known, and Sir Stafford Northcote elicited cheers from both sides of the House when he spoke of his deceased colleague as a "beloved" member. He occupied a very arduous and unthankful post. The Admiralty—a troublesome department ever since the days of Pepys—has become especially troublesome during the last thirty years, because one invention has been ousted by another, and a ship was liable to be pronounced obsolete before she was off the stocks. When we bear in mind the swarm of critics, both professional and amateur, who buzzed round the First Lord, each firmly convinced that he possessed the panacea for naval mismanagement, when we add to these the ill-natured journalists, who laid the blame of every naval mishap, from the sinking of the *Vanguard* to the breaking of a piston-rod, on Mr. Hunt's shoulders, we can scarcely wonder that he sank into the grave at the comparatively early age of 52. Mr. Hunt did not belong to one of the so-called "governing families" of the realm; he was the son of a Northamptonshire clergyman. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and became a barrister, but he presently forsook law for politics, and was chosen in 1857 as one of the members of North Northamptonshire, which he represented without a break for twenty years. He acted as Financial Secretary to the Treasury under Lord Derby in 1866-7, and was Chancellor of the Exchequer during Mr. Disraeli's brief Premiership, which dated from Lord Derby's death till November, 1868. In 1874, when the Conservatives returned to office, Mr. Hunt became First Lord of the Admiralty, a post which he occupied at the time of his death. Mr. Hunt was also well acquainted with matters of county administration, was an excellent Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and took much interest in agriculture. He was no orator, but he spoke in a straightforward fashion which always commanded the attention of the house. In 1857, he married a daughter of Dr. Eden, the Bishop of Moray and Ross, by whom he has left several children. Mr. Hunt was buried on Monday at Homburg, in what is known as "the English graveyard," a very neglected place of sepulchre, overgrown with weeds and long grass. Most of the English and American residents, including several persons of distinction, were present. We regret to learn that Mrs. Ward Hunt is detained by illness at Cologne.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Maull and Co., 187A, Piccadilly.



SOLDIERS' LUNCHEON ON BOARD

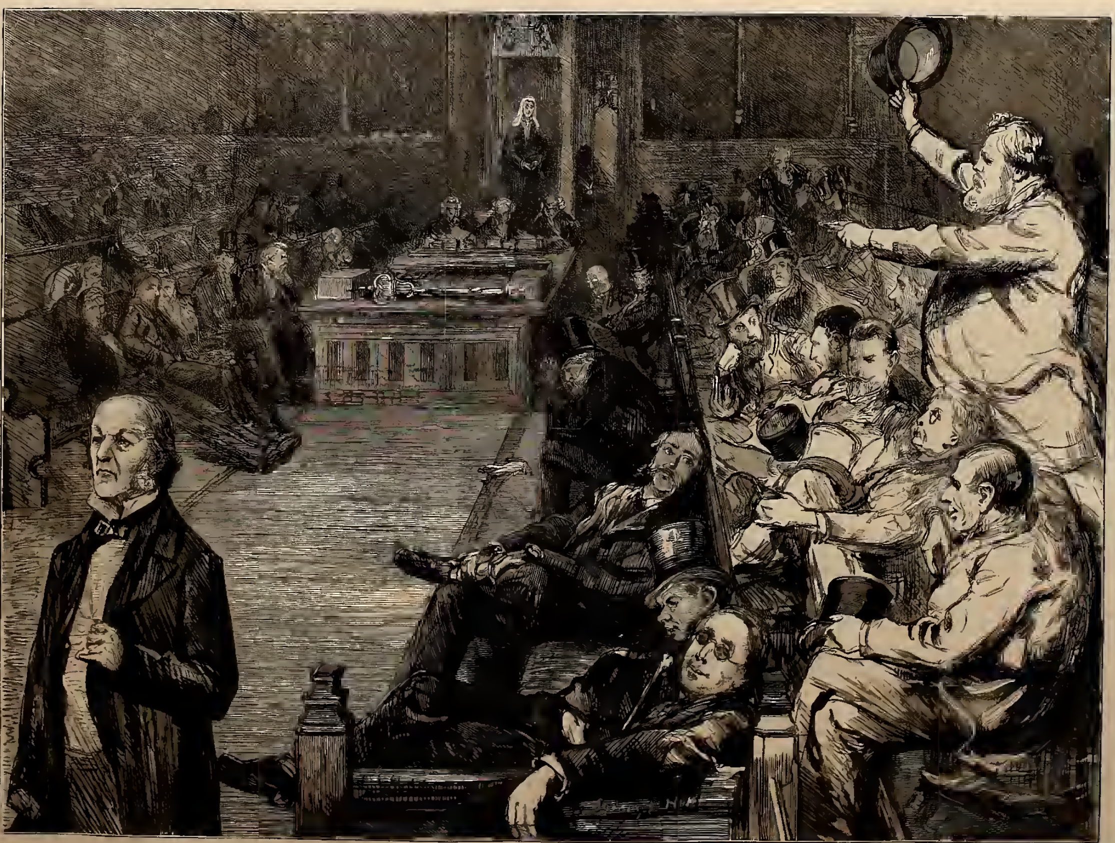


RACKING RIFLES FOR THE VOYAGE



DEPARTURE OF H.M.S. "EUPHRATES" FROM PORTSMOUTH

THE RE-INFORCEMENTS FOR THE MEDITERRANEAN GARRISONS



THE IRISH OBSTRUCTIVES: "ORDER! ORDER!"—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JULY 27, 1877

Major O'Gorman *(loq.)*: "I call upon the Great English People to be careful of their liberties, lest another Cromwell should walk into this House, and say, 'Take away that bauble.'"

"Quid leges sine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt."
Vide Speech of Sir Stafford Northcote.

A BOAT VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

THE *New Bedford*, which hails from the town of that name, of whaling renown, in the State of Massachusetts, is a double decked boat, ten feet long, and of about one and a half tons register. She carries two masts, one anchor, and a drogue. She is built of cedar, and is leg-of-mutton rigged. She left New Bedford for her voyage across the Atlantic on May 28th, her sole occupants being Captain Crapo and his wife. Bad weather presently compelled them to put into Chatham (U.S.), whence they sailed June 2nd. They met with fogs off the Banks of Newfoundland, and here fortunately they picked up a keg, which served as a new drogue, their own being too light to offer sufficient resistance when lying to in a gale of wind. After this they encountered a succession of gales, were constantly wet, and had very little sleep. On one occasion the Captain steered successively for seventy hours. His little craft reached Newlyn, Mount's Bay, Cornwall, on the night of Saturday, July 21st. Captain Crapo is thirty-five years of age, and of English descent. His wife is a native of Glasgow. The *New Bedford* is now being exhibited at the Alexandra Palace.—We are indebted to Mr. C. E. Tregoning, of Truro, for the sketch from which our engraving is taken.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN THE UNITED STATES

THE history of this formidable movement, which at one time threatened seriously to paralyse the traffic of several of the leading lines in the United States, has been recorded in our News columns, and we here depict three of the chief places of interest connected with the events of the past fortnight. Foremost amongst these is Pittsburg, the Birmingham and Sheffield of the United States, a town swarming with manufactories and iron foundries, and the centre of the iron, coal, and oil commerce of Pennsylvania. Pittsburg is most advantageously situated for a commercial city, being built at the junction of the Ohio and Alleghany rivers. It is an important railway junction, the Pennsylvania line, which has its terminus here, being continued northwards by the Erie and Pittsburg and Cleveland lines, and eastward by the Cincinnati and St. Louis line. Thus it was owing to this that the strike movement assumed such formidable proportions when it reached Pittsburg, although it should be said that the majority of the mob which committed such excesses were not composed of the railway operatives, but of that idle loafing class of low Irish and Germans who form the great rowdy element across the Atlantic. They are to blame for the disgraceful scenes of pillage and robbery, and doubtless for the siege of the troops in the round house, of which we give a diagram, and whence the troops were driven out by means of cars set on fire and driven against the building until the whole was in flames. Pittsburg, which together with its suburb, Alleghany City, now contains a population of 140,000, is built on the site of the old Fort Pitt. The first manufactory started there was a distillery in 1784, and in 1790 the first iron furnace was lighted.

HARRISBURG is another important manufacturing town and railway junction, being situated on the Susquehanna River at the point where the Erie and Pittsburg branches of the Pennsylvania Railway bifurcate, and whence radiate innumerable lines to the anthracite and bituminous coal region, and the iron districts. Owing to the courage and determination of the Governor and authorities, the strikers here did not gain such a footing as in Pittsburg, but although they made strenuous attempts to incite a a riot and seize the railway station, they were repulsed by the patrols and armed citizens. Harrisburg is the capital of Pennsylvania, contains a population of 23,000, and owes its existence to a Yorkshire emigrant, John Harris, who in 1725, with that striking energy and industry which so distinguished the early pioneers, laid the foundation of the town which he determined should ultimately become the capital of the State.

The town of ERIE, one of the most thriving across the Atlantic, and whose name is well known to Englishmen through their investments in her railroad, is another great commercial centre, being the Lake terminus of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the port to which all the products of the lake-side country is directed. This railway suffered considerably from the action of the strikers, who destroyed the rails in several places, and gave the troops considerable trouble before order could be restored. Erie, whose population numbers about 20,000, was not founded until 1795, when it was laid out by General William Irvine and Andrew Ellicott under authority of the State. To turn to our last illustration, Chiques Rock is situated on the Delaware, on the line between Columbia and Harrisburg, and is celebrated for the lovely view which it commands, as well as for the iron ore which is found in the vicinity.

Our illustrations are taken from the handsome work published by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, illustrative of their line, and are published by permission of the proprietors of *Engineering*, in which journal an interesting series of illustrated articles on the Pennsylvania line are now appearing.

NOTE.——The remainder of our Illustrations are described on page 110.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—The vagaries of the Irish Obstructionists have occupied so much attention during the week that but little time has been left for the consideration of other matters. In Dublin the excitement on the subject has been intense, and preparations are being made for public meetings to give expression to Irish opinion in regard to the conduct of Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and the rest. The Home Rule party is said to be now splitting up, and the Council of the League are even now deliberating on the subject of Mr. Butt's position.—More candidates have come forward to woo the electors of Clare, Mr. F. W. Burton, of Carnelly, and Mr. D. L. Colthurst, of Cork (both Home Rulers). It is whispered too that Mr. Dion Boucicault intends to enter the lists.—At Great Grimsby the nominations took place on Tuesday, and the polling on Wednesday. The candidates were Mr. A. M. Watkin (L.), Major Seddon (C.), and Mr. P. Sale (L.), and the first-named gentleman, who is a son of Sir E. Watkin, M.P., was elected. The late member was a Conservative, so that the election gives a seat to the Liberal Party.—After the declaration of the poll a mob of about 6,000 persons made an attack upon the hotel where Mr. Watkin was staying. They smashed the windows, and behaved in such a riotous manner that it was deemed necessary to telegraph to Sheffield for the military.—Lord Burleigh, eldest son of the Marquis of Exeter, will be the Conservative candidate for North Northamptonshire, vacant by the death of Mr. Ward Hunt, an event which will probably bring about some changes in the Cabinet, though nothing definite is yet known.—Col. Corbett, the senior member for South Shropshire, has announced his resignation of the seat.—A vacancy has been caused amongst the Representative Peers of Ireland by the death of Lord Headley, which happened on Monday last. His lordship, who had reached the age of sixty-seven, was a son of the late Hon. G. M. A. Winn. He succeeded his uncle as Baron Allanson and Winn in 1840, and was chosen a Representative Peer in 1868.—John Frost, the Chartist leader, and colleague of Jones, Williams, and Feargus O'Connor, has just died at the age of ninety-six. He was convicted of high treason in 1839, and condemned to be drawn, hanged, and quartered; but the sentence was afterwards commuted to transportation for life, and in 1856 he was set at liberty and allowed to return home. He has since lived in quiet retirement, being very simple in his habits and a total abstainer.—On Saturday Mr. Bright entertained some 300 co-operatives of Leeds and Bradford in his garden at Rochdale, and he took care to improve the occasion by dilating upon the the blessings of peace and the terrors of war, especially to the working classes. Five or ten years after a war it was always discovered that the reason had not been sufficient for the sacrifice of life and the waste of money.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Consular service in Turkey, Persia, and Egypt is to be reorganised, and Lord Derby has decided to institute a corps of "Student Dragomans," who are to be selected by open competition and sent to Constantinople, where they will be lodged, and instructed in Oriental languages at the public expense, receiving salaries of 200*l.* a year. Candidates must be unmarried, and between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four years.—The inquiry into the management of the Blue Coat School came to an end on Saturday last, and as the whole of the proceedings were conducted with closed doors the report of the commissioners is looked for with great anxiety.—On Monday the Volunteer Artillery Meeting at Shoeburyness will commence. No fewer than 140 detachments from various parts of the kingdom will take part in the competition at land and sea ranges with muzzle-loading and breech-loading guns.—The Court of Aldermen have decided that Sir John Bennett is not a fit and proper person to take his seat amongst them; but the gallant knight declines to obey their dictum, and has made a second appeal to the electors of the Ward of Cheap. The probability is that he will now be returned by an overwhelming majority, especially as Mr. Waddell, his former opponent, declines to come forward again.—St. Paul's School is to be removed to Hammersmith, where sixteen acres of land have been purchased for it by the Mercers' Company, who are the governors. The school dates from 1512, and was founded by Dean Colet.—The Metropolitan Board of Works have decided upon the institution of a bronze medal to be given to men of the Fire Brigade who distinguish themselves by acts of special bravery at fires.—Early in the year the operative masons of London gave their employers six months' notice that half an hour per day should be taken off their time, and a penny per hour added to their wages or they would strike. The notice expired on Saturday, and, as the masters refuse to comply, a strike and lock-out will probably result, though it is hoped that the dispute will be amicably settled.—Amongst the deaths reported this week is that of Mr. Samuel Warren, Q.C., the author of the novels "Two Thousand a Year" and "Now and Then," and also of an unrhymed poem, "The Lily and the Bee." Mr. Warren also contributed largely to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and published several legal works. He was M.P. for Midhurst from 1856 to 1859, when he was appointed a Master in Lunacy.

PARLIAMENT

THE struggle between a few Irish members and the House of Commons came to a head on Tuesday night, and, after one of the most memorable contests in Parliamentary history, was settled on Wednesday afternoon. The chosen battle ground was the South Africa Bill, a measure which Mr. O'Donnell, the latest recruit to the Obstructionist party, had marked for his own. There was no particular reason why he should have done this except that the Bill had a good many clauses, and thus afforded a far-stretching battle ground. The obstruction had been manifested at earlier stages of the Bill, and it was no secret that Mr. O'Donnell, having the assistance of Mr. Biggar and one or two other equally well-informed authorities on Colonial policy, was prepared to fight the Bill clause by clause and line by line.

Being brought face to face with this determination the Ministry resolved to take the bull by the horns, and to decide once for all which was the stronger, the Obstructionists or the House of Commons. The little knot of Irishmen depended for their success upon their ability to wear out the physical endurance of hon. members opposite. They had tried it before, and had succeeded, for the sufficient reason that though they were few in number they were determined in spirit and united in action. The Government, backed by the almost unanimous approval of the House, took a leaf out of their book, and beat them on their chosen ground. An urgent "whip" was issued to the Ministerialists, inviting them to be in their places on Tuesday, and hinting at the probability of the sitting proving a long one. Members readily responded to this appeal, and being mustered they were divided into relays, some undertaking to sit till one or two in the morning, others promising to sit till seven, and a third band of early risers pledging themselves to be in their places at seven o'clock in the morning.

This scheme was carried out to the letter, and had the anticipated effect. Mr. Parnell and his friends were taken at some disadvantage, inasmuch as some who would have worked with them had already left town for the recess. To three of these, Mr. Richard Power, Major O'Gorman, and Mr. O'Sullivan, telegrams were sent, urgently requesting their immediate return. In the meantime the little band who had dared the House of Commons to mortal combat prepared themselves for the fray. Mr. Parnell, seconded by Mr. O'Donnell, took up the running, and at the outset fired a steady volley of amendments and motions to report progress at the Treasury Bench. Very little progress was made up to midnight, and the scenes, though lively, were kept within due limits. About ten o'clock evidence of a complete unity of feeling on the matter at issue was supplied by a speech by Mr. Forster, the right hon. gentleman declaring that, though he was in his sixtieth year, and not fond of sitting up all night, he was prepared to do so if it were necessary to pass the Bill. Declarations to the same effect were made by other prominent members on both sides of the House, and shortly after midnight all hope of reconciliation was abandoned, and the question resolved itself into one of who could last the longest.

Sir William Harcourt returned about eleven o'clock, having evidently fortified himself with dinner in view of an exhaustive struggle. The hon. and learned gentleman had, in earlier stages of the controversy, distinguished himself by his direct and uncompromising denunciation of the tactics pursued by the Obstructionists. He now took a fresh opportunity of sprinkling a little salt on gaping wounds, and about two o'clock in the morning had wrought Mr. Parnell into a state of almost hysterical passion, in which the hon. gentleman could do nothing but yell "Sit down! sit down!" a command of which Sir William Harcourt provokingly took no notice.

Mr. Raikes had taken the chair shortly after five on Tuesday afternoon. At four o'clock on Wednesday morning he began, not unreasonably, to consider that he had had enough, and, Mr. Childers volunteering for the post, Mr. Raikes vacated it in his favour. Mr. Childers sat till half-past six, when Mr. W. H. Smith relieved him, being himself relieved two hours later by Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson. Returning at noon on Wednesday, Mr. Raikes found the Committee still sitting, and amid loud cheers resumed the chair.

Through all the intervening hours the talk had been going on, often monotonously as members grew weary, but occasionally blazing out in fierce flames at an angry word spoken from one side or the other. There was an amusing encounter between Captain Nolan and Sir William Edmonstone, better known as "The Admiral." Captain Nolan was accused of being the wire-puller throughout the whole of the disgraceful scene, and was reminded of the fact that whilst he obstructed the business of the nation, and defied the opinion of the House of Commons, he was an officer in full pay in Her Majesty's Service. The Admiral vociferously cheered these remarks, upon which Captain Nolan, with difficulty articulating through the passion that possessed him, accused the Admiral of being a partisan. "But I'm only on half-pay," said the Admiral, and the House, though in no laughing humour, roared at the *naïveté* of the implied argument. At six o'clock faces began to be missed on either side. Mr. Biggar had by arrangement with his colleagues retired at four o'clock for a spell of rest. At seven o'clock he returned, and greatly cheered the Committee by the information that he had had a good sleep and a good breakfast, and was now prepared to go on as long as they liked. Mr. Parnell took this opportunity of retiring, and the promised relays coming in punctually at seven o'clock, the white neckties began to disappear, being replaced by staid and substantial black ties, warranted to wear until midnight if necessary. Mr. Cross, though he had not been off the premises, had enjoyed a couple of hours' sleep, and now returning insisted on the Chancellor of the Exchequer's taking that rest which he imperatively needed. Mr. Forster also left, and with new faces fresh vigour was imported into the discussion.

At eleven o'clock the Chancellor of the Exchequer came back, and the House began to fill. Mr. O'Donnell was the only one of the Obstructionists who had disdained rest. Whilst, as Mr. Parnell put it, Mr. Biggar had been peacefully slumbering, Mr. O'Donnell had been at his post, and he was there when Mr. Parnell took his watch below. But the long night was evidently beginning to tell upon him, and though he still came up to time and moved his amendments in due order, he eagerly clutched at a declaration from the Ministerial side, made perhaps for the twentieth time, that the Government and the Committee were determined to get the Bill through at a single sitting. "If that is the case," said Mr. O'Donnell, in a tone suggesting it was quite a new idea to him, "*we* will not be parties to a match of physical endurance." But Mr. Parnell presently returning, and Mr. O'Connor coming up, brisk and breakfasted, the discussion was further dragged out, and it was ten minutes past two before the Bill was finally through Committee, and the Speaker, amid loud and prolonged cheering, again took the chair, the discussion having lasted for twenty-one hours without a moment's cessation.

But even this did not exhaust the appetite for work which the House had developed. The next order on the paper was the East India Loan Bill, upon which Mr. O'Donnell rose and argued for some minutes. Then the Irish Judicature Bill was taken, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar beating their heads against it till twenty minutes past five, Lord Beaconsfield looking down from the Peers' Gallery upon the last division. After this the remaining orders on Tuesday's paper were gone through, and progress was made with a considerable number of Bills, the House adjourning at a quarter past six, having sat for twenty-six hours!

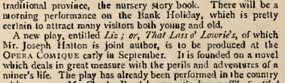
THEATRES

MR. IRVING'S benefit at the LYCEUM Theatre on Monday night brought the season at this popular house to a brilliant termination. The theatre was crowded to the full extent—indeed to something beyond the full extent of its capacity of seating or even providing standing room for visitors, and the performance of *Hamlet*, revived for this occasion, was followed throughout with a degree of attention no less flattering to the actor than the enthusiastic reception which he obtained. This being his last appearance before his departure on a round of provincial engagements which will extend almost to the close of the year, Mr. Irving addressed the audience in a kind of farewell, taking a glance both at the past and at the future. On his authority we learn that the return to melodrama, in the shape of Mr. Charles Reade's adapted play entitled *The Lyons Mail*, has been a striking success; though this fact has not precluded an intention of appearing in another play of Shakespeare in the winter season; while among other projects for the future the actor announced his intention of assuming the part of Louis XI. in the play of that name, in which Mr. Charles Kean was so often seen. Mr. Irving made some allusions to the conflicting criticisms to which he has been subjected, taking occasion at the same time to hint that certain objections that have been raised to his "legs," regarded from the point of view of high art, were somewhat beyond the province of the critics. His "legs," however, had, he assured the audience, enjoyed this year a certain immunity from spiteful or abusive observations, while his articulation, of which complaints have been heard in more than one quarter, appears to have given more satisfaction. The observations, which were delivered with perfect good temper, seemed to yield much amusement to his hearers. Finally Mr. Irving announced that there will be an autumn season at the Lyceum during his absence from London, Mrs. Crowe (Miss Bateman) being about to appear in a new drama founded on the story entitled *A Dead Secret*, by Mr. Wilkie Collins.

English performances have been resumed at the GAIETY, consequent upon the departure of the Paris Vaudeville Company, the last of Mr. Hollingshead's extensive series of engagements of French performers. Without the loss of a single night the regular Gaiety company, including Miss E. Farren, Mr. Terry, Mr. Royce, Miss Emily Muir, Mrs. Leigh, and Mr. Maclean, strengthened by the engagement of Miss Evelyn Rayne—a promising young actress new to the London stage—have returned to their old quarters. On Monday night Mr. Byron's amusing comedy entitled *Weak Woman*, originally brought out at the Strand Theatre a year or two ago, was revived, with Mr. Edward Terry in his original part of Captain Ginger of the Bungleshire Buffs. The most popular feature in the programme, however, and that to which the flourishing aspect of the house under the adverse conditions of late July must be mainly attributed, is the reproduction of *The Bohemian Gyurl*, originally produced last year at the Opera Comique, under Mr. Hollingshead's management. This is by far the brightest and most entertaining of Mr. Byron's recent efforts in the field of burlesque extravaganza, not excepting his *Don Cæsar de Bazan*. A vein of true burlesque runs through the scenes, intermingled with much grace and prettiness of an altogether exceptional character. The dances between Miss Farren and Miss Kate Vaughan in the second scene have rarely been excelled in the way of gracefulness and spirit, and Mr. Royce's impersonation of that celebrated nobleman who is always on the point of inflicting "The heart bowed down" upon his friends and neighbours is as grotesquely droll as ever. On this occasion Miss E. Farren made her first appearance after an illness which at one time had assumed a somewhat grave aspect, receiving a welcome which sufficiently attested the popularity of this sprightly and accomplished actress among Gaiety audiences.

Although pantomimes are at present almost inseparably associated with the Christmas holidays there is no statute forbidding their production at other periods of the year; nor are we aware of any objection to this kind of entertainment in the month of August other than what might apply generally to theatrical performances in the season of country trips and sojourns by the sea side. Under these circumstances we can only hope that nobody will take objection in the abstract to the promised production of a new children's pantomime this evening at the Adelphi, where the last and first pantomime performed entirely by children was originally brought out. On this occasion the "Old Boy"—a *nom de plume* which conceals from all but the initiated a well-known pantomime writer and contributor to the public journals—is again the author; and it may be assumed that the clever company of little gentlemen and ladies who contributed so much to the amusement of young folks last holiday will again take part both in introduction and harlequinade. The subject is *Little Red Riding Hood*, for orthodox pantomime refrains from—and even holds in abhorrence—anything like novelty of theme, while it affectionately clings to its traditional province, the nursery story book. There will be a morning performance on the Bank Holiday, which is pretty certain to attract many visitors both young and old.

A new play, entitled *Liz; or, That Lass o' Lowrie's*, of which Mr. Joseph Hatton is joint author, is to be produced at the OPERA COMIQUE early in September. It is founded on a novel which deals in great measure with the perils and adventures of a miner's life. The play has already been performed in the country with success.—Mr. Charles Reade's romantic drama, *The Scuttled Ship*, which enjoyed so long a run at the Olympic this year, will be transferred on Monday to the NATIONAL STANDARD Theatre.—At the conclusion of Mr. Jefferson's present engagement at the HAYMARKET Mr. G. F. Rowe's American comedy-drama entitled *Brass* will be brought out here. Mr. Rowe will be remembered for his clever impersonation of Micawber at the Olympic some years ago.—Mr. Gilbert's *Dan'l Druce* has given great satisfaction to Edinburgh audiences, who are notoriously somewhat critical.



SPORTING

THE TURF.——Goodwood, as heretofore, has sounded the knell of the departing London season, if, indeed, the Irish "Obstructionists" intend to allow Parliament to rise at all, and bring the season to a close. The grand meeting amid the sylvan beauties of one of the most glorious parks in England can never be otherwise than enjoyable, and each year the general public flock to it in increased numbers. On the earlier days of this week this was most marked, and there were audible grumbles in some quarters that Goodwood is getting too plebeian. For some reason or other—the absence of the Princess of Wales being not an unlikely one—the aristocratic element was not so dominant as usual during the week; and, to speak the truth, the racing was hardly up to the Goodwood standard. In fact the general feeling is that something that may almost be called flatness pervaded the meeting. The sport opened as usual with the Craven Stakes, but out of four starters the talent could not pick the winner, Cartridge beating King Death, the favourite, by two lengths. Athol Lad, a son, as might be guessed, of Blair Athol, took the Ham Stakes, and thus added another to the long list of victories achieved during the present season by the sons and daughters of that famous sire. Athol Lad is own brother to the celebrated Prince Charlie, whose deeds he does not seem at all unlikely to emulate. The Richmond Two Year Old Stakes produced a field of fifteen, Lord Falmouth's filly Jannette being installed favourite at 2 to 1. The choice was justified, as she won easily enough at the finish from Spark and Insulaire. The winner seems as good as she is beautiful, and is doubtless the best filly we have seen out this season. But in a certain aspect the Stewards' Cup was the most attractive race of the day, and it is to be regretted that the recent anniversary of this popular contest has been marked by the scratching of a strong favourite within an hour of the race, for the sole reason that the owner could not come to satisfactory terms with the bookmakers. Of course it is the old, old story of an owner "doing as he likes with his own;" but it need hardly be said that in such matters the strictly legal view is not necessarily the right one. Of the twenty-three runners Caballero was elected to the favouriteship; but he was not served up hot as favourites so often are in this class of race, 6 to 1 being his starting price. It is very probable that he would have won had he not broken down very early in the race; but failing the favourite, the animals most strongly fancied made the best show in the race. Monk started at 7 to 1, and Herald at 8 to 1, and at the finish the latter was first and the former second, while Warrior and Lollypop, who were both among the first six favourites, secured the third and fifth places. No outsider made even a bid for the race. The Goodwood Stakes on the Wednesday showed an improvement on some recent anniversaries, twelve animals of a very fair calibre coming to the post. Prince George retained to the end the favouriteship which he had held for some time, Chypre and Pageant being next in demand. The story of the race may be told in half a dozen words, for the favourite evidently had it in hand from the start, and eventually won as he liked. Not much notice must be taken of the second and third of Gloucester and Rylstone, whose places would probably have been occupied by Pageant and Hampton had their jockeys persevered with them. As it was no one seemed to try at the finish, when it was seen that Prince George could win by any number of lengths. Hampton ran a good horse for some distance under his heavy weight. Sir F. Johnstone, who does not make his mark at meetings as he once did, secured the Findon Stakes for two year olds with Thistle, and Lord Ellesmere's Dalgarno took the Lavant Stakes. In the Goodwood Derby, Glen Arthur, as might have been expected, cantered away from Albert Edward, and secured almost as easy a victory over Monk in the 300 Sovs. Sweepstakes, and consequently found supporters for the Leger. The Gold Cup on Thursday did not produce a large field.

CRICKET.——There has been another good cricket week. At the Oval Gloucestershire has beaten a very strong All England mixed team by six wickets; thus fairly establishing itself far ahead of all other counties.—With Yorkshire, however, on Tuesday last, Gloucestershire had to make a draw, the game standing with Yorkshire having 18 runs to get to win and one wicket to fall. Each person must form his own judgment as to what would have been the probable issue.—At Canterbury Kent has beaten Hampshire in the return match by six wickets. Lord Harris showed a return to his best form in scoring 75 for the Home county.—Rossall School could make but a poor fight against a weak Eleven of the M.C.C.; and Rugby could do but little better.

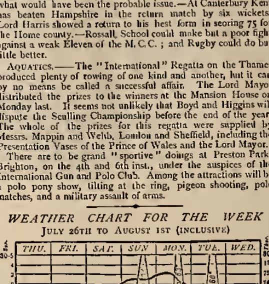
AQUATICS.——The "International" Regatta on the Thames produced plenty of rowing of one kind and another, but it can by no means be called a successful affair. The Lord Mayor distributed the prizes to the winners at the Mansion House on Monday last. It seems not unlikely that Boyd and Higgins will dispute the Sculling Championship before the end of the year. The whole of the prizes for this regatta were supplied by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, London and Sheffield, including the Presentation Vases of the Prince of Wales and the Lord Mayor.

There are to be grand "sportive" doings at Preston Park, Brighton, on the 4th and 6th inst., under the auspices of the International Gun and Polo Club. Among the attractions will be a polo pony show, tilting at the ring, pigeon shooting, polo matches, and a military assault of arms.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

JULY 26TH TO AUGUST 1ST (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——During this period we have experienced very sudden changes in the weather. The barometer stood at about 29·76 inches on the morning of Thursday, the 26th ultimo, and from that point it rose unsteadily till it reached 30·32 inches on Monday, the 30th ultimo. A sudden fall then took place till 29·82 inches was reached at 2 a.m. on Wednesday, the 1st instant, after which the mercury began to rise. Temperature has varied very greatly. On Thursday and Friday, the 26th and 27th ult., the maximum readings were 72°; on Saturday, the 28th ult., 66°; but on Sunday, the 29th ult., it rose to 82°, and on Tuesday, the 31st ult., to 86°; while on Wednesday, the 1st instant, it fell very abruptly to 70°, and the wind came round from south-west to north north-west. The barometer was highest (30·32 inches) on Monday, the 30th ult.; lowest (29·76 inches) on Thursday, the 26th ult.; range, 0·56 inch. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (86°) on Tuesday, the 31st ult.; lowest (50°) on Saturday, the 28th ult.; range, 36°. Rainfall: Only 0·19 inch of rain has fallen this week, nearly all of which was on Thursday, the 26th ultimo. Wednesday night last was very cold compared with the preceding nights, the thermometer having fallen as low as 46°, or 40° lower than the highest point reached on Tuesday, the 31st ultimo.

◆

A SINGULAR TRADITION OF THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES is current amongst the tribe of North American Indians known as Nez Percés, and now fighting with the United States Government. Thousands of years ago, says the legend, an enormous animal, the Ills-wau-tsih, lived in the present country of the Nez Percés, and like the dragons of fable devoured every creature which came in its way, swallowing even bears and wolves. The coyote, or "Little Wolf," however, was noted for his cunning, and was implored by the other animals to deliver the country from the monster. Accordingly "Little Wolf" set off, having two ropes of wild hemp round his body, and after some days espied his foe. Tying one end of the rope to two large trees he encountered Ills-wau-tsih, who speedily swallowed "Little Wolf," breaking the ropes. In his inside "Little Wolf" found a number of friends who had been bolted whole, and, cutting a piece of fat from the beast's heart, he rubbed their wounds and healed them, and so injured the monster in a vital part that he speedily died. Freed from their prison, "Little Wolf" and his companions cut up the beast, and the different creatures scattered the bones in various parts of the country, from which sprang up fresh animals. "Little Wolf" dipped his paws in the blood, and shook them over the ground, and from this arose the tribe of the Nez Percés, who made the hero their chief.

SCRAPS

HERR FLOTOW is writing a new opera, *Les Musiciens*.

CREMATION has been legalised in the Canton of Zurich. This mode of burial is subject to certain restrictions.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE SEA OFF THE SCOTTISH COAST is much lower than usual this summer. A good fishing season is accordingly expected.

HYDROPHOBIA caused the death of 47 persons during 1875, and the largest number of cases—16—occurred in Lancashire, while there were none at all in Kent.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA is to be commemorated by a monument at Coloma to Marshall, who first noticed particles of the precious metal in a mill-race on the Sacramento River in 1847.

THE IRON CYLINDER SHIP "CLEOPATRA," containing the famous Needle, will be launched at Alexandria on Friday next, weather permitting. The ship was completed last week, leaving only the timber packing to be finished.

M. JULES VERNE is publishing a fresh eccentric story, "Hector Servadac," an account of adventures in the solar world. The island on which his hero lives is affected by a volcanic shock, and becomes a meteoric stone.

THE HIGHEST RAILWAY IN THE UNITED STATES has just been completed over the summit of the Laveta Pass in the Sangre de Christo Mountains, Nevada, which has an altitude of 9,340 feet, more than 3,000 feet higher than the Rigi Railway.

SINGLE POST-CARDS can now be purchased, instead of in packets of a dozen, as hitherto. One post-card costs ¾*d.*, two, 1½d., three, 2*d.*, and six, 4*d.*; while thinner ones can be bought at the rate of ¾*d.* each, three for 1¾*d.*, five for 3*d.*, or six for 3½*d.*

THE QUESTION OF SEATS FOR SHOP ASSISTANTS, which was so warmly discussed in England some time since, has been raised by the New York Board of Health, and an inquiry has been instituted upon the subject. We wish a similar step could be taken in England.

A CANNON BALL is worshipped as a god by the inhabitants of Banavar, in Mysore. Until two years ago the people worshipped the cannon itself, but the Government taking possession of the weapon the ball was abstracted, and placed in a shrine, where it now receives divine honours.

THE ARTISTIC CONGRESS, which meets at Antwerp this month during the Rubens Tercentenary, will study the copyright question. The members intend to draw up an international code to protect pictures from being copied illegally, and to secure to composers a reasonable share of the profits from their works.

TOURISTS IN SWITZERLAND are scarce this autumn. The Russians and the French are occupied with home affairs, the English, usually so plentiful, have deserted their old hunting-grounds for less well-known countries, and the only visitors in any number are the Germans, who are not by any means noted for their lavish expenditure.

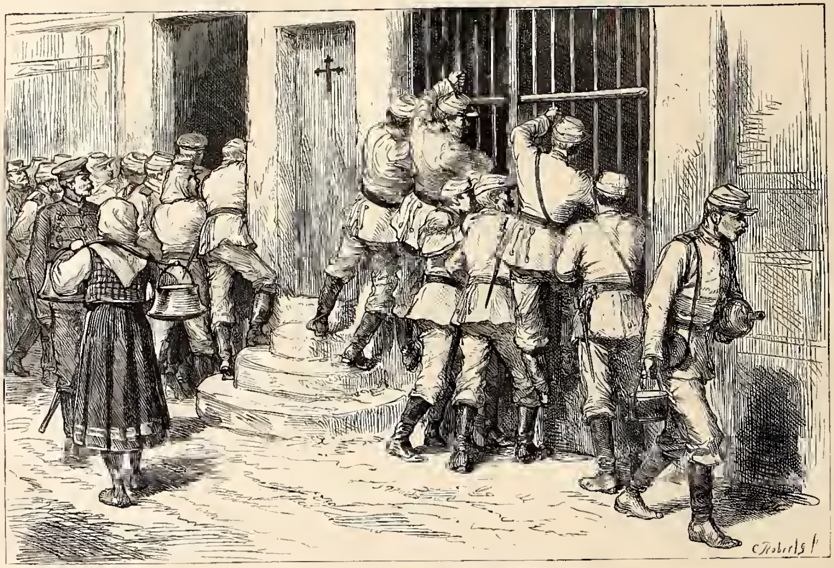
TOBACCO CULTIVATION IN GERMANY occupies about 54,000 acres, according to a recent Consular report, two-thirds of which are in the Southern States and the remainder in Brandenburg and Pomerania. The average crop is worth about 9,000,000*l.*, and the German Empire, in spite of its enormous consumption of tobacco, exports far more than it receives.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION, which will endeavour to reach the Pole by means of a system of forming stations at regular intervals, and thus gradually getting nearer the desired goal, will start from New York on the 1st July, 1878, under the command of Captains Howgate and Tyson. A pioneer vessel, the *Florence*, was to leave New London this month to establish the first basis of supplies.

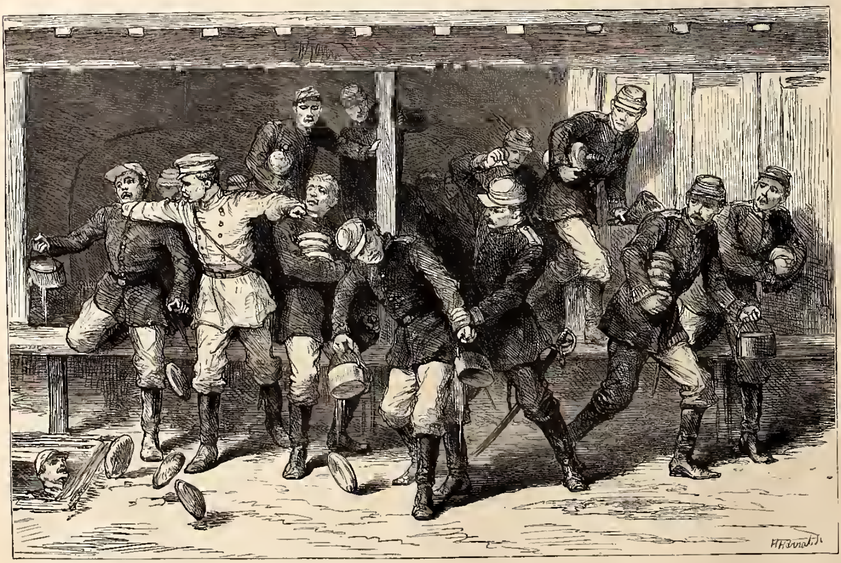
KING VICTOR EMMANUEL is taking his holiday in the Alps, where, at his favourite hunting-box, Valsavaranche, he tends the most simple life, and gives himself up to the pleasures of the chase. He is always the first riser in the morning, and wakes up his officers and suite. Clad in a velvet shooting costume, with a large Tyrolean hat, the King spends his days hunting the chamois and the "bouquetin," the latter, which are fast becoming extinct, being carefully preserved for His Majesty. He is a splendid shot, and an indefatigable climber and walker, never seeming to feel fatigue. His fare is of the simplest—almost too frugal for many of his companions—and consists mainly of plain roast meat, a haricot of mutton, and claret.

LONDON MORTALITY again declined last week, and 1,430 deaths were registered, against 1,438 during the previous seven days, being 314 below the average, and at the rate of 21·1 per 1,000. There were 27 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 8), 51 from measles (an increase of 9), 25 from scarlet fever (an increase of 6), 4 from diphtheria, 23 from whooping-cough (a decline of 13), 24 from different forms of fever, and 184 from diarrhœa. Different forms of violence caused 41 deaths, 39 were the result of negligence or accident, including 13 from drowning. There were 2,429 births registered, against 2,415 during the previous week, being 98 above the average. The duration of sunshine last week was only 21·7 hours out of the 109·9 hours that the sun was above the horizon. The mean temperature was 60·8 deg., or 1·5 deg. below the average.

THE OLD HOTEL DIEU AT PARIS is to be pulled down, a new building having been erected in its stead. The hospital is supposed to have been founded by St. Landry, Bishop of Paris, about the seventh century, and was originally styled the "Grand Hospice de l'Humanité." The Canons of Notre Dame supported the charity, and crowds of sick people assembled daily before the Cathedral to solicit admission. After each case had been inquired into, the deserving patients—each with a parchment band round his arm, indicating his name, address, and malady—were placed under the care of nuns, who involuntarily did much damage to their charges by plying them with tempting delicacies, such as fruit, cakes, and other sweet things. The friends and relations were admitted at all hours to see the patients, and sometimes brought food. The *regimen* of the hospital was of the plainest, mutton and beef being the daily food, and occasionally fish or eggs in very dangerous cases. The hospital continued in this desultory condition till the reign of Napoleon I., who placed the institution under proper control, and restricted the inmates to sick persons, removing the lunatics, children, and old people who had taken refuge there. The building itself was also altered, the original entrance through the old chapel built in 1380 being replaced by the present gateway, and the Pont au Double, which had a large room over the footway, being supplanted by the Pont au Change.

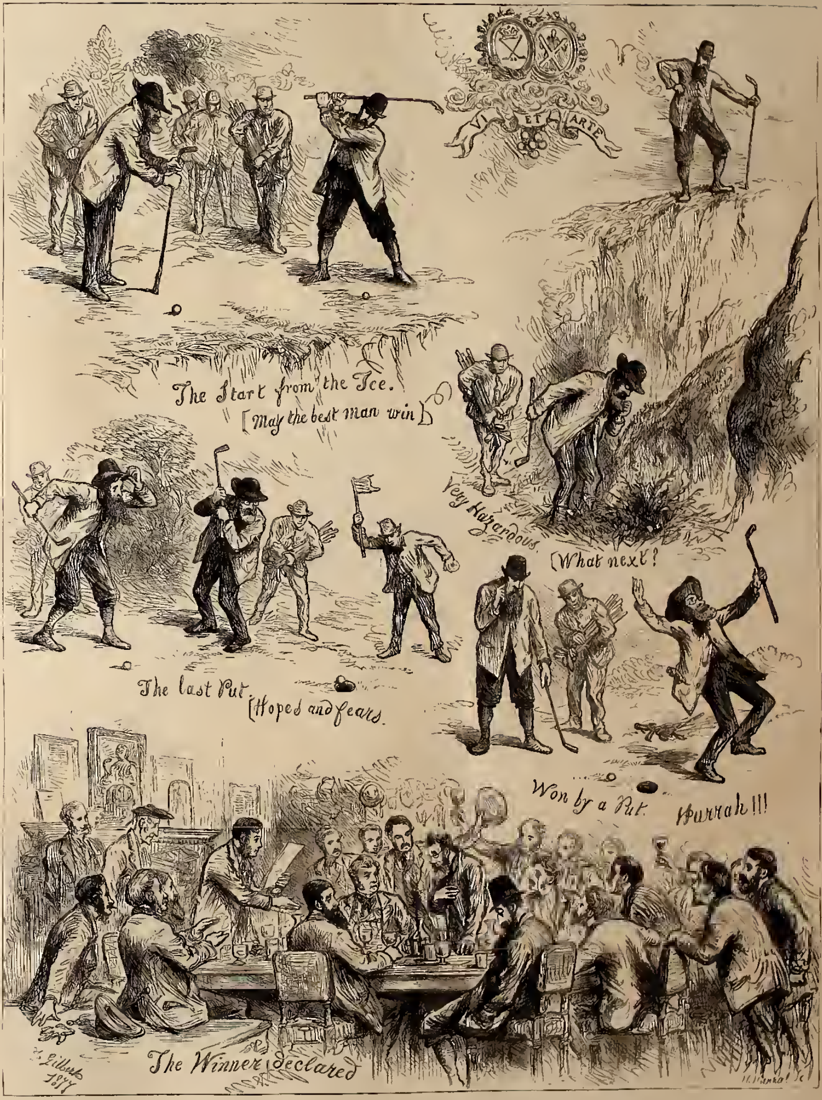


"IMATÉ VINA"—IS THERE WINE? A RUSH AT A STORE IN BIELA



"CAUGHT PILLAGING"—RUSSIAN OFFICERS CHASTISING THEIR MEN AT BIELA

THE WAR IN THE EAST—WITH THE RUSSIANS AT BIELA


VI ET ARTE
The Start from the Tee.
[May the best man win]
Very Hazardous.
[What next?
The last Put.
[Hopes and fears.
Won by a Put.
Hurrah!!!
The Winner declared
J. Gilbert 1877
H. Harral Sc

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME OF GOLF

FASHIONS

THE London season is at an end, and as regards the toilette there is little else thought of or discussed save unceremonious attire for foreign travel, the seaside, and woodland rambles, or ceremonious costumes for visits to our friends at their country-seats, with the attendant out-door *fêtes*, tennis matches, &c.

Lawn-tennis is certainly the most popular pastime of the period; it is well for our young readers, before setting out for a visiting tour, to provide themselves with one or more costumes appropriate for this health-inspiring and active game. The chief points to be considered for a tennis-suit are: a certain amount of warmth combined with lightness, and a perfect freedom of movement. As for cricketers, male, so for tennis-players, female, flannel or thin serge are most desirable; all manner of long skirts, fastened up, should be rigorously put aside; some of our contemporaries advise an elastic to fasten back the skirt, but if it be well gored there is no need of any strap or string whatever. For example, a Princess dress, made all in one, and trimmed to simulate a petticoat—clear from the ground about two inches; materials, fine Saxony flannel, pale blue, with a false *jupon*, or hem of white corded silk, embroidered in silver thread, or with a wide silver braid, on either side of which is a Grecian border in narrow braid. For a slender figure a finely pleated blouse-bodice, fastened round the waist by a silver band, may be worn in lieu of the ordinary tight-fitting bodice; white silk or light chip hat, with a long ostrich feather round the crown, moderately wide brim, turned up on one side, with a velvet bow or flower of the colour worn by the fellow players; the badge of the club or society should be worn to fasten the collar and fix the feather. This costume may be made in white flannel, with a black velvet band on the hem, about six inches wide, richly embroidered in coloured silk, roses of every shade, with foliage, autumn flowers, or variegated ivy. There are numerous clubs for this pastime, each of which has a uniform, a desirable arrangement, for, to the looker-on, as well as the player, the intricacies of the game are rendered much clearer thereby. Attention should be paid to the shoes and stockings, the former are more becoming in black than in light colours, the latter must match with the colour of the dress; stripes for stockings should be lengthways, as when round they make the ankles look thick. There is a good opportunity for the display of taste in the natty aprons worn for this game; sometimes they are made with three pockets, at others with one, with or without bibs, according to fancy. For morning or undress costumes brightly striped woollen petticoats, with *laveuse* tunics of navy blue serge or *bége*, are very suitable. With this style of dress nothing looks better nor is more comfortable than a well-fitting grey or stone-coloured felt hat with a striped band or a coloured wing to match the petticoat; a light straw hat, trimmed with muslin and natural or artificial flowers, is much worn, but all fluttering ribbons or veils should be carefully avoided.

As to the costumes to be seen at *fêtes* and garden parties, they baffle description, so eccentric and fantastical are they in design and colour. It is the fashion to adopt what is called "an artistic style," sometimes the result is really picturesque, but more often a ludicrous jumble of three or four past centuries. Two costumes lately described by a contemporary will be sufficient to illustrate the gaudy and eccentric taste displayed at a recent afternoon party: "A dress of bright red cambric, with a narrow flounce on the skirt, a band round the waist, and a large *fichu* of white Mull muslin, edged with a gathered frill of the same tied with a bow in front, a straw hat tied down under the chin with red strings which came from the crown." Another costume is thus described: "Cream-coloured *mousseline de laine*, the skirt very long and tight and perfectly plain, and the waist, which was almost under the arms, was encircled with a broad band. Large *fichu* of the same material edged with gathered lace, crossed in front and tied at the back; sleeves made with a large puff on the shoulders, and very tight below, with deep cuffs of lace turned back from the hand. A very large hat of green velvet, trimmed with feathers of the same shade."

Either one of these singular costumes may be modified or made graceful and becoming; for example, soften the fiery red thus: for the front breadth trim in what is technically called "infantile robings," of either Torchon or Valenciennes lace, insertion and edging, the fluted flounce on the hem edged top and bottom to match, *revers* to correspond; the train skirt put in at the waist in thick pleats, high plain corsage trimmed with braces, edged with lace, and crossed back and front, Leghorn hat lined with white or cream-coloured silk, trimmed with feathers of the same hue, and red roses with foliage, or Lady Pollock geraniums, lace *fichu* with red bows. The stiff lines of the second costume may be broken by a wide black lace scarf, of rich design, or one of black net, handsomely embroidered in colours, arranged on the skirt, and loosely knotted below the left hip, a *fichu* to match tied at the back.

Those of our readers who are going out for a genuine holiday to the seaside cannot do better than make a tour of the numerous well-established firms who at this season sell off their genuine summer stock at reduced prices, and, having called together their friends for amateur working parties (each member to provide her own sewing-machine), to make up their veritable bargains in a simple but stylish manner. Washing *batiste*, cambrics, linens, &c., made in a mixture of plain and striped materials, Princess shape, or with a petticoat and draped *tablier*, trimmed simply with English embroidery and rich ribbon bows; white, buff, stone, or grey are the least likely to fade or wash out. For the seaside plain black is not desirable, as it quickly becomes rusty, *grisaille*, black and white checks, or broad stripes, are in great favour; they look cool and are very serviceable. Foulard and alpaca are very useful for country wear, as they are light, and yet sufficiently thick to keep off the fierce rays of the sun. A dark blue linen looks pretty made with a *laveuse* tunic, trimmed with Holbein lace, a small *fichu* tied behind, white straw or muslin hat, trimmed with field flowers. For rough windy weather, a blue serge costume is indispensable. The trimmings mostly worn this season are wide black or white braid, or numerous narrow rows of the same; morning dresses are made very plain; a short pilot jacket with a wide square collar and large bone buttons forms a useful part of the toilette; narrow brimmed, close-fitting felt hats are usually adopted for stormy weather or general yachting purposes, as even a capful of wind is very awkward with the more stylish Peg Woffington or Gainsborough hat.

Now that the promenade dresses are worn short, or, at all events, well looped up, the greatest attention is paid to the boots, shoes, and stockings. For long walks and rambles over the rocks high soft leather boots, with buttons and low square heels, are the most comfortable, as the sea water soon rots the elastic sides; the stockings, of silk or Lisle thread, should either be of black embroidered in colours to match the dress, or of the same hue as the costume worked in white. For the evening walk on the pier shoes of the daintiest description are worn with pearl, silver, or gold buckles; steel is easily rusted, and should be avoided. The mania for wearing mittens out of doors is on the increase, in spite of our advice to the contrary. In the country or on the seashore the sun freckles, tans, and even blisters delicate skins. *Gants de Suède*, with three or more buttons, afford a much greater protection to the hands.

No promenade costume is considered complete without some covering for the shoulders, however small and light it may be, hence *fichus* in great variety are to be seen, and afford scope for the display of taste and ingenuity. Sometimes these *fichus* are made of the same material as the dress, at others of white grenadine trimmed with Holbein lace, or Mull muslin with Valenciennes lace.

New Novels

"PHYLLIS" (3 vols.: Smith and Elder).—We imagine that we may assume this novel to be a first effort in fiction, and as such it is one of considerable promise, though the author—manifestly a lady—has still, like most novices, very much to learn. "Phyllis" is one of those tales becoming so common nowadays, stories of the trials and troubles of married life, rather than of courtship, as here we have the lovers married at the end of the first volume instead of the third. "Lovers," indeed, is hardly the right designation of the hero and heroine in this case, for though Marmaduke Carrington falls passionately in love with Phyllis Vernon at first sight, she only gives him in return the faint liking of a girl's heart not yet awakened to the meaning of love—liking him best, as she frankly tells him, next to "mother, and Roland, and Billy," and preferring him to "Dora and Papa." It would have been much better, we think, if the author had been satisfied that the interest of her story should depend on the difficulties which might be developed easily and naturally from such a situation without dragging in a sensational episode in the shape of a sudden appearance on the scene of a former wife of 'Duke Carrington's, whom he had the strongest reasons for believing dead before he set about his wooing of Phyllis, and concerning whose existence he has been unwisely reticent. As this unpleasant and disreputable female is good enough to die of malignant fever within a few months of her fluttering the dove-cotes of Strangemore, and as the whole episode seems to us fruitless of results that might not have been brought about just as well without it, the story would have gained by its omission. The treatment of such an episode demands some tragic power in a novelist, and tragic power can hardly be looked for in a writer whom we should take to be hardly more than a girl. Another fault we have to find with the book is that Phyllis, who tells her own tale, tells it always in the present tense, a method of narration which involves her in continual awkwardnesses of expression, and sometimes in what reads like an offensive egotism. Thus, "I am seventeen—not sweet seventeen—there is nothing sweet about *me*. . . . I am entirely without any of the little graceful, kittenish blemishments of manner that go far to make Dora the charming creature she is. . . . My feet are small and well-shaped, and so are my hands," with much more of the same sort. As the author has done well enough already to make us anxious that she should do better in future, we hope in her next story she will abandon this trick, fashionable as just now it seems. The group of guests whom Marmaduke and his wife draw round them at Strangemore are very brightly and naturally sketched—all, that is, but a certain Sir Mark Gore, a specimen of the "bold, bad man," with whom the author, perhaps to her credit, does not seem at all at home. But she has, at any rate, written a story which interests and amuses, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, will some day write a much better one.

"Masston: A Story of These Modern Days," by A. J. Duffield and W. H. Pollock (2 vols.: Smith and Elder).—The authors of this "story"—it is they, not we, who so call it—are able and thoughtful men—at least one of them is so—who appear fervent converts to the social and economical views eloquently propounded by Mr. Ruskin. "Masston," we apprehend, stands for Birmingham; and we are again and again made to contrast the good old days of the workmen who, calling no man master, "handled iron and steel with as keen an interest as that of the sculptor who mixes his clay and scans the marble wherein his thought lies hid," with the evil change when these independent workmen became transformed into journeymen, and "no longer made whole things, but one workman made one part, another another part, and so each became dependent upon each other, and all upon Mr. Warner," the proprietor of the great 'Oxford Works.' We have already intimated that clever and striking as scenes in the book unquestionably are, we can hardly consider it a "story" at all. Incidents seem to follow one another almost at haphazard, and there is so little effort at connexion and coherence that we could almost fancy that neither of the composers had been careful to master the portion of the work contributed by the other. For instance, the five or six and twenty years, which is the least period that would be required for Hugh Arden to grow up, be called to the Bar, and gain some reputation as a junior of promise, must have worked their effect on the mirth-loving Julia Ascham, who seems of marriageable age before he comes into the world, yet at the close of the story we find her exhibiting all the wilfulness and coquetry of the girlish beauty to whom we are introduced at its commencement. The circumstances also of Robert Warner's sudden rise to wealth and social position should surely have been explained with a little more clearness. In short, as a novel the book is a failure; but thoughts and suggestions are to be met with in its pages which will make many readers feel that the time they have spent over it has not been thrown away.

"Avondale of Avondale; a Political Romance," by Uttere Barre (3 vols.: Remington and Co.).—Walter Avondale is a sort of Vivian Grey—whom, so far as the variety of the gifts and accomplishments bestowed upon him goes, he much resembles—who sets himself to construct a new political party out of those moderate Liberals who, disliking and distrusting the democratic tendencies shown by Arthur Stuart Maitland (Mr. Gladstone), are willing to act under the leadership of the Marquis of Wharfedale, a nobleman whose counterpart in the actual political world we fail to recognise. It is unfortunate for the book that it necessarily challenges a comparison—which cannot be for its advantage—with Lord Beaconsfield's novels; but even without the memory of "Vivian Grey," and "Coningsby," and "Sybil," in our mind, we do not think we should have cared much for "Uttere Barre's" production. We do not say that the book is without merit—indeed some of the author's sketches of the leading public men of the day are rather acute and pungent bits of criticism—but as a whole it fails in stirring up our interest either in the public or private life of the hero and his companions, and leaves us with the impression that "Uttere Barre" has attempted a task for the present, at least, beyond his powers.

"The Moonraker: A Story of Australian Life," by Richard Dumbledore (Remington and Co.).—"Moonrakers" appears to be a name bestowed on night poachers in certain parts of the West of England, and as we do not gather that any of the *dramatis personæ* of the work before us were night poachers, the suitability of the title may be thought open to question. Though the story, which is occupied only with the adventures of a couple of country lads, is said to be one of Australian life, it is nearly half over before we find ourselves fairly at the Antipodes. Once there, however, it decidedly improves, and as a tale of outdoor life becomes very fairly readable, but perhaps those are likely to think the most of it who take the precaution of commencing at chapter xii.

RURAL NOTES

THE COLORADO BEETLE.——If the Colorado beetle can be discovered at all in this country there is little doubt that its term of possession must be shortlived. Coloured prints of its points, and prints untinted, have been distributed throughout the land by the agricultural papers, and if these illustrations of the destructive insect differ somewhat in size and colour, they are altered not so much in shape, it is to be hoped, as not to be recognisable by policemen on the watch at ports whence foreign commodities come, and by potato growers, who with sharp eyes do not trust their "praties" to the prescience of these outside "parties." It was reported that the Colorado beetle had really appeared among the potatoes in Herefordshire, but a naturalist sent down by the Privy Council disabused the terror-stricken minds of the growers on Sunday afternoon (the better the day the better the deed). The creature that had created almost as much alarm as the sea serpent at Oban was but a seven-spotted lady-bird, inimical only to the larvæ which do injure vegetation. The Colorado beetle, there can be no doubt, wrought much havoc in America, from whence we have within recent years derived some of our best-flavoured and most prolific seed potatoes. But we have been crying "Wolf, wolf!" so often that there is danger now that when it really comes, if it ever do, and it is to be hoped not, potato growers will be in the same position as the little boy with his sheep. Perfect models of the original beetle, the real Simon Pure, from its egg state upwards, are advertised to be had at the *Farmer* office.

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.——The recommendations of the Select Committee on the Cattle Plague are more stringent than many people—and indeed some of its own members—approve. They are considered as a violation of Free Trade, and there is some colour for the accusation of their infringement of this principle. All foreign cattle, it has been resolved, are to be slaughtered at the port of debarkation; no importations at all are to be permitted from Belgium, nor from Germany save from Schleswig-Holstein, on whose rich plains disease among cattle has never been. Two excellent recommendations are that the owners of cattle in England be compensated out of the Imperial Exchequer for all cattle slaughtered on account of the plague; and that all future laws for the regulation of the cattle trade should be made the subject of distinct legislation. The former will render it unnecessary for graziers to conceal the presence of disease in their herds, which they have too often in bygone days done, to the great detriment of their neighbours, and the latter will prevent the muddle which is unavoidable through the multifarious Privy Council Orders. In the case of compensation, however, it may be remarked that there will be a difficulty in valuing the worth of cattle in choice breeding herds, as it can scarcely be expected that arbiters would award from 500 gs. to 3,000 gs. for a single animal, prices at which some recently have been sold. The killing of all foreign cattle at Deptford will have a serious effect, for a time at least, upon the Metropolitan Live Stock Market. Indeed it is not unlikely that producers of beef will send to local markets instead, where Privy Council Orders apply not, and butchers are not afraid to penetrate within the gates—where exits are free as entrances, which now they are not in Copenhagen Fields.

THE WEATHER.——St. Swithin has not been quite so bad as his promise. He has not been continuously using his watering pan. He has permitted sunshine of a very glowing character to interpose between about the heaviest drops of rain we remember to have seen fall. So heavy, indeed, have they been that they have done much damage to crops of wheat in the southern counties of Scotland, and also in various districts of England. The weather has been very irritating to farmers who were late with their hay. There have been so many broken days that the saving has been costly, and the hay neither so good in colour or flavour as could have been desired. The wheat beaten down, however, being late, has yet time to erect its head again under the influence of breezy sunny weather ere its ear is full and mellowed for the reaper. The grass looks wonderfully well, and turnips are flourishing, so likewise potatoes, and there is but little appearance of "disease," which has proved a much more insidious and deadly foe than the Colorado beetle can possibly be. We cannot photograph or model this maleficent agent to the tuber, at all events to the entire satisfaction of micographists. By the way, would it not be consistent with the proposed Cattle Plague legislation to stop the importation of foreign potatoes, especially American, Belgian, and German, instead of permitting them to enter with larvæ in their stomachs, and beetles on their backs?

THE SHOW SEASON.——The show season is in full swing now, and will be for some weeks to come. The results of a year's careful training, feeding, and selection of cattle and sheep are being presented to the agricultural and general public on many fields. It cannot be said that in the principal classes of animals there has been seen one superior or even equal to some that have been exhibited in previous years, but the average quality has been greater, showing the educational value of such institutions. The financial successes of the exhibitions that have been held are greater than usual, the two principal ones—the Royal of England, and the Highland of Scotland—having pocketed coin far beyond amounts they ever dreamed of. The one was held at Liverpool, the other in Edinburgh. It was not much to be wondered at that Liverpool should exceed Birmingham in sightseers, but decidedly it is that Edinburgh should so far outpace Glasgow in its drawings at the gates, 6,717*l.* to 6,231*l.* What will the "Glaiska folk say noo to the Embro' people?"

MISCELLANEOUS.—Misfortunes never come singly to the British farmer. It is only recently that the Colorado beetle noticed above found its way into Cologne, and now we have reported in the *Farmer* a mole cricket voraciously eating up rye in Minden. We hope it will mind its own business there, and leave our crops alone.—The crops in France are reported to be of a character not likely to affect the British markets.—Rain is wanted in Calcutta for crops.—American meat in large quantities is arriving in Liverpool, and it is expected that in the course of next week there will be something like a thousand head of live stock. Much American dead meat has had to be condemned.

◆

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

II.

WE showed in our last article upon this subject the real starting point of effective Army Reform. Having once admitted its necessity, it may be supposed that it was not long before the nation began to insist upon a commencement in the right direction being made. The evils existent in our army, as it was then constituted, were patent, and it seemed to many people the easiest thing in the world to eradicate them. But the powers that were would not take the initiative, and so the process had to be entrusted to amateurs, with the usual results that attend the first efforts of amateurs, namely, a great deal of misdirected energy and a great many mistakes. It must not be supposed that we allude to individuals; the contest was simply between public opinion and military conservatism, the former of which had to enforce specific performance upon the latter. The discharge of this duty devolved upon public men who were not, of necessity, professional soldiers, but in many instances civilians, and who were not tainted with military officialism if they were ignorant of military matters. At all events they served the purpose; for though discussion may be a tedious method of abolishing a faulty system it is a pretty safe one. It focusses the "happy thoughts"—the rays of intelligence—from many minds, and by bringing this concentrated light of intellect and opinion to bear upon any question, it compelled those who know most about that question to attend to it. Discussion and inquiry march hand in hand, and fill the properly educated official mind with dismay, but their influence is most salutary. The first results of virtuous indignation were soon apparent in the spasmodic attempts made to close the mouth of the private soldier by what were, considering the quarter from whence they came, undoubtedly great concessions. It was, however, "much cry and little wool" after all, and unfortunately just at this time, some "malaprop," some well-meaning but inept individual, got hold of the compound barbarism, "red-tapeism." In skilful hands it would have been a most dangerous weapon, but unscientifically brandished it was rather an ally to the enemy, and cut the fingers of some who meddled with it rather badly.

Officials, and "red-tapeism" if you will, cannot be abolished, they can at best be regulated. But in the belief that red-tape was responsible for all evils, administrative and other, haste overstepped discretion, the coils that as they were loosened should have been wound up and stored were slipped indiscriminately, and many people got entangled in meshes from which they have never since emerged. Perhaps on this account it would be more correct to compare red-tapeism as a weapon to the net of the Retiary. Certainly, nothing could have better pleased the advocates of a Conservative policy in military affairs, for whilst their adversaries were tearing a passion to tatters over a phrase they gained breathing time. As a natural consequence, when things settled down a little, the main issues were forgotten for a time. These were, of course, the defective administration of our army, and the remedies to be applied. Instead, however, of rebuilding, a good deal of expensive tinkering was indulged in. To the parole "Reform" came the countersign "Money." A good many troublesome taxpayers were silenced thus, whilst a good many more comforted themselves with the reflection that at any rate there would be some return for the outlay. You may stop an aching tooth with gold, but not a running sore, and so much was spent in patching that none was forthcoming for remodelling and rebuilding. Men wandered off into the pleasant side-paths of *dilettantism* instead of setting their faces and keeping to the straight and troublesome path of duty. The fact was that sops were freely thrown to the public as represented by their delegates. In deference to the somewhat ominous bellowing of John Bull, and in accordance with the prescribed usage when chased by one of the bovine species, the recalcitrants threw away one after another of the superfluous garments of the British soldier. In other words, certain changes of small account were made as regards accoutrements and clothing, designed, if malicious but sometimes "ower true" report speaks correctly, rather to benefit the British tailor.

One good resulted, however, from such alterations as were made, namely, that the comfort of the soldier was a little more considered, and it was seen that his clothing could be adapted to the climate of the country in which he happened to be serving. To record the gradual steps by which men were brought to look at matters in their true light would occupy far more space than we have at our command, but of the predisposing causes we must not omit to record the introduction of breech-loading rifles, necessitating a system of modern tactics, and the enormous armaments which have become the fashion of late years with our Continental neighbours, for all these matters bear upon the subject with which we are dealing, and in this way. They have called attention to the wants and necessities of the private soldier, and to his value. They have shown that we must have more men of a better class, and that to get these we must offer greater inducements. The treatment of the soldier has been much improved, the punishment of the lash has been abolished, the discipline is less severe though it is strict, and the attempt is made to govern more by their reason than by fear. Thus, although every branch of our service has received more or less attention, and the upper ranks some consideration, the really greatest result of all the agitation of the last quarter of a century has been the attention paid to the rank and file of our army. But the problem of how to induce the kind of men we want to join it has not yet been solved, though those who have most carefully considered the subject believe that it is simply a question of money, and that we shall have to come into the labour market and compete there for what we want. But though money is a most convincing argument, and perhaps the most generally understood, it may be some time before we can avail ourselves of it to the necessary extent, and it is easy to show that there are compensating advantages in the better condition of the soldier as compared to that of the mechanic or labourer, and benefits which even the higher money wages of the latter classes do not and indeed cannot enable them to secure. We shall endeavour then to call attention to some of these in a future article.

"ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCHES AT CARNAC IN BRITTANY," by James Miln (D. Douglas, Edinburgh).—In this handsome volume Mr. James Miln describes at length the excavations carried out by him in the last three years at the Bosseno, the line of mounds which most visitors must have noticed in approaching Carnac from the East, and partly, too, at the Mont St. Michel, the little hill—half a mile nearer Carnac than the Mounds—whence the same visitors usually take their first bird's-eye view of the dreary flats from Loc-mariaker to Plouharnel. Once, so the Breton legend ran, these mounds were a settlement of Templars, or "red monks," on whom the country rose at length, and burned both them and their dwelling-houses in the night. The legend has thus much of truth that the remains now brought to light bear evident traces of having been swept by fire, but their date is not that of the Templars, but of far earlier Gallo-Roman days, when the legions of the Cæsars still kept ward along the sea coast of the Morbihan. The Bosseno is, in fact, a good example of the great Roman country house and its dependencies—the *villa urbana*, or owner's residence, the *villa agraria*, or dwelling of his work-people, the store-houses and workshops, the baths and private chapel, the smaller houses that grow up around—of which the slighter remains have long been levelled with the ground, the larger, too expensive to remove, have been gradually converted into grass-grown mounds. About Mont St. Michel, on the other hand, the vestiges unearthed were of a different kind; mediæval work on Gallo-Roman, and this again on earlier Celtic—rude specimens of the three great periods which here, as everywhere in Brittany, have left their traces one upon the other. Only, perhaps, a professed archæologist will appreciate to the full the plans and fragments so lovingly arrayed and illustrated by Mr. Miln, the bits of painted plaster and the pot-sherds, the querns and celts and fishers' weights and votive images, however suggestive of superstitions that linger yet among the grandchildren of Cæsar's Veneti. But to the archæological enthusiast, for whose net nothing is too small or too large, the volume should be a very welcome offering, certainly one for which Breton antiquaries should feel no slight gratitude to the Scottish stranger within their gates.

Less a continuous tale of travel than a series of selected pictures, neatly grouped and tastefully sketched by a leisurely wanderer from Turin to Cairo, in its general get-up and illustrations irreproachable, "South by East," by G. F. Rodwell (Marcus Ward and Co., Belfast),—despite an occasional tendency to philosophise in verse and prose after the fashion of Young Academe on its travels—is a decidedly agreeable volume. A cultured observer of the fine things of Art and Nature, Mr. Rodwell has the happy knack of steering cleverly between the two extremes of too much guidebook and too much self, while he imparts a certain freshness to the most familiar scenes by the straightforwardness with which he groups for notice just those things and no more which have impressed him most, or by the readiness with which he turns amidst the wonders of dead Greece and Rome to catch the living sentiment of the day. Some of the chapters have appeared before, notably the sparkling account of modern Athens, and the description of the Tuscan Memorial to Galileo. Of the rest we should be more especially tempted to commend the bright sunny journal of visits to Taormina, Syracuse, and Palermo, and the very interesting list of the *état major* of that potent army, the church militant of Rome.

The interest now so widely felt in all that relates to Montenegro and the Montenegrins will commend at once to many readers the Rev. W. Denton's compact and comprehensive little volume, "Montenegro, its People and their History" (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.).—As a guide to the wild mountain-lands of the Czernagora and the Berdas, to their tribal divisions and institutions, to the physical features which, even more than the native valour of the highlander, have made the country an impregnable fortress, Mr. Denton possesses the twofold qualifications of personal knowledge of the district and careful study of the best contemporary authorities. As interesting, and to very many possibly more novel, will be found his history of the little State from earliest times, under successive lines of hereditary princes, of prince-bishops, and now, since Danilo I., of secular princes once again; opposing itself in one age to the Ottoman as the trusty ally of Hungary or Venice, in another barely saved by a sort of Sicilian Vespers from succumbing to the treachery of native renegades, in another, matching its rude militia against the trained soldiers of Marmont, or, fifty years later, the Crimean veterans of Omar. Altogether, as a brief popular account of Montenegro, past and present—of events, that is, only recorded in side-notes of history and places only confusedly marked, if marked at all, in any ordinary map—Mr. Denton's is the most serviceable English work with which we are acquainted.

Vol. VI.—The Battle of Inkerman—of the Cabinet Edition of Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" (Blackwood and Sons) sets cabinet and octavo editions at last abreast. The chief novelty is a fly-page in reply to certain strictures of the *Quarterly Review* on Mr. Kinglake's account (in Vol. II. of this edition) of Lord Palmerston's exclusion from office, Dec '53, re-affirming its "minute accuracy," and adding, "by no fault of mine has disclosure on this subject been kept within fixed narrow bounds."

"Mortimer Collins: His Letters and Friendships," edited by Frances Collins (2 vols.: S. Low and Co.), will be read by a tolerably large circle with something of a personal interest. For among men who "write," in Thackeray's phrase, "for bread," were few figures better known between '57 and '68 than the tall form of the subject of these volumes, nor did eight years of semi-idyllic retreat amid Berkshire clowns and garden-tortoises, big dogs, and tame robins, make him, though in person more rarely met, a less familiar presence to the thought. It is of these latter years that the volumes edited by Mrs. Collins mainly treat, giving indeed but half a chapter to all the life that went before, but treating of this after time with a minuteness somewhat startling perhaps to those who find their holiday mirth unexpectedly in print, but tempered with such genuine good feeling—good feeling better even than good taste—that none we should think could possibly take offence. Altogether these volumes picture to us Mr. Collins as a more loveable man than the world always gave him credit for being—a big boy in many things to the last, with a boyish affectation of high health and spirits, but with depths of tenderness and reverence in his nature, too, to which some who censured him could make slight pretence. Volumes, we fear, a little overcharged with miscellaneous scraps of prose and verse, but bright with memories of genial days by Berkshire woods and streams, and with ever and again among the hastily-written scraps a verse or thought one would not willingly forget.

Amongst Arctic countries Greenland possesses peculiar interest from its vast extent, its icy and unexplored interior, the Norse remains which stud its seaboard, and its Eskimo inhabitants—members of that roving race who exist in comparative comfort where ordinary men perish. In "Danish Greenland, its People, its Products" (H. S. King), Dr. Henry Rink presents a comprehensive and really valuable account of the chief features of the western coast from Upernavik to Frederiksdal, which has been under Danish sway since Hans Egede formed his missionary station at Godthaab in 1721. Dr. Rink's observations are not drawn from mere cursory visits. He was at one time inspector of South Greenland, and resided there for sixteen winters and twenty-two summers, thus acquiring a thorough knowledge of the country and inhabitants, and his details of the Eskimo life and character leave little to be desired. Few natives who have mixed freely with Europeans show so little alteration from their ancient customs as the Eskimo. True, they have embraced the Christian religion—somewhat modified to admit of their retaining their traditions—have slightly changed their costume, and have adopted such European luxuries as coffee and tobacco, but their mode of existence remains the same, their huts evince no improvement, hunting and fishing continue their main support, and their language is still the original idiom. The Eskimo, however, are apt learners, few being unable to read, and the children regard school as a pleasure. Indeed, one of the most interesting chapters of this work comprises a number of articles written by natives educated at home. The illustrations also are lithographed from drawings made by three Eskimo, and though dubious as regards perspective and guiltless of artistic merit are of far more interest from their quaint truthfulness than more finished and correct pictures. The climate, vegetation, products, trade, and public institutions of the country are alike described with no less care and detail, while the Appendix furnishes complete information as to the Greenland glaciers and geology, a vocabulary of Eskimo words and a list of the Flora and Fauna. Though in some parts almost too technical for the general reader, "Danish Greenland" will prove of considerable importance as a book of reference, and in interest is well worthy of the author of "Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo." Dr. R. Brown has edited the English translation.

"A Tourist's Guide to the Upper Engadine" (E. Stanford), from the German of M. Caviezel—a pretty little guide to the prettiest valleys (when not too crowded) in all Switzerland—seems very complete in every respect. Its great merit—no slight one in our eye—is the space it gives to the many excursions "without guides" that may be made by unambitious tourists from Samaden, Pontresina or any of the chief centres.

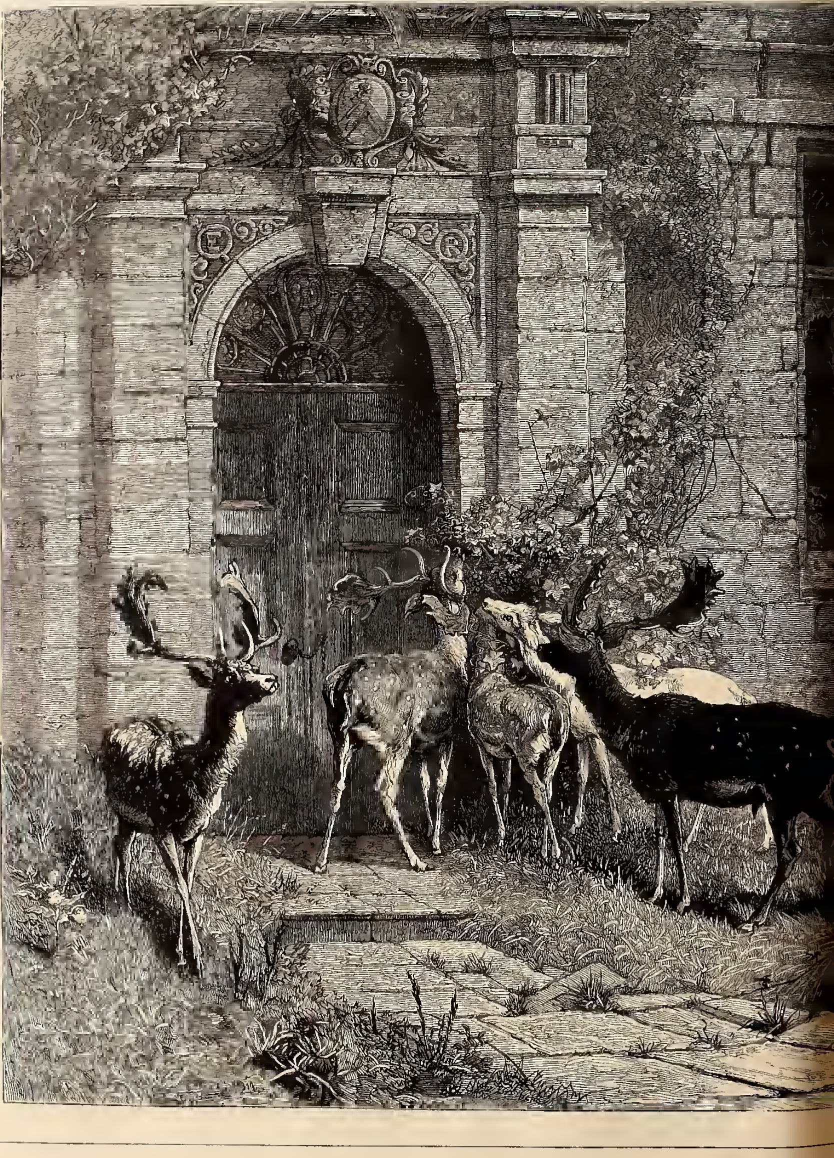
Among good shilling's-worths we must certainly include Bacon's New Map of London or Street and Railway Directory (G. W. Bacon and Co., Strand),—the best we think for its price that we have yet seen, and said to contain "500 streets not shown in any other map."

Among smaller volumes on sacred subjects we may mention "Aids to the Study of the Book of Samuel," by E. Hobson, M.A. (W. W. Gardner), a careful analysis of the history, with notes for the use of students. "The Gospel of the Childhood," by Dean Goulburn (Rivingtons and Co.), devotional studies and commentaries on Luke ii. 41 to the end, for the use of children not yet confirmed; and "Footsteps of the Master," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe (S. Low and Co.)—a series of ably written meditations in prose and verse on the incidents in the life of Christ from the childhood to the Ascension, notices of Christ in the Old Testament, in Prophecy, &c.

Transatlantic wit is well appreciated in England, to judge by the increase in American stories brought out in London. Mr. F. Warne publishes a cheap edition of "American Humour: 'Helen's Babies' Series," and heads the list with the well-worn tale which christens the series; No. 2, "Brother Billy," by Mrs. Diaz, depicts the schooldays and mild escapades of a rather ordinary boy and his playmates; while No. 3, "Me—July and August," records the trials of a New York housewife turned farmeress, and is somewhat dull and vulgar, with a strain of forced jocularity running throughout.—"Our Ruth," a Story of Old Times in New England, by Mrs. Prentiss (J. Nisbet), is of a different type, a simple tale of a quiet village, resembling the religious novels of Miss Wetherell. Here the bad personages are duly reclaimed, and become exemplary characters, and the young men, after being lost in the wicked world, come home widowed and in a dying condition, with a helpless infant apiece. The old servant Kezia, who welds her trials and passing events into semi-pious ditties, is specially well drawn.—M. Offenbach's impressions of the Philadelphia Exhibition, "America and the Americans" (W. Reeves), after delighting the Parisians, has now been translated into English. The volume, though very amusing, like its author's music, is of a somewhat superficial character, M. Offenbach having the usual propensity of his adopted countrymen for caricature.

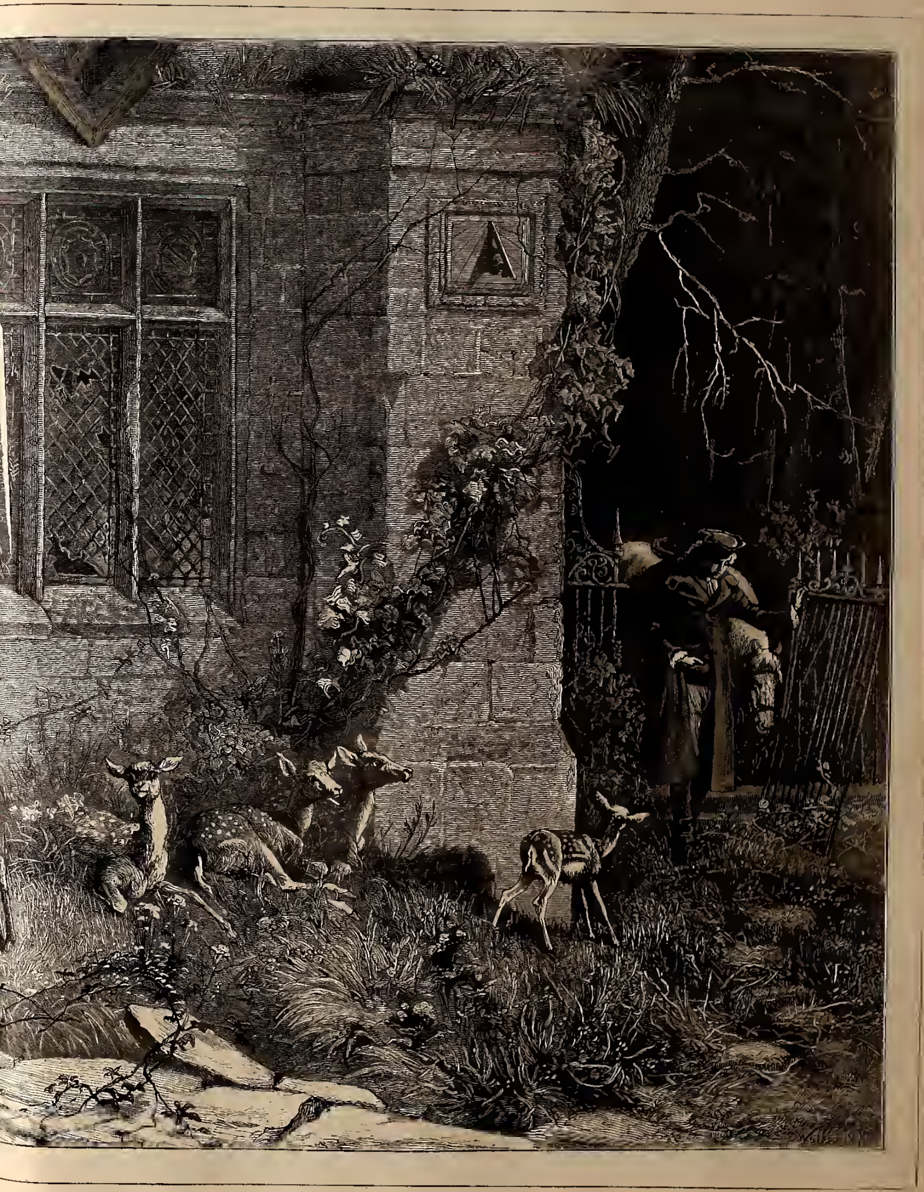
In these days of lightning house-building, when a plot of waste ground is in a few months covered by imposing villas, intending tenants and purchasers will do well to read "The Pleasures of Housebuilding," by J. F. Mackenzie (Routledge), and take warning by the fate of unlucky Mr. Joshua Brown. Attracted by showy exteriors and low prices, many a householder soon finds to his cost that the repairs and dilapidations of his "desirable residence" are stories without end.—From the same publisher comes "Through the Keyhole," by R. Mounteney Jephson, several short sketches fitted for half-an-hour's pleasant light reading.—The productions of several literary Etonians are collected in "Out of School at Eton" (Sampson Low). Though the essays are not of any transcendent merit, they are interesting as a proof that public-school boys may sometimes care for more intellectual recreation than athletic sports, and that they do not always consider that mental exercise should be confined to the class-room.—We have also received a cheap reprint of Mrs. J. H. Riddell's "City and Suburb" (F. Warne).

Holiday-makers in the "Garden of England" this autumn will like the "London, Chatham, and Dover Panoramic Guide" edited by R. Kemp Philp (Bemrose), which briefly describes the chief places on the line.—"The Hotels of Europe (H. Herbert) is a handsome volume cataloguing the hotels in the principal resorts of England and the Continent, and in addition a list of railway and steamship routes, and sixteen excellent maps of European countries.



“There was no sign of home
“

FROM THE PICTURE BY S. E. WALL



From parapet to basement."—HOOD.

OME?"

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

(Continued from page 102)

THE IRISH OBSTRUCTIONISTS

Sir Stafford Northcote's proposal to alter the rules which have so long governed the deliberations of the Legislature was of such an unusual character that it is no wonder that on Friday night last the House was crowded both with members and visitors. The preliminary business was hurried through, and at about half-past four the Chancellor of the Exchequer, having wisely abandoned his original intention of dealing with Mr. Parnell personally, rose to move his Resolutions, the first of which was to the effect that when a member, after being twice declared out of order by either the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees, shall still disregard the authority of the chair, the debate shall be at once suspended, and a motion forbidding him to be again heard during that debate or sitting shall be put without further debate. The second resolution declared that no member should have power to move more than once, during the debate on the same question, either that the Chairman do report progress or that the Chairman do leave the chair, nor to speak more than once to such motion; and that no member who has made one of those motions should have power to make the other on the same question. It is hardly surprising that several hon. members, who cannot be suspected of sympathy with the obstructive policy, should have wished to defer the debate until the following Monday, but these objections were overruled by the House, which decided by 390 votes to 40 to go on with the discussion. Sir Stafford made a very temperate speech in support of his first resolution, remarking that its provisions were only to be temporary, and although they were mild, they were yet sufficiently stringent for use in an assembly of business men actuated by feelings of consideration for others, and by a due sense of the dignity of the assembly to which they belonged. Mr. Sandford proposed, and Mr. Osborne Morgan seconded an amendment, that the resolutions should only take effect when passed by a majority of three-fourths, and the discussion was continued by a number of members, amongst whom were Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and O'Donnell, the last-named speaker declaring that any country attorney would soon find a dozen ways of evading the Resolution. Mr. Sandford's amendment was negatived without a division, and then came an exciting and amusing scene with Major O'Gorman, who announced that he had three or four amendments to propose, in all of which he intended to take a division. He then went on to speak of the "usual insulting manner" of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, an expression which raised a storm of calls to order, and a stern rebuke from the Speaker, and of course the Major had to withdraw his remark. He then went on to read the Resolution and make his amendment, and, on the Speaker's invitation to put it in writing, he approached the table with three profound bows. After he had been writing for some few minutes, Mr. Biggar proffered his assistance, which was testily declined. The Speaker at length rose, and asked if the document was ready, when the Major, angrily replying, "I can't write faster than I can," walked off to his seat with the unfinished paper. Mr. Sullivan interposed with the remark that this incident did not add to the dignity of the House, and protested against the resolution as putting the Irish members under notice to quit. This brought up Mr. Gladstone, who had not intended to speak, but who expressed his conviction that the object of the whole House was by a fair and equitable course to make the Union which existed on the statute-book one of hearts as well as of laws. Scarcely had Mr. Gladstone sat down ere the Major was up again, asking whether his amendment was not to be entertained. The Speaker blandly replied that he could bring it up, and the reply of the Major, amidst roars of laughter, was, "I can't, sir, it's impossible!" Another amendment was then moved by Mr. Gray, and while this was being discussed Major O'Gorman again rose, and in stentorian tones called upon the English people to be careful of their liberties lest another Cromwell should enter that House, and again order them to "take away that bauble." The rest of the debate was somewhat tedious, amendment after amendment being proposed by the Irish members, apparently for the mere purpose of occupying time. At length the original Resolutions were put and carried by 282 to 32. At a quarter to one on Saturday morning the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved his second Resolution, which was carried by 250 to 7, after about an hour's debate, the only notable incident in which was that Mr. Whalley, while protesting against the motion, was twice called to order by the Speaker, thus being the first to subject himself to the rule which had just been passed.

On Monday *The Times* published a long letter from Mr. Parnell, in which he defends the obstructive policy pursued by him in relation to the various Bills which he has opposed, and concludes by saying that he is of opinion that the course adopted towards him has been with the deliberate purpose of driving him to obstruction, but he says he will not be driven to that, nor will he refrain from interfering in English or Imperial legislation without a mandate from the Irish people.

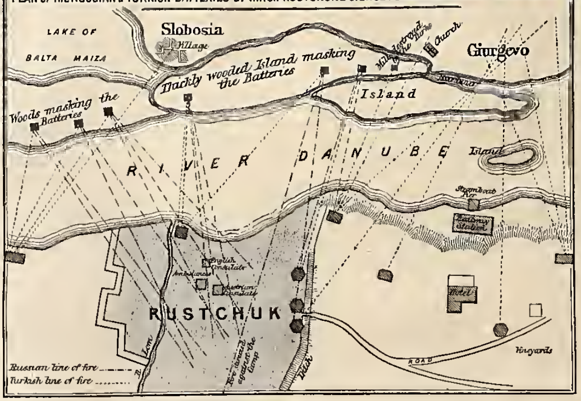
DESPATCH OF TROOPS TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

The departure of the troop-ships *Euphrates* and *Crocodile* did not create that sensation in Portsmouth which might have been expected from the sensational announcements which had been made by certain newspapers respecting the intentions of the Government. The first-named vessel had on board nearly 1,500 officers and men, and the *Crocodile* took away a total of 1,420. They were drafted from various regiments quartered at Aldershot, Colchester, Edinburgh, and the Curragh, and as the leave-takings with wives and sweethearts had been got through at those *depôts*, the men were much more cheerful than they might have been had the women been allowed to accompany them to the place of embarkation. There was no display, and no marching through the streets. The trains ran right into the Dockyard, to which only a few privileged people were admitted, and went abroad without further ceremony or fuss. Each vessel had a short trial trip before starting for the voyage, in accordance with the new naval regulations. The *Euphrates* started on Thursday evening, the 26th ult., about seven o'clock, and as she was tugged out of the harbour the first cheer came from the red jackets, who crowded her decks. This was answered from the *Crocodile*, the *Duke of Wellington*, and other ships lying in harbour, and also from the jetty and the shore, where a few hundred people had assembled, and as the vessel passed out, one of the military bands on board played "Her bright smile haunts me still," though it would certainly be difficult to guess why that particular air should have been selected. On the Friday the *Crocodile* bade farewell to the shores of Old England, and the events connected with her departure were simply a repetition of those of the previous day. The cheering was, however, a little more enthusiastic, and the music perhaps more appropriate, the tunes chosen being "Rule Britannia" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."—Our large sketch represents the *Euphrates* being towed out stem foremost. "Luncheon on Board" shows the soldiers buying bread, cheese, lemonade, and other things of the bumboat women, and the remaining sketch shows the method of stowing the rifles, which were put away, with bayonets reversed, in the berths which would have been occupied by the soldiers' families had any of their wives and children been allowed to accompany them. The strength of the garrison of Malta about ten years since, before Lord Cardwell's reduction of our military establishments in the colonies, was 5,854 non-commissioned officers and men; the present garrison is 5,098, and the additions now being made will bring it up to 8,100 of all ranks.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF RUSTCHUK

Considerable attention has been attracted to the Russian bombardment of this fortress, and to the ruthless and apparently unnecessary manner in which the Russians shelled the inoffensive quarters of the town, including the Ambulance and British and other Consulates. Last week, also, the definite siege of Rustchuk may be said to have been commenced by the Czarewitch, who is investing the place with two *corps d'armée*, while a most tremendous cannonading is carried on from the batteries at Slobosia and Giurgevo across the river. The subjoined plan will show the main lines of fire from both Turks and Russians, by which it will be manifest that the shelling of the buildings in the town could hardly be attributed to accident. The nominal breadth of the Danube here is about 800 yards; but during the recent few months the river has been flooded, and accordingly measures nearly a mile across. Rustchuk is situated on the confluence of the Lom river with the Danube, and the river front is irregularly fortified.

PLAN OF THE RUSSIAN & TURKISH BATTERIES BY WHICH RUSTCHUK & GIURGEVO WERE RESPECTIVELY BOMBARDED.



On the land side the town is surrounded by a length of bastion earthwork nearly two miles in length. Numerous forts have been erected on the surrounding hills, so that the total length of the fortified *enceinte* is six miles. Rustchuk is a place of considerable importance, not only as being the head of the railway from Shumla and Varna, but also of the road to one of the most frequented passes on the Balkans.

SIEGE OPERATIONS AT CHATHAM

The engineering operations which have for several weeks been carried on against the fortifications at Chatham were brought to a fitting climax on Friday last, when a grand assault was made upon them in the presence of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. About two hundred men had been engaged since the 4th of June in developing a regular system of mines and countermines, advancing step by step as would be done in actual warfare; the attacking and defending forces being respectively under the command of a Captain of Royal Engineers, who was kept in ignorance of the tactics of his opponent, except in so far as he could have obtained a knowledge of them had he been dealing with a real enemy. The Forts to be attacked were the New Ravelin, Prince Henry's, and Prince Frederick's Bastions. The besiegers had crept forward, constructing parallel after parallel, until, on the day of the final struggle, they were within thirty yards of the covered way in front of the forts. Meanwhile the defenders had not been idle. They had remounted the guns of the New Ravelin and strengthened its inner works, and had made an entrenchment in the gorge of Prince Henry's Bastion.

After a preliminary inspection of the troops and the works, H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief took up his position upon a lofty platform erected on St. Mary's Casemates, and the strife immediately commenced. The guns and mortars opened fire, and presently a mine was sprung, sending a cloud of smoke, earth, and stones high up in the air. The effect of this was to destroy the counterscarp and immediately a battalion of the 24th Regiment sprung from the advanced trenches and mounted up the slope. Though warmly received, they managed to effect a lodgment on the parapet, whence they kept up a terrible fusilade upon the discomfited defenders of the Ravelin. The attack on Prince Henry's Bastion by the Royal Marines sped not so well, for though they swarmed bravely up the scaling ladders, they were soon driven back into the Ditch, and were fain to beat a precipitate retreat, leaving their ladders behind them. This attack having failed another mine was sprung farther to the left, and then followed a most exciting and dramatic scene. The 30th Regiment and the 5th Fusiliers marching forward with their scaling ladders, leaped down into the Ditch upon the sacks of straw which the Engineers flung in to break their fall, and after a stubborn resistance they succeeded in taking the fort. While the contest was going on the men in the attacking ranks fell thick and fast, and the Army Hospital Corps and Red Cross Knights were seen hurrying thither and thither, binding up arms, heads, and legs and bearing the supposed wounded soldiers away to shelter.

The fight being over, the whole of the forces engaged marched past the Commander-in-Chief, each battalion being headed by its detachment of Engineers carrying trenching tools. Transport wagons went by in "lasso-draught," and the rear was closed by half-a-dozen traction engines, some drawing field-guns, and others a number of trucks loaded with all kinds of military stores. Upon two of these some wag had chalked the significant legend, "To Gallipoli." The entire operations were conducted under the superintendence of Colonel Sir J. Stokes, R.E., K.C.B., and amongst the most notable spectators were the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, the Earl of Cadogan, a large number of general officers, and several military *attachés* belonging to foreign embassies. Our sketches require no explanation beyond that conveyed in their respective titles.

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME OF GOLF

Vi et arte, the Golfers' motto, seems truly applicable to this fine old game, as strength without skill is of little avail.

In our illustration, the stalwart, bearded Caledonian (at the commencement of the game) seems to make sure of an easy victory over his weaker opponent, but as the game goes on finds to his cost that brute force alone is not sufficient to insure victory, and finally has to succumb to the more skilful play of his weaker opponent.

Mac, the mighty, leads off (closely watched by his wily opponent) with a spanking drive which carries him well over all difficulties, but not so the wily one whose strength has not proved sufficient for the occasion, and who, alas, finds his ball at the base of a dreaded bunker, and imbedded in a tangled mass of vegetation, out of which difficulty he extricates himself, but at a terrible sacrifice, but by steady play, however, as the game goes on is enabled to retrieve his losses, and at the last hole the game stands all even. Now comes the tug of war—"The Last Put." The wily captain closely scrutinises the undulations of the ground, and after mature consideration determines on the course his ball must travel to reach the hole, and prepares for the event, closely watched by Mac, who is in an agony of suspense as he sees his opponent's ball slowly but surely travelling in the right direction and finally disappear.

So skilful a "put" evidently puts the shakers on Mac, who through being over cautious and nervous, plays short, and loses the match by one "put," much to the satisfaction of the captain, who rejoices thereat."

The captain is now declared the winner of the medal, and receives the congratulations of his brother golfers, and his name will now be for ever famous in the archives of the club.

◆

HUNTING THE IMPALPABLE

The first day of July, being "coupon day," is a busy day in the City. The Banks are thronged with those who come to garner on that day the bi-annual fruit that matures in the smoky atmosphere of Lombard Street. And among the busy crowds that continually surge within a stone's throw of the Bank of England at this special time are many elderly gentlemen in old-fashioned swallow-tail coats, and ladies looking grim in their "dividend bonnets," wandering in deep perplexity of mind among the bewildering lanes that intersect Cornhill, Lombard Street, and King William Street, in search of the Banks where their coupons are made payable. I started this year as usual on my pleasant journey East of Temple Bar—carrying with me a small bundle of coupons, wishing heartily as I walked along Cheapside that there were many such days in the calendar. My pleasure received a sudden and unexpected damper by an abrupt intimation given to an old lady at the Bank desk, which I overheard as I stood waiting my turn.

"No instructions!"

"Sir?" I heard tremulously uttered.

"No instructions!" came as clear and hard as the blow of a hammer on a nail. I had twenty coupons in my hand, and felt that by a breath a great part of my poor income had vanished into space. Tears were in the poor lady's eyes as with trembling hands she picked up her coupons and turned to leave the Bank.

"How is this?" I asked, pushing towards the desk with many others who had the same question on their lips.

"Know nothing about it! No instructions!"

"But have you no explanations to offer?"

"If you want explanations, refer to Company."

"Where is the Company?"

"In the Directory."

With which answer I had to back out wrathfully, my rejected coupons in my hand. I had always looked respectfully to the whiskered individual in high starch collars and "stock," a type of solid respectability, whose portrait adorned the corner of my coupons, presumably the founder of the company, but whom I inwardly cursed as he now looked up in my face calmly like the solemn impostor he was. I felt grievously wronged. This was an investment I had not made in any speculative mood of mind. It offered only a moderate return. My old college friend, now a flourishing broker in the City, who was generally believed by his friends to have turned up trumps there, had recommended it as a "good thing" of the non-speculative sort. I did not feel disposed to accept the inevitable without striving to have some light thrown upon the causes of my misfortune and my probable prospects. So I looked up the address of the offices of the company, and went there. At first I was told that it was utterly impossible to see the secretary of the company, that it was useless to take my card to him, but upon my taking a seat and saying decidedly that I meant to remain there until I had seen him, the chances of an interview seemed to increase. By and by a door opened, a head popped out, and a voice said "James!" James entered, and speedily came out to say that the secretary would receive me. The secretary, a dapper little gentleman, fashionably dressed, came to meet me with outstretched hands, and smiling in the most affable manner; "What, Mr. ———, *so* glad to see you! What, been kept waiting twenty minutes? *Am* so sorry! James ought to have told me who it was, indeed he ought! And what is the latest from the West End?"

"I came, sir, not to discuss the West End, but to get some explanation of the non-payment of these coupons."

The secretary was seized with a fit of coughing.

"Ah, coupons? Wretched business—we are deeply distressed about these coupons—explanation only too easy—extreme and universal depression of business—flat all round—foreign loans collapsing—mines nowhere—railways 'beared' to death on the flags—telegraphs dwindling to a point—same with every class of investment. Result, reduced dividends."

"This company, so far as I am aware, is neither a foreign loan, a mining concern, a railway company, nor a medium for gambling in telegraph shares——"

"True, true; but *have* you noticed the depression in produce—cotton, jute, coffee, tea—"

"You have nothing whatever to do with prod—"

"Believe me, I *am* sorry—have a glass of sherry, Mr. ———? No? Then here is better luck for next half! Yes, I am *very* sorry, but this is a busy day with me, sir, and you see I have no power. I am only a servant, a mere servant. I can give you no further information. The decision is not mine."

"Who can give me the information, for I mean to have it?"

"You have got all the explanation that can be given. I *am* sorry. *So* sorry. The Directors are the men really responsible, you know. I'm only their servant."

"Who are, and where are, your directors?"

He handed me a prospectus. I was speedily on my way to Lancaster Gate to an address given as being the residence of the Chairman of Directors. I was received by a gigantic personage in powder, in livery, and the owner of overpowering calves. "Ya-as," the Honourable ——— was at home, but just sitting down to lunch. It was hardly likely I could see him. My business, I explained, was urgent. I would not detain him many minutes. But the argument which finally carried my card indoors was silvern. I immediately recognised in our "chairman," into whose study I was solemnly ushered, the living original of the bewhiskered individual whose features had been made familiar to me on the corner of my coupons, and on the fore-front of my bon's. He received me with pompous coldness.

"I have come to obtain from you some explanation about those coupons," I said, laying my small bundle of the gentleman's portraits before him.

"Know nothing about them! Do you take my house for a shop—or a public office? This is an unwarrantable intrusion, sir!"

"I beg your pardon—I understand that is a lithograph of your signature—a reproduction of your features, sir—you *are* in some manner connected with this concern, whether you take any interest in it or not."

"If you wish information, the place to get it is the public office of the company, not here. But I have personally no longer any interest in the matter. I am neither a shareholder of the company, nor in any way connected with it. I resigned office as chairman some time ago. Good morning! John, show this gentleman to the door."

I was bowed out, no wiser than when I entered. I called upon five of the seven directors whose names were on the prospectus, but the only information I could obtain from the two whom I saw (one of them I caught in the lobby of the House of Commons) was—"You really must refer to the secretary of the company. We have no longer any interest in it. We resigned some time ago."

The "some time ago" proved on inquiry to be the previous week. I found on returning to the office of the company that the secretary had in the interval become much flushed in the face by argument under difficulties with irate shareholders, perhaps aided by frequent reference to the decanter "for better luck next half." The burden of his song was still, uttered in rather a muddy voice, "*Am* sho shorry—but I'm only a sher-vant—a mere sher-vant."

Nor, when I came to examine the matter more closely, did I find that the fruit merely was blighted, the tree itself was dead. The clerk of my college friend (he, happy man, is at present on a tour in the United States) in answer to my question as to the price of the bonds, summed that up in one significant word, "unsaleable!"

Monday, July 2nd, was a hot day in the City, and my warmth as the sun threw shadows across Lombard Street was of a kind that no cool drinks could alleviate. Before returning home I looked in upon my solicitor, who has once or twice helped me out of scrapes by the wisdom and moderation of his counsel. He shook his head as I handed him my coupons and the prospectus.

"The old story—'a fool and his money are soon parted'—I beg your pardon, old man; this is a case for sympathy, not for advice. You are not alone in your misfortune; but before you can take action with any hope of success you must get two-thirds of your fellow-shareholders to work with you—a task more easily recommended than carried out. Take the portrait of that old wolf on the coupon home—frame it—stick it upon your bed-room chimney-piece—let it be a beacon of warning to you and your children, when you have any, for evermore!"

Murmuring "Heigho, so ends Aunt Bertha's legacy!" I wandered slowly westward a sadder if not a wiser man. J. S.

◆

THE RHINE THIRTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW

THOSE who recollect the Rhine thirty years ago, and have recently visited it again, must be struck with the great changes which have taken place upon the banks of this most beautiful river. The writer not only distinctly remembers the Rhine in the year 1847, when he had the good fortune to spend several months upon a tour up the river, but has, from time to time, noted down the changes, the so-called "improvements" which have been effected, and, alas! the undoubted works of destruction, which have taken place from year to year.

Thirty years ago, as now, the most agreeable way of visiting the Rhine was to take the steamboat from London, drop quietly down the Thames, sleep on board, if one's digestive organs were not too much disturbed, and on waking find one's self in the Scheldt early next morning.

Little is changed in the fine view of Antwerp from the Scheldt, the exquisite tower of the cathedral and the lofty roofs and turrets of the surrounding churches still present to the eye the same matchless group which they did thirty years ago. I recollect being then greatly amused by a London footman on board the steamboat, who was pointing out to two admiring lady's-maids the most prominent objects in this beautiful view; he had visited Antwerp before, and was looked upon by his companions as a great authority. His lecture ran somewhat as follows:—"There Miss Simmins, them two great churches as you hobserve stands hup on either side of the cathedral is St. Jeen's (Jean), and St. Jack's (Jacques). I can't, at this here distance, say izackly which is which; but, you know, 'Jeen's' means 'James's' and 'Jack's, of course, is 'John's!'"

If the general aspect of Antwerp is unchanged within the last thirty years, the same cannot be said of Cologne. Those who recollect the beautiful old picturesque Cologne of thirty years back can scarcely believe their eyes when they look upon the busy thriving town of to-day. Everything seems changed, some things certainly for the better. Coleridge would no longer have to turn up his nose at the smells in the streets, but if the nose gains by the changes which have taken place, the eye, alas, seeks in vain the charming picturesque combinations of old churches, gabled houses, crumbling walls, and towers which used to delight painters thirty years ago. Where are the charming little bits which fed the portfolios of Prout and the Stanfields? But we shall be told, "Have you not, in exchange for all this, the nearly completed cathedral?" Yes, we have it, and certainly the perspective of the *interior* is very noble, but who would not sooner see the exterior as it used to be, with its charming old grey stone walls, covered with orange lichens, its grand isolated tower, with its weird-looking old crane, with trees and grass growing amongst the crannies of the decayed stonework surrounding it? Who does not regret the old red-brick retaining-wall which supported the apse and its noble buttresses, and who does not utterly condemn the detestable terrace, with its nasty little colonnade, and the pimping little fountain which occupies the place of this grand old wall? Cologne Cathedral had formerly such a noble exterior, so beautiful, so interesting, and so romantic that it seemed almost impossible to spoil it; those, however, who thought so, little knew the capabilities of German architects. What with the vast Brummagem Gothic railway bridge at the east end, with its sham "machicolations," battlements, loop holes, &c., all to defend what?—why nothing!—what with the *cast iron turret* placed over the centre of the church, where, be it recollected, the ancient architects had intended a light stone lantern-tower; what with the ridiculous terrace with which the building has been surrounded, which is arranged in such a way that the mighty buttresses look at a distance as though they were standing upon puny little columns, like an elephant upon caterpillar's legs; what with the hideous disproportioned ridge-cresting and clumsy finials, Cologne Cathedral has, under the fostering care of modern German architects, descended almost from the sublime to the ridiculous—at least as far as its exterior is concerned. Fortunately, the interior gave no scope for "originality," so that here we may see the intentions of the old architects carried out.

We must, however, hurry on past Bonn, which, as seen from the Rhine, now seems to consist of nothing but hotels, to the first glimpse of the seven mountains (Sieben Gebirge), when, oh, horror! "Obstupui, steteritque comam, et vox faucibus hæsit." At the foot of the "Seven Mountains," well defined, in the foreground, are what? Alas, reader, that I should have to tell it, *seven factory chimneys vomiting forth black smoke!* On again past Andernach, which is little changed, we come to Coblenz, which has suffered terribly from a picturesque point of view, though modern improvers have still left us the ancient Mosel-bridge and the remains of the old palace of the Archbishops of Trèves. But what is this neat-looking little modern town with its white, fresh painted hotels, looking like a miniature Brighton on the Rhine? Why, can this be Boppard? Where are the matchless groups of black oak gables? Where the ruined walls and gates? Where the singular bridge which connected the twin towers of the fine old church? The walls and houses have been all "improved" away, and an "eminent" German architect was sent from Berlin, who at once condemned the curious bridge which united the towers of the church "because it was of a later date than the thirteenth century!"

St. Goar is no longer the pretty village it was thirty years ago, and St. Goarhausen, which so delighted Prout, and afforded so many "copies" for drawing-masters, is now an uninteresting hamlet, with a Cockney Gothic church, which is enough to give an air of vulgarity to everything within two miles of it.

Thank heavens! Oberwesel is as yet safe. Its exquisite tower and beautiful churches are still "unrestored" and surrounded by gables.

The same, however, cannot be said of Baccarach, which is nearly as much ruined as Boppard. Rudesheim, which formerly presented to the Rhine a lofty old wall, defended by quaint and beautiful towers, was robbed of all interest and shut out from sight by a hideous railway embankment. Between here and Mainz the towns appear to have been nearly rebuilt, and the cathedral at Mainz has lost its beautiful eastern lantern which is replaced by a vast modern "extinguisher."

I have not yet, however, mentioned the most terrible of all the modern plagues which have beset the Rhine, and that is the rage for "restoring" the old castles. Ever since the late King of Prussia bought the ruins of Stoltzenfeltz and "restored" them with cardboard tracery for the windows and lath and plaster turrets, a rage has set in for copying this brilliant example of refined taste, and thus year by year the old "ruined" castles upon the Rhine give way to sham Gothic restorations remarkable only for their vulgarity and absurdity. How singular is it that people can be found who are foolish to prefer the *sham* antique to the real antique!

The Rhine is still a beautiful and most interesting river, but its chief beauties are unrevealed to the tourist who hurries along it on board the express steamer in August or September. He who would really *see* this river must take knapsack on back and walk along its banks in late April, or May, and, we will answer for it, he will not be disappointed; but I may almost as positively predict that the tourist who, for the first time, sees the Rhine in August or September, will return home with the fixed conviction that all those who have written or sung its praises have either deluded themselves or attempted to deceive others by errors, exaggeration, and false enthusiasm.

H. W. BREWER

◆

MOCKING-BIRDS are becoming so scarce in Virginia, that the inhabitants are forbidden to capture a single specimen for the next six years, except the bird should be found on their own premises, and then they must keep it themselves and not sell it.

ENGLISH TAPESTRY will be well represented at the Paris Exhibition next year by contributions from the Tapestry Manufactory at Windsor, which will send a series of cartoons illustrating *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and a portrait of the Queen.

A NUMBER OF ANIMALS intended for zoological collections in England are on their way to this country, and have been breaking the journey at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne. There are four young elephants, sixteen camels, three rhinoceros, nine giraffes, six buffaloes, an ostrich, and thirteen little ones, two Asian goats, and nine antelopes, the whole collection being in the charge of fourteen Abyssinian negroes.

THE LIGHTHOUSES on the Atlantic coasts of the United States cause the destruction of about 100,000 birds annually, the birds being attracted by the light and flying against the glass and being dashed to pieces. The migratory birds are the chief sufferers, the havoc being great in April along the northern coasts, from Cape May to Maine, and in October on the Florida shores. At one lighthouse in Florida the lantern itself was broken by the repeated shocks from ducks, and an iron network had to be erected round the light. Even then the ducks struck the netting with such force as to break through it and smash the heavy outer plate glass of the lantern. From twenty to fifty dead birds were often found in the morning.

ONE OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS OF THE BOLIVIAN ANDES, Illimani, has been successfully scaled for the first time by M. Charles Wiener, a French explorer sent on a scientific mission by the Government. Illimani is 21,150 feet above the level of the sea, and is the third loftiest peak of the chain, Sorata and Gualtieri being respectively 21,290 feet and 22,000 feet in height. An American traveller, Mr. Gibbon, had previously attained a height of 13,500 feet, but the summit had never been reached until the 19th of May last, when M. Wiener, accompanied by a young Peruvian and an engineer, stood upon the peak and christened it the "Pic de Paris." A description of the ascent was sealed up in a glass tube and buried on the summit. This ascent is specially interesting, considering that the peak Chimborazo of the neighbouring Andes of Ecuador has never been ascended beyond 19,695 feet above the sea level.

CARDSHARPERS IN MARSEILLES have adopted an ingenious method of adding to their gains. In many of the secret gambling houses of the town business men who can spare half-an-hour rush in for a brief game of roulette, baccarat, &c., and do not stop to leave their hats or umbrellas outside. The sharpers also keep their hats and umbrellas, and lean the latter against the table, while by a slight movement of the elbow they manage to edge sundry odd napoleons off the edge into the open folds. A rich harvest is often reaped by these *Chevaliers du Parapluie.* Anent gamblers, the word "Greek" is applied in France, as in England, to all such light-fingered gentry, and certain thin-skinned Hellenes are protesting energetically against the adaptation of their national appellation to such a disreputable class. According to the police records there are 22,000 cardsharpers at large in the various European countries, France containing 5,000, Italy 2,500, Germany 2,000, and England and Austria 1,500 apiece.

AN INTERESTING ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY has been made in Denmark, near Storeheddinge, in Zealand, where a large tumulus has been found which is supposed to form part of an ancient regal burying-place. The tomb, surrounded by large stones, contained the body of a woman, who had evidently been buried in her clothes, and who lay with her face turned to the east, her left arm crossed over her chest, and the other arm stretched out. Round the neck of the skeleton was a large embossed gold ring, two similar small circlets were on her fingers, several silver buckles were close to the waist, and near the head was a gold coin which had been an earring, and which dated from the time of the Roman Emperor Probus, who reigned between 276—282. The tomb, therefore, cannot be older than 276. Bones of fish and animals were found in various vessels, as well as human remains, supposed to be those of slaves who had been sacrificed, but the most interesting objects were several coloured glass vases and cups, notably a blue glass cup, with a chased silver rim, representing vine leaves, and bearing a Greek inscription "Farewell." This is the first Greek inscription discovered in Scandinavia, and is considered to be of great importance as proving the early existence of relations between the north and south. The Danish Government intends to make further researches.

Books Received

Cosmo's Violets (a Novel): C. Rushton. The Morning, Noonday, and Eventide of Life. R. C. Gildea; Won (3 vols.): Author of "Jennie of 'The Prince's.'" Charing Cross Publishing Company.

How to Make Salt Meat More Nutritious. R. Galloway. Simpkin, Marshall.

Two Years of the Eastern Question (2 vols.). A. Gallenga. S. Tinsley.

Poems. H. Alcmar. T. Hookham.

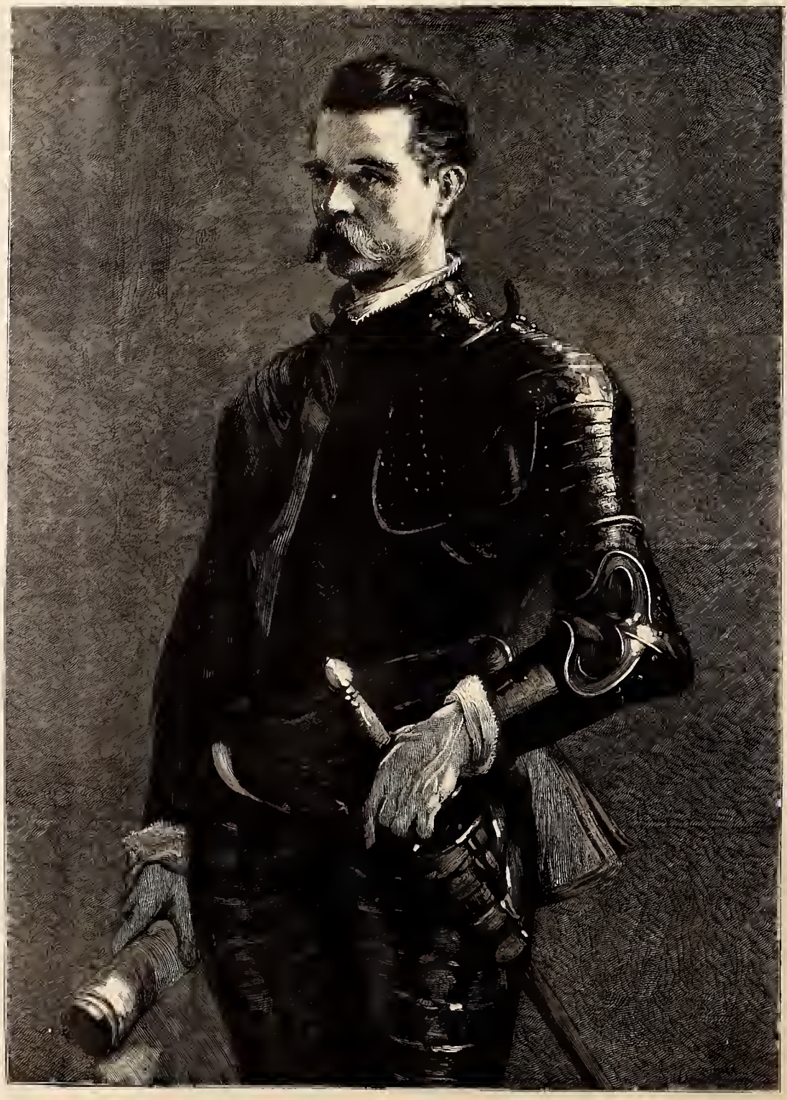
The Fern World: F. G. Heath; Men of Mark, Vol. II., No. XX.; The Portrait Gallery, Vol. VI., Part LXVIII. S. Low.

The Chickenborough Chit-Chat Club (3 vols.): "Kamtsatska." Tinsley Brothers.

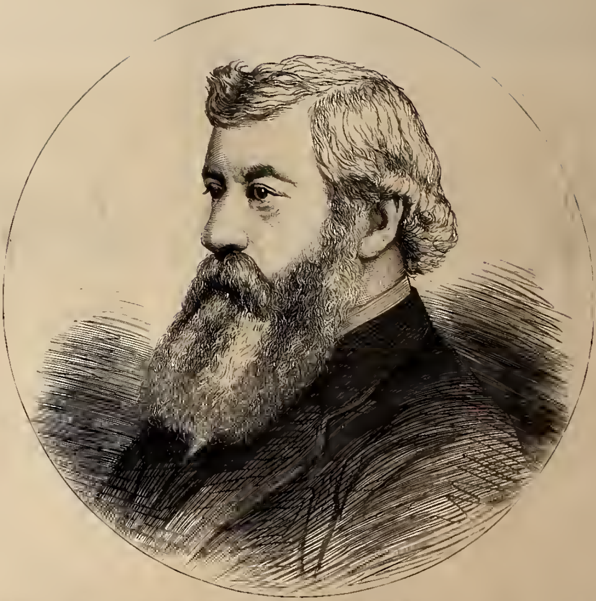
English Landscape Art in 1877. A. Dawson; The "Mere Mistake" in the Knightsbridge Judgment. B. M. Pickering.

A Thing of Beauty (3 vols.): Mrs. A. Fraser. Hurst and Blackett.

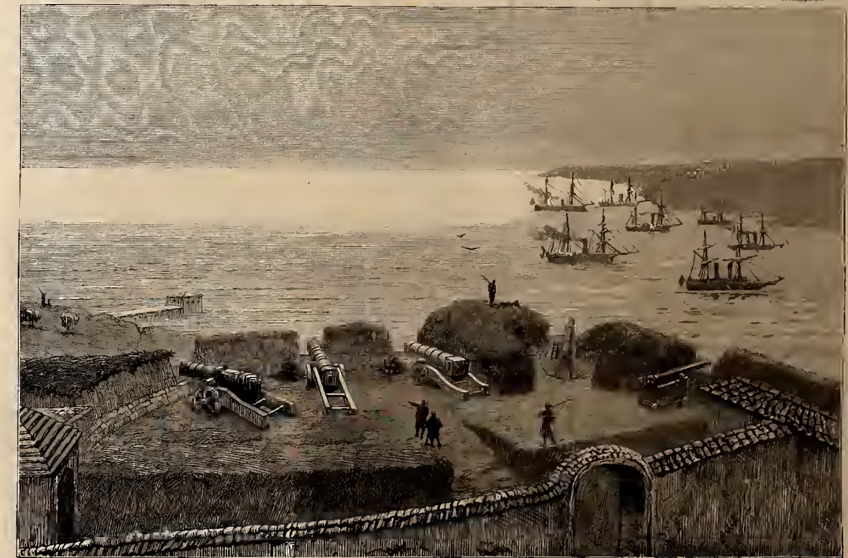
Our Fighting Power. W. Mitchell and Co.



"A KNIGHT OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY"
FROM THE PICTURE BY J. PETTIE, R.A., IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY



THE LATE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WARD HUNT, M.P., FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY
Died July 28, aged 52


Ironclad Frigate "Orhanie"
Galata Point
Encampment

WITH THE TURKS AT VARNA—JENI-TABIA, ONE OF THE ENTRENCHMENTS OF THE TOWN, WITH THE EGYPTIAN FLEET AT ANCHOR

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The repulse of the Russians at Plevna, where, on the 21st ult., and again on Monday and Tuesday, Osman Pasha defeated General Krudener, seems temporarily to have checked the Russian advance, and to have led them to adopt a more cautious line of attack than heretofore. The Turks also are now showing signs of decided energy, for Mehemet Ali, the new Commander-in-Chief, with his Prussian blood, is a widely different man from poor old bed-ridden Abd-ul-Kerim, whose conduct emulated that of the cowardly captain in one of Captain Marryat's novels. "Sir," reported the officer of the watch, coming down into his chief's cabin, "one of the enemy's sail is in sight." "Report her to me when she comes closer," was the reply. This was duly done, and a similar answer again returned. "The vessel is sheering off, sir," was the next report. "Very well, then, report her to me when she is out of sight," complacently remarked the gallant commander, whose apathy has been most faithfully copied by the Turkish generals until within the last fortnight. Now, however, a great change is visible, and the Russians are meeting with energetic resistance from three quarters—from Osman Pasha at Plevna, from Mehemet Ali, who is advancing from Osman Bazar, and from Suleiman and Reouf Pashas south of the Balkans, at Adrianople and Yeni Saghra.

To resume our chronicle of events: General Krudener renewed his attack on Plevna on Monday and Tuesday, and again failed, Osman Pasha subsequently following up his advantage by reoccupying Loftcha. The battle on Tuesday seems to have ended in the total defeat of the Russians, but the Turkish report, which states that the enemy lost 8,000 killed and 16,000 wounded, is probably greatly exaggerated. On Saturday a battle is said to have been fought near Rustchuk, where the Czarevitch defeated Ahmed Eyoub, with considerable loss. The truth of this news, however, is to be doubted, as also is a similar report from south of the Balkans, where Suleiman Pasha is represented as having sustained a severe defeat last week. It is a fact, however, that on the 27th Mehemet Ali commenced his forward march from Shumla, and next day re-occupied Osman Bazar, whence by last accounts he was still advancing. Thus the Russians are proceeding far more cautiously throughout the line. North of the Balkans the straggling detachments of the Russian army are being concentrated into compact bodies in readiness for some decisive fighting, while in order to set free a large number of Russian troops, the Roumanians, under General Manu, have at last been allowed to cross the Danube and occupy Nikopol. We have above enumerated the three chief Turkish armies in the field, whose plan of campaign as at present developed appears pretty clear. Mehemet Ali, with 120,000 men, is trying to effect a junction with Osman Pasha, who is credited with 65,000 men, in order to cut the Russian forces in two parts, leaving Suleiman Pasha and his 57,000 men to deal with those south of the Balkans. The Russians are accordingly suspending their forward advance, and are awaiting Mehemet Ali in the plains round about Tirnova, where they are prepared to give him battle. Their reverses have caused considerable alarm and excitement in Roumania, where it is feared that General Gourko, who only has some 20,000 men across the Balkans, will be cut off from head-quarters. The Turks have lost an energetic officer in Aziz Pasha, who was killed last week during a skirmish near Shumla.

Of General Zimmerman and his 40,000 men in the Dobrudscha we hear very little beyond that he is probably waiting upon the rear of Mehemet Ali. The Russians are methodically establishing a regular Christian government in each occupied town, and the first Russian law has now been proclaimed in Bulgaria. By this Christians are freed from the military exemption tax, while tithes are abolished from the 1st of January, 1878, when they are to be replaced by a tax paid in cash, for which, however, only Russian paper money will be accepted, Turkish paper money being declared worthless.

Atrocity reports continue to pour in from both sides, and while they must in both cases be taken with very many grains of salt, there is no doubt that great unnecessary cruelties are practised upon both sides, although the Paris correspondent of *The Times* on Wednesday gave some curious information regarding atrocity-manufacturing which if correct reflects little credit upon the Turkish Government, and still less upon the correspondents, who in order to obtain facilities promise to send home anything the authorities please to dictate. Colonel Wellesley also has addressed to the British Government a categorical denial of the cruelties attributed to the Russians, while General Kemball curtly telegraphs a denial of the asserted Russian cruelties at Ardahan.

At CONSTANTINOPLE there has been another Ministerial change. Aarifi Pasha, the new Foreign Minister, has resigned, being replaced by Server Pasha. A more noteworthy incident, however, is the dismissal by the Sultan of the Sheik-ul-Islam, and his appointment of Cara Effendi to that important post. The change is said to have been made on account of the ex-Sheik refusing to consent to the unfolding of the Standard of the Prophet; but although the new Sheik is declared to be a great bigot, and to be willing to take this extreme step, an address from him has been read in all the mosques recommending to the Mohammedans calmness and resignation, and the avoidance of acts of hostility towards the Christians. There has naturally been a great panic at Constantinople on account of the Russian advance, and many Christian families are leaving, but the reports of Osman Pasha's victories have done much to calm the alarm. The Sultan is said to be determined upon resistance to the last, and is reported to have threatened to retire into Asia should the Russians succeed in taking Adrianople—a threat probably intended to frighten England into affording some serious assistance. Redif and Abd-ul-Kerim Pashas are now awaiting their court-martial, which Mahmoud Damad is said to be intriguing to prevent.

In ASIA there appears to have been a good deal of desultory fighting between detachments from Mukhtar Pasha's army and Russian flying companies, but no really noteworthy conflict is recorded. The Black Sea fleet are continuing their innocuous cruise, and the Russians are now taking the offensive in maritime affairs. Thus on the Danube gallant Lieutenant Dovbassoff, with a steamer and two sloops, has been bombarding the Turkish camp near Silistria and setting a monitor on fire; while in addition to a fruitless boat expedition against some Turkish vessels off the Crimean coast there has been an engagement off Kustendjie between an old merchant steamer, the *Vesta*, commanded by Captain Baraboff, and a Turkish monitor, in which the latter appears to have been worsted, the *Vesta* herself however being greatly damaged. The affair is of some importance as showing that an unarmoured vessel can on occasion hold her own against an ironclad, and succeed in giving as hard knocks as she receives. —In MONTENEGRO the Prince is rapidly advancing, and Nicksics is being actively bombarded. The water supply is cut off, and the garrison have been twice summoned to surrender.

AUSTRIA has decided upon taking a very important step, and after repeated Cabinet Councils Count Andrassy has at length been authorised "to make such military preparations as he may deem necessary, and to call for funds should he require them without again assembling the Council,"—in short, to begin the mobilisation of the army. Of course mobilisation does not necessary mean war, and it is denied that there is any intention of occupying Bosnia, but the bare fact evidences that Austria is ready to proceed to hostilities in certain eventualities. What those eventualities really are can only be surmised. It is unlikely that they have—as is asserted by some journals—anything to do with the presence of Midhat Pasha, who is said to have made his peace with the Sultan, and to have been authorised to go round the Courts of Europe—not to secure alliances, but to sound the intentions of the various Courts.

FRANCE.——Marshal MacMahon duly visited Bourges on Sunday, and his speech, together with the excessive adulation with which he was received by the authorities of the town, has given rise to plenty of discussion. In his speech he said little that he has not said before, and reiterated his determination to "march on the ground of the Constitution at the head of all parties," "in order to ward off the Radicalism which is our common peril." He declared that "public good sense" has already given their due to the many "calumnies" regarding the intentions of his Government, and that they would not prevent him finishing his task with "the co-operation of the men who have been the devoted auxiliaries of his policy." He relied upon the nation to respond to his appeal, and by the choice of its new representatives to end a conflict "the prolongation of which could only injure its interest, and hinder the peaceful development of its greatness." This last phrase has been interpreted into a threat to carry out his anti-Republican policy whatever majority the country may return at the elections. Had the crisis not been so serious the speeches of the authorities would have created considerable amusement. The Archbishop affected to regard him as specially delegated by Heaven to restore to France her "old days of prosperity and glory;" the Mayor likened him to one of the old arbiters, who by "extending their respected arms towards the scene of combat, stopped the engagement or imposed a truce" (the Mayor evidently forgot the Marshal's *gouvernement de combat*); the President of the Departmental Council called the Marshal the "Head given to the nation by Providence;" while to crown all the President of the Court of Appeal remarked that the "civil power alone being unable to secure peace and domestic tranquillity, if the latter were menaced by criminal enterprises, the magistracy regarded the brave army placed under the Marshal's orders as the best guardian of independence and liberty." Such an utterance from a judge, one of the highest emblems of "civil power," has naturally called forth a burst of ironical laughter from the Republicans.

In the meantime preparations for the elections are busily going on on both sides, and the divisions in the Conservative camp are becoming more and more marked. The Cabinet is openly at war with the Bonapartists and have thrown out a feeler to the Left Centre by a "communicated" article to the Conservative journals stating that the Marshal would gladly associate with such Conservative Republicans as M. Dufaure. The Cabinet are busy drawing up their list of candidates, and enacting fresh decrees for the prevention of Radical propaganda, their last order being that the proceedings of all tobacconists are to be watched, and if any should prove obnoxious the offender, who through the Government monopoly of the manufacture of tobacco is *de facto* in Government employ, is to have his licence cancelled.

The chief topic of the day, however, is a split in the Bonapartist camp, and a sharp wordy war between MM. Rouher and Cassagnac in their respective journals, the *Pays* and the *Ordre*. It appears that M. Rouher is dissatisfied with the Government for not allotting a large majority of the official candidatures to the Bonapartists, a proceeding to which the other members of the "Conservative Union," the Orleanists and Legitimists, naturally object. He therefore threatens to withdraw from the coalition, and proposes that his party should start a Bonapartist campaign on their own account. To this M. de Cassagnac roundly objects, and counselling prudence and conciliation, declares that now the Prince Imperial is of age he no longer feels bound to obey the Regency of which M. Rouher was the head and chief. Thence has ensued a serious family quarrel, which the Republicans are contemplating with great delight. The two parties are called the "Old" and the "New" Bonapartists, the latter priding themselves upon being very faithful sons of Mother Church, so much so, indeed, that for her sake M. de Cassagnac has actually given up duelling.

There is little from Paris byond more Press prosecutions, the *Lanterne*, *Mot d'Ordre*, and *Courrier de France* being this time the victims.—A M. Théobald Chartran has corried off the Prix de Rome for painting, the subject being the invasion of the Roman Senate by the Gauls.—There has been one first representation—*Le Dernier Klephte*, a dull one-act comedy, at the Folies Dramatiques.—The woman Gras and her accomplice Gaudry have been respectively condemned to fifteen and ten years' imprisonment; and the *gros lot* of 4,000*l*. of the Paris loan has been gained by a gunner of Avignon.

UNITED STATES.——The great railway strike is virtually over, and the various railways have been one by one resuming work during the week. Last week there was a serious collision at Chicago between the troops and the mob, which however ultimately resulted in the defeat of the latter, the soldiers chasing the people with drawn sabres and the artillery firing grape-shot, twenty-one persons being killed and ninety wounded. The Erie operatives have yielded, and work has been resumed on the line, as also on the Baltimore and Ohio line, whose managers, as the men refuse to come to terms, have procured other operatives. By aid of the military, who are stationed at various important places, traffic has been resumed on the Pennsylvania Railway, and the whole country is gradually being restored to its normal quietude. The War Office closed for the first time since the movement on Monday night, and on Tuesday the Secretary of War issued orders that there should be no further movements of Federal troops unless fresh troubles broke out. On Tuesday night there was another conflict on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, which, however, was quelled by General Getty and 500 troops, while on the previous day the strike at Columbus broke out afresh, the blockade, however, being definitively broken on Wednesday. There seems some prospect of trouble with the miners, some 30,000 of whom have struck for an increase of wages, and who are letting the mines become seriously flooded, so that a large force of troops has been sent to Luzerne County. At Scranton the disturbances were renewed on Wednesday, and the mayor was shot.

INDIA.——The famine reports are still exceedingly gloomy, and a terrible scarcity is expected throughout Southern India—a district where the extent of area, the want of means of communication, the manner in which the vast population is scattered, and the variety of native dialects, render all methods of conveying and distributing relief exceedingly difficult and problematical, so that, as Lord Salisbury remarked last week, if these gloomy anticipations are fulfilled, a "terrible mortality" may be expected, and the resources of the country will be taxed to the utmost. During the last week the rainfall was exceedingly scarce, except in Bengal, Burmah, Assam, and part of the central provinces and Rajpootana, and great anxiety was felt throughout the country.—There has been a disturbance amongst some Pathan coolies at Quetta, and Lieut. Henson has been murdered.—The present Sir Jamsetjee-Jeejeebhoy has been unanimously elected head of the Parsee community in the place of his father the late Sir Jamsetjee-Jeejeebhoy.

THE COURT

THE Queen is expected to arrive in the Highlands about the 21st inst. Meanwhile, Her Majesty remains at Osborne with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, receiving few visitors and taking her usual walks and drives. On Saturday, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Montagu Corry arrived and dined with the Queen, Her Majesty also giving an audience to Lord Beaconsfield. Next morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold attended service at Osborne. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Corry dined with Her Majesty in the evening, and left on Monday for London. Prince Leopold during the day went out for a short cruise in the *Alberta*.

The Prince of Wales has been staying at Goodwood this week, the Princess remaining at Marlborough House to nurse her son. Last week Prince and Princess Christian lunched at Marlborough House, and on Monday Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne had luncheon with the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the morning the Prince gave a sitting to Mr. Watts, who is painting the Prince's portrait for the Benchers of the Middle Temple, and in the evening he dined with Lady Waldegrave and Lord Carlingford at Strawberry Hill. The Princess drove out in the afternoon with her three little girls and Prince George. On Tuesday the Prince left town for Goodwood, where he arrived in time to be present at the first race. He stayed with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond during the meeting, and is expected back in town at the end of the week.—Prince Albert Victor is going on favourably, and no danger is apprehended. The young Prince's illness is supposed to have been contracted at Sandringham. During the recent stay of the Prince and Princess and their family the waterworks, which were reorganised after the Prince of Wales' illness, had got out of order, and some water was drawn from an old source, and to this is attributed the present attack, but although many other persons have partaken of the suspected water, none have suffered but the young Prince.

Prince and Princess Christian visited Farningham on Saturday, when the Princess laid the corner stone of the new workshops and stores belonging to the Home for Little Boys, and presented prizes to the boys. A luncheon was afterwards given, Prince Christian presiding.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have gone to Germany. They crossed the Channel on Tuesday in the ordinary mail packet from Dover to Ostend.

King Alphonso of Spain is ill from a feverish attack occasioned by cold.—Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain, met with a bad accident on Saturday. The horses of his carriage ran away, and the Prince jumped out and seriously injured his head. He is now, however, going on well.—The Emperor of Germany is at Gastein for the waters, and is considerably the better for his visit. He leaves on Monday.—The Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany, who are still at Ostend, went to Antwerp last week. The King and Queen of the Belgians met them at Malines, and accompanied them to the Cathedral, Museum, and other sights at Antwerp.—General Grant is in Switzerland, and last week laid the foundation stone of an American Church at Geneva.

CHURCH NEWS

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.——Dr. Pope was chosen President for the year by 205 votes against 162 recorded in favour of Dr. Rigg, and 39 for Mr. Coley; Mr. Jenkins and Dr. Williams securing but two each. On Thursday, last week, Dr. Pope delivered his opening address, saying that he believed the Head of the Church had summoned that Conference to consider matters relative to His people, and that as really as were the elders of Miletus called together by Paul. The Master's summons and the Master's presence were the sole ground of ecclesiastical authority. Without this, the fact of their being the largest and purest Presbyterian body in Christendom would be unavailing. On the same day a deputation from other Nonconformist bodies waited upon the Conference, and presented an Address of Welcome to Bristol, where John Wesley built his first chapel. This was acknowledged in suitable terms by the President, and in the afternoon the Rev. E. M. Marvin, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church (South), United States, was introduced. He stated that the Southern Church had about 700,000 members, and issued eleven weekly newspapers, besides a multitude of books and periodicals, and owned eleven colleges and one university. They had been chastened by the war, and now prosperous times were come again; they had a Conference of twenty native Indian ministers, a German Mission in Texas, and another in Mexico, and they had been the first to introduce lay representatives. The greater part of Friday and Saturday was taken up with the reading of the obituaries of ministers who had died during the year, and solemn consideration as to which of those records should be published. Next came the private debate on "Ministerial Characters," in which every minister's name is called out, and the questions are put, "Are there any objections to him?"

"Does he believe and practise Methodist doctrines?" "Does he faithfully administer discipline?" "Has he ability and health sufficient for the work?" On Wednesday upwards of seventy junior ministers were ordained, the President, ex-President, and other ministers taking part in the ceremony of the imposition of hands. The ex-President, the Rev. A. M'Aulay, delivered an impressive charge, pointing out the spiritual dangers to which his hearers would be exposed, and reminding them of their duties towards the members of their flocks. The next Conference is to be held at Bradford, where accommodation will be provided for 400 ministers.

The Shanghai Missionary Conference.——Difficulties of transit, and the comparative paucity of the number of missionaries in China, would only a few years ago have rendered impossible such an assemblage as that which was gathered together at Shanghai for fifteen days during the month of May last. As it was, the Conference was a complete success, representatives of all the Protestant Missionary bodies in China were present, and numbers of persons met face to face who, though engaged in the same good work, were hitherto known to each other only by reputation. No less than 130 delegates were present, of whom forty-five were ladies engaged in Mission work. The proceedings opened on May 10th with an impressive sermon by Dr. Talmage, of Amoy, on the "Work of Missions." Of the subsequent transactions of the Conference want of space prevents us from giving more than the barest outline, but those who desire further particulars will find them in the *English Independent* of July 5th and 19th. The remarks of Dr. Williamson, of Chefoo, on the magnitude of the field of labour in China, are especially interesting. "China," he said, "is like eighteen Great Britains placed side by side. It produces everything for life and luxury. There is twenty times as much coal as in all Europe, and iron ore is always near at hand. No part of the world can be compared to it, except the Western States of America. We are face to face," he added, "with a country whose people, if scattered over the earth, would seem to fill it, for every third man we meet would be a Chinaman. They are just arising like a mighty giant from sleep, and in that drowsy state do not know how to act or where to go. Our little band of preachers has to deal with this vast host." On a subsequent occasion the opium trade was discussed, and some startling statistics were given. In Soochow alone two-and-a-half millions of dollars are spent yearly on the drug. Two-thirds of the people smoke opium, and there are from 5,000 to 8,000 dens in the city. Both heathens and Christians in China concur in regarding opium smoking as a most serious evil, and the Conference concurred in a resolution that the trade is deeply injurious both to India, China, and England. The last subject we shall mention is that of "Ancestral Worship," ably treated by Mr. Yates, of Shanghai. "This singular belief," he said, "in a sacred alliance between the living and the dead is a bar to progress and civilisation, and a far greater obstacle to the reception of Christianity than the worship of idols."

Various.—— Dr. Thorold was enthroned in Rochester Cathedral on Friday last by the Archdeacon of Canterbury in person, but the ceremony lost much of its impressiveness owing to the meagre attendance. The clergy attached to the Cathedral were of course present, but besides these there were not more than thirty clergymen in surplices, and very few of the laity. On Sunday the new Bishop preached his first sermon in the Cathedral.—Dr. Pusey, writing to the *Daily Express*, blames the Exeter branch of the English Church Union for denouncing that paper as "denying a fair hearing to the Catholic cause," and says that "more harm has been done to 'the Catholic cause' by letters written in newspapers than would be done by twenty 'Church Associations.' Since 'the meek,' we are told, 'shall inherit the earth,' such letters are not title-deeds to it."—The Middlesex magistrates have resolved to call upon the Rev. J. W. Horsley either to retire from the Holy Cross Society, of which he is a member, or to resign his office as chaplain of the Clerkenwell House of Detention. In the event of his refusing to do either he is to receive three months' notice to leave.—Early on Sunday morning some of the communicants at St. James's, Hatcham, attended a special celebration of the Holy Communion at the church of St. Peter, London Docks, and were subsequently entertained by the Sisters of Mercy at the Mission-house in Calvert Street. Mr. Lowder was present, and expressed the pleasure with which he had been able to extend his sympathy and assistance to the "cast-out communicants" from Hatcham. The offertory at the special service is to be presented to the Rev. Arthur Tooth.—On Saturday the Bishop of St. Alban's reopened the restored church of St. Lawrence, Blackmore, one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in Essex, and in an address to the parishioners adverted to the neglect of the decent and proper observance of Divine worship which had for many years until recently prevailed. The Church Restoration movement, which had now spread from one end of the land to the other, was not a mere restoration of wood, stone, brass, and iron, but everywhere men had been sensible of the blessedness of the spiritual change.—The Scotch papers report the death at Amoy of the Rev. Carstairs Douglas, LL.D., the distinguished Oriental scholar, and senior missionary in China of the Presbyterian Church of England. Dr. Douglas, who was a brother of Principal Douglas, of the Free Church College, Glasgow, was fifty-five years of age, and was the compiler of a Chinese Dictionary of great value.

Her Majesty's Theatre.——On Saturday, the closing night of the season, the opera was *Il Flauto Magico*. Got up evidently in a hurry, there were many shortcomings in the general performance, but Mozart's delicious music—an uninterrupted succession of rhythmic tunes, the one more charming than the other—atoned for all. The scenery was a jumble of Assyrian buildings (*Semiramide*) and English bits of landscape—the Euphrates and the Thames, instead of the Nile. The costumes were what, in the absence of a more comprehensive term, may be denominated hybrid. In fact, the traditional "Egyptian" was nowhere. Nor was the cast of the leading characters altogether satisfactory, and yet the performance gave evident pleasure to a crowded audience, all of which must be laid to the credit of the "divine Mozart," whose Orphean melody is fairly irresistible. The curious, however, came rather to test the capacity of Mr. Mapleson's new *prima donna* in the two unique airs allotted to Astrifiammante, the "Queen of Night," than for any other purpose, and in one of the two, at any rate, they were rewarded for their pains. The reading of the slow introduction (G minor) to the first air left much to desire, as did the articulation of the rapid *grupetti* in the *allegro molto*, "Va! ritorla al rapitore;" but in the second, and far more taxing, "Gli angui d'inferno," although she could exhibit neither the precision of Anna Zerr, nor the fiery impulse of Ilma di Murska (being, in fact, wanting in dramatic power), Madame Gerster sang extremely well throughout, her execution of the *staccato* passages in the highest register of the voice being little short of marvellous. A storm of applause followed this remarkable display, and this so long continued that Madame Gerster was compelled to repeat the whole—which she did, with, if possible, increased effect. Madame Marie Rôze, an intelligent Pamina, gave the pathetic *aria*, "Ah! lo so," with sympathetic expression. Mdlle. Valleria, too, was a lively Papagena, matched with a genial Papageno, in Signor Del Puente, who is making rapid advance in the estimation of opera-goers. Not the least noticeable performance was the Sarastro of Signor Foli, whose deep bass voice is well suited to the music, and who sang each of his airs—"Possenti Numi" (with chorus), and "Qui sdegno"—with appropriate gravity of expression. Signor Carrion, as Tamino, and Signor Rinaldini, as Monostatos, were both acceptable. The orchestra was irreproachable, except in the overture, which was played so fast that Mozart himself would hardly have recognised it. In so elaborately constructed a contrapuntal piece as this overture clearness and accent are prime essentials; but taken at so rapid a pace neither one nor the other was practicable. After the opera came the National Anthem; and then the usual calls for principal singers, conductor, and manager. Remembering the circumstances against which he had to contend, it must be admitted that Mr. Mapleson has shown commendable energy. He has furnished a new theatre with every requisite in a very very brief space of time, and has brought out nineteen operas for which, a month before he opened, nothing whatever had been prepared. That he has been actively and zealously served by those about him is evident; otherwise his undertaking would have presented insurmountable obstacles. Notwithstanding the fact that, after the first three weeks, he lost the valuable aid of Mdlle. Titiens, he managed to pull through; and we have reason to believe that the first season of the new Majesty's Theatre has been at least, on the whole, a pecuniary success.

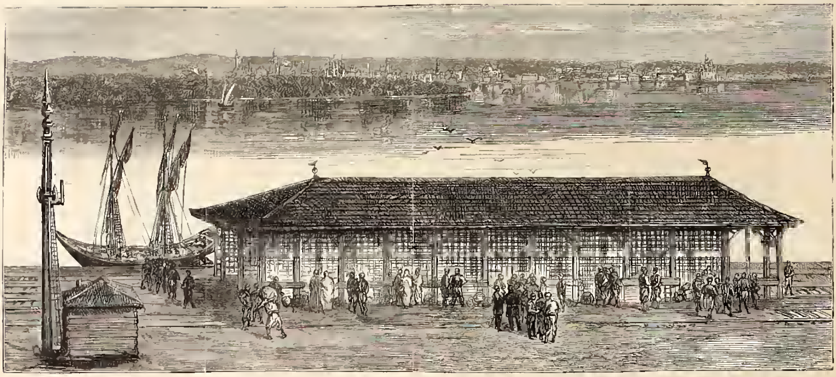
"Letters from Bayreuth."——Under the title of "Letters from Bayreuth," the well-known musical critic, Mr. Joseph Bennett, has republished, in a compact volume, a series of very interesting articles, originally addressed to the *Daily Telegraph*, on the performances of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, in August, 1876. A perusal of this little book, as unpretending as it is full of solid information, accompanied by searching and highly intelligent critical remarks on the subject treated, will amply repay the time spent upon it by an attentive reader, whether he be a proselyte to Wagner, or a disbeliever in Wagner's theories. Nothing could be clearer set forth, in that genuine Saxon English of which Mr. Joseph Bennett is unquestionably a master; and whether we may agree with all his conclusions, or the contrary, a consideration of his arguments, *pro* and *con*, will not be the less entertaining and instructive. What was said once upon a time, by an eminent critic, about the late Lord Lytton, to some friend who disputed that prolific author's claims to original genius, applies with equal truth to Mr. Joseph Bennett—"His diction, sir, alone is a charm." And to this may be added the subdued gravity of Mr. Bennett's style, his strong common sense, and the logical acuteness of his reasoning, from whatever point of view he may regard the topic he discusses. Apart from all this, however, the "Letters from Bayreuth" deserve to be universally read. They give us Wagner in a nutshell—that is, according to the impression created by the arch revolutionist upon the mind of the writer.

Waifs.——Madame Christine Nilsson has gone for a brief holiday to the banks of the Rhine, near the Drachenfels. She returns in the autumn to fulfil some engagements at Birmingham, Brighton, Manchester, &c.—M. Faure has rejoined his family at Etretât.—The next work to be produced at the Grand Opera in Paris is Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*, one of the longest and dreariest effusions of that never too lively composer. And Auber's *Muette de Portici?* And Auber's *Gustave III.?* Putting aside *Guillaume Tell*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Huguenots*, M. Halanzier has not hitherto brought out an opera fit to hold a candle to either of them. Nevertheless, Auber is the greatest of French dramatic composers, and the French pride themselves on their "nationality," and especially in music.—The grand-niece of Cimarosa, who died recently in a hospital at Milan, was not the last to bear the name of that once renowned composer. Three grand-nephews of Cimarosa still survive—Aurelio and Ippolito, who reside at Naples, and Luigi, himself a composer, who has for a long time made Madrid his home.—M. Ambroise Thomas, composer of the *Caid*, *Mignon*, and *Hamlet*, has been appointed member of the Superior Commission of the "Expositions Internationales" in France.—Mr. Mapleson, we are informed, is about to give promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mr. Weist Hill as conductor. Mr. Hill, who is not only an excellent violinist but a skilled and experienced orchestral chief, is the right man in the right place.—The paralytic stroke which lately seized the celebrated lyric comedian, Madame Marie Cabel, has not endangered her life; but from all reports we hear it has deprived her of the exquisite voice which enchanted so many in her time.—That universal favourite, Miss Minnie Hauck, is singing with her accustomed success at Baden-Baden.—The third volume of Mr. Alexander Thayer's invaluable "Life of Beethoven" is now in the press, at Berlin. It will be published both in German and in English.—The last news about Mdlle. Titiens is in some degree reassuring. She is still at Worthing, and has not only left her room, but taken air-exercise in a Bath chair. Her appearance at the forthcoming Gloucester Festival, however, is problematical at the best.—Mr. Frederic Archer has not resigned the post of organist at the Alexandra Palace, and the report circulated to the effect that the appointment will very shortly be vacant has no foundation in fact.—Some manuscript quartets for stringed instruments by the late Felicien David (composer of *Le Desert*) have recently been introduced to the Parisian public at a "seance musicale," given at the residence of M. Léon Godefroy, the pianist, one of David's most intimate friends. As they are highly spoken of, it is not unlikely that Mr. Arthur Chappell may introduce them at the Monday Popular Concerts.—M. Victor Massé's *Paul et Virginie* is to be produced shortly at Brussels. With M. Capoul (the original Paul) in the company, it was generally believed that the most popular of recent French operas would have formed one of the novel attractions at Mr. Gye's theatre.—The French Minister of Fine Arts has given the bronze for the statue to be erected in the course of September next, at Dijon.—Mdlle. Albani has left England for Spa, in Belgium, where she will remain until her services are required for the forthcoming Gloucester Festival.—Mdlle. Zaré Thalberg is engaged by Mr. Gye for two years more.

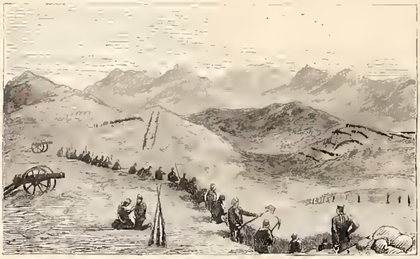
The Alleged Police Conspiracy.——Two whole days were last week devoted to the examination in chief of the convict William Kurr, upon whose testimony the charges against the Inspectors Druscovich, Meiklejohn, and Palmer, and the solicitor, Mr. Froggatt, appear mainly to rest. He detailed a number of transactions which he said had taken place between himself and them, alleging that he had paid Meiklejohn sums of 500*l.*, 200*l.*, and 100*l.* for services rendered to him, and that he had lent Druscovich 60*l.* and afterwards given him 25*l.* Another adjournment was ordered, and bail was again taken for Mr. Froggatt, but refused for the police-officers. An excited crowd collected about the Bow Street Police Court, and when Kurr was taken away he was heartily cheered, the detectives on the other hand being hissed and hooted. Mr. Froggatt was fortunate enough to escape recognition by the mob. At the commencement of the proceedings on Thursday last week Mr. Wontner complained of the false rumour that Inspector Druscovich had attempted to commit suicide. He characterised the statement as a gross libel both upon his client, who had a complete answer to the charge, and upon the prison authorities, whose arrangements were such as to make such an attempt impossible.

Amateur Highwaymen.——Two lads, aged respectively sixteen and thirteen, who seem to be ambitious of becoming knights of the road, last week ran away from their homes in London, and after providing themselves with pistols and ammunition made their way to Hounslow Heath, where one of them pointed his loaded weapon at another boy, and a policeman took them into custody. The boy who had been threatened with the pistol did not, however, appear to prosecute, and therefore the Brentford magistrates dismissed the charge, the chairman remarking that it was evident that they were playing at highwaymen.

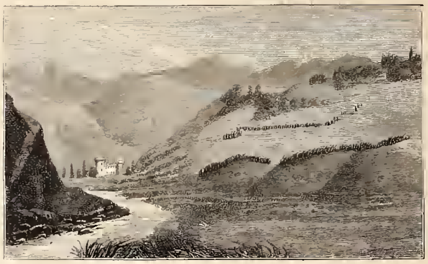
Miscellaneous Items.——It is said that the law officers of the Crown have given it as their opinion that the recent affair between H.M.S. *Shah* and *Amethyst* and the Peruvian ironclad *Huascar* was justifiable, as the *Huascar* was to all intents and purposes acting as a pirate on the high seas.—Mr. Gladstone has taken legal proceedings against an Australian publishing firm for an infringement of the copyright of one of his pamphlets, and the case has been decided in his favour. It seems that while it is easy enough to protect the writings of English authors there exists no law to shield the Colonial writer from being pirated either there or in England, a condition of things which the *Pall Mall Gazette* characterises as "an Australian Atrocity."—One day last week a circular was issued from Scotland Yard announcing that a detective sergeant had absconded, and it was rumoured that he was in some way connected with the De Goncourt conspiracy. It seems, however, that he had only taken a holiday without leave, and gone home to his native country, Germany, from whence he wrote to say that his conduct was the result of "mental excitement." It is now stated that he is about to return to his post, but it is to be hoped that he will not be permitted to resume the delicate duties of a detective until he has quite recovered from his malady.—The Rev. S. Smith, rector of Landolph, is defendant in a libel suit in which one of his parishioners claims 2,000*l.* damages for having been falsely accused of forgery. The libel was published on a post-card, one of a series which the rev. defendant has been scattering broadcast, calling his parishioners hogs, perjurers, and applying other opprobrious epithets to them.—"Insufficiency of time" was the astounding plea put in in a recent breach of promise case, in which the parties had been courting for over thirty years. How much longer the defendant would have liked his *fiancée* to wait it is difficult to guess, and as he has actually married another lady, he himself can hardly be expected to know, unless indeed he contemplated either bigamy or murder. The jury very naturally looked upon the plea as insincere and valueless, and gave the lady 250*l.* damages.—A return has been issued of the expenditure in the Tichborne prosecution, which amounts to 60,074*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*, of which 23,676*l.* 17*s.* were counsels' fees; 18,712*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* was paid to witnesses, agents, &c.; 10,268*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.* to law stationers and printers, 3,637*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.* to short-hand writers, and 3,780*l.* to the jury.—The chairman of the Whitehaven town and harbour trustees has been fined 4*l.* for an assault upon a chimney sweep. It seems that the sweep was caught in the act of throwing soot into the harbour, and running away was pursued by the chairman, who struck him with a stick and finally felled him to the earth.—At the Leeds Assizes a medical student convicted of forging the name of a qualified practitioner to three certificates of death has been sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. Mr. Justice Manisty said that the full penalty for such a serious offence was penal servitude, and in any future case of the kind it would undoubtedly be inflicted.—A curious charge of attempting to extort money has been brought against two Greeks by a niece of Admiral Slade. The prosecutrix had been engaged to be married to one of the prisoners, and when the match was broken off, it was understood that her letters to him had been destroyed. Subsequently, however, the discarded lover said that he had kept them, and that the box containing them had been seized by one of his creditors, who demanded 695*l.* for their restoration. The accused were both committed for trial, the magistrate remarking that it was one of the most wicked cases he had ever heard of, and that no power on earth would induce him to take bail for such men as the prisoners.—The charge of fraud upon the Artisans' Dwelling Company was again before the magistrate at Bow Street on Wednesday, and another adjournment was ordered, Mr. Vaughan intimating his intention of committing all the defendants for trial.—At the Leeds Assizes a lad aged eleven has been convicted of the manslaughter of a child two years and a half old, whose dead body was found in a wood where the two had been seen together. He has been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, and five years in a Reformatory—Two executions for wife murder took place on Tuesday, the one at Leicester and the other at Stafford. The culprit at the first named place on being taken to the condemned cell complained that his sentence was not being carried out, as the judge had ordered him to be "taken to the place from whence he came."—A soldier belonging to the 4th Regiment of Dragoons, stationed at Dundalk, has been murdered, and a Militiaman named Buckley has been arrested on suspicion of being the assassin. On Tuesday some comrades of the deceased escaped from barracks, and scoured the streets in a state of great excitement, the constabulary being quite unable to keep them in



WITH THE RUSSIANS—GIURGEVO FROM RUSTCHUK

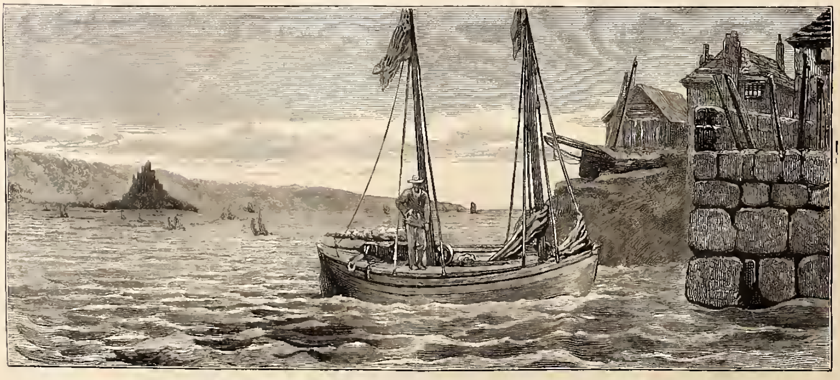


THROWING UP SHELTER TRENCHES JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE OF ESHEK-KHALIAN, JUNE 21



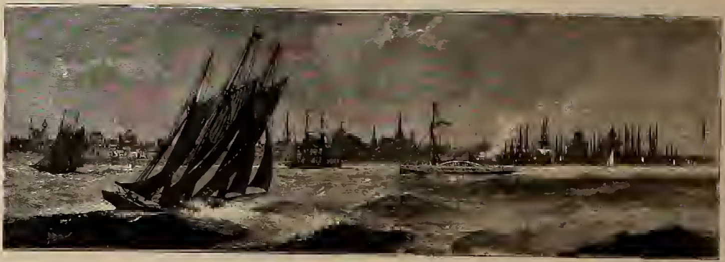
THE POSITIONS OF TURKISH TROOPS COVERING OLTI, JUNE 12

WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA

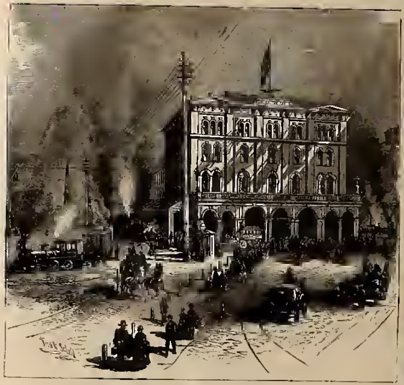


THE "NEW BEDFORD," WHALING BOAT OF 1½ TON, IN WHICH CAPT. AND MRS. CRAPO CROSSED THE ATLANTIC

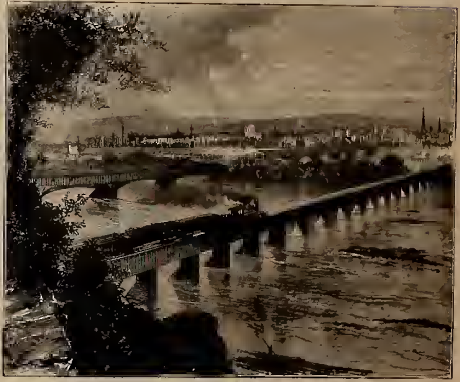
SKETCHED IN MOUNT'S BAY, CORNWALL



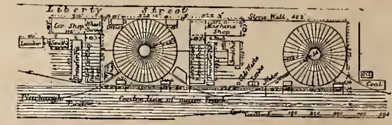
ERIE



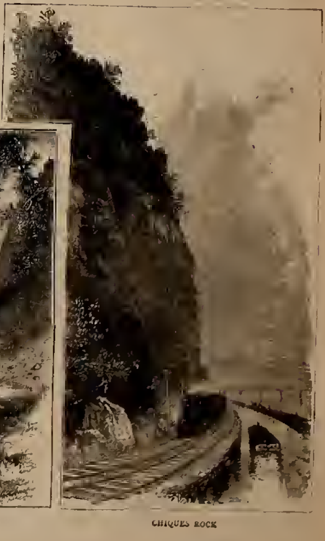
RAILWAY TERMINUS, PITTSBURG

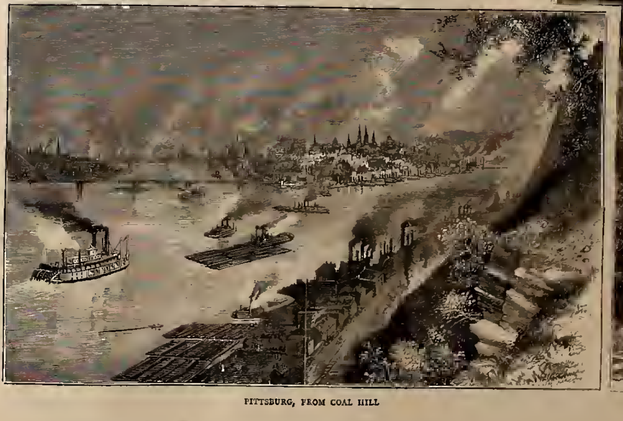


HARRISBURG


Liberty Street
Stone Wall
Car Shop
Wheel Barn
Office
Machine Shop
Lumber
Old Waste
Coal
Pittsburgh
Centre line of main track

ROUND HOUSE, PITTSBURG, WHERE THE TROOPS WERE BESIEGED BY THE RIOTERS





PITTSBURG, FROM COAL HILL

CHIQUES ROCK

THE RAILWAY STRIKE IN THE UNITED STATES—VIEWS ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY check. They were, however, ultimately persuaded to return to barracks, to which the regiment is for the present confined, as a counter-demonstration is apprehended.

◆

CATTLE PLAGUE COMPENSATION.——The sum of 4*l.* per head is the maximum that is recommended by the Cattle Plague Committee to be given as compensation to the owners of cattle that are slaughtered by direction of Government authorities.

THE CAXTON CELEBRATION.——An interesting volume, containing four fac-similes of examples from William Caxton's press at Westminster, has been published by Mr. F. C. Price, fac-similist to the British Museum. The impression is privately printed for subscribers only, and is limited to 125 copies. The fac-similes are prefixed by a memoir of Caxton, and are accompanied by a copy of the drawing in the MS. of the *Dictes and Sayengis* in the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, with reasons for considering the "figure in black" an authentic portrait of Caxton.

AN INGENIOUS SAFEGUARD AGAINST BURGLARS has been adopted in New York. The door of a house is fitted with a contrivance, which, immediately on the lock being tampered with, gives a signal at the neighbouring police-station. The thieves are quite unaware of the trick, and are thus speedily caught in the act. An equally ingenious apparatus is used in some warehouses as a fire-alarm. A small thermometer is hung in the warehouse, and should a fire occur, the material in the thermometer rises, rings a bell at the fire-station, and gives the alarm.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.——We have received from Messrs. Stollwerck Brothers, of Cologne, a little box containing life-size wax models of the insect in all stages of its existence, from the egg to the fully developed beetle. They are excellent imitations, and are certainly well calculated to impress the dullest of minds with a correct notion of this dangerous pest. The models are formed after living specimens found at Mulheim, and they have been ordered in large quantities by the German, Saxon, and Austrian Governments for distribution throughout those countries to agriculturists, farmers, schools, custom house officers, &c. The Agricultural Department of our own Privy Council Office have also expressed their approbation of Messrs. Stollwerck's models, which we certainly warmly recommend to the notice of farmers and all interested in agricultural pursuits.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries, in 3 vols.

A THING OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. ALEXANDER FRASER.
ANNETTE. By the Author of "St. Olave's."
WINSTOWE. By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS.
MRS. ARTHUR. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE. By GEORGE MACDONALD.
ONLY A LOVE STORY. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY, Author of "Glencairn." 3 vols. [Next week.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

A SECOND EDITION of MRS. OLIPHANT'S NEW NOVEL, "CARITA," is in the press, and will be READY IN A FEW DAYS.
NEW NOVEL BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CARITA.
By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. Three volumes.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

THE LIFE OF COUNT CAVOUR. Translated from the French by M. CHARLES DE MAZADE. Demy 8vo, 16s.

AUGUSTIN COCHIN. By COUNT DE FALLOUX, of the French Academy. Translated from the French by AUGUSTUS CRAVEN. Large crown 8vo. [Next week.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN'S NEW POEM.
LESZKO, THE BASTARD. A Tale of Polish Grief. By ALFRED AUSTIN. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

FOREIGN POLICY.
ENGLAND AND THE EASTERN QUESTION. By the Right Hon. Lord ROBERT MONTAGU, M.P. Demy 8vo, 14s. Second Edition, with Additions.

CRITICAL MISCELLANIES. Second Series. By JOHN MORLEY. France in the Eighteenth Century—Robespierre—Turgot—Death of Mr. Mill—Mr. Mill on Religion—On Popular Culture—Macaulay. Demy 8vo, cloth, 14s.

CASTLE ST. ANGELO. By W. W. STORY. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d. Uniform with "Roba di Roma."

MR. TROLLOPE'S NEW NOVEL.
THE AMERICAN SENATOR. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 3 vols.

CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

THE ART JOURNAL
For AUGUST (price 2s. 6d.) contains the following
LINE ENGRAVINGS:—
I. THE YOUNG MOTHER. After C. W. COPE.
II. UNDER THE OLD FIR-TREE. After Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.
III. THE WIDOW'S CRUSE. After J. ADAMS-ACTON.
LITERARY CONTENTS:—
Norway. Chap. VIII. By R. T. Pritchett, F.S.A. Illust.
The Art of Dressing and of being Dressed. Chapter I. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A.
Use of Animal Forms in Ornamental Art. Chapter IV. By F. E. Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. Illust.
Royal Academy Exhibition.
Symbols of the Seasons and Months Represented in Early Art. By the Rev. C. Boutell, M.A. Illus.
The Works of John W. Casilear. Illus.
Scenery of the Pacific Railway. By W. H. Rideing. Illustrated.
Art at Home and Abroad, Obituary, Reviews, &c.
London: VIRTUE and CO. (Limited), Ivy Lane, and all Booksellers.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S POPULAR LIBRARY.
NEW VOLUMES. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. each.

IN THE SILVER AGE. By Holme Lee.

CHRONICLES OF DUSTYPORE: a Tale of Anglo-Indian Society. By H. S. CUNNINGHAM, Author of "Wheat and Tares."
NEW VOLUMES. Pictorial Boards, 2s. each.

A GARDEN OF WOMEN. By Sarah TYTLER, Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline."

PENRUDDOCKE. By Hamilton Aide.

ISEULTE. By the Author of "Vera," "The Hotel du Petit St. Jean."
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

Now Ready (One Shilling), No. 212.
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for AUGUST. With Illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER and FRANK DICKSEE.
CONTENTS:—
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. (With an Illustration.) Chap. XLIV.—Hermetically Sealed. XLV.—Conviction. XLVI.—Vain Zeal. XLVII.—Cadmeian Victory.
Amalfi, Pæstum, Capri.
A Study of Lower Life.
"Royal and Noble" Gossip.
Folk-Dirges.
The Veterans of the Grand Army meeting Napoleon's Ashes from St. Helen.
François Villon, Student, Poet, and Housebreaker.
Carità. (With an Illustration). Chap. XLIII.—The Worse Scrape of All. XLIV.—Clearing Up. XLV.—Conclusion.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps.
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY.
"An excellent *exposé* of the absurdities of homœopathy. Its arguments are unanswerable."—*Bath Journal.*
Same Author, seventh edition, post free 32 stamps.
ON CHRONIC ERUPTIONS. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic, Mercury, and other reputed specifics.
Also, cloth, post free, 35 stamps.
AFFECTIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS AND OF THE SKIN. Clinical Observations, Cases, and Commentaries.
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES upon the Principles of Stœchiological Medicine, by
JOHN FRANCIS CHURCHILL, M.D.,
With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stœchiological Inhalants. And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Heslop, Sterling, Bird, Santa Maria, Gomer, Maestre, Parigot, Reinrillier, Gairer, Leriverend, Denobele, Feldman, Pfeiffer, Vintras, Bougard, Tirifahy, Lanri, Fabbri, Panegrossi, Cerasi, Gualdi, Todini, Ascenri, Regnoli, Valentini, Casali, Blasi, Borromeo, Fiorelli, and Fedeli.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 2s.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS. New Library Edition, crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth, 6s.

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.

SONGS FOR SAILORS.
Cloth gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.
Paper wrapper, 1s.
HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill; and 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory, NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

JEWEL ROBBERIES. — CHUBB'S SAFES for JEWELS give the greatest security from the attacks of burglars, and are also Fire Resisting. All sizes, with various fittings. Chubb's Latches and Detector Locks. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria Street, St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
3½ inch ivory, per doz.	15s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
3½ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
3¾ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	7s. 6d.
3¾ inch ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	9s. 6d
4 inch fine ivory, per doz.	34s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.
WALL LIGHTS AND LUSTRES.
CHANDELIERS IN BRONZE AND ORMOLU.
KEROSENE AND OTHER LAMPS
FOR INDIA AND HOME USE.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS
AND NEWEST DESIGNS.
ORNAMENTAL GLASS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN.
BIRMINGHAM: Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad St.
LONDON: Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SER-VICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
MESSENGER and SONS, Manufacturers of Chandeliers, Gas Fittings, and Lamps of every description beg to give notice of their removal from 73, Hatton Garden, to 51, Holborn Viaduct, London.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.
Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.
Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,
CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,
BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR
UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.
Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112 Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

SALE at PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.
THE MOURNING WAREHOUSE.
According to Annual Custom
ALL GOODS HAVE BEEN REDUCED TO HALF-PRICE.
The Sale will continue during the Month of July.

GREAT BARGAINS are SELLING in JACKETS, MANTLES, FICHUS.

COSTUMES in SILK, COSTUMES in MATERIAL.

COSTUMES for DINNER, COS-TUMES for EVENING.

MILLINERY, PARASOLS, COL-LARS, and TIES.

BLACK SILKS, reduced from 4s. 9d. to 3s. 6d., and every quality in proportion.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES, reduced from 6½ to 4½ guineas, and every quality in proportion.

SEVERAL FRENCH MODELS, cost-ing in Paris 29 guineas, reduced to 12 and 14 guineas.

DUST CLOAKS, reduced to 8s. 9d.

CLOTH JACKETS, reduced to 25s. 6d.

SILK JACKETS, reduced to 40s.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS, reduced to 3 guineas.

SEALSKIN JACKETS, Semi-fitting, 33 inches long, reduced to 9 guineas.

DRESS LENGTHS, ODD LENGTHS, and REMNANTS will be cleared at nominal prices.

MOURNING ORDERS during the SALE will receive the usual prompt and careful attention.

MADE-UP ARTICLES, MILLI-NERY, &c., forwarded free of extra charge to all parts of England.

PETER ROBINSON, 256 to 262, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

GASK and GASK'S
New TRAVELLING and YACHTING COSTUMES, made of the new Vigona cloths, autumn serges, &c., from quite new and elegant Paris models, trimmed with the fashionable galon or mohair fringes, at prices from 1 guinea to 5½ gs.
Sealskin and Fur-lined Cloaks are being Sold at the Lowest Summer Prices.
58 to 63, Oxford Street; 1 to 5, Wells Street.

GASK and GASK'S SALE.—Fresh Reduction. Being determined to clear off all their surplus stock at once, the SALE will be CONTINUED for a short time, at
Exceedingly low prices.
PARIS COSTUMES, Lyons Silks, French and English Dress Fabrics, Paris Mantles and Jackets, Indian and China Silks, Summer Hosiery, French Kid and Silk Gloves, Juvenile Garments, Paris Millinery, Ladies' Underclothing, Laces, Frillings, &c. All are now marked at the lowest possible sale prices. Patterns free.
58 to 63, Oxford Street; 1 to 5, Wells Street.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

JOHNSTON'S (THE OLD HOUSE)
CORN FLOUR
IS THE BEST.
"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, sold in ½ lb. and 1 lb. packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

NEW YORK.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL PRIZE MEDAL.
FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF** WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality.

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their
CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

SAMUEL CANTOR,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN SPONGES AND INDIA RUBBER,
40, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, W.C.
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the DETERGENT POWDER, which thoroughly cleanses Brushes and Sponge without injuring them.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of the Remains of
BAKER'S STOCK, of BRIGHTON.
The last and final portion of this Stock has now been further reduced, and will be sold in large and small lots, and contains a quantity of useful things, including 10,000 Wall Screens at 3s. 9d. the dozen, 1,000 Japanese Fans at 1s. 6d. the dozen, 10,000 yards Swiss Embroidery at 1s. 9d., 2s. 8d., 3s. 7d., and 4s. 6d. the dozen.
2,000 dozen cheap Pocket Handkerchiefs, ladies, children, and gentlemen, of which single handkerchiefs can be sent as samples for stamps, with 1d. extra for postage.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of Black and Coloured Silks, at Reduced Prices.
The New Figured Mikado Silks, 8¾d. and 13¾d. yd.
Yokohama Silks, 1s. 6½d.; former price, 1s. 11¾d.
7,500 yards Coloured Damaseen, 3s. 9½d. a yard.
Figured Japanese Silks (all Colours), 1s. 5d. and 1s. 10d.; former prices, 1s. 11½d. and 2s. 3½d.
50,000 yards of Coloured Dress Silks, in all the latest shades, 2s. 10d. the yard.
Rich Colours, Lyons Silk, 3s. 9½d.; former price, 4s. 11½d.
Immense quantities of Plain and Fancy Japanese Silk, 4¾d. to 1s. 0½d. the yard.
Black Silks, 1s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 2s. 6½d.
Black Silks, 2s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 3s. 9½d.
Rich Corded Silk, 3s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 4s. 11d.
The Princess Silk, very rich, 4s. 11d.; former price, 5s. 9d. To this quality we invite special attention, as it is a first-class Silk at a low price.
The Gros Grain Silk, 5s. 6d. per yard; former price, 6s. 11d.
Any Silk Patterns free on application.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of 500,000 yards of all kinds of DRESS FABRICS, marked in plain red figures, at Reduced Prices.
With the Sale of Mr. W. T. Baker's Stock, 57, King's Road, Brighton, our entire Dress Stock will be reduced.
Washing Check Mohairs, 4½d.; usual price, 8¾d.
The Basket Cloth, 7¾d. a yard.
15,000 yards of Bege, in neutral shades, 8¾d.; usual price, 1s. 2¾d. A wonderfully cheap lot.
Coloured Russell Cords, 6¾d. yard, 29 in. wide, very cheap.
Scarboro' Twills, 9¾d.; a Job Lot, considerably under value.
Matelasse Bêges, 8¾d.; very durable and cheap.
750 yards Serge, for Bathing Dresses, 6d. a yard, 26 in. wide.
Serges for Country and Seaside Wear, 8¾d., 10¾d., 1s. 3½d. plain and Matelassé.
NEW GOODS FOR COUNTRY WEAR.
Estamene Serges, in dark colours, 1s. 4½d. and 1s. 6½d. a yard.
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 4½d., New Autumn Shades.
The "Scarboro" Serge, 1s. 0½d.; the "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d.; "Snowflakes," prices 8¾d., 1s. 1d., and 1s. 6½d.
The "Derby" Matelassé, Autumn Shades, 1s. 2d.
8,000 yards Rich Silk Lustres, 11½d.
French Matelassé Bège, all wool, 1s. 3d.
Silk Poplins, all colours, 1s. 8d. a yard.
5,000 yards Black Check Grenadines, 4¾d. yard.
Black Glacé Stripe Grenadine, 6¾d.
75,000 yards Black Glace Grenadines, 4s. 6d. a dozen yards (a cheap dress for warm weather).
50,000 yards of Black French Cashmere, full 48 in. wide, 2s. 9½d.; splendid value.
"Special" Black Cords, 1s. 0½d., 1s. 3½d., and 1s. 6½d. a yard; any dress patterns post free.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
OF FASHIONABLE COSTUMES, &c.,
at Reduced Prices.
Washing Costumes, with Polonaise, 8s. 11d. each; Seaside Costumes, in all new and useful Textures of Cambric, Tussor, Galatea, Linen, and other Washing Fabrics, at 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s. 9d., 16s. 9d., and 21s.; Light Serge Costumes for Seaside and Country Wear, 29s. 6d.; Travelling and Tourists' Costumes of all kinds, 16s. to 50s. Promenade Costumes in all Shades, richly trimmed with galloon and fringe, 25s. 6d.
Girls' Costumes, in Mixed and Washing Fabrics, at a reduction of 30 and 40 per cent.
With large lots of Oddments in Children's Frocks, Petticoats, Ladies' Skirts, Stays, and Underclothing at reduced prices. Costume Photographs post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE,
at Reduced Prices, of MUSLIN CURTAINS, WASHING FABRICS, HOUSEHOLD LINENS, QUILTS, COUNTERPANES, &c.
Muslin, Lace, or Leno Curtains, 3 yards long, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. the pair; 3½ yards long, 6s. 11d., 8s. 11d., and 9s. 11d.; and 4 yards long, 9s. 11d. to 18s. 9d.
White Honeycomb Quilts, 2¼ yards long, 5s. 6d.; 2½ yards long, 7s. 6d.; and 2¾ yards long, 9s. 6d.
White Satin Striped Seraphines, 4¾d. to 10¾d. yd.
Check and Striped Galateas, 4¾d., 6¾d., 8¾d., 11½d.
The New Brighton Honeycomb, for Dresses, &c., 4¾d.
A lot of Foulards will be sold at 4¾d. a yard.
Brown Irish Hollands, 6¾d., 7¾d., 8¾d., 10¾d., 1s. 0½d.
Patterns and Samples of all kinds post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
VELVET CARPETS, &c.
EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862: DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

HEALTHY SKIN.
PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,
PURE, FRAGRANT, AND DURABLE.
THE BEST FOR TOILET, NURSERY, OR FOR SHAVING.
Invariably used by the
PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND CHILDREN.
Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

ANNUAL SALE OF

SURPLUS SUMMER STOCK.

Patterns and Illustrations Free. Detailed Circular forwarded on application to 103 to 108, Oxford St. London, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, having just concluded the purchase (in Paris) of Forty Thousand Metres of extra Rich Coloured Silks, is selling the same at unexampled prices. The shades are of the most distingué character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of Silks ever submitted. Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE. In addition to the above a large purchase of the Richest Figured Silks is now being offered at 5s 6d. per yard, amongst which will be found the most choice shades of White, Bronze, Tilleul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, has purchased the Model Silk Dresses of Messrs. Pingat, Grange et Marcenties, E. Pasquier, F. Canivet, Barutel and Dennery of Paris, and the same are now on Sale at less than half-price. These Costumes are of the richest possible description, which will easily be understood by a glance at the names of the Artistes from whom they were purchased.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE. Fancy Dress Materials in every variety of Fabric, 10s. 6d. to 47s the Dress. Rich Summer Grenadines and other light Fabrics, In White, Black, and Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS. This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR

SCARBOROUGH SERGES (all wool), at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free. In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES, 45 inches wide, 17s 6d the Dress. Patterns free. The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street. Beige and Matalasse Costumes, 38s. 6d. Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 3 guineas. Micado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE. Several important purchases of MANTLES AND JACKETS in Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet, at very low prices. A large Stock of Cashmere and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas. The Seal Fur Jackets, &c., will be sold very cheap.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

Established in Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine

BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are invited to inspect, at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.

These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.

Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY. Property of the French Government.

CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.

HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water

GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.

HOPITAL—For stomach complaints, &c.

VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.

CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

PURE AERATED WATERS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—Crystal Springs. Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and for Gout, Lithia and Potass. Corks branded "R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Trade Mark. Sold everywhere, and wholesale of R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales. LONDON AGENTS W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta Street Cavendish Square.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing, and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d per box; post free, 2s. 8d
E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

BRIGHTON.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED, from July next, a COTTAGE RESIDENCE charmingly situated in one of the healthiest parts of the town. It consists of 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, two of which contain sleeping accommodation for two, small garden, good services of gas and water, with excellent out offices, the whole forming a well furnished residence for a small family; to be let on very reasonable terms for a short or long period.—Apply to Messrs. TOPLIS and ROBERTS, House Agents, 91, Thurloe Place, opposite the South Kensington Museum, South Kensington, S.W.

BRUXELLES.—An English Lady is desirous of receiving into her Family a LADY or Two LADIES to share the expenses of Housekeeping.—For terms, &c., address to Mrs. B., 87, Rue de l'Arbre Bénit, Bruxelles.

A LADY may find a comfortable and cheerful HOME in the House of a Widow Lady. A large Front Room, as Bed and Sitting Room if required.—Apply at CHAPMAN'S LIBRARY, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each
Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

JAY'S SEASON SALE,
BONNET'S BLACK SILKS at Cost Prices.
FRENCH MILLE RAYE SILKS, 2s. per yard.
BLACK SILK COSTUMES, 4½ guineas each, with Silk for unmade Bodice.
HALF-MOURNING SILK COSTUMES, 4½ guineas each, with Silk for unmade Bodice.
ROBES PRINCESSE, 6½ guineas each.
FETES ET CEREMONIES—Rich Paris Model Costumes, late 42 guineas, reduced to 14½ guineas each.
RICH PARASOLS, from 8s 6d each.

MILLINERY.
French Pattern Bonnets and Hats (assortis aux Costumes).
SEASIDE HATS.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.
CLOTH JACKETS, from 7s. 6d. each.
GRENADINE MANTLES, from 1 guinea each
CASHMERE MANTLES, from 1½ guineas each.
SHAWLS, from 5s 6d. each.
FUR-LINED, FUR-TRIMMED, and VELVET MANTLES, worth buying for next winter wear.

BLACK DEPARTMENT.
MODEL FRENCH COSTUMES, at nominal prices.
FRENCH GRENADINES, 9d. per yard.
DAMASSE ALPACAS, 1s per yard.
BAREGE COSTUMES, 2½ guineas each, with material for Bodice unmade.

HOSIERY, &c.
FRENCH BLACK KID GLOVES, Patent Welts, 1s. 11d. per pair.
SUMMER COTTON HOSE, 1s. 9d per pair, late 2s. 6d.
IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, 8s. 6d per doz.
SCARVES, PETTICOATS, DRESSING GOWNS, and FICHUS, at half the usual cost.

GREY DEPARTMENT.
COSTUMES, at 2½ guineas, late 4½ guineas.
SEASIDE and TRAVELLING DRESSES, 2½ guineas, late 4 guineas.
EXCELLENT WOOLLEN MATERIALS, at 1s. 3d. per yd.
BLACK TULLE EVENING DRESSES, a little out of condition, £1 8s 6d, late £3 3s.

As the above-named super-abundant Stock is limited in quantity, Messrs. JAY cannot guarantee a supply of individual articles during a continuance of the sale, nor can they send on approbation goods which are specially reduced for the occasion.

MOURNING ORDERS.

MESSRS. JAY beg to announce that this Sale will in no way interfere with the execution of MOURNING ORDERS, nor with their Dressmaking or other general business. The ordinary staff of assistants will be employed for the performance of these usual duties.
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD.—Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

SCHOOL of MEDICINE for WOMEN.—Two ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, of the value of £30 and £20 respectively, will be awarded, after a COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION in ARTS, to be held on the 1st of OCTOBER, 1877.—For further particulars apply to Mrs. THORNE, Hon. Sec., at the School, 30, Henrietta St., Brunswick Square, W.C.

MALVERN. — HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The compressed air-bath, important remedy in chest diseases. Situate near the Hills. Extensive Grounds, Winter Garden, and Billiard Room.—Resident physicians: C. F. Grindrod and E. Durant.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, 48 and 49, Great Ormond Street, W.C., and Cromwell House, Highgate.
Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
The Committee very earnestly SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS towards the current expenses of the Hospital. 152 Beds are maintained—viz., 100 Beds at the Hospital, and 52 Beds at the Convalescent Branch at Cromwell House, Highgate. Upwards of 1,000 Out-patients are seen weekly at Great Ormond Street.
The Charity is not endowed, but depends entirely on voluntary support
JOHN WALTER, Esq., M.P., Chairman.
SAMUEL WHITFORD, Secretary.
Bankers—Williams, Deacons, and Co.;
Messrs. Hoare; Messrs. Herries.

CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY. Patron—The QUEEN
The object of this Society is the improvement of the condition of the poor—(1) by bringing about co-operation between the Charities and the Poor Law, and amongst the Charities; (2) by securing due investigation and fitting action in all cases; and (3) by repressing mendicity.
Committees (38) have been established throughout London.
CONTRIBUTIONS towards the expenses of the Council can be paid at the Central Office, 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi; or to Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand, W.C. Contributions for the poorer District Committees can be paid to the District Committee Aid Fund of the Council.
CHARLES S. LOCH, Secretary.
C. J. RIBTON-TURNER, Organising Secretary.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60 Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers

Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.

DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS:

REPRODUCED BY THE

AUTOTYPE PROCESS

FROM THE

ORIGINALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

With Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"This splendid volume. . . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine taste. . . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. In two cases, minute gradations of light and shade are so well rendered that most people would pronounce the photographs hardly inferior to the originals. Of the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value. Such criticism is rare in any country, but it is particularly uncommon in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—Sweet Scents.
FOUR CADEAUX.
Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Lign-Aloe, White Rose, Psidium, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 in a case, 7s.
Sold by fashionable druggists in all parts of the world.
Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S Pistachio-Nut SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration. 2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, W.

AFTER DRYDEN.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The 'Pickwick,' 'Owl,' and 'Waverley' were named,
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.
These points united with attractions new
Have yielded other boons, the 'Phaeton' and 'Hindoo.'"

WAVERLEY PEN.
OWL PEN.

PICKWICK PEN.
HINDOO PEN

1,200 Newspapers recommend them. See *Graphic*, Feb 20, 1875
Sold everywhere. 1s. per box. Post, 1s. 1d.
Patentees: MACNIVEN and CAMERON,
23 to 33, Blair St., Edinburgh.

AUTOMATIC ACTION

A SPECIALITY

of the

NEW WILLCOX AND GIBBS SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

ALL DIFFICULTIES are removed by means of **SELF-ACTING DEVICES.**

PERFECT WORK is secured, even at the hands of Beginners.

AUTOMATIC TENSION.

THIS

WONDERFUL INVENTION requires no care from the operator,
IS ALWAYS IN ORDER,
IS PERFECT IN ACTION,
IS STRICTLY SELF-REGULATING,
GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

THE

NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS has many other Automatic Features, viz.:—
SELF-ACTING THREAD PULL-OFF,
SELF-REGISTERING STITCH-INDICATOR,
SELF-HELPING FEED,
SELF-DETERMINING GUIDE TABLE (for Needle, Thread, and Stitch),
SELF-ADJUSTING NEEDLE,
SELF-CONTROLLING WHEEL-BRAKE.

BOBBIN and SHUTTLE are Obsolete, for the
NEW AUTOMATIC makes the
ONLY TRUE LOCK-STITCH. Its Work
ALONE has ALL the characteristics of the COMPLETE LOCK. Its Seam is self-fastening, both at the beginning and end, and every stitch is securely locked; yet it can be unlocked and removed when necessary—a great advantage in the alteration and remaking of wearing apparel.

THE

NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS is
PEERLESS IN
ITS SIMPLICITY,
ITS ELEGANCE,
ITS LIGHTNESS,
ITS CLEANLINESS,
ITS SPEED,
ITS SILENCE,
ITS DURABILITY.
IT is the most Elegant, Appropriate, and Useful of Presents.

FREE TRIAL for One Month in
YOUR OWN HOME. Carriage paid.
Price Lists post free.

WILLCOX and GIBBS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, New York

CHIEF OFFICE for EUROPE, 150, Cheapside, E.C., London.

WEST-END BRANCH, 135, Regent Street, W.

MANCHESTER, 16, Cross Street (Royal Exchange)

GLASGOW, 113, Union Street.

BRIGHTON, 32, New Road (facing North Street)

CANTERBURY, 15, Mercery Lane.

CERTIFIED AGENTS in all TOWNS.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

NO MORE COSMETICS.—Dr. OURANI'S HEALTH SOAP (Registered) removes all freckles, blotches, pimples, &c., and renders the skin beautifully white and soft. 6d. per tablet (by post, 8d.), 5s. per box of 12.—Carriage free of MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, Clapham, London.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR cools and refreshes the face and hands of ladies and all exposed to the scorching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust. It eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, stings of insects, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is invaluable to Ladies travelling, visiting the seaside, yachting, rinking, or otherwise exposed to the heat and dust of summer; it obviates the baneful effects of salt water on the complexion and skin. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers at 4s 6d. and 8s 6d. per bottle. Buy no Kalydor but Rowland's.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and
SCALPS, from 35s.
47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair Department for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Frizzy ditto, Chignons, Plaits, Coils, Coronets, Cachepeignes, and covered Stems in all shades of colour to suit the present fashion. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S TOILET GEM.—This elegant and fragrant preparation is universally in high repute for its unprecedented success during the last thirty years; it promotes the growth and restoration of the human Hair, improving and beautifying the same, while it prevents the hair from falling off or turning grey. By imparting strength to the capillary vessels in the region of the hair-bulb the hair is preserved to the latest period of life. The use of the Gem in early life is attended with the happiest effects. Price 3s., 4s. 6d., 6s., and 10s. Forwarded on receipt of stamps.—F. BROWNE, No. 47, Fenchurch Street, City.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S TONIC LOTION for LADIES.—Used for thickening the hair at the roots, near the partings; also for reproducing the hair on bald places. By the application of this Lotion eyebrows have been restored. From 3s 6d., 5s 6d., 10s 6d., 21s., and 42s. Forwarded on receipt of stamps.—47, Fenchurch Street

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from face and arms without injury. 3s 6d. Sent post free, carefully packed, for 54 stamps by Alex. Ross

WALLER'S SCURF SPECIFIC, an infallible remedy for DANDRIFF, in whatever form it may assume on the head. 2s 6d. per pot, or forwarded by post in wood boxes on receipt of 3s. 6d. in stamps.
W. WALLER, 86, Camden Road, London, N.W.

LADIES who SAVE the COMBINGS of their HAIR can have them properly prepared, the roots turned, and made up by a process perfected by W. Waller, and returned post free at 3s 6d. per oz.—W. WALLER, Court Hairdresser, 86, Camden Road, N.W.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.—This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACIATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. Price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—Post free of MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, Clapham, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 80, Southwark St., London.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION
Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale, 80, Southwark Street, London

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says: "Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 80, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877.—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.
N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. WALDTEUFEL'S NEWEST WALTZ

AU REVOIR WALTZ. Par EMILE WALDTEUFEL (Composer of the celebrated "Manolo Waltz"). The above new Waltz will most certainly become very popular. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE RANELAGH GAVOTTE for the Pianoforte. By J. Meredith Ball. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s. 6d. net.—CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

LA FIANCÉE POLKA. By J. Meredith Ball. Performed nightly by the Orchestra of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. Leybach. In 2 vols., price 6s each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE SINGING QUADRILLE.—Music for Piano. By Cotsford Dick.—"Another publication which proves that Messrs. Cocks cater for all sorts, conditions, and ages of men and women. This 'Singing' Quadrille is founded on popular nursery rhymes, and great will be the fun in many a happy home among joyous lads and lasses when they are introduced to its merry measures."—Vide *Buxton Advertiser*. Post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

AWAKE! A new and very pleasing Song. By Stephen Adams. Post free for 18 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

UNFORGOTTEN DAYS and SO FAR AWAY, two new and good Songs by J. Roeckel. Post free for 18 stamps each.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

MULLER'S MAY DAY. Transcribed for the Piano by William Smallwood. This theme makes a most effective pianoforte piece. Post free for 18 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

THY VOICE IS NEAR. W. T. Wrighton. Transcribed for Pianoforte by Frederick Lemoine, and published this day. Post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

FAR AWAY. Miss M. Lindsay. Transcribed for Pianoforte by Frederic Lemoine, and published this day. Post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.
Order everywhere

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by Percy Fitzgerald, adapted to Muller's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss), the New Waltz by Otto Muller, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half-price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

NEW SONGS. By Berthold Tours.
Stay, Sweet Swallow.
Love and Time.
One Love Alone.
The Miner.
Only Love Can Tell.
The Charms that I Sing.
Post free 2s each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford St.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.
THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.
The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also Illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20—GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. Pianoforte Tutor.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.
Part 1 PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2 VOCAL.
Part 3 HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4 VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5 FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent post free to any part of the World.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ROCKSTRO'S REMINISCENCES of the HANDEL FESTIVAL.

1. Messiah	4s.
2. Miscellaneous Selection	4s.
3. Israel in Egypt	4s.

Each Number of the Reminiscence of the Handel Festival is published with an authentic Portrait of the great Composer, from an engraving in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, after the picture by Hudson, 1749.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4 0
Piano Duet	4 0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4 0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4 0
Cynthia. Serenade	4 0
Souvenir de Bal	4 0
Air Danois	4 0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by Walter Macfarren. 48 Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE WAGONER. Second Edition. "The Song of the Season." Sung by Mr. Santley. Music by W. T. Wrighton, words by Edward Oxenford. "Contains all the elements of a great success; easy, very melodious, and joyous. The best of modern Baritone Songs." In two keys. Post free 24 stamps.
London: SIMPSON and CO., 33, Argyll St., Regent St., W.

ELEGANT JEWELLERY

LONDON AND RYDER
invite inspection of their New Stock, as characterised by "Good Taste" and sterling excellence.
BRIDESMAIDS' LOCKETS, WEDDING PRESENTS, COURT DIAMONDS.
Diamond Ornaments in great variety charged at prices consistent with reliable value. Necklaces, Head Ornaments, Earrings, Crosses, Pendants, Lockets, Solitaires, Bracelets, &c.
Recipients of the only Medal awarded for "General Good Taste" at the International Exhibition.
THE DIAMONDS OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK ON SALE.
Indian Cats' Eye Rings, worn as a talisman to avert evil or misfortune.
LONDON and RYDER, Goldsmiths and Jewellers, 17, New Bond Street.
(Corner of Clifford Street, opposite Long's Hotel).

WEDDING and Birthday Presents, at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly, London.
Polished Brass Table Ornaments of special designs.
Sets for the Writing Table and Boudoir, 21s. to £5.

Envelope Cases,	21s. to £5	Jewel Cases,	21s. to £5
Inkstands,	5s. to £5	Glove Boxes,	10s 6d to £2
Despatch Boxes,	21s. to £6	Handkerchief Boxes,	10s. to £2
Writing Cases,	10s. 6d. to £5	Caskets,	15s. to £5
Candlesticks (per pr.)	12s. to £3	Flower Vases,	21s. to £5
Candelabra,	42s. to £5	Jardinièces (per pr.)	42s. to £5
Work Boxes,	15s. to £5	Card Trays,	21s. to £5

And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese, and Parisian NOVELTIES, for PRESENTS, from 5s. to £5.

RODRIGUES' DRESSING BAGS for TRAVELLING, with silver and plated fittings, from £3 3s. to £50; Hand Bags, Waist Bags, Carriage Bags, and Bags of all kinds, at very moderate prices.—42, Piccadilly.

PORTRAIT Albums at Rodrigues', with patent leather guards, interleaved for vignette and cabinet portraits, from 10s. 6d. to £5. Rodrigues' new Easel Album. Regimental and Presentation Albums.—42, Piccadilly.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.
PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."
In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.
All Music sent post free at half-price.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S NAAMAN.
Vocal Score, complete, Octavo Edition. 4s. net.
Do. do. bound in cloth 6s. net.
All the numbers of "Naaman" can also be had separately, including the celebrated Aria, "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," 3s.; and the Triumphal March, "Naaman," as Piano Solo, 3s.; Piano Duet, 3s.; and also as Organ Solo, with Pedal, 3s.

SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S WORKS for the PIANOFORTE, In two vols. Cheap Edition now ready, including the celebrated Toccata, Scherzo, op. 13; Capriccio, op. 27; Three Sketches, &c. Price 6s. net each vol.; or, bound, cloth, 8s. net.

HENRY FARMER'S NEW VIOLIN SOLO

SWISS AIR and GENTLE ZITELLA.
Also,
HOME, SWEET
BLUE BELLS
HOPE TOLD A
KEEL ROW
LAST ROSE OF
LIFE LET US
HARP THAT ONCE
SOUNDS SO JOYFUL
With Pianoforte Accompaniment, 3s each; post free, 1s. 6d.

HENRY FARMER'S NEW PIANOFORTE TUTOR. 500th Edition. Price 4s. "This is decidedly the most useful and best instruction book for the pianoforte we have seen." All Music post free at half-price.

SHALL I WEAR A WHITE ROSE? New Song. By Emily Farmer. Poetry by Savill Clarke. This charming song is now being sung by Madame Tirbrill at her Provincial Concerts with perfect success. Published in E flat and G for Soprano or Contralto. Post free, 24 stamps.

VERY SUSPICIOUS! H. Clifton's renowned Semi-Comic Duet for Lady and Gentleman, introducing popular songs. Also, the Medley Duet, "Love and Pride." "Just the thing for penny readings and amateur concerts." Either sent free, 24 stamps, by JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

ROBINSON CRUSOE! H. Clifton's enormously popular Comic Medley. Humorously Illustrated. "His songs are always free from the vulgarity which is unfortunately characteristic of some modern comic songs." Lists of Clifton's Comic and Motto Songs gratis.

PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP. C. Coote. Illustrated with New Portrait of the Prince. Solo or Duet, 2s. net. The most popular piece of dance-music ever published, the sum of £1,000 odd having been realised for the copyright alone.—Sole Publisher, JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

LITTLE CLARINA'S LESSON-BOOK for the PIANO. By G. A. Macfarren. Parts 1 to 4, 2s. 6d. each; bound, 8s. "It contains all that is essential to instruct the youngest child."—*Globe.* London: JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

W. SMALLWOOD'S PIANO PIECES
Non mi Voglio. 2s. 6d.
Lena. 2s. 6d.
Mont Blanc. 2s. 6d.
She Wore a Wreath of Roses. 2s. 6d.
Rhoda. 2s. 6d.
Sweet Home. 2s. 6d.
Bochelle (Morceau Militaire). 2s. 6d.
Norma. 2s. 6d.
Ballad Singer. 2s. 6d.
Verbena. 3s.
Fern Leaves. 3s.
Festal March. 3s.
Azalea. 3s.
Elaine. 3s.
Rose Pink. 3s.
All above at half-price.

W. WEIST HILL'S LIST OF WORKS performed daily at the Alexandra Palace.
Belle of Promenade Polka. 3s.
Tu Paris Galop. 3s.
Alma Waltzes. 4s.
Son Image Waltz. 4s.
Gertrude Polka. 3s.
Madame Pompadour Gavotte. 3s.
All the above at half-price.

MY SAILOR LOVE. Words by Edward Oxenford; Music by L. Diehl. Will be an established favourite. It is a simple and catching melody, the subject also being one of a popular character. Post free, 18 6d.

ONE LITTLE WORD. A New Song. By that melodious Composer Franz Abt; the Words by E. Oxenford; and the music has the simple, plaintive character so well known and so generally admired in other works of the Composer. Net 1s. 6d.—JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.

HOBART PASHA MARCH. By Michael Watson. Just published. Splendidly Illustrated in Colours, with lifelike Portrait of this celebrity. Post free, 18 stamps.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S POPULAR PIANOFORTE PIECES.
Each post free, 18 stamps.
Explanatory Note—M.E. Moderately Easy. M.D. Moderately Difficult.
Gavotte, Favorite de Louis XIV. Thirteenth Edition. M.E.
Menuet (de Boccherini). Eleventh Edition. M.E.
Nell Gwynne (a Reminiscence of the Court of Charles II.) Third Edition. M.E.
Aurelois (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). Nineteenth Edition. M.D.
Marche au Tournoi. Fourth Edition. M.D.
Stentorello (Burla Toscana). M.D.
Bric-à-Brac, No. 1, E. Third Edition. M.D.
Chanson D'Amour. M.E.
La Lulina (Esquisse Espagnole). M.D.
Un Songe du Ciel (Thème de Bariste). M.D.
An Album Leaf (to Emilie). M.D.
Air de Ballet. Sixth Edition. M.D.
Review.—"Exquisitely quaint and captivating in originality, simplicity, and attractiveness combined. These compositions are unique."

BRINLEY RICHARDS'S NEW PIANO PIECES. Free at half-price.
A Daydream. 3s.
Der Lustige Bauer. 3s.
I Love My Love. 3s.
Manlem's Flower Song. 3s.
What Will You Do Love. 3s.
Andante Pastorale. 3s.
Ernani (Verdi). 3s.
March in Scipio. 3s.
Nazareth (Gounod). 3s.
With Verdure Clad. 3s.

J. LEYBACH'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS. Free at half-price.
L'Alsacienne Valse. 4s.
Chant du Patre. 3s.
L'Elisire d'Amour. 4s.
Pegase Galop. 4s.
Zampa (Herold). 4s.
Fête des Bergères. 3s.
Tancredi (Rossini). 4s.
Festa Romana. 4s.

HAROLD THOMAS'S NEW PIANO PIECES. Free at half-price.
Faust (Gounod). 4s.
Cuirassiers. 4s.
St. Paul. 4s.
Lohengrin. 4s.
Huguenots. 4s.
Sleigh Drive. 4s.
Hymn of Praise. 4s.
Marche Nuptiale (Gounod). 4s.

CIRO PINSUTI'S NEW and SUCCESSFUL SONGS. Free at half-price.

Fairer than Morning (Beatrice)	3s.
The Owl. In A minor and G minor. Sung by Mr. Santley	4s.
I Love My Love. In A flat and B flat. each	4s.
The Raft. In G and E. Sung by Signor Foli	4s.
Love Will Shine All Through (contralto)	3s.
What We Have Loved We Love For Ever	3s.

A LIFE'S LOVE. Signor Foli's New Song, the Poetry by Canon Kingsley, the Music by J. H. Waldeck. Free at half-price.
Also, by the same Composer:—

Peace Be Still. Sung by Signor Foli	4s.
Loved and Lost. Poetry by Miss Proctor	3s.
In the Twilight. Poetry by F. E. Weatherley	4s.
My Love is Fair. Poetry by E. J. Oliver	3s.
We Roam and Rule the Sea. W. C. Bennett	3s.

The Graphic says:—"Mr. Waldeck is evidently a good musician, and it gives us genuine pleasure to make his acquaintance; he knows how to write and writes well."

CATALOGUES of NEW PIANO SOLOS and DUETS, Popular Songs, Comic and Motto Songs, New Dance Music, sent gratis on application. Shipping Orders on favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

ROYAL WORCESTER CHINA, from the celebrated ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS, can be obtained from OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, who are also SOLE VENDORS of the CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICES (ewer, basin, &c., complete—9 pieces), from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive price lists of the same can be had post free on application.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before finally deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

DINING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZMANN and CO.—Handsome Mahogany Dining-Room Suite, consisting of a Couch, Six Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, well upholstered in best leather, price 20 guineas; Superior ditto in Oak or Spanish Mahogany, with handsome Lounge, Six Stuffed Back Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, upholstered in best leather, and finished in a superior manner, price 28 guineas; Handsome Early English and Mediæval Dining-room Suites, in Oak, consisting of a large Divan Lounge, Six Chairs, and Two Noble Easy Chairs, upholstered in best feather and finished in the best possible manner, price 35 gs.

THE SANDRINGHAM EASY CHAIR, full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable for any room, price 25s.; lady's ditto, smaller size, 21s. Also the Sandringham Couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable, price 2 guineas. Every one about to furnish should see these marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and despatched same day on receipt of order per post.

THE "NONPAREIL" Bedroom Suite, complete, 6½ guineas, superior to any hitherto produced at the price, is enamelled imitation of Amboyna, Satinwood, or any other handsome Woods—also enamelled in Drab or White ground, decorated with fine lines—any colour. Ditto, but having a larger Wardrobe with Silvered Plate Glass in door, and a marble top to washstand complete, 9 guineas.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW BLINDS and SCREENS.—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.
CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.
CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.—A quantity of ready-made carpets will be cleared out a bargain. Quotations forwarded per post upon receiving size and description required. Large-size Hearthrugs, 4s. 9d. each; super ditto, 8s. 11d.; Axminster ditto, 12s. 9d.; best Axminster ditto, 15s. 6d.—usual price, 21s.; stout Floor Cloth at 9d. per yard; Patent Linoleum Floor Cloth and Stair Cloth, from 10d. per yard; Hemp Dutch Carpet, yard wide, 8d. per yard; large Kitchen Hearth Rug, 3s. 9d.; Sheepskin Hearthrugs, from 15s. 9d. upwards; ditto mats, from 2s.

TABLE LINEN. OETZMANN & CO.
SHEETINGS. OETZMANN & CO.
QUILTS, &c. OETZMANN & CO.

CURTAIN DEPARTMENT.—Handsome Damask and Rep Curtains, from 25s. per pair, the largest, cheapest, and best assortment in London; Cretonne ditto, from 15s. per pair; Madrid stripe ditto, all wool, 15s. per pair; Muslin and Lace Curtains, elegant designs, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 to 64 inches wide, 10s. 9d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Guipure Lace Curtains, 4 yards long by 60 inches wide, 14s. 9d. per pair.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY DEPARTMENT.—Strong bronzed Fenders, from 1s. 6d. each; super ditto, 3s. 9d.; handsome drawing-room fenders, steel top, 8s. 9d.; ditto, with polished steel mouldings, new design, 12s. 9d.; fire-irons, from 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, 4s. 9d.; burnished steel ditto, 7s. 6d. per set; Japanned Oval Tea Trays, 3s. 11d. per set of three—16, 24, and 30 inches; handsome ditto, chaste pattern, gilt and enamelled, 7s. 6d. per set; elegant ditto, 12s. 6d.—reduced from 21s.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

WEDDING PRESENTS, USEFUL and ARTISTIC.—Intending Purchasers should inspect OETZMANN and CO.'S vast Display of ELEGANT VASES, Lustres, Figures, Clocks, Bronzes, Pictures, Cut-Glass Decanters, Wines, Tumblers, &c.; Electro Silver Plate and Table Cutlery, best quality, at lowest possible prices. A Descriptive Catalogue post-free. Country orders taken from the Catalogue receive prompt and careful attention.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE,
THE BEST FURNISHING GUIDE
EXTANT,
POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by Edward Joseph Mansfield, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—August 4, 1877.

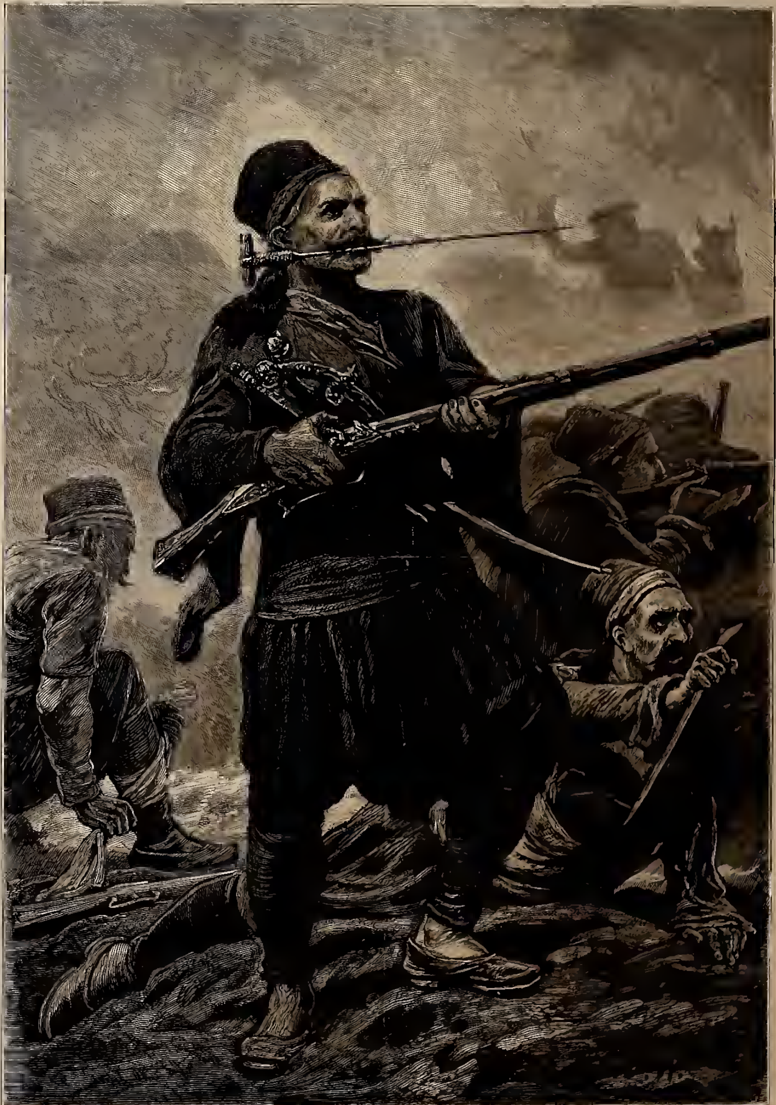
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 402
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



WITH THE TURKS—BASHI-BAZOUKS AT BAY

Topics of the Week

THE IMPERIAL MEETING AT ISCHL.——The conference of the two Emperors on Wednesday has caused considerable uneasiness throughout Europe. It is almost certain that the Czar has asked the Austrian Emperor to allow his troops to march through Servia; and the general belief is that this request formed the subject of conversation between the two Sovereigns. If left to his own devices, the Emperor Francis Joseph would probably at once decline to sanction the step proposed by his Russian ally, for the throwing open of the Morava valley would be of enormous advantage to the Russians, and Austria does not want to see Turkey utterly crushed. But Germany is undoubtedly supporting Russia as heartily as she can without actually intervening. In the first place, she is very glad to see a Power she dislikes weakened by a disastrous struggle; and, in the second, she wishes to make the most of the present opportunity of detaching Russia from France. If the Russians can be persuaded that they owe an immense debt of gratitude to Germany, it is at least possible that all talk of an alliance with France may in future be given up. We may, then, feel tolerably certain that the Austrian Emperor was earnestly urged on Wednesday not to stand in the way of the success of Russia. He would be reminded of the duties imposed by the Triple Alliance, of the monstrous wickedness of the Turks, of the noble Christian mission of the Czar. If the Austrian Emperor has allowed himself to be convinced, the day will be an evil one for Turkey; but it will perhaps be hardly less evil for Austria herself. In the event of the Ottoman Empire being broken up, she would of course be allowed to take the neighbouring Turkish provinces; but this would be poor compensation for the immense increase of power Russia would secure. At present the Panslavonic movement does not seriously endanger the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, but if the authority of the Czar extended beyond the Balkans the agitation would instantly become a tremendous peril.

THE BANK HOLIDAY.——This is a trite topic, but the contemplation of a vast City giving itself up to a deliberate day's holiday is one of very great interest. Volumes might be written on the various aspects of the holiday makers, as indeed volumes have been written in the pages of our current literature. But there is a large class of Bank Holiday makers which we do not remember to have had justice done to it. It is an undemonstrative class, though it numbers its thousands and tens of thousands. We mean those who seek their day's pleasure in simply strolling about the streets without any definite aim or object. We do not, however, mean the idle loafing vagabonds whose whole idea of a day's holiday seems to be migrating from one public-house to another, and gradually befuddling themselves till they become noisy, quarrelsome, or melancholy drunk; but the families which sally forth in a body to keep holiday in one another's company. They are generally of the humbler artisan class. There is pater and mater-familias, and the master and misses-familiases—a happy group which can make a satisfactory day's holiday in the mere perambulation of the thoroughfares—*spectatum veniunt*, if not exactly *veniunt spectentur ut ipsi*. "Baby" is always one of the party, and papa and mamma (for there are no "fathers" and "mothers" in this enlightened era) carry *it*, as we must term the unwalking one, by turns. They drop in from time to time at a house of refreshment for a modest pint of "four-'arf," papa indulges in a limited succession of "penny smokes," and the children of all ages and sexes in sweets and halfpenny ices. And who shall say them nay? They spend their holiday most reasonably and at a moderate cost, if shoe leather be not taken into consideration, showing a favourable comparison with the heartless "heads of houses" who leave "missis and the kids" at home, and "besotted in sweet self," as our Laureate has it, take their holiday with their fellows of the same kidney, and that not seldom most disreputably. What a happy thing it would be if an Act of Parliament could discriminate between those worthy and those unworthy of a Bank Holiday! We should like to give the humble family groups to which we have alluded a holiday at least once a month.

THE WAR.——The Turks have succeeded in surprising both friends and foes. Before the war broke out all the world was of opinion that in a few weeks the Russians would be at Adrianople, or even at Constantinople. But at all points they have hitherto utterly failed. In Asia they appear to be resuming the struggle, but only timidly and tentatively, for they were so decisively driven back that they have hardly been able as yet to reorganise themselves and pluck up fresh courage. It was natural, after the reverses in Asia, that the Czar should wish their effect to be broken by some brilliant feat south of the Balkans. But he has now good reason to regret that he did not set about his self-imposed task with more calmness and patience. The Battle of Plevna has caused him far more serious inconvenience than it was generally supposed the Turks were in a position to inflict. In proportion to the confidence with which the Russians entered upon the engagement has been their sense of humiliation and disgust since defeat. Many rumours daily come from the seat of war as to the point or points at which they are concentrating their forces, but it is difficult to make out the truth amid a crowd of conflicting statements. What is certain is that the rank and file have been much disconcerted by their unexpected misfortunes, and that the Commander-in-Chief, who is by no means a military genius, feels that his next important step must be taken with the utmost caution. The truth is that Russia cannot afford to sustain many such defeats. The revolutionary forces at home are moving ominously, and if the army were seized by a real panic, the Czar would have good cause to tremble for more than his crown. In the mean time Osman Pasha, who has been blamed for not vigorously following up his victory, awaits behind his entrenchments the attack which is sure to come; and Mehemet Ali also deems it safer to stand prepared in the strong positions about Rasgrad which he at present occupies. Suleiman Pasha is doing his utmost to give a good account of Gourko, and it is not impossible he may succeed. In that case Russia will have to do almost all her work over again, and will eagerly anticipate the decision of Austria as to the part Servia, and perhaps Roumania, are to play during the remainder of the campaign.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY.——Without going into the figures disclosed by the recent report of the Hospital Sunday Fund, and at the same time without the slightest wish to throw cold water upon an excellent institution, there is no getting away from the fact that "Hospital Sunday" in the metropolis is by no means a success. After some years of trial, and the hard labour of many philanthropic persons to extend and thoroughly establish the scheme, what is 25,000*l.* (speaking in round numbers) to collect over the large metropolitan area appealed to on "Hospital Sunday?" Compared with the seven, eight, and more thousands collected in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and the Irish and Scotch capitals, what is the sum just named when the wealth and population of the metropolis are taken into consideration? There are several causes in operation which deny to "Hospital Sunday" in the metropolis the success which has attended it elsewhere. To start with, the clergy of the Church do not seem to have taken up the matter very warmly, owing partly to the fact that they are annually committed to so many other calls on their congregations. Then, again, a large number of persons who are annual subscribers to the London hospitals decline to contribute to the Hospital Sunday Fund, and doubtless not a few decline on the general grounds that our medical charities are much abused. But these are minor causes compared with the absence of that interest which is felt in "Hospital Sunday" in the provincial centres of population. There is no civic unity in the metropolis such as that which exists in Birmingham, Manchester, and other places. Hardly any one in London cares for the parish or district in which he resides. In fact, there is no local patriotism. In the towns and cities above mentioned there is much local pride and interest in local institutions, and so it comes to pass that each town likes to make a good show on its "Hospital Sunday." And even further than this, in the provinces there is a rivalry among the different religious communities and congregations, whereas there seems to be no such rivalry in the metropolis. Judging from the experience of the last few years, it can hardly be expected that Hospital Sunday in London will ever produce as much as 30,000*l.*, and even if this were attained it would be but a trifling sum when apportioned among the many institutions which have a claim on it.

THE IRISH MEMBERS.——The Home Rule party is in serious difficulty. Mr. Parnell and his friends still claim to represent the Irish people; but Mr. Butt will not allow that they represent more than an unimportant faction. At the meeting on Monday it was impossible to arrive at a decision, so vehement was the tone of the various speakers. For a day or two afterwards there was a rumour that Mr. Butt intended to resign his seat and claim re-election. This would have been the most direct way of solving the problem, for if he had failed it would have been manifest that the Obstructionists had more support than had been generally believed. Had he succeeded they would have been deprived of any little influence they may now exert. We can scarcely doubt what are the feelings of the mass of the Irish people on the subject. Ireland wishes independence, but she cannot desire to obtain it by means that make her an object of contempt throughout Europe. Mr. Parnell persistently maintains that his sole motive has been to assert the right of Irish members to take part in Imperial legislation. But how is it possible to reconcile this with his boasts of "retaliation?" And even if he is sincere, how wild and senseless is his mode of making Irish power felt! We think too highly of the intellect and self-respect of Irishmen to suppose for a moment that they can cordially approve his tactics. He, Mr. O'Donnell, and the rest of the small band will doubtless stump their country during the recess. It is to be hoped they will meet with a reception that will be even more effectual than Sir Stafford Northcote's mild threats in cooling their foolish fervour.

THE POLICE.——"Where are the police?" or, rather, "How are they?" Evidently not in high favour just now. From what has transpired recently both in and out of Parliament, it may be taken for granted that there will before long be issued a Royal Commission, or something of the kind, to inquire into the state of the Metropolitan guardians of the peace of all grades. There is a very prevalent impression that there is something "rotten in the state of Denmark." Gigantic frauds and robberies of all kinds have been perpetrated one after another of late years, and the detective police seem to have been almost powerless to find a clue to them; while the rank and file of the force have in numberless instances covered themselves with disgrace. Hence a very widely-spread feeling of disquietude and distrust of our police administration generally. The conviction is being forced upon us that we have not the right sort of men for the work in their several grades. What then is to be done? The answer which at once suggests itself is that we should get a different class, a higher type and tone of men. But this is a matter of money - and what will the ratepayers say to this aspect of the question? They must, however, face it, if they demand a higher moral standard in the Force. The police should be so paid that they would be above pecuniary temptation, at least comparatively speaking. The public is probably but little aware of the number of cases which are "squared" in the course of the year. If this system is to be stopped we must have men who are not likely to be "squared"—and, humanly speaking, there is only one way of getting them.

ENGLAND AND THE TRANSVAAL.——The debate on the Transvaal on Tuesday did a great deal of good, for it finally dissipated some extremely mischievous notions as to the object of the annexation. A vague idea seems to have prevailed that we took the country merely because it was in a state of disorder. This would have been obviously unjust; and Mr. Lowther not only admitted the fact but asserted in the strongest possible terms that our sole purpose was the defence of our own rights. The Government of the Transvaal has persistently ill-treated the natives. It has often, as Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen pointed out, been shamefully cruel to them; and it has always been more or less encroaching on their lands. In these circumstances the surrounding tribes very naturally detested the Boers; and it is certain that had we not intervened they would again and again have renewed their attacks on their oppressors. The Boers not only provoked their enmity, but were unable to meet them on the field. The Blue Books show clearly that the Republic has long been in a condition of anarchy, utterly unable to offer real resistance to determined enemies. The result is that the British colonies have been haunted by a dread of native violence, and trade and industry have had to contend with formidable obstacles. There was no alternative but to annex the country; and the advantage of the step is seen in the comparative quiet which has been already established. The Boers themselves seem to have had no particular objection to being taken under British rule; and by-and-by they will probably look upon Sir Theophilus Shepstone as the greatest benefactor they have ever had. We may hope, therefore, that even Mr. Courtney will henceforth cease to deliver violent speeches on a subject on which he is quite out of sympathy with the nation.

HIPPOPHAGY.——It is evident that the consumption of horseflesh, including that of mules and donkeys, is making definite progress in Paris. In the year 1867, the number of horses converted into food in the French capital did not reach 2,000, but within three years it had about doubled. The siege of Paris, which caused many to "make a virtue of necessity" in a variety of ways, has had some influence on the taste of our trans-Channel friends. Last year about 9,000 horses found their way to the butchers' shops; and this year a further increased consumption is shown from the returns of the first six months, which record a total of 5,283 horses, mules, and donkeys converted into joints. Thus it may be said that hippophagy has fairly established itself among the French, for many of the provincial towns and cities show a somewhat corresponding extension of the practice. Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland are also advancing in the same direction. It is "John Bull," who more than all the representatives of the human race sets his face and palate resolutely against hippophagy. He can hardly be induced to look at, much less taste, horseflesh, to say nothing of donkeys and mules. Since the great "hippic" banquet some years ago at the Langham Hotel, when the horse was served in a score or more different forms, and served well, too, it is a question whether a score of converts have been made to horseflesh as an article of food in this country; and in vain did M. Decroixe, at a grand hippophagistic banquet held at the Grand Hotel in Paris three years ago, offer 1,000 francs and a gold medal to any butcher who would open and keep open a shop in London for the sale of horseflesh for a period of three months. We can no more eat our horses than our dogs or the "harmless necessary cat." And yet, prejudice apart, there is no valid objection to be maintained against the flesh of horses. Chemically it contains a larger proportion of nitrogenous material than even a well-fed ox; and it is as easily digested as ordinary beef and mutton, and more so than veal or pork. Perhaps as a "horsey" nation we shrink from converting the "noble animal" we love so well (and often torture so cruelly) into food; and perhaps, too, there is something more than a lurking suspicion that the flesh of a horse is unwholesome on the ground that it is scheduled in the Levitical Law as one of the animals which do not "divide the hoof." We are not, however, about to take upon ourselves the advocacy of horseflesh, if for no other reason, for this—viz., that our advocacy would not be likely to produce any result. Still the question is one which the public should not lose sight of. Old horses might be fattened—say for some three or four months—before they pass into the hands of the butcher, and thus their flesh, which has become tough from years of hard work, would be brought to a more tender state. Moreover, old servants who have done well their work in life would enjoy a happy retirement from business, and be spared the cruel demand on their exhausted powers to the bitter end.

NOTICE.——*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 132 and 141.*

NOTICE.——A NEW SERIAL STORY, *entitled* "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," *by the* AUTHORS *of* "READYMONEY MORTIBOY," *&c., illustrated by an eminent artist, will be begun on* SEPTEMBER 1, *and continued weekly until completed.*

Now Ready.

THE NEW VOLUME, XV.,

OF

"THE GRAPHIC"

containing over Five Hundred Illustrations of all the Events of Interest transpiring during the first six months of 1877, handsomely bound in blue cloth, gilt lettered, and gilt edges, 20s.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½*d.*

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1*d.* thin and 2*d.* thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
Via Brindisi,
36s. thin edition.
45s. thick edition.
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 3d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

AMUSEMENTS

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, W. J. Hill, Billington, C. Harcourt, H. H. Vincent, G. Barrett, and E. Righton; Mesdames Emma Ritta, Marie Stevens, C. Jecks, and Lydia Foote.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.15, ONLY FOR LIFE. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Mrs. and Miss Brian, Messrs. Canfield and Bookes, Miss Amy Ellis. Concluding with KENILWORTH. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. G. B. Bigwood.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven, THE MARINER'S COMPASS, by Henry Leslie, Esq. Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Syms, George Conquest, jun., Vincent, Nicholls, Inch, Grant, Gillett, &c. Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, &c. To conclude with THE OLD MAN'S BRIDE. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Children of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Also on view Portrait Models of the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, and Count de Tourville. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement for Six Nights only (commencing Monday, August 13) of Mr. R. Barker's Celebrated DAN'L DRUCE COMPANY. TO-DAY (Saturday, August 11), a MORNING PERFORMANCE (commencing at 1.30), in which Mr. TOOLE will appear.

THE CONTINENT *viâ* HARWICH.—An Express Train leaves LIVERPOOL STREET STATION at 8 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted) in connection with the steamer to Rotterdam; and at 4.45 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.
A Steamer leaves Rotterdam at 5.30 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted) in connection with an Express Train due in London at 6.30 a.m. the following day. A Steamer also leaves Antwerp at 4 p.m. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in connection with the train due in London at 6.30 or 10.50 a.m.
The Steamers are the finest running between England and the Continent, and lie alongside the Quay at Harwich, Rotterdam, and Antwerp, thus avoiding the use of small boats.
Interpreters accompany Passengers to and from Cologne *viâ* Rotterdam.
Passengers are booked through to the principal towns on the Continent at very low fares.
At Harwich there is an excellent Hotel at moderate charges, where passengers can stay who wish to break their journey.
S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.
GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route *viâ* Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

BASHI-BAZOUKS AT BAY

WHATEVER may be the faults and failings of these barbarous irregulars, who in many cases volunteer their services solely for the sake of the plunder which warfare enables them to commit with impunity, there is no doubt that they fight bravely when brought face to face with the enemy, although they generally avoid risking any such contest by the swiftness of their horses and the watchful care with which they keep on the outskirts of the hostile army. When really "at bay," however, they fight like wild animals, and, possessing all the ferocity of Turcos or Malays, neither give nor expect quarter. A correspondent of Tuesday's *Times* describes a characteristic incident in which a wounded Mussulman, whose agonies the Russians were trying to assuage, managed to raise himself to a sitting posture, and fired at and wounded an officer, for which he was speedily transfixed by the Cossacks, the same expression of perfect rage and hatred remaining on his face even after death.

"ATROCITIES"

THESE sketches, received from two separate correspondents, are powerfully illustrative of the horrors of the present war, and of the outrages and cruelties which are perpetrated by the irregular troops of both armies. These incidents have been graphically described by the correspondents of various journals, and notably in the columns of *The Times*, and as on a former occasion, we feel it our duty not to shrink from representing such incidents on account of their painful character. The mission of a correspondent is to depict what actually takes place, and not merely to confine his sketches to rose-coloured representations of the events of the campaign. The sketches by our correspondent at Rasgrad portray some of the survivors of the Mussulman peasants who were murdered by the Bulgarians and Cossacks when attempting to fly from the village of Sinan Keui. They may be regarded as absolutely authentic, having been taken from life by our artist himself. In *The Times* of Saturday a correspondent gives an account of these poor creatures, who, numbering seventeen, were the only survivors of the Turkish fugitives, who were hurrying to Rustchuk for safety from the invader. Their train numbered forty waggons, and was speedily overtaken by the hostile horsemen, who at once began the inhuman slaughter, thirty-five people being killed on the spot, numbers of women being carried off by the Cossacks as spoil, and the remainder escaping with very little remnant of life. Of these the correspondent and our artist found seventeen in the hospital at Rasgrad, four being mere children and one being a very old man. The wounds of these poor creatures, as may be seen from the description under the illustration, were from blows, lance thrusts, sabre cuts, and firearms, the total number of wounds on the seventeen victims being thirty-six.

Our other two sketches were taken during the visit of the correspondent of *The Times* to Yeni Sagra. It appears that, instigated by the news of the Russian advance, the Bulgarians set fire to the Turkish quarter. The Russians however, were, unable to take the town, and the Bashi-Bazouks accordingly inflicted terrible reprisals upon the unfortunate Christians, completely sacking the town and committing the most atrocious outrages. Guided by two Bulgarians *The Times* correspondent, wishing to obtain an insight into the truth of the matter, visited some houses in the outskirts, and soon saw sufficient to convince himself that the reports of the excesses were very little exaggerated. The first place visited was a house in the environs, once the property of a certain Moudin, whose wife had been murdered by Bashi-Bazouks. After a short search the body of the woman was found, and then the workmen came upon the remains of a man in "rough Bulgarian clothes, with a terrific sabre cut across his face and neck, and an indication of a bullet on his forehead—being apparently about 30 years of age." This discovery is portrayed in our illustration, and we need not proceed further with the details of these terrible horrors which as this letter and our sketches plainly evince, are not wholly the invention of the atrocity-mongers.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN WAR

THESE four engravings are from photographs taken during the campaign, and are interesting from the fact that this is the first time that photography has been in any noteworthy degree utilised to illustrate the events of a campaign. The subjects need little description. Two represent views of the bridge which was constructed by the Russians between Simnitza and Sistova after they had succeeded in crossing the Danube and securing the latter town. We gave an account of the manner in which the bridge was constructed at the time. "Sisters of Charity from St. Petersburg" are some of those patriotic and courageous women who, after a brief education in nursing and medicine at the Russian capital, flock to the theatre of war to succour the sick and wounded. The last illustration depicts a group of the first Russian officers and soldiers who set their foot on Turkish soil during the recent crossing of the Danube, and who have all accordingly been decorated for their ardour in an expedition which at the time was looked upon as a most dangerous undertaking. As it was, the first soldiers to land had to do so under a most withering fire from the Turks.

A SKIRMISH AT HAIDAR-KEUI

Our double-page engraving represents one of the frequent skirmishes which are constantly taking place between the irregular troops of both the Russian and Turkish armies, the actual scene represented having been sketched near the village of Haidar Keui (Bulgaria) on July 16th. The troops engaged were Cossacks and Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks, and the affair, though simply a skirmish, may serve to show the type of character of these irregulars who have obtained so great a notoriety during the past three months. Of the Bashi-Bazouk and Circassian we have already frequently spoken, but the following details of the various bodies of Cossacks employed in the Russian army may prove of interest at the present time:—

The Cossacks are of various tribes and (except those of the Don) being exempt from the law of universal service, cannot all be sent away from their homes even in time of war. They may be divided into several classes, the Cossacks of the Don, who alone are liable to general service everywhere, the Kuban Cossacks, the Cossacks of the Terek, the Astrakan Cossacks, the Orenberg Cossacks, the Cossacks of the Ural, and of Siberia, the Siemiryechensk and Transbaikal Cossacks and Cossacks of the Amur. The three first divisions and those of the Ural furnish detachments for the Imperial Guard, and have a certain proportion always ready for service in time of peace: the rest are only available in war, and then only for local and frontier defence. The most important body also are the Don Cossacks, regiments of whom in addition to the Guard regiments have now been distributed amongst the various army corps. Their dress is a tunic, loose shaggy trousers, a cloak, and a sheepskin cap. Other Cossacks have fur caps. The arms of the Don Cossacks and several other tribes consist of pikes, Circassian swords, and rifled carbines. Curiously enough only the Cossacks of the Guards wear spurs, perhaps because most of the tribes would find it difficult to use them, as they have a peculiar seat on horseback, with their legs tucked up very high. The artillery (Cossacks possess their own) wear the same dress as the cavalry, and are armed with the Circassian sword and pistol, the swords being worn in the belt. The horse equipment consist of blanket, wooden saddle-tree, horse rug (*chabraque*), two leathern wallets, and a forage rope. The Ural Cossacks of the Guard, however, indulge in the luxury of a valise. The usual regimental train of most nations is represented among the Cossacks by only one waggon per regiment, but a pack animal is allowed for every ten men in war, and we are much mistaken if it is not sometimes pretty well laden with booty.—Indeed in 1812-14 the Cossacks formed a chain of posts from the Seine to the Don, so as to systematically carry off works of art and other booty from Paris. The number of effective Cossacks of the Don—who, as we have said, are the most important, is roughly estimated at 75,000. The total number of Cossacks, according to the new military law, would amount to 180,000.

COSSACKS CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH

AMONGST other useful services which the Cossacks perform for the main army is destroying the telegraphic communication between two important centres of the enemy, and in our sketch they are represented cutting the lines between Rustchuck and the headquarters of the Turkish army at Shumla.

THE GRAND DUKE'S BODY-GUARD ENTERING TIRNOVA

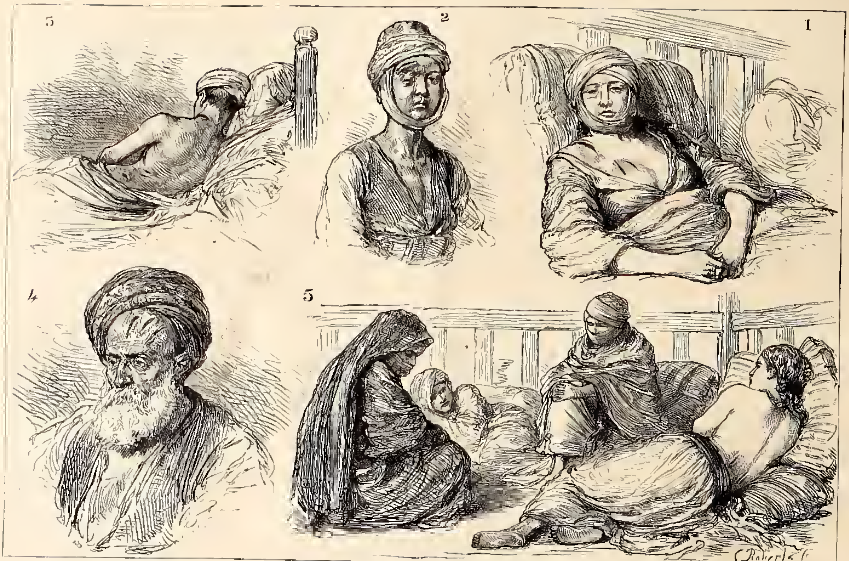
WE have already given an account of the entry of the Russian forces into the capital of Bulgaria, and here we have the arrival of the Grand Duke's guard of Circassians, who are accompanying their master. A special ovation was accorded by the inhabitants of Tirnova to the Grand Duke and his Staff, triumphal arches being erected, and the troops being fairly pelted with flowers from the hands of enthusiastic damsels.

WITH THE TURKS AT SHUMLA

THE replacement of poor bed-ridden, apathetic Abd-ul-Kerim Pasha by Mehemet Ali Pasha as Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces was joyfully received by both officers and soldiers, who had watched the long period of inaction with intense impatience and anxiety. Nor were their hopes excited by the change disappointed, as Mehemet Ali is a German by birth, having arrived at Constantinople in a merchant vessel in his youth, subsequently entering the Turkish service. On the day following his arrival he held a grand review, and then at once began work by ordering an advance forward, and commencing that movement which threatens to cut off the Russian communications south of Tirnova.

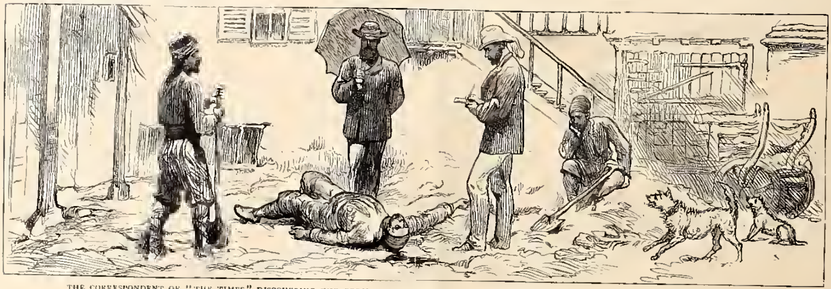
WITH THE TURKS—CAVALRY CAMP NEAR SHUMLA—"AN ALARM"

THIS sketch needs little explanation—a detachment of Turkish cavalry from Shumla have encamped for the night near that fortress, but aroused by the report of "Muscov!" "Muscov!" "Russ!" "Russ!" from their patrol, are rapidly striking their tents, and are hurrying to boot and saddle, and reconnoitre with all possible speed.

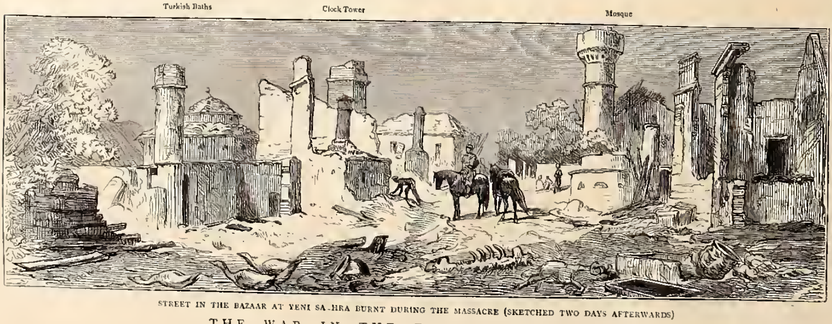


1. Woman of Thirty with her Head Covered with Wounds, a Sabre Cut on the Shoulder, and Two Lance Thrusts through her Right Side.—2. Child of Thirteen Years Old Disfigured by a Sabre Cut over his Right Eye.—3. Child of Twelve Years with One Sabre Cut across his Neck, and Two Lance Thrusts and a Ball through his Body.—4. Old Man of Sixty-five with Three Sabre Cuts on his Skull.—5. Group of Survivors of a Mahomedan Family (Old Woman Slightly Wounded; Child of Six Years with Two Lance Thrusts; Young Girl Wounded in the Head; Young Woman with Two Lance Thrusts).

SKETCHES FROM LIFE AT RASGRAD OF SURVIVORS OF THE TURKISH FUGITIVES FROM SINAN KEUI WHO HAD BEEN WOUNDED BY COSSACKS AND BULGARIANS

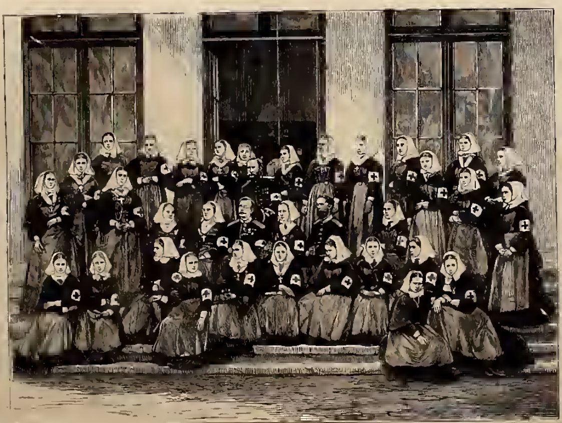


THE CORRESPONDENT OF "THE TIMES" DISCOVERING THE BODIES OF THE BULGARIANS MASSACRED BY BASHI-BAZOUKS AT YENI SAGHRA, JULY 17

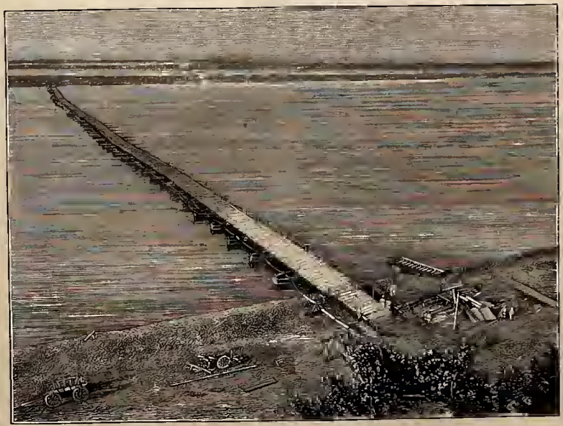


STREET IN THE BAZAAR AT YENI SAGHRA BURNT DURING THE MASSACRE (SKETCHED TWO DAYS AFTERWARDS)

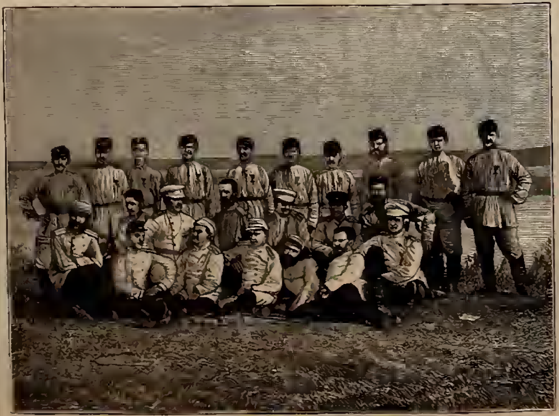
THE WAR IN THE EAST—"ATROCITIES"



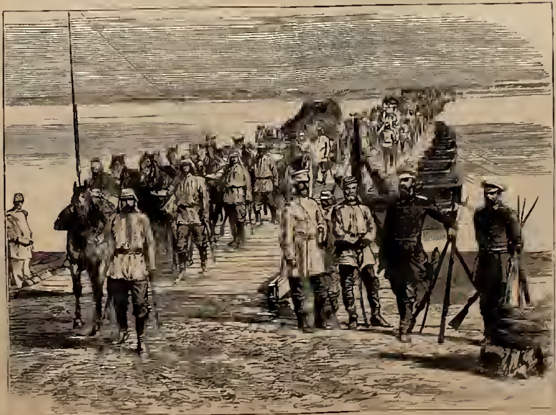
SISTERS OF CHARITY FROM ST. PETERSBURG



THE BRIDGE BETWEEN SIMNITZA AND SISTOVA TAKEN FROM THE TURKISH SIDE



THE RUSSIAN OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS WHO FIRST SET FOOT ON TURKISH SOIL, ALL OF WHOM HAVE SINCE BEEN DECORATED



HEAD OF THE BRIDGE BETWEEN SIMNITZA AND SISTOVA—GENERAL REICHTER AND RUSSIAN OFFICERS IN THE FOREGROUND

WITH THE RUSSIANS—PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE WAR

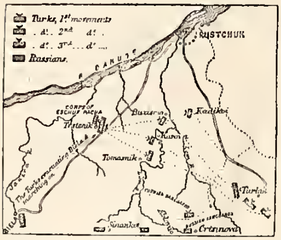
PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE FIELD

SULINA, WITH THE HOUSES OF THE DANUBE COMMISSION

We have already illustrated and described the Sulina mouth of the Danube with the Turkish fleet at anchor, and the present sketch will give the reader a somewhat different view of this important outlet. Here may be seen the houses and offices of the Danube Commission—that body with whom the Russians are so angry because it has not forbidden Turkish men-of-war to ascend the stream, and upon whom they have retaliated by sinking old ships laden with stones to obstruct the entrance.

THE RECENT RUSSIAN ADVANCE UPON RUSTCHUCK

The annexed plan portrays the manner in which, after crossing the Danube, the Russians, under the Czarevitch, gradually forced back the Turks from Biela, and invested Rustchuck, cutting off communication between that fortress and the Turkish headquarters at Shumla, and at the same time attempting to effect a junction with General Zimmerman and his 40,000 men in the Dobrudscha. The diagrams explain themselves, and we need only mention that owing to the defeat at Plevna, the Czarevitch has been unable to join General Zimmermann, and has withdrawn the troops from around Rustchuck in order to reinforce the main army.



"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN"

The scene here depicted is sufficiently suggestive, even without the significant title bestowed upon it by the artist. Our imagination at once travels back to the Middle Ages, before "Constitutional" Government was invented, and when Ballot Boxes, Party Politics, Election Riots, and Parliamentary Obstructives, were still in the dark womb of futurity. The features of the King, who is represented pushing aside the heavy curtain as he enters the apartment, appears to be so worn with anxiety that the presence of his four-footed body-guard is scarcely needed to tell us that his life is in constant danger. His mien is scarcely that of a tyrant against whom some long-suffering thrall has at last risen in revolt, and yet how otherwise are we account for his insecurity? That threatening parchment pinned with a poignard to the floor may have been placed there by some reckless and revengeful malefactor, whose misdeeds have caused him to be sternly rebuked or justly punished by his liege; or perchance by some impatient aspirant to the throne. Whatever be the explanation of the mystery, we cannot well withhold sympathy from the weary careworn monarch whose gleaming eyes are fixed upon the dreadful document before him; and we turn away with a feeling of thankfulness that we live in less troublous times, and that all men are not called upon to assume the dignities and dangers of Majesty.—Our engraving is from the picture by J. C. Dollman, which was this year exhibited at the Royal Academy.

"GRANDFATHER'S DARLING"
AND
SWAN-UPPING ON THE THAMES

See page 134.

THE LATE SAMUEL WARREN, Q.C.

Mr. Samuel Warren, who died on Sunday the 29th ult. was the eldest son of the late Dr. Warren. He was born in 1807, was educated at Edinburgh University, and after studying medicine for some time, changed his views, and became a law student at the Inner Temple, and was called to the Bar in 1837. Mr. Warren was well known to novel readers by his "Diary of a Late Physician," a series of sketches contributed to "Blackwood," and still better by his celebrated work, "Ten Thousand a Year," which was published in 1841, and was followed in 1847 by another novel, "Now and Then." A rhapsody composed upon the opening of the Exhibition of 1851, under the title of "The Lily and the Bee," was by no means favourably received, and was his last considerable effort as a writer of works of imagination. His "Introduction to Law Studies" is still occasionally consulted by students, but it insists on a wide range of study, which few, it may be feared, ever dream of compassing. This work was written while the author was still a student. Afterwards Mr. Warren wrote several legal treatises. He became a Queen's Counsel in 1851, and in the following year was appointed Recorder of Hull. He represented Midhurst in Parliament in the Conservative interest from 1856 to 1859, when he was appointed by Lord Chelmsford a Master in Lunacy, a position he held till his death.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 108, Regent Street.

THE GRIMSBY ELECTION

Mr. Alfred Mellor Watkin, the new member for Grimsby in place of the late Mr. John Chapman, is the son of Sir E. W. Watkin, M.P. The constituency numbers about 6,000, and although no more than about half the electors took the trouble to record their votes, the proceedings appear to have been conducted with more than usual liveliness. There were three candidates, Mr. Watkin, Major Seddon, and Dr. Sayle, who polled respectively 1,699, 1,315, and 97. A little before the closing of the poll, the doors at one of the polling stations were closed against some voters, who immediately burst them open. This incident created some excitement which, however, soon subsided, but after the declaration of the poll an attack was made upon the Royal Hotel where Mr. Watkin was staying. The roughs smashed the windows with stones, and lumps of coal from the adjacent railway, broke open the refreshment rooms, and after helping themselves freely to liquor, threatened to burn down the house. The riot began about 8 P.M., and at 1 A.M. on the Thursday the Mayor read the Riot Act, and the police, armed with cutlasses and assisted by a number of townsmen, charged the crowd and dispersed it. The military, which had been telegraphed for from Sheffield, arrived about 6 A.M. by special train, but by that time all was quiet. A number of the ringleaders have been apprehended, and are now under remand. It is said that the original cause of discontent was the alleged corrupt conduct of the Liberals, and the striking of 600 persons off the register; and that the crowd was further provoked by speeches from the balcony of the hotel, in which they were denounced as "drunken ruffians," "sneaking cowards," and "cowardly beggars." This, however, has been positively denied by Sir E. Watkin.—Our portrait of Mr. Watkin is from a photograph by F. E. Friston, Market Place, Great Grimsby.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——On Monday about 1,600 members of the Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association visited Hatfield Park, where they dined, and were addressed by Lord Salisbury and Viscount Sandon, the former expressing a hope that the Government would be able to conduct the country through all the difficulties of the present crisis, without trenching in the faintest degree either upon its interests or its honour, and without losing for a single moment the priceless blessings of peace.—Several other Conservative *fêtes* have been held this week. There was one at Canford Park, near Wimborne, on Monday, and another at Birmingham, where Mr. J. Hubbard, M.P., was the chief speaker.—If the Australian papers are to be believed, Sir C. Gavan Duffy has made a strange mistake as to the views of Mr. Bright on the subject of free trade. In a recent speech he appears to have claimed not only Mr. Bright, but Thomas Carlyle and the late J. S. Mill as Protectionists; and Mr. Bright has written a letter to set his memory right so far as he himself is concerned.—Mr. W. H. Smith has been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in succession to the late Mr. Ward Hunt, and has already issued an address to his constituents, asking them to re-elect him.—For Northamptonshire the candidates are Lord Burleigh, "a Conservative by conviction as well as by birth," and Captain Wyatt-Edgell, of Stanford Hall, who appeals to the Liberals.—For South Shropshire the only candidate yet announced is Sir Baldwyn Leighton (C); and for the county of Clare four candidates have been nominated—viz., Mr. F. N. V. Burton, The O'Gorman, Sir Bryan O'Loghlen (Home Rulers), and Mr. R. W. C. Reeves (C).—The conduct of the Obstructionists in Parliament last week was discussed at a meeting of Home Rulers in London on Monday, but no decision was arrived at. The rumour that Mr. Butt intended to apply for the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, in order that he might at once test the feelings of his constituents as to his fitness for the leadership of the Irish party, has been authoritatively contradicted.

The Congress Season has fairly commenced, several being now in full swing in addition to those noticed in our "Church News." That of the Royal Archæological Society began on Tuesday at Hereford, under the presidency of the Bishop. The proceedings included a lecture by Sir Gilbert Scott, on the Cathedral, and a reception at the Episcopal Palace.—The Cambrian Archæological Association also opened its annual session on Tuesday, at Carnarvon, Lord C. Paget taking the chair, and Professor Babbington delivering the inaugural address. The Bishop of St. Asaph is the president for the ensuing year.—On the same day at Manchester the members of the British Medical Association commenced their forty-fifth annual meeting, Dr. Eason Wilkinson presiding. The proceedings commenced with an inaugural sermon by the Bishop upon the immortality of the soul, the preacher remarking that it was surprising how little modern science had done to undermine the old foundations upon which all religions, and Christianity as the highest form of religion, most ultimately repose. Dr. Bartolome, the retiring president, delivered an address.—On Wednesday a number of medals and illuminated addresses were presented to the surgeons who were professionally engaged in the recent colliery at Pontypridd. Mr. H. A. Davies received a gold medal, whilst his assistants were awarded medals of silver and bronze.—Finally we have to note the meetings of the High Court of Foresters at Greenwich, under the presidency of the Chief Ranger of the Order, and of the Odd Fellows' Annual Legislative Council at Rotheram.

The Tynewydd Colliery Disaster.——Saturday was a grand day for the brave colliers of the Rhondda Valley. Some 30,000 or 40,000 persons assembled on the summit of a mountain near Pontypridd, where the medals and prizes were given away. The rescued men and their rescuers appeared in their mining dress, and carried lighted Davy lamps, picks, and other tools. Mr. Talbot, M.P., Lord Lieutenant of the County, presided, and after welcoming the Lord Mayor of London, presented the cups given out of the *Daily Telegraph* Fund, to those engineers who declined to receive money. Major Duncan, R.A., then dealt out the St. John of Jerusalem medals, and Mr. Hussey Vivian, M.P., distributed the watches subscribed for by the House of Commons. The Lord Mayor next presented the awards from the Mansion House Fund, the widows coming first, then the rescued men, and the boy Hughes, afterwards the rescuing party, and finally the engineers, surgeons, and lady nurses, which latter were each saluted by the Lord Mayor with a kiss. The last feature of the day's proceedings was the presentation of the Albert Medals by Lord Aberdare, on behalf of the Queen. His lordship made a long speech, in which he said he felt deeply honoured at being the medium of presenting those brave men with the honour which Her Majesty had created especially for them.—Mr. James Thomas, the proprietor of the colliery, has been charged with manslaughter, it being alleged that the accident was the result of culpable negligence. The trial took place on Monday and Tuesday at Swansea, before Baron Cleasby, and resulted in the dismissal of the jury, who, after being locked-up for two hours, were unable to agree. Mr. Thomas was liberated on his own recognisances.

The Bank Holiday was very generally observed both in London and the provinces, and the weather being extremely fine the pleasure seekers passed a happy time, and the railway and steamboat companies and owners of other means of locomotion reaped a rich harvest. The Palaces at Sydenham and Muswell Hill were largely patronised, the chief attractions at the one being the conjuring of Herr Frikell, and some daring acrobatic feats; and at the other a "Popular Concert," and a pyrotechnic display upon the lake in imitation of the "Crossing of the Danube." The Tower, the Museums, and the theatres had their full complement of visitors, and the excursionists to Hampstead, Epping Forest, Kew, Hampton, Greenwich, and other suburban resorts were simply innumerable. At Birmingham a large number of holiday-folk were hoaxed into a fruitless journey of some miles by a fictitious announcement of some races at Bordesley Green. A fatal accident occurred on Lake Windermere, where a boat containing half-a-dozen excursionists from Huddersfield was upset and four persons were drowned. There was a similar disaster on the Thames, near Twickenham, which resulted in the drowning of a boy of fourteen, his three companions escaping.

Gladstoniana.——The ex-Premier has been displaying his prowess as a woodman in the presence of 1,400 members of the Bolton Liberal Association, who on Saturday last visited him at Hawarden. At first the ex-Premier fought shy of his guests, and refused to have anything to say to them; but after much pressing he and his son went out, armed with axes, and set to work upon a hugh ash tree, while the delighted spectators sang glees and pocketed the chips to carry home as souvenirs. Presently the illustrious woodman paused to rest, and, leaning on his axe, discoursed about the advantages of pure air and water of the country and the impure ditto of town. His audience tried hard to get "just a little bit" from him about "the Eastern Question," but he firmly refused to say one word about politics or party matters. Mr. W. H. Gladstone, however, made a supplementary speech, in which he said that although his father had remained silent on those subjects, "his time might come again."

PARLIAMENT

Within the last week legislation in both Houses of Parliament has been advancing by leaps and bounds. Perhaps a more homely and less historical phrase would better describe the method of progress in the House of Lords. It might be said of business in the Gilded Chamber that the progress has been made in a hop-skip-step-and-jump fashion. Unless the question be one which involves some valuable square yards of the Marquis of Salisbury's town property the House of Lords is content to receive Bills from the Commons, and pass them without comment. Thus on Tuesday night the Scotch and Irish Prisons Bills, which have occupied hon. members in the other House for many days, were advanced through important stages in just so many minutes as it took the Clerk at the table to read out their titles. After which their lordships, numbering on busy days as many as a dozen, have peacefully gone home.

In the Commons the business has been dealt with in the same determined fashion, but with scarcely a similar unanimity of view. Since their great success of Tuesday and Wednesday week, when by the force of a united majority they broke the back of Obstruction, Ministers have followed a very simple course. On that memorable occasion they gave it to be understood at the outset that they had met to pass through Committee the South Africa Bill, and that they would sit till they had finished it. The effect of this action left nothing to be desired except an enlarged opportunity for sleep on the part of hon. members. The Obstructives struggled for many hours, but in the end avowed themselves defeated, and the Bill went through Committee. In the same way the Government have dealt with all Bills which it might be expected Mr. Biggar and his friends would endeavour to obstruct. They have at the outset given it to be understood that they mean to make a certain measure of progress at a given sitting, and that the length of the sitting would depend upon the volubility of hon. members below the gangway opposite.

The effect has been an almost ludicrous collapse of the iron-bound resolution, the determination to die on the floor of the House, or at least to await the arrival of the too familiar New Zealander, which Mr. O'Connor Power once boastfully paraded. On two occasions, once on Friday and again on Tuesday, Mr. Biggar has come forward as the champion of some oppressed individual, and has asked the House to stay and listen whilst he told the story of his or her wrong. The House has stayed because it could not help it; but it has not listened, and Mr. Biggar, confounded by the clash of tongues that have kept up an endless conversation whilst he was on his feet, and abashed by the open contempt poured upon him, has presently given up the struggle, and has not even ventured to divide the House. Mr. O'Connor Power has altogether retired into the background, whilst Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Donnell make a poor show of defiance. On Tuesday night the South Africa Bill came on for its final stage, and there were rumours about that the game of obstruction was to be played once more, and as determinedly as before. Mr. O'Donnell so far justified this expectation that he made a tremendously long speech, for which he had an audience—or at least the company—of five members. But it was a dull and spiritless affair, and after a good many thousand words Mr. O'Donnell resumed his seat, and Mr. Parnell took up the story.

When on a former occasion hon. members showed their appreciation of the sort of mental pabulum prepared for them by Mr. O'Donnell by absenting themselves with one accord, Mr. Biggar insolently rebuked them by moving repeated counts, which had the effect of giving members the trouble to return to the House for a few minutes. On Tuesday night this course was equally open to Mr. Biggar, and he was in his place to avail himself of it. But he desisted, and left Mr. O'Donnell to speak in an almost empty chamber. After midnight, Mr. Parnell, opposing the Transvaal vote, was for a moment goaded into defiance by the general attitude of the House towards him, and the curt replies of the exhausted Secretary for the Colonies. What Mr. Parnell was at was the old familiar question which has been talked about so long, and which was the immediate cause of the sitting of twenty-six hours. He raised the question in a new form, and proposed that it should all be discussed over again, a proposition to which the House demurred, and which Mr. Lowther, in the fewest possible words, declined to have anything to do with. Then Mr. Parnell's face grew ominously pale, and in his familiar manner, as a schoolmaster would threaten a recalcitrant boy with punishment, he declared that he would divide, a challenge which the House answered by uproarious cries for a division. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, however, built a golden bridge for Mr. Parnell's escape, which that hon. member thankfully accepted, and the little storm blowing over, the vote was presently agreed to. Speeches were made on other votes, but the Committee had met to pass Supply, and the conviction that it would sit till that object was accomplished had its due weight. With increasing feebleness the obstruction flickered out, and at three o'clock in the morning the last vote in Supply was agreed to, and the work of the Session of 1877 was practically brought to a close.

On Wednesday, Mr. Parnell, backed by Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Biggar, threatened obstruction to the final stage of Supply. But they did not carry this beyond a lengthy speech apiece, and a couple of divisions. Supply passed through its last stage (merely a formal one), and the Appropriation Bill was brought in and read a first time, an event which makes it possible to look for the prorogation of Parliament on Tuesday.

SPORTING

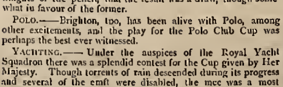
THE TURF.——Harking back for a moment to Goodwood it should be noted that Hampton's success in the Cup shows him to be about the best stayer on the Turf, and only to think that he has taken part in hurdle, and even selling races! Still he is by no means the only instance of a horse for a time thought next to nothing developing into one of the best animals of his day. All Turfmen remember the resucitation of Vulcan, and his wondrous performances. Mousquetaire's victories in the Chichester Stakes and Chesterfield Cup show what an absolute certainty the Stewards' Cup would have been for him. His scratching at the eleventh hour has marked the Goodwood gathering of 1877 with a black chalk.—The "Sussex fortnight," as it is called, included the whole of this week, even the Saturday, which was the second of the two days at Lewes. As a rule Turfmen dislike Saturday racing, but the meetings at Lewes are always so good that the violation of the unwritten law is tolerated. Brighton Downs were of course the *venue* for the first part of the week, and unhappily the weather for the most part so wretched that it would well nigh have satisfied the witches in *Macbeth*. By the way, as long ago as last January Captain Saxby prophesied that we might expect great "atmospheric disturbances" in the first fortnight in August, though usually so tranquil a month. However, the racing was first rate, though backers of favourites as a rule came to grief. The only favourite which won on the first day was Cœruleus, in the Bristol Plate. In the Corporation Stakes, for two-year-olds, the unfortunate Emily filly with almost 2 to 1 on her in a field of seven had to succumb to Insulaire. Mousquetaire, with only 5 to 2 against him in a company of eleven who started for the Marine Stakes, could not get even a place, old Caramel first catching the judge's eye; while Dalham, the favourite in the Brighton Stakes, declined to make a start at the proper time, and was last past the winning post. To make matters worse, backers laid 10 to 3 previously on Farnese for the All-Aged Stakes, but the speedy roarer could only beat one out of the three competitors, and had to succumb to Independent. The talent had a little better luck on the second day, as they spotted Advance for the Hamilton Plate and May Fair for the Pavilion Stakes; but oh! their looks when Charon beat Julius Cæsar for the Cup—an event which certainly was not to be expected, as the two four-year-olds carried 8 st. 10 lb. each. The quoted betting was 11 to 10 against Julius Cæsar, but many good judges thought it was any odds on him. The Ovingdean Plate fell to Kineton, though Violet and Inglewood Ranger were the most fancied for it. On the course the St. Leger betting was pretty extensive, Silvio and Chamant being neck-and-neck for the place of first favourite at 10 to 3.

CRICKET.——Gloucestershire has made mincemeat of Nottinghamshire, winning the match at Old Trent Bridge Ground by an innings and 48 runs. Big scores were not the order of the day, Mr. Moberley's 101 (not out) being the innings of the match.—The contest between Surrey and Sussex, which began at the Oval on the Bank Holiday, was anticipated by thousands as likely to be a good one, though several of the crack players on each side were absent, being wanted elsewhere. Unfortunately the rain on Wednesday prevented the game being played out, the wickets becoming totally unfit for cricket.—The weather, too, has marred the great annual cricket gathering at Canterbury; but balls, concerts, and private theatricals went far to atone for other disappointments. The Kent players were in rare cricketing form, especially in the batting department.—The annual match between the jockeys and members of the sporting press was played at Brighton on Monday last, but there was so much free hitting both on the part of the knights of the pigskin and on that of the knights of the pencil, that the result was a draw, though somewhat in favour of the former.

POLO.——Brighton, too, has been alive with Polo, among other excitements, and the play for the Polo Club Cup was perhaps the best ever witnessed.

YACHTING.—— Under the auspices of the Royal Yacht Squadron there was a splendid contest for the Cup given by Her Majesty. Though torrents of rain descended during its progress and several of the craft were disabled, the race was a most exciting one, and resulted eventually in the victory of the *Hildegarde*, belonging to the Prince of Wales.

SWIMMING.——The well-known "Professor" Cavill had a long swim on Monday last from Cape Grinez to Boulogne Harbour, a distance of fourteen miles, which he accomplished with apparent ease to himself. He intends to try and "do" the Channel in about a fortnight's time, and feels confident of success.



MUSIC

MADAME ADELINA PATTI.——Having, through her agent Signor Franchi, paid M. Léon Escudier the "dédit" of 100,000 francs, as agreed upon should she be disabled from fulfilling her engagement with that *impresario*, it seems evident that Madame Patti will not appear during the forthcoming season at the Théâtre Ventadour; on the other hand, should circumstances be modified, she can only sing at the Italian Opera; so that, in any case, M. Escudier may congratulate himself on having made an excellent bargain. According to the generally well-informed *Ménestrel* (which is at variance with *Galignani*), Madame Patti, for the present, abandons the idea of visiting the United States. There is, in other quarters, some talk of a winter series of performances in the principal Scandinavian towns, to precede those for which she has already stipulated in the Austrian capital.

MDLLE. TITIENS.——The idea of Mdlle. Titiens' appearing at either the Gloucester or the Leeds Festival is, according to recent information, not for a moment to be entertained. She has had a relapse, and a fresh operation would seem to be impending. We regret to impart such bad news to her many admirers among the English public; but it is of no use concealing the truth. A week since there appeared to be some prospect of amendment; but this is proved to be illusory. Mdlle. Titiens is still at Worthing, there being little chance just now of her being removed to her home in St. John's Wood.

MR. TOWNSHEND SMITH.——The sudden death of Mr. Townshend Smith, for more than a quarter of a century organist of Hereford Cathedral and conductor of Hereford Festival, will throw a gloom over the ensuing Gloucester meeting, in which he was prepared, with his accustomed activity, to take part. Mr. Smith was always a staunch upholder of the Three Choir Festivals, and will be missed as greatly at Worcester and Gloucester as at Hereford, where he was domiciled and where he died, on Saturday evening last, after a few hours' indisposition. He was an amiable, intelligent, and clever man—popular among all with whom he came in contact. He leaves a wife and family. Mr. Montem Smith, the cathedral tenor, is his surviving brother.

WAIFS.—M. Gounod has been promoted, by the President of the French Republic, to the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honour.—Among recent deaths announced by foreign journals are those of Madame Montessu (Asnières), one of the most famous operatic dancers when "ballet of action" was in its prime, and the original of Hérold's *Somnambule;* Auguste Pilate (Hospital St. Louis, Paris), for many years *chef d'orchestre* at the Porte Saint Martin, a composer of some distinction, who assisted M. Flotow in his four-act opera, the *Naufrage de la Méduse*, and in 1837 wrote music to the *King of the Danube* for our London Adelphi; Warot, father of the well-known Belgian tenor of that name (Bois des Colombes), composer, conductor, actor, and singer in one, whose works comprise examples of every style, instrumental as well as vocal; and Guiseppe-Maria Luzzi (Naples), for many years *impresario* of the San Carlino, a theatre in which the old Neapolitan style of comedy has always found a home.—The new opera of M. Camille Saint-Saens, called *Etienne Marcel*, will not be brought out in Paris, as had been expected, but at Lyons, next winter. If we may judge from the impression created by the *Timbale d'Argent*, M. de Saint-Saens' most recent dramatic work, the Parisians are not greatly to be commiserated. Without a shadow of Wagner's genius, this newly-extolled French composer becomes day after day more hopelessly Wagnerian.—M. Ambroise Thomas is busy at Argenteuil, where he has a country seat, putting the finishing touches to his *Francesca di Rimini*, and composing ballet music for that long-expected work, as well as for his last-projected opera, *Psyché*.—The well-known firm of Chickering and Son (New York and Boston) have celebrated the manufacture of their 50,000th pianoforte, by instituting a library for the exclusive use of their overseers and workmen.—Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company opened on Monday night at Dublin with an English version of *Il Trovatore*. Mr. Rosa, who seems always changing his mind—it being now Wagner's *Meistersinger*, now Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, now Weber's *Oberon*, now Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and so on—has at last fixed upon the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas for Miss Gaylord. What next? Mr. Rosa has no intention of giving performances in London this year. Alas! for poor English opera (or opera in English); no one has any faith in it.—For the present the idea of holding Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre seems to be in abeyance, but in place of them, we understand, Italian operatic performances at moderate prices are to be instituted. We shall see.—A paragraph which appeared not long ago in some of the papers stating that the works connected with the "Grand National Opera" on the Thames Embankment were speedily to be resumed, turned out, as might have been guessed beforehand, incorrect. Proof positive of this has been vouchsafed by Mr. Mapleson himself in a letter to *The Times*, which will hardly have escaped the attention of our opera-going readers.—Dr. Hans von Bülow has accepted the post of conductor at the Glasgow Autumn and Winter Subscription Concerts, in place of Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, who has resigned. *Tout est pour le mieux* (*dans ces meilleurs des concerts possibles*); we doubt, nevertheless, if the change will be advantageous.—Madame Rosa Csillag, once, at Vienna (1852-3), the rival of Mdlle. Titiens, and remembered by frequenters of Mr. Gye's theatre in *Fidelio*, *Orphée* (Gluck), and other operas, is now established as a professor of singing and declamation at the Vienna Conservatory.—Liszt and Wagner have been staying together at Weimar, consulting, it is believed, about the fittest means of producing the now nearly completed opera, *Parcival*, latest composition of the author of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*.—Flotow, the composer, has disposed of his estate at Reichenau, and now resides at his villa in Mecklenburg.

SCRAPS

SOME OF THE GEMS STOLEN FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM are said to have been discovered in the shop of a dealer in antiques in Brussels.

A ROCK LADEN WITH LEADEN ORE has been discovered on the west coast of Jersey. The ore is of good quality, and there are said to be indications of argentiferous ore.

A CERTAIN COMPOSER OF COMIC SONGS, by name M. Edmond L'Herillier, has, if we are to believe the *Echo*, been appointed by the Sultan to "elevate" the tone of Turkish military music!

THE COLORADO BEETLE has at length been officially identified in Liverpool by Mr. Moore, Curator of the Free Public Museum. It was captured aboard an American steamer in that port, and has been forwarded to the Home Office for further examination.

SOME OF THE EMPRESS OF INDIA'S SUBJECTS, *Mayfair* tells us, have hit on a novel plan of spoiling the Egyptians, and at the same time of gratifying their anti-Russian sympathies. The butchers of Bangalore have raised the price of meat, in order to show their devotion to the Moslem faith by presenting the overplus so obtained to the relief of the suffering Turkish soldiers.

RUBENS TERCENTENARY.——Information has been received by the Department of Science and Art, through Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, that it is intended to hold an Art Congress at Antwerp on the 19th of this month, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the birth of Rubens. Further details with respect to the proposed celebration may be obtained on application to Monsieur Leopold de Wael, Burgomaster of Antwerp.

MISTAKING HIS ELEMENT.——"Why," remarks the *Theatre*, "a celebrated provincial actor should throw off his coat, waistcoat, and boots, when about to enter a house on fire for the laudable purpose of saving a brother actor's child (a property one), we know not. Perhaps he considered it would add to the dramatic effect, or possibly he thought he had the chance of securing the Royal Humane Society's medal. In his previous part he had to perform a rescue from drowning."

LABELLING BABY CARRIAGES is the latest idea across the Atlantic, and a correspondent of the Albany *Sunday Press* congratulates the citizens on the appearance in the Park of one of these tiny equipages, on the side of which was inscribed on a plate the name of its inmate's parent—a respected neighbour. If the suggestion were adopted it would certainly serve as some check upon pretty nursemaids who neglect their charge for the sake of a chat with a masculine acquaintance who has taken the opportunity to inquire, "Whose pretty baby have you there?"

A CURIOUSLY MISTAKEN CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA has occurred in Rome. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at the hospital of St. John Lateran a patient was admitted the other day apparently suffering from hydrophobia. It was a hopeless case, the patient was nearly dying, when a person brought up a piece of cord worn by St. Domenico, and directed that it should be steeped in water and the water administered to the sufferer, as it was an infallible remedy in cases of hydrophobia! This was accordingly done, but the cord had lost its efficacy, for the patient died shortly after, proving, as the believers say, that it must have been some other disease, not hydrophobia, for the cord could not fail. And this was in a public hospital under medical supervision!

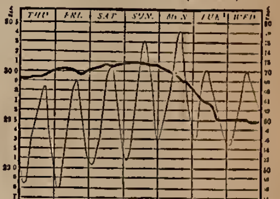
TWO ISLANDS HAVE DISAPPEARED from off the Australian coast—the Barker Islands and their inhabitants. A Captain Fisher, a Tasmanian capitalist, had purchased from the West Australian Government the right to remove guano from these islands, which were situated in lat. 14 S., long. 125 E., and despatched three vessels thither in April. When the vessel arrived, however, at the presumed locality of the islands they were not to be seen, and they are supposed to have disappeared through some volcanic disturbance. It was generally imagined that Australia lay out of the line of active volcanic agency, so that the phenomenon is all the more remarkable. We wonder whether Captain Fisher intends to sue the Western Australian Government for "non-delivery of goods."

LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week, and the deaths numbered 1,439 against 1,430 during the previous seven days, being 203 below the average, and at the rate of 21·3 per 1,000. There were 22 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 5), 176 from diarrhœa (a decline of 8), 51 from measles, 22 from fever (a fall of 2), 15 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 10), 21 from whooping-cough (a fall of 2), and 8 from diphtheria (an increase of 4); different forms of violence caused 49 deaths, and 45 were the result of negligence or accident, including 10 from drowning. There were 2,408 births registered—a decline of 21, but 55 above the average. The mean temperature was 63·3° and 1·1° above the average. The duration of sunshine last week was 46·6 hours out of the 107·4 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

THE PLANE TREES IN THE CITY OF LONDON, the *Gardener's Magazine* tells us, are at the present time in the most perfect state of leafage and colour. The limes have lost their brightness, the elms are of a deep sombre green hue, but the planes are golden green and glorious in the sunshine. An amusing study of town trees may be pursued in a walk through the gardens of the Temple, and thence along the Thames Embankment. The well-known Fountain Court is now exquisitely beautiful, and we recommend any one interested in City trees to visit the spot while it is at its best—on one side delicately garlanded with greenery, and the fountain throwing its simple column of water beside one of the finest plane trees in London. The plane trees of the Temple have been but little pruned at any time, and they contrast in a striking manner with the lean, systematically-pruned trees on the Embankment.

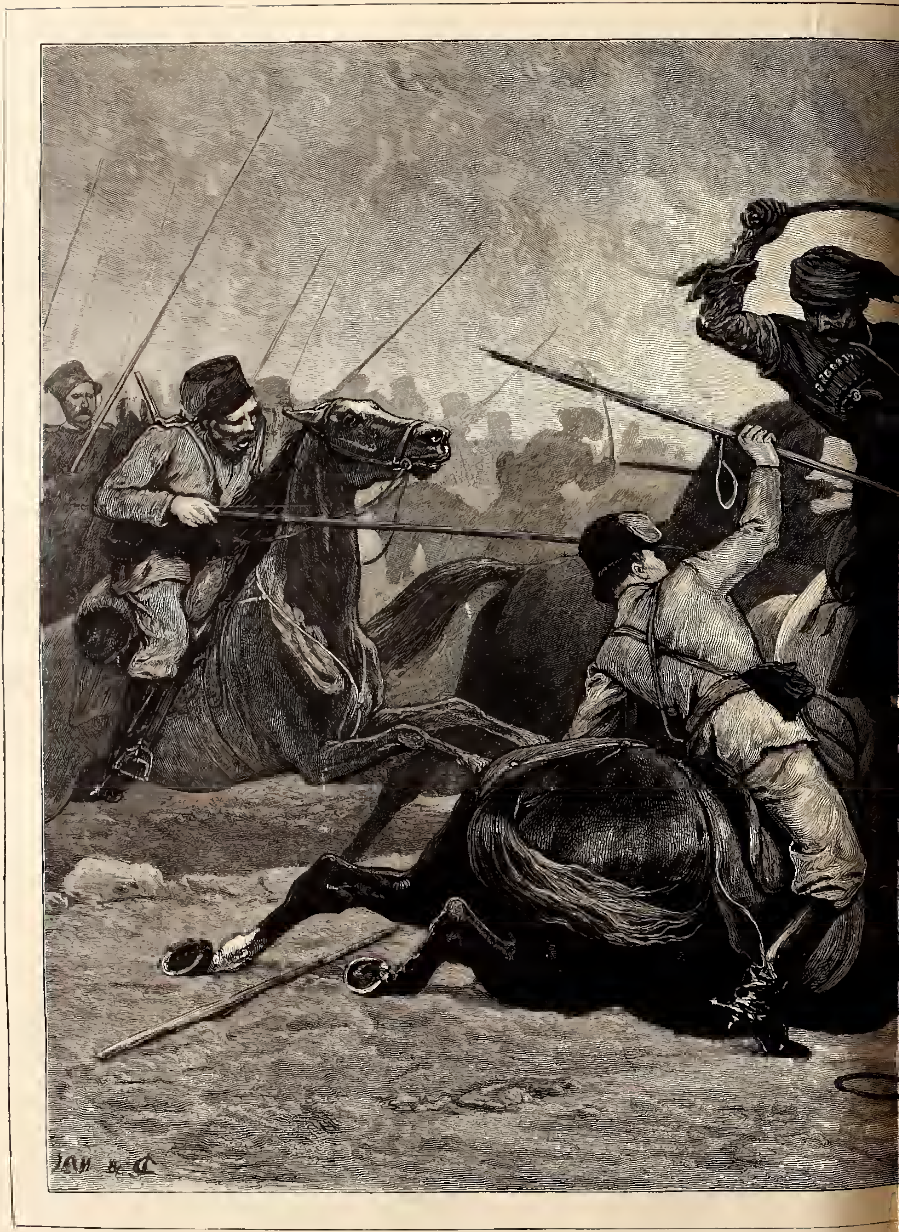
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUGUST 2ND TO AUGUST 8TH (INCLUSIVE)

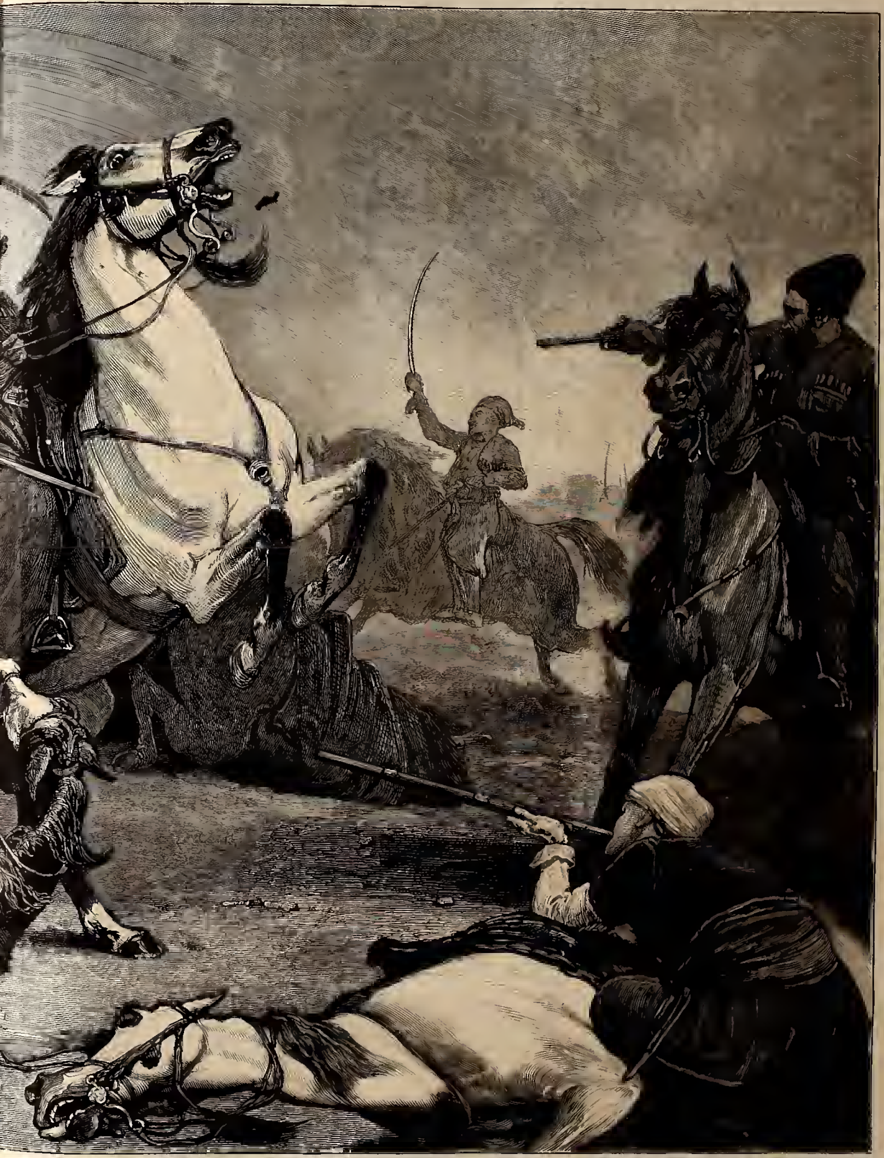


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The weather during this period has been very different from that which immediately preceded it. The very high temperatures then recorded gave way suddenly at the close of July, so that the maximum heat in the shade which we recorded on the 2nd was 67°, or 19° lower than that on July 31st. North-westerly winds then prevailed, and at first blew freshly; but on Friday, the 3rd instant, they lulled to a light breeze, and on Saturday, the 4th instant, southerly winds began to appear again on our western coasts, and gradually extended all over the country. It will be seen on referring to our diagram that the thermometer became higher and higher till Monday, the 6th instant, when 78° was reached as the maximum. The same day the barometer began to fall fast, and the southerly wind gradually increased in strength till Wednesday, the 8th instant, when strong squally winds were experienced, with heavy falls of rain. The barometer was highest (30·08 inches) on Sunday, the 5th instant; lowest (29·48 inches) on Wednesday, the 8th instant; range, 0·60 inch. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (78°) on Monday, the 6th instant; lowest (46°) on Friday, the 3rd instant; range, 32°. The wind was north-westerly until Saturday, the 4th instant, and southerly and south-easterly afterwards. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·56 inch, on five days; greatest fall in one day, 0·25 inch, on Wednesday, the 8th instant. On Thursday morning last the wind had veered to west-south-west, and fallen lightly, the barometer was rising, but the sky still had a showery appearance.



THE WAR IN THE EAST—COMBAT BETWEEN COSSACKS AN



BASHI-BAZOUKS NEAR THE VILLAGE OF HAIDAR KEUI, JULY 16

FOREIGN

The War in the East.——The tide of success has for the present decidedly turned in favour of the Turks, and both North and South of the Balkans the Russians have suffered serious reverses. The Russian defeat at Plevna appears from the fuller reports to have been more complete than was at first believed, and even the Russian official account estimates the loss of men at 5,000—a number increased to 10,000 by the correspondents of *The Times* and *Daily News*. As we shall fully illustrate the chief scenes of the battle next week we reserve details, but we may mention that the Russians retired in good order, and maintain their positions at Poredin and Tirstenik. Our artist, Mr. Villiers, had a narrow escape from falling into the hands of the Bashi-Bazouks, having at first been reported to have joined an ambulance, of which the whole, wounded and attendants, were massacred, but by a fortunate accident he had travelled with another party, and so managed to join the other correspondents at Bucharest.

To resume our chronicle of the war. Osman Pasha made no attempt to pursue the Russians, but remained quiet until Friday, when a detachment under Abdul Pasha occupied Selvi—a position of considerable importance, as it brings the Turks within twenty-five miles of Tirnova, and twenty miles of Gabrova, the Russian station at the head of the Shipka Pass. The Russians, however, are hurrying reinforcements to the front, some drawn from the Dobrudscha and others from the forces investing Rustchuk and Silistria; while the whole of the Imperial Guard has been ordered out from St. Petersburg, an Imperial Ukase summons 188,000 of the Landwehr of the First Class, and the garrison of Poland has been set free by calling out the Militia. The Roumanian Railway is entirely monopolised for the transport of the fresh forces, whose arrival will create considerable difficulty as to the food supplies, which are already reported to be scanty between Tirnova and Sistova, owing to the bad roads and the paucity of waggons. It is reported that the Grand Duke Nicholas has vainly requested the Czar to remove from Biela to Simnitza, and hints are freely given that had His Majesty been at Moscow the present defeats would not have occurred. The Czar's health is said to be bad, and his absence from the seat of war is generally recommended. A battle is reported to have taken place on Tuesday at Vladina, a village between Loftcha and Plevna, in which Osman Pasha was successful. The Russians were the aggressors. Osman Pasha's occupation of Selvi brings him a step nearer Mehemet Ali, and enables him to threaten the communications between Tirnova and the Shipka Pass. Thus the position of General Gourko, who is now driven back into the Balkans, becomes somewhat critical, especially as Suleiman and Reouf Pashas captured Eski Sagra on Tuesday week, taking five guns. Suleiman Pasha then subsequently occupied Kesanlik at the foot of the Shipka Pass on Saturday, and seized the Hain Boghaz Pass, the mountain path by which the Russians crossed. General Gourko—who, according to the *Agence Russe*, was the victor in two minor engagements—still holds the Shipka Pass, but his force has been weakened by the despatch of four battalions to Plevna, and he is said to be short of provisions. Should Mehemet Ali and Osman Pasha effect a junction he will be fairly caught in a trap. Mehemet Ali, however, has been busy organising his troops, turning Rasgrad into a fortified camp, and appointing fresh commanders. He is said to be waiting for the division of Ahmet Eyoub,—who has now been replaced by Reouf Pasha,—for the 20,000 men from Batoum and for the Egyptian force under Prince Hassan, so as to strike a decisive blow at the Russians on the Lom. Prince Hassan has been protecting Mehemet's rear from General Zimmermann's corps in the Dobrudscha, where there is much sickness. General Zimmermann has failed to effect a junction with the Czarewitch, and the latter, whose troops are also in a sickly condition, raised the siege of Rustchuk on Saturday, telegraphic and railway communication between the fortress and Shumla being re-established next day. The siege, however, will probably be renewed shortly, as reinforcements were crossing the Danube on Sunday. The fall of Widdin, where there are 12,000 troops, is expected, and the Austrian Steam Navigation Company propose to reopen the traffic on the Lower Danube as soon as the fortress surrenders.

From Asia there is little news save of insignificant skirmishes. The Russians are preparing to resume the offensive, and 15,000 fresh soldiers have crossed the frontier near Ani on the left bank of the Arpatchj river. The Russian centre numbers sixty-eight battalions with 8,500 cavalry under General Melikoff, while General Tergoukassoff is on the frontier at Kara Doulak. Mukhtar Pasha has retired nearer Kars, and has sent his heavy baggage into the fortress. Dysentery has broken out in his camp. In the Caucasus, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, Hobart Pasha and his fleet have been embarking Circassian emigrants at Soukhum Kaleh. Hobart Pasha, after destroying the Russian fort at Tchamtchira, rescued 6,000 Turkish troops who were there in a perilous position, and took them to Soukhum Kaleh. After all the emigrants are on board he will re-embark the troops, and the Caucasian expedition will be finally withdrawn.

Throughout Bulgaria the Russians continue to organise local governments, and Prince Tcherkasky intends to divide the province into districts, administered by a governor, vice-governor, and a finance counsellor. The mutual accusations of atrocities remain as violent as ever, the most important charges being the mutilation of the Russian wounded at Plevna, on the one side; and on the other, the cruelties at Eski Saghra, where the Russians are alleged to have killed 1,100 Mussulmans in eleven days.

St. Petersburg is seriously depressed by the Russian reverses, and a grand procession bearing the Turkish trophies captured at Nikopol to the Trinity church failed to cheer the population. The absence of news from the seat of war is bitterly felt throughout the Empire, as no lists of killed and wounded are published.—Constantinople is naturally jubilant, and rumours of peace are current. Nevertheless, a special guard is to be formed, and a camp of 70,000 men established for the defence of the capital. The Sultan has decorated Osman Pasha, and has sent an envoy to thank Suleiman. The trial of Abdul Kerim, Redif Pasha, and several others, has commenced, and Abdul Kerim is reported to defend his inaction as the result of instructions from Redif Pasha, who in his turn is likely to need little defence, as he is alleged to be dying of poison. All public officials are to be mulcted of half their salaries for four months, the money being regarded as a loan.

In Bosnia there has been a Turkish victory over the insurgent Despotovitch, who has been compelled to cross the frontier into Austria, where he will be interned.—In Montenegro the conflict continues with little variation.—Servia is quietly mobilising under the pretext of protecting the frontier; the Skuptschina has been prorogued after voting the continuance of the tribute to the Porte, and authorising the Government to declare the independence of the Principality in case of need; and it is reported that the Czar has asked Austria to agree to the passage of Russian reinforcements through Prince Milan's dominions. Rumours are rife of an alliance with Greece, both countries to declare war simultaneously. The Hellenic forces are estimated at 40,000 men.

Austria continues to mobilise, and has made arrangements for the necessary funds. Turkophile meetings have been held all over Hungary; there has been a grand Polish demonstration at Lemberg; and Herr Tisza has received a deputation protesting against Russian cruelties. The Emperors of Austria and Germany met at Ischl on Wednesday, and great expectations of alliance were aroused by the interview. Should Roumania and Servia take the field, Austria may perhaps occupy Bosnia. M. Cogalniceano's attempt at Vienna to get the independence of Roumania recognised has proved fruitless.

France.——The electoral campaign continues the all-absorbing topic, and there is little news of anything save preparations for the struggle. The elections are not likely to be held before October 14, and as another fortnight will be spent in verifying the returns the Chamber cannot meet before November. Some time will then be occupied in settling the preliminaries of the new Chamber, and if, as is thought very probable, a Ministerial crisis should arise, business will be further delayed until December. Of course the usual tactics are being pursued by the Government, which continues to dismiss Prefects and Mayors, dissolve Municipal Councils, and put down all meetings likely to bear the slightest tinge of a political character. Thus the annual musical festival at Beziers has been forbidden on the plea of the opinions of the honorary Presidents, two ex-deputies; an organ-grinder was recently arrested for playing the "Marseillaise," and in the Southern Departments the restrictive measures anent the closing of wine-shops are so severe that the peasants, driven from their usual haunts, meet at each other's houses to play cards, and significantly style the loser a "Broglie." Reports are abroad of a Ministry of Conciliation to be formed by M. Dufaure, assisted by the Left Centre and a few members of the Right who supported the vote of May 16, with the view of replacing the Marshal in the position he occupied before the present crisis. It is certain that the Cabinet is much harried by its Bonapartist and Legitimist allies, the Ultramontanes urging the utter destruction of Radicalism. "Strike at the head and heart," says the *Défense*, Mgr. Dupanloup's organ.

The Bonapartists have temporarily patched-up their family quarrel to combine against the common enemy, and MM. Rouher and Cassagnac have ceased their recriminations. They do not appear very sanguine as to their success in the coming elections, and M. de Cassagnac carefully disclaims all responsibility of the present crisis, stating that if the Conservatives are beaten the Bonapartists will not be affected by the blow which shatters the Government. The aid of the Vatican has been secured to them, according to a letter from Cardinal Simeoni to the Paris Nuncio, wherein he recommends the support of Napoleon IV., believing that the Empire and the Republic are the only probable Governments of France, and evidently choosing the lesser evil of the two. The Cardinal deplores French neutrality in the Eastern Question, and declares a European war preferable to the Revolutionary avalanche likely to engulf monarchies and religion.

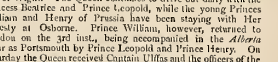
The chief interest of the week has centred in M. Thiers' visit to Stors, near L'Isle Adam, where he introduced M. Sénard as a candidate, and received a most enthusiastic greeting, being deafened with shouts of "Vive la République," and smothered in flowers. There was little notable in his speech, in which he stated his belief that "to-day the Republic only is possible," and commended the continuance of the Republican campaign to younger men than himself. M. Sénard, however, is only three years his junior. On their side the Government hope to outshine M. Thiers' warm reception by provincial demonstrations in favour of Marshal MacMahon, who has decided on visiting the chief industrial centres of France, and who will go to Rouen and St. Etienne with the intention of reassuring the manufacturers as to the effects of the situation on commercial interests.—The Reservists are to be called out for three weeks on the 20th inst. The Commission appointed to consider the condition of the Reformed Church has reported in favour of mutual concession on the part of both the Orthodox and the Liberals, and recommends that the Synod should be convened to consider a compromise.

Paris has been more than usually lively this week, and has been much interested in the Patti trial, wherein the Marquise de Caux was condemned in a remarkably plain verdict, the required separation was pronounced, and costs were laid to the charge of the Marquise. The distribution of the prizes at the Sorbonne was expected to give rise to a political manifestation, but the Minister of Public Instruction, who presided, wisely held his tongue on the dangerous subject. Considerable amusement has been created by M. A. Dumas having been chosen to deliver the address on the prizes for virtue at the French Académie. M. Dumas, however, merely delivered a prosy and not-specially original discourse.—The *Mot d'Ordre* has met with another condemnation for attacking religion and the Government, and M. Rochefort has been condemned to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 80*l*.—There have been two revivals—Racine's *Andromaque* at the Français and Halévy's *Reine de Chypre* at the Opera, both great successes in spite of the heat and the absence of the artistic world.

United States.——The disturbances are now dying out, strong garrisons of troops are stationed in Luzerne county, and traffic has been pretty generally resumed. The miners' strike, however, continues in Maryland, where they demand an advance of wages, but in most other places the mines have been pumped out and the colliers are at work. All fear of a renewal of the movement is not, however, past, and the Pittsburg Committee of Safety has asked the Government to maintain a permanent garrison of Federal troops. The actual damage done is estimated at 1,000,000*l*. The labour question is to be brought before Congress by the President's message at the opening of the October Session, and a Commission of Investigation on the recent riots will probably be advocated. The bad state of the trade and the continual disputes with employers has induced a number of carpenters to emigrate to Great Britain, where they are promised work. They left Philadelphia last week, notwithstanding the efforts of the New York carpenters' trade union.—Forest fires are beginning, and the village of Eaton, in Wisconsin, has been burned.—The sale of arms to the Indians has been prohibited.

India.——The famine accounts are a little more favourable, and the Viceroy reports that the prospects of the season are improved in Madras, more rain having fallen. Nevertheless there will be serious distress in Madras this winter, and at a meeting held under the presidency of the Duke of Buckingham on Saturday it was decided to appeal to the British public for help. At present 1,750,000 persons are receiving assistance, the increased mortality has reached half a million, and the better classes are beginning to suffer, while the pressure cannot possibly be relieved until the January crops are gathered. In Bombay the monsoon is insufficient and prices are high, and indeed Burmah and Assam are the only provinces furnishing satisfactory reports.—The Indian Navy is to be re-established.—The Indian Mahometans have been holding thanksgiving services for the Turkish victories.

Miscellaneous.——Germany is regretting Field-Marshal Von Steinmetz, an able officer who died suddenly last week at Landeck, aged 83. The German coast has been undergoing Admiralty inspection, and is reported to be prepared for war and practically unassailable. Prince Bismarck is going to Gastein.—In Italy the Vatican is disputing with Russia on the reported forthcoming exile of the Capuchin Friars from Poland. Should the Friars be turned out the Pope will make a public protest. Yesterday (Friday) a congregation of Cardinals was to meet at the Vatican to reply to the Pope's queries whether he had pursued the right course with regard to the position of the Holy See and the Italian Government, and whether any change should be made. Cardinal Simeoni has sent a circular to the various Nuncios stating that in the event of the election of a new Pope the changes in the formalities will not interfere with the rights of the Catholic Powers. He also intends to admonish Eastern Catholic Bishops to recommend the submission of their flocks to the decrees of the conquerors.—Spain is desirous to conclude a new treaty of commerce and navigation with England and France on a basis of reciprocity.—In Canada the murderer of the Orangeman, Mr. Hackett, who was shot during the disturbance at Montreal on July 12, has been committed for trial, and the poorhouse at Simcoe, Ontario, has been burnt, with a loss of seventeen lives.—The Convention between England and Egypt for the suppression of the Slave Trade was signed at Alexandria on Saturday.



THE COURT

The principal members of the Royal Family are now in the Isle of Wight. The Queen continues to drive out daily with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, while the young Princes William and Henry of Prussia have been staying with Her Majesty at Osborne. Prince William, however, returned to London on the 3rd inst., being accompanied in the *Alberta* as far as Portsmouth by Prince Leopold and Prince Henry. On Saturday the Queen received Captain Ulffas and the officers of the German frigate *Niobe*, in which the young Princes had arrived, and afterwards the Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and Prince Henry of Prussia visited the frigate in Cowes Road. In the evening Lord John Manners dined with Her Majesty. On Sunday Her Majesty and Prince Henry attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. William Barker, Vicar of St. Mary's, West Cowes, and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, officiating. Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, however, attended service at Whippingham Church. On Monday Prince Henry of Prussia left Osborne and rejoined the *Niobe*, and Lord John Manners also quitted Osborne. In the afternoon the Queen and the Princess Beatrice were present at a cricket-match between the Osborne Cricket Club and the officers and men of the Royal Yacht. On Tuesday Prince Leopold left in the *Alberta* for Portsmouth on his way to Boyton Manor. In the afternoon Lord Lyons arrived, and had an audience with Her Majesty. In the evening he dined with the Queen and the Princess Beatrice, and on Wednesday he left Osborne.

The Prince of Wales and his four younger children, Prince George and the Princesses Maud, Victoria, and Louise, are also in the Isle of Wight, having left Marlborough House on Monday, crossing over from Portsmouth on board the Royal yacht *Osborne*, which for the present is the home of the Prince and his children. The *Osborne* was received at Cowes by a salute of twenty-one guns from H.M.S. *Lord Warden*, and in the evening the Prince dined at the Royal Yacht Squadron Club House. On Tuesday the Prince and his children visited Her Majesty. The Princess of Wales, together with Prince Albert Victor, who is now fast approaching recovery, will probably join the Prince at the close of next week. The drainage of Marlborough House, where it is supposed that the young Prince contracted his illness, is to be thoroughly reorganised, and, according to the *Medical Examiner*, negotiations are in progress for securing an excellent mansion with a fine park in the north of London, which will be used as a kind of nursery for the Royal children in the London season.

The thirty-third birthday of the Duke of Edinburgh was kept on Monday with the usual salutes and rejoicings.—On Monday Prince William of Prussia visited Woolwich, and next day, with his suite, left for the Continent on his return home.—Prince Louis Napoleon is staying at Cowes.—Prince Gustav von Vasa, father of the Queen of Saxony, died at Pillnitz on Saturday, at the age of seventy-eight.

CHURCH NEWS

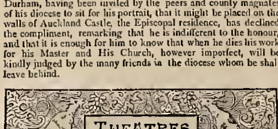
The Ritualists.——The first anniversary of the Church of England Working Men's Society took place on Saturday, celebrations "for the intentions of the society" being held at about a hundred churches. The service at St. Alban's, Holborn, was of a very advanced type. Mr. Tooth, who preached, said that the time for compromise was past and gone, and Christianity must realise its first principles and fight for life. They would have avoided the conflict if possible, but when they considered that compromise in such a cause was a contradiction, and therefore a lie, they must never be betrayed into accepting it. In the evening the members of the society met at the Cannon Street Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. W. Inglis, of Leeds, who reviewed the work of the Association during the year, and exhorted them to renewed efforts. Resolutions condemning the

Public Worship Act, and pledging the members to agitate against it, expressing sympathy with the Society of the Holy Cross, and protesting against prosecutions were unanimously passed.—An amusing suggestion for evading the law with regard to Vestments has been made in all seriousness by the *Church Times*, which in a lengthy article points out how a kind of combination of alb and chasuble can be so contrived that the new garment may serve all the purposes of the Eucharistic vesture and yet in the eye of the law be simply a surplice. The Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, however, objects to this hybrid garment as utterly novel, and as neither Anglican, Roman, nor Greek, and therefore not Catholic. His intention is to continue the use of the vestments without any kind of shifting or compromise. The *Church Times* rejoins that Mr. Bennett has mistaken the point of the suggestion, which is simply to "Sew a linen alb and chasuble together so as to make them one vestment, call it a surplice, and defy the Courts to prove it anything else. It is neither a sham nor a novelty, save for one seam in the stitching."—Monsignor Capel preached two sermons at Liverpool on Sunday on auricular confession. He denied the existence of any relations between Catholics and Anglicans. If the latter took their opinions and imitated their practice they did it of themselves. Their earnestness and devotedness proved them to be worthy of a better cause than striving to Catholicise the Church of England. The Catholic Church gave authority for the Confessional, but those who had undertaken Confession in the Church of England had no authority to do what they did, and were acting contrary to the Thirty-nine Articles, by which they were bound. They said they were one of the branches of the Catholic Church, but he protested against such a statement, for the Catholic Church had no relationship with them.

The Wesleyan Conference has continued its sittings at Bristol. On Friday last the Rev. H. Sprague, of St. John's, New Brunswick, gave an account of the recent terrible fire in that city. Before the catastrophe the Methodists had four stately churches in the city and three parsonages, and of them only one church and one parsonage had been saved; and of one congregation consisting of 145 families no fewer than 120 had lost their homes. A subscription for the relief of the sufferers was immediately commenced among the ministers assembled in conference. The affairs of the Sabbath Committee were next discussed, and some regret was expressed that Dean Stanley should have placed himself at the head of an organisation for the opening of museums on the Lord's Day. On Saturday the pastoral address of the Conference to the Societies was read and approved. It spoke of the increase of membership at home and abroad, deprecated the growing sentiment that Church fellowship is not essential to Christian life, and the notion that any external observances or generous beneficence can compensate for the lack of spiritual transformation and devotedness to Christ. It urged upon the members the need of an intelligent piety, the duty of religious reading, the importance of acquaintance with the standards of theology, and especially the necessity of carefully studying God's Word. On Monday the subject of "Lay Representation" was entered upon, and a number of resolutions were passed, it being agreed that the system should be put in operation at the Congress of 1878; that ministers only should vote for the election of ministerial representatives, and laymen only for representatives of their own order; and that no lay candidate should be eligible unless his membership in the Society was of five years' continuous duration. The debate, although at times excited, was conducted throughout with marked courtesy and good feeling.

United Methodist Free Churches.——The Conference of this influential body of Methodists was held at Louth, and came to an end on Friday last after a sitting of ten days. The numerical strength of the body shows an increase of 24 ministers and 1,680 Church-members during the year. In the course of the proceedings a resolution was passed expressing the hearty thanks of the assembly to Earl Granville for his "caution, firmness, and courtesy" during the discussion of the Burials Bill. Another resolution was passed to the effect that the Assembly viewed with anxiety the divided state of the Church of England, and the existence in its midst of thoroughly Popish doctrines, Mariolatry and Sacramental Confession in particular, to the danger of civil and religious liberty; and further that the Assembly was convinced that the sure corrective check to these monstrous and menacing innovations was the speedy and complete disestablishment of the Church of England, and a return to the inalienable rights of free speech and private judgment.

Various.——The Bishop of Manchester, speaking after a luncheon at Warrington last week, denied that he had ever said he would rather resign than enforce the Public Worship Act. He had never said anything so foolish. He thought that there was an unreasonable amount of alarm respecting the great conspiracy to overthrow the Protestant character of the Church of England. In his own diocese, where there were 750 clergymen, the conspirators were remarkably few, for he could count them on the fingers of a single hand.—Dr. Baring, the Bishop of Durham, having been invited by the peers and county magnates of his diocese to sit for his portrait, that it might be placed on the walls of Auckland Castle, the Episcopal residence, has declined the compliment, remarking that he is indifferent to the honour, and that it is enough for him to know that when he dies his work for his Master and His Church, however imperfect, will be kindly judged by the many friends in the diocese whom be shall leave behind.



THEATRES

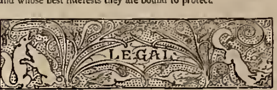
The well-deserved success of the children's pantomime at the **Adelphi** Theatre last season is so likely to have impressed the mind of the servile herd of plagiarists and imitators that none can blame Mr. Chatterton for determining to be early in the field with a new piece of the same original and attractive kind. It is true that by choosing the commencement of the month of August for this purpose be may have exhibited more anxiety to take time by the forelock than was imperatively necessary, but that really concerns nobody but Mr. Chatterton himself, or the accomplished writer who chooses to conceal himself under the *nom de plume* of "The Old Boy." Though this is not exactly holiday time, we presume that the management are of opinion that there is always a certain number of young folks who require occasional amusement; and there is a prettiness of a poetical and imaginative kind in these productions which renders them not altogether beneath the notice of older visitors. It is to be observed that strict association of pantomime with Christmas cannot after all lay claim to be founded on ancient precedent, but is rather in itself an innovation; nor do there appear to be any grounds of objection to pantomime in the summer months analogous to the obvious reasons why oysters are not to be eaten in June, or great-coats to be worn when the thermometer averages 70° in the shade. Altogether, as good a case may perhaps be made out for the production of the new children's pantomime of *Little Red Riding Hood* at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday evening as for any other sort of theatrical novelty in the dead season; and even if it should prove otherwise it may be urged that the penalty will fall on the management alone. Apart from this we can assure our readers that "The Old Boy" displays once more that sympathy with the tastes of young folks which was so conspicuous in his first effort in this way. The choice of an old-fashioned nursery story is an excellent sign; and it is equally satisfactory to find the tale treated tenderly, and the legend of little Red Riding Hood and the wolf restored to the picturesque historical land of Normandy to which it appears that it originally belongs. Although *Little Goody Two Shoes* had already disclosed the existence among us of a very considerable amount of juvenile talent we may still be permitted to admire the varied abilities of these little performers, and to marvel at the success with which they have been trained; the steps and movements of the Infant Cerito possess indeed a grace which few grown-up professors of dancing are able to attain. Then there is Miss Emelie Grattan, who is quite an ideal *Rose de l'Amour*, which is, we understand, the true name of the heroine as appears in Perrault's story of *Le Petit Chaperon Rouge*. With these are Master Grattan and Master Napier Barry, Miss Blanch and Miss Nerill, Miss Cooper and Miss Lizzie Seymour; besides the representatives of the "fairies of the fruits," of the "peasants and country lasses," and of the Miller's men. All these pertain to the opening story, which has been provided with very picturesque scenery, as well a "grand pantomimical transformation," the glittering splendours of which are, we suppose, an indispensable concomitant of pantomime no matter of what season. Lastly, there is a double harlequinade, in which those nimble and graceful representatives of harlequin Miss C. Gilchrist and Miss Bella Goward are supported by Miss Coote and Miss Taylor as Columbines; while Masters Bertie Coote and Alfred West, and Masters Meadows and Wilson again represent the Clowns and Pantaloons with scrupulous regard to the traditions of this form of entertainment, and much to the delight of youthful visitors. *Little Red Riding Hood* is performed nightly by way of afterpiece to the drama of *The Streets of London*; but there are to be morning performances every Wednesday till further notice.

A new play by Mr. Paul Merritt, the author of *Stolen Kisses*, has been produced at the **Prince of Wales'** Theatre, Birmingham. *Stolen Kisses* is not remarkable either for constructive power or brilliant dialogue, but it has some humour, and two at least of its characters succeed in amusing the audience by their sayings and doings. Hence, in the dearth of dramatic talent, it has received a good-natured welcome, and this gives to the author's new play a certain importance. The title is *A Daughter of Eve*, and the story appears to be of a rather melodramatic kind. It does not, however, appear very clear whether "the daughter of Eve" of the title is the youthful heroine who has been wrongfully charged with petty larceny, and has weakly fled from her accusers, or the wicked Lady Glenmore, who, from motives of vengeance, permits the young lady to marry, and then overwhelms the bridegroom by betraying this compromising secret. The persecuted innocence of the play appears to resemble the unblushing iniquity which is also one of its features—at least in the fact that each is presented in its purest and most concentrated form. In the end youthful innocence is clearly established, and it has occurred to the writer, in a happy moment of inspiration, to allow the young lady to be suddenly discovered to be the long-lost daughter of the cruel but now repentant Lady Glenmore. Mr. Merritt's plots have an unwelcome resemblance to the sort of serial stories which flourish in the lower kind of cheap weekly periodicals. There is in fact a suburban taint in his pieces which must be removed before he can hope to achieve a lasting success in the theatres of the better class. Another play by this writer, and entitled *The Golden Plough*, is in preparation at the **Adelphi**.

In the course of his address to the audience on the occasion of his recent benefit at the **Lyceum** Theatre, Mr. Irving referred to an intention of appearing next winter in another play of Shakespeare. He is, we believe, studying the part of King Lear.

The **Gaiety** just now is one of the few theatres which are able not only to keep open doors, but to secure full, and even crowded, audiences. The chief attraction is Mr. Byron's burlesque, *The Bohemian G'yurl*, which is one of the prettiest and liveliest pieces of its kind that have been produced for a long time. There is an elaborate kind of minuet danced by Miss E. Farren and Miss Kate Vaughan in the second scene, which for grace and elegance combined can hardly have been surpassed. The Gaiety stage possesses some advantages over that of the Opera Comique, where this amusing production was brought out last year, and hence the performance is in many ways more effective. It was certainly withdrawn at the Opera Comique before its popularity was exhausted, in accordance with Mr. Hollingshead's curious custom of settling and publishing his programmes a long time in advance. This habit he is said to have acquired in early years, when fulfilling the post of editor of the *Nautical and Astronomical Almanac*, which, it is well known, makes its appearance only once in four years, but the explanation is supposed to be apocryphal.

One hundred actors and actresses, including many distinguished names, have issued a short, but emphatic, protest against some recent attempts to provide funds for the Dramatic College at Maybury, the affairs of which institution appear not to be in a flourishing condition. The programme of the *fêtes* at Lillie Bridge on behalf of the charity appears indeed to justify both the epithet "buffoonery," and the complaint of the protesting party that the proceedings tended to degrade the art which they follow, and whose best interests they are bound to protect.



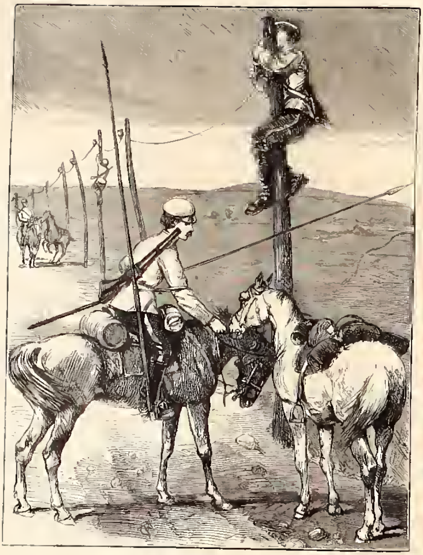
LEGAL

The Imprisoned Detectives.——The three police inspectors and Mr. Froggatt, the solicitor, who is charged with them, were again before the Bow Street magistrate on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday last week, the whole of the time being taken up with the examination-in-chief of the convict Kurr. The witness, continuing the narrative of his alleged intercourse with the defendants, said, among other things, that soon after the discovery of the De Goncourt fraud, Druscovich met him by appointment, and, appearing to be greatly excited, told him that, now he had given him the "tip," he must look after himself, as he (Druscovich) had been "piped off"—*i.e.*, watched. During the proceedings on Friday there was a smart and somewhat lengthy contention between Mr. Poland, the prosecuting counsel, and Mr. St. John Wontner, who appeared for Druscovich, as to the admissibility of the copy of a telegram alleged to have been sent to the witness at the Bridge of Allan, and, after Sir J. Ingham had finally decided against it, some laughter was created by Mr. Poland putting the question, "How did you know that Druscovich was coming to Edinburgh?" and Kurr's replying, "In consequence of the telegram which was objected to a moment ago." On Saturday, Kurr gave some interesting details of the attempt to bribe the police and the magistrates at Rotterdam, for which purpose the witness alleged that he gave Mr. Froggatt 50*l.* The case, which continues to excite great interest, was adjourned until to-day (Saturday), Mr. Poland not having completed his examination-in-chief.—It is said that the Government have determined to institute a searching inquiry into the entire working of the detective system, with a view to the appointment of a superior class of persons to positions of authority and responsibility.

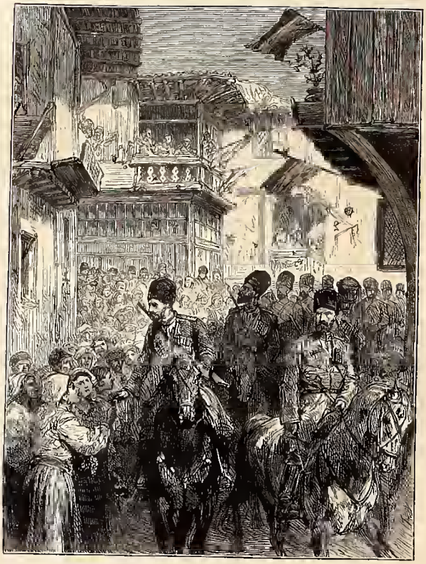
The Artisans' Dwellings Company.——After another lengthy hearing before the Bow Street magistrate, the case against Messrs. Swindlehurst, Langley, and Saffery has been again adjourned. An extraordinary general meeting of the company was held last Friday under the presidency of the Hon. E. Ashley, chairman *pro tem.* of the Board of Directors. During the discussion of the report of the Investigation Committee, Mr. Hawkins, a member of the late Board, said that the directors used to sign a large number of blank cheques, which were left to the disposal of the secretary. At the last meeting of the Board, in June, no fewer than 2,500 blank cheques were signed for dividend in July, and within three days afterwards it appeared that there was no money at the bank. Mr. Baxter Langley made a speech, in which he said that he had never sought connection with the Company, and had derived no financial benefit from it whatever. He defended the system of declaring dividends out of estimated profits, which Mr. S. Morley, M.P., in a previous speech, had spoken of as being eminently unsound. The report of the Committee was adopted, and a bonus of 300*l.* was ordered to be presented to Mr. Pearce, one of the auditors, for his persevering and disinterested efforts in promoting the investigation.—It is said that Dr. Langley, who has for several years past been seeking to gain the confidence of the electors of Greenwich, has now definitively retired from his candidature for the borough.

Uncivil Drivers.——Some weeks ago the Lord Mayor of London narrowly escaped being run over by a reckless and abusive cab-driver, who, on being subsequently brought before him, was let off with a mild rebuke. His lordship, however, has no hesitation in punishing offenders of this kind when other persons complain of their misbehaviour. The other day he imposed a fine of 1*l.* and costs upon an omnibus driver for inconveniencing a gentleman by driving his horses so close to the door of another 'bus as to prevent its being opened. The Lord Mayor said that day after day he witnessed from the windows of the Mansion House some of the most aggravating cases of impertinence on the part of omnibus men and cab-drivers that it was possible to imagine. Their whole pleasure seemed to be to cause as much annoyance and pain as they possibly could. He was only too glad to see such men brought before him, and he would take care that they did not go unpunished.

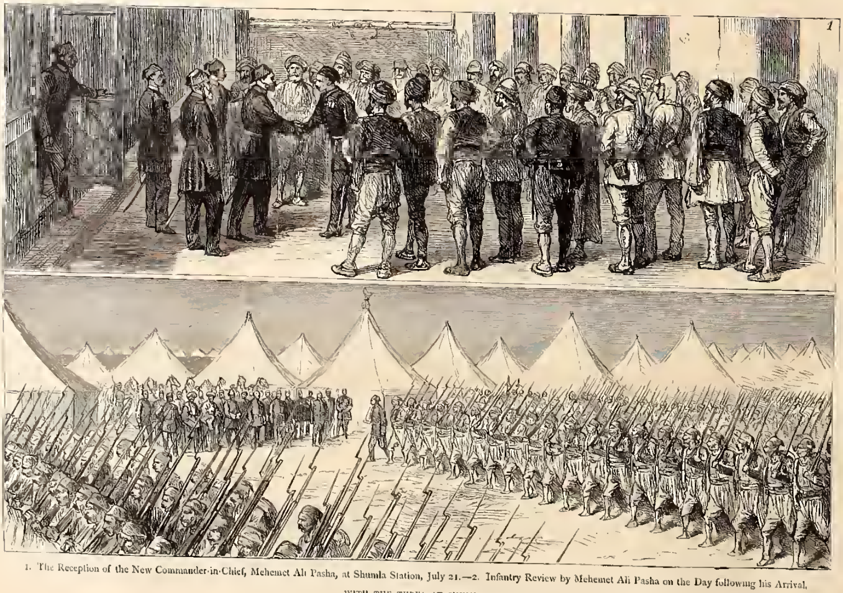
Miscellaneous Items.——The trial of the three persons accused of the wilful murder of Mrs. Harriet Staunton has been postponed until September, to enable the prisoners to procure additional evidence as to the cause of death to rebut that which has been adduced on behalf of the prosecution. They are also to be tried for the manslaughter of the child of Louis Staunton.—Mr. Justice Hawkins, before whom a man was last week committed for manslaughter at the Liverpool Assizes, has since received a letter threatening his life, and telling him that his wife would be a widow within a week. On Wednesday his lordship, attired in his official robes, appeared in the witness-box at the Dale Street police station, to give evidence as to the receipt of the missive, and a youth named Quinn, who is suspected of being the writer, was committed for trial.—At Abingdon a clergyman aged seventy-six has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for obtaining a service of Communion plate by false pretences.—Mr. John Rea, the well-known Belfast solicitor, possibly emulative of the great achievements of his compatriots in Parliament, has been trying his hand at obstruction and physical endurance at the County Antrim Assizes, where, appearing as plaintiff in an action against the ex-Mayor of Belfast, he claimed 13,000*l.* damages for an alleged assault at a public meeting. Mr. Rea of course conducted his own case, and poured forth such a flood of eloquence that at last the Chief Justice told him that he must conclude in one half-hour more. When this time had elapsed Mr. Rea was reminded of the fact, and invited to produce evidence; but he declined to do so, and might possibly have gone on speaking until now had not the Chief Justice settled the matter by discharging the jury.—The action brought against the Under-Master of Dulwich College by one of the Assistant-Masters for alleged slander and libel, has resulted in a verdict of 40*s.* damages; but judgment has not yet been given.—We have had a plentiful crop of murders this week. On Monday the dead body of a labouring man, seventy years old, was found in a market garden near Kew, where he is supposed to have been murdered the previous Saturday for the sake of his week's wages.—On Sunday morning, at Islington, an Irishman named Lynch killed his wife. The couple had been living apart, and a meeting had been arranged with a view to reconciliation. For a time their conversation was amicable; but the poor woman seems to have been afraid to go home with her husband, and this exciting his anger he suddenly drew a razor, and cut her throat.—At Liverpool Assizes sentence of death has just been passed upon a man for a most revolting murder. It appears that, having had some quarrel with his victim, he suggested to a neighbour that they should "go and soften Lloyd's —— head." The neighbour refused; but after awhile the deceased came out of his house and, being annoyed and challenged by the prisoner, struck him with his fist, drawing blood. The prisoner went into his own house, and, finding that he was bleeding, said with an oath, "Am I to lose blood and get nothing for it?" He then snatched up a poker, and, rushing to Lloyd's house, beat him about the head in such a fearful manner that be died ten days afterwards.



WITH THE RUSSIANS—COSSACKS CUTTING THE TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION ON THE ROAD TO RUSTCHUK



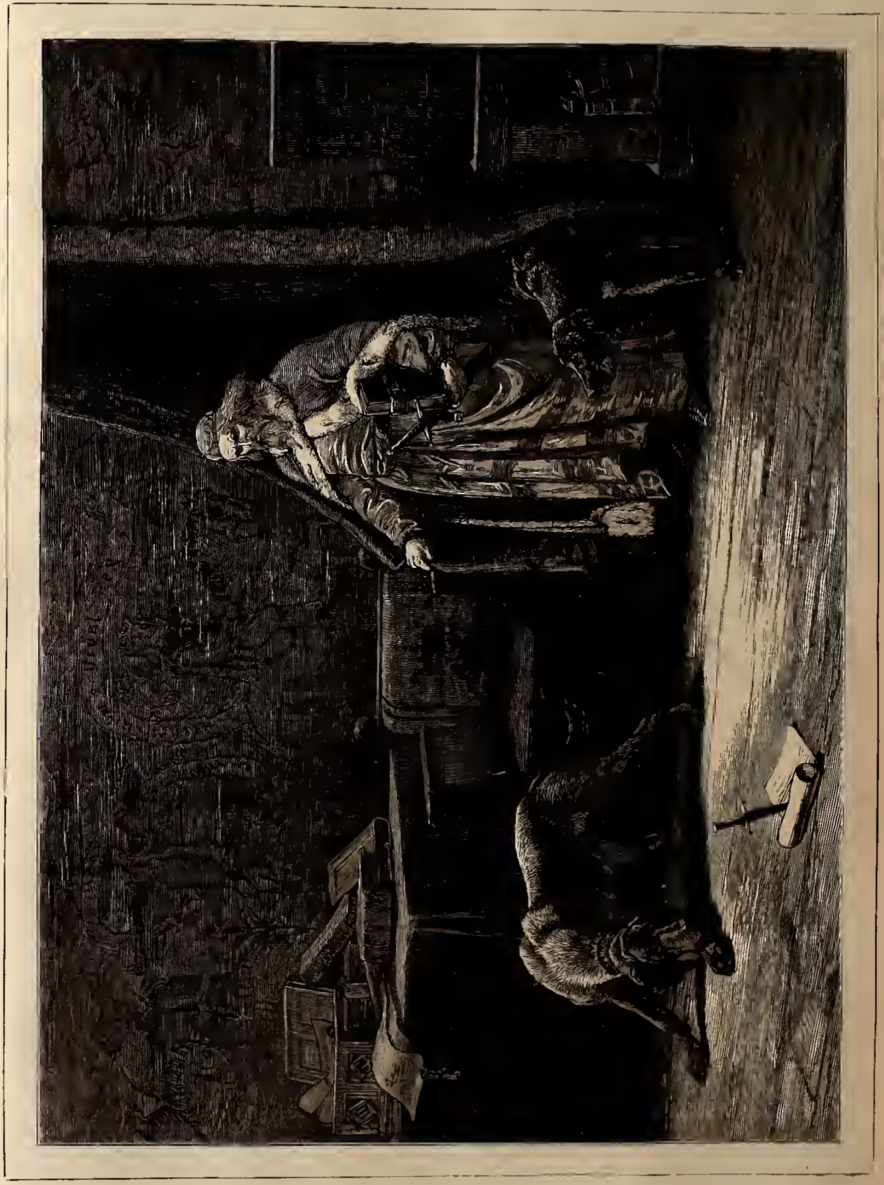
WITH THE RUSSIANS: FRIENDLY CIRCASSIANS—BODY-GUARD OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS ENTERING TIRNOVA



1. The Reception of the New Commander-in-Chief, Mehemet Ali Pasha, at Shumla Station, July 21.—2. Infantry Review by Mehemet Ali Pasha on the Day following his Arrival.

WITH THE TURKS AT SHUMLA

THE WAR IN THE EAST



"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN"

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. C. DOLLMAN EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"THE SEA OF MOUNTAINS," by Molyneux St. John (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—The title of this book is the name once given—much to the displeasure of a colony whose ambition is to be a great railway terminus—by a "distinguished Canadian statesman" to the province of British Columbia; its subject, Lord and Lady Dufferin's conciliatory tour among the aggrieved Columbians last year; its writer, one of the newspaper correspondents who followed in the Governor-General's train to indite "special letters" to their subscribers. The story of the quarrel between the youngest member of the new Dominion and her sisters, is, as all know, the story of a railway. Six years ago, in the heyday of Confederation, this railway was promised, and within ten years. But Canada, it might have been guessed at the time, was in no condition to undertake so promptly the construction of a railway to the Pacific coast, more particularly when the track must run among a "sea of mountains" to a terminus whose proper site is still a matter of some dispute. And gradually between the reluctance of the Canadians to be hurried into any hasty outlay, the insistance of the Vancouver's Island people on the so-called "Carnarvon Terms," the immediate construction, that is, of the last section of the railway line as originally proposed, the bit between their coal-fields of Nanaimo and their harbour of Esquimault, and the refusal of the mainland colonists to accept even this as a settlement of the dispute, negotiations between the Eastern and Western members of the Confederation had come to a somewhat embittered deadlock. It was to make things pleasant in an unofficial way, and ascertain for himself the real feeling of a colony which was beginning to talk pretty loudly of separation, that Lord Dufferin undertook last summer the tour recorded in these volumes. And much to the satisfaction of moderate men all round—for there can be no doubt that the intercolonial railway is a question not of honest intention, but of time and means—was the tour, in spite of some unpleasantnesses at the outset, commenced and carried to its close. Its details are perhaps too full of purely colonial interest to secure the undivided attention of the every-day reader; nor is the narrative quite free from the roughness natural to letters bound up, after a few excisions, much as they were sent to the *Toronto Globe*. Still there is a good deal both to edify and to amuse in the incidents of a tour by a real Governor-General across the States; in the description of the land-locked seas, at once perilous and beautiful, which divide Vancouver's Island from the mainland; in the accounts of the Indian tribes, in all their various degrees of savageness, between the forty-ninth parallel and the rarely-visited Queen Charlotte's Isles. The absence of a good map is perhaps the chief defect in volumes generally well-informed and lively.

A third and revised edition of that important work, "The Organ: its History and Construction" (R. Cocks and Co.)—the former by the late Dr. Rimbault; the latter by Mr. E. Hopkins, organist of the Temple—will be welcomed wherever the "king of instruments" is known and prized. St. Cecilia's self indeed might lean from Heaven to note how the "vocal frame" has grown in favour and in power, triumphing over Puritanic pride and architectural caprice, until the pipes which Cromwell's soldiers smashed in play, bidding the choristers "goe sing hot pudding pyes," the "d——'s box of whistles" for which old Wren refused to change an iota of his plans, have advanced to a dignity which makes the architect deem the organ-loft scarcely lower than the rood-screen and causes the "Kist o' whustles" to be heard in the heart of the Presbyterian sanctuary. So pleasant, indeed, is this large volume, one could almost wish it broken up into three handy sections—Dr. Rimbault for the lover of musical anecdote and history, Mr. Hopkins on construction and tuning for the technical, the appendix about great organs at home and abroad for easy reference when about to travel. Altogether one of the most generally interesting of technical works that we could name.

"Music in the House," by J. Hullah, the third number of the new "Art at Home Series" (Macmillan and Co.), though far from lacking in useful hints on choice of instruments, distinctness of enunciation, rehearsal practice, and so forth, strike us as just a thought too general and sketchy. Its strongest point—that at least which most impresses itself on the memory—is its number of suggestions for valuable additions to the amateur's *repertoire* from sources as a rule but lightly skimmed or altogether overlooked.

Side by side with a second edition of that excellent volume of the "British Manufacturing Industries Series" (E. Stanford), which treats of papermaking and bookbinding, of photography and toys, &c., we receive from the same publisher a new and charming little book, entitled "British Industries: Horticulture," by F. W. Burbidge. Two centuries ago, and horticulture would hardly have been bold to class itself among national industries at all. It is far short even yet of the importance it may one day assume, though employing as it does large capital, and yielding in most instances large returns. As an industry it divides itself into the culture of fruit and vegetables for the table, or of plants and flowers for decorative ends; the production of new varieties by artificial processes, and the acclimatisation of new forms imported from abroad. Though supply in its case still lags behind demand—our import of fruit alone amounts to some 6,000,000*l.* yearly—it has long since made its mark among the more enterprising of scientific industries. It pays far better than most kinds of culture—witness its extending growth in Kent and Herts; it can be applied to much that is now waste land—to the 200 square miles say of railway embankment lying idle; it keeps alive a busy train of collateral trades and industries. Though quite an enthusiast on many of these points, Mr. Burbidge never allows himself to forget that mere increase of production without a market profit is little worth. As a short survey of horticulture as a national industry the little book is almost perfect, nor does it limit itself to this alone, but adds besides some excellent notes on ornamental gardening and our public parks, and on the varieties of garden industry among our great producing rivals of America and the Continent.

For horticulture again in its most fashionable form of carpet, geometrical, and sub-tropical garden beds we have yet another tasteful little book in Mr. Nathan Cole's "The Royal Parks and Gardens of London" (*Journal of Horticulture* Office, Fleet Street).—Prettily got-up and fairly illustrated, to brief descriptions of our great public gardens and useful hints on the arrangement of trees and plants and combination of colours in harmonious sequence it adds quite a multitude of ingenious designs for beds and borders in all the varieties of Lobelias, Geraniums, Alteroantheras, and the like. Just possibly the taste for this mosaic work may not be so long-lived as Mr. Cole appears to think. Still while it lasts we can well commend his book as an excellent instructor.

From flowers and shrubs we pass to sternest figures in "Correspondence Relating to the Budgets of Various Countries," edited by J. W. Probyn (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), the latest, and in some respects most interesting, of the many interesting publications of the Cobden Club. Our public burdens, which now reach nearly eighty millions, some five-and-twenty years ago rarely, as Mr. Probyn tells, exceeded at the outside fifty-two, and middle-aged taxpayers may remember further how in those halcyon days of '51 the Budget of '35 was the ideal type to which the late Mr. Cobden and his friends were ever vainly essaying to bring us back. No doubt the rise in values all round accounts for much; the greater expenditure on works that may fairly be styled productive for something more. Yet there is something still behind which quite justifies the Cobden Club in their circular inquiry of the chief nations of the world as to the means possessed by them of controlling Government expenditure and the tendency of their Legislative bodies to keep down charges or limit abuses in administration. And, sooth to say, much the same answer comes from almost all. The system of control is good, more perfect in some places than our own. The feeling about expenditure is greatly changed. The Commons now are everywhere kings, and spend the taxpayers' money as royally as any kings of old. Before 1848, says Professor Nasse of Prussia, the absolute monarchy dared not be extravagant. The popular representatives call for greater outlay now in education, &c., and the Government is sheltered against public opinion. Only, in fact, in Denmark, where a majority of peasant farmers act usually on two broad principles, the one that military expenditure is useless, the other that no official need have a larger income than one of themselves, does economy still hold her own. Still, if Budgets have increased, so have incomes, too, and if money is spent freely it brings its fair return of money's worth. On the whole, the Cobden Club has been more successful in bringing together an interesting collection of constitutional statistics than in eliciting any very decided condemnation of matters as they are.

Two volumes more—7th and 8th—of the "M.C.C. Cricket Scores and Biographies" (Longmans and Co.), bring up the record from 1860 to 1864. A volume now for every two years—the rate of progress is ominously slow, yet who that love the game would willingly curtail a register so complete of matches and of players? Among the biographies we notice those of the renowned W. G. Grace, and the only less famous Jupp, Oscroft, and A. Shaw.

The inefficiency of servants is much bemoaned nowadays, and inexperienced mistresses are sometimes at a loss to show how the work should be done. Mrs. Cupples' "Book about House Work" (Simpkin, Marshall) will prove of considerable assistance to young housekeepers, as it tells the duties of housemaid, cook, and nurse, and gives numerous hints on domestic matters.—Now that flowers are so largely utilised for decorative purposes, Mr. Saward's "Artistic Flower Decorations" (*The Bazaar*) will be found specially useful. Here are directions for ornamenting tables, rooms, halls, and conservatories in varied styles; the most effective and lasting flowers being mentioned.—Decorations of a less ephemeral character are described in "Artistic Amusements" (*The Bazaar*), which explains the processes of stencilling, china-painting, vitremanie, and a host of occupations for deft fingers and tasteful imaginations. The same publisher sends Vol. I. of "Foreign Cage Birds," by C. W. Gedney—a plain, sensible work on the parrot tribe, containing simple information based upon actual experience.—By the aid of "Character Indicated by Handwriting," by R. Baughan (*The Bazaar*), curious people may dissect their dear friends' letters, and discover their good and bad points. The author well supports the theory that caligraphy furnishes a correct estimate of character, and gives numerous *fac-similes* of autographs of celebrities as illustrations. The various formations of different letters are each shown to denote some distinctive quality.

◆

A BATH IN THE BLACK FOREST

WE will suppose, indulgent reader, that in the course of your travelling experience but little has escaped your observant eye, that the bye-paths and rarely-visited nooks of the European Continent are as familiar to you as the beaten highway;—but it is nevertheless possible that your investigating glance may not have penetrated *every* corner, and it is precisely one of these "remote" but not "unfriendly" spots that we propose introducing to your notice. If it be hitherto unknown to you, our guarantee that you might go farther and fare worse may perhaps tempt you thither; if you know it already, you will scarcely be disposed to hide your face, as the physician did on passing a church-yard, excusing himself by saying that it contained some old acquaintances he was by no means anxious to renew. At any rate, you remember Appenweier, the station between Strasburg and Oos, from which branches off the line at Basle; you have stopped their often enough on your way to lose your money at Baden—you see, we are initated into some of your little secrets, but don't be alarmed, it shan't go any farther; well, on leaving the train and entering the restaurant (where you can't do better than regale yourself on the standard dish, Kalbscoteletten), you will find, if you arrive at the nick of time, a strange-looking vehicle at the door, half omnibus, half *diligence*, the driver of which will vow by all the saints in the (German) calendar to deposit you safe and sound at your journey's end in a couple of hours, and what is more, he will keep his word. But, you naturally ask, where *is* our journey's end? Gentle sir, it is Griesbach, in the Forêt Noire; so take your place beside the *schwager*, light your cigar, and *en route!*

Our road leads us alternately up and down hill, the former predominating; one wooded eminence succeeds another, with here and there a stray village, every cottage in which displays some half-a-dozen oleanders in full bloom. Presently our conductor pulls up at a wayside inn, and tells us confidentially that the best Kirschenwasser in the Duchy is made there, recommending us to carry off a bottle or two with us, which, after having tried and approved it, we do. Jehu, who has of course come in for his share, cracks his whip with renewed vigour, and in three-quarters of an hour we arrive at Petersthal, an opposition bathing establishment consisting of one spacious *pension* in a sort of square, flanked by a few scattered dwellings, apparently serving as accessory lodging-houses to the main edifice. Onward we rattle for another half hour, and after breasting a stiffish hill, and turning abruptly round a corner, come in sight of an irregular mass of buildings, evidently erected at various periods, and forming one complete but slightly inharmonious whole. "Da sind wir!" says our driver, as our vehicle stops before the entrance door, where a remarkably stout landlord and his acolytes, all in a row like the four-and-twenty blackbirds, are awaiting our arrival.

The presiding genius of Griesbach was in our time, and for all we know to the contrary still is, a certain Herr Jockerst, as satisfactory a specimen of an autocrat as could well be imagined, dispensing his hospitality with infinite amiability, and exercising a mild and beneficent rule over the occupants of the half score huts adjoining his domain. For it may be distinctly stated that the *pension* Jockerst *is* Griesbach, the neighbouring hamlet, including a small public house, the staple commodity of which is an indigenous beer of so innocuous a tendency that even Sir Wilfrid Lawson could hardly object to it, being mere tributaries to the Bad-Anstalt; and this once premised, let us indulge in a glance at the surrounding locality.

One of the peculiar charms of Griesbach is its isolated position; forming as it does, together with the analogous establishments at Petersthal and Rippoldsau, a species of triangle, it stands, within the limits separating it from either of them, absolutely alone. Almost wholly encircled by densely wooded hills, accessible by means of winding paths, one of which, followed to the summit, descends gradually on the other side to the valley of Rippoldsau, it presents as complete an image of seclusion as the most misanthropical hermit could desire; but with all this, the aspect of the place is neither gloomy nor suggestive of *ennui*. Few resorts of the kind are better patronised; the purity of the air, the medicinal virtues of the springs, and, though last not least, the exceptional moderate tariff, attract thither full as many guests from Carlsruhe, Stuttgart, Heidelberg, and Strasburg as the host can comfortably accommodate; and during the short summer season it is nearly as difficult to secure a pigeon hole in the shape of a bedroom, as for an unprivileged candidate to escape a "pilling" at the Marlborough or the Turf Club. Besides what Mrs. Blimber calls "the dominions of the drowsy god," a spacious hall is at the disposal of the visitors, serving indiscriminately as dining and drawing-room; and there, after the evening meal, the six or seven fiddlers attached to the Anstalt (and duly charged for in the weekly bills) discourse doleful music, or, if the company be unusually sprightly, strike up a waltz as a signal for the disciples of St. Vitus to spoil their digestions immediately on the removal of the supper table. It may be added that on these occasions, the lady *pensionnaires* being generally in a majority of at least four to one, the waiters, in the absence of more eligible partners, are frequently pressed into the service; so that it is no uncommon thing to see the identical individual, who an hour before has been handing round the *Rehbraten*, capering about with a self-satisfied smirk, or solemnly standing *vis-à-vis* to some middle-aged dame, who has laid aside her eternal knitting for the purpose of figuring in a quadrille.

But all is primitive and *sans façon* at Griesbach; the nearest approach to gambling is a backgammon board, and by ten o'clock the great hall is deserted, and its former occupants are in the land of dreams. What with early rising, the prescribed medical routine, and a stroll in the neatly laid-out garden behind the house, or excursions in the neighbouring woods, time passes pleasantly enough, and the simple but abundant fare provided by the worthy Herr Jockerst is done ample justice to. Whether the appetite of the guests be stimulated by the daily absorption of the waters or not, we are unable personally to say; for, although we have a firm conviction that they (the waters, not the guests), are a sovereign remedy for all the ills that human flesh is heir to, yet to our shame and confusion be it acknowledged—we quite forgot to taste them! C. H.

◆

"GRANDFATHER'S DARLING"

WE have here a quaint and picturesque home-scene taken at Vottendam, a little fishing village on the Zuyder Zee; the interior of a fisherman's cottage with its cupboard-bed, black oaken chest, and tiled fireplace. Its walls are covered with those Delft plates, pots, pictures, and burnished metal utensils which Dutchmen so revel in, while a shrine and crucifix indicate the religion of the occupants. The old grandfather is down upon his knees before his darling, from whom he has just snatched the wooden horse and basket carriage, which lies overturned by his side with poor dolly, its only passenger, lying prostrate on the floor. The child, half-pleased and half-offended, crouches closely into her corner, keeping a wary eye upon the movements of the bespectacled marauder who has annexed her toys in so unceremonious a fashion, a liberty which would doubtless have called forth a flood of tears, were it not that she recognises him as an old playmate. The grandmother, busy by the fireside burnishing a pan, looks on with divided interest, whilst the young mother plying her knitting-needles appears to be utterly regardless of the scene. Her thoughts, perchance, are with the father far away amid the stormy dangers of the North Sea.—Our engraving is from the picture by Mr. J. Wallis Wilson, and is exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

◆

SWAN-UPPING ON THE THAMES

THE privilege of keeping swans upon the River Thames has always been very jealously guarded. As early as the time of Henry VI. it was ordained that any one stealing a swan's egg should be punished with a year's imprisonment, besides being fined at the King's will, and still heavier penalties were inflicted for stealing, soaring, or driving the swans themselves. In Henry VIII.'s time all swan-herds were appointed by Royal licence, and were not allowed to mark a bird except in the presence of the King's swan-herd or his deputy. When the swan made its nest on the bank of the river instead of on an island in the stream, one of the young birds was always given to the owner of the soil in order to induce him to protect the nest. The principal owners of swans upon the Thames at the present time are Her Majesty the Queen, the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies of the City of London, and the authorities of Eton College.

The ancient custom of "upping" or marking, which forms the subject of our engraving, is still continued every year, commencing on the first Monday in August and lasting for four days, the remaining two days of the week being devoted to feasting and rejoicing. The birds are very strong and active, and it require courage as well as activity and perseverance to effect their capture. All the cygnets of the year receive the mark found on the old birds in whose company they swim, and if the parent birds are found to belong to different owners the brood of cygnets is equally divided. These marks are made by cutting across the upper part of the bill, and the pinion-leaders are also severed to prevent the birds taking flight when they reach maturity. After a time if the marks become indistinct they are deepened by the swan-herds. At one period the Vintners' Company possessed more than 500 swans, but the number is now much less, as, since they have ceased to be served up at great banquets their value has greatly declined.

CAMPING OUT

On many a night during my stay in Australia I have had the sky for my bed-curtains; and could any one wish for a more glorious canopy than the star-sown heaven of the far-off South? Unless it rain, the "homeless tramp" scarce need be pitied there. With a fire, and a rug, and saddle-flaps for pillow, the camped-out horseman can be luxurious upon the coldest night; and for a great part of the year in New South Wales the climate is so mild that a pedestrian can lie down in the Bush whenever he feels tired, and sleep with the sky for his counterpane as well as his curtains without receiving any injury. At any rate, I never took any harm, and I have often so camped out.

That last roadside tavern looked tempting after one's lonely tramp along the rough, red, dusty "road" littered with grey logs, bristling here and there with black, jagged, decayed-tooth-like stumps, and running between sombre scrub breathing forth beneath the blazing sun a somewhat somniferous aroma, and tall white-and-grey-boled, scant-shadow-casting gum trees spreading right and left apparently for ever and ever. Now and again a flock of parrots flashed screaming athwart the sunshine, and then, save when locusts chanced to be making their deafening clatter—just such as you hear when you pass iron shipyards—or where there were enough insects to raise a low, scarce audible hum, all was hushed once more. Not a leaf wagged in the hot, still, clear air: the Bush basked in trance.

But round the inn there spread an open little flat. Its grass was coarse, and sparse, and parched, but it faintly suggested an English village green. One's breath came more freely there. The mesmerising influence of the invisibly steaming scrub was gone—those walls of sundered sea-like bush stood further apart; over the hollowed tree-trunk, which served for a water-trough, there hung a very English-looking sign. Its emblazonment smacked of the soil, "The Currency Lass," but the name beneath it was genuine English, carrying one's thoughts away across the sea to whispering woods in green undulating Gloucestershire or Somerset. Very un-English was the patch of prickly pear, and hacked, notched, initial-scored, American aloes, which bounded the trough on one side, and the standard peach-tree spreading its boughs, and the luxuriant pumpkin-vine sprawling its broad leaves over the glittering shingles of the low roof, had also a colonial look; the lithe, almost lanky, young fellow in weather-bronzed cabbage-tree hat adorned with streamers of rusty-black ribbon, blue jumper, and parti-coloured moleskin trousers, who was chatting and larking with the inn family, the long lash of his stock-whip coiled like a snake around his arm, and his horse, with a blanket strapped in front of the saddle, rattling its reins against the verandah post to which it was hung up, did not look very much like a young English farmer; but bulky Boniface, buxom wife, and blooming daughters, with roses still unwithered, were British to the backbone—to reach Boniface's a vast deal more of flesh would have had to be penetrated than in the case of the Cornstalk. The long, low, white weather-board building, with its little wing-like side-rooms projecting flush with the front of the verandah, was not much like an English roadside inn either; but its occupants made the stranger feel quite at home as they rattled about him their *v*'s for *f*'s, and *z*'s for *s*'s; they drew for him a tankard of English beer, and grieved because they could not place before him English beef. Colonial ale would not have been acceptable, but, barring a little toughness, the meat was well enough, especially to a hungry man. Then, after dinner, there came the dreamy smoke in tilted rocking-chair, and resting weary legs on the bottom of the open window-frame, listening to the pleasant West-country voices and the familiar clucking, crowing, quacking, cackling of barnyard poultry, ducks, and geese, one felt strongly tempted to sigh languidly with the lotus-eaters, "We will not wander more." But a good bit more ground must be covered before sun-down, and so again one took the lonely road.

Two Chinamen have been passed, in blue loose shirts and baggy drawers, with their pig-tails docked or curled up like a woman's back hair beneath the eaves of their beehive hats, carrying their bundles of "swag" slung on bamboo poles balanced upon their shoulders, and a dray slowly grinding on, with pots and pannikins jingling beneath the axle-tree, and anon a sulky bullock lying down, and refusing to rise, flog and swear the driver never so fiercely. Big boil-like ant-hills have given way beneath one's tread, and avenging ants swarmed up inside one's trousers. Basking black snakes have wriggled out of the way; a wasted iguana has noiselessly climbed a tree, and, putting out its hideous head on one side of the hole, surveyed the passer-by with weird eyes that look wearily old enough to have beheld live pterodactyles. Out of a crumbling red-brick police barrack, built in the old convict times, and garrisoned with two drowsy troopers, pipe in mouth, nodding to their knees, and out of the tub in which he was being washed by his mother therein, has rushed, pursued by his mother, a chubby, naked little Cupid, from whose ringlets many dowsings have not been able to take the curl, and clenching dimpled fists, has shouted opprobrious epithets at the inoffensive stranger without his gates.

Now a red cloud of dust, slowly moving in the distance over the tree-tops, tells that a flock is gradually shutting up like a fan, and slowly returning to the hurdles before its slouching, blue-bloused shepherd—himself considered a "sheep" and "crawler" by the dashing stockmen of his acquaintance, who ride as if they were the human halves of centaurs, and make the mountains echo with the cracking of their stockwhips. Flecking the blue sky with white, a flock of cockatoos come screaming to their roosting-tree, circle around it, drop upon it, and in an instant the dark branches seem to have burst forth in big snowy blossom. The laughing jackasses startle the stillness of the bush with their weirdly drunken hilarity as the sun goes down. The light fades out of the sky, darkness seems to steam upwards from the ground. The air, so still by day, wakes after sun-down, and sends an uncanny shiver through the drooping fibres of the shea oak. Spotted native cats have come abroad to prowl—flying foxes are dropping down on their dusky wings like cherubim which kept not their first estate. Opossums can be heard chattering and racing back when scared to their lofty holes in the gum trees. Huge moths flutter about on noiseless wing, pursued by night-jars as silent—until from their gulf-like gaping mouths there issues a cry of "More pork" instead of "Moth." A hoarse croak comes nearer and nearer, and then stalks past *en route* for water a Nankeen crane, which looks ghost-like in the gloom. A little off the track blinks sullenly the red fire of some camped-out travellers, whose horses are shuffling and hopping about in hobbles. It looks tempting, but the travellers are asleep, and might possibly shoot at sight any one who roused them from their slumbers, and inquire who he was afterwards.

Farther on there is a roofless hut, which seems as good a sleeping place as one could find, were it not for a frog which croaks on the deserted hearthstone, like a spirit telling of the dark deed which caused the hearth to be deserted. A little further on still, and one stretches onesself on the ground beneath the Southern Cross and the Magellan clouds which look like smudges of golden down which some archangel's brushing wing has left upon the sky. A curlew is wailing most despairingly some quarter of a mile off, but a weary man's ears soon close to the dolefullest of sounds. The chilliness of the air, however, awakes him some three hours afterwards, and constrains him to get up and walk about. The moon has risen, silvering the bronze bush. A little reach of unshaded creek down below glitters almost dazzlingly. How lonely it looks, but doubtless watermoles are disporting themselves on it, or in their burrows in its banks, in their quaintly solemn fashion. Hawthorne's Puritan children, who played at going to church, were not more gravely amused and amusing. Far off a range of mountains—spectre mountains—fringes a segment of the sky. The wanderer turns in, or rather down, again, and sleeps the sleep of the still weary, until long after sunrise.

When he wakes in the warm sunshine up he gets and shakes his lugs, like Burns's dogs at night, and feels as blithe as the saucy, glossy magpies and crows musically fluting and croaking about the fallen grey branches glistening like frosted silver in the glorious light, and the pretty little twitting grey, white, black, and yellow diamond sparrows, with drops of red sealing-wax on their wings, popping in and out of the aromatic scrub.

He feels also very hungry, and regards with some envy the frying-pan full of frizzling mutton chops which the woman in the bark-roofed hut he passes has just taken off the fire for the refection of her brood of white-haired young ravens. However, down below there is a little township of green-embowered grey and white houses, with a Macquarie Arms, which will supply his wants, and when he has there broken his fast, and had a bracing dip in the shaded bend of the sparkling creek, he will go on his way rejoicing, prepared for another, for half-a-dozen more nights of Camping Out.

R. R.

◆

THE COMMONEST THING IN THE WORLD

Nothing affords so comfortable a seat when tired of walking down a country lane as a log of timber lying on the sward under the shadow of tall elms, lit up with the red glow of the sinking sun whose beams shine level over the fields,

> Where the poppy plants his banner
> Scarlet bright amid the corn.

The wayside weeds are trying to hide the flint-heap near by, the tiny wild pink geraniums, and the larger blue crane's bill, and the creeping tendrils of the convolvulus have lovingly nestled up against the hard stones, fringing them with beauty. The flowers do not disdain the flints even, so in the idleness of the moment let us pick one up; a rough, sharp-edged flint, common, despicable, yet the whole history of the human race lies now in the hollow of the hand.

When the noble sun yonder was—ah, how many thousands of years younger, there stole stealthily through the primæval forests an all-but nude animal, fighting, struggling daily for bare existence with the huge beasts of the earth, hiding in caves fearfully, wondering at the darkness and the dawn, hailing the sun there as a god, yet walking upright, and already pondering deeply in a dim way—in brief, a man with the divine spark of intellect in his brain. His naked foot stepped on a flint whose sharp edge cut it; a beast of the forest would have simply rushed from the spot in anger and pain, but the man stooped down and picked it up, just as we have done, looked at it, turned it over in the hollow of his hand, till an idea occurred to him. What had cut him would cut anything else—he tried it on a branch, and marked and gashed the bark. It would cut deeper if it was thinner; he dashed it against a larger stone, and it split up into flakes. There was the first knife, there was the germ of progress, the tool which gave him dominion over the beasts of the field, and even the elements themselves. With the flint-flake the rude club torn from a tree could be fashioned into shape; such a flake attached to the end of a long stick formed a javelin with which game could be dexterously transfixed at some little distance. A larger and heavier piece made a spear for close attack; a smaller, an arrow-head, when the bow at once became a powerful weapon. Knives of the same material cut up the animal the hunter had killed, and with flint scrapers the skin was cleaned and prepared for use as dress, or the sinews for string and thread. The peculiarity of flint is that if tapped in a particular manner it chips off, or splits almost to a nicety in proportion to the strength and direction of the blow. Thus primitive man was able to make spear-heads and arrowheads, knives, and so on of really exquisite workmanship and artistic shape. It answered admirably for cutting or stabbing; but would not stand the jar of chopping; hence axes were generally ground of stone with a grain that did not readily split into laminæ. But when the tree had been laboriously felled with such dull tools, the sharp flint knives or chisels hollowed it out into the canoe, and shaped the paddles. Here already was dominion over the beasts, and over the element of water. With these knives wood could be fashioned into the fire-drill for the obtaining of heat by friction, and so fire.

Still higher yet. The keen edge of the flint flake carved out lines and designs upon the paddles and sides of the canoes, on the posts which supported the hut, and on the handles of the weapons and tools themselves. Such horn handles cunningly cut out into the likeness of couchant animals still exist; and yet more. On a famous piece of ivory there may be seen the outline sketch, if one may so call it, of the mammoth—that prehistoric monster—graven probably with a flint-tool, and not without spirit. Here was Art. Then came rude images of the gods—idols sculptured with the flint, and certain ceremonies of a religious character performed by such an instrument. Some have thought that even the advanced Egyptians chiselled out their statues with flint, since copper tools could not touch such hard material; and did not Zipporah circumcise her son with a "sharp stone," *i.e.*, a flint? It is known that sacrifices were cut up with flint knives. The spear, the javelin, and the arrow-head of flint made something like an organised army possible, and hence war and conquest, and the migrations of tribes and races of men ages and ages since. Thus, the chase, war, art, and religion itself owed almost everything to the discovery of the flint. From it sprang civilisation. He was a genius indeed who first used the flint-flake; and note this, no monkey—though the monkey tribe has existed for ages and ages and ages—has ever advanced to such intelligence. The line is distinctly marked between the first man, however rude, of whom caves bear record, and the cleverest ape or monkey. The most primitive of men used *a tool*: there it is.

From the distant East—India—to the distant West—America, all along the vast caravan route, so to say, of the human race, from the sunrise to sunset, in cave, and mound, and river, the chipped flint is found, the hieroglyphic of man; the stamp, as it were, of his presence. Ay, and even at the bottom of the sea. Off the eastern coast of England the trawl and dredger now and then at intervals brings up to the surface from the silence of the deep—miles and miles out at sea—just such tools and weapons, adding to the accumulated evidence of the enormous changes which have taken place since the Stone peoples hunted over what is now the home of the mackerel, since this island was part of a continent. What a history has yet to be written of those strange times! The chapters are being slowly spelt out word by word, in caves, in *tumuli*, by stones and flints, and shell mounds, and carved horn and ivory; just as the cuneiform inscriptions were deciphered by patient ingenuity.

Later down, the flint won the battle of Waterloo in the flint-lock guns of our gallant soldiers; and to this day glass of the finest quality is manufactured by its aid, and with glass lenses and prisms the mystery of the stars was solved. Give this round flint a smart tap; see: as it cracks open, the centre is hollow—there is a little dusty substance in the concavity: men of science say it is the remains of a sponge (sponge-spiculæ) which once flourished in the ocean till the liquid silex poured round and enveloped it, destroying yet preserving. This large and shapeless block is full of crystals, which glitter in the sun at first, but soon grow dull after exposure to the atmosphere. Here, on another, see what exactly resembles the outline tracing of a delicate fern, as if a fern had been stamped into the stone; some consider it an effect of what for convenience sake we may call crystallisation, any way it is beautiful. Our forefathers, in their powdered wigs and gaiters, and silver kneebuckles, and rapiers, lit their candles by the aid of flint and steel for long, long generations.

But pause—a solitary star, it is Arcturus, which Job the great poet watched and wrote of in the old-world days, shines down through the elm branches, and the bats are wheeling in mazy circles round the trees. It is time to go. The flint, dropped from the hand on the sward, rolls out into the road, to be crushed with all its marvellous history under the careless wheel of the thoughtless carter, ground into powder, to the last serving man by mending his highway.

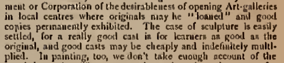
Richard Jefferies

◆

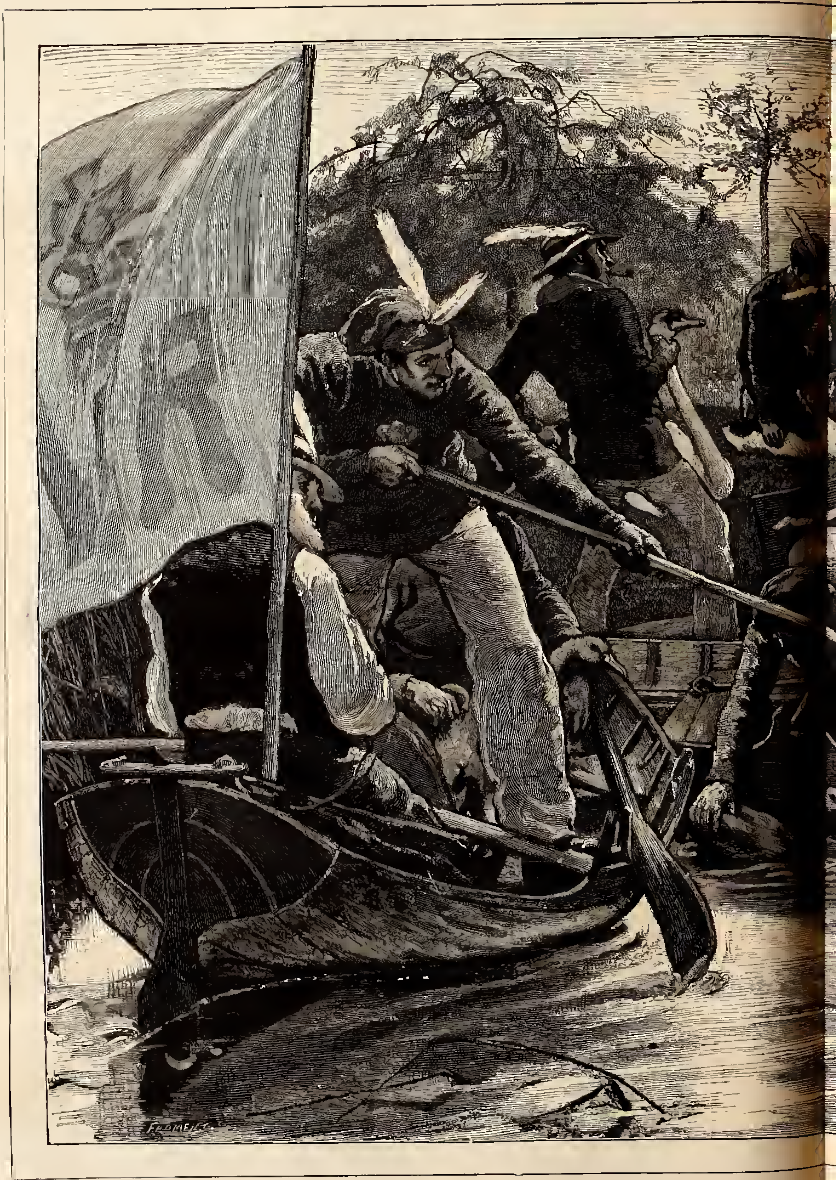
LOCAL MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES

In a remarkable book—the most remarkable in its way since "Ecce Homo," we mean Dr. Abbott's "Through Nature up to Christ," we are assured that when Christianity is properly developed "private galleries will be few; public galleries, museums, &c., will be attached to every church in every hamlet; Art will be fittingly encouraged; the 'Light of the World' and such-like masterpieces will not be hawked about the country by speculative exhibitors, but will flow at once to some church as to their natural resting-place." This is sufficiently Utopian, and perhaps not altogether desirable, for when something of the kind was going on in Italy the accompanying development of Christianity was not such as to make us wish for its reproduction. One thing, however, is certain; in these days of increased centralisation the extremities of our island suffer more and more in regard to art-culture. How is an art-student in Cornwall or Cumberland, to say nothing of Caithness or Mayo, to get sight even of one or two decent pictures, old or modern, at a time when, to form his taste, he ought to be carefully studying several pictures from several schools?

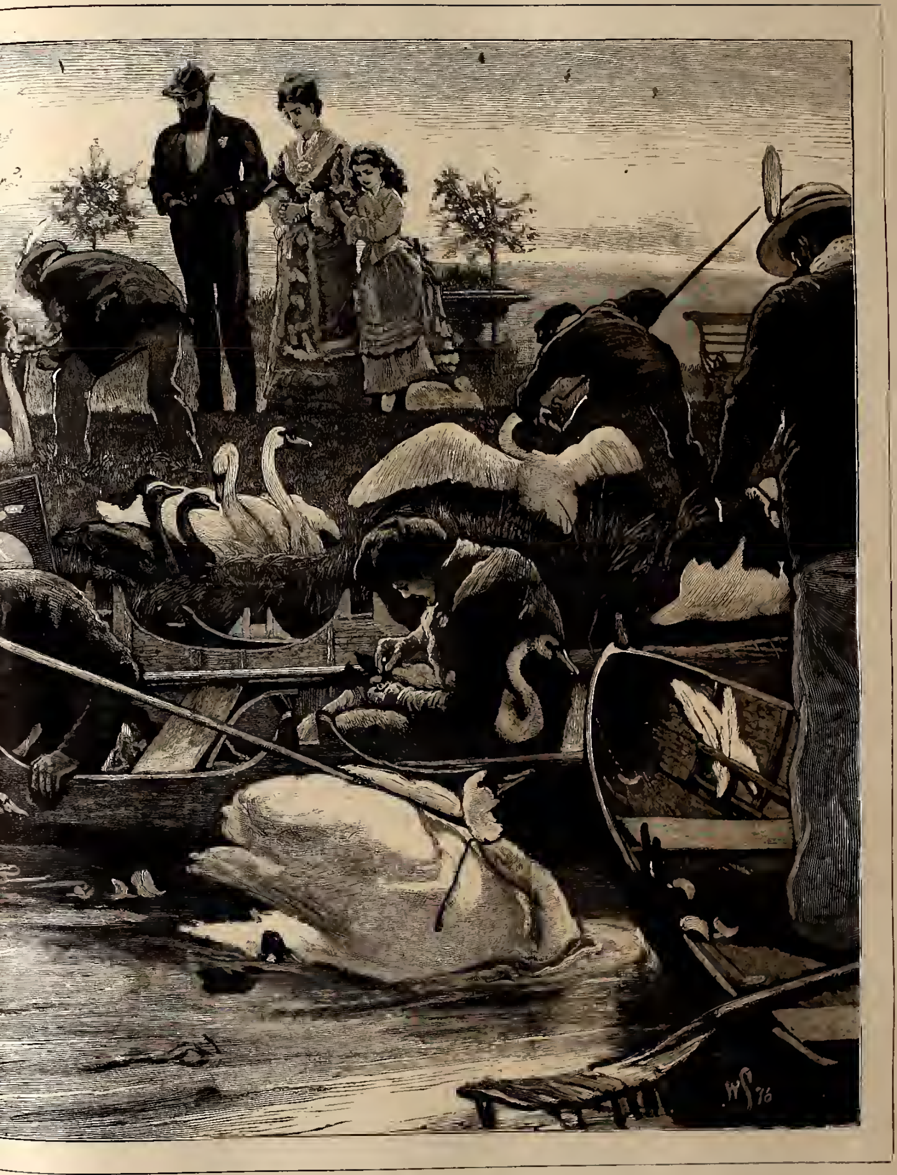
Genius will come to the front in spite of obstacles; Morland and "Old Crome" sufficiently prove this; but, if we had more local galleries, our English exhibitions would not be so full of portraits and *genre* pictures, we should add to native excellence that culture and breadth in which the French so far excel us. We have had our local "schools"—one a generation or two ago at Bristol, one now at Plymouth, but they have worked under great disadvantages; mostly they have only been "schools" by courtesy, imitating the manners of one not very first-rate individual. They are not to be blamed; how could men catch the spirit of those whose works they never saw till their own style was more or less formed? And they have done enough to convince any Government or Corporation of the desirableness of opening Art-galleries in local centres where originals may be "loaned" and good copies permanently exhibited. The case of sculpture is easily settled, for a really good cast is for learners as good as the original, and good casts may be cheaply and indefinitely multiplied. In painting, too, we don't take enough account of the copyist's work. There are copies and copies; that copy, for instance, in the Antwerp Museum of Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb," was the loving work of years, and is not too unworthy to be set side by side with the original. If there was a demand no doubt really good copyists would be forthcoming, as they are in Italy. A painter who had risen to fame would often send to his native town a careful copy of one of the masterpieces that he loved, if only the town had a fitting place where to bestow such a gift. It is a disgrace that there should be towns of a quarter of a million of inhabitants without a single picture freely open to the public, except perhaps a portrait of the late mayor in his robes, and, it may be, a full-length of one of the numerous Royal family of the last century. It is almost as bad with museums, as the life of Edward, the shoemaker-naturalist, has lately reminded us; but museums, if they are to do much work, need the adjuncts of lectures and libraries, Art-galleries feed the eye, and it is by judiciously feeding the eye that the future painter receives his earliest development.



Street Life in London, Part VII; The Boudoir Shakespeare, Vol III.: H. Cundell. S Low
Watering Places of the South of England. Eyre Bros.
Life of Count Cavour: M C. de Mazade. Chapman and Hall.
Life of Sir Walter Ralegh: L. Creighton. Rivingtons.
The Book of Psalms in Verse: Marquis of Lorne. Macmillan.
Carnal Christmas. T Smith. Adair, Belfast.
Annals of Christ's Hospital, by a Blue. Smart and Allen.
Majolica and Fayence. A Beckwith. D Appleton, New York.
Handy Guide to London and Environs. G. W. Bacon
Service in Servia under the Red Cross: Emma Maria Pearson and Louisa E. McLaughlin. Tinsley Bros.
Poems, Songs, and Sonnets: F Bennoch. Hardwicke and Bogue.
The Bluecoat Boys: W. H. Blanch. E. W. Allen.



SWAN-UPPING ON THE



THAMES ABOVE WINDSOR

Magazines

Much the most striking article in the *Nineteenth Century* is Mr. Gladstone's swift reply to Mr. Dicey's plea in the earlier pages of the number for an occupation of Egypt on the plausible ground of opportuneness. Nothing, in effect, says Mr. Dicey, can just now be easier—an ironclad at Port Said, a few British troops at Alexandria, a present of half the tribute (capitalised) to the needy Sultan, a Resident at Cairo, or better still an administrator to take the real weight of Government, without changing its machinery, from the willing shoulders of the Khedive, and the work is done to the contentment of everybody—even, with a little management, of France. To all this Mr. Gladstone replies that the supposed necessity for taking Egypt at all rests solely on an exaggerated view of the military importance of the Canal; that the occupation of a country virtually stretching to the Equator could never stop at the cheap and easy garrisoning of a few points in Lower Egypt; that such a measure could not, in fact, but add one terrible burden more to those which always weigh upon a nation of 30,000,000, with 300,000,000 of subjects and dependents. Are not our men, he asks, too few for this? Or even, as a point of honour, is it right while the Sick Man still lives to hurry on the partition of his inheritance?—A keen yet kindly critique of Harriet Martineau, by W. R. Greg, brings into vivid light her great intellectual defect, the tendency to hasty judgments. "Doubt seems to have been a state of mind unknown to her. She never *reconsidered* her opinions or mused over her judgments." Nor was it otherwise with impressions gleaned from others. "If you spoke to her of men or things before she had formed any judgment of either, you usually found little difficulty in writing your impressions on her mind; but if you were a day too late it was almost hopeless to effect a change."—Amongst other articles the ablest to our mind is Mr. G. J. Holyoake's "Impatience in Politics," an acute and subtly-reasoned analysis of the moral causes of the present Liberal collapse.—Continuations of Mr. Froude's study of "Thomas Becket," of Mr. Brassey's "Round the World in the *Sunbeam*," with other contributions no less readable—foremost the Laureate's sounding verses, a little shaky perhaps here and there as a translation, on "Achilles over the Trench"—make up a number of fair, though hardly of exceptional excellence.

But two, or at the utmost three, of the eight papers in the grave *Contemporary* fall quite outside the category of "learned," and of these three we give the palm to Dr. A. M. Gray's "Neglected Aspects of the Drink Question," one of the most outspoken protests we have had for months against the vain assumption that "Rough's Alley" will grow virtuous if you cut off its beer and gin, and the middle-class suburb begin the downward path if once it yield to XX or deceitful claret. Alley and suburb are sketched side by side with rough and vigorous colours from the life, and the required moral drawn with the most uncompromising directness.—A rarely-trodden path in Scriptural criticism is opened up by Mr. A. Taylor Innes in his examination of the "Trial of Christ" before the Council by the cold light of legal precedent and strict conformity with the rules and principles of Hebrew law. Mr. Innes seems to prove conclusively that in its most important points it had "neither the form nor the fairness of a judicial process," though none the less did it express most truly "the nation's rejection of the Saviour's claim."—Mrs. Pattison has quite a brilliant paper, destined, we learn elsewhere, to appear one day as the preface to a larger work—on the short-lived radiance of the French Renaissance; and Mr. Stuart, under the title of "Tuileries and Vatican," a clever chapter, a little overcrowded with names and facts, on the dextrous policy by which the Curia, from the days of Cardinal Gonsalvi downwards, has used by turn, to its own ends, Restored Bourbon, Citizen King, and Third Napoleon, and now endeavours so to use MacMahon and his *entourage*.—Mr. Freeman, too, is fierce and bitter on Holmes and Hobart and the Turkophiles of the press; and Mr. Curzon amusing, if not very novel, on the "Horse as an Instrument of Gambling."

"Sea or Mountain?" by Dr. Burney Yeo, should sell of itself a round thousand of the *Fortnightly*, for is not this the very question which each *malade imaginaire* is just now asking himself, and can there be this month a nicer study than to pause over Bradshaw to decide whether by Professor Beneke's experiments on the processes of tissue-change at the sea-level and on mountain tops, yours is the organisation to be sent off to the Engadine or to the ocean waves of Scarborough or Biarritz? Then besides this is Mr. Wallace's good paper on "Secret Societies in Russia," including, of course, the dreaded Nihilists; and Mr. Grant Duff as *paterfamilias*, with his "plea for rational education," for an education, that is to say, which can turn "sensible, cleverish boys" into neither Philistines nor Barbarians, but fairly accomplished gentlemen—Mr. Grant Duff's sixteen heads of fair accomplishments are too numerous to quote—of the age of twenty-one or twenty-two. Or if even this is not enough, is there not still the editor's dark but able study of the Atheistic materialism of Holbach?

Blackwood has little this month of special interest. "Pauline" is growing rather stupid, and, what is worse, like something we have read before.—"Mine is Thine" has hardly got into its stride.—A fair paper on Victor Hugo and one on "Our Indian Frontier Policy," eulogistic in the extreme of Lord Lytton's action in Khelat, make up, with the usual month's survey of the "Storm in the East," a passable number, and no more.

In the *Cornhill* the single papers leave far behind the serial stories, despite the passing interest one must feel in heroines who talk or write like this:—"Our art was with finger, and nail, and eye to rime into every jot of it." "Amalfi, Pæstum, Capri," by J. A. S., is a picture bright with gorgeous colours; "Royal and Noble Gossip," a fair collection of *ana* not too generally known; "François Villon, Student, Poet, and Housebreaker," a capital sketch, after M. Longnon, of the cleverest scamp of pre-Renaissance France, a scamp, too, we fear, of those to whose malign influence it was mainly due that the rich seed of the Renaissance and the Reformation fell in France on a cold and barren soil, and brought no fruit to perfection.

Fraser has quite an exceptional number of articles of interest. In "The City," a review by Mr. Arthur Arnold of Mr. Gilbert's recent work, we find that gentleman in part the champion of the City against Mr. Gilbert's *sæva indignatio*. Let but the area of administration and endowment be extended, he seems to say, to that Greater London from which the City proper should never have shrunk back, the useless multitude of small doles be swept away, the excessive feasting of Livery Companies and Committees thoroughly retrenched, and there is no reason why Companies and Corporation should not long remain more powerful and popular than ever. It must be owned, however, that retrenchment cannot well begin too soon, when one Company alone spends 30,000*l.* yearly on its dinners and 175*l.* on the encouragement of skill in its own craft.—In "Sexagenarian Mountaineering" Mr. Barham Zincke tells the tale of some pleasant climbs, too arduous, we fear, for most sexagenarians, among the passes south-east of Mont Blanc; while Madame Jessie White Mario brings her "Experience of Ambulances" down to Monte Rotondo and Mentana.—"British Trade" treats of the ill-omened names of the "Plate, Chili, and Peru;" and an "Eye-Witness" gives his version of the Annexation of the Transvaal.

Small handy vessels armoured or unarmoured for the work of rams and inclined armour plates to keep out shot are among the suggestions in Mr. Brassey's *Macmillan* article on "Recent Designs for Ships of War."—In the same number Professor Goldwin Smith foresees the day when Party Government will cease to be, and administration be carried on by a Council chosen for special fitness from either side of the Legislature indifferently.

A curious antiquarian fragment—George Ossolinski's Mission to England in 1621 to get help in men and money against the Turks—is the chief feature in our Catholic contemporary, the *Month*. How nearly he succeeded is scarcely known, for but a month or two after his arrival the victory and peace of Chokim had relieved Poland from all further danger and procured his recall. His quaint diary and later history are well worth reading.

Some caustic censures on the Academy in the *Gentleman's* are well backed up by a capital account of the Sicilian Mafia from the pen of T. A. Trollope, and an amusing paper on "Regimental Distinctions" (in the cavalry so far), by W. W. Knollys. The other papers, too, are all on interesting and well-chosen subjects.

Our old friend, the *Atlantic Monthly*, is hardly perhaps this month so racy of the soil as usual. "How Capt. Ascott Floored the Ghost," a lively little story of a genuine American coquette; and Mr. Perry's "German Influence in English Literature," will both repay perusal.

Stories and novelettes in every shape maintain almost exclusive possession of *Belgravia* and *Temple Bar*. A very pleasant paper by Mr. Proctor on some astronomical paradoxes forms, however, a useful set-off to the unvaried lightness of the former; a memoir of that once popular novelist, Sheridan Le Fanu, a very readable paper in the latter. We wonder though why in enumerating the late Mr. Le Fanu's lesser writings the author should have quite left out "The Watcher," the weirdest tale of the supernatural since magazines first came into being.

◆

"LOOK TO YOUR NOSE"

This is a very common expression, but there is more in it than at first meets the eye. Noseology is a neglected science. Phrenology has had its day and generation. The science of the cranium is now as a tale that was told, although its votaries thirty years ago were quite as numerous and enthusiastically indiscriminate as the frequenters of skating-rinks and spelling-bees were a couple of years ago. Phrenology, or the theory thereof, has many salient points about it, but it lacks the determinate quality. There are so many bumps upon the head, they are defined to a hair's-breadth—according to the stucco casts that invaded nearly every house a quarter of a century ago—that really one might be self-conceited or firm, venerative or pugilistic, accordingly as a slight accident may have befallen the subject immediately before the time that he happened to come under the hands of the manipulator. Noseology is by no means so empirical. It goes directly to the point. Its professors challenge contradiction, not upon what the recognised Dictionary of the Spelling Bees has it about phrenology: "The science of the human mind as connected with the supposed organs of thought and passion in the brain, and as developed by the external undulations of the cranium;" it presumes only upon one medium organ for the reading of character, and that is the nose alone. There is at least simplification in this neglected rough-and-ready method of discerning character, and certainly quite as much accuracy as any of our clever craniologists ever exhibited.

Dr. Watts wrote—

The mind's the standard of the man.

Noseologists have a different idea. Their great apostle, Mr. Sloane, thought that the nose is the true needle to point to the loadstone of heart and mind alike. It is the most prominent outcome of the inner nature. It attaches to itself all the mental superiority of the human cosmogony.

The varieties of noses are legion—the shades of difference are multifarious, even in noses with a like general outline. These differences are perceptible, yet in many cases so faintly so that one would almost need to go into logarithms to estimate precisely. The contour of the face affects noses greatly, and a like pattern of nose on a fair man presents a difference of appearance upon a dark, and on fair and dark alike the weather, worry, or sickness makes a wonderful alteration. Into the *minutiæ* of noses, however, there is little need to enter, as most observers can take stock of them after a description of the four generic types. As the study progresses the types can be divided and sub-divided according to the keenness of the observation of the reader. The generic order of noses is here put thus:—

1. The Pug.
2. The Roman.
3. The Grecian.
4. The Grecian, or Composite Order.

The pug nose, *pur et simple*, it will readily be admitted by all—except perhaps its possessor—is by no means an attractive feature in the face, especially if the upward curve starts about a third of the distance from whence the organ is eliminated from the forehead. There are pug noses, especially in Irishmen, if not too much elevated skyward, which are not without humour if they happen to be set off with twinkling blue or light grey eyes; but if the "diamonds" at each side are not expressive the pug nose is almost next to repulsive. As a rule from a pug nose supplementary to an opaque face the writer instinctively recoils. The owner of the common pug is seldom a brilliant individual, but if he happens to possess talents it may almost be accepted as an axiom that he is overbearing. Not unfrequently he is laborious, anxious to learn, but rarely can get further than an inconsequential sneer. The common pug has something like the ferocity of the bull-dog about it, with the vacillating nature of the pug in the canine species. The owner of the uncommon pug by no means bears so bad a character. There is something more intellectual about him, although it is said by noseologists that he is a combination between a prizefighter and a drunken politician, and it would go against the grain to declare that "no one with an uncommon pug nose could be either a sculptor, a poet, or a painter." Recent history has told us very differently.

The common Roman nose is held in little repute by those who are attempting to revive this unhappily neglected science of noseology. From the bridge it is rounded off to the tip. If not strongly marked after the fashion of the late Iron Duke, the mind is not of the highest order, it barely rises above mediocrity (the man owner of the nose, it should be understood), and bedizens itself on breast and fingers with gaudy jewels. The uncommon Roman nose is altogether of a different calibre. There is a something about it which must assert itself if culture has been added to the proboscis. It is a kind of nose which overcomes all opposition, which have enabled men to conquer mortal achievements—"to mould the world to their will." Notably, to use Sloane's words in our own century, Napoleon and Wellington were in the possession of such noses. "Napoleon knew the secrets of noseology, he knew what advantages there were in a good Roman nose. He selected his generals, and put them into places of trust and confidence by the length and height of their noses. The Duke of Wellington, one of the most illustrious of warriors in times ancient or modern, had a strikingly remarkable Roman nose. By this nose he conquered Napoleon, and in that nose saved Britain from becoming a province of France. May she ever have such a nose in emergencies," and so on.

The Grecian nose, straighter than the Roman, lacks the fiery energy. It is more characteristic of amiability and refinement. It indicates passion, too, but its real passion means not the sword or the spear, but the lute of Apollo and the brush of Apelles. Byron fought and died for that nose, yet still the cup of Samian wine needs to be swallowed under protest.

But it is a comfort to think that there are other noses not so bad as the pug, nor so valiant as the Roman, nor quite so refined as the Grecian, but possessing in a mixed degree the best qualities of all, guided by a wise discretion. This in noseology is called the Composite nose, and it is the sort that is generally met with in the streets. "It should run in a direct angle," we are told, from the forehead, should be straight, regular, and of a good size. "Facts prove and circumstances confirm that this order is suited for attaining eminence in any of the arts and sciences, in the Senate or the Bar, in Commerce or in Agriculture."

The toper's nose speaks for itself. It is not by any means comely, but there is a certain amount of jollity about it which even Sir Wilfrid Lawson could scarcely fail to appreciate in presence of the owner. It bespeaks sack more than solids.

Flat noses are held in less esteem by noseologists than any other pattern. It is argued that the flatness of the nose indicates flatness of mind, and that no nation of flat noses have ever made their way upon the earth. So far as what we understand by civilisation this idea cannot be satisfactorily disputed.

It needs no ghost from the grave to tell that that hooked nose behind which is set the keen eye belongs to the race of the Father of the Faithful—that race which, enduring much contumely and cruel persecution through long centuries, persevered through all its toils, trials, and shocking sufferings in accumulating that powerful agency called Lucre to such an amount that it may almost safely be said to rule the world. Sloane has a wonderful appreciation of this nose. He is more eloquent about it than of any of the others, taking it from a pecuniary standpoint. He asks where are the Pharaohs, and then says, "That nose which toiled and strained under the whip of a task-master still exists in all its hooked rotundity, as large and as well defined as ever, whilst the nasal organ of the oppressor has vanished, and nowhere exists save in the remains of its sculpture."

◆

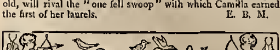
WITH THE FALCONS ON THE MOORS

What destiny is it that has linked the name of Falconry with the irrevocable past? Either the pen of great Sir Walter, or the pencils of Landseer and Grüder, and half a score of others, or else the picturesque beauty of the noble art itself, has associated it for ever with the glories of a departed age. The falcon, with her bells and jesses, her hood, her leash, and her lure, is as much a part and parcel of the mystic Middle Ages as any proud abbot who lies beneath the cloister, or any steel-clad knight whose arms adorn what was once his feudal hall. So at least we feel, who in a fitful way struggle to revive the prettiest sport the world has ever known. Even as we meet once more to open the season on the 12th, we recognise the fact that the whole thing is an anachronism. We are fully conscious of our own perversity in seeking to reverse the verdict of fashion, and exhibiting to a prosaic age that which breathes only of poetry and romance. There are the hawks, it is true—our faithful servants and allies. These peregrines and goshawks have the self-same eye and bearing as their ancestors in days gone by. There are the same peerless forms, "unmatched for courage, strength, and speed," as did duty before the admiring eyes of fashion in the Court of the Plantagenets. But we know they are mere shadows of what they ought to be, bereft of those honours which chivalry paid to them, when a cast of Iceland falcons was a present for a prince, and none but those of noble birth might carry a peregrine upon his wrist. We feel ourselves, too, in our poor modern garb, out of character with the scene. Homespun and broadcloth harmonise but badly with the glossy feathers, the bright plumed hoods, and silver bells, and above all with the keen and haughty glance of these nobles of the air.

But it is time to cut short all sentimental regrets, and get onwards to the field. If we cannot have all the pomp and ceremony, the pride and circumstance of the old *régime*, we can at least have some of its substance in the shape of right good sport. Our falconer is beginning to grumble loudly and point to the lengthening shadows. A long morning with the guns has been succeeded by rather a late luncheon, and even the bountiful daylight of the Highlands is not inexhaustible. The hawks, who have been bathed betimes, before the full heat of the day, and who have hardly tasted food for a good forty-eight hours, are all ready hooded on their cadge. Even as they stand blindfold upon the padded wooden frame, they show signs, in their quick movements and close folded wings and tails, that they are "sharp-set," as the falconer's jargon hath it, and eager for the fray. This is a grand day for the youngsters—the "eyasses" who were in the shell three months ago, and have only within the last three weeks been "taken up from hack" and broken to the hood. All that they have yet done in the way of killing has been to strike down a pigeon or two; and this is the critical moment when they are to be first "entered" to wild game. You can tell the young ones at a glance by their plumage—the dark, rich chocolate of their back feathers, and the long mottled streaks that run down their breasts from the chin of the hood to the legs and tail. Their brothers and sisters of riper years are very different to look at—of a more slatey hue between the shoulders and on the wing, and having across their breast and thighs thin horizontal bars of dark grey instead of the longitudinal brown streaks of the eyasses. We are to have nothing but peregrines to day, for the two ger-falcons who sit hooded on the cage are only meant as a *pièce de reserve*, and destined to come into action in the unlikely event of the smaller falcons proving a failure. Eight birds there are in all, ranging in size from the great white ger-falcons, with their massive shoulders and strong beam-like wing-feathers, down to the male peregrines, the smallest of which is not above half their size. There is a very great difference between the male and female peregrine, the latter being about one-third bigger and really more fairly fitted to cope with a full-grown and healthy grouse. We must hope that the least able-bodied of the quarry fall to the lot of the male eyasses, and that if by bad luck we put up an old cock, there may be one of the elder peregrines, or, at least, one of the lady warriors waiting ready for him in the air.

And now we are on the moors again, and the old setter is ranging away to windward up the sloping ground. "Camilla," one of the young-lady falcons, is on the falconer's wrist; and at the first "dead point" off goes her hood. For a moment she stands restlessly, her jet black eyes taking in the scene, and then with a strong leap starts away down wind straight away from us and from the dog. On and on she goes, without swerving a yard from the line, and the new hands think that she is gone for good, and will never wear the hood again. Adam Woodcock knows better, and with a frantic gesture implores us to silence. At length, at a distance of 200 yards, the falcon turns sharp to the left, at the same time sweeping boldly upwards as she begins to meet the wind. Upwards in a great wide circle she wends her way aloft, her broad wings and tail showing like a great black kite as they pass between us and the afternoon sun. As she mounts steadily and swiftly to what the knowing ones call her "pitch," we move on towards the dog. No fear that the grouse will rise in a hurry with that great shadow looming overhead. She has completed her half-circle now, and is swinging round with outstretched wings far, far above our heads, peering down towards her well-known master with all the eager expectancy of youth and hunger combined. She knows that food is to be had somehow, but in what shape or form is still uncertain. As she soars still higher and higher, we march on up to and beyond the setter. Then there is a great whizz close among our feet, and that great leaping of the heart into the mouth which is the natural result. And then the plump brown body of a grouse is seen scudding over the heather. A few seconds more, and something rushes through the air, with a motion that can be felt rather than seen, and which makes the blood tingle in every vein. Not as noisily as a rocket, nor yet as quietly as a shooting star, neither with the liquid whirr of an arrow, nor the uneasy buzz of a shell, but with almost all their speed and almost all their force, a solid mass seems to shoot past us from the heavens in a direction which we only guess by instinct. An unconscious-impulse hurries us forward, with our eyes turned towards the flying grouse. Even as we catch sight of him he seems to wobble in his flight. With a convulsive effort he shoots suddenly upwards, as if to escape some obstacle in front. It is useless; the wedge-shaped mass of feathers which has descended meteor-like from behind shifts upwards at the same moment. The courses of the two flying bodies converge and mingle together. There is a faint thud, a fluff of feathers scattered on the wind; and the larger of the two bodies flutters majestically downwards, and is lost to sight amongst the heather. Now is the time for our friend Adam to keep back the inquisitive ardour of the field. The ladies are for riding up forthwith; the men who are new to the sport are for following on foot. All this must be checked: the young falcon must enjoy in peace and quiet the fruits of her first field-day, and only the well-known eye of the falconer must be there to look upon her as she feasts. We must be off to another part of the moor, to other quarry, and with other hawks. Camilla has been worthy of her namesake, and has opened the day with a glorious flight. We shall see many more before nightfall, and perhaps bring back a full bag. But it is unlikely that any peregrine, male or female, young or old, will rival the "one fell swoop" with which Camilla earned the first of her laurels.

E. B. M.



New Novels

"CARITÀ," by Mrs. Oliphant (3 vols.: Smith and Elder).—From the period of its publication it seems a legitimate surmise that "Carità" was composed more or less simultaneously with "Mrs. Arthur," which we noticed some few weeks back. Now as it is not given, even to Mrs. Oliphant, to write two stories at once with impunity, it is probable that both works have suffered from the divided attention which was all that their author had to bestow upon them; and it is "Carità," we think, which has fared the worse. The situation with which the story opens is certainly an exceedingly strong one, Carità, or Cara, Beresford's mother, a sensitive, impulsive woman, still in the very prime and flower of life, seeing from her husband's face, after a medical consultation has been held over her, that her worst fears are confirmed, and that she is doomed to die of "a hopeless, miserable, lingering, and loathsome disease, which wore out even love itself, and made death a longed-for relief instead of a calamity," implores him by the love he bears her, and on the strength of a promise made when he never realised that he might be called on to act upon it, to give the drought that shall bring relief, and save her from agony and loathsomeness. The wretched man hardly knows whether he ought to comply or not; but anyway he feels he cannot do this thing, and rushes away in despair. But he has left the little medicine chest by his wife's side, and thus put into her hands the means of obtaining the swift and sure release she craves. Little Cara, a child of twelve, has been an unseen witness of the scene between the husband and wife, and stands by her mother's bedside at the final moment, with a very imperfect understanding of the meaning of what she has heard and seen. The physician, an old and valued friend of James Beresford's, in his heart believes that the husband has been moved by love and pity to become the slayer of his wife, and does not so much blame him for his deed as despise him for cowardice in not confessing the truth at least to him. Some critics, we are aware, have protested that no considerations of artistic effectiveness could justify the author in introducing such an incident into a work of fiction; but this judgment is based on grounds which we think would unduly hinder and cramp the artist. Still, while we hold the situation which we have delineated above one lawful for the novelist to seize and make the most of, we feel without doubt that it is not one that should be used lightly, but should powerfully affect the course and tone of the whole tale. We cannot say that this result seems to us achieved, or even seriously striven after, in "Carità," and hence feel the book disappointing. We hardly think that the story, such as we have it from the middle of the first volume, would have run to any appreciable extent otherwise than it does had Mrs. Beresford died, say, of consumption, in the most open and unmysterious fashion possible. True, Cara would not have had that vague, only half-comprehended suspicion of her father which, as she thinks, keeps a wall between them, but without it she would hardly have been really more to him, he not being a man to concern himself much with the doings of a young girl, in his eyes still a child. In short, we feel a want of keeping between the tragic prologue and the drama of ordinary and commonplace life that follows upon it, though this, if not altogether up to Mrs. Oliphant's mark when at her best, is quite good enough to be read with a fair measure of interest and enjoyment. We cannot attempt to give any idea of it here, but readers know "the kind of thing," as the phrase is, that may be looked for in the author's stories, and that they will find, though they will not find much in the way of novelty. It strikes us that Mrs. Oliphant's reputation will come to rest very much on her delineations of that large class who have, perhaps, received scant justice at the hands of novelists—the middle-aged. She sets them before us as they appear from their own point of view—as people by no means prepared to feel that they have done with life and to merge themselves in the happiness of a younger generation, but still with interests, and enjoyments, and it may be even with a little romance, of their own. James Beresford, such as he is when he has learned to find life again bearable, if not joyous, his neighbour, Mrs. Meredith, winning and loveable despite her more than forty years and her two grown-up sons, and "Aunt Cherry," an old maid of that special type which Mrs. Oliphant perhaps better than any one else knows how to paint, are certainly in our eyes the most successfully executed characters in the book. Nevertheless, fully acknowledging many excellences in "Carità," we should not be disposed to assign it a high place among its author's productions.

"Mottiscliffe: an Autumn Story," by James Walter Ferrier (2 vols.: Blackwood).—If literary faculty can be inherited the author of this story ought to possess it in no common measure. He is a son of the late Professor Ferrier, one of the most eminent metaphysical thinkers that these islands have produced, a great-nephew of that Miss Ferrier whose novels "Marriage" and "The Inheritance" were honoured with warm praise from Sir Walter Scott, and a grandson of the great "Christopher North" himself. And that he does possess literary faculty of a kind this clever story, rambling and sketchy as it is, affords ample proof. It is manifestly his first attempt at trying his wings in public, and as a tale is one of the very slightest we ever came across. Plot or incident there is absolutely none; the *dramatis personæ* do but talk—some of them, notably "Sir Val" and his younger daughter, remarkably well—and two couples of them are married at the end. The attraction of the book consists in some smart and graphic sketches of character, and many lively and pointed conversations. The principal figure in the piece, Sir Valentine Ormathwaite, a handsome and well-preserved gentleman of sixty-four, witty, good-natured, and easy-going to the tips of his fingers, is drawn with singular excellence, and strikes us as altogether a fresh conception. "Sir Val," an ex-diplomatist, is a prodigal with his money whenever he has any to spend, much addicted to betting and high play if he has the chance, and with suspicions of former "wildness" attaching to him, but is so far unlike the stock "wicked baronet" of fiction that he is adored by his daughters Margaret and Hildegarde, is abstemious in everything but tobacco, and is noted in town and country as a steadfast early riser. There is not a little humour in the hatred he is made to express for "respectful people" because "they remind him of his creditors," and in his admission, "I don't possess much ambition, but, egad, I should like to have written 'Don Juan.'" Next in merit to the baronet come, perhaps, his saucy daughter, Hildegarde, and the Right Rev. Charles Cope, Bishop of Tristan d'Acunha, who resides permanently with the millionaire, Sutton, because it was found that in the island which formed his diocese there was "no field for episcopal activity, or, indeed, for anything but penguins." The faults of the book are, that often the action—if the word is applicable in this case—drags more than a little, and that the author is a great deal too fond of coming to the front *in propriâ personâ*, taking the reader, so to say, by the button, and holding forth to him on things in general. But if Mr. Ferrier will keep his own personality more in the background, and can add some measure of constructive power and skill to the gifts he already possesses, his success as a novelist ought to be assured.

"Severed by a Ring," by Frances Geraldine Southern, author of "Gwynedd" (2 vols.: Remington and Co.).—This story is, at any rate, an advance upon "Gwynedd," in that it is a great deal more reasonable, and it might have been far better than it is if Miss Southern had not been in such a hurry to follow up her first work by a second. Such overhaste in production is always to be deprecated, and especially in the case of a writer so young as she manifestly is. Though the accidents and complications in her story are some of them improbable enough, it is not altogether ill-told, and some real power is shown in the delineation of the character of the heroine. If Miss Southern will educate herself for her work, and be less eager to run before she has properly learned to walk, we think we may some day have a story from her of which we need not speak with such doubtful approval. But we must be allowed to give her a caution on one point. She is evidently very innocent and well-meaning, but she dwells just a little too much on certain matters which, though among the realities of life, are discreetly ignored in polite conversation. She means no harm, we know; indeed, we doubt if she quite understands what she is writing about; but the trick is an unpleasant one, and if persisted in will cause her to be classed with writers with whom in truth she has nothing in common.

OUT OF THE WAY

MOST of us are now planning and arranging our annual holiday, and according to our different positions in life do we attack the question from various points of view. Are we family men, with children, nurses, and unlimited luggage to take into consideration? We must choose some pleasant sea-side resort where living is not very extravagant, where the air is pure, where the children can play about, and where we are within easy hail of home should necessity arise. Are we young and romantic? We must ferret out spots were romance still lingers in an attenuated form—countries hallowed by the historic and poetic memories of old times, yet which must go hand in hand with a certain allowance of modern convenience and comfort, for we are far too practical nowadays—even the most romantic of us—to undergo anything like "roughing it" in the search of the poetic and romantic. Are we tourists of the orthodox modern type? We must sketch out a vast map of lakes, valleys, rivers, mountains, cities, cathedrals, and picture-galleries, over all of which we must skim till we pull up sharp at the expiration of our time allowance, and at the bottom of our purses. And finally, are we simple seekers of health and recreation after our eleven months' turn at the bread-winning treadmill? We strive our utmost to find some refuge, "Out of the Way."

"Out of the Way" means away from all town and social associations for the time being, a temporary estrangement from the trammels of etiquette, and the boredom of town-life, a short relapse into the free and easy manners and customs which are really natural to us, but which have been gradually rubbed away by constant contact with the sharp corners of "respectability" and "keeping up one's position," and to get "out of the way" in these lightning days is no easy matter. There are so many of us searching after the same object, and our world has been reduced by steam into such a very small space, that we must hunt long, far, and wide, before we can hope to get "out of the way" to any sensible degree.

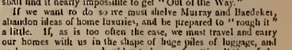
Spots which fifty years back were as completely out of the way as the Arctic Circle are now periodically visited by swarms of tourists from all parts of the world. What with "educational steamers" which survey mankind from Cornhill to Peru in three months', and tourist agents who undertake to transport one to Australia, China, and India, for very reasonable sums, it is a little difficult to imagine where there can be an out-of-the-way spot. Nor is it less surprising to be told that the ordinary holiday maker will find quite as out-of-the-way spots within the limits of the British Isles as out of them.

A Londoner proverbially knows far less of the capital in which he spends eleven months of every year of his life, than the country cousins who visit him at Academy, Derby, or Cattle Show time, and in like manner the travelled Englishman who has picnicked on the Great Wall of China, who has roughed it in the Cape diamond fields, who has felt earthquakes in South America, and who has camped in the Australian bush, knows very little of his own "right little, tight little island." Yet a railway journey of six hours' duration will take us as completely "Out of the Way" as we could wish. Reading parties who go to Normandy, Switzerland, and North Wales, in order to get "Out of the Way," always find out their mistake. Settled down, as they fondly imagine, in some sequestered village, surrounded by quaint old-world forms and buildings, and hearing no tongue outside their own circle but an unintelligible *patois*, they are not a little startled to find that as the fine weather sets in so does the stream of tourists and other misled searchers of the "Out of the Way." Of all men probably artists know best how to get "Out of the Way." Sportsmen come across very out-of-the-way places, but they are too engrossed in their own amusement to take note of them. But it is not good policy to consult an artist on the subject, as it is his dearest interest to mislead you. But follow him, and he will show you odd nooks and corners in primitive Cornwall, grand sketches of fairy land in Scotland, and quaint old places in the Emerald Isle, which you will admit to be completely "Out of the Way." And take note why this is. The artist never follows the railway line, or feels tied to certain cut-and-dried routes. The railway to him is a boon and a convenience, but a sad enemy to the picturesque and romantic, hence he avoids it when he possibly can. Together with artists, pedestrians and rowing men get more "Out of the Way" than ordinary folk for the very reasons above mentioned. "Rob Roy" in his canoe, the literary and artistic party that spent an "Autumn Holiday on French Rivers" in a four-oared boat, the writer of "The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee," are all men who have struck out original paths for themselves, and who have been well rewarded by getting well "Out of the Way."

But if it is difficult to find "Out of the Way," how much more so is it to keep it when found! If such a spot is discovered, the finder, urged by some inconceivable motive, is pretty certain to proclaim it to the world, at least so it would seem, judging by the letters which so often appear in our dailies, recommending some sweet retired valley, or some hidden village, to the notice of all intending holiday-makers and health-seekers—and what is the result? The place is subjected to a regular invasion, railway lines stretch out their arms and catch it in their net, huge hotels spring up, enterprising travelling agents dispatch weekly parties of tourists to it; its charm soon withers, and it sinks to the level of an ordinary gas-lighted, German band haunted, tobacco defiled show place. This has been the fate of many a little spot long dear to æsthetic wanderers as "out of the way," and as the process is still in operation with regard to others, in a few years, unless we extend our holidays two or three months, we shall find it nearly impossible to get "Out of the Way."

If we want to do so we must shelve Murray and Baedeker, abandon ideas of home luxuries, and be prepared to "rough it" a little. If, as is too often the case, we must travel and carry our homes with us in the shape of huge piles of luggage, and useless servants, we should not dream of getting "Out of the Way;" and, finally, if we do get "Out of the Way," how fully we are repaid for our toil and our little self-denials by the quiet, the ease, and the complete absence of all social exactions and restraints.

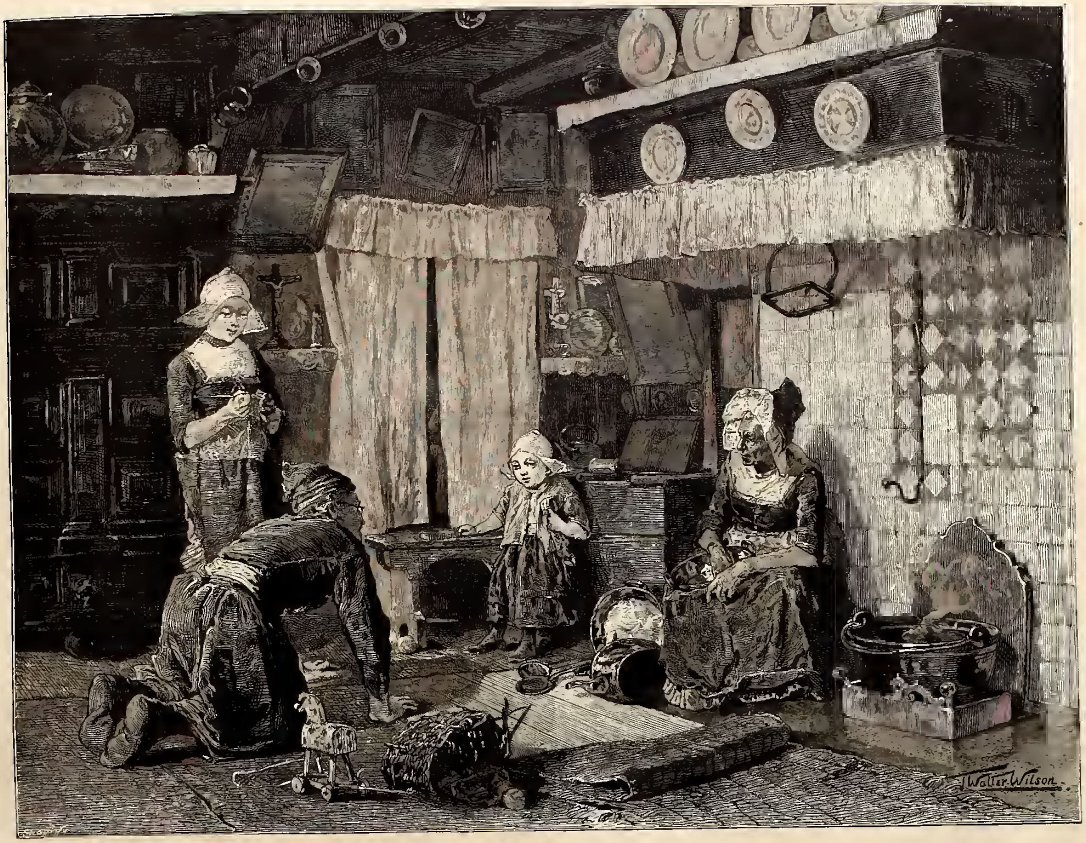
H. F. A.



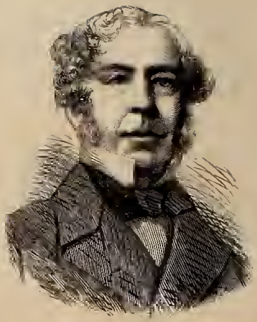
New Music

MESSRS. ENOCH AND SONS.——Pianoforte students and amateurs at home and abroad, who from time to time have listened with rapt attention to Rubinstein when, in response to encores for more lengthy and important works, he has given one of his own brief compositions, will hail with satisfaction Vol. 471 (Format Litolff), which contains no less than fifteen *morceaux* from his pen, including the already popular and favourite *barcarolle* (Op. 30).—Few of us would complain of "Nuits Blanches" ("Restless Nights") if we were soothed by Heller himself, or by some practised hand to execute the eighteen *morceaux* with which he has supplied Vol. 481 (Format Litolff).—Three baritone songs which "may be sung in public without payment of any extra fee"—a notice which to the uninitiated may at first appear superfluous, but is in fact of grave importance—are "My Ship Comes In," written and composed by J. Miller and H. Millard; "The Trooper's Dream," the joint production of E. Oxenford and Julia Woolf; and "Before the Storm," words by F. Langbridge, music by A. S. Gatty; either one of these three songs will be found suitable for seaside penny readings, &c. For like occasions a soprano or contralto may select "Maiden May" (published in two keys), written and composed by W. J. Stewart and A. S. Gatty.—A showy and effective tenor song by Victor Capoul is "Méka," *chanson Hongroise*, the piquant French words of which would lose half their charm by translation to our prosaic vernacular, and have been wisely left to their native tongue alone.—A *naive* little song, written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Julia Woolf, is

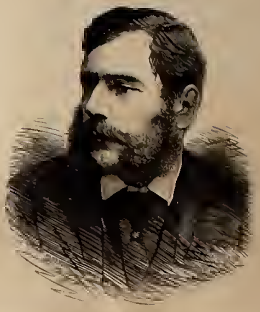
(Continued on page 142)



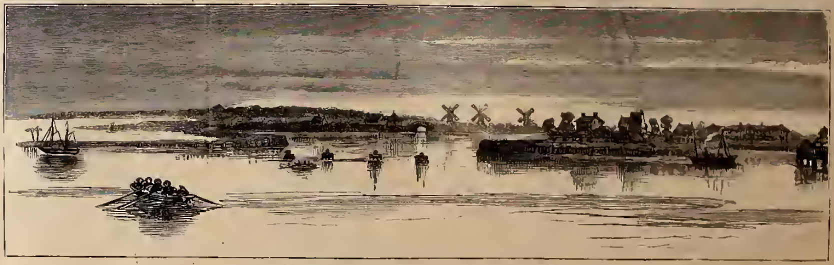
"GRANDPAPA'S DARLING:" A FISHER'S HOME ON THE ZUYDER ZEE
FROM THE PICTURE BY T. W. WILSON EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS



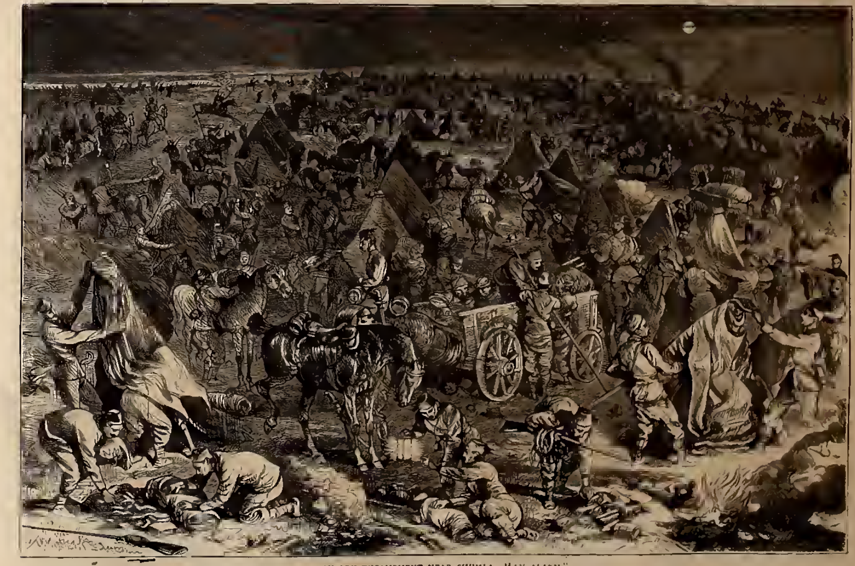
THE LATE SAMUEL WARREN, Q.C.
Died July 29, aged 69



ALFRED MELLOR WATKIN, ESQ.
M.P. for Grimsby



VIEW OF SULINA WITH THE HOUSES OF THE DANUBE COMMISSION



A CAVALRY ENCAMPMENT NEAR SHUMLA—"AN ALARM"

THE WAR IN THE EAST

(Continued from page 139)

entitled "Little Nannie," compass from D below the lines to F on the fifth line.—By the same composer is a very sentimental love song, "My Star" (published in C and E flat), for which E. Oxenford supplied the words.—A refined and graceful excerpt from H. Litolff's "IV^me. Concerto Symphonique" is the "Scherzo," arranged for the pianoforte only, by the composer himself.—"Danse Rustique," a "musical sketch" for the pianoforte by W. L. Frost, is a really tasteful drawing-room piece.—A striking frontispiece to "The Carnival Galop," by G. E. C. Foster, leads us to expect something better than the tame music which is thus illustrated.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.——Part 35, Vol. V., of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal* is scarcely up to the level of its ordinary excellence, although there is not much to complain of. Nos. 1 and 2, a Minuet (A minor), and a gavotte (D major), by the editor, go far to prove that this style of composition is worn threadbare, and admits of no originality; No. 3, an Introduction and fugue, by J. Wrigley, A.R.A.M., shows careful study and knowledge of the work in hand, and is in fact the best specimen of the contents of this number.—"March Lyro," by J. Whitaker, is spirited and melodious, well calculated for the opening of an organ or any secular festival.—R. Anderson has ably set to music four well-known hymns under the title of "Songs of Zion" (Part I.), namely, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," "The Lord is My Shepherd," "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," and "O Lord our God."—Two songs, the music of which is by W. Coenen, are far from his happiest inspirations. "The Rose" (Das Roschen) is a pretty German poem well translated by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, whilst "Yes" is written by Mary W. Clarke.—The poetry, by A. B. Edwards, is superior to the music, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, of a ballad entitled "Together."—Sir Walter Scott's favourite poem, "Waken, Lords and Ladies gay," has been once more set to music in the form of a part song, by W. A. Cruickshank.

BIRTHS.

On the 24th ult., at Woodlands, Tulse Hill, the wife of J. F. Dunn, Esq., of a daughter.

On the 3rd inst., at 54, Morning Lane, Hackney, Mrs. Alfred Andrews, of a son.

THE LIFE OF COUNT CAVOUR. Translated from the French of M. Charles de Mazade. Demy 8vo, 16s.

AUGUSTIN COCHIN. By Count de Falloux, of the French Academy. Translated from the French by Augustus Craven. Large crown 8vo, 9s.

CRITICAL MISCELLANIES. By John Morley. Second Series. France in the Eighteenth Century—Robespierre—Turgot—Death of Mr. Mill—Mr. Mill on Religion—On Popular Culture—Macaulay. Demy 8vo, cloth, 14s.

MR. TROLLOPE'S NEW NOVEL.
THE AMERICAN SENATOR. By Anthony Trollope. 3 vols.

CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

WORKS OF THE LATE SAMUEL WARREN, D.C.L.

I.
DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN
Complete in One Volume, crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 7s. 6d.
Another Edition, 3s. 6d.
II.
TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.
In One Volume, crown 8vo, 5s.
III.
NOW AND THEN, &c.
Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
IV.
MISCELLANIES.
Crown 8vo, 5s.

WM. BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.
Sold by all Booksellers and at Railway Bookstalls.

Imp. 16mo, cloth, 4s.

MEETINGS AND GREETINGS: The Salutations, Obeisances, and Courtesies of Nations; with Notes on "Titles, Dignities," &c. By William Tegg, F.R.H.S., Editor of "Wills of their Own," &c.

"The Queen has shown her appreciation of a good book by accepting a copy of Mr. Tegg's Work, 'Meetings and Greetings.'"—*Mayfair*, July 31, 1877.

London: WILLIAM TEGG and CO., Pancras Lane, Cheapside.

Published To-Day,
(Price, Leather, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.)

REVISED ENGLISH BIBLE: THE AUTHORISED VERSION compared with the Hebrew and Greek Texts, and carefully revised; arranged in Paragraphs and Sections; with Supplementary Notes, References to parallel and illustrative Passages, Chronological Tables, and Maps.

Also, price 5s.

REVISED ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT, Separate from the Old Testament.

EYRE and SPOTTISWOODE,
Her Majesty's Printers, London, 43, Fleet Street.
Edinburgh: 16, Elder Street.
New York: Cooper Union.

Now ready, price 1s., by post, 1s. 1d.

REPORT ON THE BULGARIAN PEASANT RELIEF FUND, with a Statement of Distribution and Expenditure.
By the Right Hon. Viscountess Strangford.
London: HARDWICKE and BOGUE, 192, Piccadilly, W.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps.

ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY. "An excellent *exposé* of the system."—*Medical Circular.*
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

24th Edition, 8vo, cloth, pp. 1,102; price 16s.

HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. Laurie, M.D. Completely re-arranged and revised, by R. S. Gutteridge, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eyes and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 29th Edition, price 5s.
LEITH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED

THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. R. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of E. Werner by Mrs. Parker. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and useful information. The grimmest reader will find some parts of it heavy enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUNTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilised world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere for one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN discusses men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace; it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 155, FLEET STREET; 29 and 54, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
Address—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL.—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S
SPOONS AND FORKS.

Electro-Silver Plate on Nickel.	Fiddle or Plain	Best Qual.
12 Tablespoons or Forks, per doz.	£1 10 0	£2 2 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 15 0
12 Teaspoons	0 12 0	0 16 0
Salt, Mustard, or Egg Spoons	0 5 0	0 8 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 5 6	0 3 6

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MESSENGER and SONS, Manufacturers of Chandeliers, Gas Fittings, and Lamps of every description beg to give notice of their removal from 73, Hatton Garden, to 54, Holborn Viaduct, London.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112 Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

ASK YOUR STATIONER for PERRY and CO.'S 6d. Sample Box of 36 Selected Patterns of Steel Pens. Post free for 6d. in Stamps.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS.
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL PENS, 1s. per Gross.
19 and 20, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

PERRY and CO. (Limited).
HOLBORN VIADUCT PEN.
One Shilling per Gross.

MR. MECHI'S ADDRESS to his OLD FRIENDS and CUSTOMERS and to the PUBLIC: "As it has been erroneously supposed by some that I am no longer interested in my London business, I think it desirable to state that I continue to carry it on as energetically, and I trust, as satisfactorily to the Public, as formerly, assisted by my only son, who will in due time succeed me. It is now 50 years ago since I first commenced business in Leadenhall Street, and what changes have taken place! Then everybody shaved, and my razor and razor strop trade was immense; now moustache and beard are the order of the day, and the razor and strop trade is comparatively defunct. Then there were no railways, so people stayed at home and used wooden dressing cases; now everybody travels by rail, and we have dressing-bags to suit the altered conditions. Fifty years ago the poor geese supplied our pens, and many a now rich merchant in the City will remember the quality of Mechi's shilling pen-knives; but steel pens have extinguished the pen knife trade and the penmaking machines, and the geese are in peace, except at Michaelmas. In fact, steam has altered, and, I may safely say, improved everything, and has made us a nation of travellers both by land and sea. I wonder how much time is now occupied in reading the steam-worked press? and how much less time is occupied in sipping port wine, as we used to do 50 years ago, when we could not travel? Steam will make our 4 lb loaves cheaper some day, just as it has converted calico from 2s. 6d. to 6d. or less per yard. Then, again, a letter which used to cost 6s. 6d. to Cork is now carried for a penny. Sir Rowland Hill richly deserves a monument. But to return to business: 50 years ago, when I first commenced on a small scale, I made it an axiom that what I sold should be good and useful, and I believe thousands who used the Strop and Paste, which I personally invented, can testify to this; in fact, it was sometimes complained of that I stamped on my razors, 'Exchanged if not approved.' I have never, and shall never so long as I live, deviate from that principle, because it is the true means to retain and increase one's connection. I devoted my attention especially to the quality and convenience of arrangements in the Dressing Bag and Dressing Case Department, and in the tasteful selection of articles suitable for presentation, as well as in the matter of Dispatch Boxes and Writing Cases. Although both razors and penknives have 'gone out,' our sportsmen remain, and 'Sporting Knives' form one of our special departments. I feel firmly convinced that there is no fear of the departure of knives and forks, or dinners, so we make this an important department in quality and price. In conclusion, I ask no favours, but simply desire that my customers should compare the quality and price of my wares with those of other dependable establishments, and form their own conclusions. Most of my worthy assistants and workmen have been nearly forty years in my service, and long ago learned that civility and attention to our customers are as important as good quality in the articles sold. Illustrated catalogues will be forwarded post free on application."
112, Regent Street, opposite Vigo Street, 1877.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—
with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required),
without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families,
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
A Large Consignment
from a Lyons Manufacturer,
the best makes,
will be sold considerably under value.

370 pieces at 6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.
220 pieces at 3s. 9½d.	formerly 4s. 11d.

Also the following,
which are remarkably cheap:—

2s. 11½d.	formerly 3s. 9½d.
3s. 3d.	formerly 4s. 6d.
4s.	formerly 5s. 6d.
5s.	formerly 6s. 6d.
6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.

Patterns free.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
PRETTY GRISAILLE SILKS,
2s. 6½d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d.
Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
COSTUMES, beautifully Cut and Fashioned,
in the new Grisaille Silks,
at 4 and 4½ gs.
5 yards for Bodice.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.

For 5 Guineas	formerly 6½ Guineas.
For 7 Guineas	formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas	formerly 14 Guineas.

Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Speciality,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas,
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

GASK and GASK'S New TRAVELLING and YACHTING COSTUMES, made of the new Vigona cloths, autumn serges, &c., from quite new and elegant Paris models, trimmed with the fashionable galon or mohair fringes, at prices from 2 guineas to 5½ gs. Sealskin and Fur-lined Cloaks are being Sold at the Lowest Summer Prices.
58 to 63, Oxford Street; 2 to 5, Wells Street.

GASK and GASK'S SALE.—Fresh Reduction. Being determined to clear off all their surplus stock at once, the SALE will be CONTINUED for a short time, at
Exceedingly low prices.
PARIS COSTUMES, Lyons Silks, French and English Dress Fabrics, Paris Mantles and Jackets, Indian and China Silks, Summer Hosiery, French Kid and Silk Gloves, Juvenile Garments, Paris Millinery, Ladies' Underclothing, Laces, Frillings, &c. All are now marked at the lowest possible sale prices. Patterns free.
58 to 63, Oxford Street; 2 to 5, Wells Street.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are
Invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.

These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.
Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

SANGSTER and CO.,
UMBRELLA MAKERS.
Six Prize Medals Awarded.
Sangster's Silk and Alpaca Umbrellas, upon Fox's Celebrated Paragon Frames, all bearing Trade Mark, and fitted with the new Automatic Runner, are the Cheapest, Smallest, Lightest, and Best in the world.
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THE AUTOMATIC.
This Invention has been long sought after.
THE PATENT AUTOMATIC RUNNER
Is Self opening—Self-closing. Always ready.
140, Regent Street, W.
10, Royal Exchange, E.C.
*75, Cheapside, E.C.
94, Fleet Street, E.C.
* Also Wholesale and Shipping Depôt.
Philadelphia Exhibition, Prize Medal and Diploma awarded.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of Black and Coloured Silks, at Reduced Prices.
The New Figured Micado Silks, 8¾d. and 13¾d. yd.
Yokohama Silks, 1s. 6½d.; former price, 1s. 11½d.
7,500 yards Coloured Damasseen, 3s. 9½d. a yard.
Figured Japanese Silks (all Colours), 1s. 5d. and 1s. 10d.; former prices, 1s. 11½d. and 2s. 3½d.
50,000 yards of Coloured Dress Silks, in all the latest shades, 2s. 10d. the yard.
Rich Colours, Lyons Silk, 3s. 9½d.; former price, 4s. 11½d.
Immense quantities of Plain and Fancy Japanese Silk, 4¾d. to 1s. 0½d. the yard.
Black Silks, 1s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 2s. 6½d.
Black Silks, 2s. 10½d. a yard; former price, 3s. 9½d.
Rich Corded Silk, 3s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 4s. 11d.
The Princess Silk, very rich, 4s. 11d.; former price, 5s. 9d. To this quality we invite special attention, as it is a first-class Silk at a low price.
The Gros Grain Silk, 5s. 6d. per yard; former price, 6s. 11d. This Silk will be found on inspection another wonderful bargain.
Any Silk Patterns free on application.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE.
NEW FANCY DRESSES FOR COUNTRY WEAR.
Estamene Serges, in dark colours, 1s. 4½d. and 1s. 6½d. a yard.
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 4½d., New Autumn Shades.
The "Scarboro" Serge, 1s. 0½d.; the "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d.; "Snowflakes," prices 8¾d., 1s. 1d., and 1s. 6½d.
The "Derby" Matelassé, Autumn Shades, 1s. 5d.
6,000 yards Rich Silk Lustres, 11½d.
French Matelassé Bège, all wool, 1s. 3d.
Silk Poplins, all colours, 1s. 8d. a yard.
5,000 yards Black Check Grenadines, 4¾d. yard.
Black Glacé Stripe Grenadine, 6¾d.
75,000 yards Black Glacé Grenadines, 4s. 6d. a dozen yards (a cheap dress for warm weather).
50,000 yards of Black French Cashmere, full 48 in. wide, 2s. 9½d.; splendid value.
"Special" Black Cords, 1s. 0½d., 1s. 3½d., and 1s. 6½d. a yard; any dress patterns post free.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
OF FASHIONABLE COSTUMES, &c.,
at Reduced Prices.
Washing Costumes, with Polonaise, 8s. 11d. each; Seaside Costumes, in all new and useful Textures of Cambric, Tussor, Galateas, Linen, and other Washing Fabrics, at 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s. 9d., 16s. 9d., and 21s.; Light Serge Costumes for Seaside and Country Wear, 29s. 6d.; Travelling and Tourists' Costumes of all kinds, 16s. to 50s. Promenade Costumes in all Shades, richly trimmed with galloon and fringe, 55s. 6d.
Girls' Costumes, in Mixed and Washing Fabrics, at a reduction of 30 and 40 per cent.
With large lots of Oddments in Children's Frocks, Petticoats, Ladies' Skirts, Stays, and Underclothing at reduced prices. Costume Photographs post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE,
at Reduced Prices, of MUSLIN CURTAINS, WASHING FABRICS, HOUSEHOLD LINENS, QUILTS, COUNTERPANES, &c.
Muslin, Lace, or Leno Curtains, 3 yards long, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. the pair; 3½ yards long, 6s. 11d., 8s. 11d., and 9s. 11d.; and 4 yards long, 9s. 11d. to 18s. 9d.
White Honeycomb Quilts, 2½ yards long, 5s. 6d.; 2¾ yards long, 7s. 6d.; and 3¼ yards long, 9s. 6d.
White Satin Striped Seraphines, 4¾d. to 10¾d. yd.
Check and Striped Galateas, 4¾d., 6¾d., 8¾d., 11¾d.
The New Brighton Honeycomb, for Dresses, &c., 4¾d.
A lot of Foulards will be sold at 4¾d. a yard.
Brown Irish Hollands, 6¾d., 7¾d., 8¾d., 10¾d., 1s. 0½d.
Patterns and Samples of all kinds post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

MALVERN COLLEGE.
THE NEXT TERM WILL BEGIN ON MONDAY,
September 24.

THE GROSVENOR SCHOOL OF ART, 16, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, W. Conducted by Miss E. Digby Williams. Students prepared to pass the South Kensington and Royal Academy Examinations. Classes reopen in in September.
Life Model and Antique, &c.

SCHOOL of MEDICINE for WOMEN.—The FOURTH WINTER SESSION begins on the 1st of OCTOBER, 1877.—The Course of Instruction comprises all the Lectures required for the Medical Examinations and Clinical Practice at the Royal Free Hospital. Intending Students should pass the EXAMINATION in ARTS, at Apothecaries' Hall, on the 28th and 29th of SEPTEMBER.—For further information apply to Mrs. THORNE, Hon. Sec., at the School, 30, Henrietta St., Brunswick Square, W.C.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

MALVERN.—HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The compressed air-bath, important remedy in chest diseases. Situate near the Hills. Extensive Grounds, Winter Garden, and Billiard Room.—Resident physicians: C. F. Grindrod and E. Durant.

BRUXELLES.—An English Lady is desirous of receiving into her Family a LADY or Two LADIES to share the expenses of Housekeeping.—For terms, &c., address to Mrs. B., 67, Rue de l'Arbre Bénit, Bruxelles.

A LADY may find a comfortable and cheerful HOME in the House of a Widow Lady. A large Front Room, as Bed and Sitting Room if required.—Apply at CHAPMAN'S LIBRARY, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

ANNUAL SALE OF

SURPLUS SUMMER STOCK.

Patterns and Illustrations Free. Detailed Circular forwarded on application to 103 to 108, Oxford St. London, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, having just concluded the purchase (in Paris) of Forty Thousand Metres of extra Rich Coloured Silks, is selling the same at unexampled prices. The shades are of the most distingué character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of Silks ever submitted. Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE. In addition to the above a large purchase of the Richest Figured Silks is now being offered at 5s. 6d. per yard, amongst which will be found the most choice shades of White, Bronze, Tilleul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, has purchased the Model Silk Dresses of Messrs. Pingat, Grange et Mogenties, E. Pasquier, P. Canivel, Barulat and Dennery of Paris, and the same are now on Sale at less than half-price. These Costumes are of the richest possible description, which will easily be understood by a glance at the names of the Artistes from whom they were purchased.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Fancy Dress Materials

In every variety of Fabric, 10s. 6d. to 42s. the Dress.

Rich Summer Grenadines and other light Fabrics,

In White, Black, and Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS. This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.

SCARBOROUGH SERGES (all wool), at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free. In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES, 45 inches wide, 17s. 6d. the Dress. Patterns free. The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

Beige and Matelasse Costumes, 38s. 6d.

Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 3 guineas.

Micado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Several important purchases of

MANTLES AND JACKETS

In Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet, at very low prices. A large Stock of Cashmere and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas. The Seal Fur Jackets, &c., will be sold very cheap.

PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.—In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

COCK'S READING SAUCE Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured

FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.

It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.

CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

Established 1837.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.

ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble. Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers. —Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.

In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.

Manufactory—60, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Wholesale Depôt. Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"

MILD AND FRAGRANT.

WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"

A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS"

Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES OF

VICHY. Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the Mineral Waters.

The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.

In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.

The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or aniselle.

In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each.

VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.

In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each.

VICHY BARLEY SUGAR.

An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.

Sold at

Eight Lozenges,

One Shilling

and

Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.

Wholesale. 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says: "Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.

DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS:

REPRODUCED BY THE

AUTOTYPE PROCESS

FROM THE

ORIGINALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

With Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"This splendid volume. . . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine tact. . . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. In two cases, minute gradations of light and shade are so well rendered that most people would pronounce the photographs hardly inferior to the originals. Of the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value. Such criticism is rare in any country, but it is particularly uncommon in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN PIN.—A unique pin for the scarf, diffusing showers of perfume at the will of the wearer. Pin and Apparatus in Box. Post free, 14 stamps.

H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH.—A new Parlour Pastime, 50,000 comical transformations. Post free for 14 stamps. Endless Amusement for Evening Parties.

H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

UNION OF FRENCH WINE GROWERS, an association of some of the chief Vineyard proprietors to sell direct from the grower to the consumer.

PURE AND CHEAP WINES direct from the Vineyard at the following prices:—

CLARET, at 14s., 16s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 60s.

BURGUNDIES, 14s., 18s., 24s., 30s., to 150s.

SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.

CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.

OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.

Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

Catalogues on application to the Manager at the Warehouse, 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."** UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."

Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

CHUBB'S SAFES and LOCKS.—CHUBB and SON HAVE REMOVED from 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, to 128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, ST. PAUL'S. Communication by Special Private Wire with their West End Branch at 68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall; and Safe Factory, Old Kent Road, S.E. Lock Factory, Wolverhampton. Depots at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Price List sent free.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—TO LET (for not less than 12 months) in the best part of Shanklin, a DETACHED HOUSE, handsomely furnished, standing in a large well-wooded garden. Three reception rooms, four bedrooms and dressing-room, large kitchen and offices. Water and drainage excellent. To a careful tenant, £2 10s. per week for twelve months. Or unfurnished, £60 per annum, on lease. —For particulars apply to Mrs. JOHNSON, Library, Shanklin, I. of W.

BRIGHTON.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED, from July next, a COTTAGE RESIDENCE charmingly situated in one of the healthiest parts of the town. It consists of 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, two of which contain sleeping accommodation for two, small garden, good services of gas and water, with excellent out offices, the whole forming a well furnished residence for a small family; to be let on very reasonable terms for a short or long period.—Apply to Messrs. TOPLIS and ROBERTS, House Agents, 11, Thurloe Place, opposite the South Kensington Museum, South Kensington, S.W.

AFTER DRYDEN.

"Three pens for three essential virtues famed,
The 'Pickwick,' 'Owl,' and 'Waverley' were named,
The first in flexibility surpassed,
In ease the next, in elegance the last.
These points united with attractions new
Have yielded other boons, the 'Phaeton' and 'Hindoo.'"

WAVERLEY PEN.

OWL PEN.

PICKWICK PEN.

HINDOO PEN.

1,200 Newspapers recommend them. See *Graphic*, Feb. 20, 1875.

Sold everywhere. 1s. per box. Post, 1s. 1d.

Patentees: MACNIVEN and CAMERON, 23 to 33, Blair St., Edinburgh.

CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY. Patron—The QUEEN.

The object of this Society is the improvement of the condition of the poor—(1) by bringing about co-operation between the Charities and the Poor Law, and amongst the Charities; (2) by securing due investigation and fitting action in all cases; and (3) by repressing mendicity.

Committees (38) have been established throughout London.

CONTRIBUTIONS towards the expenses of the Council can be paid at the Central Office, 15, Buckingham Street, Adelphi; or to Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand, W.C. Contributions for the poorer District Committees can be paid to the District Committee Aid Fund of the Council.

CHARLES S. LOCH, Secretary.

C. J. RIBTON-TURNER, Organising Secretary.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, 48 and 49, Great Ormond Street, W.C., and Cromwell House, Highgate.

Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.

The Committee very earnestly SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS towards the current expenses of the Hospital. 152 Beds are maintained—viz., 100 Beds at the Hospital, and 52 Beds at the Convalescent Branch at Cromwell House, Highgate. Upwards of 1,000 Out-patients are seen weekly at Great Ormond Street.

The Charity is not endowed, but depends entirely on voluntary support.

JOHN WALTER, Esq., M.P., Chairman.

SAMUEL WHITFORD, Secretary.

Bankers—Williams, Deacons, and Co.; Messrs. Hoare; Messrs. Herries.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL, LIVERPOOL ROAD, ISLINGTON.

The Committee desire to make known that accommodation is provided in this Institution for all classes of fever patients except paupers. Members of the family of an artisan are received free and without a letter of recommendation, and domestic servants, employés, &c., upon payment of an admission fee of two guineas. Private rooms are provided at a charge of three guineas weekly. An ambulance is kept at the hospital for the removal of patients, whose friends must be provided with a medical certificate at the time of making application.

To meet the large and increasing demand for free admissions the Committee earnestly APPEAL for CONTRIBUTIONS, which will be thankfully received by Messrs. Dimsdale and Co., 50, Cornhill; Messrs. Drummonds, Charing Cross; Messrs. Coutts, Strand; Messrs. Hoare, Fleet Street; and by the Secretary at the Hospital.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS. New Library Edition, crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth, 6s.

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.

SONGS FOR SAILORS.

Cloth gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.

Paper wrapper, 1s.

HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill; and 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

ESTABLISHED
1832.
NONE
GENUINE
EXCEPT
IN
PINK PAPER
WRAPPERS.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

AMONG THE CULTIVATED AND REFINED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS RENOWNED PREPARATION IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED FAVOURITE WITH BOTH SEXES. OVER FORTY YEARS' TRIAL AND EXPERIENCE HAVE ESTABLISHED ITS SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESTORE GREY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GREY, LOSES ITS LUSTRE, AND FALLS OUT, IT SIMPLY REQUIRES NOURISHMENT. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION, STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES THE HAIR, AND, BY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL CAUSES, GREY OR WHITE HAIR IS QUICKLY RESTORED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. IT WILL STOP ITS FALLING, AND INDUCE A HEALTHY AND MOST LUXURIANT GROWTH. USE NO OTHER PREPARATION WITH IT, NOT EVEN OIL OR POMADE, OR ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER IS THE BEST

TO RESTORE GREY HAIR.

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND PREPARED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL. OVER FORTY YEARS THE FAVOURITE PREPARATION. ENJOYING BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE, IT MUST BE THE BEST. IT DOES NOT DYE THE HAIR, BUT STRENGTHENS IT. GREY HAIRS SOON DISAPPEAR. BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION THE ROOTS ARE STRENGTHENED, THE SOFT AND SILKY TEXTURE OF HEALTHY HAIR FOLLOWS ITS USE.

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN manufactures two entirely distinct Preparations for the Hair. One or the other is suited to every condition of the Human Hair. Both are never required at one time. For details as to each Preparation, kindly read above and below this paragraph. Readers can easily determine which of the two they require. These Preparations have a world-wide reputation. Enormous and increasing sale through Forty Years. Every Chemist and Dealer in Toilet Articles has both Preparations.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

For the

Growth and Preservation

of the Hair.

It is a cooling, vegetable, and transparent liquid, without sediment.

A SIMPLE TONIC AND DRESSING OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO BOTH SEXES. THE FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NO GREY HAIR. IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR, BUT, BY EARLY USE, IT WILL PREVENT IT TURNING GREY. PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, SO COMMON IN THESE DAYS, MAY BE ENTIRELY PREVENTED BY THE USE OF ZYLO-BALSAMUM. PROMPT RELIEF IN THOUSANDS OF CASES HAS BEEN AFFORDED WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN COMING OUT IN HANDFULS. IT PROMOTES A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH. HAIR DRESSED WITH ZYLO-BALSAMUM IS ALWAYS CLEAN, FREE FROM DANDRUFF, AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS ONLY SEEN IN HEALTHY HAIR. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT. NO OIL OR POMADE SHOULD BE USED WITH IT.

CAUTION!—The Genuine only in Bluish Grey Wrappers. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

THE FAVOURITE TOILET WATER OF THE AGE

GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,

TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM THE FRESH LEAVES of the BAY TREE (*Myrcia Acris*),

FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.

A Toilet Water of peculiar and delightful fragrance, delicate and lasting, refreshing and soothing. GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, triple distilled from the fresh leaves of the Bay Tree (Myrcia Acris). Indispensable and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY, and BATH. A few drops on a Sponge or Towel moistened with water, and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the BATH gives a delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING OF INFANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for a basin of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists and Perfumers, or on receipt of stamps from the wholesale depôt, 114 & 116, Southampton Row, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—Sweet Scents.

FOUR CADEAUX.

Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Lign Aloe, White Rose, Psidium, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 in a case, 7s. Sold by fashionable druggists in all parts of the world. Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S Pistachio-Nut SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration. 2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, W.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different in all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157a, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157a, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

NO MORE COSMETICS.—Dr. DURAND'S HEALTH SOAP removes all freckles, blotches, pimples, &c., and renders the skin beautifully white and soft. 6d. per tablet, 5s. per box of 12.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, London, S.W., or through any Chemist.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S

DENTIFRICE WATER Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and

SCALPS, from 35s.

47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair Department for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Frizzy ditto, Chignons, Plaits, Coils, Coronets, Cachepugnes, and covered Stems in all shades of colour to suit the present fashion. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street.

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S TOILET GEM.—This elegant and fragrant preparation is universally in high repute for its unprecedented success during the last thirty years; it promotes the growth and restoration of the human Hair, improving and beautifying the same, while it prevents the hair from falling off or turning grey. By imparting strength to the capillary vessels in the region of the hair bulb the hair is preserved to the latest period of life. The use of the Gem in early life is attended with the happiest effects. Price 3s., 4s. 6d., 6s., and 10s. Forwarded on receipt of stamps.—F. BROWNE, No. 47, Fenchurch Street, City.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S TONIC LOTION for LADIES.—Used for thickening the hair at the roots, near the partings; also for reproducing the hair on bald places. By the application of this Lotion eyebrows have been restored. From 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s., and 42s. Forwarded on receipt of stamps.—47, Fenchurch Street.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from face and arms without injury. 3s. 6d. Sent post free, carefully packed, for 54 stamps by Alex. Ross.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted not to destroy the hair. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chemists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

A RAPID CURE of Asthma, Consumption, Throat Affections, Coughs, and Hysterical Complaints is given by Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Price 1s. 1½d. per box, of all Druggists.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.—This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels, or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION, and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up at the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.

Wholesale. RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

SAMUEL CANTOR, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN SPONGES AND INDIA RUBBER, 40, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, W.C. Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the DETERGENT POWDER, which thoroughly cleanses Brushes and Sponges without injuring them.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each.

Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Preston-ville, Brighton.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles

D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	2 0
RINK GALOP	1 6
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s; Septet, 2s. each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. WALDTEUFEL'S NEWEST WALTZ

AU REVOIR WALTZ. Par EMILE

WALDTEUFEL (Composer of the celebrated "Manolo Waltz"). The above new Waltz will most certainly become very popular. Price 2s. net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy

Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 2 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANOFORTE.

1,131st Edition, 68 pages, 4s., post free 28 stamps. The number of Editions this work has passed through sufficiently guarantees its well-deserved and world-wide popularity. Appendix to the same work by George Frederick West. 5s.; post free, 34 stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for SINGING.

52nd edition, price 5s.; post free for half-price; or in limp cloth, 6s. "There is no work we know of better fitted for the training of the voice than the one before us."—*Vide* Scottish Press. Franz Abt's Appendix to the above work, with 24 Exercises for each species of Voice, 5s.; post free at half-price in stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

Third edition, just published,

HOPKINS and Dr. RIMBAULT'S

great work on the HISTORY and CONSTRUCTION of the ORGAN. New Edition, with many additions, 666 pp. Price £1 11s. 6d., postage free. The best authority extant upon the subject.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE HISTORY and CONSTRUCTION of the PIANOFORTE.

By Dr. RIMBAULT. 1 vol., royal 4to, 420 pp., 58 woodcuts and diagrams. Free for 25s. London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

ALL SHEET MUSIC promptly forwarded

by post at HALF the marked PRICE. Payment received in postage stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST.

The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MULLER's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss),

the New Waltz by OTTO MULLER, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half-price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

UNDER THE LAMPLIGHT.—

LOUISA GRAY'S New Song, sung with the greatest success by Miss Elena Angele. Sold for 2s. net by all Musicsellers, and by the Publishers,

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

J. L. ROECKEL'S Favourite SONGS.

Gone to their Rest. | May Morning.

The River and the Rose.

Post free 2s. each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford St.

THE WAGONER. Second Edition.

"The Song of the Season." Sung by Mr. Santley. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON, words by EDWARD OXENFORD. "Contains all the elements of a great success; easy, very melodious, and joyous. The best of modern Baritone Songs." In two keys. Post free 24 stamps.

London: SIMPSON and CO., 33, Argyll St., Regent St., W.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate

Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.

THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.

THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.

THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash).

Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20

—GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28

Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—

Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Piano-FORTE SCHOOL.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.

Part 2. VOCAL.

Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.

Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.

Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent post free to any part of the World.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ROCKSTRO'S REMINISCENCES of the HANDEL FESTIVAL.

1. Messiah	4s.
2. Miscellaneous Selection	4s.
3. Israel in Egypt	4s.

Each Number of the Reminiscence of the Handel Festival is published with an authentic Portrait of the great Composer, from an engraving in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, after the picture by Hudson, 1749.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jodlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 6)	2	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 1)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto).

This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

	s.	d.
Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

	s.	d.
Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Ital	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of

sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. 48 Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded post free to any part of the world.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote,

Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s. London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ELEGANT JEWELLERY.

LONDON AND RYDER

invite inspection of their New Stock, as characterised by "Good Taste" and sterling excellence.

BRIDESMAIDS' LOCKETS, WEDDING PRESENTS, COURT DIAMONDS.

Diamond Ornaments in great variety charged at prices consistent with reliable value. Necklaces, Head Ornaments, Earrings, Crosses, Pendants, Lockets, Solitaires, Bracelets, &c.

Recipients of the only Medal awarded for "General Good Taste" at the International Exhibition.

THE DIAMONDS OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK ON SALE.

Indian Cats' Eye Rings, worn as a talisman to avert evil or misfortune.

LONDON and RYDER, GOLDSMITHS AND JEWELLERS, 17, New Bond Street.

(Corner of Clifford Street, opposite Long's Hotel).

MONOGRAMS.—Rodrigues' Novelties

in Monograms, Crests, and Addresses. STEEL DIES engraved as gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour relief, and illuminated in gold, silver, and colours in the highest style of art.—42, Piccadilly, W.

VISITING CARDS, at H. Rodrigues'.

A card plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superfine cards printed for 4s. 6d. BOOK PLATES designed and engraved in Modern and Mediæval Styles at RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?

—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty,

best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery

contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH

SEE THAT YOU GET IT,

As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER's "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM

SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas. Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas. Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards.—OETZMANN and CO., Hampstead Road.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOFORTES

were awarded

THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR and DIPLOMA OF MERIT, Philadelphia, 1876.

THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.

THE HIGHEST AWARD—THE GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874.

LA MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR, Paris, 1867.

THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1862.

LE DIPLOME DE LA MENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE, Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869, &c.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION PIANOS,

were Patented 1862, 1868, 1871, and 1875, in

GREAT BRITAIN,	AUSTRIA,
PRUSSIA,	ITALY, BELGIUM,
FRANCE,	and AMERICA.

GILBERT L. BAUER'S PRIZE MEDAL DRAWING-ROOM ORGANS,

On the Three Years' System.

From 8 to 300 gs.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

2, Manchester Square.

I have examined Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Check Action as applied to their Pianos, and consider it a most ingenious and valuable invention, which cannot fail to meet with success.

SIR JULES BENEDICT.

45, Blandford Square, N.W.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great excellence of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianofortes. Their "Perfect Check Repeater" produces a touch that is absolute perfection, and which is unsurpassed by any other maker, native or foreign.

SYDNEY SMITH.

6, St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington, W.

To Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

I have much pleasure in certifying to the efficiency of Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Patent Check-Action (for Pianofortes), which I consider a very clever and useful invention, and likely to be extensively adopted.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,

with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The effect which "the Perfect Check Repeater Action," patented by Messrs. Brinsmead, produces on the touch, is everything that can be desired by an artist. It appears to me the most important invention of modern times, both for freedom of execution and expression.

I have equal pleasure in referring to Messrs. Brinsmead's New Metal-Back Pianofortes, which, as regards durability, richness, brilliancy, equality and contrast of tone, by far surpass Pianofortes of the ordinary construction at a much higher price.

I will not fail to draw the attention of Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, to these inventions the next opportunity which may present itself.

CHARLES JOHN HERMAN EBERLEIN,
Conductor of the Philharmonic Society,
Capetown, Africa.

Bognor, Sussex.

The touch and tone of the Pianofortes manufactured by John Brinsmead and Sons are alike admirable, and having thoroughly examined their instruments, I have much pleasure in highly recommending them. In the present day there is so much imposition practised upon the musical public that the purchase of a Pianoforte that will give permanent satisfaction is a very important matter.

DR. T. LLOYD FOWLE, M.A.

I have great pleasure in certifying to the fine, rich, and powerful tone of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianos, also to the great improvements they have succeeded in attaining.

As a Professor of the Harp, I can safely add that the mellow tones of their Short Iron Gold Medal Grands blend charmingly with the instrument I profess, and form a delicious *ensemble*.

FREDERICK CHATTERTON,
Harpist to the Queen.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,

with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Close, Hereford.

Dear Sirs,—Your Patent Action is one of the best I have met with. This combined with the equal tone of your instruments must commend them to those desiring a first-class Pianoforte at a reasonable price.

Yours faithfully,
G. TOWNSHEND SMITH,
Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and Director of the Hereford Festival.

8, Lower Rock Gardens, Brighton.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

Gentlemen,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to state that I consider the instrument manufactured by you to be most excellent in tone, touch, and quality of material. I particularly admire your Pianos with the Patent Check Repeater Action and new Grand Construction, being a wonderful improvement upon the old system. In my opinion your firm having been successful in creating as good a touch to the Cottage Pianoforte as that usually accorded to the Grand. All those I have chosen have given the greatest satisfaction to the purchasers.

I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,
W. KUHE.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons. Dresden.

I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your instruments. Your newly patented system, "the Perfect Check Repeater Action, when applied to these Pianos, greatly increases their value, and I have no doubt that these valuable improvements will excite general attention and admiration.

HERMANN PAPENDIECK.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,

with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

60, St. Thomas Street, Weymouth.

I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the perfection of Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons' New Pianoforte Action, which, for promptness in repetition, and general excellence in touch, surpasses anything of the kind I have yet seen, whilst the extreme simplicity of the mechanism by which such important results are attained is an additional recommendation.

BOYTON SMITH.

To Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons, 18, Wigmore Street, W.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your upright and horizontal Grand Pianofortes, as they are simply perfect in touch and tone.

FREDERIC GUILLAUME,
Chevalier de Lrguoro,
Examiner-General of the Ancient Bourbonnic Society in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Naples, Honorary Member of the Musical Academies at Rome, Venice, &c., formerly Director-General of all Military Music for both Infantry and Cavalry of the Line in the Army of the Two Sicilies.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS,

with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The improvements made in English pianos have caused this trade rapidly to increase, until one pianoforte manufactory after another has been built to supply the growing demand. One of the largest of these, lately erected by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of Wigmore Street, covers nearly an acre of ground in the Grafton Road, Kentish Town, and is intended to accommodate 300 workmen. These works alone can supply 3,000 pianos annually."—*Illustrated London News.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,

with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Standard.	"Receive the greatest approbation everywhere of musicians and manufacturers."
The Engineer.	"Greater volume and richness of tone are produced, with increased durability."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

PATENT "PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION" Pianofortes of every description, manufactured expressly for India and extreme Climates.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PIANOFORTES.

Illustrated price-lists and descriptions, with opinions of the London Press and musical profession, forwarded post-free upon application.

18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY,
THE "BRINSMEAD WORKS," GRAFTON ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON, N.W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CURTAINS.—

OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received all their new designs in CURTAINS and CURTAIN MATERIALS, British and Foreign, of every description; some of the designs are very artistic. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO.,

67, 69, 71, 73, 77, and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES

formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before finally deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

READY MONEY versus CREDIT or BOOKING.

—Messrs. OETZMANN and CO.'s business is conducted on the co-operative system of small profits and cash payments, with the extra advantages of centralised management and personal proprietary supervision, the public receiving all the benefit of the co-operative system without its inherent trouble and annoyances, and the prices will be found lower than those charged at Co-operative Stores. This system offers great advantages to those in a position to pay ready money.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.

—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.

OETZMANN'S Patent Pallio Mattress

supersedes the use of the old rigid Palliasse: is more cleanly, healthy, and elastic; combines the advantages of a Mattress and Palliasse at the cost of one article. Price from 16s. 9d. upwards. See page 123 in "A Guide to House Furnishing," sent post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW BLINDS and SCREENS.

—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

PAPER-HANGINGS. — OETZMANN

and CO.—PAPER HANGINGS at WHOLESALE PRICES.—A great reduction in price. All the new patterns are now on view at the Show Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These

superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 3 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

FLOOR-Cloth, Floor-Cloth, Floor-Cloth.

Well seasoned, colours and designs to suit every style of decoration. An immense assortment for selection. Clearing out at 1s. 6d. per square yard; best quality and newest designs, 2s. 6d. A quantity of squares, 2 yards by 3 yards, 3 by 4, and other useful sizes, very cheap. Quotations forwarded per post on receiving size of room or hall. Bordered floor-cloth for passage or stairs from 9d. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large

handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.

OETZMANN and CO.

TABLE LINEN. OETZMANN & CO.
SHEETINGS. OETZMANN & CO.
QUILTS, &c. OETZMANN & CO.

MUSLIN and LACE CURTAINS.—

Elegant design, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 and 56 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Tuileries lace curtains, 4 yards long by 72 inches wide, 21s. per pair. A special reduced list of curtains, with size and description, post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

LINEN DEPARTMENT.—Fine white

Linen Damask Table Cloths, 2 yards long, 3s. 11d.; 2½ yards long by 2 yards wide, 5s. 11d.; 3 yards by 2½ yards, 8s. 11d.; 3½ yards by 2½ yards, 12s. 6d.; 4 yards by 2½ yards, 15s.; Breakfast Cloths, from 2s. 11d.; strong Linen Kitchen Table Cloths, 1s. 11d. each; stout Huckaback, from 4¾d. per yard; Glass Cloths, 4¾d. per yard; stout White Calico Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. per yard; 88 inches ditto, 1s. 6d. per yard; white Linen Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. 11d.; 86 inches ditto, 2s. 6d. per yard; superfine quality ditto, 88 inches wide, 2s. 11d. per yard. Horrocks's Long Cloths and Sheetings at the Manufacturer's wholesale prices. Ladies should write for patterns, and compare price and quality.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE PORTLAND COAL VASE.—

OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the Season, new shape, much admired, handsomely japanned and gold relieved, has bowl castors, opal handle, handscoop, and strong loose lining—a great convenience and saving in the wear. Price complete only 10s. 6d.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT.

—Ironstone China Dinner Services—various neat and elegant designs, from 15s. 9d. the set; handsome ditto at 25s. and 35s. per set; a large assortment of superb patterns for selection; dessert services complete, 17 pieces, 13s. 9d.; best French China ditto, 18 pieces, very chaste, with burnished gold edges, 28s. 9d.; China Tea Services, complete, 28 pieces, 5s. 9d.; elegant ditto, burnished gold and enamelled, 15s. 9d.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS,

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—AUGUST 11, 1877.

THE GRAPHIC

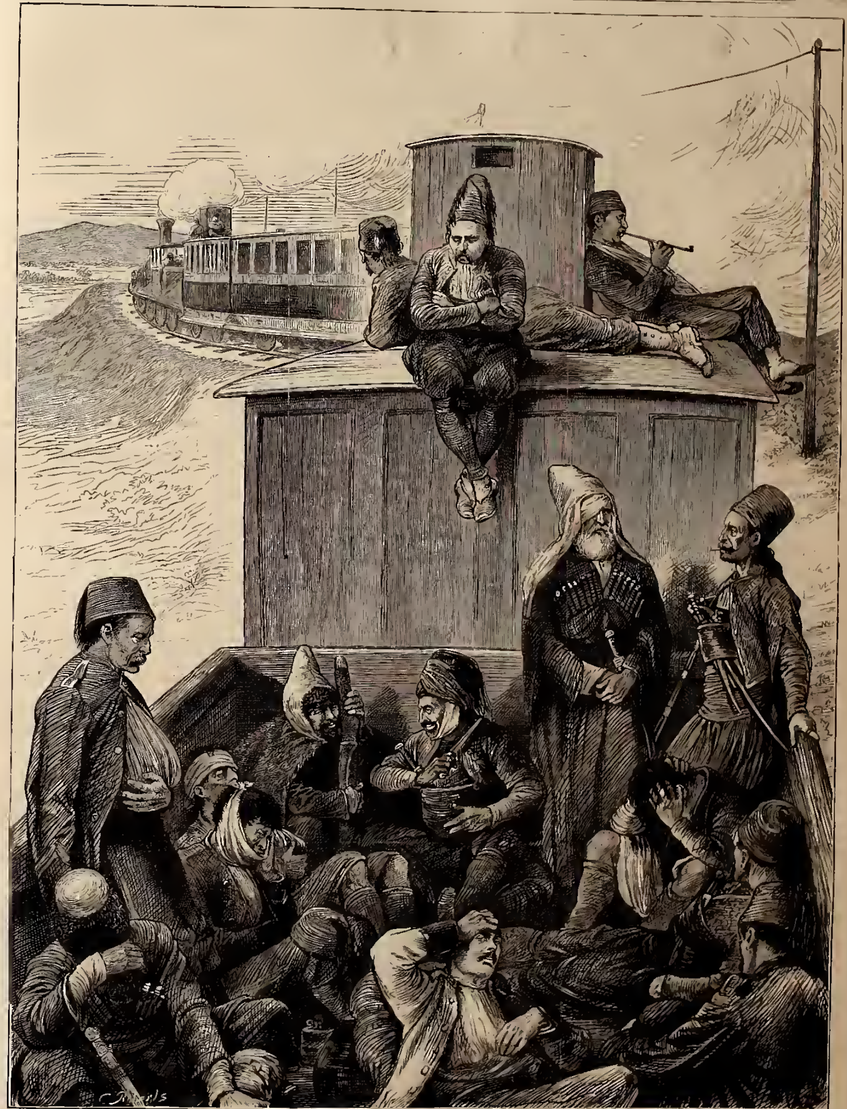
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 403
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1877

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



WITH THE TURKS SOUTH OF THE BALKANS—WOUNDED SOLDIERS COMING BACK FROM THE BATTLE OF KEZANLIK

Topics of the Week

The Queen's Speech.——The Government had not a splendid list of legislative achievements to record in dismissing Parliament; but no one has been very hard on it for its comparative want of success. In these days Englishmen do not burn with ardour for political reform. They are content with a very moderate amount of Parliamentary work, and would, indeed, be rather bored than otherwise by excessive zeal. Besides, the Irish Obstructives to a considerable extent hampered the progress of business; and so much time was taken up in the early part of the Session with the discussion of the Eastern Question that members had little inclination for less lofty themes. On the whole, the references in the Queen's Speech to that question have been well received. The nation has given the most unmistakeable proof that it desires, if possible, to remain neutral as regards this war. It approves the course of neither of the belligerents, and would prefer that they should fight out their quarrel for themselves. At the same time we have rights in the East which it is impossible for us to ignore; and if these are threatened all classes will be in favour of defending them. The language used by the Government proves that it is in full accord with the general feeling. It will willingly help to restore peace, but only on one condition, that the terms offered be "compatible with the honour of the belligerents, and with the general safety and welfare of other nations." Fortunately Russia has no excuse for misunderstanding the limits within which we can safely maintain the position of spectators. Over and over again they have been defined, and in answer to Lord Derby's famous despatch at the outbreak of war Prince Gortschakoff accepted them as fair and reasonable. It may, therefore, be hoped that whatever may be the future successes of Russia she will be cautious in her demands. A Power which finds it so difficult to cope with Turkey can hardly desire to have to reckon with England also.

The Twelfth.——For once in a way, the poor "little brown birds," by the kind arrangement of the almanac-makers, have had a day's reprieve this season. Perhaps it was all the worse for them in the end, for after the quiet of Sunday, when there was no travelling, and no hard work done, the nerves of their enemies gained by the rest, while their eagerness for the Monday's sport was quickened. From the accounts come to hand, the supply of grouse is a fair one both in England and Scotland in some districts, indeed, far above the average, as the moderate price of the birds in the London poulterers' shops testifies. Though there has been a general outcry of the shortness of ways and means, owing to defaulting creditors abroad, who not only have our money, but cannot, or will not, pay interest for it, and commercial difficulties, there are probably more guns at work on the heather this season than in any previous one. The sport evidently increases in popularity every year, while the still increasing number of the wealthy and leisured classes create a greater demand for more ground to sport over than England, Scotland, and Ireland can supply. A few years ago, comparatively speaking, only those shot, hunted, or fished who were for the most part owners in possession, or residents on their estates; but now the followers of the learned professions, men in business, and affluent shopkeepers take to field sports. Thus grouse-shooting is no longer a reserved aristocratic luxury. Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Lombard Street and the Stock Exchange, Lincoln's Inn and the Temple indulge in it to such an extent that the regular inheritors of the recreation, as the privilege of property, are not unwilling to make a profit out of the disposition which impels the wealthy cotton spinner, the manufacturer, the shipowner, the banker, the physician, the barrister, and even "the man of the counter," to purchase or rent a grouse moor. And who shall regret the taste of the renters and purchasers? It is a healthy sign of the times that they care to spend their money in this way, rather than on mere personal hobbies or in vicious idleness. It is surely a matter of congratulation that so many among us can find the most intense enjoyment from the sport which has set in once more. Even without the actual sport itself, a brief residence in the glorious Highlands is a grand tonic both for mind and body; while with gun in hand, and behind the wide ranging dogs, to wander over "the spreading moors—the purple seas that have no shores," is a pastime which, taking all things into consideration, has not perhaps its equal in this or in any other part of the world.

The War.——The Russians have failed to make good during the present week the very considerable losses they have sustained. General Gourko, it is true, still holds the Shipka Pass; and reinforcements are being brought to the front as fast as the Roumanian railways can carry them. But there has been no important Russian movement, nor are there signs that the army has recovered from the panic caused by its very unexpected disasters. Osman Pasha remains in his strong position at and about Plevna, and Mehemet Ali, while giving up none of his advantages in the neighbourhood of Rasgrad, has been reconnoitring, apparently with the intention of speedily taking the offensive. A combined attack from east and west on Gourko's line of communications would seriously hamper him, and lighten the task of Suleiman Pasha, who has not managed to drive the Russians before him so rapidly as many observers expected. Mehemet Ali is evidently a man of genuine military talent, decisive in action and prompt to make the most of his opportunities. In these respects he forms a striking contrast to the Grand Duke Nicholas, whose most prominent qualification for his position seems to be a faculty of appearing to do a great deal and really doing nothing. It is probably owing to his failure that rumours of peace have again been heard. A report comes from Vienna that Russia would be satisfied if Prince Hassan, son of the Khedive, were proclaimed Prince of Bulgaria. For the present, however, no such solution can be hoped for, since the Czar could not afford to make peace in existing circumstances. The war will go on, but it will be continued in a very different spirit from that in which it was started. Not only have the Russians learned the strength of their antagonists, but they now see, according to the war correspondent of the *Daily News*, that they were misled as to the condition of Bulgaria. The more favourable impressions produced in their minds by actual observation are amply confirmed by several of the remarkable despatches of Mr. Layard which have just been published.

The Blue-Coat School.——The report of the Commission appointed to investigate the state of Christ's Hospital in reference to the recent unhappy death of one of the scholars must be taken as fairly satisfactory to those who are interested in the old school. The two facts which it primarily establishes are—firstly, that the death of the boy in question cannot fairly be laid at the door of the monitor whose name was brought so prominently forward, nor to the general discipline, or want of discipline, in the establishment; and, secondly, that bullying is by no means a distinguishing feature of the school life there. The recommendations, therefore, of the Commission in reference to the future of the Hospital must not be taken as implying any stricture—at least, stricture of a serious character—on present arrangements. At all events, it may be said that, if the report involves stricture at all, it is on the system of the school, and not on the individuals to have to work under it. The unhappy occasion for the appointment of the Commission was rather used as an opportunity for inviting suggestions which might benefit the establishment, and few persons, we think, will doubt but that the suggestions made are most reasonable ones. As to the suggestions themselves, that which advises that for the future the Head Master should have supreme authority, instead of, as heretofore, dividing it with the Warden, will commend itself to any one with common sense and knowledge of the management of such establishments. The recommendations that the undermasters should reside on the premises and share in all domestic discipline, and that the "Grecians" should have their ancient powers restored to them, and supervise the "Monitors," will also commend themselves. But perhaps the most important suggestion of all is that the school site in Newgate Street should be sold, and the establishment moved into the country. The price which can easily be obtained for the premises would more than cover all expenses of the transfer. Of course there will be objections raised to this proposal, for in such matters there is naturally a very strong conservative feeling connected with old associations and local traditions. These, however, it is to be hoped, will be overcome. There is no substantial reason why the school should remain in London, as there is really nothing local in its character, the scholars being drawn from all parts of the United Kingdom. The premises are utterly inadequate to accommodate the number of boys in the school, and it is next to impossible to enforce good discipline in a cramped space. Moreover, for the well-being of the boys, it is indispensable that they should have greater facilities for amusement during the play hours.

The Famine in Madras.——It is probable that the allusion in the Queen's Speech to the famine informed a considerable number of people for the first time that this fearful calamity has fallen upon a large section of our fellow-subjects in India. The popular ignorance of and indifference to all that relates to our Eastern Dependency are truly surprising. Readers of the newspapers interest themselves intensely in events in Turkey; but many of them pass by as unworthy of notice references to India which, if that country belonged to France, would deeply stir all classes of Frenchmen. The present famine is one of the most terrible ever known. Eighteen millions of human beings are suffering from want; a million and a half would perish but for the scanty public relief they receive; already half a million have died. Disease has been brought on by hunger, and there is too good reason to believe that the two causes together will occasion in the immediate future even greater havoc than they have yet achieved. An earnest appeal comes to the English public for help. The need is far beyond the resources of the Presidency; and if Englishmen do not share the burden, it must fall with crushing weight on innumerable multitudes. It is to be hoped there will be a generous response to the appeal. All praise is due to those kind-hearted persons who are making sacrifices on behalf of the victims of the cruel war now being waged in Eastern Europe; but the sufferers in India have surely a stronger claim on their sympathy. We talk much of our resolve to maintain our Indian Empire; and there can be no doubt that for once talk truly represents the facts. But if we coolly allow crowds of the natives to die when they might be saved, the world will be apt to think—and with some reason—that in desiring to keep India what we are thinking of is not the welfare of the people, but our own selfish convenience.

What is Begging?——This difficult question has been raised again in connection with the fresh attention recently called both in Parliament and elsewhere to the importation into this country of Italian children. It is agreed on all hands that the practice is most abominable, and should be put down. In one sense it would seem that such importation cannot be prevented by legislative interference; and that therefore we are left to deal with the matter as a social one among ourselves. Mr. Ribton Turner, of the Charity Organisation Society, an authority on such a question, inclines to the view that both the children and their *padroni* can be dealt with under the Vagrant Act, the former as beggars, the latter as encouragers of begging. He submits that in reference to their employment in the streets "it is sufficient to ascertain whether the children are skilled performers, depending solely on the excellence of their performance for remuneration, or whether their performances are merely counterfeits, primarily intended to excite commiseration with a view to attract charitable contributions;" and he cites a case in which one of the police magistrates was ready to convict as beggars a couple of persons who were singing in the streets. A few days ago the magistrate at Clerkenwell convicted an Italian of begging, who had been playing an accordion in the streets, and had two children with him who asked alms of the passers-by. The children the magistrate sent to the workhouse. If children, wherever found by the police "begging," were thus disposed of, or sent to reformatory schools, the difficulty would soon be settled, and the Italian importation would soon cease. But "What is begging?"—and what if the principle suggested were applied to other cases? Where can the line be drawn between artistic singing or artistic performances and what may be called "begging by implication?" Common sense can soon determine these questions. "Frozen-out gardeners," who howl along a street "We have no work to do," are beggars; just as persons holding a few boxes of cigar-lights, or shoe-strings, or simply walking along the street moaning and groaning, are really beggars, though they do not actually beg. But there would be considerable legal difficulty in defining "begging." The public itself could do a great deal towards putting down many forms of "begging by implication," by simply refusing to give anything to "performers and sham traders." Actual beggars have become scarce, simply because people decline to give promiscuous alms in the streets. If people would only be reasonable, and not encourage Italian children and their *padroni*, the same happy result would ensue.

Passports in Italy.——Englishmen who intend to spend their autumn holiday in Italy have been good-naturedly reminded by a notice in the *London Gazette* that they ought to provide themselves with passports Many travellers are irritated by the idea of carrying about these documents; and, as they are nominally not needed in Italy, the majority of tourists naturally go without them. It is of genuine importance, however, that the advice of the Foreign Office should be taken. Italian officials have long been accustomed to the passport system; they look upon the possession of a passport as in some mysterious way a proof of respectability, while the presumption in their mind is that the man who cannot produce one is a rogue and revolutionist. Consequently an innocent traveller who has neglected to take the precaution may be exposed to a vast amount of inconvenience. He may be dragged before a magistrate, and if, irritated by such ill-usage, he allows himself to apply to his tormentors some vigorous epithets, the results are sure to be disagreeable. The best evidence of this is afforded by the experience of Mr. Rainford, who, when arbitrarily arrested, informed an insolent Carabineer that "he had exceeded his duty." For this offence he was condemned to pay a fine of 100 francs, and the sentence has just been confirmed by the Court of Appeal. Some officials who had been mildly punished in consequence of his unjust arrest are to be compensated by promotion. The story reflects little credit on the system of administration in Italy, but it ought to convince Englishmen that it is hardly safe to enter the country without the piece of paper which is supposed to give them a right to fair treatment. The demand may be extremely silly, but as it is made it should be submitted to with the best grace possible.

SUPERSTITION.——We are sometimes obliged to rub our eyes and ask ourselves whether we are really living in the latter half of the nineteenth century, when we read from time to time of cases of painful superstition which are made public. Notwithstanding the efforts of the schoolmaster and ministers of religion, and the advanced civilisation of the present day, the amount of superstitious credulity still existing in all parts of the country is simply astounding. To say nothing of the recent outbreak of Spiritualism, it is evident that there still exist among us thousands upon thousands of men and women, in town and country, who believe in witches and fortune-tellers, in charms, evil eyes, incantations, and a hundred and one degrading absurdities. The newspapers of late have been full of most painful revelations in this direction. An "astrologer" has just been convicted in North Devon of "using certain subtle craft, means, or device by palmistry and otherwise to deceive and impose on certain of Her Majesty's subjects," his means being the use of metal rods engraved with the names of planets, and with figures of heathen deities at their ends, as a cure for "bad" legs and arms. The witnesses he brought forward in his defence show he has a good practice. From Wales we learnt a few days ago that if a woman maliciously prays that her neighbour may be afflicted with the birth of twins, her prayer is efficacious, and twins come in due course. There are thousands of persons in the West who believe that the Lord's Prayer said backwards by a "wise" man or woman is a certain cure for a variety of ailments; while black sheep's wool dipped in red cow's milk at once arrests erysipelas, and a Good Friday hot cross bun, after being kept a certain time, is a sovereign remedy for whooping-cough. Really it seems that the world in such matters hardly grows wiser as it grows older. Must we confess that it is hopeless to expect that either Christianity or education will ever eradicate from the human mind its strange tendency to absurd superstitions?

NOTICE.——*The Engravings of the Battle of Plevna, with which the Illustration portion of our Half-Sheet is occupied, form a* QUADRUPLE PAGE, *which* MUST NOT BE CUT. *It must be placed for binding between pages 156 and 165, and mounted on a guard at the top of page 159.*

NOTICE.——*With this number is presented an Extra Double-page Supplement, entitled,* "THE GALLERY OF H.M.S. 'CALCUTTA,'" *from the Picture by J. Tissot.*

NOTICE.——A NEW SERIAL STORY, *entitled* "BY CELIA'S ARBOUR," *by the* AUTHORS *of* "READYMONEY MORTIBOY," *&c., illustrated by an eminent artist, will be begun on* SEPTEMBER 1, *and continued weekly until completed.*

Now Ready.

THE NEW VOLUME, XV.,

OF

"THE GRAPHIC"

containing over Five Hundred Illustrations of all the Events of Interest transpiring during the first six months of 1877, handsomely bound in blue cloth, gilt lettered, and gilt edges, 20s.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brasil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 13 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia }
Ceylon }
China }
Via Brindisi,
36s. thin edition.
45s. thick edition.
{ India
{ Japan
{ New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

AMUSEMENTS

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL, SEPTEMBER 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1877.

Principal Singers at present engaged:
Mademoiselle ALBANI,
Miss ADELA VERNON,
Madame SOPHIE LOWE,
Miss BERTHA GRIFFITHS,
and
Mdme. PATEY.
Mr. E. LLOYD,
Mr. CUMMINGS,
Mr. MAYBRICK,
and
Mr. SANTLEY.
Programmes and Tickets at Mr. E. Nest's, Westgate Street, Gloucester.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, W. J. Hill, Billington, C. Harcourt, H. H. Vincent, G. Barrett, and E. Righton; Mesdames Emma Ritta, Marie Stevens, C. Jecks, and Lydia Foote.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, ROSE ROY. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Mr. J. H. Rowan, Mr. J. W. Hanson, Miss Bessie Bonehill. Concluding with ONLY FOR LIFE. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Mr. T. Hyde.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven, THE FLYING SCUD, by Dion Boucicault, Esq. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, George Conquest, jun., Nicholls, Inch, Grant, Gillett, &c. Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, &c. To conclude with THE MARINER'S COMPASS. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Children of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Also on view Portrait Models of the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, and Count de Tourville. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement for Twelve Nights only (commencing Monday, August 20) of Mdlle. BEATRICE'S Celebrated London Comedy and Drama Company, on which occasion will be produced (First Time in Brighton), THE WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE.

THE CONTINENT.—The Shortest, Cheapest, and Pleasantest Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is via the Great Eastern Railway and Harwich.

An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m., in connection with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4.45 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.

The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.

Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low throughout rates.

For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

S. SWARBICK, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE TURKS—WOUNDED SOLDIERS RETURNING FROM THE BATTLE OF KEZANLIK

THIS sketch portrays a train conveying wounded soldiers and stragglers from the little Turkish force, which attempted to defend the position of Kezanlik, at the head of the Shipka Pass, against General Gourko. After some sharp fighting the Turks were worsted, and only 500 managed to escape to the station of Haskoi, where our artist sketched them on their way back to the head-quarters south of the Balkans. The river shown in our sketch is the Maritza, and the range of the Balkans may be perceived in the distance. "The soldiers," writes our artist, "seemed in a deplorable state, both morally and physically speaking, and many of them were wounded."

WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE SHIPKA PASS

THE last sketch represents the flight of the Turks from Kezanlik, and we here have the advance of General Gourko's little army, while forcing the Shipka Pass—one of the most adventurous expeditions on record. Our illustrations will give a fair idea of the difficulties to be encountered had the enemy seriously determined to defend the position, but by some strange negligence only two detachments of Turks had been left in charge of the pass. On July 16th General Gourko, advancing from the Hain Borgou Pass, encountered and defeated the Turks, and, pushing forward the next day, renewed the engagement, the Cossack tirailleurs advancing first, next the artillery, and finally the Bulgarian legion, whose main duty was to pick up and care for the wounded. The military correspondent of *The Times* bears witness to the gallantry displayed by the advanced skirmishers, who steadily pushed forward, despite a sharp artillery fire from the Turks, and assisted by the Bulgarians, ultimately succeeded in occupying Kezanlik, at the mouth of the Pass. At Shipka itself, however, there still remained a detachment of Turks, so operations were duly renewed next day, when the position was secured, and the Balkans rendered free for the passage of Russian troops. For full details of General Gourko's gallant exploit, we cannot do better than refer the reader to the full and highly interesting account given by the military correspondent of *The Times*, from one of whose letters we quote the following:—"Whatever may happen, the achievements of General Gourko's column will remain among the most interesting deeds of the war. A single storm in the mountains, a determined opposition at the mouth of the Pass, the concentration of a fairly strong force anywhere between the Pass and Kezanlik, especially if well provided with artillery; any one of these would have brought ruin, but fortune favours the brave, and the little column deserves a crown of glory." The Turks are said to have fought well, but to have marred their bravery with treachery and atrocious cruelty. On the 18th, when the tirailleurs attempted to carry the summit of the Pass, they gradually drove the Turks back into a small redoubt placed on a hill flanking the Pass. The Turks then hoisted a white flag, and made signs of wishing to surrender, but upon the Russians approaching poured a volley into their midst. The Russians, recovering themselves, at once made a dash and captured the fort, but still were unable to seize the main position on the height. On the 19th ult. preparations were again made for the assault, but another flag of truce came in with a Turkish officer, who promised that his men would surrender and march into the Russian camp if the attack was not renewed. Again the Turks were trusted, and again they proved false, as they took the opportunity to abandon the position and seek safety in flight. As for the cruelty, the route the Russians pursued was strewed with the bodies of Russian prisoners, who had been shamefully murdered and atrociously mutilated by the Turkish soldiers, this time not Bashi Bazouks or Circassians, but regular troops of the line.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF KUSTENDJIE

KUSTENDJIE was early occupied by the Russians after their crossing into the Dobrudscha, no opposition whatever being made by the Turks. On the 30th ult., however, two Turkish ironclads appeared off the town and commenced a bombardment, creating an intense panic amongst the inhabitants. The Russian batteries on the bluff to the north of the town at once replied, and a brisk cannonade ensued, which ended in the withdrawal of the ironclads, after having been hit twice by the Russians shells. Our sketch represents a view of the bombardment from the Russian battery on the cliff to the north of the town. Only two Turkish shells fell into the town, and the rest exploded near the battery in the foreground, and another battery, whence the sketch was taken. Beyond the windmill to the north of the town may be seen the British Consulate.

FIGHTING ON THE LOM

OUR sketches of "Saved from Mutilation" and the "Arrest of the *Daily News* Correspondent" represent incidents during some recent skirmishing near Rustchuk on the Lom River. In the former a couple of squadrons of Bildering's dragoons were pushing forward in the direction of Kadikoi, and were surprised by an ambush of Circassians. They were only able to fight their way back by a hand-to-hand struggle, losing some nine men killed and twenty-one wounded. The killed were brought into camp, for the Russians, if possible, will not leave their dead to the certain fate of being mutilated by the Turks.

As for the latter sketch, the correspondent in question was surprised by a party of Turks hidden behind corn-sheaves, and became involved in a cross-fire. "There was no pleasure in remaining in the awkward locality," he writes, "so I wriggled out literally, and reached the Russian forepost line at a part where there was no firing, when of course I was promptly taken prisoner as a suspicious person apparently crossing over from the enemy."

The sketch of "Loading an Ambulance Waggon" was also taken during the fighting on the Lom, our artist then being with the cavalry of General Baro Driesen.

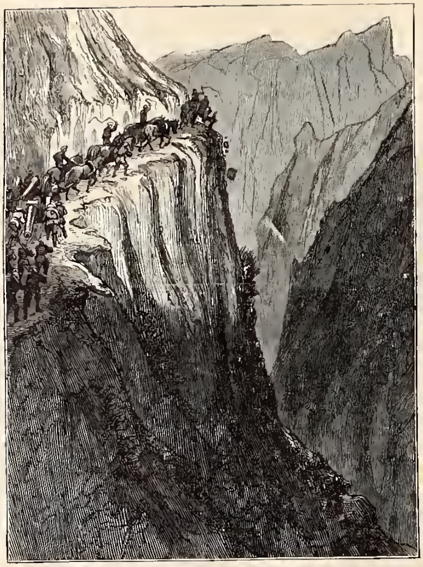
COLONEL WELLESLEY'S QUARTERS AT BIELA

SINCE the capture of Biela that town has been the Czar's head-quarters, and consequently those of the British military *attaché*, Colonel Wellesley, who, after the difficulty with the Grand Duke Nicholas, had been especially attached to the Czar's suite. Colonel Wellesley, however, has now temporarily returned to England.

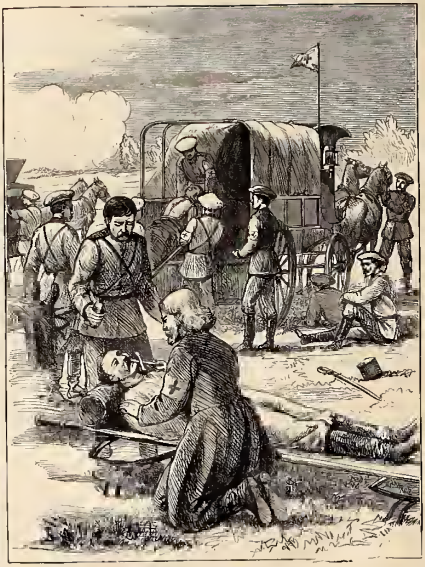
THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA

JULY 31st will long be remembered as one of the blackest days in the Russian military annals of the present campaign, for on that afternoon one of the finest divisions of the Russian forces in Bulgaria sustained a crushing defeat. The full details of the battle are well-known through the comprehensive telegram from Mr. Forbes of the *Daily News*, which, as that journal truly remarked, "was the most remarkable military communication that has been made to a newspaper" since the famous telegram to the same journal announcing the fall of Metz. The correspondent in question was a witness of the whole day's proceedings together with our artist, who subsequently ran great risk of being massacred by the Bashi-Bazouks. Overcome by fatigue after the battle, our artist had left Mr. Forbes in order to take some rest on the slope of a hill, and subsequently proceeded towards Radisovo, in order to be of service to the wounded. Fortunately for him he met a convoy outside the town, and joining it returned towards the Danube. Had he entered Radisovo, as he was reported to have done, he would undoubtedly have lost his life, for the whole of the wounded and their attendants in that town were subsequently massacred by the Bashi-Bazouks. To turn, however, to our illustrations. On the 19th and 20th ult., the Russians had suffered defeat before Plevna, and it was accordingly decided to attack the town and positions in force. Thus General Krudener was ordered to march from Nicopolis upon the right of the Turkish positions, while General Prince Shackoskoy should attack them from the south and left. The Turks were commanded by Osman Pasha, and, as the communication with Widdin was uninterrupted, they were able to obtain heavy reinforcements, bringing their number up to some 40,000 or 50,000, while the Russians only mustered 32,000. Moreover the Turks had great advantages from their positions, as Plevna lies in a valley running directly north and south, and is commanded by a series of ridges and waves, upon three of which the Turks had established strong entrenchments and powerful batteries.

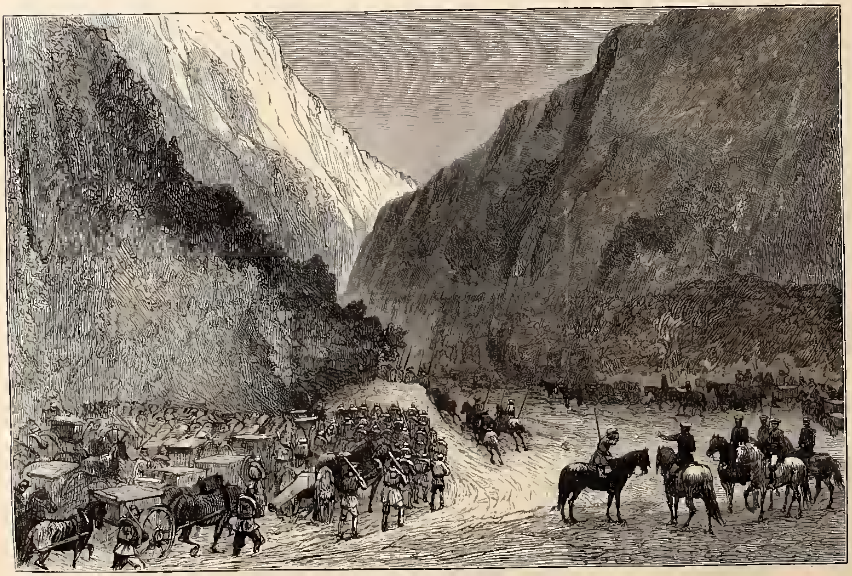
The Russian attack began early on the morning of the 31st ult., General Krudener opening fire from a ridge on the right, above the River Grinica, and his example was speedily followed by Prince Schackoskoy, with whose forces both Mr. Forbes and our artist were attached. These were congregated



ON THE ROAD TO THE SUMMIT OF THE SHIPKA PASS—CANNON IN DANGER

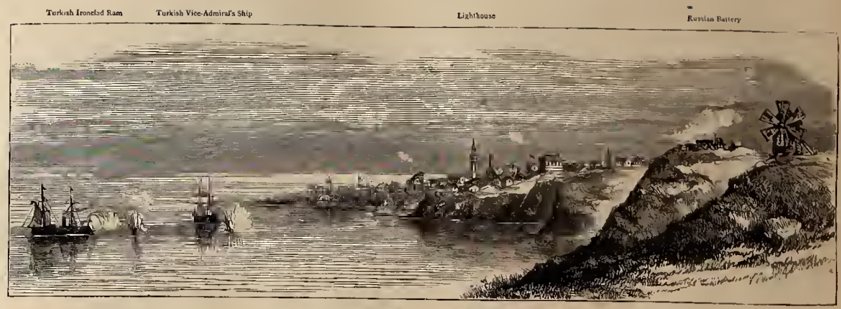


LOADING AN AMBULANCE WAGGON AFTER A FIGHT ON THE RIVER LOM

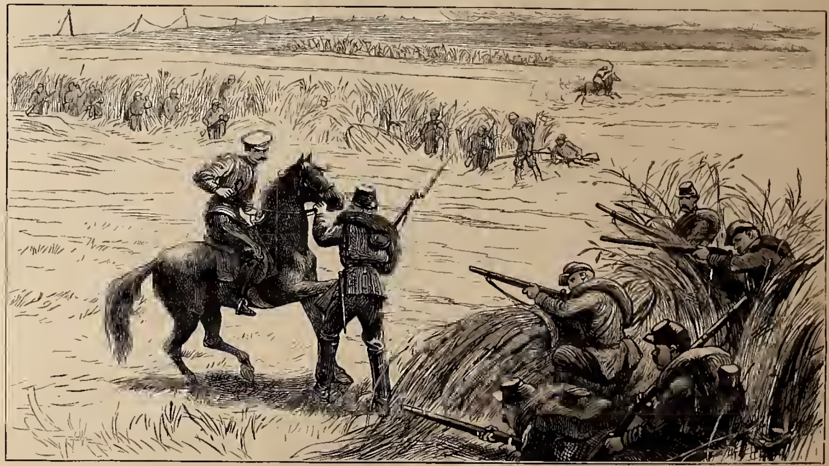


THE MOUTH OF THE SHIPKA PASS

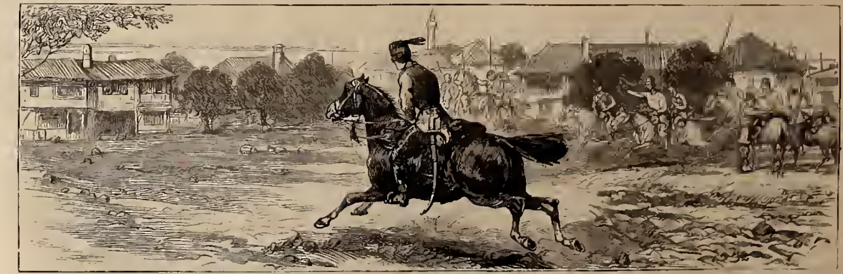
WITH THE RUSSIANS IN EUROPE


Turkish Ironclad Ram
Turkish Vice-Admiral's Ship
Lighthouse
Russian Battery

WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE BOMBARDMENT OF KUSTENDJIE BY TURKISH IRONCLADS, JULY 30



WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE "DAILY NEWS" CORRESPONDENT TAKEN PRISONER BY A RUSSIAN OUTPOST



WITH THE TURKS—CAPT. ANNESLEY WHILE ON A RECONNOITRING EXPEDITION BEING PURSUED THROUGH A VILLAGE BY COSSACKS on a ridge to the left above the village of Radisovo, which was speedily taken and occupied by the Russians. Until one o'clock a fierce artillery duel raged between the opposing batteries, with the apparent effect of considerably damaging the Turkish positions, the Turkish cannon being compelled to quit the opposite height. Then General Schackoskoy thought the time had arrived for the infantry to go into action, and ordered a general advance, notwithstanding that it was clear that General Krudener had not made any progress, and that between the Russian and Turkish positions lay a valley and a steep slope. The infantry, who had been chafing at their inaction—for hitherto only the artillery had been brought into use—answered the summons with a glad cheer, and moved forward in one large undulating line down into the valley. They were warmly received by the Turks, but nevertheless pushed on the reserves, rapidly filling up the gaps made by the Turkish deadly fire. The Turkish positions were neared, and suddenly the officers waved their swords, the soldiers closed up into one concentrated mass, and then a general charge was made upon the entrenchments which, after a bloody struggle, were carried—the main earthworks being subsequently abandoned by the Turks, and the Russians thus became masters of the first Turkish position (see sketch). Flushed with success, General Schakoskoy now ordered his men to charge the second ridge, but although this position was occupied for a few moments by the Russians, the Turkish fire proved too deadly for them to hold it, and about 6 P.M. Turkish reinforcements coming up compelled the Russians to retire after a most determined conflict. Then ammunition failed the Russians, and though reserve after reserve appeared, it was only to swell the slaughter, the retreat at last became general, and the Turks advancing, Mr. Forbes tells us, "struck without stint. They had the upper hand for once, and were determined to show that they knew how to make the most of it." They advanced in swarms, recaptured their first position, and then began to shell the ridge from which the Russians originally began the attack. About 9 P.M. the Staff quitted the ridge, and then came a night of horrors. The way was littered with the wounded and dying, who had to be left to the mercies of the Bashi-Bazauks, and, when a bivouac was at length made, it was ultimately abandoned on account of the advance of Bashi-Bazouks. Our artist, as we have said, early became separated from Mr. Forbes, and joined a convoy of wounded going to the Danube. "We were guided from the battle-field," he writes, "by a Bulgarian towards Porlin. Our guide was led by two Cossacks with revolvers ready to shoot him dead if we were betrayed into the hands of the Bashi-Bazouks. Every few moments two horsemen scampered off to reconnoitre for our little party." The convoy safely reached Bucharest, where our artist was able to allay the anxiety which had been aroused on his behalf.

ASIA—A RUSSIAN CAMP OF WOUNDED

THIS illustration represents one of the buildings erected by the Red Cross Society of Russia for the reception of the sick and wounded. The sketch is taken at Magra, near Kars, in Asia Minor. In addition to the staff of regular surgeons attached to these buildings there are many young ladies acting as nurses and doing the minor duties of looking after and attending to the wants of the wounded, who if any important engagement is going on, are brought into the building in quick succession from the battle-field. Most of the nurses in our sketch are from the neighbourhood of Tiflis, one of whom, standing on the right, was very active in the Servian Campaign.

WITH THE TURKS IN EUROPE

"CAPTAIN ANNESLEY," writes our artist with Mehemet Ali Pasha's army, "is, as his name indicates, of English origin, his father having early in life taken up his residence in Obretenik. In 1870 Captain Annesley fought in the German ranks during the war with France, and was decorated for his services. At the beginning of the present war he took command in the Polish Legion of the Turkish army, but that body having been dissolved he entered into the cavalry, where he is at present serving. The captain told us the story of his unfortunate reconnaisance with the tears in his eyes—the Circassians who accompanied him having carefully remained outside the village, only rejoining him when he quitted it."

Another sketch depicts the much-talked-of Polish Legion, which at the beginning of the war the Turks attempted to form out of the many disaffected subjects of the Czar. The attempt, however, failed, and, as we have said above, the regiment was ultimately dissolved.

PRAVADY

is a small town made famous during the war with the Russians in 1828-9, and which not unlikely will be the scene of conflict in the present campaign. It is situated between Shumla and Varna.

RASGRAD,

where Mehemet Ali Pasha has his head-quarters at the time of writing, and where he has erected strong fortifications, is situated in a valley between Rustchuk and Shumla. Thither have fled numbers of fugitives who fear the advance of the invader, and amongst them are a large number of Jews, who have no love for either Russians or Roumanians. The latter, indeed, as is thought befitting by all Eastern Christians, have always shown themselves particularly hostile to the Israelite persuasion. These Jews have mainly come from Rustchuk, whence they have been driven by the bombardment, and have now taken refuge in the Rasgrad Railway Station. Another sketch at Rasgrad represents the arrival of a train of wounded, on its way from Sistova to Shumla—the inhabitants of the town showing a praiseworthy charity in supplying a drink of water to the sufferers.

RUSTCHUK AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

WE have already depicted scenes of the bombardment of this town, and the present sketch will furnish some idea of its present aspect. The chief feature in the illustration is a Mosque in Konak Square, destroyed and burnt by the Russian shells. The top of the minaret has been cut off by a shell. The dome of the mosque is of tiles, but they are burnt and shattered, forming a pile of ruinous fragments without any regularity. The outer wall of the mosque has been breached at the main entrance, and a fragment of one of the doors hangs awry on the left. The whole of the court is filled with rubbish—bricks, tiles, beams; and the stones of the wall cover the pavement.

Another illustration depicts a torpedo which was fished up out of the Danube near Rustchuk, and which was sketched while lying in the Arsenal Yard. The length of the missile was about three feet. It was of iron, was inscribed with the number 153, and still contained the ends of the electric wire with which it had been connected with the battery.

THE MASSACRES AT KAVARNA

WE have lately heard a good deal of massacres perpetrated in this town, and the news naturally excited a great deal of anxiety for the safety of the Christians in general. Thus H.M.S. *Rapid* was sent to the scene in order to ascertain the truth, and an officer accompanying that vessel has forwarded the sketch from which our illustration is taken. He writes:—"H.M.S. *Rapid* has lately been employed in visiting the various villages on the coast of the Black Sea, which have been pillaged and devastated by the Circassian and Nogai Tartars as they retire before the advance of the Russians. Among the many horrible and melancholy sights we have come across, none were so bad as what we found at Kavarna, a large and (until lately) populous village about twenty-five miles from Varna. Here we found the Christian quarter completely demolished, all the houses burnt, and many signs of horrible deeds having been perpetrated, the walls of many of the houses were splashed with blood, and five or six dead bodies were found, cut, shot, and burnt in a sickening manner. I enclose the sketch of a scene in the yard of a Bulgarian house, where we found the body of a man stripped naked, and with the head fairly decapitated. It was evident he was a Bulgar from his sheepskin cap, which lay at his side. The party of inspection was accompanied by some zaptiehs and an armed boat's crew."

ASIA—HEAD-QUARTERS OF MUKHTAR PASHA

SARA KAMYEH is situated on the eastern slope of the Soghanli Dagh, and at one time formed the head-quarters of the Turkish Commander-in-Chief in Asia during his march upon the Russians before Kars, from which city it is situated about twenty-seven miles distant. *The Times* correspondent, writing thence after the march from Zewin, says:—"The state of the road over which we advanced was very different to that left behind Zewin. Every stream was well bridged with the trunks of fir-trees: the numerous bogs which abound wherever streams cross the path were filled in with boughs, fascines, &c.; gradients eased off; in fact, our progress was far more rapid over the improved Russo-Turkish road than over any other cross-road which I have seen in the country. We reached the two villages of Sara Kamyah, situated at the eastern end of the pass bearing that name, and ascending a ridge to the left, we saw the plain of Kars. The troops bivouacked on the slopes on either side of the pass in dense groves of fir-trees at an elevation of 8,200 feet above sea level. Fire-wood was there in abundance, but the water supply was bad."

THE GALLERY OF H.M.S. "CALCUTTA" AT PORTSMOUTH

THIS picture is another example of that class in which M. Tissot's pencil delights, and for which the name of the artist has become famous. We look in vain for some clue to the story which these graceful forms and charming colours may be presumed to suggest. The scene is susceptible of a thousand interpretations—some common-place and unpoetic enough, and others as full of exciting romance as the last favourite novel of the season. After mentally weighing the claims of each, we are fain to shirk the responsibility of selection, especially as the title chosen does not help us one whit. Perhaps it is the artist's whim thus to set his admirers puzzling their brains as to the occult meaning of his productions, when in reality there was no such object in his thoughts, which were wholly occupied with the conception of a new artistic effect. If, however, it is difficult to guess at the meaning of the picture, it is next to impossible to withhold admiration from the refined manner in which it is treated. The minutely accurate drawing of the figures, dresses, &c., in the foreground, the quiet water of the harbour, and the seemingly entangled forest of masts and spars looming dimly beyond—all bespeak the hand of a most careful and loving student of art; and when to these are added that clear brilliancy of colour for which M. Tissot is so well known (but which the engraver's art can only partially re-produce) the *ensemble* cannot fail to delight the eye.

CARIBOO HUNTING IN CANADA

AND

CIRCASSIANS DANCING

See page 165

HOME

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Parliament was on Tuesday formally prorogued by Royal Commission until the 30th of October. The Queen's Speech we have commented upon in another column.—Mr. W. H. Smith, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, has been re-elected for Westminster without any opposition. The nomination took place on Saturday, and the declaration of the result was made sufficiently early for Mr. Smith to take the oaths and his seat during the afternoon sitting. He subsequently addressed a meeting of his constituents at the Westminster Palace Hotel, thanking not only the Conservatives, but also the Liberals of the borough for saving him the trouble of a contest, and speaking in a modest, sensible manner upon the difficulty of the new work he had considered it his duty to undertake.—The post of Financial Secretary to the Treasury vacated by Mr. Smith, is to be filled by the Hon. Frederick Arthur Stanley, M.P. for North Lancashire, but as the office is not technically under the Crown Mr. Stanley does not vacate his seat.—In North Northamptonshire Lord Burghley (C.) has beaten Captain Edgell (L.) by 2,261 to 1,475. The election was attended by great excitement, and work for the glaziers has been provided on a large scale at the Conservative head-quarters.—The Clare election has resulted in the return of Sir Bryan O'Loghlen (H.R.), who polled 1,721 against 1,149 secured by The O'Gorman Mahon (Nationalist), and 764 allotted to Carey Reeves, the "Liberal Conservative." The *Daily News*, however, says that Sir Bryan has telegraphed from Australia declining to stand for the county.—Sir Baldwyn Leighton has been returned without opposition for South Shropshire.—Twenty of the ringleaders in the recent election riots at Grimsby have been committed for trial, but are at liberty on bail. The damage done to the Royal Hotel, Mr. Watkins's head-quarters, is estimated at 950*l.*—Although the resolution in favour of Mr. Butt's policy in the House of Commons was not put to the vote at the recent meeting of Home Rule members it is said that it was signed by upwards of thirty Irish M.P.'s, and that it is to be published with the signatures as a declaration of the opinion of the majority of the Irish Parliamentary Party.—Now that Parliament is up the floodgates of platform oratory will not be long in bursting open. The Irish Obstructionists, determined to be early in the field, have appointed a Central Committee in Dublin to organise "Demonstrations" in favour of their policy. The first meeting is to be held in Dublin to-morrow (Sunday), and will be followed by county gatherings throughout Ireland.—The meeting of the Home Rule Confederation is to be held at Liverpool on the 27th instant. Mr. Butt and Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and Co. are all to be there, and as there appears to be some differences of opinion amongst the local Home Rulers, we may confidently look forward to as pretty an Irish row as was ever witnessed outside of Donnybrook.—William Lovett, an almost forgotten politician of a generation ago, died last week in his seventy-eighth year. He was a native of Cornwall, but came to London when quite young, and became the intimate associate and co-worker of such men as Hetherington, Holyoake, and John Collins, with the last-mentioned of whom he suffered twelve months' imprisonment for denouncing the conduct of the police in connection with the Bull Ring Riot at Birmingham in 1839.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.——The report of the Committee of Inquiry into the death of the boy Gibbs, and the general conduct of the hospital, must, we fancy, be somewhat disappointing to those who like to have the truth plainly spoken. As to the suicide about which so much fuss has been made, we are assured that nobody is to blame, not even the monitor who admittedly exceeded his duty by striking the deceased, while as to the general management, although the Committee find "many serious causes of complaint," the fault in all cases is laid upon that convenient scapegoat, "the system." The cure recommended is at least a sensible one. "Remove the school from London," say the Committee, and then, "under the care of an able and judicious head-master," all the defects of management and discipline will probably disappear.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.——Another supposed specimen of this unwelcome guest was, on Wednesday, found alive in a Post-office railway van, on the line between Plymouth and Bristol. The mail carried on that day came from the Cape, but as the carriage had a day previously conveyed the American mail, the insect is supposed to have come from America, and lain *perdu* for a time.—A Privy Council order has been issued, to take effect on the 31st instant. It prohibits the landing of any potato-haulm, leaves, or stalks from the United States, Canada, or Germany, and gives power to the customs officers to destroy all sand, dirt, and refuse brought with potatoes from those countries. Another order makes it unlawful to keep, sell, or exhibit the beetle in any stage of existence, and directs that any one finding a specimen should give immediate notice to the police.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The annual meeting of the British Association was opened on Wednesday, at Plymouth, under the chairmanship of the Mayor. The President, Professor Allen Thomson, delivered an inaugural address, in which he traced the growth of modern scientific opinion in relation to the origin of species, and said that he considered it impossible for any faithful student of embryology to reject the doctrine of evolution.—Sir John Bennett has again been returned as alderman for the ward of Cheap, polling 217 against his opponent's 99. Should the aldermen again refuse to admit him, Sir John will ask the Queen's Bench for a *mandamus* to compel them to do so.—The *Standard* says that on Saturday, at the close of the Volunteer sham fight at Heaton Park, Manchester, a real battle took place between the 2nd Manchester and the Salford corps. When the bugle sound "cease firing" was given, the Salford men dashed after the Manchester skirmishers who were retiring, and fired full in their faces with blank cartridge. The latter turned and clubbed their rifles in self-defence, and before the *mêlée* was over several men on both sides were placed *hors de combat*, and had to be removed in ambulances. The *Standard* thinks that an official inquiry will be held, "although the authorities have done their best to keep the matter quiet."—The observance of the anniversary of the Opening of the Gates of Derry, on Monday, was productive of some rioting, to quell which the military were called out. There was a procession with twenty-five bands and innumerable banners.—Last week, at St. Just, near Penzance, five young children were burned to death in their beds during the absence of their parents. The father, a miner, was at a prayer meeting, and the mother had gone out to seek her two eldest children.—Among the notable deaths of the week is that of Mr. James Drummond, of the Royal Scottish Academy, who was born in 1816, and at the age of 19 exhibited a picture, hung upon the walls of that institution. Mr. Longman, the head of the well-known publishing firm is also dead.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——Stockton in the north and Egham and Windsor in the south have been the chief Turf gatherings of the week. At the first named there is invariably good sport, the most influential northern stables giving it their support, while the leading county families generally muster on the Mandale Bottoms in force. Lord Zetland scored the Trial Stakes with Spinster, who started the worst favourite out of four runners; while Scottie, the most fancied of the lot, was last. Backers, however, not dismayed, laid 3 to 1 on Muscatel for the Biennial which followed, and they could have afforded to lay even longer odds, judging from the filly's recent performances and undoubted goodness. Lord Zetland was again to the fore, winning the Cleveland Two Year Old Stakes with Canute, and the Harry Fowler Plate with Speigelschiff, whose name troubles the bookmakers' powers of pronunciation. On the second day the Katherine Logie colt showed in better form than recently at Newcastle and Liverpool, beating six others in the Lambton Plate for youngsters. Speculators were completely out in their calculations for the Great Northern Leger, for which Mavis and K.G. were most fancied in a field of seven, the winner turning up in Mr. Bowes's Jagellon, who beat K.G. by a head. The Wynyard Handicap saw another favourite defeated in Grand Flaneur, who could only get second to Mr. T. Green's Aragon. Mr. Green also secured the next race, the Harewood Stakes, with Gwendoline, who landed the backers of first favourites triumphantly. Altogether, the Stockton gathering was a great success.—At Egham there was a strong ingredient in the company of mere holiday-makers, who have little idea of the seriousness with which northerners attend such a meeting as that of Stockton. Still the racing was very good on the historic ground of Runnymede, fair fields and exciting finishes being the order of the day. Ambuscade credited Mr. Padwick with the King John Stakes, for which Lady Palmer II. was made first favourite. The latter, however, in a measure justified the views of her supporters by running second. The wear-and-tear Hestia won the Egham Cup, and Chesterton Her Majesty's Plate, for which John Day and that mysterious animal All Heart also started. Cherry beat ten others in the Stand Handicap, while the useful Water Lily carried off the Duke of Edinburgh Cup. The latter scored again the second day in the Welter Handicap, and Chesterton secured another victory in the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes. The Baron's Plate, another of the contests recalling the historic traditions of the course, fell to Preciosa, who started in a field of five at 5 to 2 on her.—Since our last "Sporting" the entries for the four great Autumn Handicaps at Newmarket have been published. Those for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are 141 and 184 respectively—the lowest numbers for the last five years.—By the way, it may be noted as a singular fact, but hardly a satisfactory one, that there were no less than four objections made at Lewes on Saturday last to animals which came in first, and of these objections three were sustained.

Cricket.——The inter-county matches continue to be played in all directions, and evidence no lack of interest.—The return match between Lancashire and Yorkshire at Manchester was a close affair, the former winning by only 35 runs. Mr. Hornby made another great innings, scoring no less than 88 for Lancashire.—Surrey and Middlesex have also played off their return, success again attending the former, the game being won by five wickets. The 74 of Mr. Lindsay, and the 93 of Mr. Read were the big scores in the 267 marked by Gurney in the first innings; but as Middlesex against this only put 110 together, Mr. T. D. Walker's magnificent 95 in his second innings only availed to save a disastrous defeat for the Metropolitan county. —Yet another victory has to be recorded for Surrey, whose eleven is in splendid batting form just now. Their victims on this occasion were the men of Sussex, whom they worsted by one innings and 92 runs. The Surrey innings showed the good total of 260, Mr. Game's 75 being the highest individual score.

Aquatics.——For the third time the two well-known scullers Tarryer and Brian have met over the London Championship course. Each had won a race, and consequently that on Monday last was the decider. It was a game struggle, but Tarryer had the race in hand for the greater part of the distance, and eventually came in a winner by two lengths. The race is worthy of record, as Tarryer rowed the course in 22 min. 55 sec.—the fastest time on record.—Up to the present the challenges and correspondence between Boyd and Higgins have not resulted in a match being made.

Pedestrianism.——Weston indeed seems a "glutton" at walking. On Saturday last he accomplished, at Newcastle, the 400 miles he had set himself to do in five days.

LEGAL

Our Detective System.——The Home Secretary has appointed a committee, consisting of Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson, Bart., M.P.; Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. William Feilding, of the Coldstream Guards; W. Overend, Esq., Q.C.; and J. B. Maule, Esq., Q.C., to inquire into the management, discipline, and efficiency of the detective force of the metropolitan police. It will be agreed on all hands that this step has not been taken one moment too soon, and our only regret is that the inquiry should not have been extended to the entire force instead of being confined to that particular department which happens for the moment to be under a cloud, especially as we believe that the detective force is recruited from the general ranks.

The Imprisoned Detectives, and Mr. Froggatt, the solicitor, who is charged with them, were again before the Bow Street magistrates on Saturday, and after a sitting of some six hours the case was adjourned until Thursday. Kurr's statements continue to be extracted from him with wearisome minuteness, though at times the smartness of his replies, especially under cross-examination, are provocative of laughter. On Saturday the chief thing elicited was the allegation that a number of other detective officers, both in England and America, had accepted bribes from himself and his friends in relation to the De Goncourt and other cases. Mr. Montagu Williams, the cross-examining counsel, obtained from him an admission that he had connived at a false charge of forgery being brought against Flintoff, a witness in the case. He flatly denied that he was repentant since conviction, and that he and Murray had been offered two "stretches"—*i.e.*, years—instead of ten, to give evidence against the "coppers" (*anglicè*, police). Mr. Humphreys, his solicitor, had, however, told him, that the Solicitor-General had promised that, if he went into the box, the charge of forgery against him should be withdrawn—an offer which he refused. The rest of the day was occupied by Mr. Chambers in reading a number of extracts from a letter, and asking questions founded upon them. Kurr, however persistently denied all knowledge of the document or of the handwriting, and said that the contents were meaningless to him.

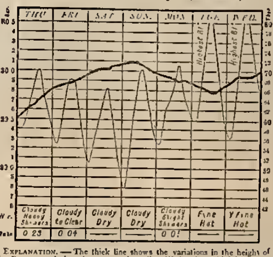
Would-be Suicides.——That the offence of attempting one's own life may be looked at from different points of view is curiously illustrated by two incidents which have occurred within the last few days. The first is that a woman named Frances Goate, who, for trying to poison herself with red precipitate, has been sent to prison for six months, no one being found to become bail for her good behaviour during that time. The ground of this extraordinary decision, for which we have to thank the wisdom of Mr. Hannay, of Worship Street Police Court, was that attempts to commit suicide by poison and by drowning differed materially, inasmuch as the one "implied preparation and deliberation" and the other might occur in a moment of rashness, a method of reasoning which irresistibly recals to mind the "Crowner's Quest Law" as laid down by the first gravedigger in *Hamlet.*—The other incident took place at Stockton, where a love-sick servant girl made three successive attempts to drown herself in the river. Just as she had been rescued for the third time a man named Wall came up and said to her, "If you wish to drown yourself, Miss, come this way, and I'll see that you does it." He then took her to a shallow part of the stream, and repeatedly plunged her beneath the surface, until she begged for mercy, and promised never again to act so foolishly. We do not say that Mr. Hannay exceeded his powers as a magistrate by the infliction of the sentence above recorded, nor are we quite satisfied that Mr. Wall was acting strictly within the legal rights of a private citizen; but we think that there can be little hesitation as to which of the two methods of treating would-be suicides is the most sensible, and likely to be the most effectual.

Miscellaneous Items.——The trial of the man Elliott, who was accused of maliciously damaging the confessional-box at St. James's, Hatcham, has resulted in a verdict of not guilty, the evidence of the verger going to show that the damage was rather the result of curiosity on the part of the congregation generally than of any individual attack upon it. Elliott was also charged with being in the unlawful possession of housebreaking tools, and with breaking into the church, but on these indictments no evidence was offered, and he was therefore discharged.—The other day two men were sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to six months' hard labour for stealing a 100*l.* note, the Recorder remarking that he felt bound to consider the temptation to which they had been exposed. It seems that the owner of the note had been in company with the prisoners at various public-houses, and in a fit of drunken generosity or braggadocio had produced several 100*l.* notes and asked them if they wanted any money. He followed this up by tearing one of the notes to pieces which he threw away, but which were gathered up and restored to him. Subsequently he fell into the hands of the police, and next day he discovered his loss. The defence was that he had given the note to the prisoners, but this he positively denied.—A young man named Neville, partner in a firm of solicitors, and assistant clerk to the Cambridge Improvement Commissioners, has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement and forgery. His defalcations already discovered amount to over 1,500*l.*, and the accounts have as yet been very imperfectly examined.—Several of the officials of the National Steamship Company at Liverpool have been arrested on suspicion of being implicated in some extensive smuggling transactions. The inquiry originated at New York, where the purser of the steamer *England* is in custody, and has confessed that during the last four years he has smuggled fifty barrels of silk and ten packages of lace. It is estimated that 1,000,000 dols. worth of goods have been smuggled from Liverpool to New York during the last eight years.—A chemist at Cambridge has been fined 5*l.* for selling adulterated soda water. Some of his samples contained no bi-carbonate of sodium, but 0·16 grains of copper to the gallon, besides a small quantity of lead.—A "White Witch" of the West Countrie who pretended to cure a sick woman by means of some hanky-panky tricks with a number of pieces of iron impressed with the names of different planets has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for fraud, he having received 25*s.* for his services. Notice of appeal was, however, given, and the astrologer is out on bail.—Another curious example of superstition is reported from Flint, where two women appeared before the magistrates, one complaining that the other had threatened her life. It appeared that the defendant, who had just given birth to twins, had met the complainant and said, "If I was strong enough I would kill you, you have been praying that I should get twins," an accusation which the other took in all seriousness, and positively denied.—Three married women residing in the Forest of Dean have been fined 10*s.* each for assaulting a "commercial traveller," whom they appear to have adorned with tar and dirty rags. The report is silent as to the cause of this outbreak of Amazonian humour *or* indignation.—Another singular assault case is now being inquired into at Dorset. The defendant, a farmer, is alleged to have set a pack of dogs upon a man named Cox, who was trespassing upon his land, and who was so frightened by the animals that he has since gone mad.—Dr. Baxter Langley and Messrs. Swindlehurst and Saffery have at length been committed for trial for the alleged frauds on the Artizans' Dwellings Company.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

August 9th to August 15th (inclusive)

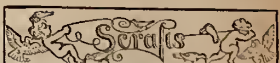


Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——During this period we have had very considerable changes in the weather from a period when north-westerley breezes and cool weather prevailed to one in which easterly winds of moderate strength prevailed all over the country, and finally to one when southerly and south-westerly winds have taken the place of the easterly wind, bringing with them very high temperatures. The barometer rose continuously from about midnight on the 8th instant till the morning of Sunday, the 12th instant, after which it gradually sank till Tuesday afternoon, the 14th instant. Since then a slight and rather unsteady rise has taken place. Temperature was very low on Saturday night, the 11th instant, and Sunday morning, the 12th; but rose slowly on the next two days. On Tuesday, the 15th instant, a most rapid rise took place, and 81° in the shade was reached both on that day and Wednesday, the 15th instant. The barometer was highest (30·08 inches) on Sunday, the 12th instant; lowest (29·50 inches) on Thursday, the 9th instant; range, 0·58 inch. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (81°) on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 14th and 15th; lowest (46°) on Sunday morning, the 12th instant; range, 35°. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·28 inch, on three days; greatest fall in one day, 0·23 inch, on Thursday, the 9th instant. The sky has been cloudy generally, though clear at times.

◆

Cremation is now legalised at Zurich, and the Paris *Figaro* quotes from a Teutonic journal the following announcement:—"I beg to inform all my friends and acquaintances that to-morrow at 3 P.M. I shall incinerate according to all the rules of the art my late mother-in-law, who has peacefully fallen asleep. The funeral urn will be placed near the furnace, Zurich, August 3. The profoundly afflicted son-in-law, Brandolf Lichtler."



Scraps

Pius IX. is said to be busily engaged on his memoirs, which he has been preparing for publication during the past eight years.

A new Sunday Journal of Sport and the Drama, entitled the *Referee*, is announced to appear to-morrow. It will be edited by "Pendragon," and will be issued at 1*d.*

Cabul is a dangerous Place for Tourists just now, as the Ameer is said to have given stringent orders that all "British spies" discovered shall be blown away from guns.

The De Tourville Tragedy, *Mayfair* tells us, has been dramatised for the Berlin stage, where it is played under the title of *Henri de Tourville; or, the Catastrophe at Stilfser-Joch: a Criminal Novel.*

Flotow's new Opera, "Les Musiciens," is not, as has been reported, a musical satire parodying the style of popular composers of the present day, but is simply a comic opera founded upon an episode in Mozart's early life. The work will first be given at the Grand Theatre at Turin.

A curious Discovery of Fossil Remains has been made in Pennsylvania. A mower, while working in a bog meadow, Towanda Township, found partially buried in the mud the skull of a mammoth. By digging deeper he exhumed the ribs and several pieces of the vertebræ. He expects to find the complete skeleton. The bones are well preserved. The skull is shield-shaped, has four large openings, and shows the marks of two horns, broken off, in a line, one above the other, in the centre. The face is ten inches broad and sixteen long.

Dr. Henry Schliemann's famous Trojan Collection is to be exhibited in England at the South Kensington Museum. It will include the gold and silver treasures, and on each of the objects exhibited the exact depth at which it was found will be inscribed, so that it may be seen at a glance to which of the four prehistoric cities, built one upon the other, the antiquity belongs. Dr. Schliemann is now at Boulogne, correcting the English and German proof sheets of his new work on Mycenæ. These he expects to complete by the end of August, when he will go to Athens to bring his collection to London.

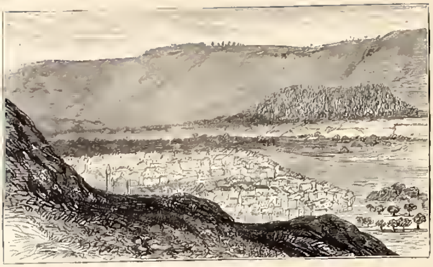
The latest Railway Novelty across the Atlantic is a Turkish bath on wheels. It is a car that can run behind the sleeping coaches of an express train. It has a drawing-room, a Russian and plunge bath, shampooing rooms, and all the other accommodations of a Turkish bath house. The temperature of the rooms varies from 80° to 160°, and the compartments are lighted from the roof with blue glass. Travellers can bathe as well as eat, drink, and sleep on the rail. Such a car can be switched off on a side track in any town or village, and remain a day or two for the accommodation of the residents.

The Papal Jubilee appears to have brought large sums into the coffers of the Vatican, the various pilgrims' monetary offerings alone having amounted to 640,000*l.*, in addition to presents of great value. This sum will be divided into four nearly equal parts, one of which will remain in the Treasury of the Vatican, a second will be devoted to persons now and formerly in the employ of the Pope, a third part will be devoted towards restoring ecclesiastical buildings and monuments, and to works with the object of encouraging art and industry, while the remainder will be distributed amongst religious institutions.

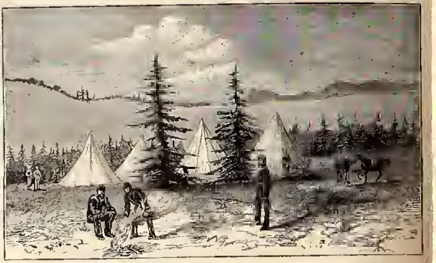
London Mortality decreased last week, the deaths numbering 1,293 against 1,439 during the previous seven days, being 334 below the average, and at the rate of 19·1 per 1,000. The cases of small-pox declined from 22 to 20, and those of diarrhœa from 176 to 166, being 156 below the average. There were 43 deaths from measles (a fall of 8), 21 from scarlet fever, (an increase of 6), 29 from whooping-cough (an increase of 8), and 6 from diphtheria, (a decline of 2). There were 2,236 births registered—a decline of 172, and being 101 below the average. The mean temperature was 62·5°, or 0·4° above the average, and the duration of sunshine was 34·6 hours, out of the 104·8 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

An Interesting Incident in the Life of President Hayes is going the round of our Transatlantic contemporaries—At the battles of Antietam and South Mountain a colonel was wounded—his arm fearfully shattered—and he was borne from the field by his brothers and a private soldier. They carried him across the country a long and toilsome distance, every step of which was torture to the sufferer, to the house of a Maryland Union farmer. Then came the surgeon with his glittering knives and cruel saws, and made preparations to cut off the arm. But the farmer said he was afraid the man would die if the arm was cut off, whilst the surgeon insisted that the patient would die if the arm was not taken off, and the colonel's brothers coincided with the surgeon. So the determined old farmer despatched his son on his fleetest horse across the fields to the other side of the mountain to bring his friend and neighbour—a country physician and a rank rebel. Then there ensued a consultation over the sufferer, but the result was that the arm was saved, and after some weeks of careful nursing the colonel galloped off to join his regiment a comparatively sound man. He subsequently became Governor of Ohio, and now fills the Presidential chair.

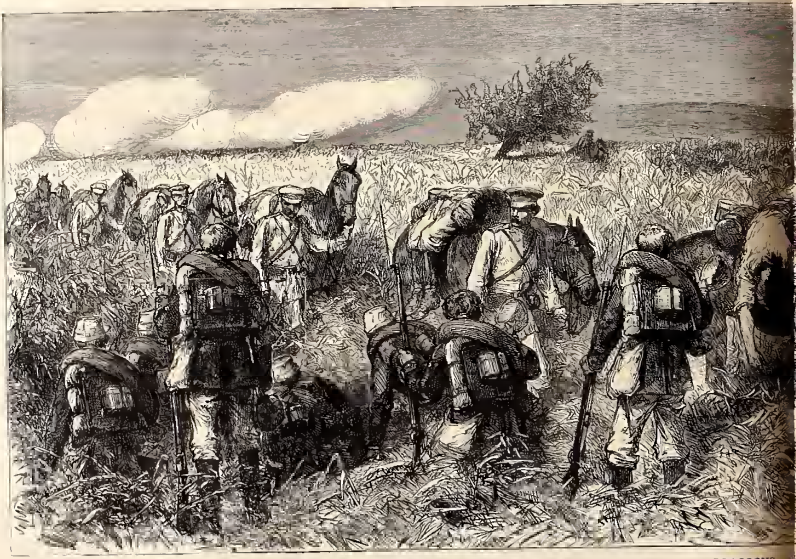
A Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is now in course of formation. The object of the Association is to preserve decaying monuments from so-called "restoration"—a term to many people synonymous with "desecration." Numerous well-known members of artistic and literary circles, including several A.R.A.'s, are amongst the members, and the Society, in the opening address, appeals earnestly to the public to put "protection" in the place of "restoration," and to stave off decay with daily care rather than to tamper with the original design by either rebuilding or enlargement. "Architects of the past ages were content to make additions or alterations after the fashion of their own times, nowadays they attempt to carry out what they imagine to be the design of the primitive builders, thus producing a feeble and lifeless forgery. This nineteenth century has no style of its own, and thus an interest has arisen in ancient monuments, and created the idea of restoration." The worst of these restorations have stripped ancient buildings of their most interesting features, and of their historical reminiscences, while the best are like an old picture restored, where "the tricky hand of some unoriginal and thoughtless hack of to-day has made neat and smooth the partly perished work of the ancient craftsmaster." The Society pleads for the treatment of our ancient buildings as monuments of a bygone art, created by bygone manners, that modern art cannot meddle with without destroying, as thus only can they be handed down instructive and venerable to those who come after us. Mr. W. Morris, 26, Queen Square, is the Hon. Secretary, and Mr. A. Marks, 52, Cornhill, the Hon. Treasurer.



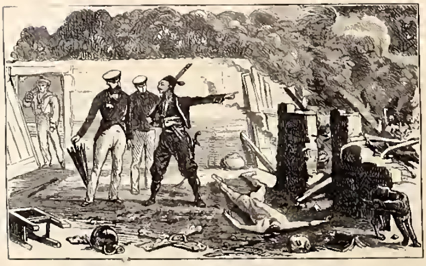
WITH THE TURKS—VIEW OF RASGRAD



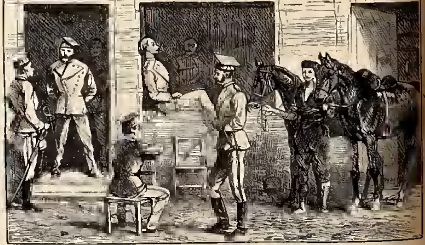
WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA—HEAD-QUARTERS OF MUKHTAR-PASHA AT SARAKAMYEH



WITH THE RUSSIANS: "SAVED FROM MUTILATION"—DEAD DRAGOONS

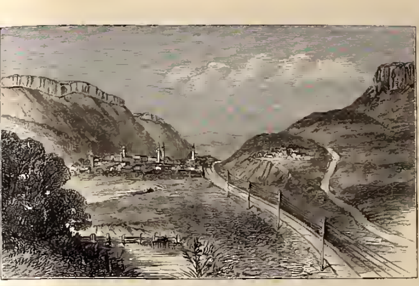


KAVARNA—ENGLISH OFFICERS DISCOVERING A BULGARIAN DECAPITATED BY THE CIRCASSIANS

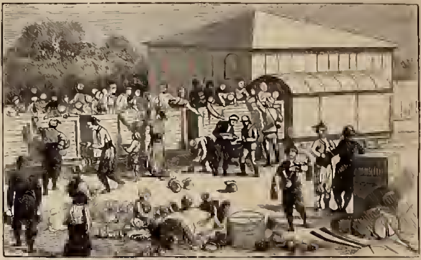


WITH THE TURKS—OFFICERS OF THE POLISH LEGION AT SHUMLA

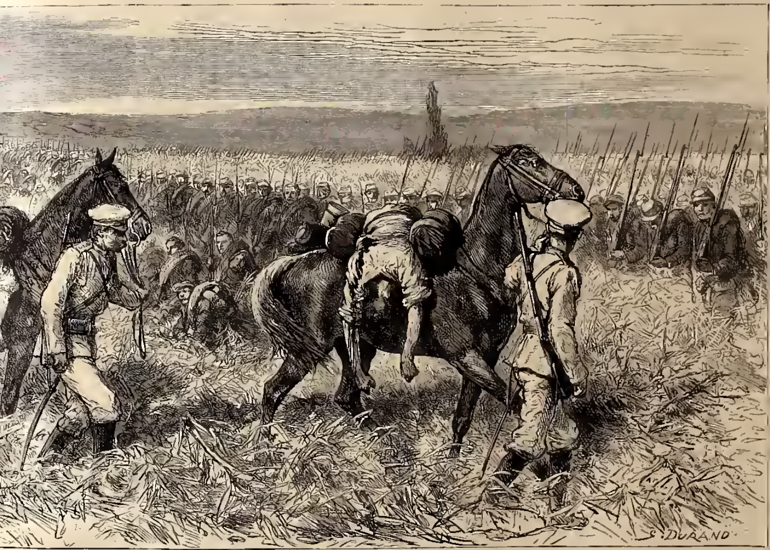
OUR ARTISTS' NOTES AT RUSTCHUK, RASGRAD, SHU



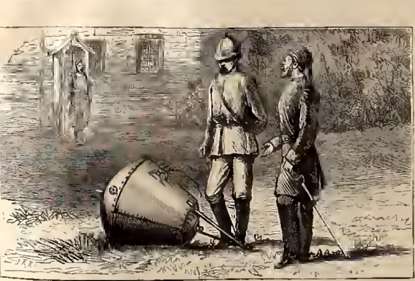
WITH THE TURKS—VIEW OF PRAVADY



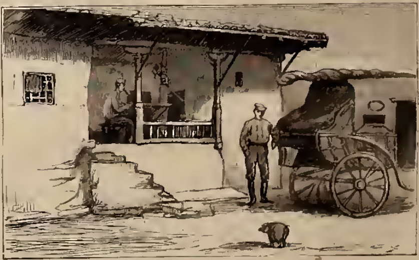
WITH THE TURKS—DISTRIBUTING WATER TO THE WOUNDED AT THE STATION, RASGRAD



OUGHT FROM THE FIGHT ON THE RIVER LOM AT JOVAN CIFTLIK



WITH THE TURKS—TORPEDO FISHED UP BY CIRCASSIANS NEAR RUSTCHUK



WITH THE RUSSIANS COLONEL WELLESLEY'S QUARTERS AT BIELA

MLA, KAVARNA, ON THE RIVER LOM, AND IN ASIA

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The Trans-Balkan campaign has been abandoned by the Russians, and General Gourko has been ordered to withdraw to the other side of the mountains, where he is likely to be of far more use than in his present isolated and precarious position. Everything now seems to point to the continuance of the war into next year, as the delays inseparable from the transport of reinforcements, and the recent bad weather in Bulgaria, are likely to prevent decisive operations, while autumn rains will shortly be upon the troops. Thus all parties continue strictly on the defensive, with occasional reconnaissances, except across the Balkans. Plevna is, of course, the centre of attention. Russian reinforcements are rapidly arriving, more than 60,000 troops having crossed the Danube within the last three weeks, and a bridge has been built at Pyrgos, ten miles above Rustchuk, to facilitate the transport. It is thought, however, that the general attack will not be made for another ten days. The Grand Duke Nicholas will command the forces, as General Krüdener has been superseded by General Latoff, and General Schilder-Schuldner, who suffered the first defeat at Plevna, has been sent to Russia for trial. The Russian head-quarters have been transferred to Studeni, a village about two miles from Biela, and the Czar has removed nearer Sistova. Fifteen of the twenty-four corps of the Russian Field Army are now either in Bulgaria and on the Black Sea, or are being mobilised for reinforcements, and only picked regiments are being sent to the Danube. The *Daily Telegraph* Vienna correspondent estimates the Russian army in Bulgaria at 152,000 men, with 10,000 Roumanians, while the Turks have 190,000 troops, exclusive of the Egyptian contingent. The Roumanians are to join the Russian right wing, and are delighted at the prospect. Meanwhile Osman Pasha is improving his fortifications, and has had a few slight brushes with the enemy, the Russian attack on Lofcha on Tuesday week having been a small affair, turning entirely to the advantage of the Turks. The inactivity of Mehemet Ali is causing considerable surprise. His troops, however, had a skirmish at Arablar on Friday, a minor engagement near Rasgrad on Sunday, in which the victory is claimed by both sides, and on Monday occupied Sadina, where the Russians had advanced from Popkoi. The Egyptian forces under Prince Hassan are said to have joined Mehemet Ali, and are now on their way to take General Zimmermann in the flank. The General, however, is strongly entrenched at Tchernavoda, and his troops would welcome any interruption to the monotony of their life in the Dobrudscha, where they are suffering severely from malaria. A fresh bombardment of Rustchuk began on Tuesday, and the Turks returned the compliment next day.

Suleiman Pasha continues to press forward. On Sunday the Turks occupied the Firtazza Pass, while Suleiman's troops, under Rassim Pasha, attacked the enemy at Kalofer on Saturday, and on Monday drove them into the Rosalita Pass. Next day Suleiman occupied the village of Hain, and sent a reconnaissance into the Pass, where no Russians were found. The Passes once secured to the Turks, Suleiman will join the left wing of Mehemet Ali, and thence endeavour to march on Tirnova. Adrianople—which is filled with refugees—is thus safe until next year. Turning to ASIA, the Russians have assumed the offensive, and General Tergukassoff and Ismail Pasha have almost daily encounters. Ismail is being compelled to withdraw gradually across the frontier, but hitherto the engagements have been of little importance. On Sunday the Russians were successful at Demirdjilik, but appear to have been defeated on the following day at Ani, while 14,000 troops have crossed the Arpa-Tchai River. All the Circassians have now been embarked from Soukhoum Kaleh, and are to be sent to Trebizonde.

The Russian and the Turkish fleets have not been idle this week. Kustendjie has again been bombarded by the Turks, and the Russians have evacuated the town, while Hobart Pasha has captured several merchant vessels. Admiral Tchikatkoff has succeeded in convoying a number of steam transports and torpedo boats from Odessa to the Kilia mouth of the Danube, the steamer *Grand Duke Constantine* has burnt three Turkish vessels at Kilios, near the mouth of the Bosphorus, and the daring little *Vesta* has started on another cruise. Fresh reports of atrocities detail terrible Turkish cruelties south of the Balkans, where the Christian population are said to have been butchered wholesale. Official circulars denouncing Russian barbarity have also been issued by the Porte. Gallipoli is being energetically fortified, and the Porte has declared itself able to defend the fortress against any attack.—There is little stirring in CONSTANTINOPLE, save the report of a conversation between Server Pasha and Mr. Layard, in which the former is reported to have said that the Sultan would not be responsible for reprisals against the Christians if the Russians persisted in their inhuman conduct.—ST. PETERSBURG has received a message from the Grand Duke Nicholas, begging that no attention may be paid to rumours, and assuring the inhabitants that no news is good news. The *St. Petersburg Gazette* has published a long article on the future of England, in which it foretells the total decay of Great Britain.

SERVIA is protesting her intention to remain neutral, although all officers have been ordered to hold themselves ready, and the various departments of the army are energetically preparing for action. Dissensions are said to have arisen in the Cabinet.—ROUMANIA, although eager to take the field, is rather out of conceit with the Russians, as they have not brought the expected profit to the inhabitants, but entail considerable expense, and pay only in bonds. The *Standard* reports that Russia and Roumania have entered into a fresh convention, recognising the independence of the Principality. Should Russia conquer, she will take Bessarabia, while Roumania would receive an increase of territory.—In GREECE the warlike feeling increases daily. A demonstration in favour of hostilities was made at Athens on Sunday, and troops are fast being despatched to the frontier, while the fleet is to be put on a war footing, and a credit of 30,000,000 drachmas will be demanded.

AUSTRIA has refused to allow the passage of Russian troops through Servia, and is careful to preserve the strictest neutrality. There has been a large mass meeting at Presburg, where General Klapka spoke, and where a resolution was adopted strongly recommending the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, while the Galicia Diet intends to send an address to the same effect to the Emperor.

FRANCE.——Bonapartist intrigues, rumours of dissension in the Cabinet, and the prospects of the elections equally divide public attention. The Bonapartists have been reporting disagreements between MM. de Broglie and de Fourtou, and have recommended the Premier to retire temporarily in favour of the Minister of the Interior, as the former is too timid to take decisive measures of repression. Yet the Government can scarcely be said to be too tender on that subject, considering the circular of the Minister of Commerce forbidding officials of his department to oppose Government candidates, the closing of two clubs at Arles, the dismissal of eighteen *juges de paix*, and the threat of the Ministerial *Français* that the Court of Accounts is drawing up documents containing grave charges against several prominent Radicals. The split between the two Ministers is denied by the semi-official *Moniteur*, while the Cabinet Council on Tuesday decided that the Duc being entrusted with M. de Fourtou's portfolio during his holiday was sufficient proof of a good understanding, and obviated the necessity of a formal denial. The rumour also that the state of siege was to be declared in time for the elections has proved unfounded. The Government is likely to find its Bonapartist allies more dangerous than profitable. The *Rappel* states that there will be officially supported Imperialist candidates in 336 out of 533 constituencies, and thus, should the majority be returned, Marshal MacMahon will probably discover a Chamber two-thirds Bonapartist too much for him. The Bonapartists have published their programme in M. Rouher's *Ordre*, and declare that the Third Empire "will be the same as its two predecessors, without deviation from their principles—an organised Democracy." Most of the Imperialists have left Paris for Chislehurst to be present at the *fête* of Aug. 15, which was kept in Paris by a grand mass at St. Augustin. There were a few cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*" and "*Vive Napoleon IV.*" during the service, and M. Paul de Cassagnac received an ovation on leaving, but no disturbance occurred.

Marshal MacMahon has gone on a tour to Evreux, St. Lô, and Cherbourg, and will follow his trip to Normandy by a visit to Bordeaux and the South. His reception is somewhat dubious, as the Municipal Councils both of Cherbourg and St. Lô have declined to contribute towards the rejoicings, and private enterprise alone must supply the needful. It is believed that the Marshal, warned by his Bourges experiment, will make no official speeches. He is endeavouring to maintain his popularity by appearing as much as possible in public, and on Saturday visited the New Hôtel Dieu at Paris.

The heads of the Republican party—MM. Thiers and Gambetta, have met with rather rough treatment this week. M. Ordinaire—the Deputy who was expelled from the ranks of the 363 on account of financial troubles,—has issued a pamphlet violently abusing M. Gambetta, who, as yet, has deigned no reply, and M. Paul de Cassagnac, in the *Pays*, speaks of M. Thiers in most uncomplimentary terms, alleging the necessity to the Republicans of preserving the ex-President as "a bond to unite the scoundrels to the cowards, the lions of the mountain to the toads of that ditch which constitutes the strange menagerie that calls itself the Republican Republic." The Government jealousy of M. Thiers, according to M. Gambetta's organ, has instigated the most unworthy *espionage*, as his house in the Place St. Georges is watched, and the names of his visitors are given to the police. At all events the street sale of M. Thiers' portraits has been forbidden, while 80,000 copies of the Marshal's photographs are to be distributed in the provinces, probably in company with a pamphlet, "The Policy of the Marshal," which is being largely circulated. M. Thiers is being fêted at Dieppe, where he will very likely be joined by M. Gambetta.

In Paris there has been a political demonstration at the presentation of the Salon rewards at the Palais de l'Industrie. M. Brunet, the Minister of Public Instruction, was to have presided, and the students had got up a manifestation against him, but M. Brunet was ill, and they had to vent their spite on the Fine Art director. The 1878 Exhibition is getting on rapidly, prizes to the value of 60,000*l.* will be awarded by a jury of 300 Frenchmen and 350 foreigners, with 325 assistants, and a commission has been formed to organise a Musical Exhibition. There has been one first representation, a comedy *Marthe*, by M. Ohnet, at the Gymnase, and a new Conservative journal, *Le Pouvoir*, has been started, which is likely to become an official organ.

UNITED STATES.——A dangerous Socialist movement is on foot in Ohio, where the working men are holding meetings in favour of direct representation in Congress, State and Municipal Legislatures, and the alteration of the Labour Laws. There was a grand Convention at Cincinnati on Saturday, which nominated a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio. The party appears to be spreading all over the States, and has gained considerable strength from the recent disturbances. The strikes are not yet at an end in Luzerne County, where the miners have stopped and wrecked several trains, and prevented the non-strikers from working, while the boatmen's strike continues on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

In Virginia the Conservative Convention has nominated Colonel Holliday for the office of Governor, defeating the party favourable to the repudiation of the State Debt; in Maine the Republican party have named Mr. Connor as their candidate, while the Democrats have denounced the installation of President Hayes, and in Georgia a Convention is being held to revise the State Constitution. A Free-Trade Convention is to meet at Saratoga to urge Congress to revise the Customs' tariff.—There has been a serious engagement between the Nez Percé Indians and General Gibbons' troops, at Helena, Montana, when General Gibbons lost twenty-five men. The Indians are to be pursued.—A deputation of Chinese merchants at San Francisco have visited Senator Morton, to ask for legal protective measures, and suggest that every Chinese immigrant should be taxed 20*l.* They intend to claim indemnity for loss in the recent disturbances.—The gaol at Rio Grande has been broken into by Mexican marauders, and the Governor of Texas intends to demand their surrender.

INDIA.——The famine district in Madras, according to the Governor, contains 18,000,000 persons suffering from direct want, and two-thirds of the Presidency are exposed to a crisis greater than has ever yet been experienced. The Viceroy would visit Madras this week, and will consult with the Duke on the best means of obviating the distress. All spare grain is being taken to Madras, where the daily passenger trains have been curtailed to facilitate the transport. Rain reports are good from Bombay, but dubious in most other places, and the weather is exceptionally hot.—The negotiations for Yakoob Khan's release have failed, as he prefers imprisonment to a life of distrust and suspicion.

ITALY.——The Pope is anxious to bring the Hungarian Catholics into subjection, and intends to negotiate with the Emperor of Austria towards bringing them under the same rules as their Austrian co-religionists. His Holiness has written an amiable letter to Prince Amadeus, congratulating him on his recent escape from injury.—The Antonelli Will Case is causing so much scandal that it is declared the Pope has written to the King, begging him to stop the proceedings. His Majesty, however, replied that he had no power over the law.—The fine of 4*l.* imposed on Mr. Rainford for insulting an official has been confirmed, and it is said that the officials who have been punished in the affair now claim indemnification.—The harvest will be good in North Italy, but drought has injured the Southern crops.

MISCELLANEOUS.——GERMANY is entertaining a Chinese Ambassador, who is settling the affair of the German vessel *Anna*, and is establishing a permanent Legation at Berlin. The Colorado beetle has appeared near Schildau, close to the Saxon frontier. Army manœuvres begin this month in the Rhenish provinces.—In EGYPT much anxiety is felt owing to the slowness in the rising of the Nile. The Slave Convention recently concluded with England prohibits the import or export of slaves, and allows the capture of slave ships, while Egyptian slave traders will be tried as assassins. The Khedive engages to abolish private traffic in slaves in seven years in Egypt proper, and in twelve years in the Soudan.—In SOUTH AMERICA the President of Peru has liberated the defenders of the *Huascar*, the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer, *Eten*, has been wrecked near Valparaiso, with a loss of 100 lives, and there has been a violent eruption of the volcano Cotopaxi.—The famine in CHINA continues, and reports state that for 200 miles along the river before reaching Shanghai the locusts cover the ground, and appear in clouds as thick as smoke.

THE COURT

THE Court still remains at Osborne, but Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice are expected to leave for Balmoral on Tuesday. Last week Her Majesty was visited by the Grand Duchess and the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who left Osborne on Saturday. In the afternoon the Queen visited H. M. S. *Thunderer*, where she was received by Captain Wilson and the other officers of the vessel, and, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, was conducted over the whole of the ship, which she minutely examined, subsequently expressing her great satisfaction with all the arrangements. In the evening Her Majesty's dinner party included, amongst others, Captain Wilson and Commander Lord Charles Beresford, of the *Thunderer*. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. St. John Blunt, M.A., Vicar of Windsor and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, officiating. On Monday Her Majesty held a Council, during which Mr. W. H. Smith, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Earl of Coventry were sworn as members of the Privy Council. After the Council the Bishop of Rochester did homage on receiving the temporalities. Subsequently Mr. William Richard Holms, Consul in Bosnia, Admiral Erasmus Ommaney, C.B., Vice-Admiral Edward Augustus Inglefield, C.B., and Rear-Admiral George Henry Richards, C.B., were knighted by Her Majesty. On Monday the three daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived on a visit, and in the afternoon the Queen held a Private Investiture of the Order of the Bath and of the Star of India, the Princess Beatrice being present during the ceremony. On Tuesday Prince Leopold returned to Osborne from Boyton Manor.

The Prince of Wales, in addition to accompanying Her Majesty on her visit to the *Thunderer*, witnessed some torpedo practice from the vessel on Saturday morning, and paid a second visit on Monday, when the ship getting under way, steamed through Spithead to below the Warner Light, when some practice was gone through with the four 38-ton guns with which the *Thunderer* is armed. The Princess of Wales remains at Marlborough House with Prince Albert Victor, who though fairly convalescent, is still very weak, so that his medical attendants cannot yet fix a day for his removal. The Prince and Princess of Wales are shortly expected to leave the south for Scotland. The Princess is entertaining her father, the King of Denmark, who arrived in London on Tuesday, being met at Charing Cross Railway Station by the Princess, and subsequently driving to Marlborough House, where he will remain during his stay in London. The Princess has been, at her own request, elected a "Dame Chevalière of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem," a Philanthropic Society presided over by the Duke of Manchester. —The Prince of Wales' celebrated herds of shorthorns and Southdown sheep were sold at Sandringham on Wednesday in consequence of Wolferton Farm having been let. The cattle realised 1,597*l.* 2*s.*, and the sheep, 989*l.* 14*s.*; total, 2,586*l.* 16*s.* —The *Britannia* training-ship is being rapidly fitted up for the reception of the young Princes Albert Victor and Frederick George, and the set of apartments to be erected on the vessel for the accommodation of the Princes and their suite, have been constructed at Devonport Yard. They will occupy nearly the whole of the poop, and have cost, exclusive of furniture, 2,421*l.*

Prince and Princess Christian on Saturday presided, at Windsor, at the annual *fête* and athletic sports of the foresters of the Royal demesne, Windsor. At the close of the sports Prince Christian presented the prizes, and subsequently the Prince and Princess visited the foresters in the tent where they were dining, and the Prince replied to a toast in their honour, which was drunk with three times three.—Prince Leopold, as Captain of the St. Andrew's Golf Club, will be present at the autumn meeting on the 26th prox., and will preside at the installation of the Captain elect, the Right Hon. Lord Justice-General. The Prince has presented a set of Tennyson's works to the Grammar School, Newport, Isle of Wight, as a prize for the best scholar. It has been won by a lad named Young.—The Emperor of Brazil is in Switzerland, and has visited Chamounix and Geneva.—Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, has been betrothed to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg.

MUSIC

GOOD NEWS IF TRUE.——It is rumoured that Mr. Arthur Sullivan is composing an Italian opera, on the subject of Marie Stuart, expressly for Madame Christine Nilsson. This would be a boon for either of our Italian Operas, where novelty is in terrible request. Madame Nilsson would be an ideal "Queen of Scots," and Mr. Sullivan is precisely the man to find music for such a theme—music endowed in equal degrees with vitality and character. When Italian operas proper are so rare as nowadays, and we are compelled to listen to such commonplaces as *Esmeralda*, *Guarany*, *Casilda*, *Piero de' Medici*, *Santa Chiara*, &c.,

it is hard that a chance should not be given to a young English musician of such tried capacity as the composer of the incidental music to Shakspeare's *Tempest* and so many other charming things.

MDLLE. TITIENS.——A paragraph in *The Times* of Saturday fully confirms the information contained in the last issue of this paper. The "impending operation" has been performed, and has left the eminent patient in a state of exhaustion not to be wondered at. Through "a curious coincidence," as Thackeray would say, a letter addressed to the Directors of the Leeds Festival, by Mr. Mapleson, giving a fair account of the exact condition of Mdlle. Titiens, and requesting that her name may be taken out of the list of singers for that occasion, is dated the very same day (August 11th) on which *The Times* paragraph appeared. The letter was not a bit too early; for Mdlle. Titiens was to have sung in Professor Macfarren's new oratorio, *Joseph*; and there is even now but scant time for Mdlle. Albani to study the part. Happily Mdlle. Albani is an excellent musician, and though Professor Macfarren's music is difficult, if only because it is original, it will present no difficulties for so practised an artist.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.——The Messrs. Gatti have begun their series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre very successfully. Success, moreover, is deserved where so much genuine enterprise is exhibited. About the showy and elegant fittings-up of the auditorium by Messrs. Dayes and Caney, seeing that they resemble very closely those of last year, we need not speak. The orchestra, conducted by Signor Arditi, with Mr. Burnett as chief violin, and many distinguished professors in the ranks, numbers, with the addition of the band of the Coldstream Guards, not far short of one hundred players, whose quality was fairly tested by their execution of Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture, that of Auber to *Marco Spada*, and the *larghetto* from Spohr's third symphony, one of the most impressive movements to be named in the works of that prolific orchestral master. The piece of most importance to which the band of the Coldstreams lent its aid was a selection from the prominent themes of Gounod's recent opera, *Cinq-Mars*, arranged, in the accustomed *olla podrida* fashion, by Signor Arditi himself, and employing the varied talents of the principal solo artists—one and all, by the way, of first-rate excellence. Although we cannot draw any estimate of the probable merits of Gounod's new work from this mere stringing together of fragments, the audience were evidently gratified, and applauded accordingly. Among the new pieces were a "valse," by Signor Arditi, entitled "Le Tortorelle," and a polka, also by Signor Arditi, called "The Drummer Boy's Polka, in which the juvenile drummers of the Coldstreams were led by one younger than any of them—Signor Arditi's son, "Master Luigi," already, at his tender years, an expert. Both valse and polka were played with great spirit, and encored. The vocal and instrumental solos were agreeably varied. Mdlle. Pommereul gave a violin fantasia, by Sarasate, charmingly. The more we hear of this talented young lady the greater are our hopes as to her future career. Mdlle. Jane Debillemont, in Chopin's E flat polonaise for pianoforte, exhibited unquestionable talent; and M. Bouman, violoncellist to the King of Holland, won deserved applause for his performance of an *andante* and *allegro* by Golterman (accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Marlois). The solo singers were Signors Gianini and Medica (tenor and bass), favourably known last year; Mdlles. Rajmondi, Derivis, and Celega—the last a mezzo-soprano, the first and second sopranos, all three *débutantes* as far as the London public is concerned. Of these new comers we hope to be able to speak favourably on another occasion, when they may be unaffected by nervousness, each, as far as we could judge, possessing talent in a greater or lesser degree, though the sopranos especially hardly showed judgment in choosing pieces beyond their actual capacity. The recalls and encores, which unduly prolonged the entertainment, were too numerous to specify; but the first concert was indisputably a success. On Wednesday—a "classical night," to employ the old conventional nomenclature—the opening division of the programme was exclusively devoted to music which could hardly fail to satisfy the most refined taste. Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, the *andante* from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, the *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Mozart's Symphony in E flat afforded Signor Arditi and his splendid orchestra opportunities for display of which they did not fail to take advantage. The incomparable *scherzo* of Mendelssohn, given in absolute perfection, was encored. A similar compliment was paid to Mdlle. Pommereul for her pure and graceful execution of Beethoven's first violin romance (in F), and to Mdlle. Debillemont, the pianist, in a familiar gavotte by J. S. Bach. Signor Medica sang "Non più Andrai," and Mdlle. Derivis' "Batti batti" (violoncello, Mr. C. Ould), but the instrumental music (a significant sign of the times) carried all before it—"See, the conquering hero comes," played as a march, with the band of the Coldstreams pressed into the service, bringing the first and best part of the entertainment to an end. Miss Rose Hersee and Signor Maurel will shortly be added to the company of singers, and M. Henri Ketten, "the French Rubinstein," is to appear early next month.

CRYSTAL PALACE OPERAS.——The Crystal Palace directors have resumed their afternoon operatic performances in the theatre, beginning with the *Marriage of Figaro*. This delightful work—to Mozart what the *Barber of Seville* is to Rossini—was wisely selected for the occasion. Extremely well given, too, in all its parts, the characters were sustained by members of the "Rose Hersee Opera Company"—Madame Hersee (the Countess), Madame Cave Ashton (Susanna), Miss Florence St. John, a promising *débutante* (Cherubino), Signor Campobello (the Count), and Mr. Richard Temple (Figaro), the subordinate characters being well supported by Miss Kate Villars, Mrs. Diton, Messrs. Marler, De Solla, and Arthur Howell. The company is altogether efficient, and powerfully aided by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Sidney Naylor, a competent and experienced conductor. We cannot at present enter into details, and must be satisfied to add that the comic *chef-d'œuvre* of the most genial and spontaneous of composers was heartily enjoyed by an audience that filled the theatre in every part. Wallace's *Maritana*, the *Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, the *Rose of Castille*, &c., have been presented in due succession.

WAIFS.—Gounod's latest opera, *Cinq-Mars*, is to be given in Italian next season, at the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg.—Madame Adelina Patti will decidedly not sing in Paris this year, nor has she as yet made any definite arrangement with Herr Strakosch about the proposed visit to the United States.—A new opera, called *Wanda*, by M. Dvorzak, a Czech composer, has been given in the Czech dialect at the National Theatre in Prague, and is well spoken of.—As we imagined would be the case, notwithstanding all the money expended upon Halévy's *Reine de Chypre* at the Paris Grand Opera, it has only achieved a *quasi* success. It was, indeed, hardly worth revival.—There are still twenty-nine theatres in Italy without managers for the Carnival; and yet managers in that favoured land are "plentiful as blackberries."—We are glad to learn that the accident which occurred in the Austrian Tyrol to the eminent violinist, Herr Lauterbach, is less grave than was supposed, and that amputation of the foot may in all probability be dispensed with.—Signor Gayarre, Mr. Gye's new tenor, has been staying at Milan.—Richard Wagner has been on a visit to the Grand Duke of Weimar, an enthusiastic admirer of the "Music of the Future."—The Royal Opera House at Berlin is to reopen on the 23rd inst. with Wagner's *Lohengrin*.—The net receipts of the Festival held in commemoration of Spohr at Hesse-Cassel amounted to 2,900 marks, a somewhat poor result for such an occasion. In consequence of his wife's continued illness Herr Joseph Joachim was unable to take part in the proceedings.—Miss Minnie Hauk will make her *début* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie (Brussels) as Marguerite, in *Faust*.—Signor Bottesini, the famous contra-bassist, "King of the Double-bass," as he is justly styled, who superintended the production of *Aïda* when first brought out in Cairo, at the expense and for the delectation of the Khedive, has been performing in Rome, with his accustomed success.—The duty on pianofortes in Russia has been raised to 100 roubles, much to the chagrin of German manufacturers, who have long enjoyed almost a monopoly of the commerce.

THEATRES

THE new play by Mr. Paul Meritt at the ADELPHI Theatre is of a widely different class from that of his comedy of *Stolen Kisses*, now performing at the Globe. It is a melodrama of the old-fashioned stamp, with, however, few traces of the coarse but often effective art which distinguished the best-remembered Adelphi melodramas. A murdered baronet is an almost indispensable ingredient in plays of this description, and Mr. Meritt has not failed to introduce his baronet, and to have him murdered in defiance of the Horatian precept, but in strict accordance with melodramatic canons—before the eyes of the spectator. Indeed he has even two murdered baronets; though one being not seen, but only heard of, fails to excite much interest in his fate. To tell the truth, it is not very easy to perceive the function of the invisible baronet, regarded as a factor in Mr. Merritt's story, for although he gives rise to a good deal of dialogue of a gossiping kind, he is actually dead before the curtain rises, and his melancholy end has but little influence on the progress of events.. It seems to have been deemed necessary, however, for the dramatist's purposes to have a Bow Street "runner" at hand at the very moment when the curtain rises upon the inn, whose sign—*The Golden Plough*—gives the title to the drama, and, as the circumstances of the mysterious death of the deceased gentleman are then under investigation, reasonable excuse is thus afforded for this early appearance of one of those famous officers of the law. The great fault of Mr. Meritt's play—apart from the inconsistency of conduct which characterises its personages, and the general air of unreality which infects its incidents—is the lack of a purpose steadily pursued. From one point of view there may indeed be said to be a thread to his story. If we assume that the grand object of the action is to ascertain who it is who hangs about the neighbourhood of the Golden Plough with homicidal—or say baronetcidal—propensities, then and then only the author may be said to set about his business, and keep his object pretty constantly in sight. But then there are so many people, and so many incidents introduced for the purpose, that the theme is greatly overweighted, and unfortunately nobody from first to last inspires much interest. The period of Mr. Meritt's story is the early part of the reign of King George III., when it is possible that Bow Street runners were as fussy and incompetent as he represents them; but as we have a good many inns of that period still existing, we may be permitted to doubt whether the village hostelries of that time ever resembled the Golden Plough, which is represented as a stone-built mansion with a noble portico, but without signboard or other visible token of refreshment for man or beast. The drama is played in conjunction with the new pantomime in which all the parts are performed by children; so that it is difficult to guess whether the Adelphi programme is designed for the benefit of the young and simple-minded, or the older and more sophisticated playgoer. The children's pantomime is, however, an item in the entertainment which well deserves the praises bestowed upon it. Fortunately it is repeated at an afternoon performance every Wednesday, so that little folks who are in town may see it without the disadvantage of late hours.

Mr. G. F. Rowe's comedy, entitled *Brass*, brought out at the HAYMARKET Theatre on Monday evening, is an eccentric production which it is not easy to assign to any recognised class of dramatic work. It is called in the playbills "a comedy-drama," but nothing short of some such a string of compound epithets as those which Polonius employs to exhaust the catalogue of possible entertainments of the stage, could fitly describe its incongruous elements. Farce, melodrama, and burlesque mingle together in one giddy whirl throughout five acts; meanwhile no story is in progress of a coherent or intelligible kind. The purpose of the play seems to be simply that of bringing on the stage—with or without reasonable excuse—a personage described as "Mr. Waifton Stray of everywhere," who brags of his exploits and marvellous experiences in the manner of Mr. Jingle, or of that famous Major imagined by the elder Mathews, whose constant refrain was "Upon my life it's true; what will you lay it's a lie?" Mr. Waifton Stray's cant phrase is "Fact, I assure you," and when he utters these words he generally applies his finger to the side of his nose with an air of great sagacity which is not warranted by anything that he has said or done. Unfortunately his stories have all the absurdity of those of his celebrated prototypes without any of their humour; and hence Mr. Stray, who speaks as a rule with a solemn nasal drawl, becomes after a while inexpressibly wearisome. The audience on the night of the first performance bore all this pretty patiently, and even meekly endured such old jokes as the anecdote of the gentleman who ate "pickled missionary" at the table of one of the chiefs of the South Sea Islands, and such puerile witticisms as a story of a boy who had a mother with a glass eye, and was born with a wooden leg. English playgoers, indeed, do not readily abandon the hope of being amused; but when in the final act Mr. Rowe presented himself with a ridiculous head of hair, which he described as "the wig of the British lion, trimmed by the paw of the French poodle, and invigorated by the Balm of Gilead," and began to talk with a German accent, and to playfully flourish a long knife in the face of the guests at an evening party, murmurs expressive of weariness, which had hitherto only been occasionally heard, began to increase in volume of sound. Why Mr. Waifton Stray did all this, or what humour was imagined to reside in his chasing a young lady round the room with this murderous instrument in his hand, while exclaiming "Come, let us die together! I long to look on the purple stream from your heart," were questions which appeared to admit of no rational solution; but the audience were now fairly tired out, and the curtain fell amidst ominous tokens of discontent.

SURREY GARDENS.——Those living on the south side of the Thames will find a varied round of amusements at these popular grounds:—Concert, a charming ballet, miscellaneous entertainment, and (on Mondays and Saturdays) grand displays of fireworks. The whole is now under the management of Mr. John Reeves.

CHURCH NEWS

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, the last in which ministers only will sit, came to an end on Friday last, Dr. Pope, in his closing address, urging the ministers upon their return home to spend one whole day in supplication to God for a blessing on themselves and the Churches confided to their care. The concluding services of the Conference were devoted to miscellaneous matters. Amongst other things, a proposal to sell the Centenary premises in Bishopsgate was discussed; but no decision was arrived at. Some excitement was also created by the suggested abolition of a rule dating from 1795, prohibiting members of the ministry to use tobacco in any form or manner. The vote, as at first taken, was declared to be in opposition to the rule; but this was challenged, and on the House dividing (a most unusual process), the result was the reversal of the former vote and the retention of the rule. During the past year the Commissioners have issued thirty-seven new works and reprinted thirty-four others, and the sale of denominational periodicals was nearly two millions. It has been decided to publish a new tract weekly, and to bring out a series devoted to the various aspects of the Sabbath question.

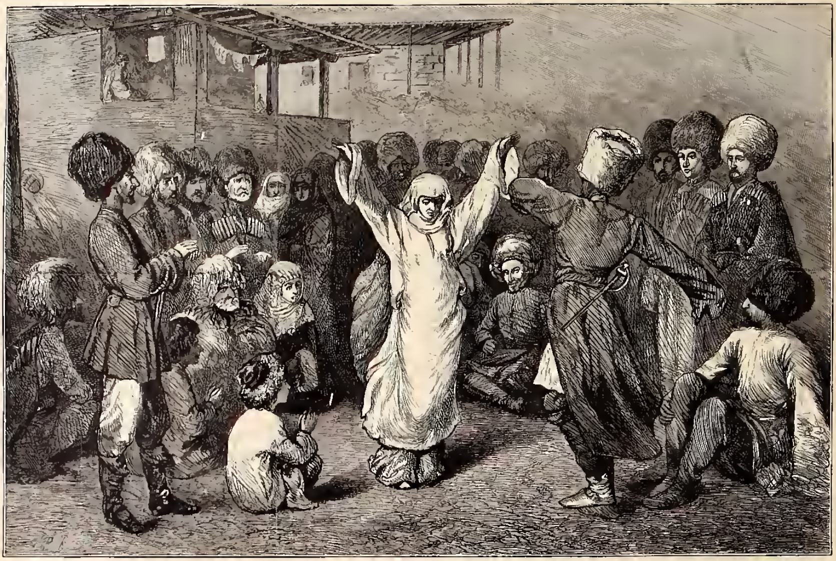
JEWISH MARRIAGES.——*The Times* notices a sermon preached on Saturday last by the Rev. Zedek Kohn, at the desire of the United Synagogue, to the Cutler Street congregation on the new regulations as to marriages issued by the United Synagogue with the sanction of the Chief Rabbi. The discourse was delivered in archaic German, mixed with Hebrew expressions, which is called Jüdisch-Deutsch, and is the language of the Jewish immigrants to this country from Russia and Posen, whose ancestors at an early period left their homes in Germany for the tolerant rule of the Polish kings. The United Synagogue are seeking to make known to the poorest Jews the fact that in this country the marriages which are valid by Jewish law are not so by the law of the land—a circumstance exemplified by a recent judgment of Sir Richard Malins. The Jewish law permits marriage by consent without a ceremony, or marriage by token, or giving a ring or coin; in addition to the more regular marriage by a Rabbi or other persons before witnesses. Marriages which were valid by Jewish law were for long held good in this country; but under the Marriage Acts special provisions have now been made for registering the marriages of Jews by the certified secretaries and registrars of synagogues.

A RAFFLE IN CHURCH!——The *Peterborough Advertiser* says that recently six Bibles were raffled for in the parish church by six boys and six girls, in accordance with the bequest of Dr. Wilde, a Puritan minister of the seventeenth century, who at his death made provision for the purchase of some land now called "Bible Orchard," the rent of which was to be expended as follows:—10*s.* to a minister for preaching a sermon on the excellency, perfection, and Divine authority of the Scriptures, and 12*d.* to the clerk; six Bibles, costing not more than 7*s.* each, were to be drawn for by means of dice taken from a saucer on the Communion Table, and the six persons who got the largest numbers were to have the Bibles. The minister was to kneel down at the Communion Table, and pray God to direct the lots to His glory.

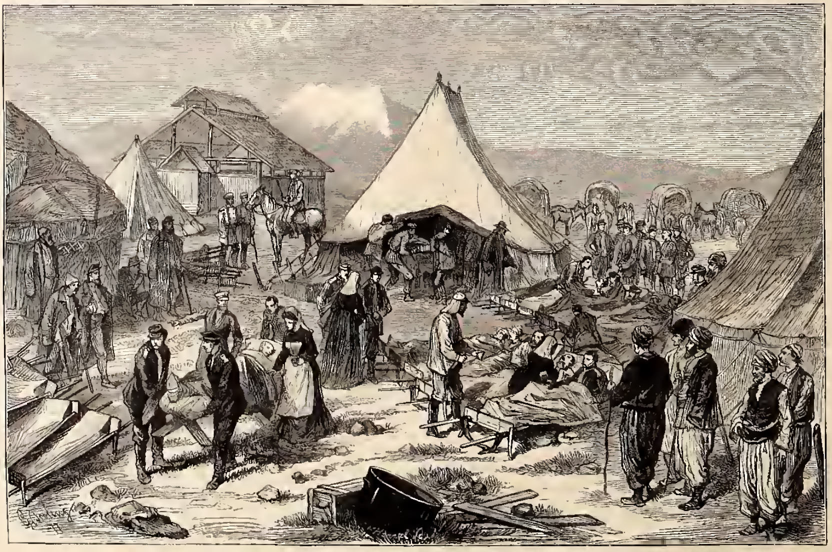
VARIOUS.——A farewell address has been presented to Dr. Claughton by a large body of the clergy of the diocese of Rochester, who say that they shall long remember him as a loving spiritual ruler, and that their frequent and fervent prayers will follow him as Bishop of St. Alban's.—The seventieth annual session of the New Jerusalem Church (Swedenborgian) was held this week at Birmingham, the new President being the Rev. R. Storry, of Heywood. The denomination includes 64 societies, with a total of 4,765 registered members, an increase of 80 on last year's returns.—The Congregational Union of Wales held its sixth anniversary at Portmadoc last week, under the chairmanship of Mr. H. Richard, M.P., who made an able speech, partly in English and partly in Welsh.—Last week the London Gregorian Choral Association repeated "by request of a large number of working men," and by permission of the Dean and Chapter, the Festival Service given by them in St. Paul's Cathedral in May last. The service was magnificently rendered, and the congregation was estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000.—There was a report last week that Dean Stanley, who is travelling in Scotland, was very ill, but we are glad to see that it was greatly exaggerated, and that the Dean is now quite convalescent.—Last Sunday a new Roman Catholic church, erected at Belfast on the site of an ancient edifice, was consecrated by the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland. Most of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland and some from England took part in the service, and the congregation was very large. 2,500*l.* was collected at the morning service, and at Pontifical Vespers in the afternoon another large sum was realised.

◆

HOME HOSPITALS.——The scheme for the establishment of hospitals for the reception of persons able and willing to pay for their treatment has at length been constituted as the "Invalids' Home Association." These Hospitals are to be on the self-supporting principle, and if the scheme prove successful, convalescent homes at the seaside will be established in connection, in order that patients may complete their cure by change of air. Home comforts, the best medical attendance, and skilled nursing, will thus be placed within the reach of persons with limited means. The first expenses of the Hospitals will amount to about 20,000*l.*, and the Provisional Committee appeals for subscriptions—every contributor of over 50*l.* becoming a Governor of the Association. The leading members of the medical profession have signed a memorial on behalf of this movement—a "lay memorial" being also presented. The Lord Mayor is President, and H. C. Burdett, Esq., is the Honorary Secretary, to whom all communications are to be addressed.



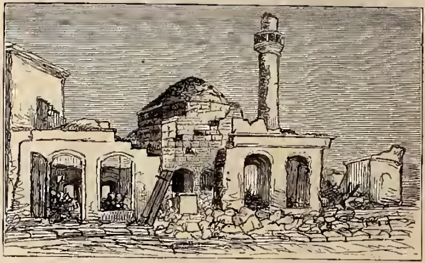
CIRCASSIANS DANCING



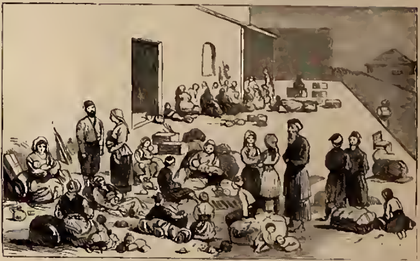
CAMP FOR THE WOUNDED AT MAGRA, NEAR KARS

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA

p.157-64 in pocket
on inside of back cover



WITH THE TURKS—MOSQUE AT RUSTCHUK AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT



WITH THE TURKS—JEWISH FUGITIVES AT RASGRAD

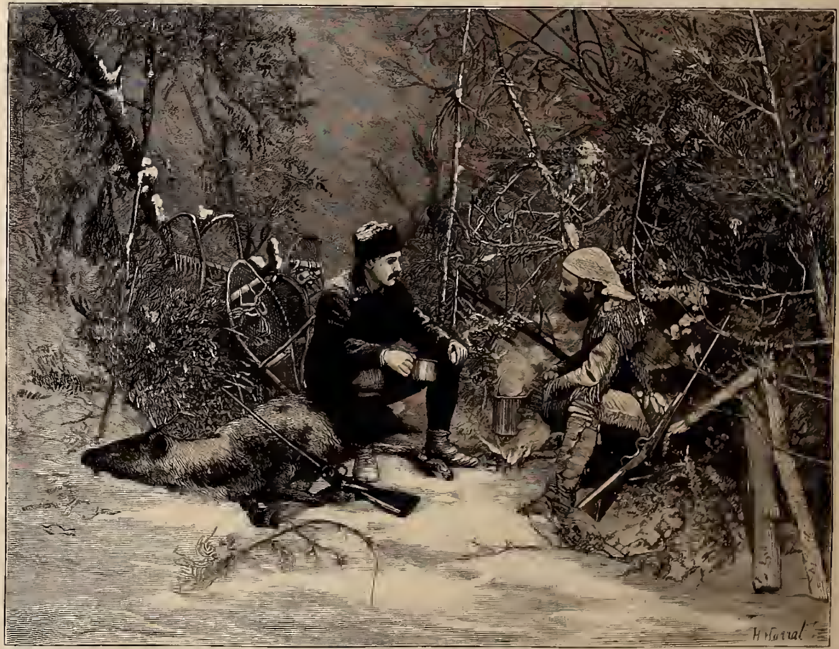
CARIBOO HUNTING IN CANADA

THE woodland cariboo of North America is almost identical with the reindeer of Northern Europe, and is found in all the northern forests of Canada, from the head of Lake Superior in the west to Newfoundland in the east. It is a shy and wandering animal, travelling immense distances in search of food. Cariboo frequent rocky barren districts, and are consequently not much interfered with by the settlers. Unlike the unwieldy moose-deer which cannot travel in the deep snow, and so is easily caught, the cariboo can, owing to the peculiar formation of the hoof, walk on the top of the snow, and cannot be run down. It requires a good stalker, and favourable conditions of wind and snow, to approach within shot. The prettiest sport is when they are feeding on the "barrens"—great plains dotted over with spruce and juniper bushes. They can be perceived from a long distance, and the stalking is very exciting work. In favourable circumstances the sportsman can approach to within a hundred yards, and sometimes even less. Cariboo can be most easily hunted in the month of March. The snow-shoeing then is good, and the days long. It is almost a pity, however, to kill them so late in the season; besides, sportsmen naturally prefer to hunt them when there is a chance of getting good heads, namely, in the first snow.—We have borrowed the above details from a very pleasant book by Mr. J. J. Rowan, "The Emigrant and Sportsman in Canada" (published by E. Stanford), which we reviewed last year; and our engraving is from a photograph by Mr. W. Notman, of Montreal.

◆

CIRCASSIANS DANCING

OF all amusements dancing is the one which has offered the greatest gratification to the human race. Civilised and barbarian people equally enjoy it, and no country has been discovered in which it has not been practised. Yet, strangely enough, no two races dance in precisely the same manner. Even amongst neighbouring tribes, as in the Caucasus, there are differences of posture or of style. Thus it is that the Tcherkesses or Circassians and Lesghians or mountaineers have a different *pose* and a more lively



CARIBOO HUNTING IN CANADA

step in dancing than the Imeritians and Georgians. However, there is one custom which prevails throughout the Caucasus—viz., that all lookers-on at a dance should beat time by clapping their hands. As shown in our illustration, there is sometimes no other accompaniment. Should there be any music, it is generally a monotonous performance on the *buben* (tambourine) or the *daira* (lyre). The Georgians' favourite instrument is the *zourna* (bagpipe), which enlivens all their festive gatherings. Often the unharmonious sounds of the kettle drum are added to the effect.

As seen in the group, the Circassians and Lesghians, when dancing, raise both arms above the head, turning the backs of the hands downwards. They move on tiptoe very swiftly from right to left, and left to right, backwards and forwards, with a slightly leaping motion, ending the dance by a rapid *pirouette*.

The Imeritians also are very vivacious when dancing, but are more graceful in their movements than most of the Caucasians; also the position they assume in the dance is, to our taste, more attractive, both arms being extended over one shoulder with the palms of the hand exposed. The Georgians in the dance raise one hand and lower the other, turning the backs of the hands outward; but they move as slowly and as stiffly as figures on a barrel-organ.

Dancing throughout the Caucasus is performed by one or two persons, never by a number of both sexes together. If a man is about to invite a woman to be his partner, he first moves round the room on tiptoe, making all sorts of gestures, until he stops in front of the woman of his choice, still dancing, when she assumes the *pose* customary, and joins in with him. The eyes during the performance are fixed on those of the partner with a stupid, stolid gaze, the expression of the face being as meaningless as possible.

As may be seen in our sketch, everybody looks quite serious, and no gaiety is visible, for amusement is as solemn an affair amongst these people as it is a wild and savage pastime amongst other barbarians.

BIRTH.

On the 15th inst., at 37, Piccadilly, the wife of ADDLEY BOURNE of a daughter.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. A NEW TALE

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. WILL COMMENCE

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. IN "THE GRAPHIC"

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. ON SEPT. 1,

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. BY THE AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," &c.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR. ILLUSTRATED BY AN EMINENT ARTIST.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries.
ONLY A LOVE STORY. By Ida Ruffus Hardy, Author of "Glencairn," &c. 3 vols
A THING OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. Fraser. 3 vols.
ANNETTE. By the Author of "St. Olave's." 3 vols.
MRS. ARTHUR. By Mrs Oliphant. 3 vols.
WINSTOWE. By Mrs. Leith Adams. 3 vols
GLORY. By Mrs G. Linnæus Banks, Author of "The Manchester Man," &c. 3 vols. [Just ready
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

In 1 vols., with Portrait of Lord Dufferin, 21s.
THE SEA OF MOUNTAINS; an Account of Lord Dufferin's Tour through British Columbia in 1876. By Molyneux St. John.
"A book well worth perusal."—*Pall Mall.*
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

RECENT NOVELS.

CHRISTMAS ROSES. TALES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By Geraldine Butt, Author of "Lads and Lasses." Crown 8vo, 6s.
Morning Post—"A collection of very pretty and touching little tales."
John Bull—"A charming volume."

EUGENIE. A STORY. By the Author of "Miss Molly." Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.
"A tale of quite exceptional interest, and both powerfully and gracefully written. It is a study of certain types of character and phases of experience which—although the scene of the story is laid in France, and the local colouring is skilfully preserved throughout—are common to all humanity. There is real art in the delineation and contrast of the various personages, and true pathos in some of the situations."—*Scotsman*

MISS MOLLY. By Beatrice May Butt. Third Edition, crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
"It is brightly and sympathetically told. . . . Throughout there is the ring of the genuine feeling in this pleasant portrait of Miss Butt's."—*Times*
"'Miss Molly' is sprightly and pleasant."—*Athenæum.*
WM. BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London

Now ready, price 1s., by post, 1s. 1d.
REPORT ON THE BULGARIAN PEASANT RELIEF FUND, with a Statement of Distribution and Expenditure
By the Right Hon. Viscountess Strangford.
London: HARDWICKE and BOGUE, 192, Piccadilly, W.

MR. HENRY IRVING in the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. The SEPTEMBER Number will contain a new and remarkable permanent Cabinet Photograph, with a full and most interesting biography of this distinguished tragedian. "The 'University Magazine' seems to be rapidly coming to the front."—*Sussex Daily News.*

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES upon the Principles of Stoechiological Medicine, by
John Francis Churchill, M.D.,
With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stoechiological Inhalants. And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Heslop, Sterling, Bird, Santa Maria, Gomez, Maestre, Porigot, Helnvilher, Gelier, Leriverend, Denobele, Feldman, Pfeiffer, Vinrras, Hougard, Tirlinhy, Laurl, Fabbri, Panegrossi, Cerasi, Gnaldi, Todini, Ascenzi, Regnoli, Valentini, Casati, Blasi, Borromeo, Fiorelli, and Fedeli.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 21s.

LO SPIRITO FOLLETTO.—The Italian Artistic PUNCH. The oldest and best publication of the kind in Italy. The Proprietor, Signor Edoardo Sonzogno, has established a British Agency at 13, FURNIVAL'S INN, LONDON, E.C., in answer to numerous applications from Great Britain and the British Colonies.
Rates of subscription, postage pre-paid:—
Twelve months £1 10 0
Six months 0 17 0
Rates for Advertisements:—
Five lines and under 0 3 0
Each line afterwards 0 0 0
Cheques and P.O.O. should be made payable to the order of Messrs. GUIDI and CO., 13, Furnival's Inn, London, E.C.
LO SPIRITO FOLLETTO is the most popular "Weekly" in Italy.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by Percy Fitzgerald, adapted to Muller's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss), the New Waltz by Otto Muller, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

A MAIDEN SAT ALONE ONE DAY. New Song. By Henry Smart. "This song is so simple and needs so small a compass that it should become a great popularity."—*Queen.* "Will be asked for again and again."—*Graphic.* Sent for 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

ONLY LOVE CAN TELL. Song. By Berthold Tours. "Peculiarly fresh and charming, and will prove a great acquisition to sopranos and mezzo-sopranos."—*Queen.* Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

MUSIC FOR THE SEASIDE.
BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. New Numbers. Price 1s. each, post free, 1s. 1d.
Arthur Sullivan's 10 Songs.
Santley's 10 New Songs.
Virginia Gabriel's 10 Songs.
A. S. Gatty's 12 Ballads.
Longfellow & Balfe's 10 Songs.
Ball's Piano Album.
Rubinstein's Piano Album.
Brahm's Piano Album.
Lamothe's Waltz Album.
Waldteufel's Waltz Album.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London, W.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
Address—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
3¼ inch ivory, per doz.	15s. od.	11s. od.	7s. od.
3½ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. od.	15s. od.	7s. od.
3½ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. od.	16s. od.	7s. 6d.
3¾ inch ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. od.	22s. od.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine ivory, per doz.	34s. od.	14s. od.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112 Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

CHUBB'S FIRE AND THIEF-RESISTING SAFES, steel-plated, and with their patent diagonal bolts, are the most secure. Chubb's Patent Latches and Locks for all purposes. Cash and Deed Boxes. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria St., St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

STORY, G. M. and H. J.,
CABINET MAKERS and UPHOLSTERERS,
WHOLESALE and EXPORT,
WAREHOUSES, LARGEST IN CITY,
COLEMAN STREET and LONDON WALL.
PATENT COMBINATION
BEDSTEAD and SPRING MATTRESS
CHEAPEST and BEST,
EVER OFFERED to the PUBLIC.
PRICE from 15s.
COLLEGES, CAMPS,
COLONIES, COTTAGES,
HOSPITALS, HOTELS,
INSTITUTIONS, LODGINGS,
SCHOOLS, STEAMERS,
SHOOTING BOXES PORTABLE.
DESIGNS on APPLICATION.
IMMENSE STOCK of FURNITURE.
COLEMAN ST., 1A, 2, and 3A; 33, LONDON WALL.
STORY, G. M. and H. J.

MR. MECHI'S ADDRESS to his OLD FRIENDS and CUSTOMERS and to the PUBLIC:
"As it has been erroneously supposed by some that I am no longer interested in my London business, I think it desirable to state that I continue to carry it on as energetically, and I trust, as satisfactorily to the Public, as formerly, assisted by my only son, who will in due time succeed me. It is now 50 years ago since I first commenced business in Leadenhall Street, and what changes have taken place! Then everybody shaved, and my razor and razor-strop trade was immense; now moustache and beard are the order of the day, and the razor and strop trade is comparatively defunct. Then there were no railways, so people stayed at home and used wooden dressing-cases; now everybody travels by rail, and we have dressing-bags to suit the altered conditions. Fifty years ago the poor geese supplied our pens, and many a now rich merchant in the City will remember the quality of Mechi's shilling pen knives; but steel pens have extinguished the pen knife trade and the penmaking machines, and the geese are in peace, except at Michaelmas. In fact, steam has altered, and, I may safely say, improved everything, and has made us a nation of travellers both by land and sea. I wonder how much time is now occupied in reading the steam-worked press? and how much less time is occupied in sipping port wine, as we used to do 50 years ago, when we could not travel? Steam will make one 4 lb loaves cheaper some day, just as it has converted calico from 2s. 6d. to 6d. or less per yard. Then, again, a letter which used to cost 1s. 6d. to Cork is now carried for a penny. Sir Rowland Hill richly deserves a monument. But to return to business: 50 years ago, when I first commenced on a small scale, I made it an axiom that what I sold should be good and useful, and I believe thousands who used the Strop and Paste, which I personally invented, can testify to this; in fact, it was sometimes complained of that I stamped on my razors, 'Exchanged if not approved.' I have never, and shall never so long as I live, deviate from that principle, because it is the true means to retain and increase one's connection. I devoted my attention especially to the quality and convenience of arrangements in the Dressing Bag and Dressing Case Department, and in the tasteful selection of articles suitable for presentation, as well as in the matter of Dispatch Boxes and Writing Cases. Although both razors and penknives have 'gone out,' our sportsmen remain, and 'Sporting Knives' form one of our special departments. I feel firmly convinced that there is no fear of the departure of knives and forks, or dinners, so we make this an important department in quality and price. In conclusion, I ask no favours, but simply desire that my customers should compare the quality and price of my wares with those of other dependable establishments, and form their own conclusions. Most of my worthy assistants and workmen have been nearly forty years in my service, and long ago learned that civility and attention to our customers are as important as good quality in the articles sold. Illustrated catalogues will be forwarded post free on application."
112, Regent Street, opposite Vigo Street, 1877.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte de-Visite Size, 1s. each
Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
A Large Consignment
from a Lyons Manufacturer,
the best makes,
will be sold considerably under value
370 pieces at 6s. . . . . . . formerly 8s. 9d.
320 pieces at 3s. 9½d. . . . . formerly 4s. 11d.
Also the following,
which are remarkably cheap:—
2s. 11½d. . . . . formerly 3s. 9½d.
3s. 3d. . . . . formerly 4s. 6d.
4s. . . . . formerly 5s. 6d.
5s. . . . . formerly 6s. 6d.
6s. . . . . formerly 8s. 9d.
Patterns free.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
PRETTY GRISAILLE SILKS,
2s. 6½d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d.
Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
COSTUMES, beautifully Cut and Fashioned,
in the new Grisaille Silks,
at 4 and 4½ gs.
5 yards for Bodice.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.
For 5 Guineas . . . . formerly 6½ Guineas.
For 7 Guineas . . . . formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas . . . . formerly 14 Guineas.
Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Speciality,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

STOCK-TAKING.—BARGAINS.
BLACK AND WHITE SILK COSTUMES,
£3 18s. 6d. each, including sufficient Silk for a Bodice.
Messrs. JAY have finished their periodical Stock-taking, and as is the custom on such occasions, they have still further reduced whatever surplus Stock may have been left from their Sale. Among the bargains are—
BONNET'S BLACK SILKS.
FRENCH MILLE RAYE SILKS.
BLACK SILK COSTUMES,
with Silk for unmade Bodice.
HALF-MOURNING SILK COSTUMES,
with Silk for unmade Bodice.
ROBES PRINCESSE,
FETES ET CEREMONIES—Rich Paris Model Costumes.
RICH PARASOLS.
CLOTH JACKETS.
GRENADINE MANTLES.
CASHMERE MANTLES.
SHAWLS.
FUR-LINED, FUR-TRIMMED, and VELVET MANTLES, worth buying for next winter wear.
BLACK DEPARTMENT
MODEL FRENCH COSTUMES.
FRENCH GRENADINES.
DAMASSE ALPACAS.
BAREGE COSTUMES,
with material for Bodice unmade.
GREY DEPARTMENT.
COSTUMES
SEASIDE and TRAVELLING DRESSES.
BLACK TULLE EVENING DRESSES,
a little out of condition.
As the above-named super-abundant Stock is limited in quantity, Messrs. JAY cannot send on approbation goods which are specially reduced for the occasion.
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.
These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.
Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

PATTERNS FREE. PATTERNS FREE.
BAKER and CRISP'S
SEASIDE and EARLY AUTUMN TEXTILES

SILKS	Blacks—Rich Bright, 2s 6d. to 6s 6d. yard.
COSTUMES FOR SEASIDE	100 Newest Costumes, from 8s. 11d. to 50s.
CASHMERES	For this and coming Season, 2s 3½d yard
SNOW-FLAKE FABRIC	For present and coming Season, 1s 4½d. yard.
SUMMER FABRICS	100 Washing Fabrics, from 6d. yard.
CAMEL'S HAIR	Cloths for this and coming Season, 1s. 6d. yard.
WEST OF ENGLAND SERGES	Of all kinds, from 10½d. to 2s. 6d. yard.

LADIES' ULSTERS,
in every variety of Fashionable Material,
11s. 9d. to 35s. 6d.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

SERGE and CASHMERE COSTUMES. Latest Productions.
The LILLE COSTUME,
The SARATOGA DITTO,
The GONDOLIER DITTO, 29s. 6d. to 84s.
The TOULON DITTO,
Engravings and Patterns Free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of Black Silks, at Reduced Prices.
Black Silks, 1s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 2s. 6½d.
Black Silks, 2s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 3s. 9½d.
Rich Corded Silk, 3s. 11½d. a yard; former price, 4s. 11d.
The Princess Silk, very rich, 4s. 11d.; former price, 5s. 9d. To this quality we invite special attention, as it is a first-class Silk at a low price.
The Gros Grain Silk, 5s. 6d. per yard; former price, 6s. 11d. This Silk will be found on inspection another wonderful bargain.
Any Silk Patterns free on application.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE.
NEW FANCY DRESSES FOR COUNTRY WEAR.
Estamene Serges, in dark colours, 1s. 4½d. and 1s. 6½d. a yard.
The "Infallible" Serge, 1s. 4½d., New Autumn Shades.
The "Scarboro" Serge, 1s. 0½d.; the "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d.; "Snowflakes," prices 8¾d., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6½d.
The "Derby" Matelassé, Autumn Shades, 1s. 2d.
8,000 yards Rich Silk Lustres, 11½d.
French Matelassé Beige, all wool, 1s. 3d.
Silk Poplins, all colours, 1s. 8d. a yard.
5,000 yards Black Check Grenadines, 4¾d. yard.
Black Glacé Stripe Grenadine, 6¾d.
75,000 yards Black Glace Grenadines, 4s. 6d. a dozen yards (a cheap dress for warm weather).
50,000 yards of Black French Cashmere, full 48 in. wide, 2s. 9½d.; splendid value.
"Special" Black Cords, 1s. 0½d., 1s. 3½d., and 1s. 6½d. a yard; any dress patterns post free.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
OF FASHIONABLE COSTUMES, &c.,
at Reduced Prices.
Washing Costumes, with Polonaise, 8s. 11d. each; Seaside Costumes, in all new and useful Textures of Cambric, Tussor, Galatea, Linen, and other Washing Fabrics, at 6s. 11d., 9s. 11d., 12s. 9d., 16s. 9d., and 21s.; Light Serge Costumes for Seaside and Country Wear, 20s. 6d.; Travelling and Tourists' Costumes of all kinds, 16s. to 50s. Promenade Costumes in all Shades, richly trimmed with galloon and fringe, 25s. 6d.
Girls' Costumes, in Mixed and Washing Fabrics, at a reduction of 30 and 40 per cent.
With large lots of Oddments in Children's Frocks, Petticoats, Ladies' Skirts, Stays, and Underclothing at reduced prices. Costume Photographs post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE,
at Reduced Prices, of MUSLIN CURTAINS, WASHING FABRICS, HOUSEHOLD LINENS, QUILTS, COUNTERPANES, &c.
Muslin, Lace, or Leno Curtains, 3 yards long, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. the pair; 3½ yards long, 6s. 11d., 8s. 11d., and 9s. 11d.; and 4 yards long, 9s. 11d. to 18s. 9d.
White Honeycomb Quilts, 2¼ yards long, 5s. 6d.; 2½ yards long, 7s. 6d.; and 2¾ yards long, 9s. 6d.
White Satin Striped Seraphines, 4½d. to 10½d. 10.
Check and Striped Galateas, 4¾d., 6½d., 8¾d., 11½d.
The New Brighton Honeycomb, for Dresses, &c., 4¾d.
A lot of Foulards will be sold at 4¾d. a yard.
Brown Irish Hollands, 6½d., 7¾d., 8¾d., 10½d., 1s. 0½d.
Patterns and Samples of all kinds post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

GASK and GASK'S New TRAVELLING, YACHTING, and SEASIDE COSTUMES, made of the new Vigona Cloths, Autumn Serges, &c., from quite new and elegant Paris Models, from 2gs. to 5½ gs. Fur-lined Cloaks and Sealskins are being sold at the
LOWEST SUMMER PRICES.
The remainder of the SURPLUS STOCK is being cleared off at EXTREME SALE PRICES.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

TO LADIES.—CHEMI-JUPON, the latest Parisian Novelty and most successful garment ever introduced, being Chemise, Drawers, and Petticoat in one. Correct pattern for 24 stamps. Also Chemise and Drawers in one, and separate tight-fitting Petticoat, 15 stamps each.—Address CHRISTINE, Beeching's Library, Upper Baker Street, W.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
VELVET CARPETS, &c.
EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862: DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

ROUND SHOULDERS and STOOPING HABITS cured by the Improved Chest Expanding Braces. They straighten and develope the back and chest, and ensure an elegant figure suitable for both sexes; invaluable to growing children. Illustrations free.—HAMILTON and CO., 404, Oxford Street, W.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

ANNUAL SALE OF

SURPLUS SUMMER STOCK.

Patterns and Illustrations Free. Detailed Circular forwarded on application to 103 to 108, Oxford St. London, W

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, having just concluded the purchase (in Paris) of Forty Thousand Metres of very Rich Coloured Silks, is selling the same at unexampled prices. The shades are of the most distingué character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of Silks ever submitted. Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE. In addition to the above a large purchase of the Richest Figured Silks is now being offered at 5s. 6d. per yard, amongst which will be found the most choice shades of White, Bronze, Tillaul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, has purchased the Model Silk Dresses of Messrs. Pingat, Granga et Magenties, E. Pasquier, P. Camvet, Berulel and Dennery of Paris, and the same are now on Sale at less than half-price. These Costumes are of the richest possible description, which will easily be understood by a glance at the names of the Artistes from whom they were purchased.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Fancy Dress Materials in every variety of Fabric, 10s. 6d. to 42s. the Dress.

Rich Summer Grenadines and other light Fabrics, in White, Black, and Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.

This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.

SCARBOROUGH SERGES (all wool), at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free. In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES, 45 inches wide. 17s. 6d. the Dress. Patterns free. The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

Beige and Matelassé Costumes, 38s. 6d.

Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 3 guineas.

Mikado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

Several important purchases of

MANTLES AND JACKETS

in Matelassé, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet, at very low prices. A large Stock of Cashmere and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 6 to 8 guineas. The Seal Fur Jackets, &c., will be sold very cheap.

PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

FAST AND COMMODIOUS STEAM LAUNCHES, THE "ELFIN" (the Owner leaving England), and the "UNITY."

TO BE SOLD by AUCTION, by Mr. NICKERSON, at the KING'S ARMS TAVERN, Cremorne Road, Chelsea, on TUESDAY, August 21, at 3 for 4 o'clock. In Two Lots.

They can be inspected on application to Mr. HENRY HAWES, Boat Builder, Cremorne Road, Chelsea; and descriptive particulars of sale had at the AUCTIONEER'S Offices, 121, Cheapside, London.

GEOLOGY.—In the Preface to the Student's "ELEMENTS of GEOLOGY," by Sir CHARLES LYELL, price 9s., he says:—"As it is impossible to enable the reader to recognise rocks and minerals at sight by the aid of verbal descriptions or figures, he will do well to obtain a well-arranged collection of specimens, such as may be procured from Mr. TENNANT (149, Strand), Teacher of Mineralogy at King's College, London." These collections are supplied on the following terms, in plain mahogany cabinets—

	£	s.	d.
100 specimens, in cabinet, with three trays .	2	2	0
200 specimens, in cabinet, with five trays . .	5	5	0
300 specimens, in cabinet, with nine drawers	10	10	0
400 specimens, in cabinet, with thirteen drawers	21	0	0

More extensive collections at 50 to 5,000 guineas each.

ARTIST DECORATOR.—Advertiser is willing to take a pupil. Good references on either side. A premium required.—T. A. H., Messrs. Robertson and Co.'s, 99, Long Acre.

Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.

DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN

MASTERS:

REPRODUCED BY THE

AUTOTYPE PROCESS

FROM THE

ORIGINALS IN THE BRITISH

MUSEUM.

With Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"This splendid volume. . . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine tact. . . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. In two cases, minute gradations of light and shade are so well rendered that most people would pronounce the photographs hardly inferior to the originals. Of the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value. Such criticism is rare in any country, but it is particularly uncommon in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED

THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. R. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of E. Werner by Mrs. PARKER. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and useful information. The grimmest reader will find some parts of it heavy enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUNTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilised world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere for one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN discusses men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace; it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 125, FLEET STREET; 29 and 54, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS. New Library Edition, crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth, 6s.

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.

SONGS FOR SAILORS.

Cloth gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.

Paper wrapper, 1s.

HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill; and 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.

TALON ROUGE,

Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877.

GLYKALINE,

THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS MEMBRANE.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes.

GLYKALINE is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE,

THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF to
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Tooth-ache; its timely use frequently obviates the necessity of having a tooth extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia or Tic Douloureux.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 27th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and, in some cases, is successful by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,

THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agree-ably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation or Excoriation of the Skin

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of vegetable origin (without mineral admixture), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,

THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses the Teeth from Tartar and all Incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases the whiteness of the Teeth, brightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in con-formity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invalu-able to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the substance, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the external smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared in bottles, 2s.; by post, 2s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S

PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES
Gratis and Post Free.

MERCHANT SHIPPERS and the TRADE supplied on the most LIBERAL TERMS with all HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, both MEDICINAL and DIETETIC.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,

CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,

AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,

BROWN and POLSON'S

CORN FLOUR

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,

AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR

UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL PRIZE MEDAL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*

"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air*, edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA. Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.

"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air*, edited by Dr. Hassall.

TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA. Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder, Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.

The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis. H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

JOHNSTON'S (THE OLD HOUSE)

CORN FLOUR

IS THE BEST.

"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*

JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, sold in ½ lb and 1 lb. packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality.

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their

CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.

SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.

CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.

OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.

Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | "THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."

Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY.

Property of the French Government.

CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.

HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.

GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.

HOPITAL—For Stomach complaints, &c.

VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.

CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants. Price One Shilling per Bottle.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

PURE AERATED WATERS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.— Crystal Springs. Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and for Gout, Lithia and Potass. Corks branded "R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Trade Mark. Sold everywhere, and wholesale of R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales. LONDON AGENTS: W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta Street Cavendish Square.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing, and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d. E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.

Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of Imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists. Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says: "Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph. D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. each. Price lists post free.

MITCHAM LAVENDER.—PIESSE and LUBIN are now distilling, at their Flower Farm, the famed MITCHAM LAVENDER. Samples may be had either at the Stillery, Mitcham Road, Surrey, or at the Laboratory, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or 12s. in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

GOOD COMPLEXION.

PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,

PURE, FRAGRANT, AND DURABLE.

THE BEST FOR TOILET, NURSERY, OR FOR SHAVING.

Invariably used by the

PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF

WALES AND CHILDREN

Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR cools and refreshes the face and hands of ladies and all exposed to the scorching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust. It eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, stings of insects, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is invaluable to Ladies travelling, visiting the seaside, yachting, rinking, or otherwise exposed to the heat and dust of summer; it obviates the baneful effects of salt water on the complexion and skin. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers at 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle. Buy no Kalydor but Rowland's.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.— This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

MORSON'S

PEPSINE,

AND ITS PREPARATIONS

FOR INDIGESTION.

SEE NAME ON LABEL.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

As Wine, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 9s.

Lozenges, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

Globules, at 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.

And as Powder, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

MORSON and SON,

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND HEARTBURN, &c.

Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependance can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists. Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION FOR SCHOLARSHIPS and EXHIBITIONS WILL BE HELD in DECEMBER.

MALVERN. — HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The compressed air bath, important remedy in chest diseases. Situate near the Hills. Extensive Grounds, Winter Garden, and Billiard Room.—Resident physicians: C. F. Grindrod and F. Iturani.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, at till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 14, Welbeck St., London.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—TO LET (for not less than 12 months) in the best part of Shanklin, a DETACHED HOUSE, handsomely furnished, standing in a large well wooded garden. Three reception rooms, four bedrooms and dressing room, large kitchen and offices. Water and drainage excellent. To a careful tenant, £2 10s. per week for twelve months. Or unfurnished, £60 per annum, on lease.—For particulars apply to Mrs. JOHNSON, Library, Shanklin, I. of W.

BRIGHTON.—TO BE LET, FUR-NISHED, from July next, a COTTAGE RESIDENCE charmingly situated in one of the healthiest parts of the town. It consists of 2 sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, two of which contain sleeping accommodation for two, small garden, good services of gas and water, with excellent out offices, the whole forming a well furnished residence for a small family, to be let on very reasonable terms for a short or long period.—Apply to Messrs. TOPLIS and ROBERTS, House Agents, 12, Thurloe Place, opposite the South Kensington Museum, South Kensington, S.W.

BRUXELLES.—An English Lady is desirous of receiving into her Family a LADY or Two LADIES to share the expenses of Housekeeping.—For terms, &c., address to Mrs. B., 87, Rue de l'Arbre Bénit, Bruxelles.

A LADY may find a comfortable and cheerful HOME in the House of a Widow Lady. A large Front Room, as Bed and Sitting Room if required.—Apply at CHAPMAN'S LIBRARY, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	s.	d.
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	4	0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1	6
RINK GALOP	2	0
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	2	0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2	0
SULTAN'S POLKA (New Edition)	1	6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.
N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. WALDTEUFEL'S NEWEST WALTZ.

AU REVOIR WALTZ. Par EMILE WALDTEUFEL (Composer of the celebrated "Manolo Waltz"). The above new Waltz will most certainly become very popular. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 2 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 3s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

MUSICAL PRESENTS.—High-class Music for Amateurs, Students, and others.—To be had gratis and postage free, a LIST of 400 CLASSICAL WORKS, bound, at greatly reduced prices.
GRATIS and POSTAGE FREE.—LATEST LIST of MUSICAL NOVELTIES (Vocal and Pianoforte), just issued by Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St., Publishers to the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

TO ORGANISTS.—Third Edition.— HOPKINS and Dr. RIMBAULT'S great WORK on the HISTORY and CONSTRUCTION of the ORGAN. New edition, with many additions. Pp. 696, price £1 11s. 6d., postage free.
"The book stands alone of its kind, and cannot fail to meet with increasing demand."—Vide *Illustrated London News*.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

DEAR ENGLAND. Louis Diehl. Vocal Quartet. Post free for two stamps. The Song made so popular by Signor Foli's effective singing at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, 3s. Post free 18 stamps. N.B. Gratis and post free, a list of 43 Cheap Vocal Quartets, published only by ROBERT COCKS and CO.

AY OR NO? (Barcarolle.) New Song, composed for and sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd. By F. H. COWEN. 4s.; post free for 24 stamps.

MY BOYHOOD'S DREAM. Ballad. Written by Dr. CARPENTER. The Music composed by J. L. HATTON. Sung by Mr. Maybrick. 4s.; post free for 24 stamps.

STEERING. New Song, composed by F. H. COWEN. 4s.; post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

THE WAGONER. Second Edition. "The Song of the Season." Sung by Mr. Santley. Music by W. T. WRIGHTON, words by EDWARD OXENFORD. "Contains all the elements of a great success; easy, very melodious, and joyous. The best of modern Baritone Songs." In two keys. Post free 24 stamps.
London: SIMPSON and CO., 33, Argyll St., Regent St., W.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicole's celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRU- MENTS FOR AMATEURS.
THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.
The above Instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co- operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).— Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Piano- FORTE SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SER- VICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MESSENGER and SONS, Manufacturers of Chandeliers, Gas Fittings, and Lamps of every description beg to give notice of their removal from 73, Hatton Garden, to 54, Holborn Viaduct, London.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 10)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 10)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	2	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	2	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	2	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BEN- NETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

	s.	d.
Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

	s.	d.
Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. 48 Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

GAVOTTE, in E Minor. By Silas. Played by Madame Essipoff at her Concerts in England and America with immense success. A new edition of this celebrated Gavotte is now ready. Price 3s.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GALOP OF THE SEASON.

GO BANG! New Galop by Charles COOTE, Jun. Equal in every way to the well-known "Roulette," "Archery," and "Croquet" Galops by the same popular Composer. Price 3s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATA- LOGUES of MUSIC.
Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent post free to any part of the World.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ELEGANT JEWELLERY.

LONDON AND RYDER invite inspection of their New Stock, as characterised by "Good Taste" and sterling excellence.
BRIDESMAIDS' LOCKETS, WEDDING PRESENTS, COURT DIAMONDS.
Diamond Ornaments, in great variety, charged at prices consistent with reliable value. Necklaces, Head Ornaments, Earrings, Crosses, Pendants, Lockets, Solitaires, Bracelets, &c.
Recipients of the only Medal awarded for "General Good Taste" at the International Exhibition.
THE DIAMONDS OF THE LATE DUKE OF BRUNSWICK ON SALE.
Indian Cats' Eye Rings, worn as a talisman to avert evil or misfortune.
LONDON and RYDER, GOLDSMITHS AND JEWELLERS, 17, New Bond Street.
(Corner of Clifford Street, opposite Long's Hotel).

WEDDING and Birthday Presents, at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly, London.
Polished Brass Table Ornaments of special designs.
Sets for the Writing Table and Boudoir, 21s. to £6.

Envelope Cases,	21s. to £5	Jewel Cases,	21s. to £5
Inkstands,	5s. to £5	Glove Boxes,	10s. 6d. to £2
Despatch Boxes,	21s. to £6	Handkerchief Boxes,	10s. to £2
Writing Cases,	10s. 6d. to £5	Caskets,	15s. to £5
Candlesticks (per pr.)	12s. to £3	Flower Vases,	21s. to £5
Candelabra,	42s. to £5	Jardinières (per pr.)	42s. to £5
Work Boxes,	15s. to £5	Card Trays,	21s. to £5

And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese, and Parisian NOVELTIES, for PRESENTS, from 5s. to £5.

RODRIGUES' DRESSING BAGS for TRAVELLING, with silver and plated fittings, from £3 3s. to £50; Hand Bags, Waist Bags, Carriage Bags, and Bags of all kinds, at very moderate prices.—42, Piccadilly.

PORTRAIT Albums at Rodrigues', with patent leather guards, interleaved for vignette and cabinet portraits, from 10s. 6d. to £5. Rodrigues' new Easel Album. Regimental and Presentation Albums.—42, Piccadilly.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."
In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST.
All Music post free at half-price.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S POPULAR PIANOFORTE PIECES.
Each post free, 18 stamps.
Explanatory Note—M. E. Moderately Easy. M. D. Moderately Difficult.
Gavotte, Favorite de Louis XIV. Thirteenth Edition. M. E.
Menuet (de Boccherini). Eleventh Edition. M. E.
Nell Gwynne (a Reminiscence of the Court of Charles II.) Third Edition. M. E.
Autrefois (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). Nineteenth Edition. M. D.
Marche au Tournoi. Fourth Edition. M. D.
Serenatella (Burla Tuscana). M. D.
Bric-A-Brac, No. 1, E. Third Edition. M. D.
Chanson d'Amour. M. E.
La Lolita (Esquisse Espagnole). M. D.
Un Songe du Ciel (Thème de Batiste). M. D.
An Album Leaf (to Emilie). M. D.
Air de Ballet. Sixth Edition. M. D.
Review.—"Exquisitely quaint and captivating for originality, simplicity, and attractiveness combined. These compositions are unique."
Just issued by the same Composer:—
Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.
La Princesse (Gavotte Moderne). 3s.

H. WEIST HILL'S COMPOSI- TIONS, performed with great success at the Alexandra Palace.

VALSES.	POLKAS.
Alma. 4s.	Gertrude. 3s.
Son Image. 4s.	Belle of the Promenade. 3s.
True Love. 4s.	

Gavotte, Madame de Pompadour (Beautifully Illustrated). 4s.
Galop, To Paris in 10 Hours. 3s.
Review—"Marked by far more thought and musical ability than dance music usually is."—*Figaro*.

J. LEYBACH'S LATEST COMPO- SITIONS.

Chant de Bivouac. 3s.	Zampa. 4s.
Fête des Bergères. 3s.	Tancredi. 4s.
Festa Romana. 4s.	L'Elisire. 4s.
L'Alsacienne. 4s.	Pégase Galop. 3s.
Bolero Brillant. 4s.	Chant du Patrie. 3s.

Harmonium Solo:—
Les Batelieres de Venice. 3s.

Piano and Harmonium:—
Heureux Présage. 4s.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' NEW AND POPULAR TRANSCRIPTIONS.
DER LUSTIGE BAUER (Joyful Peasant), Schumann's most popular melody. 3s.
This is decidedly the most taking arrangement of this charming theme.—*Vide Press*.

What Will You Do, Love? (Lover's Popular Song). 3s.	March "Scipio." 3s.
Little Nell. 3s.	She Wore a Wreath of Roses. 3s.
I Heard a Spirit Sing. 3s.	Ballad Singer. 3s.
Day-Dream (Blumenthal). 3s.	Bride's March (Lohengrin). 3s.
Nazareth (Gounod). 3s.	Blow Gentle Gales. 3s.
Tell Me My Heart. 3s.	Sweet Home (Wrighton). 3s.

W. SMALLWOOD'S PIANO PIECES.
Carefully fingered throughout.

Mont Blanc. 2s. 6d.	Rochelle. 2s. 6d.
Ballad Singer. 2s. 6d.	Sweet Home. 2s. 6d.
Fern Leaves. 3s.	Bridal March. 3s.
Azalea. 2s. 6d.	Rose Pink. 3s.
Elaine. 3s.	Verbena. 3s.

HOBART PASHA MARCH. By M. WATSON. Illustrated with splendid portrait in colours of this celebrity. Price 3s.

FRANZ ABT'S NEWEST SONGS.
ANE LITTLE WORD. 3s.
"Destined to be one of the reigning favourites. This gifted composer has written nothing more beautiful since 'When the Swallow.'"—*Empire*.
'TIS I, MY LOVE. 3s.
"The music is of Abt's best, the melody is full of variety and charm."—*Illustrated News*.
New Vocal Duets by same Composer:—
FAIRY DELL. 3s.
EVENTIDE. 3s.
FAIR JEANETTE. 3s.

CIRO PINSUTI'S SUCCESSFUL SONGS.

Fairer than Morning (Beatrice)	3s.
The Owl. In A minor and G minor. Sung by Mr. Santley	4s.
I Love My Love. In A flat and B flat . . each	4s.
The Rill. In G and E. Sung by Signor Foli	4s.
Love Will Shine All Through (contralto)	3s.
What We Have Loved We Love For Ever	3s.

LOUIS DIEHL'S LATEST SONGS.

My Sailor Love	3s.
Brave Old Joe (Descriptive)	4s.

NEW SONGS by J. B. WALDECK.

A Life's Love (Sung by Signor Foli)	4s.
Peace be Still (Ditto)	4s.
In the Twilight (Keys D and F)	4s.
We Roam and Rule the Sea	3s.

EDWARD TERRY'S COMPLAINTS, or, THE ILLS OF LIFE AND THEIR REMEDIES. As sung by the Author and encored five times. Post free, 18 stamps.

PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP. C. COOTE. Illustrated with New Portrait of the Prince. Solo or Duet, 2s. net. The most popular piece of dance-music ever published, the sum of £1,000 odd having been realised for the copyright alone.—Sole Publisher, JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

LITTLE CLARINA'S LESSON-BOOK for the PIANO. By G. A. MACFARREN. Parts 1 to 4, 2s. 6d. each; bound, 8s. "It contains all that is essential to instruct the youngest child."—*Globe*. London: JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

FARMER'S PIANOFORTE TUTOR. 100,000th Edition. Price 4s.
FARMER'S HARMONIUM TUTOR. 60th Edition. Price 2s. 6d.
FARMER'S HARMONIUM VOLUNTARIES, in Six Books. 4s. each.
FARMER'S CELEBRATED VIOLIN SOLOS.

HOME, SWEET	LAST ROSE OF
BLUE BELLS	LIFE LET US
HOPE TOLD A	HARP THAT ONCE
KEEL ROW	SOUNDS SO JOYFUL

With Pianoforte Accompaniment, 3s. each; post free, 1s. 6d.
JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S NAAMAN.
Vocal Score, complete, Octavo Edition. 4s. net.
Do. do. bound in cloth. 6s. net.
All the numbers of "Naaman" can also be had separately, including the celebrated Aria, "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," 3s.; and the Triumphal March, "Naaman," as Piano Solo, 3s.; Piano Duet, 3s.; and also as Organ Solo, with Pedal, 3s.

SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S WORKS for the PIANOFORTE, in two vols. Cheap Edition now ready, including the celebrated Toccata, Scherzo, op. 13; Capriccio, op. 27; Three Sketches, &c. Price 6s. net each vol.; or, bound, cloth, 8s. net.

VERY SUSPICIOUS! H. Clifton's renowned Serio-Comic Duet for Lady and Gentleman, introducing popular songs. Also, the Medley Duet, "Love and Pride." "Just the thing for penny readings and amateur concerts." Either sent free, 24 stamps, by JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE! H. Clifton's enormously popular Comic Medley. Humorously Illustrated. "His songs are always free from the vulgarity which is unfortunately characteristic of some modern comic songs." Lists of Clifton's Comic and Motto Songs gratis.

CATALOGUES sent POST FREE.
Sole Agents for Moore and Burgess Songs. Shipping Orders on favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

NOTICE.—LINOLEUM.—OETZ- MANN and CO. have now received all the new PRIZE DESIGNS in this favourite Floor Covering—warm, soft, and carpet-like in appearance. Prices reduced. A visit of inspection solicited. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZ- MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PRE- MISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

THE SANDRINGHAM EASY CHAIR, full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable for any room, price 25s.; lady's ditto, smaller size, 21s. Also the Sandringham Couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable, price 2 guineas. Every one about to furnish should see these marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and despatched same day on receipt of order per post.

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZ- MANN and CO.—Elegant Drawing Room Suite, richly carved Italian walnut-wood, upholstered very soft and comfortable, in best rep, consisting of a Couch, two Easy Chairs, and six Chairs, price 15 guineas; ditto, very handsome design, upholstered in rich Pekinade, made and finished in superior style, 20 guineas; ditto, very elegant design, richly upholstered in finest satin, and finished in the best possible manner, 33 guineas; also a variety of other Drawing Room Suites, in Black and Gold, Early English, and other designs.

TURKEY CARPETS.—CLEARANCE SALE.—OETZMANN and CO.—A quantity of Turkey, Indian, Persian, Jubbalpore, Masulipatam, Ferahan, Khorassan, Serabend, Koula, Ghiordes, and Kelim Carpets and Rugs, clearing out at greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 9d. to 80 guineas. A reduced Price List, with sizes and description, sent post free on application. Prices will be found much below those usually charged. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 15s. 9d. each; some very handsome ditto, at 35s. to 45s.
OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.
OETZMANN and CO.

FLOOR-Cloth, Floor-Cloth, Floor-Cloth. Well seasoned, colours and designs to suit every style of decoration. An immense assortment for selection. Clearing out at 1s. 6d. per square yard; best quality and newest designs, 2s. 6d. A quantity of squares, 2 yards by 3 yards, 3 by 4, and other useful sizes, very cheap. Quotations forwarded per post on receiving size of room or hall. Bordered floor-cloth for passage or stairs from 9d. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

MADRID STRIPED CURTAINS, all wool, 3 yards long by 48 inches wide, 15s. per pair; 3½ yards, 17s. 6d.; 4 yards, 20s.; best Worsted Damask Curtains, in green, crimson, or any self colour, plaited top, bordered all round with best embroidered silk lace, 3 yards long by 54 inches wide, 25s. per pair; 3½ yards, 30s.; 4 yards, 35s.; best rep, ditto, 3 yards by 54 inches wide, 42s.; 3½ yards, 50s.; 4 yards, 57s. 6d. Forwarded same day on receipt of order. One trial will ensure recommendation. No common damask or rep used, sold, or advised. Descriptive lists post-free.

ELECTRO-PLATE. CUTLERY.
ELECTRO-PLATE. CUTLERY.
ELECTRO-PLATE. CUTLERY.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY DE- PARTMENT.—Superior Electro Plate Tea and Coffee Pots, Spoons, Forks, Cruets, &c. (quality guaranteed); best warranted Table Cutlery, handsome Coal Vases, 3s. 11d. upwards; Dish Covers; Japanned Toilet Sets, full size, bath, pail, and can, various neat designs in colours, 8s. 11d. per set. Kitchen Ironmongery of every description. Mats, Matting, Brooms, Brushes, Pails, &c. Bronze Umbrella Stands, from 3s. 9d. Table Lamps, complete, good style, 3s. 11d.

EXHIBITION PATTERN COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the season much admired, handsomely japanned, and rich burnished gold ornamentation, with opal handles, strong loose lining, a great convenience and saving in wear. Price complete, 21s.—OETZMANN and CO.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

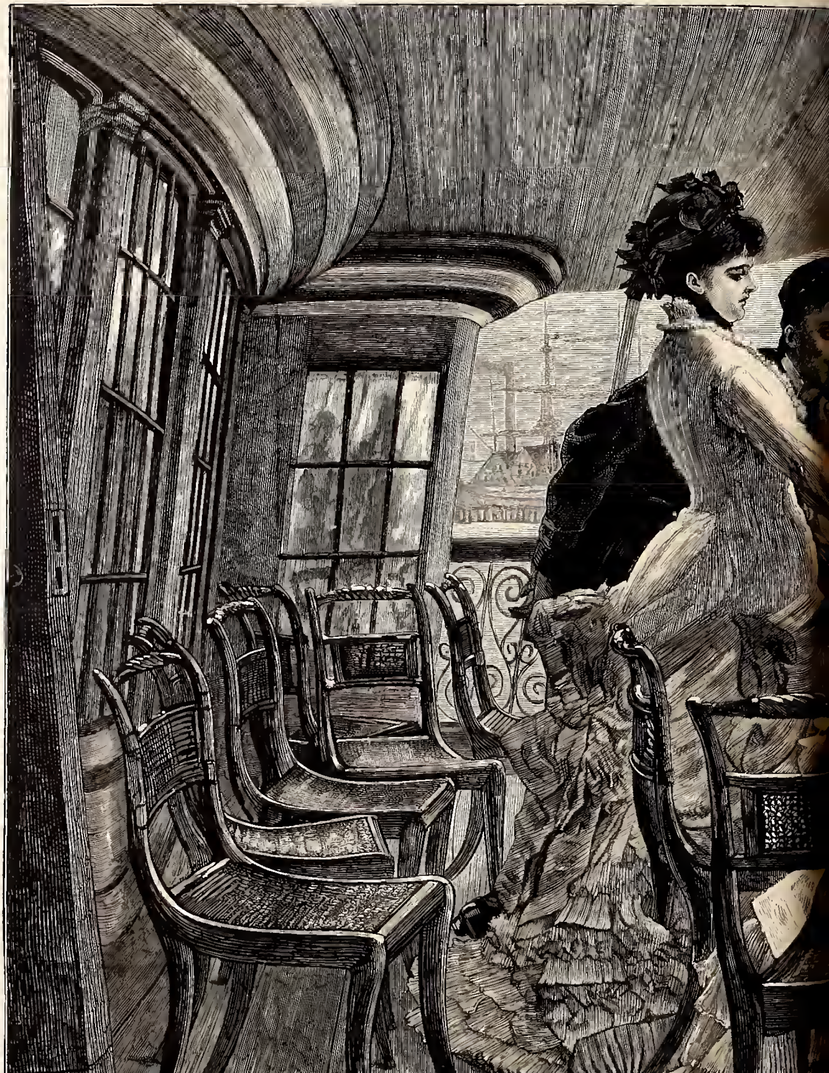
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD. —Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

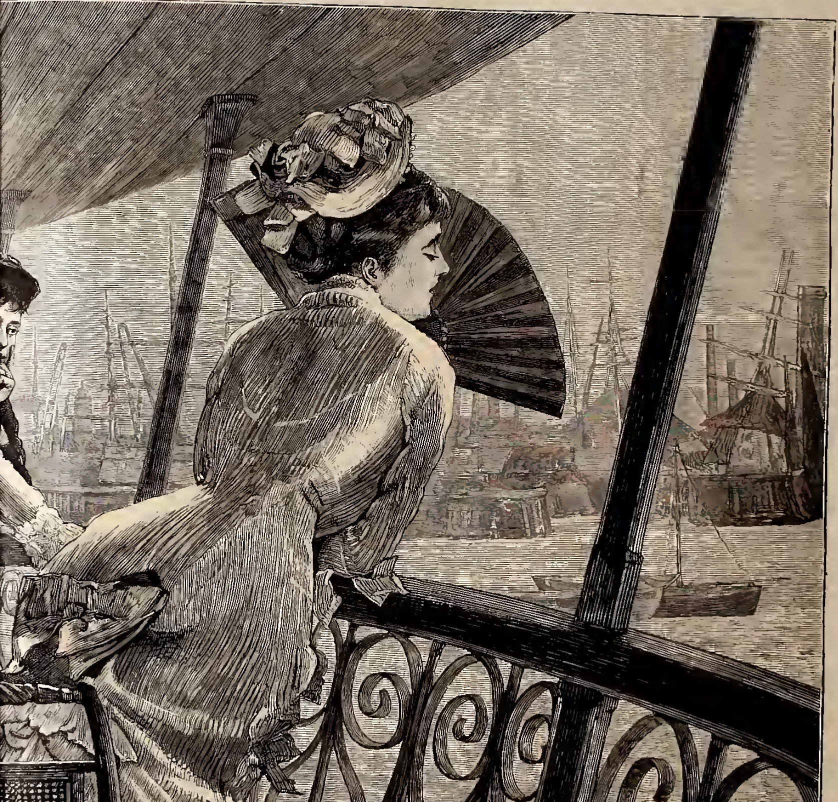
WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES.
Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—AUGUST 18, 1877.



THE GALLERY OF H.M.S.

FROM THE PICTURE BY JAMES



CALCUTTA," PORTSMOUTH

IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE GRAPHIC

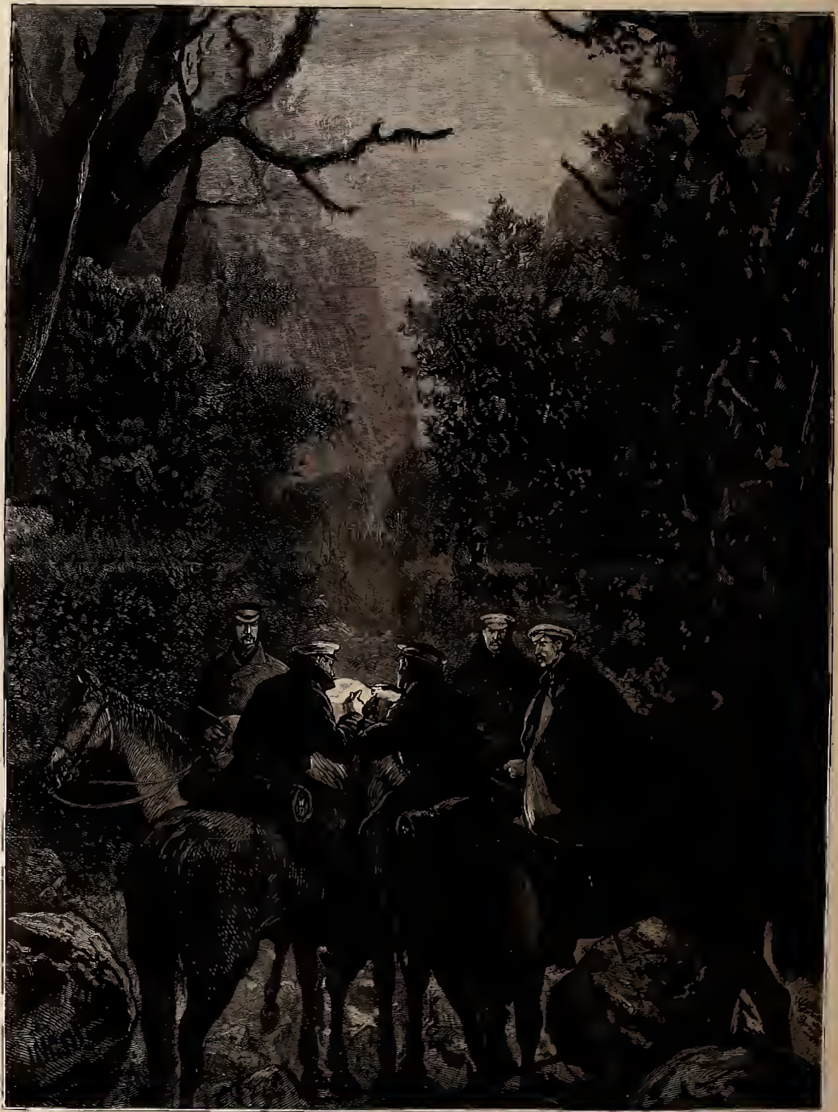
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 404
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1877

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



WITH THE RUSSIANS SOUTH OF THE BALKANS: GENERAL GOURKO AND HIS STAFF IN THE SHIPKA PASS—"IS THIS THE RIGHT PATH?"

Topics of the Week

THE INDIAN FAMINE.——It seems to us that the help which is being sent out to India is not nearly so great as it ought to be. Englishmen do not seem to realise how vast is the need, and how genuine is the responsibility resting upon this country. An immense population is in imminent danger of dying of hunger; and that population is one with which we are connected by close ties. Surely no appeal has ever been made deserving a more prompt and generous response. The cause of the comparative meagreness of the assistance we are rendering is probably a lack of imagination. Every one can represent to himself the horrors of a war carried on by savage troops; hence there is no lack of aid for both Russian and Turkish wounded. The sufferings brought on by famine are less obtrusive, and excite, therefore, less attention. They are, however, not the less real; and the chances are that in Madras alone there has been far more mortal agony during the last few weeks than in Turkey since the original outbreak of the disturbances. In Manchester a public meeting expressed its opinion the other day that the British Government ought to organise measures of relief, if necessary, at the cost of the National Exchequer. A great deal might be said for this view; but it would be so dangerous a precedent that voluntary aid would be much better. If rich people would only pause for a moment and comprehend what is meant by the death of more than half-a-million by starvation, we are quite sure there would be no need for Government intervention.

DUPES.——Within the last few days the convict Kurr, as he stood in the witness-box at Bow Street shamelessly confesssing the story of his shameful life, has caused a sensation almost unequalled in the history of our criminal courts. But, apart from his wholesale charges against the police detectives, his declarations as to the various Turf swindles which he has either organised or been connected with must have created supreme astonishment among a large number of persons who were little prepared for such disclosures. Presuming that Kurr's statements as to the extent of his operations in this direction are in the main true, the number of persons he and his confederates have duped must be something enormous, and the thousands of pounds they have netted in the aggregate would have been sufficient almost to have made them all millionaires if they had not gambled away their ill-gotten gains or wasted them in riotous living. The *sang froid* with which the man gave the names of the places where these Turf frauds were carried on, the titles of the "firms," and the number of thousands of pounds which poured in in answer to advertisements, suggests that he felt a kind of pleasure in exposing the extent of dupedom. It is almost a pity that he did not give a list of some of the dupes who had sent him money, for then we could have had a good laugh at them. The infatuation which leads so many persons in all classes to dabble in Turf speculations is truly marvellous, when the stern logic of facts demonstrates to them that not one in fifty speculators do any good at the game, and when they know the danger they run of never getting their money when they win it. Recent legislation on betting seems to have done little or nothing to restrain the spirit of gambling, or to limit the facilities for indulging it, so easily is the letter of Acts of Parliament evaded. Indeed it is by no means clear that legislation has not done more evil than good by limiting "legitimate" betting, and so exposing the public to the machinations of artful rogues. However, we have no pity for the dupes, who richly deserve their fate; but we will hope that the exposures Kurr has made will have the effect of limiting the number of dupes for the future. When we reflect on the number of families of all grades which are more or less impoverished every year through this betting mania, the thought is a very painful one, and we should be only too glad to believe that it was possible by some means or other to restrain the folly so rampant throughout the kingdom.

THE WAR.——We are still without decisive news from the Seat of War. The Russians are steadily preparing for further action; but as yet they have done nothing directly to repair the disaster of Plevna. The Turks have hardly been more energetic. Suleiman Pasha has, indeed, obtained possession of the village of Shipka; but the Pass is still in Gourko's hands, and it is probable that he had resolved to give up the village as soon as the Turks had shown a determination to seize it. Osman Pasha and Mehemet Ali remain quiet behind their entrenchments. Some critics suppose that they will risk a great battle, but this is hardly likely. An unfavourable issue would be fatal; and on the other hand they can effectually defend their present positions. The most probable theory is that they will wait till they are attacked. Meanwhile, the Russians strengthen their positions in the Balkans; and reinforcements are being hurried as fast as possible to the front through Roumania. There can be no doubt that the Grand Duke will seize the earliest opportunity to make up for the losses he has hitherto sustained, for his troops are becoming demoralised, and at home there is extreme discontent at the dilatory manner in which the struggle is conducted. The Russian people expected that in a few weeks the Imperial eagle would dominate Constantinople; but months have passed, and that ambitious bird is still far from the Ottoman capital. In Asia, although the attack on Mukhtar Pasha has been renewed, the success has been no greater than in Europe. If this state of things lasts much longer the Czar may perhaps have something more serious to think of than the wrongs of the Bulgarians. There is no legitimate outlet under a despotic government for popular ill feeling; rage is apt to vent itself directly against the head of the State. And Czars have not always fared so well that the Emperor Alexander should feel perfectly confident of his safety.

KEW GARDENS.——Though the season of the year is by no means favourable to public agitations in reference to matters connected mainly with the metropolis, that whose object is the earlier opening of Kew Gardens is not likely to die away for want of support. The question has indeed been debated on more than one previous occasion, and apparently allowed to drop, but in reality a continuous interest has been kept up in it for some years. A public meeting at Kew within the last few days shows that the agitation is still very earnest, and that its supporters are determined to urge their demands vigorously. The demand, or rather the chief demand, is that the gardens should be open to the public at 10 A.M., instead of 1 P.M. The latter hour has been adhered to for many years on the ground that an earlier admission of the public into the gardens would interfere with the necessary work of the gardeners, and the scientific investigation, especially in the conservatories, of plants and their properties, which is the *raison d'être* of the establishment. This sounds fair enough, but we venture to say that the objection will not really hold water. The number of persons, even on such occasions as Bank Holidays, likely to be in the gardens between 10 A.M. and 1 P.M. would never be so great as seriously to interfere with any horticultural and floricultural operations of a scientific character; and as the public would probably be contented with the earlier opening of the grounds alone, leaving the glass-houses closed till 1 P.M., as at present, it would seem that the present demand might most reasonably be complied with. When we consider the enormous extent of these gardens, covering as they do an area of some 400 acres, the twenty or thirty thousand persons distributed over them could have but very little, if any, effect in retarding gardening operations. Admitting that the primary object of Kew, as a public establishment, is scientific research with a view to practical results and the benefit of the nation generally, the recreational view of such magnificent pleasure-grounds must not be lost sight of. Even with the large additions of late years we have not recreation grounds enough for the quickly-increasing population of the metropolis, and therefore the most liberal regulations in reference to those we have should be upheld. They are supported by the money of the ratepayers, rich and poor, and these are entitled to get as much in return for their money as possible. The scientific character of Kew Gardens would not, we think, for a moment be endangered by an extension of the visiting hours for the general public.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF LONDON.——It is now admitted on all hands that steps must soon be taken to provide London with an improved water supply. For purposes of cleanliness, manufacturing, and road-watering we have enough; but there is not nearly an adequate quantity for the extinction of fires, and he must, indeed, be an optimist who maintains that the water we possess is sufficiently pure for drinking. We are constantly being told of the organic matter we consume in water; and there is too much reason to fear that the most sensational accounts are those which are nearest the truth. Obviously this state of things cannot be allowed to go on. Sufficient guarantees must be provided for the safety of the vast property of London; and if we have any regard for the health and moral improvement of the community we must bring genuinely palatable water within reach of all classes. It is often supposed that if the powers of the water companies were transferred to the municipal authorities all difficulty would be at an end; but while our sole supply is from the Thames it is impossible either materially to increase the quantity or to improve the quality. A scheme which finds favour with some reformers is that we should obtain water from the Lake district; but the vast expense alone puts this beyond reach. A far more practical suggestion is that made by Mr. Bramwell and Mr. Easton in the valuable paper read by the former to the British Association on Monday. They propose that the companies should continue to supply water as at present; but that for potable water and the amount necessary for fire extinction we should tap the enormous stores in the chalk formations to the north and south of London. We could thus procure sixteen million gallons daily, and the cost of the works would not exceed 5,500,000*l.* It is to be hoped this plan will not be allowed to drop out of sight. A Glasgow baillie is said to have objected to the pure water derived by that city from Loch Katriue that "it had neither taste, colour, nor smell." Most people, however, would willingly dispense with the qualities which seemed so essential to the worthy magistrate.

THE HOP-PICKERS.——Within a few days many thousands of the very poorest inhabitants of the metropolis—men, women, and children—will have found their way to the Hop districts of Kent and Surrey; and those interested in their welfare will be glad to hear that, owing to the philanthropic action of the Society for the Employment and Improved Lodging of Hop-pickers, a large portion of them will now be better cared for than heretofore. In fact the time is at hand when the horrible scandals connected with the housing of these poor people will be things of the past. Under a clause in the Sanitary Amendment Act of 1874 the local sanitary authorities may now make bye-laws for regulating the lodging and other treatment of the immigrant hop-pickers. Several of these authorities have already had their bye-laws confirmed by the Local Government Board, and with a little pressure others will probably follow the good example set them. If they do not, it is by no means improbable that next Session the clause in the Act alluded to, which is now permissive, will be made compulsory. The reform already brought about is an instance of what can be done by a small band of earnest men who labour hard in a good cause even when, as in this case, the difficulties in their way seemed insurmountable. The Society has recently also taken a further step on behalf of the hop-pickers by forming an association for supplying clergy and readers to minister to them. Tents suitable to Divine Service will be provided, as well as books and tracts suitable for distribution. The Society has the earnest co-operation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and of the clergy in the chief hop districts, who cannot unaided attend as they would wish to the spiritual needs of the thousands of poor persons annually imported into their parishes. Hop-picking on a bright day has a very pretty and poetical aspect, but for many years there has been a most painful reverse to the picture.

LAUNDRIES AND DISEASE.——The *Lancet* has succeeded in calling attention to a very grave evil. There can be no doubt now that the custom of sending out clothes to be washed is attended by the most serious risks. The difficulty is, however, how to provide a remedy. In old times washing was done at home; and if that were still possible it would unquestionably be the best plan. But either from a whim of servants or because of some real necessity it is assumed that families must put out their washing. The next best device is probably that of public laundries. In a very able letter to *The Times* the other day a lady urged that these institutions should be encouraged; and her arguments must have convinced every one who considered them. Not only is disease spread abroad by the present system, but the poor women themselves are inevitably demoralised. They have to work against time and in active competition with many rivals; and it is to be feared there are few of them who do not keep up their courage by quite other than moral stimulants. In regularly organised laundries they would be sure of their wages, their hours of work would be fixed, and they would be removed from the temptations to which so many of them now succumb. On the other hand, the work of cleansing would be effected far more thoroughly, and all danger of infection would be removed. At the same time work would be provided for a large class of women, since, as the writer to whom we have alluded asserts, "a well-organised laundry will bring out the skill of a lady and use the services of a peasant." The power of custom in this country is very great; but we cannot suppose that in this instance it will stand against such considerations as these.

SHOP AWNINGS.——No one will blame a shopkeeper for endeavouring to protect the goods in his window from the injurious effects of the sun's rays; but, when he persists in obstructing the Queen's highway by allowing the framework or canvas of his awnings to interfere with the heads and hats of pedestrians, he must not wonder if the public shows some resentment. The awning grievance has been a long-standing one, and the police seem to have done little or nothing in the matter. At last, however, it has been taken up at the Wandsworth Police Court, and apparently to his surprise a tradesman of the district has been fined for not having his awning up to the regular height. In vain he pleaded that he was only one of many offenders; the magistrate very properly would not take this as an excuse, and intimated that it would be well that the local Board should employ some tall man to practically test the height of all the awnings in the neighbourhood, as "to tall men in the streets sun-blinds were an intolerable nuisance." The worthy magistrate might have added "to the short also;" for, as a matter of fact, there is hardly a street in London during the summer along which men of average stature with the national chimney-pot hats on their heads can walk without coming in contact with these offending awnings. It appears that nine feet is the regulation height, and though this is more than is actually required except for the veritable sons of Anak, it would be most acceptable to the general public if the height just mentioned were insisted on. Foot passengers would then be enabled to use their umbrellas when it rained; whereas now, when a shower comes on, some of the awnings are raised and some not, and passengers have continually to lower their umbrellas and run a gauntlet of drippings. A cognate question to that of awnings is the overhanging of boughs along suburban pathways. In some districts the nuisance is very prevalent; and really it is not a matter of little consequence to suddenly find one's hat and head in a bough, especially when it is well laden with drops of rain. A height of seven feet at least should be the minimum for both awnings and boughs, as this would meet the difficulties of six-feet men. Of course we cannot legislate for extreme "outside sizes" such as that of a gentleman of nine and a half feet, who, as a letter from the Cape informs us, has recently arrived at the colony to seek ordination at the hands of one of the South African Bishops. But there must be many thousands of six-feet men in the metropolis to whom low hanging awnings and boughs are a source of great annoyance.

NOTICE.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,
ENTITLED,
"BY CELIA'S ARBOUR,"
BY THE AUTHORS OF
"*Ready-money Mortiboy*," "*The Golden Butterfly*," *&c.*,
ILLUSTRATED BY AN EMINENT ARTIST,
WILL BE BEGUN IN OUR ISSUE FOR
SATURDAY NEXT, SEPT. 1, 1877,
AND CONTINUED WEEKLY UNTIL COMPLETED.

NOTICE.——THE RUBENS TERCENTENARY.——*With this Number is presented an* EXTRA TWO-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *on Plate Paper, containing* PORTRAITS *of the* PAINTER *and his* SECOND WIFE, *from the Pictures by* RUBENS, *in Her Majesty's Collection at Windsor.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick, but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
} *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. {
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

AMUSEMENTS

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
SEPTEMBER 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1877.

Principal Singers at present engaged;
Mademoiselle ALBANI,
Miss ADELA VERNON,
Madame SOPHIE LOWE,
Miss BERTHA GRIFFITHS,
and
Mdme. PATEY.
Mr. E. LLOYD,
Mr. CUMMINGS,
Mr. MAYBRICK,
and
Mr. SANTLEY.

Conductor—Mr C. H. LLOYD.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.
On Tuesday, at 1 45—Mendelssohn's "Elijah."
On Wednesday, at 11.30—Bach's "Passion" (St. Matthew), Beethoven's "Engedi."
On Wednesday Evening, at 7.30—Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul."
On Thursday, at 11 30—"Kyrie," Luard Selby, Brahm's "Requiem," Wesley's "Wilderness," "Hymn of Praise."
On Friday, at 11 30—Handel's "Messiah."
Choral Service Daily, and Special Service on Friday Evening.
Grand Concerts at the Shire Hall on Tuesday and Thursday Evenings.
Programmes and Tickets at Mr. E. Nest's, Westgate Street, Gloucester.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, UNDER THE SNOW. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Mr. J. H. Rowan, Miss Bessie Bonehill, Mr. J. W. Hanson. Concluding with ROSE ROY. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Messrs. Terry and Ryan.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Rider, Leathes, Garner, E. F. Edgar, Bradbury, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames E. Rilla, Stevens, C. Jecks, L. Clifton, and Lydia Foote. Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven, THE FLYING SCUD, by Dion Boucicault, Esq. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, George Conquest, jun., Nicholls, Inch, Grant, Gillett, &c. Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, &c. To conclude with THE MARINER'S COMPASS. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr ALPHONSE ROQUES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2 30 for Day Performances, and at 7 15 for the Evening ditto.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Children of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Also on view Portrait Models of the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, and Count de Tourville. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10 0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5 45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11 50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9 30 a.m. and 12 0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs H. NYE CHART.—Engagement of Mdlle BEATRICE'S Celebrated London Comedy and Drama Company. On Monday, August 27, and during the week, THE WOMAN OF THE PEOPLE. Concluding with BETTY MARTIN.

THE CONTINENT.—The Shortest, Cheapest, and Pleasantest Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is via the Great Eastern Railway and Harwich.

An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m., in connection with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4 45 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.

The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.

Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low through rates.

For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m. and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

ACROSS THE BALKANS WITH GENERAL GOURKO

THIS sketch represents an incident of the march of General Gourko in the Shipka Pass of the Balkans which we described and illustrated last week. The General and his artillery had duly reached the summit of the Pass, and the General and his Staff bidding a temporary adieu to the troops, and guided by a Bulgarian, proceed to descend the southern slope of the mountains. After a while darkness set in, a gorge was entered, and the little party felt completely at the mercy of the Bulgarian guide, as no man who had not previously traversed the road could possibly find the way. *The Times* correspondent describing the journey writes: "Sometimes the trees meet overhead, and the riders have to stoop suddenly when a branch appears marked in sombre shade against the bright stars. Fireflies flicker amongst the trees, and lie with blue lambent light on the rocks. Not a word is spoken, every brain being intent on catching the glimmer of the white cap in front of him. . . . . We halt in profound darkness, and a series of matches is lit to examine the written directions of the route. The little flame gleams on sabre and cap for a few seconds, dances on the flickering waters, and leaves the darkness more profound than before. The sides of the ravine close in overhead, huge rocks hang over the stream, and gaunt leafless trees stretch out ragged branches like gibbets from the sky." The Bulgarian guide, however, despite all apprehension, proved good and true, and shortly after this the bivouac of the infantry which had gone before as an advanced guard was reached.

WITH THE TURKS

THESE six sketches were taken by our artist with the forces of Mehemet Ali Pasha, the Turkish Commander-in-Chief. The death of Aziz Pasha took place at the end of last month during a skirmish near Husenidje. The General, with Faszoulah Pasha and four battalions, had been ordered to protect by flank marching the division of Fuad Pasha, who was coming from the direction of Rustchuk. When near Husendje messengers brought intelligence that Fuad Pasha had achieved the most difficult part of his march, and no longer needed aid. As, however, Aziz Pasha heard that large bodies of troops had been seen near Husendje, he determined to make a reconnoissance, and accordingly marched at once in the direction of the enemy, who were soon espied upon some heights. A forest being close by, scouts were sent to reconnoitre, and were received by a sharp musketry fire. Thereupon Aziz Pasha ordered two battalions to advance, and take the wood by storm. He followed the troops with his staff on foot, and when within range of the enemy the latter opened a tremendous fire, and Aziz Pasha fell, struck by a bullet. His colleague succeeded in driving the Russians out of the wood, but the little victory was dearly purchased with the loss of one of the best generals in the Turkish army. "Aziz Pasha," writes our artist, "was an educated, intelligent, amiable and brave man, and his is a true loss to his country, and, indeed, to us correspondents, to whom he had always shown especial kindness and courtesy." He was a brother of Hafiz Pasha, who commanded the artillery during the Servian War, and was just about to be raised to the rank of Marshal.

The three Russian prisoners depicted were taken during the above skirmish, and transported to the camp at Rasgrad. Their names, counting from the left, are Nicolo Vassilovich, Vladimir Saneski, and Sacha Alexadrie. The three British officers in the service of the Turkish army are Colonel Borthwick (Mahir Bey), Captain Prime (Moad Effendi), and the Hon. Captain Drummond (Tahir Effendi). These gentlemen are all on the staff, and belong to the Turkish regular army on the Danube. The last-named officer is a nephew of Admiral Drummond of the British Navy. The "Red Crescent" is the Turkish branch of the Red Cross Society. As the Turks pointed out at the beginning of the war, a Mohammedan army could hardly work under a Christian symbol, so by a special agreement with the Geneva Convention they were allowed to substitute a "crescent" for the "cross" on their hospital flag. The sketch represents a doctor, his assistant, and the chair and stretchers used on the field. "Sharpening a Sword Bayonet" needs no description, neither does "Coffee in Camp," which represents some soldiers concocting what our artist terms, one of the "little extras of the army," namely, the cup of coffee so dear to an Ottoman, and which is not included in the regular rations of the troops.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE CZAR'S TEA KITCHEN

As the "little extra" above mentioned is to the Turk, so is tea to the Russian, and our sketch depicts the Royal tea kitchen at Biela, the Czar's headquarters, especially adopted for the preparation of that indispensable Muscovite beverage, which with a slice of lemon, and perhaps the slightest possible dash of rum, is one of the most refreshing tonics imaginable to a wearied traveller.

CORRESPONDENTS AND THE WAR

A SPECIAL article referring to these gentlemen will be found on page 178, but we may mention that our sketch of the official reception of the correspondents shows in what estimation they were held by the authorities. The illustration depicts a regular *levée* of all the correspondents attached to the Turkish headquarters, held at Shumla by Mehemet Ali Pasha, the Ottoman Commander-in-Chief. Some of these gentlemen are depicted in the special portraits, but we subjoin a list of those present, beginning at the reader's right hand:—Herr Sanger (*Cologne Gazette*), Herr Mayers (*Neue Frei Presse*), Herr Winter (*Vienna Tagblatt*), M. Bukovics (*Frankfürter Zeitung*), M. Camille Barrère (*République Française* and *Manchester Guardian*), Mr. Jourdan (*Daily Telegraph*), M. Jacquot (*Journal des Débats*), M. J. Ananian (Artist of *The Graphic*), Mr. H. Suter (*Daily Telegraph*), Mr. Dymond (*Morning Advertiser*), Herr Lukotch (*Hungarian Gazette*), Mr. Melton Prior (Artist of the *Illustrated News*), Mr. Hanly (*Stamboul*), Mr. Fitzgerald (*Stamboul*). Sitting on the left of Mehemet Ali Pasha, on the divan, is Namyk Pasha.—Our engravings are from photographs by Messrs. Elliot and Fry, 55, Baker Street, A. D. Reiser, of Bucharest, F. Duschek, of Bucharest, and George Friedrich Monck, of Vienna.

WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA—EVACUATION OF THE GEORGIAN COAST

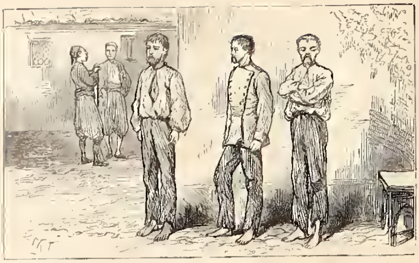
WHEN the war broke out, the Turks, inspired by a sudden fit of energy, determined upon an invasion of Russian Trans-Caucasia, and if possible to rekindle the fires of revolution which have never yet been completely extinguished amongst the unruly mountaineers of Circassia, Georgia, and Abkhasia. The success of the expedition was complete. Soukhoum Kaleh was taken, and troops and 5,000 Circassians were disembarked to aid the mountaineers, who showed every disposition to rise; while on the Georgian coast a large force was landed at Tchomchim. Owing, however, to the energetic steps adopted by the Russians, the revolution was suppressed, and, withdrawing their troops from Armenia, the latter eventually began to press rather closely upon the Turkish troops. An attack on Soukhoum, however, owing to the aid of the Turkish fleet, was repulsed, the Russians losing 4,000 men; but the Russians, being shortly reinforced, set to work to invest Tchomchira, which after some time the Turks determined to abandon, particularly as in a few weeks the anchorage would no longer be safe for the fleet. Thus, on the 30th ult., Hobart Pasha proceeded with five vessels—his flagship, the *Mahmoudieh*, the *Avni Illah*, the *Shapher*, the *Arsari-Tefyk*, and the *Arsari-Shefket*—from Soukhoum to Tchamchira to re-embark the troops from the Georgian coast. To keep the Russians investing the place from interfering, the *Arsari-Shefket* was stationed opposite their camp so as to pour upon them masses of grape-shot and shell, should any signs of action appear. The Russians, however, kept perfectly quiet, and with the aid of every boat in the fleet working day and night the whole of the troops were brought on board in safety, and the little fleet set sail for Soukhoum Kaleh. "Hobart Pasha," writes the correspondent of *The Times*, "was indefatigable in his exertions, passing about from place to place, stirring up the lazy and encouraging the diligent, and to his foresight and care in a great measure it is due that the affair was successfully carried out."

WITH THE TURKS—THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA

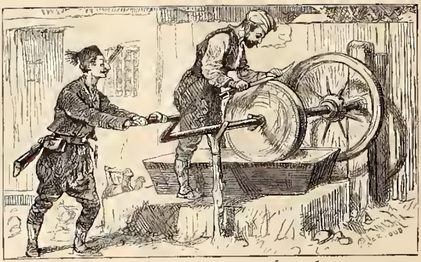
LAST week we gave a full account of this battle, together with sketches of the action from our artist with the Russians; and here we have a sketch from the Turkish side—an attack on one of the entrenchments on the east of Plevna by the Russians—which only the more completely demonstrates their suicidal folly of charging *en masse* with the bayonet strongly fortified positions armed with the best breech-loading artillery of modern times. Our artist writes:—"The effect produced by the bayonet charge, when seen from a distance, was that of a long undulating ribbon, with sparkling flashes caused by the light gleaming on the steel, the whole enveloped in a great cloud of dust. The attack was most furious, the Russians, continually emerging in column, left behind them on each retreat large heaps of slain, the Turkish guns naturally doing immense execution upon such dense masses of men; but nevertheless the Russians at one time succeeded in nearing the entrenchments, when they were repulsed at the point of the bayonet. At other points the fighting, though severe, was less furious. Adil Pasha had his sabre broken by a ball."

THE GRANVILLE MARINA, RAMSGATE

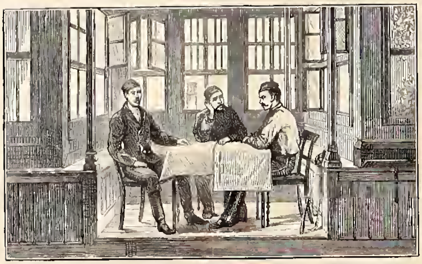
This magnificent promenade and carriage drive has been constructed for the purpose of affording a more direct means of communication between the Upper East Cliff and the railway station on the sands below. The idea originated with the proprietor, Mr. Edmund F. Davis, who, with the assistance of Mr. T. J. Wimperis, the architect, has succeeded in giving to Ramsgate



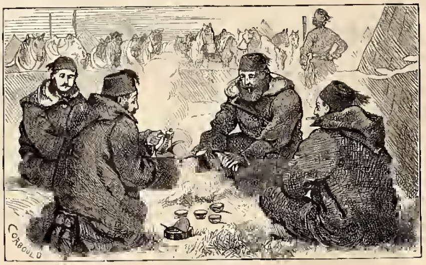
WITH THE TURKS—THREE RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR AT RASGRAD



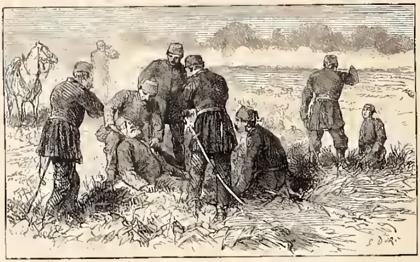
WITH THE TURKS—SHARPENING A SWORD BAYONET



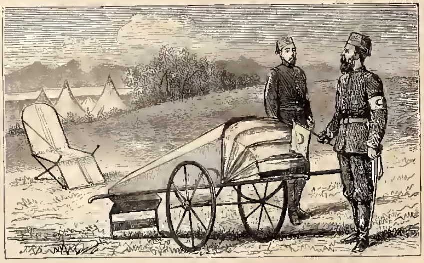
WITH THE TURKS—ENGLISH OFFICERS OF THE TURKISH ARMY AT SHUMLA: COL. BORTHWICK, CAPT. PRIME, AND THE HON. CAPT. DRUMMOND



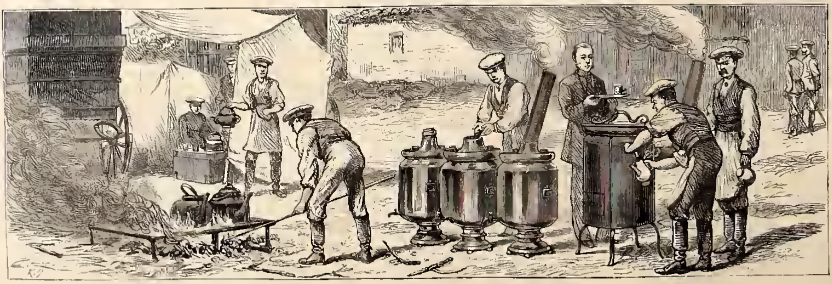
WITH THE TURKS—COFFEE IN CAMP



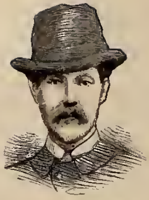
WITH THE TURKS—DEATH OF AZIZ PASHA DURING A SKIRMISH NEAR HUSENDJÉ



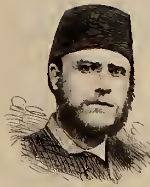
WITH THE TURKS—A DOCTOR AND FIELD EQUIPAGE OF THE "RED CRESCENT"



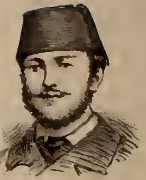
WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE CZAR'S TEA KITCHEN AT BIELA



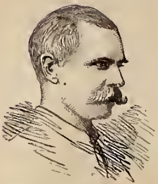
MR. WENTWORTH HUYSHE
New York Herald (With the Turks)



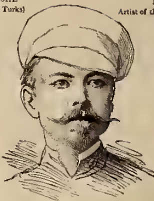
MR. MELTON PRIOR
Artist of the *Illustrated News* (With the Turks)



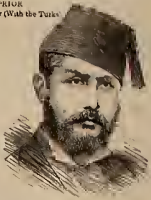
MR. JOURDAN
Daily Telegraph (With the Turks)



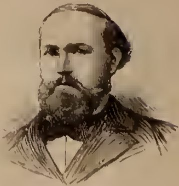
MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES
Daily News (With the Russians)



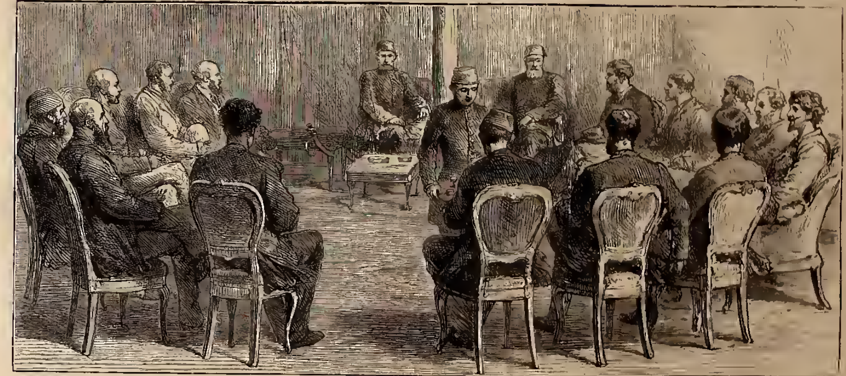
MR. F. VILLIERS
Artist of *The Graphic* (With the Russians)



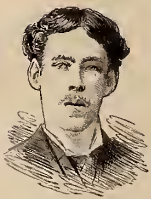
MR. J. ANANIAN
Artist of *The Graphic* (With the Turks)



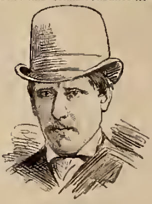
MR. J. A. MACGAHAN
Daily News (With the Russians)



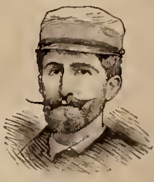
RECEPTION OF ARTISTS AND CORRESPONDENTS AT SHUMLA BY MEHEMET ALI PASHA, THE TURKISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF



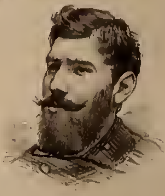
MR. SUTER
Daily Telegraph (With the Turks)



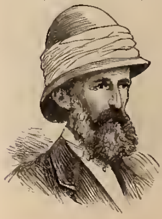
MR. CONINGSBY
Times (With the Turks)



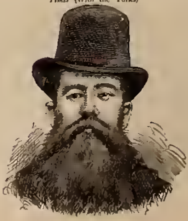
MR. CAMILLE BARRÈRE
Manchester Guardian and *Rep. Francaise* (With the Turks)



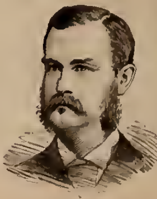
HERR WINTER
Vienna *Tagblatt* (With the Turks)



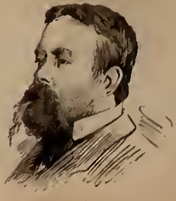
MR. HENRY DYMOND
Morning Advertiser (With the Turks)



MR. JAMES DOW
Sheffield Daily Telegraph (With the Turks)



LIEUT.-COL. BRACKENBURY
Times (With the Russians)



MR. W. KINGSTON
Daily Telegraph (With the Turk

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AND THE WAR

a novel and most delightful attraction. The main object was, of course, the zig-zag roadway cut out of the cliff, but with this was incorporated a scheme for its embellishment which has been most successfully carried out. The erewhile dreary-looking cliff has been transformed into a charming garden, and along the perpendicular rock excavations have been made and fitted up in the quaint Old English style of architecture with shops, restaurants, &c., and there are a number of cleverly-contrived subways and flights of steps, which serve as short cuts from one part of the cliff to another. At the "elbow" of the winding roadway stands the "Etablissement," which is to be devoted to musical and other attractive entertainments. This building is in the same style as the shops, and is constructed of red brick with white stone carvings. The entrance has a noble façade, above which is a large circular window containing the Granville arms; and windows of stained glass, with allegorical symbols of Music and the sister arts. The hall is fifty feet wide and more than 100 feet in length. It is tastefully decorated in colour and gold, and lighted by an ornamental skylight and side windows of tinted glass, and the recesses around the walls are arranged as an aquarium and winter garden. Some idea of the enormous difficulties which had to be surmounted, and were actually overcome in the short space of three months, may be gathered from the following facts and figures. In penetrating to a depth of twenty-five to thirty feet, and excavating the chalk in which the buildings were to be erected, it was found necessary to support the archways by powerful spans of solid masonry and brickwork, for during the operations, in consequence of the friable nature of the material, the superincumbent chalk repeatedly fell in, crumbling down in huge masses; and thus the enormous quantity of 80,000 tons had to be removed. The materials used in the work included 2,500,000 bricks, 15,000 cubic feet of timber, 50,000 superficial feet of boarding, 1,000 cubic feet of stone; 1,200 loads of sand, 300 of flints, 200 of gravel, 450 tons of cement, 300 of lime, and four of nails, 130,000 tiles, 8,000 superficial feet of glass, 78 tons of ironwork, and more than 7,000 feet of iron piping. It only remains for us to say that the Granville Marina was opened on the 5th of July by the Lord Mayor of London, and to recommend any who may be yet lingering in London, undecided as to which way to turn their footsteps, to pay a visit to Ramsgate, if only to see for themselves how greatly the beauty of the place has been enhanced by the construction of the Granville Marina.

"LUTHER BEFORE CARDINAL CAJETAN,"
"THE FOUR SEASONS,"
AND
"AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT"

See page 182.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT COWES

During the regatta week, His Royal Highness amused himself in various ways, sometimes yachting, and at others visiting the ironclads and other vessels lying in the roads. On the Saturday, he went on board the *Thunderer*, and stayed while some torpedo practice was gone through. Each torpedo was charged with 100 lbs. of gunpowder, and the explosions were so severe that the shocks were felt by nearly every vessel in the roadstead. Our second sketch represents the finish of the Yacht Race for the Queen's Cup (value 100 guineas), open to all vessels belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron. There were eight entries, and after a smart contest the Prince of Wales's schooner yacht *Hildegarde* proved the victor, the *Vol-au-Vent* and *Ayacanora* coming in second and third. As the winning yacht passed the *Lord Warden*, the *Victoria* and *Albert*, and the *Osborne*, she was loudly cheered by the blue-jackets on board those vessels, who had been critically watching the management of the competing craft.—Our engravings are from sketches kindly sent to us by Lieutenant W. P. Haynes, of H.M.S. *Osborne*.

THE TROOPS AT MALTA

The troopships *Euphrates* and *Crocodile* arrived at Malta on the 5th and 6th inst. respectively, and by the reinforcements they brought the garrison of the island has now been raised from five to about eight thousand men. "The troops," writes our artist, "were engaged all Sunday and Monday in disembarking and steaming to their various destinations about Malta. To make room for them the artillery had to suffer some inconvenience, and had to turn out of the various quarters and forts they occupied, and go into others smaller and more detached, since the quarters and barracks are not sufficient for the sudden influx of so large a force. The new arrivals appeared in very good health and spirits, and Malta presented a most lively and brilliant appearance on the occasion, the harbour being filled with hundreds of bright-coloured gondola-like boats, while flags were flying everywhere, for it happened also to be a Saint's day. The two troopships lay like huge leviathans across the grand harbour, the newly arrived troops steamed off in huge barges drawn by tugs and launches to their various headquarters.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Major P. H. Harcourt, R.A.

CELEBRATING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S BIRTHDAY
AND
THE CHINESE AMBASSADORS AT CHATHAM

See page 188.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The Home Rulers have stood well to the front during the past week. On Saturday there was a large gathering at Glasgow. A procession with bands and banners marched from the Green to the village of Cathcart. Amongst the speeches delivered was one by Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., who said that the assembly was such as might have gathered round O'Connell on the Hill of Tara. Mr. O'Donnell also spoke at another meeting held in the City Hall, Glasgow. He declared that so long as the Irish nation was denied the right of doing its own business, so long would Irish members have a shy at British legislation. "If Scotland was content to be the house-dog of Great Britain, the wolfdogs of Ireland would not barter their freedom for all the pock-puddings that could come from the Sassenach."—Messrs. Parnell and Biggar had an enthusiastic reception at the Dublin Rotunda on Tuesday. Great care was taken that none but friends should be admitted, strong barricades being erected on the platform, and the doorways and passages being guarded by a "committee" of young men armed with formidable shillelaghs which they were no wise loth to use. A resolution expressing approval of the obstructive policy in Parliament was moved by the editor of the *Nation*, and carried amid acclamation, and a vote of thanks was accorded to those Irish representatives who, "in honourable contrast to the tame and spiritless conduct of the mass of the Home Rule members, had supported Messrs. Biggar and Parnell."—On Friday last Mr. Butt, M.P., received a deputation of London Irishmen at his residence. He told them that he would neither lead, nor have anything to do with, the obstructive policy. He explained that he had been prevented by illness from doing many things during the past Session which he should otherwise have attempted, but the Whig party were gradually learning that they could not hope to get into power again without their assistance; and therefore those who were trying to break up the Home Rule party would have a great responsibility to answer for.—The Westminster Home Rule Union after much discussion has passed a resolution to the effect that it "does not feel called upon to express any opinion on the merits of the controversy at present unfortunately agitating the Home Rule party in Parliament."—Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, and O'Connor Power have it seems been "interviewed" by a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, whose letter, dated July 20, is copied into the *Morning Advertiser*. Mr. Parnell is reported to have said that if two men could do so much, twenty would be able to make "all business absolutely impossible," and then Parliament would be compelled to yield and offer a compromise. Mr. Biggar, it seems, thinks the present House of Commons "a thorough and admitted sham." The interviewer thinks that Messrs. Biggar and Parnell are certain to be well supported at the next general election, and remarks that with a body of twenty or thirty determined obstructives the English Parliament will indeed present a spectacle to make angels weep.—Mr. Gladstone has been entertaining more visitors at Hawarden. On Saturday some 4,000 excursionists from Salford and Over Darwen were admitted to the grounds, and the ex-Premier made a speech in which he touched on the Eastern Question, saying that it was needful to keep a vigilant watch on the Government lest they should yet betray the country into war on behalf of the most abominable Government in Europe. On Monday he had an audience of some 2,000 from different parts of Lancashire, and these were treated to a long harangue on a medley of subjects from the County Franchise to the beauties of Windermere, and from British interests in the East to the qualities of a good walking-stick.—Somebody has been writing to Mr. Gladstone begging him to let his voice be heard on the atrocities charged to the Russians as he had formerly done with respect to those alleged against the Turks. His reply is that we should first ascertain whether the events have really occurred, and, secondly, who were the doers. "The shameless, wholesale lying of the Turkish Government deprives its allegations of all claim to value. There is, however, I think, evidence enough of many cruel and horrible deeds. I myself should be most thankful to any one who would give me the means of judging whether they were due to Russians or to Bulgarians."

The British Association at Plymouth.——On Thursday last week some exceedingly interesting papers were read in the Geological Section, and in the Economical Section a discussion took place on the question of over-population. On Friday Mr. Francis Galton's address in the Anthropological department excited much interest; as did also Sir William Thompson's statement in the Physical Science Section in support of his old theory of the possibility of life having been originally brought to this earth by a stray meteoric stone. Saturday was spent in excursions, some of the members going down to the Hamoaze to witness gunnery and torpedo practice, others travelling to Dartmoor and Lee Moor, and a third party visiting Exeter, where after inspecting the Cathedral, they lunched with the Mayor and heard speeches from the Bishop Temple and Sir Stafford Northcote, the former dwelling on the need of intercommunication between the clergy and men of science, and the latter praising the Association as a practical as well as a theoretical institution. On Monday work was again resumed, Mr. Bramwell propounding a scheme for supplying London with water by means of artesian wells sunk into the chalk, Commander Cameron and Dr. Mango discoursing on Central Africa in the Geographical Section, and Professor Gladstone reading a paper to the Chemical Section. On Tuesday the session of Mechanical Section was surprised by the announcement that the authorities of the Trinity House had resolved to demolish the Eddystone Lighthouse and to build a new one upon a more secure part of the reef. The Telephone was exhibited by its inventor, Professor Bell, who gave a history of its "evolution." The illustrations of its power included speaking, singing, and organ playing, which were audible from a building a quarter of a mile distant. The honour of the discovery in England was, however, claimed by Mr. F. H. Varley, on behalf of his brother, Mr. Cromwell Varley. The meetings were brought to a close on Wednesday, when only two sections were opened. In the Mechanical the chief thing was a paper by Mr. Loftus Perkins, descriptive of an inexplodable boiler which he had invented; whilst in Economic Science Mr. Lawson Tait dealt with the question of hospital mortality, contending that the death-rate diminished with the size of the building. At the concluding meeting it was announced that grants to the amount of 1,081*l.* were made for original scientific researches. Next year the meeting will be held in Dublin, under the supervision of Mr. William Spottiswoode, the President-elect.

The Indian Famine.——Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales have each sent contributions of 500*l.* to the Lord Mayor of London for the Indian Famine Fund, which on Wednesday amounted to over 24,000*l.* The Princess of Wales has contributed 100*l.*, and Lord Derby 200*l.* At a meeting held at Manchester on Tuesday a resolution was passed declaring it to be the duty of the Government to organise, at the cost, if necessary, of the National Exchequer, adequate measures of relief.

Miscellaneous.——The Welsh Eistedfodd at Carnarvon commenced on Tuesday with a Bardic meeting in the Castle, the chief feature in the programme being a choral competition for a prize of 100 guineas, which was won by the Carnarvon Choral Union. Other prizes were given for vocal, instrumental, and literary ability.—A whole box full of Colorado beetles, some alive and some dead, have come to hand at Glasgow, having been sent thither per post from America. The lid of the box was perforated, and it is supposed that the specimens discovered last week on the railway between Plymouth and Bristol escaped from this very box.—Heavy storms and most destructive floods are reported from Scotland and the north of England. The crops have suffered immense damage, and whole droves of cattle and sheep have been carried away by the swollen rivers. Railway communications have been seriously interrupted. The herring fishery has been much hindered in consequence of the rough weather, and a number of boats are missing. Several fatalities are recorded at Fraserburgh, two persons were washed off the pier and killed. At Auchmity in Fifeshire a woman died from excitement caused by the flood, and on the Leven a little girl was carried away and drowned in the presence of hundreds of people, who could give no aid.—On Saturday a waterspout broke over Wrockwardine Wood, near Salop.

THEATRES

Some curious philosopher has discovered that, though the turmoil and the traffic of London streets never entirely cease, there is a moment—somewhere, we believe, between two and half-past two A.M.—when the mingled sounds which make up the roar of our great thoroughfares subside into so soft a murmur that the unpractised ear might at only a short distance mistake it for perfect silence. In like manner there is a time in the theatrical year when managerial enterprise in London is so nearly at a stand-still that the country visitor is under the impression that there is at our playhouses nothing to be seen. Of course, this is an exaggerated view of the case; for as there is always a certain number of persons remaining in town who will go to the theatre no matter what the state of the weather, so there are always managers who have a sufficient eye to business to provide for their wants. The problem in the summer months is simply how to secure an exceptional share of this patronage, which, though probably not enough to fill one-third of our theatres, is still very important, to close doors absolutely being, even to the manager who takes his ordinary troupe into the country, an unpleasant alternative, since rent and many salaries must be paid all the year round. As a rule it may be said that every manager keeps open as long as he can. In other words every manager—if we except Mrs. Bancroft and her company at the Prince of Wales's, who ordinarily take a holiday in the autumn—hopes to be the fortunate one whose programme will draw audiences when the thermometer ranges high; generally, indeed, nothing but actual experiment will convince him that he is not in that happy category. So it is that by degrees the area of competition is restricted until we come to that point when theatrical enterprise—though at its lowest point—is still alive, and here and there even flourishing.

We are now from the theatrical managers' point of view precisely at that deadest of weeks in the dead season when, at least on the Western side of Temple Bar, the greater number of our theatres are given over to dust and silence. One by one they have dropped away. Even the Gaiety, which has long enjoyed the proud distinction of being always open, has been known to close in August. It is related of Mr. Hollingshead that, being discovered one sultry summer evening standing on the steps of that popular establishment in an attitude expressive of leisurely though vigilant expectation, it was observed by a friend that he might be compared to "some fierce creature waiting for his prey;" to which Mr. Hollingshead replied that that might be, "but unfortunately there was no prey." This was, however, in the early days before that reputation had been won which secures both to the Gaiety evening entertainments and the Gaiety Saturday *matinées* a never-failing supply of patronage. At this moment the Gaiety, where *The Bohemian Gy'url* and the comedy of *Weak Woman*, in which Miss Farren, Mr. Terry, Miss Vaughan, and Mr. Royce afford so much amusement, are performing, is perhaps the only theatre which really fills. Even the Strand, which is a most popular house—and it may be added so small a house that half an ordinary audience will fill it—is shut for a short time. Besides these we have among the closed the Folly (late the Charing Cross), the Court Theatre, Drury Lane, the Duke's Theatre (late the Holborn), the Lyceum, the Olympic, the Opera Comique, the Prince of Wales's, the Princess's, the Queen's, the Royalty, and some houses less important. On the other hand, the Vaudeville is still able to attract with *Our Boys*, although now getting on for its thousandth representation, and notwithstanding the fact that Messrs. James and Thorne have resigned their parts to other hands in order to enjoy a short and well-earned holiday. There is also the Criterion, at which house *Pink Dominos* retains some of its popularity. The Globe is also open with Mr. Paul Meritt's *Stolen Kisses* and Mr. Reece's burlesque of *The Lyons Mail*—neither, it must be confessed, a very strong piece. At the Adelphi the pretty pantomime performed by children may be regarded as atoning in some degree for the lack of interest in the new melodrama entitled *The Golden Plough.* The Haymarket is under what is known as a summer management, but little that is favourable can be said for the American comedy of *Brass*, in which the author, Mr. Rowe, is nevertheless appearing nightly. At the Aquarium Theatre Miss Virginia Blackwood and her company from Camden Town are performing *Little Nelly*. These are the principal houses open—some we fear with but slight encouragement. But we must not forget the Alhambra, where a ballet entitled *Yolande* was produced on Saturday evening, which is remarkable for prettiness of music and bright and novel effects in the way of costumes and other accessories prepared under the direction of Mr. Alfred Thompson.

Meanwhile notes of preparation for the autumn season are many and important. Mr. Wilkie Collins has converted his singular romance, "The Moonstone," into a play, with some alterations in the story. It will be brought out about the middle of the present month at the Olympic, with Mr. Henry Neville in a leading character.—Drury Lane will reopen on the 22nd of September with Mr. W. G. Wills's "grand historical and spectacular dramatic romance in four acts," entitled *England in the Days of Charles the Second.* Mr. Wills has followed the example of the late Mr. Halliday in taking one of Sir Walter Scott's novels for his subject, this being a dramatisation of "Peveril of the Peak."—The Lyceum will reopen for a short season on Wednesday next, not, however, with Mr. Irving's name in the bill, but Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) will then reappear in the new drama founded on Mr. Wilkie Collins' early novel, *The Dead Secret.* Miss Bateman will sustain the character of Sarah Leeson. The adaptation, though not made by Mr. Collins, has the sanction of that gentleman. Mrs. Bateman deserves at least credit for having set a good example to the less scrupulous, who, taking advantage of the unjustly defective state of the law, are apt to deal with the novelist's labours in a less ceremonious fashion.—After a fortnight's recess the Princess's is to reopen on the 10th of September, cleaned and handsomely redecorated—not, it may be observed, before these improvements in the aspect of the auditorium were needed. The new manager is Mr. Walter Gooch, for whom Mr. Byron has written a new play described as "of melodramatic interest," in four acts. Its title is *Guinea Gold; or, Lights and Shadows of London Life.* There is, perhaps, no dramatic venture more promising than the production of melodrama, provided that the piece be skilfully written, and not wanting in pathetic interest of a domestic kind. The Adelphi used to enjoy a reputation for dramas of this description, but its melodramatic renown is now at a somewhat low ebb. If Mr. Gooch can entertain the public in this way prosperity is pretty certain, for it cannot be said that we have at present any theatre in which this popular branch of the dramatist's art is cultivated with due care.

New Music

W. CZERNY.——Most of our youthful readers are well acquainted with "Czerny's 101 Studies for the Pianoforte" (first series), and, although they may have acquired this knowledge with many tears and through much tribulation, their task being accomplished they will welcome the second series as valuable aids to the study of the pianoforte for advanced pupils. The explanation of the various titles given by ancient composers to quaint old dances, for example, "The Pavane," "The Chaconne," "The Parsecaille," "The Sarabande," and others, will be found most useful to adult as well as youthful students, many of whom play these ancient compositions, and their modern imitations, without giving a thought to the origin of their names.—A dreamy, graceful, pianoforte piece is "Berceuse," by H. Ketten, one which should be learnt by heart and not forgotten.

MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.——Excellent holiday work will be found for instrumental students in a trio (A major) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by W. M. Balfe. The study of concerted music in the home circle is daily becoming more general, and is highly to be commended as a pleasant means whereby to pass away the long winter evenings.—A dramatic narrative of no inconsiderable merit is "Der Reiter und der Bodensee" (The Horseman and the Bodensee), a poem, by G. Schwab, which has been cleverly set to music by Algernon Acton for a baritone singer; although somewhat lengthy the interest is well kept up.

MESSRS. ASHDOWNE AND PARRY.——From hence come three fairly good baritone songs; music by Frank Moir. For "The Archer of Old" and "Ah Me!" the composer has supplied the words, whilst the very illegal but spirited poetry of "A Forest Life for Me" is by F. R. Goodyear.

MESSRS. NACHTHEIM AND COLMAN, BRUSSELS.——Three songs from a clever but evidently inexperienced hand give promise of future excellence on the part of the youthful composer, Jessica M. O'Brien. The tender words of "Adieu!" are by Alfred de Musset; the poetry of "La Veillée du Nègre," by Madame de Valmore; and that of "La Feuille Flétrie" by the musical composer herself.

MESSRS. C. E. GLOVER AND CO.——Of two tenor songs by H. A. Selwey, "Sleep on and Dream of Heaven," words by R. E. S., is preferable to the tame setting of Byron's "Maid of Athens."

MESSRS. J. R. LAFLEUR AND SONS.——Nos. 4, 5, 6, of "Original Recreations for the Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniments," arranged by J. Halberstadt, are "Lamentation," "Grande Marche Pompeuse," and a "Tempo di Minuetto," all three of which are excellent in their way.

MISCELLANEOUS.——"A Nutshell Novel" is the title of a song composed by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, words from "The Boudoir Ballads," by J. Ashby Sterry (Samuel Brewer).—There are times and seasons when a serio-comic song is welcome as a change from classical and scientific compositions; on such occasions "Biddy Malone," an Irish ballad, written and composed by W. C. Russell, will give general satisfaction (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.).—A pleasing ballad of medium compass is "The Roses Weep," written and composed by E. C. Essex (Messrs. Hodge and Essex).—Without doubt W. A. B. Lunn has spent much time and labour upon his hobby, "The Sequential System of Musical Notation," both before and since the first appearance of his treatise thereon in 1853, but after a very close examination of and with all deference to his theory, we cannot as yet discover any really good practical result which will follow its adoption (E. W. Allen).

SPORTING

THE TURF.——York is always an important Turf fixture, both in itself and from the fact that at it something of importance in reference to the great race at Doncaster next month generally transpires. Hence not a few of the leading patrons of the sport leave their shooting boxes, their yachts, or their sea-side quarters, and betake themselves for a few days to the old Royal city during the third week in August. The weather for the greater part of the meeting was by no means propitious to the proceedings on the Knavesmire, the rain at intervals coming down in torrents. The racing, though perhaps not quite up to the standard of some previous anniversaries, was certainly good, though by no means in favour of backers. For instance, in the first race of importance, the Yorkshire Oaks, both Muscatel, the favourite, and Helena, next in demand to her, succumbed to Lord Falmouth's Lady Golightly. This beautiful filly did not impress judges very favourably at Goodwood, but she is evidently fast improving, and not unlikely before long to recover her two-year-old form, which was about the best of the year. Last week she was completely knocked out of the St. Leger market, but was backed at 25 to 1 after her win in the Yorkshire Oaks. It is not improbable she will see a much shorter price; and it is "on the cards" that, like Mr. Merry a few years ago with Doncaster and Marie Stewart, Lord Falmouth may gain the first and second places with Silvio and Lady Golightly. His lordship was in a winning vein on the Tuesday, for he also took the Lonsdale Plate with Kitty Sprightly, and divided the Convivial Stakes with Redwing, Mr. Cartwright's "dark" filly Fair Lyonese being the other dead-heater. The Biennial was won by Strathmore, as might have been expected, while the Prince of Orange, owned by that Turf veteran Mr. Bowes, whose marriage a few days ago created quite a sensation among Turfites, had to yield to Queen Mary in the Produce Stakes. The Duke of Westminster, on whose Turf ventures fortune does not seem to smile as yet, made a score with Strathfleet in the Filly Sapling Stakes; Sunray took the Ebor St. Leger for Mr. Houldsworth, the first favourite, Sugar Loaf, failing to get a place; and Victoire, with 2 to 1 on him, secured the Londesborough Cup. The chief handicap of the meeting, the Great Ebor, only produced ten starters, many owners doubtless being frightened by the formidable appearance of Hampton, who seemed handicapped rather on the Goodwood Stakes defeat than his subsequent Cup victory. Of course Hampton started first favourite, but not nearly so hot a one as was expected, his starting price being about 9 to 4, whereas previously he had been backed at evens. He had little to do with the race itself, being pulled up when it was seen he had no chance. The issue rested with Il Gladiatore and Mrs. Pond, representing North and South, and the former won, after a most exciting finish, by a neck. But perhaps too much reliance must not be placed on the return, as the saddling was performed and the race run in a terrific downpour of rain, which reminded many of Blair Athol's Leger day. The form of many horses is modified under such circumstances.

CRICKET.——There are several interesting items of inter-county cricket. At the Oval on Saturday the game between Kent and Surrey (return) unfortunately had to be drawn when matters looked pretty even, Surrey having got 105 out of 222 runs required to win, with the loss of only four wickets. Kent scored 317 in her first innings, of which Mr. F. Penn, who has been in splendid batting form lately, made 148 (not out). Surrey responded with 264, of which Mr. Shuter was credited with 88 and Jupp with 91 (not out). This innings was a very remarkable one, as Jupp went in first on the Thursday, and was six hours at the wickets. A more cautious, almost obstinate, innings was perhaps never seen. The Surrey Club rewarded him with a present of 3*l.*—Gloucestershire had no great difficulty in beating Yorkshire in the return match at Clifton, winning by nine wickets. Midwinter, the Australian cricketer, played for Gloucestershire (his native county, we believe), and scored 68 in his first innings. In the second innings of Gloucestershire, Dr. E. M. Grace and F. G. Grace "brought down the house" by scoring 53 and 43 respectively, and bringing their bats out.—Nottinghamshire seems falling from her high estate, having got considerably the worst of a drawn match with Middlesex at the Old Trent Bridge Ground. Middlesex made the particularly round total of 400; and curiously enough two of her batsmen, A. J. Webbe and the Hon. A. Lyttelton, made exactly 100 each. Those who hold that Mr. Webbe is really one of the best bats of the day must be pleased with his performance, for there is no gainsaying the fact that he has been one of the most unlucky of our first-class batsmen. Nottinghamshire could only make 192, and afterwards 198, with one wicket standing.—Sussex and Lancashire have played their return match at Brighton, the Northerners winning in a single innings with forty runs to spare. Unfortunately Mr. Cotterill did not play for Sussex.—A draw has averted defeat from Derbyshire in a match with Yorkshire, the latter scoring 278 in the first innings against 74 and 220 of the former.

AQUATICS.——After a long correspondence as to articles, a match between Boyd and Higgins for the Championship may now be taken as settled.

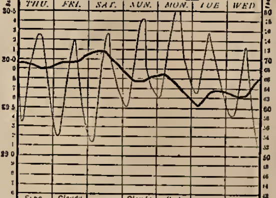
POLO.——This capital game flourishes in Ireland. On Tuesday two matches were played on the Nine Acres, Phœnix Park, Dublin; the 7th Hussars beating the Castlecomer Club, and the County Carlow Club the 7th Fusiliers.

SWIMMING.——The Channel has again been "done"—this time by "Professor" Cavill. He failed in his attempt last year, but on this occasion he managed himself with more judgment, and made better calculations as regards the tides. He started on Monday at a quarter to 4 p.m. from Cape Grisnez, and in about twelve hours completed his task, apparently without being very much distressed. The probability is we shall now have some "lady" determined to rival the deeds of Captain Webb and Cavill.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUGUST 16TH TO AUGUST 22ND (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——Although the weather in London has been moderately fine on the whole during this period, it has been far otherwise in the more northern parts of the kingdom. The centres of several depressions have crossed our islands in a north-easterly direction, and while south-westerly winds, showery weather, and thunder have been experienced over our midland and southern counties, strong easterly and north-easterly winds have been felt in the north, accompanied by torrents of rain and very cold weather. London escaped in a very singular manner the storms and rain which were felt even in most of the southern parts of England; but on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, the 21st and 22nd, very heavy showers fell, so that in all more than six tenths of an inch were collected by 8 a.m. on Wednesday, the 22nd, and a few hundredths more during the same day. Later in the day, however, the wind drew round to the northward of west, the sky cleared, and temperature fell fast. The barometer was highest (30·08 inches) on Saturday, the 18th instant; lowest (29·54 inches) on Tuesday, the 21st instant; range, 0·54 inch. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (81°) on Monday, the 20th instant; lowest (51°) on Wednesday, the 22nd instant; range, 30°. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·68 inch, all of which fell on Wednesday, the 22nd instant. There was a heavy local shower in the west of London early on Tuesday morning, the 21st instant, but it was not experienced in the south where our rain gauge is placed. Wednesday night last was very cold, the lowest temperature being 47°.

Scraps

PERSIA will enter the Postal Union from the 1st September.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF VAN LOON AT AMSTERDAM has been purchased by Baron Rothschild of Paris for 100,000*l.*

EVEN BIG BEN IS TAKING A HOLIDAY just now, and the Westminster clock has been stopped for repair for three weeks.

A NOVEL PRESENT has been sent to the Pope by a lady of Philadelphia. It is a teapot from Honolulu, which keeps tea warm for twenty-four hours. Unfortunately, however, the Pope is said never to drink tea.

AN EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE is being held at Copenhagen, at which we notice, amongst other subjects, that there have been discussions upon the "Necessity of Teaching Children Kindness to Animals"—a "necessity" all but wholly neglected in the ordinary educational curriculum, and one of which we should be glad to see the importance acknowledged in England.

THE DEATH OF MISS MARY CARPENTER has been deeply mourned in India, and at a meeting of Bengali ladies at Calcutta a resolution was passed expressing their grief at the event, and their deep sense of gratitude for Miss Carpenter's indefatigable exertions on behalf of Indian women. In order to perpetuate her name and work a Committee was formed for the purpose of compiling and publishing her biography in the Bengali language.

AN ALL-IMPORTANT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY has been made by Professor Henry, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who has telegraphed to M. Leverrier of Paris that two satellites of the planet Mars—now so conspicuous an object in the evening sky—have been seen by Professor Asaph Hall of the Naval Observatory, Washington, doubtless with the grand refractor of that establishment. On August 18 at 11, elongation of the first satellite, west; distance 80 sec., period 30 hours; distance of second satellite 50 sec., which are all the particulars furnished in the telegram. The mass of this planet, hitherto determinable only from theory and liable to uncertainty, will now be more definitely ascertained.

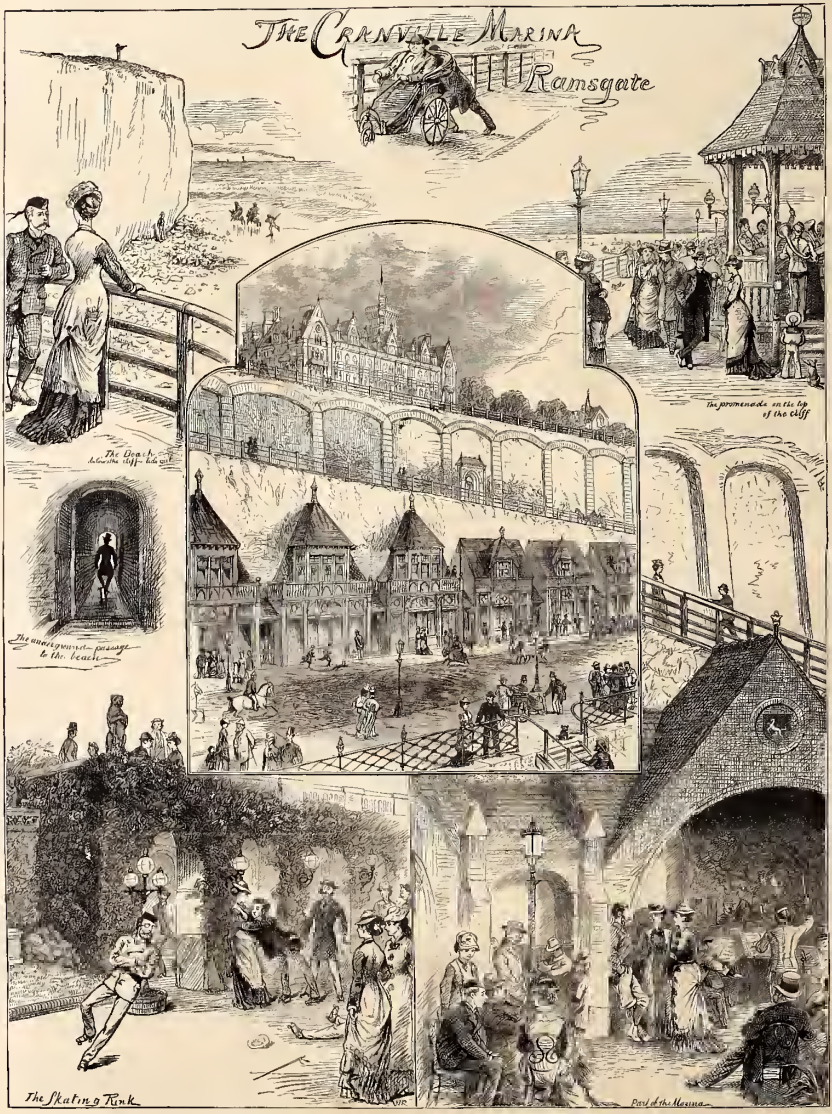
NOTWITHSTANDING THE POLITICAL CRISIS and the attack on General Berthaut the Paris *Figaro* is so hard up for news as to insert various pointless paragraphs such as the following:—"In the express train from Geneva to Paris a Frenchman finds himself in a compartment with seven Englishmen. 'One question, gentlemen,' he remarks after some hours' travelling. 'As you appear always to be on the Continent is your country so very disagreeable?' The seven Englishmen answer without a frown, 'Very!' And you find it very wearisome?' pursued the interlocutor. 'Most so,' was the answer." Have French journalists lost all their old witty inventiveness, or is this to be taken as a sample of modern Gallic humour?

LONDON MORTALITY increased this week, the deaths numbering 1,309 against 1,293 registered during the previous seven days, being still, however, below the average by 276, and at the rate of 19·3 per 1,000. Deaths from small-pox numbered 21 (an increase of 1), and there were 194 deaths from diarrhœa (an increase of 28), 49 from measles (an increase of 6), 24 from scarlet fever (a rise of 3), 12 from diphtheria (a rise of 6), and 18 from whooping-cough (a fall of 11). There were 2,611 births registered, an increase of 375, and 277 above the average. The mean temperature was 63·7 deg., or 2 deg. above the average, and the duration of sunshine in the week was 39·1 hours out of the 101·9 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

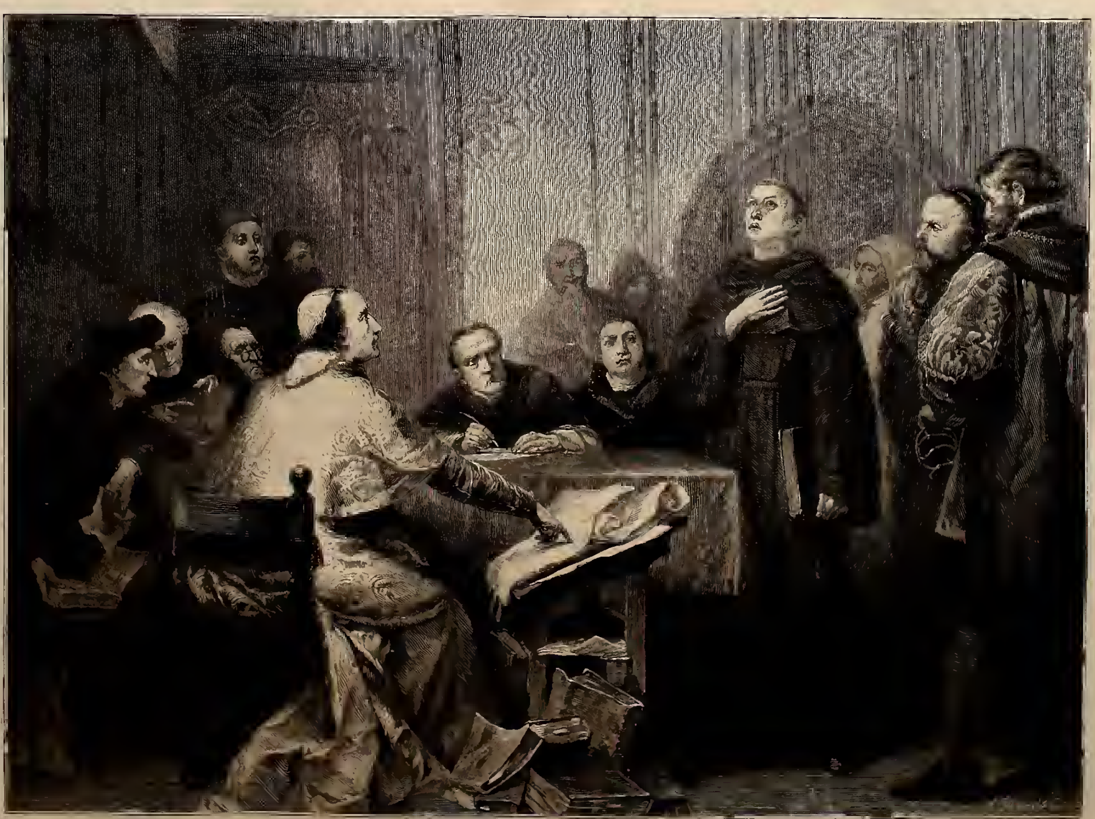
A ROMAN VILLA has been discovered at Preston, near Brighton. The remains of an old Roman house were brought to light during recent excavations for building purposes, and were found at a depth of between two and three feet from the surface. They consist principally of a quantity of mosaic pavement, several large portions of which have been preserved intact; many fragments of pottery, of good workmanship; and a number of bronze and copper coins not yet classified. A small vase of reddish colour was found unbroken. The site is within a mile or two of a well-known Roman fortified place (Hollingbury Camp), one of the circle of camps formed to guard the harbour of Portus Adurni, now known as Aldrington. Remains of a less extensive character, including cinerary urns, coins, &c., have previously been found in the district.

BOTANISTS WILL BE GLAD TO LEARN the existence of a rare flower on Hampstead Heath. The *Hampstead and Highgate Express* states that the Heath still possesses a curious flower which has not been recorded there, nor indeed anywhere else that we are aware of, for nearly three centuries. John Gerarde published at London in 1597, "The Herball, or General Historie of Plantes," and therein, speaking of betony (*stachys betonica*), he alludes to having found a white-flowered plant "in a wood at Hamsteede, near Master Wade's house." This pretty flower, now to be seen plentifully in West Heath, is universally a deep red purple. It is also interesting to notice that Gerarde must have found the white-flowered variety on land now built over, for Master Wade, or Sir William Wade, Lieutenant of the Tower and Clerk of the Council, lived in Belsize House then. Three more white-flowered plants have recently been found in the middle of West Heath by Mr. H. Epps, who forwarded one as a curiosity to the Royal Kew Gardens, which has been acknowledged with thanks by the assistant-curator, Professor W. T. Thiselton Dyer, author of "Flora of Middlesex."

GOLD SWEEPINGS FROM THE FLOOR OF THE MINT form a considerable item in the returns of that institution, but across the Atlantic the economising of the precious metal is carried on still further, and we learn from the *Philadelphia Bulletin* that the dust which has been allowed to accumulate upon the roof of the Philadelphia Mint during the past twenty-five years was collected recently, by order of Governor Pollock, for the purpose of ascertaining what proportion of metal it contained. The roof is of asphalt, and, as it softens, the dust sticks to it tenaciously. Some amount of difficulty was subsequently experienced in removing it, but finally a quantity amounting to 1,732 pounds in weight was removed. This has just been submitted to the usual assaying process, and the result shows that 42 ounces of standard gold and 96½ ounces of standard silver—a total valuation of about 170*l.*—had been conveyed in the upward flight of the smoke of the chimney to the place where it became located for a season. A similar experiment was tried a quarter of a century ago, and out of 3·80 ounces of dust an ounce of gold was extracted, which is now exhibited as a curiosity in the office of the assayer. The floors of the Mint are swept every week and the accumulation preserved, and once a year the woodwork of the refining-room and the gloves of the *employés* are burned and the precious dust obtained from them, while the residue is sold to sweep-smelters.


The Granville Marina Ramsgate
The Beach below the cliff – tide out
The underground passage to the beach
The promenade on the top of the cliff
The Skating Rink
WR
Part of the Marina

SKETCHES AT THE GRANVILLE MARINA, RAMSGATE



MARTIN LUTHER BEFORE CARDINAL CAJETAN, AUGSBURG, 1518

FROM THE PICTURE BY PROFESSOR W. LINDENSCHMIT

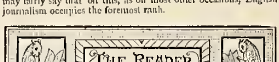
WAR CORRESPONDENTS

THE group of portraits which we are enabled to-day to present to our readers of the Special Correspondents who are now engaged in the arduous duty of collecting and transmitting intelligence from the seat of war may be said to represent the latest and most important development of newspaper enterprise. Special correspondence is really but a thing of yesterday. Middle-aged newspaper readers may well remember the time when as yet no English journal thought it worth while to exert itself energetically in the way of obtaining articles descriptive of important events from the pens of contributors specially engaged for the purpose. There was often, it is true, a spirited competition in the matter of rapid transmission of news. If there was a great political gathering, for example, at Bristol or at Liverpool, it was thought desirable at any expense to transmit the short-hand-writer's' report by means of relays of light gigs, provided if possible with faster horses than any rival journal had been able to secure. If we remember rightly "Our Own Correspondent" first appeared in the shape of "Our Special Commissioner," who, though he was pretty nearly identical in his functions, nevertheless conveyed both to the journalistic and the public mind a somewhat different idea. He was supposed to be a person of calm judgment and special knowledge, who had been retained by the newspaper he represented for the purpose of inquiring in a semi-judicial way into some matter of great public interest concerning which it had been found difficult to arrive at trustworthy conclusions. The causes, the nature, and the actual extent of the famine in Ireland consequent on the failure of the potato crop in 1846-7, the condition of the London poor and their alleged sufferings from the sudden introduction of Free Trade, are among the subjects which in this way were elaborately examined and reported upon on behalf of particular journals. Nowadays, however, "Special Commissioner" is a term almost unknown. "Our Own Correspondent" has absorbed his duties in much more comprehensive functions. Instead of being a mere casual and accidental person, he is a permanent feature—perhaps the most important of all features—of English journalism. This fact is never more apparent than during the progress of a great war like that which is now taxing all the energies and resources of the Turkish and the Russian Governments.

The War Correspondent naturally dates from the period of the Crimean War, the first great military contest in which England had been engaged since Waterloo. How deep an impression was created by the brilliant descriptive articles of Dr. Russell, whom our contemporary, *The Times*, had, with characteristic energy, engaged to accompany the expedition even from our shores, is well known. The Indian Mutiny and the Civil War in America gave a further development to this system, but it was not until the great war between France and Germany that the War Correspondent became the all-important personage which in time of war he is now universally felt to be. A writer who would draw a portrait of a typical War Correspondent after the manner of La Bruyère or Sir Thomas Overbury would have to attribute to him no inconsiderable number of qualifications. He must, in the first place, be healthy and vigorous, and capable of bearing fatigue and privation to a degree which few persons are equal to; he should be active and self-denying; he should ride well and speak languages; he should be imposing enough in appearance to inspire respect in a cut-throat Bashi-Bazouk or a marauding Cossack. It is needless to say that he should be a person of strong nerves, and not habitually over-anxious for his personal safety. Military knowledge and experience are absolutely essential, and these not only in regard to details, for he must be capable of readily understanding and appreciating the significance and importance of combined movements and of strategy in general. But all these qualities would, of course, avail nothing if he was wanting in the literary art which enables a writer to portray what he has seen effectively. Lastly, if he represents a journal like *The Graphic*, he must not only have the artist's eye for a picture, but the artistic skill necessary for taking a rapid sketch under conditions not often favourable for the exercise of his powers.

The great fact of war correspondence in these days is the transmission of letters by the electric telegraph. If we remember rightly, it was our contemporary the *Daily News* that first set the example of transmitting, not a mere brief summary, but an entire article descriptive of some great military event by means of the electric wires. The occasion was the fall of Metz, the story of which, occupying a column and a half, appeared to the surprise of the public on the very morning after the surrender. From that day newspapers, in time of a war which predominates over all other topics of interest, may be said to have lived by "the wires" alone. Long special letters from the seat of war, it is true, do make their appearance daily; but it is the great object of newspaper enterprise to outstrip the lagging post, and, with the first intimation of a good battle, to publish a full description and decisive comment on' the result. The credit of the most surprising feat in this way yet accomplished is unquestionably due to Mr. Archibald Forbes, the famous correspondent of the *Daily News*, whose brilliant description of the battle before Plevna and the disastrous retreat of the Russian army, occupying five and a quarter newspaper columns, and comprising 6,200 words, was in most part actually written in the telegraph office while the entire narrative was in the course of transmission. It must not, however be supposed that the war correspondent's duties consist only in seeing battles and writing about them. With him the great question is, "Where can I go with a reasonable hope of finding the telegraph officials disengaged, and willing to transmit a message of such an extraordinary kind?"—a question necessarily shifting as the scene of battle changes. In some instances he may get assistance from couriers; but more often he must ride himself—day and night, if necessary—to some place in neutral territory, where he hopes he will neither be harassed by official scruples about disseminating unpleasant tidings, nor impeded by the hurry and confusion which always prevail in telegraph offices in the vicinity of important military operations. Piteous descriptions of the trammels under which our newspaper correspondents with the Turkish armies are compelled to discharge their duties have recently been published. To the credit of the Russian Commanders, it should be mentioned that they have shown themselves less afraid of disagreeable truths. A striking example of this is the fact that, so far from taking offence at Mr. Forbes' terribly picturesque narrative of their sufferings and humiliations in the disastrous struggles before Plevna, it has been officially intimated by the Russian Commander-in-Chief that orders have been sent from head-quarters to all the official newspapers in Russia that, pending the issue of the formal Government report, a full translation of Mr. Forbes's telegram is to be accepted by them, and represented as substantially accurate both as regards the details and the result of the conflict. Mr. Forbes has borne full testimony to the privation and the dangers encountered by our artist, Mr. Villiers, who, as our readers are well aware, has been present with him at all these great battles. Of the fruits of Mr. Villiers's energy and talent it would not become us to speak further.

On the whole, it would seem that the business of supplying the public with early and authentic descriptions and pictures from the seat of war could hardly by possibility be carried to any higher point of development. That these improvements in the details of journalism are terribly costly may easily be inferred. The consumption of valuable horses alone is often no inconsiderable item in a war correspondent's expenses; but perhaps the chief torment of a responsible manager of a daily journal in war time is the certainty that no precautions consistent with that bold expenditure, which is the condition of ultimate success, will protect him from a considerable proportion of what may be called abortive enterprises. Postal and telegraphic disorganisation, or impediments placed in the way by military or official authorities, count for much; but to these causes must be added the uncertainty which always prevails as to the exact points of future operations. The present war in Armenia has probably entailed an expense on our papers in this way altogether out of proportion to the letters and telegrams which have appeared. It is worth noting that American journals are making but little effort in connection with the present war, which may hence be inferred to possess only a comparatively small interest for their readers. German and French journals, on the other hand, have bestirred themselves in an unusual degree; but we may fairly say that on this, as on most other occasions, English journalism occupies the foremost rank.



THE READER

UNDER the title of "The Khedive's Egypt" (S. Low and Co.), Mr. Edwin de Leon has given us a new Egyptian volume, less encyclopædic than Mr. M'Coan's recent work, but not on that account less generally readable. An ex-Consul-General for the United States, Mr. de Leon lived behind the scenes in Egypt during the rule of three successive Viceroys. He has known alike the old French generals of Mehemet Ali and the new American officers of the Khedive. He can describe Cairo as it was when the blank walls of the old Eastern houses pressed in upon the trees of the Ezbekieh, and as it is with a modern quarter all boulevards and Paris shops. He can speak from personal knowledge, amounting often to intimacy, of all the members of Mehemet Ali's able but somewhat unlucky race—of the half-savage unimproving Abbas; of M. de Lessep's patron, the frank and generous Said; of his brother Halim, the strong swimmer, who alone escaped when the railway train with its freight of princes went down into the Nile, and who vegetates now at Constantinople, with a claim to the reversion of Egypt only waiting an opportunity to be pressed; of the Khedive himself, in his days of glory and his days of debt, and of the Khedive's Ministers, from the late Mouffetich to the stern and honest Nubar. It is, in fact, this personal knowledge, spiced, as it often is, with ready anecdote and occasional glimpses of the death in the height of power which even the nineteenth century has not quite wiped out from among the possibilities of an Eastern statesman's career, and setting before us, as it always does, the leading men of modern Egypt with the distinctness of fellow guests at a *table d'hôte*, that gives much of Mr. de Leon's work its greatest charm. Of the Khedive himself, for all his extravagance, Mr. de Leon writes on the whole most favourably, though unlike Mr. M'Coan, he prefers to look upon him not as the absolute ruler but as a sovereign caught hand and foot in the net that he has twined and with "the control of finance, railway, docks, and harbours, in fact, of everything but the army, as well as the great products of the soil," passing away into foreign hands. Space forbids us to follow out the condensed but admirably lucid chapters on this great question of foreign control, of the new masters in "the old house of bondage," too much disposed just now to press hardly for the letter of their bond and to burden an exhausted country with troops of highly-paid officials—six men to do the work of one; on the future of the Canal and the true meaning of "neutralisation;" and on the mixed tribunals now in the third year of their probationary "quinquennate," through whose agency Nubar Pasha planned to introduce into Egypt the "reign of law." As little can we linger on the excellent sketch of Gordon Pasha—why will Americans describe him as the "comrade" of Ward and Burgevine?—or of the good to come in no very distant future from the annexations in the Soudan. With generous patience on the part of foreign creditors, yet no relaxation of the pressure that has already, in Mr. de Leon's eyes, broken the power of vice-regal absolutism, our author predicts a future for the country which should gladden the heart of weary bondholders, possibly even the realisation in the end of Mehemet Ali's great dream of an Arab Empire of Egypt, Syria, and the Peninsula, and that under the protection of the very Powers who in 1840 baffled the design.

Not all our readers, we suspect, know much of the subject of the memoir, "Augustin Cochin, by the Count de Falloux" (Chapman and Hall)—a neat translation of which now lies before us from the pen of Mr. Aug. Craven—nor can we confidently aver that its perusal will much increase their interest in his story. For M. Cochin was of that feeble folk the Liberal Catholics, who clustered round Montalembert, Gratry, Lacordaire, &c., and whose vibration to and fro between "the right of self-defence and the duty of submission" did but bring on them scorn from extremer Catholics like Veuillot, and suspicion from otherwise not unfriendly Liberals. Nor even among this little group does M. Cochin—for all his virtues, and his influence as conductor of their special organ, *Le Correspondant*—present the appearance of a very burning and shining light. Most estimable in private life, in public life of the official rather than of the statesman type, his best admirers would hardly rank him among those who help to make or to avert revolutions. As a private gentleman, as an responsible official, he deserves all the praise that a strict sense of duty, a lifetime given to charity and good works, to the cause of religious education and the improvement of the industrial classes, can possibly entail. As the young mayor of the Tenth Arrondissement he sheltered the remnant of the National Assembly in their last protest against the *coup d'état*. As one of the Commission of Public Instruction it was he who gave M. de Falloux the greatest help in carrying through the Law of March, 1850. As director of the Orleans Railway Company, as an active promoter of the great Industrial Exhibitions of 1855 and 1867, as the author of an admirable *brochure* on slavery, he became known to social and economic reformers beyond the limits of his own land. To the esteem inspired by him in the first-mentioned of these offices he owed his escape, through timely warning from a workman when already marked out as a hostage by the leaders of the Commune. His last act was a letter to M. Thiers imploring him to lead France back to Monarchy. Altogether, a good, precise, and honourable life, but one whose interest for the general reader is chiefly in so far as it is typical of many who are ranged just now behind a De Broglie and a Dupanloup.

There is something a little suspicious about "Fatal Days; or, An Amateur's Notes on France, Europe, and the 16th of May" (W. Mullan and Sons), addressed ostensibly to an English friend by M. de la Frauche-Comté. *Certes*, the letters are curiously English, and run in English grooves of thought. For the rest there is not much that is very remarkable about them. Doubtless the missive of the 16th of May was a *coup* of the Clerical reaction which uses MacMahon as its very stupid and therefore very trustworthy *avant garde*. Quite possibly, too, there are dreams in Ultramontane circles of dragging all Europe into two adverse camps—the "Church" in their own language and the "World." Second childhood, like first, must have its toys. But there is little good in speculations which ignore the sober *via media* of Teutonic races, and forget events which have changed the balance of power, and made the course of politics in France a matter chiefly of interest to France's self.

A darkly interesting episode of other days is told at large in a new edition of the "Witches of Renfrew" (A. Gairdner, Paisley), one of the last (not *the* last) *causes célèbres* in the annals of witch persecution in the North—the supposed bewitchment of the hysterical or deceitful daughter of the Laird of Bargarren, for which two men and four women were burnt at the stake on the Gallow-Green of Paisley, June 10th, 1697, and one man committed suicide in prison. Depouent sayeth not whether Christine Shaw, who grew up into a strapping girl, married a minister, and introduced into Paisley the manufacture of linen thread, still one of its chief staples, had any subsequent tinges of remorse. She died probably long before elders and ministers of the Kirk had ceased to groan over the repeal of the "Acts Anentis Witchcraft," by an Erastian and unbelieving House of Legislature.

Antiquaries will feel a debt of gratitude to Dr. Charles Rogers, of the Royal Historical Society for his very interesting "Genealogical Memoirs of the Scotts and the Haliburtons," the latter a reprint of the rare pamphlet printed for private circulation in '24 by the great Sir Walter, the last representative save one of the old Lowland line of Haliburtons—the former an account from Dr. Roger's own pen of the direct ancestry of the novelist, fully justifying his well-known desire to become the founder at Abbotsford of "a distinct branch of the House of Scott." Both memoirs furnish more than one curious detail of life on the Borders in the olden time.

A little preface by Dean Stanley adds value to "A Layman's Legacy in Prose and Verse" (Macmillan and Co.), or "Selections, with a Memoir, from the Papers of the late Samuel Greg," the brother of "W. R. G." of literary fame. A more sensitive and tender spirit, we should guess, than the Cassandra of our social polities—a hero-worshipper "whose swans were" oftentimes "all geese"—a lover of the working classes who found his model villagers could strike like any other men when he introduced new machinery—in later years a prey to ill-health and disappointment, Mr. Greg's was clearly one of those "hidden lives" which those love best who know them best. His papers—short poems or lay sermons—are often pretty, and sometimes not without power. Still their chief worth is for those who will value them *in memoriam*.

It has been often enough remarked that many words and phrases quoted as Scripture are not to be found there at all, but prove on inquiry to be nothing more than exaggerations of some ancient gloss or paraphrase. In "Scripture Difficulties Explained by Scripture References" (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.) Mr. T. Spalding avails himself of this fact to explain and illustrate a number of anthropomorphic expressions, symbolic phrases, idioms, and so forth, that have sometimes caused no slight perplexity to Bible students. The volume is very plainly written, and excellently suited for the less learned reader.

We know not whether M. Louis Mercier's "Le Deuil" (P. Douset), dedicated to Mr. W. C. Jay, partakes at all of the nature of the *reclame*. In any case, it is a very prettily got up and interesting little volume, which we can quite commend to any reader who would like to know the hue, the fashion, and the duration of mourning apparel literally from China to Peru, and from the earliest ages to our own.

The recent Christ's Hospital controversy has brought into print a shoal of Old Blues anxious to record their experiences. "Annals of Christ's Hospital," by a Blue (Smart and Allen), sketches the rise of the ancient church and monastery of the Franciscans or Grey Friars, its decay, the subsequent gift of the buildings to the City by Henry VIII., and the foundation there of the Blue Coat School by pious Edward VI., inspired by Bishop Ridley's sermon on charity. The history of the school is brought down to the present time, the system of government described, and brief biographies are added of eminent scholars.—"Eight Years a Blue Coat Boy" (Dean and Son) is less historical, and details the inner life of the schoolboys, the author's experience evidently having been a happy one.—Lastly, Mr. W. H. Blanch's "The Blue Coat Boys" (E. W. Allen) deals alike with the history of the foundation and with the school-life. Mr. Blanch does not gloss over the troubles of the lads, and relates stories of manifold floggings, but he speaks of the food as fairly good, and the treatment in general as kind, while he is careful to present a frontispiece of the respective Christ's Hospital and Eton rods, showing the former to be much shorter and lighter than the latter. The chapter on peculiar bequests and the vocabulary of school-slang are most amusing, and the whole volume, enlivened with plentiful anecdotes, will be read with much interest.—Another charitable foundation, "Dulwich College" (E. W. Allen), has been studied by the same author with no less care, and if the South London college does not possess quite as much interest for the general public as the City school, yet many may like to learn the circumstances of its formation, and some particulars of its founder from the present succinct history.

"The Boudoir Shakespeare," edited by H. Cundell (Sampson Low and Co.), which is especially compiled for reading aloud, has reached its third volume, containing *Romeo and Juliet*, *Twelfth Night*, and *King John*. In this edition all objectionable matter is omitted and no notes are given, but in many cases the omissions seriously injure the sense and rhythm of the poetry.—Anent the Elizabethan era, a carefully written "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," by Louise Creighton (Rivingtons), forms another of the useful series of historical biographies, edited by the Rev. M. Creighton. Miss Creighton has consulted well-chosen authorities, and has produced a plain unvarnished narrative, suitable alike for the schoolroom and the biographical student.—The glorious deeds of more English heroes are chronicled in "The Victoria Cross in the Crimea," by Major Knollys (Dean and Son), which is to be followed by the "Victoria

Cross in India and the Colonies."—The exploits of the "Obstructives" give fresh interest to a reprint of "Barney Geoghegan, M.P." (W. Mullan), Mr. Edward Jenkins' humorous satire on Home Rule in St. Stephen's, while Paddy at home is briefly illustrated in "A Rollicking Irish Tour" (A. Gardner), by A.R.A.—short sketches of the adventures of three Scotchmen in the Emerald Isle.

◆

THE SESSION OF 1877 & THE OBSTRUCTIVES

The Session of Parliament which closed last week earned for itself a place in history which is probably unique. We have had boisterous Sessions before, and they have been referred to a good deal in the course of the past few months. It has been urged, not without truth, that Mr. Parnell and his colleagues were not the inventors of obstruction. As there were brave men before Agamemnon, so there were obstructives before Mr. Biggar. In fact if we come to look back over the records we shall find that obstruction has always formed rather a leading power in our constitutional history. During the debates on the Reform Bill of 1832, obstruction played a prominent and recognised part. The Obstructives were led by no less a personage than an ex-Attorney-General, and an elaborate scheme was formed by which the hard work was equally divided among a good number of members eager to distinguish themselves and serve their country. Even what has been regarded as the modern system of "relays" is not new. There were relays—at least of the speakers—during the Reform debates, and an attempt was distinctly and deliberately made so far to prolong the controversy that the passing of the Bill might be delayed by a Session.

Later still, within the memory of many members of the House, obstruction formed a part of business of Parliament of which Ministers had ultimately to take account. All Mr. Gladstone's great measures were obstructed, much on the general principle upon which the Irishmen have proceeded throughout this Session. Two of the most famous and successful obstructives of the last Parliament now sit on the Treasury Bench, one having under his control the important affairs of the British Colonies. According to a House of Commons joke this great fact is acknowledged by the gentlemen immediately concerned, and it is stated that Mr. Lowther, shaking hands with Mr. Cavendish Bentinck on the day of the prorogation, gave utterance to his profound regret that "the holy cause of obstruction" should have been defiled by falling into the hands of men of the stamp of Mr. Biggar and Mr. O'Donnell. The Irish Land Act, and more particularly the Irish Church Act, were obstructed at every turn, Mr. Lowther rising from a place in the close vicinity of that now occupied by Mr. O'Donnell, and moving, with an imperturbability that Mr. O'Donnell cannot excel, the adjournment of the House or the reporting of progress.

But where the Irish members have succeeded in establishing a direct point of difference between their obstruction and all that has gone before lies in the fact of their perfect impartiality of criticism—their Catholicity of objection. They have objected to everything, not because they were able to criticise any particular measure, but because it *was* a measure, and had been proposed by some hon. member. A memorable instance of this broad view of things was supplied when Mr. Biggar undertook to obtain the rejection of Mr. Chaplin's Threshing Machines Bill. Mr. Biggar knew nothing about the Bill, and when asked on a subsequent occasion why he should have opposed it, frankly answered, "Well, to tell the truth, I can't bear that there Chaplin." Here at least was a reason, which, if scarcely adequate to the occasion, was not without its measure of sufficiency. But in many other cases there was lacking even this explanation of why objection should be taken to Bills, and it was too evident that the only principle upon which the hon. members acted was that they took the Order Book, read down the list of Bills, and then proceeded to write out opposite to each the formal notice of rejection.

The practical consequence of this frame of mind on the part of a few men inassailable by the ordinary influences which, as Mr. Chaplin perilously said a few weeks ago, guide gentlemen in the House of Commons, has been to render the Session comparatively barren. An avowed object with which the Obstructives acted was in defence of the rights of private members. There seems something nationally characteristic in the fact that one result of their action has been that private members have suffered more seriously than any one else concerned. In no previous Session have Bills brought forward by private members been so ruthlessly smothered. According to the course of business in the House, private members who do not aim at ambitious legislation, but are content to do good upon homœopathic principles, succeed in getting the consent of Parliament to their proposals at a late hour of the sitting, when the main business has been disposed of. Messrs. Biggar and Parnell objecting, and very properly, to the principle of carrying on the business of the nation at an hour when sensible men ought to be in bed, attacked wholesale notices of rejection to the Bills they found on the paper. The first result of this action was that these Bills might not be proceeded with after half-past twelve at night, and consequently they lost their only chance of becoming law. As to the operation of this Parliamentary Colorado beetle upon Ministerial legislation, it has been recorded from week to week in this column. Looking back over the Session, the mind is forced to the conclusion that it has been one neither useful to the country, favourable to private reputation, nor calculated to uphold the historic dignity of the House of Commons.

◆

THE SUSSEX DOWNS

The South Downs, which commence majestically at Beachy Head, with the two depressions of the valleys of the Arun and Adour, stretch away some sixty miles through Sussex into Hampshire. One week in the year, at the time of the great Goodwood gathering, the London people learn something of the elastic turf and bracing air of the Downs. All through the year they form a favourite resort for Brighton and the numerous watering places that dot the Southern coast. Sometimes they approach the coast in steep seaward cliffs; at other times they retire inland, and their pastures descend somewhat abruptly into the broad, rich, cultivated weald. Any one who desires to obtain the full value of a change to the South Coast should make himself acquainted with those two great inspirers of health and spirits, the mountains and the sea. It is to be regretted that from an immense number of residents and visitors only a small minority are really free of the hills and waters. For these Downs form in reality a mountain range. Like all mountain ranges of the chalk formation they have a peculiar character. They are barren, treeless, somewhat monotonous, and where their rounded summits are crowned with groups of trees, as at Chanctonbury Ring, these are more or less modern plantations. There are still earthworks which indicate that our Druid ancestors found here places of habitation, sepulture, and worship. Going back still further in imagination, we may conceive these heights as islands in a vast lake or morass. They even now form one of the most solitary regions in England, although in many directions cultivation is gradually climbing the slopes. But if a man is really a lover of Nature, really a lover of solitude, the Downs become almost an enchanted region. Mr. Blackmore has happily made the country side the scene of one of his latest tales, and the poet Southey, in a well-known eloquent passage, has given his attestation to the impressive character of the scenery.

There is a considerable difference whether we approach the Downs on the northern or southern side. On the north side the descent is abrupt and steep, but on the south, unless they become sea-cliffs, the Downs are imperceptibly lost among the lowlands of the coast. It is on the north side we obtain in perfection the curves, undulations, deep descents, the long serpentine lines, the rapid gradations of colour, the masses of fleeting shadow. The shadows of the clouds, driven by the winds, mark with well-defined outlines the inequalities of their surface, 'now clothed in sober greys, now dazzling the eye by their brilliant coating of yellow charlock or kilk, or by the more subdued richness of the crimson clover field; alternately lighting up the grassy depths and scarped sides of their coombes, then sleeping there in purple gloom.' It is when you have gained the heights that you obtain fresh draughts of the invigorating air which is the very champagne of airs. The Brighton doctors tell their patients that they can never have too much of it. If they will only canter on these dry bracing Downs there is nothing which they may not eat and drink. The turf rebounds beneath the horses' hoofs, that turf which once removed never grows again. The views obtained are very noble. You cannot always see the Channel, but generally you do, with the martello towers, the coastguard houses with their flagstaffs, and afar the sailing vessels like sea-birds glimmering over the glossy sea. Near at hand you will see parties of excursionists wending their way past the rustling cornfields and barley-fields in the cool of the evening to inspect some old Roman camp or to gain some famous view. The inland view is as interesting as the seascape. The Downs are at times some six or seven miles in breadth, and they abound in subjects of interest which grow still more interesting the longer they are observed. The turf below you is interspersed with aromatic plants, wild thyme and clover, which are supposed to impart a flavour to the herbage, and afterwards a flavour to the mutton. It is a tremendous thought that there are, speaking roughly, about a quarter of a million of sheep on the hills. Lately there has been an appalling heresy to the effect that there is even better mutton to be got than the Southdown. All judicious feeders will, however, agree that the Southdown mutton is most excellent in its way. The sheep give quite a peculiar character to the landscape. You will see large flocks cropping the herbage, followed by their shepherd. These shepherds are a kindly simple folk, they have hard times in winter and bad weather, and it is always kind to give them a kindly greeting. Many of them have followed this pursuit a whole lifetime; you will find the shepherd boy who reminds himself how David fed the flock, and the grey-bearded sire who has spent all his monotonous life out on the hills, and has little consolation beyond the good Book. On the summit of the Downs you will often find round ponds lined with clay to catch the showers, and even in the hottest weather these seldom fail. It is curious to see how these ponds, at a great elevation, and distant from other ponds, abound with fresh-water plants and shell-fish, with frogs and lizards. If you have ornithological tastes the Downs will prove especially interesting. It will be very interesting to examine the collection of birds which has been formed by an enthusiastic sportsman on the Dyke Road near Brighton, and is to be open all the summer, and the proceeds given away in charity. By the way, Brighton has a peculiar attraction for birds. There are three miles of gas lamps there, and the poor creatures often dash themselves against the glass, and in this way many rare birds are taken in the squares and on the cliffs. Immense flocks of migratory birds assemble on the Downs in their season. The toothsome wheatear abound here, at one time in great quantities, and could be obtained at absurdly low prices. Every shepherd lad knew how to set a trap for wheatear in the turf. The different varieties of the plover abound. On the south of the Downs the little Italian *beccaficos* visit the fig gardens near Worthing for a few weeks of the summer. On the northern side you soon come down to the exquisite woodlands and to the old-world Sussex villages. These villages are often in the hollow valleys which run up amid the Downs. You see the sparse farmsteads, tiled and slated piles of red brick, with bulging barns and mighty ricks setting on props a foot or two high to avoid the rats, the old draw-well with windlass and bucket, pigs and poultry in abundance. Close by are the spacious vicarage, the village post-office, and the Sussex churches with their unmistakeable physiognomy, grey, square, with a kind of box-like turret. If you know much of the village life of the Down country you will see that it is not without reason that the county of Sussex is called the Bœotia of England. And yet it was from the yeomen of Sussex that Richard Cobden came. The geologist will be interested in knowing that while the Downs are chalk and the Weald is clay, near Hurstpierpoint, just where the big school appears as at Oxford or Cambridge College, set down within the shadow of the Downs, there is the greensand, such as that for which the London brewers have been seeking in vain. But the Downs are tapped in many directions, and furnish delicious water for all the country round, except in some villages where the landlord will not be at the expense of taking it into cottages, and consequently, in a very land of Beulah, in consequence of a want of good water typhus and typhoid make their ugly inroads.

Then in talking about the Sussex Downs it is as well perhaps to individualise a few localities. All the Brighton people go to the Dyke, where there is a little inn, which, in the nature of things, by this time should have given way to a large Limited Liability Hotel; with the quaint village of Poynings just below, and near Worthing there is the Miller's Tomb, with a still humbler hostelry. Then great houses are hidden away by the Downs. There are noble downs in the park of Arundel Castle, and at Goodwood, where there are cedars more plentiful than at Lebanon itself, and the great houses of Petworth and Parham are to be seen, Petworth especially, with its wealth of Turners, and, as most of these Turners are painted on drawing room panels, they are to be seen at Petworth, and at Petworth only. But though you may diverge to see the great houses, keep to your rambles upon the great Downs themselves, for elsewhere there is no such exhilarating air, no such lights and shadows, no such solitude and peace. Make a point of scaling the chief heights; Ditchling Beacon is the highest, and then, I think, Chanctonbury Ring or Telescombe Tye. As your eye takes in the white lines of roads your companion, if hostile to the rail, may tell you strange stories of highwaymen, and robbers, and smugglers in the days when the London Road crested these heights. And you may be reminded, as he runs pleasantly down, lately how George Eliot speaks of "the lofty curves of the chalk downs, grand, steadfast forms, played over by the changing days," and how Charles Kingsley delighted in "these mighty Downs, with their enormous sheets of spotless turf, where the dizzy eyes lose all standard of size and distance, before the awful simplicity, the delicate vastness, of these grand curves and swells . . . . the labyrinthine bosoms of the hills."

F. A.

◆

A FLIGHT OF "FANCY"

As long ago as Christmas last there might have been seen, exhibited in the window of a tavern in the unfashionable neighbourhood of the leather market at Bermondsey, an attractive placard, headed in large type, "A Rare Treat for Lovers of the Fancy!" and further setting forth that on a certain Monday in the forthcoming August there would be decided on the premises a Grand Sweepstakes Pigeon Race, open to all who were willing to conform to the rules, the most prominent of which was that for five months all members should subscribe the sum of one shilling a week. From the enthusiastic remarks of two young young fellows who were spelling out the announcement, and who evidently were authorities on the subject, it was thought worth while to make a note of the date, with a view if possible of being present when the great event was consummated.

Not much difficulty was experienced in rediscovering the place after an interval of seven months. Only for the absence of engines one might have thought that the tavern was on fire. The pavement was thronged, there was a mob in the road, while high up on the roof, amongst the chimney-pots, were many coatless, hatless men and lads nimbly coming and going and gesticulating excitedly. Within the house the crowd was denser than without. The bar space, the passages, a large room on the ground floor, and a larger still overhead, were filled to overflowing by a frightfully unclean company, almost every member of which was the proud possessor of a live pigeon. There were some few who kept the idol of their worship in a handsome box of polished mahogany, but the majority carried their precious property in a stout brown paper bag perforated at the sides for ventilation, and this receptacle, to avoid accidents, was bestowed in the owner's cap, which almost invariably was of limp material and shaped like a pudding basin.

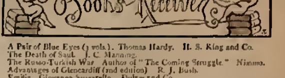
The excitement was great when I reached the place of meeting, for the "c'rect card" had been issued but a few minutes before. The starting points were east, west, north, and south, at a distance of five measured miles, and the one winning-post was head-quarters,—the room in which the two umpires and the referee sat awaiting the result. But the difficulty was to adjust satisfactorily the "timing" of each pigeon. The owners of some of the birds resided in the same street, while others lived as far as a quarter of a mile off. Every pigeon wherever thrown up would, of course, make the best of its way home to its accustomed abode on the house-roof, where were in vigilant waiting those skilled in the art of capture, and long of leg and sound of wind for a smart run. The business of the correct card was to make known what was the "carrying time" allowed in each case, or in other words, how many seconds or minutes were granted for a bird's conveyance from the durmer where it alighted to the room where the judges sat.

The starters (accompanied in each case by those whose interest it was to "see fair") were each provided with a curious kind of timepiece—a watch enclosed in a little flat box with a lock, and an opening in the lid through which the face of the dial was visible. The judges lock these boxes and hold the keys, and a "master watch" likewise in a locked box remains at home, and is hung against the wall in the judges' room.

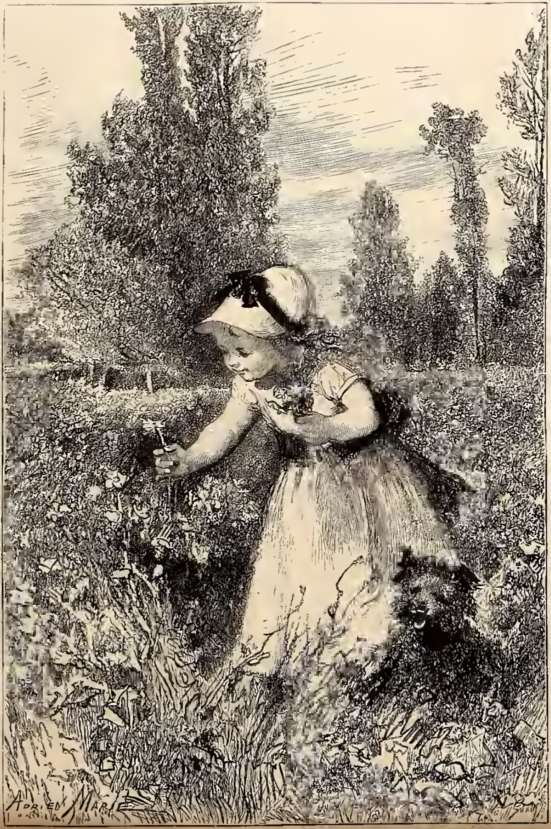
It was understood that the starts should take place at about four o'clock, and a few minutes after the feverish expectation began to manifest itself throughout the neighbourhood. On the roof of the tall old houses all round about anxious scouts were stationed, with their eyes screened with their hands, scanning the heavens as castaway sailors hungering and thirsting for sight of a sail scan the wide expanse of ocean. Men pale and anxious-looking congregate at street corners, calling up to those on the roof, "Are they coming? Are they coming?" with as painful eagerness in their voice as in that of the wicked Blue Beard's victim when she interrogated Sister Ann, who was looking for help out of window. With startling suddenness, however, a shrill whistle is presently heard, and a watchman, who with one arm is embracing a chimney-pot, is seen to wildly wave the other, and then to thrust his fingers in his mouth again, and emit a blast more ear piercing and prolonged than the first. Now the street from end to end resounds with shrill whistlings, and ere thirty may be counted is seen tearing up the middle of the road a shoeless, jacketless, capless young fellow, with his right hand jealously grasping a precious something concealed beneath the bosom part of his shirt. Pale and breathless he makes for the tavern, and bounding over the threshold with a hop, skip, and a jump, in a jiffy he is in the jury room where the master watch is hanging, and plucks from his breast the first pigeon! But not necessarily the winner of the race, that cannot be decided until the starters return and report the exact moment when each bird was despatched.

I was curious to ascertain the manner in which a pigeon was primed to do his "speedy utmost," and was not a little surprised to find that he is not primed at all. On the contrary, the bird is kept as hungry as they dare keep him—that is the spur relied on to incite him to make haste home, where he is aware there is an ample board spread for him. But in this nice discrimination must be used. If he is too "sharp set" the bird may be tempted to halt for refreshment on the road. I was seriously informed that a single bean might turn the balance one way or the other.

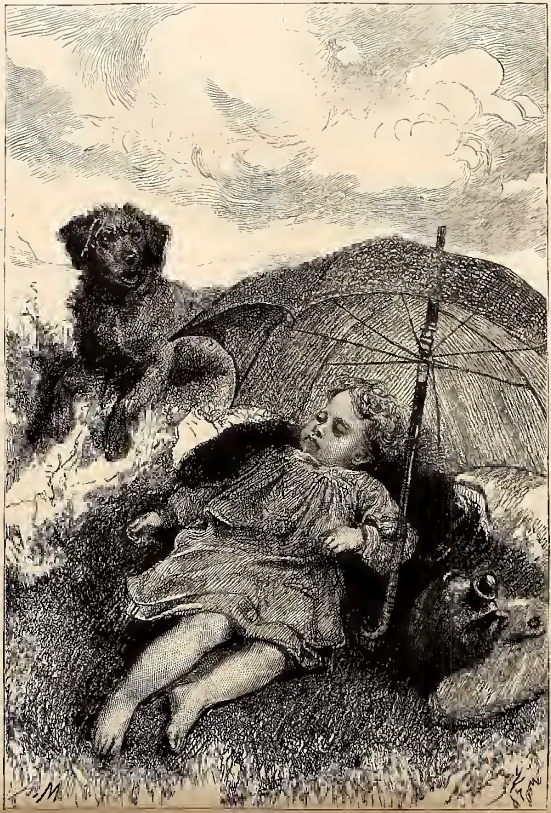
James Greenwood



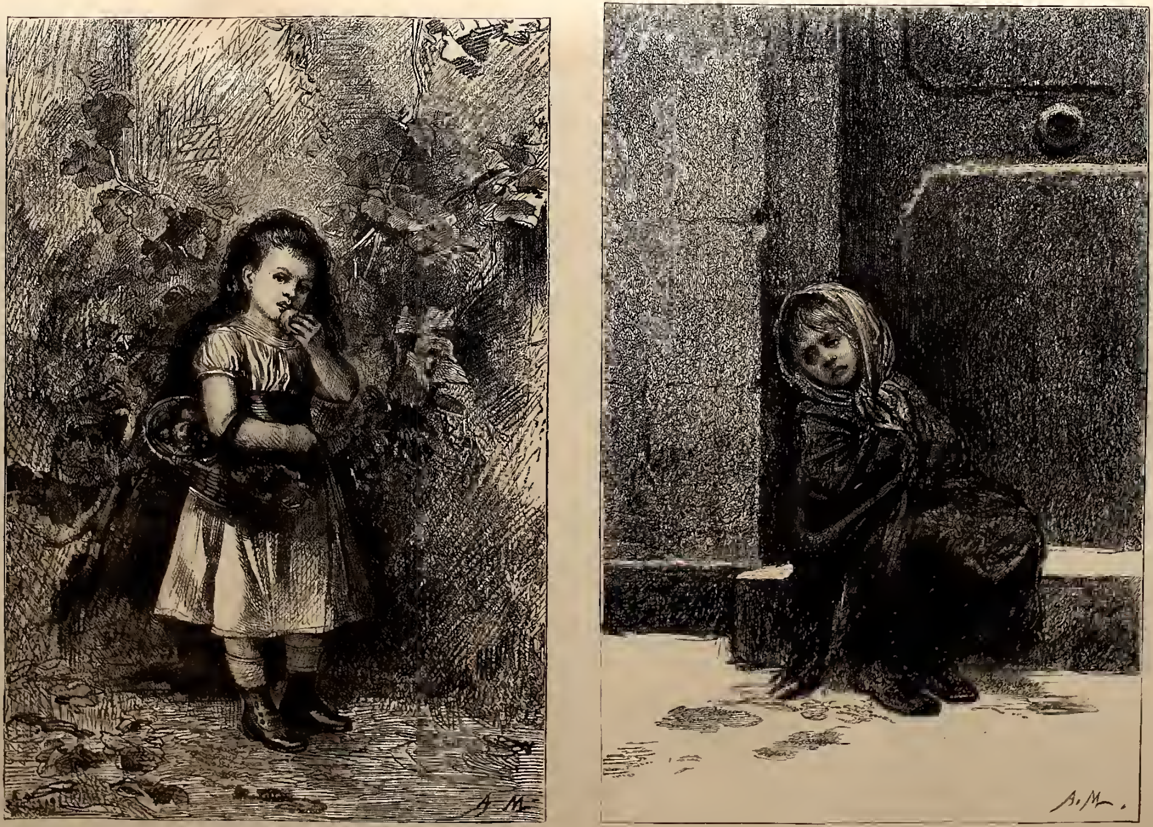
A Pair of Blue Eyes (3 vols.). Thomas Hardy. H. S. King and Co.
The Death of Saul. J. C. Manning.
The Russo-Turkish War. Author of "The Coming Struggle." Nimmo.
Advantages of Glencardiff (2nd edition). R. J. Bush.
Emilia. Giovanna Susarello. Dulau and Co.
Law of Master and Servant. James Walter Smith. Effingham Wilson.
Revised English Bible—Arranged in Paragraphs and Sections. Eyre and Spottiswoode.
Touch and Go (3 vols.): Jean Middlemass. Chatto and Windus.
The Colorado Beetle: Charles V. Riley; Some Folks. John Habberton. Routledge.
Who was Caxton? A Monograph. Hardwicke and Bogue.
Addresses and Sermons. Arthur P. Stanley; A Pocket of Pebbles: William Philpot. Macmillan and Co.


ADRIEN MARIE

SPRING



SUMMER



AUTUMN

WINTER

THE FOUR SEASONS—BY A. MARIE

EXHIBITED IN THE DUDLEY GALLERY

THE RUBENS TERCENTENARY

ANTWERP this week is all in holiday trim in honour of the most illustrious of her sons. Twelve hundred voices have filled her Place Verte with songs of praise to the accompaniment of cannon and trumpet and the sweet peal of the Cathedral chimes. M. Pecher's marble bust of the great painter has been duly unveiled, and formal eulogies delivered of Rubens and his school. The old house of Plantin, the famous printer of three centuries ago, has been inaugurated—by a happy bye-thought—as a new Musée, a counterpart of our own Caxton Exhibition. There are displays of 1,500 "Rubens" engravings, from collections in many cases quite inaccessible to ordinary sight-seers, and exhibitions of "objects of art," and paintings by old masters, representatives of the entire Dutch and Flemish schools, most discreetly selected and arranged by the Committee, known profanely as the "Commission du Nu." And besides all these there are torchlight processions and triumphal arches, regattas, and agricultural shows—a medley, in a word, of modern gaieties and antique pageants, of the florid revelry of a *Kermesse* and the tawdriness of a Lord Mayor's Show with genuine love and pride of art, such as perhaps could only be combined in that quaint city on the Scheldt, over which hovers still the traditional spirit of the world famed guild and fraternity of St. Luke. The visitor, indeed, to Antwerp, even in its every-day garb, is bathed at once in an atmosphere of art; his first stroll among the winding streets is quite a ramble in an Art Valhalla. Explore the pretty city park, and your choice is between the avenues of Rubens, of Quentin Matsys, and of Van Eyck. Approach the busy streets beside the Scheldt, and your entry may be by a Quai Plantin, your exit by a Quai Jordaens. Between the quarters named after Van Dyck one loses sense of time and distance. Yet amongst all whom she delights to honour not one can claim so large a share in Antwerp's heart of hearts as Rubens. Not the Cathedral with its eternal joy-peal, not *bon père Antigon*, the wicker-work giant, whose original long ago kept, it is said, the ferry on the Scheldt and playfully cut off and threw away the hands of impecunious passengers, are half so dear to the true Anversois as his own inimitable Sir Peter Paul. Nothing, in truth, is too great or too small that can serve as a memorial of him. From the "Descent from the Cross," the masterpiece of his 1,280 works, we are led off to his painter's chair under a glass case in the Museum, from his tomb at St. Jacques to the single bronze balustrade contributed by him as one of a few rich citizens who clubbed together to buy a new set of altar railings.

Antwerp, it must be owned, on this occasion in her desire to do Rubens honour has shown very considerable ingenuity. Most nowadays among the famous dead may expect one centenary commemoration. Antwerp, however, has so contrived it that within forty years Rubens shall have had two—the first just seven and thirty years ago, with banners and speeches and unveiling of colossal statues, the bi-centenary of his death—the second this week, with more banners, speeches, and statues, the tercentenary of his birth. Yet for some time a drop of bitterness clung to the cup of this year's jollity. Rubens, it was said, was undoubtedly not born in August, and almost as undoubtedly not born in Antwerp. Had not Mynheer van den Brink told the tale of false pedantic Doctor Jean and the light wife of William the Taciturn, of faithful loving Marie Pypelinex, of the internment of the adulterous husband at Siegen, and the veil thrown upon all the family movements at this time by mutual consent of prince and burgher? Fresh documents, says *The Times*, have now been found, proving, that for one all-important interval at least—the period of the great painter's birth—Dame Rubens was a resident at Antwerp. We know not whether the archivist's last word is spoken. In any case, and in the fullest sense, Rubens, wherever he first saw the light, is indisputably *Antverpia oriundus*; no child of Styrian immigrants, as German legend-mongers once attempted to make out, but of a true line of Flemish burghers—tanners for the most, with here and there a druggist—reaching far back to Adolph Rubens, tanner of Antwerp, A.D. 1350. And well may Antwerp cherish the memory of him who was at once the founder of her second and greater school of painting, and the last and chiefest of those Painter Princes in whose houses Art put on an almost royal dignity.

There, won by the charms of Isabella Brandt even more than the persuasion of Arch-Duke Albert and his bride, did the young painter give up for good his dreams of a life residence in art-loving Italy. There did he build the "lordly pleasure house," whose treasures, even after Buckingham had bought 100,000 florins' worth, fetched 25,000*l.* at his death; whose garden encroaching on that of the Arquebusiers gave rise to the amicable suit settled, as all men know, by the painting for the Guild of the famous "Descent from the Cross," and the quaint bill (still extant) in which florins so and so to the Sieur Rubens for paints and gloves for Dame Isabel his wife stand side by side with so much, (at joint cost of Guild and Painter), for new measurements for the garden wall, and 323 pots of beer for the builder's men. There, amid jealous rivals and devoted scholars, did he cover acres of canvas with subjects taken indifferently from Scripture or mythology, with charming landscapes and spirited hunting-pieces, and all at prices which, greatly to the grief of anxious middle-men, the "cruell courteous Painter" never would abate. Thence did he set forth on the diplomatic journeys which won him spurs of gold in England and rank as Secretary to the Privy Council in Spain—journeys sometimes performed in secresy and fear, the diplomatist hidden beneath the painter's mantle; sometimes in state, with such a retinue of friends that miserly Don John of Portugal who had invited him to a visit, beholding the *cortège* from afar, feared to be eaten out of house and home, and sent in haste a trusty messenger with fifty gold pistoles and his master's excuses, "affairs of State had summoned him away." To whom the painter: "he regretted much to lose the honour of meeting Don John face to face; but for the pistoles, he did not need them, having, in truth, a thousand with him which he had hoped to spend in merriment with his master." There, four years after the death of his first wife, that *excellente compagne; rien que de la bonté et de la delicatesse*—we do not envy those who pretended to trace her features among the spirits in bale and those of the second wife among the souls in bliss in the "Last Judgment" at Dusseldorf—he married yet again "his niece, Helena Fourment," the daughter, that is to say, of his first wife's sister by Daniel Fourment, merchant of Antwerp, a blooming May of scarce sixteen, for whom Sir January, gouty and fifty-four, conceived so warm a passion that the marriage must, it seems, take place—Rubens being all-powerful with the Church—in Advent, *avec dispense des bans et du temps clos.* But January and May lived very happily—as happily, at least, as the gout would suffer—with five fair children to bless their union. Her portrait was directly taken by him fourteen times—the most famous examples those at Blenheim and St. Petersburg, that we have given from the Queen's collection, and the "Lady of the Pelisse" at Vienna—besides often serving as a model for female faces and ideal groups. And if in his last portrait by Van Dyck the noble features are furrowed by care and pain, and if his young widow soon forgot him for spruce Broeckhoven de Bergeyck no tongue was ever wagged in Brabant against the present felicity of the ten years' *ménage.* Of Rubens as a painter enough, probably, has been this week said and written to satisfy the most insatiable Art student. In religious matters an easy genial man, with nothing about him of the zealot or the ascetic, his life-story furnishes no point of quarrel for Antwerp Catholics and Liberals to take hold of. Before his tomb sectarian jealousies may naturally find a short repose. Will they not too before that other tomb—the closing pilgrimage, we believe, of the tercentenary—where Rubens's successor found on the Dutch frontier the rest which Catholic orthodoxy had refused him in his native land?

"UARDA: A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT EGYPT," by Georg Ebers, translated from the German by Clara Bell (2 vols.: Low, Marston, and Co.).—Herr Ebers, one of the most distinguished Egyptologists of the day, has poured forth all the large stores of his knowledge of the religious, political, social, and private life of the ancient Egyptians upon this romance, the conception of which, he tells us, arose within him when, in the winter of 1873, he was spending some weeks in one of the tombs of the Necropolis of Thebes in order to study the monuments of that solemn City of the Dead. He is anxious, however, that his work should not be regarded as a vehicle for teaching Egyptian history. The sketch of the time of Rameses II.—the Sesostris of the Greeks—is offered only as a background from a picturesque point of view. Whilst nothing has been neglected that could be learned from the monuments or the papyri, still, says the author, "the book is only a romance, a poetic fiction, in which I wish all the facts derived from history, and all the costume" (by which word he plainly means the general presentation of life such as it was at the period) "drawn from the monuments, to be regarded as incidental, and the emotions of the actors in the story as what I attach importance to." "Real, living men," he adds in the same preface, "dwelt by the old Nile-stream, and the poet who would represent them must courageously seize on types out of the daily life of modern men that surround him, without fear of deviating too far from reality, and, placing them in their own long past time, colour them only and clothe them to correspond with it." We think that Herr Ebers must be held to have accomplished the task he thus defines with perhaps as much success as the nature of his materials permitted; unless, indeed, the work had been taken in hand by one who, besides being as learned as himself, was also a novelist—or "poet," if the word pleases him better—of a very high order. His *dramatis personæ* are clearly conceived, distinct, and consistent; and if they are apt to strike us somewhat as abstractions and as lacking in life, much allowance must be made for the stupendous difficulty of causing us at all to understand and sympathise with the actors in a tale of Egyptian life of the middle of the fourteenth century before Christ. No mere outline of this tale could be rendered intelligible to the bulk of readers without lengthy explanations for which we have not room. We will confine ourselves, then, to saying that it turns chiefly on the attempted treason (related by Herodotus) of Ani, the cousin of Rameses II., and of purer blood than the monarch himself, left Regent of the Kingdom during Rameses' absence on one of his Syrian campaigns; on the love that springs up between Bent-Anat, the Pharaoh's daughter, and the young poet Pentaur, a priest of the temple called "the House of Seti," one of the largest in the City of the Dead at Thebes—it is still standing, we are told, and known as the Temple of Qurnah—and the fortunes of Uarda herself, whom we first meet in the hovel of her grandfather, the Paraschites, one of the unclean race who prepared bodies for the embalmer, but who turns out to be on the mother's side the granddaughter of the chief of the Danaids. Of equal importance with the above-named personages in the action of the story stand Ameni, the learned, astute, and ambitious chief priest of the House of Seti, at whose hands Mésu (Moses) is represented to have received that initiation into "the wisdom of the Egyptians" from which he fell away, and whose whole thought is how to sustain and advance the powers of the priesthood, menaced by the innovations of Rameses and his father, Nebsecht, a priest, but a sceptic "of the period," who has devoted himself to surgery, and the brutal and treacherous Paaker, the King's "pioneer." All these characters are drawn with elaborate and conscientious care, and all more or less arouse our interest, though belonging to an age so remote that it is little wonder that we hardly always realise them as beings of the same race as ourselves. Still, on the whole, we incline to think that it is rather on the score of what Herr Ebers, in the passage already quoted, calls its "costume," than of its portrayal of human emotion that the book will be found attractive by most of those capable of the effort—for there is no denying that it is an effort—needed to enter into and master it.

"World's End: a Story in Three Books," by Richard Jefferies (3 vols.: Tinsley).—We must pay Mr. Jefferies the compliment—if he considers it one—of saying that for intricacy and complication of plot "World's End" stands *facile princeps* amongst all novels that have fallen in our way for a long time past, whilst for startling and sensational effects it will compare favourably with any of them. We are afraid, however, that in his eagerness to produce something novel and striking the author has defeated himself. Novel-readers are for the most part an easy-going and rather lazy race, only able to enjoy, or even endure, mental bewilderment up to a certain point, and when that point is passed, and the calls on memory and attention become too heavy, apt to throw aside the offending work, as, in Lord Dundreary's words, "one of those things no fellah can understand." We are far from saying that Mr. Jefferies' plot is unintelligible, on the contrary, it is built up with a great deal of care and skill; but very much of it is far from easy reading, and we have, as the phrase is, to give our whole mind to it. When he himself felt it necessary to devote an entire chapter (Ch. XI., Vol. I.) to a recapitulation of what had gone before, with a view to its being used for reference, we wonder that it did not occur to him that a story which needed such aid was likely to be too involved and complicated either to please the public, or to deserve praise as a work of art. Besides, Mr. Jefferies has been so absorbed in the entanglements of his plot that he seems to have had no time left to take thought about his characters. These remain the merest lay figures, credited by the author, it is true, with certain attributes and tendencies for good or evil, but hardly displaying themselves to the reader at all. How, indeed, should they display themselves, when they are scarcely allowed to speak? for we doubt if all the discourse in the book taken together would fill more than sixty or seventy of its pages. To attempt an outline of the story we have here would be a task as much in excess of our space as of our powers. Suffice it to say that it abounds in incidents strange, moving, and horrible, due to merely human agency, and is flavoured moreover with a touch of the unearthly, as to which Mr. Jefferies would apparently have us reserve our judgment. We do not think that any competent critic who will read "World's End" carefully and without prejudice will deny that its author has in him the "makings" of a good novelist. He certainly succeeds in seizing on his reader's attention from his first start, and his story, with all its faults, is never for a moment dull or trivial. He has strength, though for the present we incline to regard it as the *vis consili expers.* If he will curb his tendencies in the direction of needless and annoying complexity, of extravagance, and of melodrama, and think out his *dramatis personæ* with at least as much care as he does the outward incidents that are to affect them, he may one day be entitled to an honourable place in that school of novelists of which Mr. Wilkie Collins is the admitted chief.

"Marley Castle," edited by Sir Garnet Wolseley, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., &c. (2 vols.: Remington and Co.).—We are afraid that the gallant and distinguished soldier who has been employing some of his leisure in editing this tale must be less competent as a judge of fiction than he has shown himself as a commander. Though "Marley Castle" has merit enough here and there to make us willing to allow that it may be considered on the whole up to the average of stories of its class, it is but a tame and feeble piece of work when all is said, and there is something ludicrous in the idea that a person of Sir Garnet Wolseley's eminence should have thought it worth his while to preside over its birth. As, however, he has done so, the book will no doubt be widely read, and the reading of it will harm no one, except by occasionally producing a feeling of much weariness. But we were rather surprised, we own, in a book edited by Sir Garnet Wolseley, to be introduced to a young lady 5 feet 10 inches in height, and developed in proportion. Surely he must know that such a monster would only be in place in a show.

"We have also received "Seed Time and Reaping," by Helen Paterson (Samuel Tinsley), a tale seemingly for children, fairly good of its kind, but not calling for any special notice here.

"THE FOUR SEASONS"

IN this charming series of pictures the artist, instead of following the somewhat hackneyed method of portraying the four seasons by such symbols as infancy, adolescence, maturity, and extreme age, has given to each the figure of a child; which, however, he has so surrounded with suggestive accessories that the mind of the spectator naturally reverts to that period of the year which each particular design is intended to represent. The dainty white dress and sun-bonnet of the tiny maiden in the first picture, the eager joy with which she plucks the meadow flowers, the flowers themselves, the trees in their glorious new array of leaf and blossom, and the contention of cloud and sunshine in the sky—all speak most eloquently of "Spring," that season of hope and joy which has been the theme of so many a poet's song. Next we have "Summer," a sturdy boy, exhausted by the heat, lying in happy slumber upon a mossy bank beneath the shade of a large umbrella; whilst the faithful dog, who has doubtless been his playfellow, and is now keeping watch over him, looks as if he too would fain indulge in sleep did not his sense of duty forbid. The aspect of the sky is positively torrid, and we can see that there is scarcely a breath of wind to cool the air. For "Autumn" the artist presents us with a nut-brown little maid with cheeks as plump and rosy as any of the fruits with which her basket is loaded; while for "Winter" we have a forlorn and sickly-looking little creature crouching upon a dreary, snow-covered door-step. We are, however, almost inclined to think that the choice of such a sad symbol was a mistake, for winter unquestionably has as joyous aspects as any of the other seasons.

"AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT"

THIS picture has been most appropriately named. The tired sportsman and his good steed, after following the hounds for many a long mile, have become separated from their companions, and got into a strange part of the country. Just as the shades of evening are deepening into the blackness of night, the steed suddenly sinks nearly up to its haunches in a treacherous morass, and the dismounted rider, fearing to make matters worse by moving from the little patch of firm earth upon which he stands, shouts aloud for aid, and waves aloft his hat to attract the attention of the solitary shepherd whose figure is just visible on the crest of a distant hill. Let us hope that his cry will be heard, and that ere night closes in he may be released from his "awkward predicament."

"LUTHER BEFORE CARDINAL CAJETAN"

THIS highly dramatic incident in the life of Luther is thus narrated by himself:—"In the year 1518, the 9th of October, when I was cited to Augsburg, I came and appeared, Frederick, Prince-Elector of Saxony, having appointed me a strong convoy and safe conduct, and recommended me to the people of the city. . . . At the expiration of three days I went unto him in all humility, fell down first upon my knees, then prostrate upon the ground, where I remained at his feet till after the cardinal had three times bade me rise. Thereupon I stood up. This pleased him well, hoping I would consider and better bethink myself. The next day, when I came before him again, and would absolutely revoke nothing at all, he said to me, 'What! Thinkest thou the Pope cares much for Germany? His little finger is more powerful than all Germany. Or dost thou think the Princes will raise arms and armies to defend thee? Oh, no! Where, then, wilt thou remain in safety?' I replied, 'Under Heaven.'" It is this point in the colloquy which has been seized as the subject of the picture, from a photograph of which our engraving is taken. The original is the work of Professor W. Lindenschmit, of the Munich Royal Academy, who is one of the most learned historical painters of the Munich School.

◆

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY has within the last six months relieved 8,532 widows, orphans, and shipwrecked men, but owing to the insufficiency of its dividends has been compelled to sell out 1,170*l.* towards furnishing the pensions given every January to 1,090 widows of fishermen and seamen. These annual grants are of enormous benefit to their recipients, and are so valued by sailors that nearly 8,000*l.* was contributed to the Society last year by about 50,000 seamen—a proof that provident habits are on the increase. The Society was established in 1839.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

WITH SPECIAL NOVELTIES and Patented Improvements.
Without Addition to the Recently Reduced Prices.
The Cheapest and Best.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

WITH New SELF-ADJUSTING BALANCE WHEEL
are the Most Simple and Perfect for Family Sewing
and every Variety of Needlework.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

REDUCED PRICE from £4 4s Cash £4.
With New Patent Triple Action Balance Wheel,
Which is Self-Adjusting in its Perfect Control by Learners.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

HAND OR TREADLE, with
Self-Adjusting Balance Wheel.
On Hire at 2s. 6d. per Week, with Option of Purchase
Without Extra Charge or Expense.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

With NOVEL THREAD-COCOON and Cocoon Shuttle Case.
The Latest Improvement.
No Re-winding of Thread.
Perfect Sewing, with Great Saving of Time.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

ARE THE MOST HIGHLY PERFECTED for Every Class of Lock-Stitch Sewing, Braiding, and Embroidery, and are the Cheapest.
Price from £4 4s. Cash £4.
No Re-winding of Thread.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED and Largest Sale in Every Country.
Hand or Treadle
With New Patent Self-adjusting Balance Wheel.
On Hire at 2s. 6d. per Week

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

WITH SELF-ADJUSTING BALANCE WHEEL.
Machine cannot be turned in wrong direction.
Perfection for those learning to Sew.
And for Every Variety of Family Sewing, Embroidery, and Braiding.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

WITH SPECIAL IMPROVEMENTS.
The New Thread Cocoons,
On Sale at all the Offices of the Company.
Price per dozen or per gross.
As cheap as Cotton on Spools.
No Re-winding of Thread.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

With Novel THREAD-COCOON
Ready wound for use.
Makes a Perfect Tension,
With a Precision and Beauty of Stitch
Unequalled by any other Machine.
No Re-winding of Thread.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

HAND or TREADLE,
On Hire, at 2s. 6d. per Week, with OPTION of PURCHASE,
Can be Returned at any Time, or Purchased at any Time,
Without Addition to the Price, or any Extra Charges of any kind.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

CAUTION.

BEWARE OF PERSONS WHO HAVING NO GOOD TRADE REPUTE OF THEIR OWN,
USE OUR NAME,
"SINGER,"
To PALM OFF COUNTERFEIT MACHINES
of Inferior Construction and Manufacture.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

EVERY SINGER MACHINE
Has the COMPANY'S NAME
PRINTED UPON THE ARM,
And Impressed upon the Brass Trade-Mark Plate.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

To Avoid Deception
Buy only at the Offices of the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
(Formerly I. and M. Singer and Co.)
CHIEF OFFICE in EUROPE—39, Foster Lane, London, E.C.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

District Offices in London:—

Cheapside, E.C., 147.
Oxford Street, W., 132
Commercial Road, E., 12.
Brompton Road, S.W., 111.
High Street, Croydon, S.E., 141
South Street, Greenwich, S.E., 131.
Castle St., Kingsland High St., 3.
Newington Causeway, S.E., 31 and 33.
Clarence Street, Kingston, S.W., 1

AND 183 OTHER BRANCH OFFICES throughout the UNITED KINGDOM.

BENNETT. 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

WATCHES. BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTATION WATCHES, FROM £10 TO £100.

CLOCKS. TO CLOCK PURCHASERS.

JOHN BENNETT having just completed great alterations in his Clock Show Rooms, is enabled to offer to purchasers the most extensive Stock in London, comprising Clocks for the Drawing, Dining Rooms, and Presentation, of the highest quality and newest designs, at the lowest prices.

JOHN BENNETT, WATCH and CLOCK MANUFACTORY, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Gold chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.

BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS
OF THE NEWEST DESIGNS.
ASTRONOMICAL, TURRET, and OTHER CLOCKS, Made to Order.

BENNETT'S DINING, DRAWING-ROOM, and HALL CLOCKS.

MARBLE CLOCKS	from	£2	2	0
DITTO, STRIKING HOURS and HALF HOURS	from	3	3	0
DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS of the NEWEST DESIGNS	from	4	4	0
HALL CLOCKS, in MAHOGANY, OAK, or WALNUT CASES	from	12	12	0
CHIME CLOCKS, in HANDSOMELY CARVED CASES	from	28	0	0

Estimates on Application.
MANUFACTORY, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE.

BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTATION WATCHES,
For India, 10 gs., 20 gs., 30 gs., 40 gs.

BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES,
For India, from 10 guineas.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS, compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, with improved keyless action.

Specially fitted for India.

In Gold	30 to 40 Guineas
In Silver	16 to 25 Guineas
Ditto for Ladies, with richly Engraved Gold Cases and Dials	from 20 to 30 Guineas

BENNETT'S KEYLESS SILVER WATCHES,
For India, from 6 guineas.

BENNETT'S 18-CARAT HALL-MARKED CHAINS and choice JEWELLERY. Free and safe for Post-office Order.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS WATCHES.
NO KEY REQUIRED.
AIR-TIGHT, DAMP-TIGHT, DUST-TIGHT

Silver	6 Guineas	8 Guineas	10 Guineas
Gold	10 Guineas	12 Guineas	14 Guineas

Every Watch skilfully Examined, Timed, and its performance Guaranteed.

SAFE AND FREE BY POST.

JOHN BENNETT'S WATCHES.
65, Cheapside.

PRESENTATION GOLD WATCHES, 20 to 40 guineas.
LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS ACTION WATCHES, from 10 guineas.
SILVER WATCHES, with Keyless Action, from 6 guineas.
GOLD KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 30 to 40 guineas.
SILVER HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 16 to 25 guineas.
HALF CHRONOMETERS are compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, and Wind and Set Hands without Keys.
ENGLISH HALL CLOCKS, chiming the quarters, from 30 guineas.
RICHLY-GILT DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS, with classic designs.
MARBLE DINING-ROOM CLOCKS, with Antique Bronzes.
18-CARAT HALL-MARKED CHAINS and CHOICE JEWELLERY.

JOHN BENNETT'S
CLOCK and WATCH MANUFACTORY,
65 and 64, Cheapside.

COUNTRY ORDERS attended to with the utmost care. Post-office Orders, or Cheques, crossed London and Westminster Bank, to JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside.

INDIAN ORDERS should be accompanied by remittances or London references.

SHIPPERS, CAPTAINS, and WHOLESALE BUYERS LIBERALLY TREATED.

INDIAN and ENGLISH RAILWAYS CONTRACTED WITH on the BEST TERMS.

BENNETT'S HOUSE, OFFICE, and SHOP DIALS EIGHT DAY PIECES.
In Mahogany, Oak, or Rosewood Cases, warranted for perfect time.

CASH PRICES.

12-in.	£3	3	16-in.	£7	10
14 "	4	4	20 "	10	15
15 "	5	5	24 "	15	10

Price Lists post free on application.

JOHN BENNETT'S WATCH and CLOCK MANUFACTORY,
65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
PIANOFORTES
were awarded
THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR and DIPLOMA OF MERIT, Philadelphia, 1876.
THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.
THE HIGHEST AWARD—THE GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874.
LA MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR, Paris, 1869.
THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1862.
LE DIPLOME DE LA MENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE, Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869, &c.
THE GOLD MEDAL, South Africa, 1877.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
PATENT
PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION PIANOS,
were Patented 1862, 1868, 1871, and 1875, in

GREAT BRITAIN,	AUSTRIA,
PRUSSIA,	ITALY, BELGIUM,
FRANCE,	and AMERICA.

GILBERT L. BAUER'S PRIZE MEDAL DRAWING-ROOM ORGANS.
On the Three-Years' System.
From 8 to 300 gs.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

2, Manchester Square.

I have examined Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Check Action as applied to their Pianos, and consider it a most ingenious and valuable invention, which cannot fail to meet with success.

SIR JULES BENEDICT.

45, Blandford Square, N.W.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great excellence of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianofortes. Their "Perfect Check Repeater" produces a touch that is absolute perfection, and which is unsurpassed by any other maker, native or foreign.

SYDNEY SMITH.

6, St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington, W.

To Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the efficiency of Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Patent Check-Action (for Pianofortes), which I consider a very clever and useful invention, and likely to be extensively adopted.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The effect which "the Perfect Check Repeater Action," patented by Messrs. Brinsmead, produces on the touch, is everything that can be desired by an artist. It appears to me the most important invention of modern times, both for freedom of execution and expression.

I have equal pleasure in referring to Messrs. Brinsmead's New Metal-Back Pianofortes, which, as regards durability, richness, brilliancy, equality and contrast of tone, by far surpass Pianofortes of the ordinary construction at a much higher price.

I will not fail to draw the attention of Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, to these inventions the next opportunity which may present itself.

CHARLES JOHN HERMAN EHLERS,
Conductor of the Philharmonic Society,
Capetown, Africa.

Bognor, Sussex.

The touch and tone of the Pianofortes manufactured by John Brinsmead and Sons are alike admirable, and having thoroughly examined their instruments, I have much pleasure in highly recommending them. In the present day there is so much imposition practised upon the musical public that the purchase of a Pianoforte that will give permanent satisfaction is a very important matter.

Dr. T. LLOYD FOWLE, M.A.

I have great pleasure in certifying to the fine, rich, and powerful tone of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianos, also to the great improvements they have succeeded in attaining.

As a Professor of the Harp, I can safely add that the mellow tones of their Short Iron Gold Medal Grands blend charmingly with the instrument I profess, and form a delicious *ensemble*.

FREDERICK CHATTERTON,
Harpist to the Queen.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Close, Hereford.

Dear Sirs,—Your Patent Action is one of the best I have met with. This combined with the equal tone of your instruments must commend them to those desiring a first-class Pianoforte at a reasonable price.

Yours faithfully,
G. TOWNSHEND SMITH,
Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and Director of the Hereford Festival.

8, Lower Rock Gardens, Brighton.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

Gentlemen,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to state that I consider the instrument manufactured by you to be most excellent in tone, touch, and quality of material. I particularly admire your Pianos with the Patent Check Repeater Action and new Grand Construction, being a wonderful improvement upon the old system. In my opinion your firm having been successful in creating as good a touch to the Cottage Pianoforte as that usually accorded to the Grand. All those I have chosen have given the greatest satisfaction to the purchasers.

I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,
W. KUHE.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons. Dresden.

I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your instruments. Your newly patented system, "the Perfect Check Repeater Action, when applied to these Pianos, greatly increases their value, and I have no doubt that these valuable improvements will excite general attention and admiration.

HERMANN PAPENDIECK.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

60, St. Thomas Street, Weymouth.

I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the perfection of Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons' New Pianoforte Action, which, for promptness in repetition, and general excellence in touch, surpasses anything of the kind I have yet seen, whilst the extreme simplicity of the mechanism by which such important results are attained is an additional recommendation.

BOYTON SMITH.

To Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons, 18, Wigmore Street, W.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your upright and horizontal Grand Pianofortes, as they are simply perfect in touch and tone.

FREDERIC GUILLAUME,
Chevalier de Liguoro,
Examiner-General of the Ancient Bourbonnic Society in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Naples, Honorary Member of the Musical Academies at Rome, Venice, &c., formerly Director-General of all Military Music for both Infantry and Cavalry of the Line in the Army of the Two Sicilies.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
SHORT IRON-GRAND PIANOS
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The improvements made in English pianos have caused this trade rapidly to increase, until one pianoforte manufactory after another has been built to supply the growing demand. One of the largest of these, lately erected by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of Wigmore Street, covers nearly an acre of ground in the Grafton Road, Kentish Town, and is intended to accommodate 300 workmen. These works alone can supply 3,000 pianos annually."—*Illustrated London News.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Standard.	"Receive the greatest approbation everywhere of musicians and manufacturers."
The Engineer.	"Greater volume and richness of tone are produced, with increased durability."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT "PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION" Pianofortes of every description, manufactured expressly for India and extreme Climates.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
PIANOFORTES.

Illustrated price-lists and descriptions, with opinions of the London Press and musical profession, forwarded post-free upon application.

18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY,
THE "BRINSMEAD WORKS," GRAFTON ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON, N.W.

CHAPMAN and HALL'S PUBLICATIONS.—

THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS.
LIBRARY EDITION.

Handsomely printed in 34 vols., demy 8vo, cloth.

SARTOR RESARTUS. The Life and Opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh. With a Portrait. 7s. 6d.

The French Revolution: a History. 3 vols., each 9s.
Life of Frederick Schiller and Examination of His Works. With Supplement of 1872, Portrait, and Plates. 9s. The Supplement separately, 2s.
Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. 6 vols., each 9s.
On Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History. 7s. 6d.
Past and Present. With a Portrait. 9s.
Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. With Portraits. 5 vols., each 9s.
Latter-Day Pamphlets. 9s.
Life of John Sterling. With Portrait. 9s.
History of Frederick the Second. 10 vols., each 9s.
Translations from the German. 3 vols., each 9s.
General Index to the Library Edition. 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS.
PEOPLE'S EDITION.

In 37 vols., small crown 8vo, price 2s. each volume, bound in cloth.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

French Revolution. 3 vols.	Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. 7 vols.
Life of John Sterling.	Life of Schiller.
Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. 5 vols.	Frederick the Great. 10 vols.
On Heroes and Hero Worship.	Wilhelm Meister. 3 vols.
Past and Present.	Translations from Musæus, Tieck, and Richter. 2 vols.
Latter-day Pamphlets.	General Index.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS.
CHEAP EDITION.

In 23 vols., crown 8vo, cloth, £7 5s.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: a History. 2 vols., 12s.
Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations, &c. 3 vols., 18s.
Lives of Schiller and John Sterling. 1 vol., 6s.
Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. 4 vols., £1 4s.
Sartor Resartus and Lectures on Heroes. 1 vol., 6s.
Latter-day Pamphlets. 1 vol., 6s.
Chartism, Past and Present. 1 vol., 6s.
Translations from the German of Musæus, Tieck, and Richter. 1 vol., 6s.
Wilhelm Meister, by Goethe, a Translation. 2 vols., 12s.
History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. 7 vols., 49s.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS.
The ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION.

In 30 vols., demy 8vo, 10s. each. This edition is printed on a fine paper and in a larger type than has been employed in any previous edition.

SKETCHES. By Boz. With 40 Illustrations by George Cruikshank.
Pickwick. With 42 Illustrations by Phiz.
Oliver Twist. With 24 Illustrations by Cruikshank.
Nicholas Nickleby. 2 vols. With 40 Illustrations by Phiz.
Old Curiosity Shop and Reprinted Pieces. 2 vols. With Illustrations by Cattermole, &c.
Barnaby Rudge and Hard Times. 2 vols. With Illustrations by Cattermole, &c.
Martin Chuzzlewit. 2 vols. With 40 Illustrations by Phiz.
American Notes and Pictures from Italy. 1 vol. With 8 Illustrations.
Dombey and Son. 2 vols. With 40 Illustrations by Phiz.
Copperfield. 2 vols. With 40 Illustrations by Phiz.
Bleak House. 2 vols. With 40 Illustrations by Phiz.
Little Dorrit. 2 vols. With 40 Illustrations by Phiz.
A Tale of Two Cities. With 16 Illustrations by Phiz.
The Uncommercial Traveller. With 8 Illustrations by Marcus Stone.
Great Expectations. With 8 Illustrations by Marcus Stone.
Our Mutual Friend. 2 vols. With 40 Illustrations by Marcus Stone.
Christmas Books. With 17 Illustrations by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., Maclise, R.A., &c.
History of England. With 8 Illustrations by Marcus Stone.
Christmas Stories from Household Words and All the Year Round. With 14 Illustrations.
Edwin Drood and other Stories. With 12 Illustrations by S. L. Fildes.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS.
LIBRARY EDITION. In post 8vo.
With the Original Illustrations, 30 vols., cloth, £12.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS.—
The CHARLES DICKENS' EDITION. In cr. 8vo.

In 21 vols., cloth, with Illustrations, £3 9s. 6d.

PICKWICK PAPERS, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Martin Chuzzlewit, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Dombey and Son, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Nicholas Nickleby, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
David Copperfield, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Bleak House, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Little Dorrit, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Our Mutual Friend, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Barnaby Rudge, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Old Curiosity Shop, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
A Child's History of England, with four Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Edwin Drood and other Stories, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Christmas Stories from Household Words, with eight Illustrations, 3s. 6d.
Tale of Two Cities, with eight Illustrations, 3s.
Sketches by Boz, with eight Illustrations, 3s.
American Notes and Reprinted Pieces, with eight Illustrations, 3s.
Christmas Books, with eight Illustrations, 3s.
Oliver Twist, with eight Illustrations, 3s.
Great Expectations, with eight Illustrations, 3s.
Hard Times and Pictures from Italy, with eight Illustrations, 3s.
Uncommercial Traveller, with four Illustrations, 3s.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS.
HOUSEHOLD EDITION. In crown 4to vols.

Oliver Twist, with 28 Illustrations, cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s. 6d.
Martin Chuzzlewit, with 59 Illustrations, cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.
David Copperfield, with 60 Illustrations and a Portrait, cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.
Bleak House, with 61 Illustrations, cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.
Little Dorrit, with 58 Illustrations, cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.
Pickwick Papers, with 56 Illustrations, cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.
Barnaby Rudge, with 46 Illustrations, cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.
A Tale of Two Cities, with 25 Illustrations, cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s. 6d.
Our Mutual Friend, with 58 Illusts., cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.
Nicholas Nickleby, with 59 Illustrations by F. Barnard, cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.
Great Expectations, with 30 Illustrations by F. A. Fraser, cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s. 6d.
Old Curiosity Shop, with 39 Illustrations by Charles Green, cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.
Sketches by "Boz," with 36 Illustrations by F. Barnard, cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s. 6d.
Hard Times, with 20 Illustrations by H. French, cloth, 2s.; paper, 1s. 6d.
Dombey and Son, with 61 Illustrations by F. Barnard, cloth, 4s.; paper, 3s.

Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL trust that by this Edition they will be enabled to place the works of the most popular British Author of the present day in the hands of all English readers.

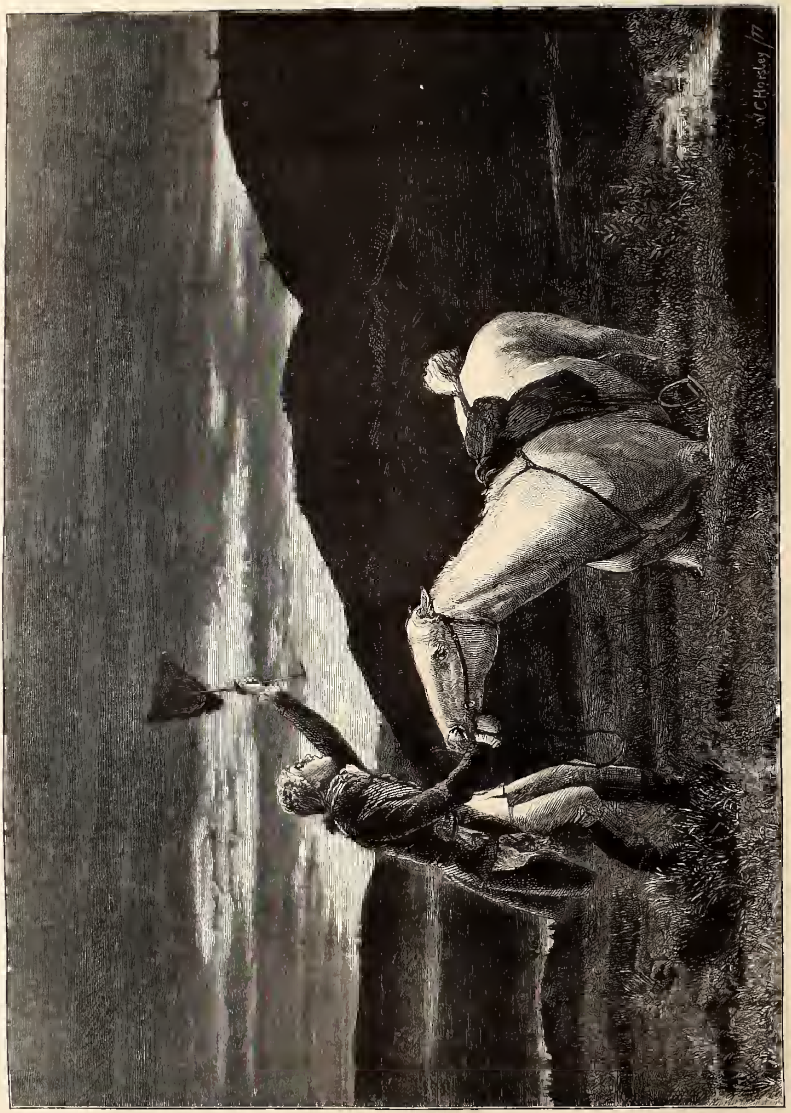
The next Volume will be UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

WHYTE-MELVILLE'S WORKS.
CHEAP EDITION.

Crown 8vo, fancy boards, 2s. each, or 2s. 6d. in cloth.

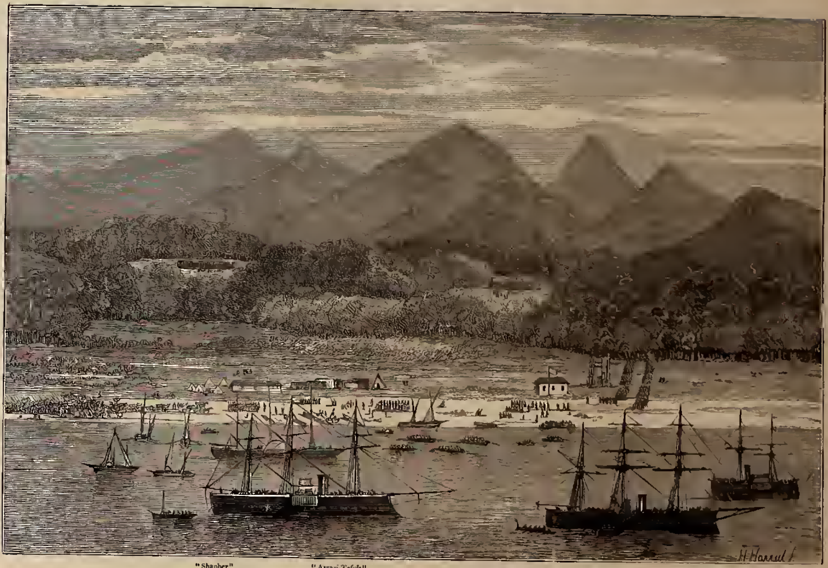
Uncle John. A Novel.
The White Rose.
Cerise. A Tale of the Last Century.
Brookes of Bridlemere.
"Bones and I;" or, The Skeleton at Home.
"M. or N." Similis Simili Curantur.
Contraband; or, a Losing Hazard.
Market Harborough; or, How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires.
Sarchedon. A Legend of the Great Queen.
Songs and Verses.
Satanella. A Story of Punchestown.
The True Cross. A Legend of the Church.
Katerfelto. A Story of Exmoor.
Sister Louise; or, a Story of a Woman's Repentance.

CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

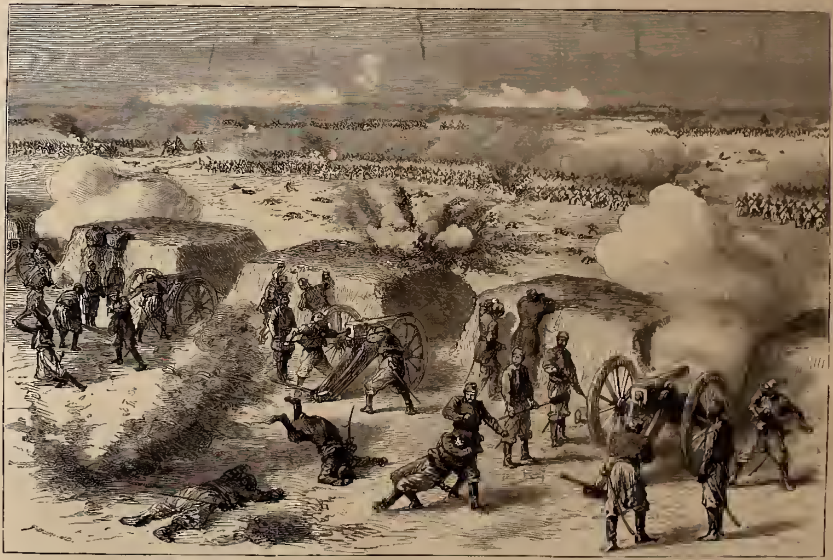

W C Horsley /77

"AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT"

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. C. HORSLEY IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY


H Harral
"Shapber"
"Arsari-Tefyk"
"Mahmoudieh"
"Arsari Shefket"

WITH HOBART PASHA: ABANDONMENT OF THE INSURRECTION ON THE GEORGIAN COAST—RE-EMBARKING THE TROOPS AT TCHAMCHIRA



THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA FROM THE TURKISH SIDE—THE RUSSIANS ATTACKING ONE OF THE ENTRENCHMENTS ON THE EAST OF PLEVNA

WITH THE TURKS

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The past week has produced little change in the situation, and both combatants continue to play a waiting game, the Russians biding their time till their re-inforcements arrive, the Turks hanging back for Suleiman Pasha's expected crossing of the Balkans, and his junction with the two wings of the Turkish army. Thus the main interest in Europe lies in Suleiman's movements. Although all the cavalry are now on the northern side of the Balkans, the Russians were still in the Hain Koi Pass on Thursday week, when they defeated a Turkish force, and a Turkish victory was reported in the Hain Boghaz Pass on Friday. The same day Rassim Pasha coming from Kalofer occupied the Nedar Pass, and from thence marched to relieve the Mussulmans shut up in Hamidler, while Shakir Pasha blockaded the Shipka Pass, which was garrisoned by a Russian regiment with twenty-eight guns, and is said to have occupied the village on Sunday. On Tuesday Suleiman himself attacked the Russians in the Pass, and was repulsed; but subsequently resumed the attack. General Gourko, however, who has left his Balkan troops to assume the command of the Imperial Guard, declares that the Russian positions from the Danube to the Shipka Pass are so strong that the Turks will not venture to attack them. The trans-Balkan three weeks' campaign cost the Russians 1,603 killed and wounded, while their whole loss up to July 28th, according to official sources, amounted to 14,459 killed and wounded.

The grand assault on Plevna is still delayed, and the Russian reinforcements have been much retarded by the state of the roads near Sistova, which have become perfect morasses from the recent rains. The bad weather also has seriously affected the health of the army—of the staff in particular—and the Czar has accordingly joined the Grand Duke Nicholas at Studeni, a much more airy spot than Biela. His Majesty is stated to be in excellent health and spirits, and on Friday held a small review. It is said that 180,000 fresh troops are on their road to Bulgaria, and the Grand Duke Nicholas has ordered them to be hastened forward, allowing only half a day's halt at Simnitza, instead of a whole day. The Imperial Guard will reach Plevna next week, and no decisive movement will take place until their arrival, when the Roumanian troops now at the front will be sent to the rear, and the Grand Duke will take command. Osman Pasha in his turn is alleged to have received troops from Widdin, Nisch, and Sofia, but we hear that he is falling short of provisions. He has sent out several reconnoitring expeditions, some Circassians and Cossacks having a brush, close to Plevna, on Thursday, when both claimed the victory, and his advance guards are reported within twenty miles of the Sistova bridge. On Wednesday his troops advanced from Loftcha towards Selvi, on the road to Gabrova, in readiness to meet Suleiman's forces if they should succeed in approaching Drenova. Meanwhile a Russian division is endeavouring to cut the communications between Sofia and the Balkans, and to capture Osman's provision convoys. Mehemet Ali has been joined by Baker Pasha, and has been inspecting his advanced positions. On Wednesday week his troops defeated the Russians at Kasassiler, and on Sunday they had a skirmish on the hills of Bakhchechler, near Djuma. In the Dobrudscha the despatch of troops to Plevna has been stopped by the landing of 10,000 Turks from the Caucasus, who are concentrating round Bazardjik, while the Egyptian contingent also have disembarked at Sulina, and are supposed to be on their road to take Kustendjie and Medjidie, whence they would threaten General Zimmermannn at Tchernavoda. Kustendjie has been re-occupied by the Russians. Rustchuk and Giurgevo have been vigorously bombarding each other, and fresh siege guns have been brought up from Pyrgos. Not content with their artillery duel, the Turks on Thursday attacked the Russian posts before Dolob, and advanced against Bassardow and Kadkoi, being repulsed, but on Tuesday they resumed the attack. On Sunday the Turks at Silistria bombarded Kalarash. Preparations for a winter campaign are being made on both sides. The Turks are having warm clothes made for the soldiers, while the Russians are forming fuel *depôts* and providing winter stores and clothing.

Hostilities have recommenced in ASIA. After numerous skirmishes between Ismail Pasha and General Tergukassoff, which compelled the former to concentrate in the defile of Mysyn, General Melikoff attacked Mukhtar Pasha on Saturday; but the Turkish General was so strongly entrenched that the Russians were obliged to retire. Fighting was resumed next day with no better success. The only news of the Turkish fleet is the continued re-embarkation of Circassians and a fight near Poti between a Turkish frigate and two steam torpedo boats, one of the latter being sunk while the other escaped. Atrocity reports continue, and Adrianople is crowded with fugitives in the most abject condition of misery and terror. The Bulgarians found guilty are being punished, and in CONSTANTINOPLE their compatriots have been turned out of all Government posts unless they join the Œcumenical Church. The Porte has now called out all persons hitherto exempt from military service, and has negotiated a new loan of 5,000,000*l.* with the Ottoman Bank. The court-martial on Abdul Kerim and Redif Pasha continues, and in the Stamboul *cafés* mock trials are frequently held, at which the ex-War Minister is condemned to swallow molten all the gold he received from the Russians.

SERVIA has changed her Ministry, and M. Ristics is now at the head of affairs. Although the new Premier belongs to the War party he has declared that no change of policy is intended at present. It is reported, however, that the Moscow Committee has urged Servia to take up arms, and has promised to supply the funds.—There has been a good deal of fighting in MONTENEGRO, but the fall of Nicksics appears improbable, as there is now plenty of water in the fortress, and there are reports of a Turkish relief column being on the way.—In AUSTRIA M. Kossuth has issued an appeal to the Hungarians urging a Turkish alliance.

FRANCE.——Marshal MacMahon's north-western tour has not been altogether a triumphal progress, and notwithstanding flattering cries, decorations, bouquets, and sundry honeyed speeches from courteous authorities the Marshal has had to listen to some tolerably plain speaking. At Evreux he was told that the population was profoundly attached to the Republican Government, another speaker mentioned the injury caused to commercial interests by the present crisis, and a third made a Protectionist speech. The Marshal replied somewhat haughtily, alluding to the "excessive pretensions" of one of the Chambers, and declaring that the crisis would cease when "the wisdom of the country shall by the choice of fresh representatives have restored the accord momentarily disturbed between the public powers." As usual in the President's orations, the term "Republic," studiously used by most provincial authorities, was conspicuous by its absence. At Caen the officials were little more flattering; but at St. Lô the Bishop of Coutances in an obsequious address called the Marshal a "saviour," and at Cherbourg his reception was decidedly warmer, although a small Republican demonstration was made on his departure. Having said all he had to say at Evreux, the Marshal made no more set speeches. He returned to Paris on Tuesday, and at the Ministerial Council stated himself well satisfied with his trip. The Conservative journals, with the exception of a few Clerical sheets, also declare the tour to have been a success, but the Republican press assert quite the contrary, and allege that no telegrams excepting those containing complimentary reports were allowed to pass. At all events the Marshal intends to go south, and will be at Bordeaux about the second week in September, when he will also be present at the army manœuvres, which begin on the 29th inst. The Municipal Council at St. Etienne have refused to vote funds for his reception.

The Republicans have also had their innings by a speech from M. Gambetta at Lille, where he was dining with M. Testelin. The speech was as remarkable for its moderation as for its eloquence, indeed it is whispered that the ex-Dictator is becoming too moderate altogether for his Belleville constituents. He urged that the word "reprisals" should be blotted out from the political dictionary, and expressed himself convinced that the elections would give more than 400 seats to the Republicans. The Liberals seem more confident than ever of the prospects of the elections. They are jubilant at the results of the General Councils which met on Tuesday in the Departments, and whose members in most cases paid no attention to the Prefect's request that the Session should be treated as extraordinary, and no fresh elections made, while resolutions adverse to the Government were adopted in most of the Councils where the Republicans commanded a majority. The General Council elections will take place in November, when there will be a special session to apportion the taxes which should have been voted by the deceased Chamber.

An attack on Gen. Berthaut, the War Minister, by the *Figaro*, is causing considerable discussion in Paris, and Gen. Ducrot is accused by the semi-Ministerial *Moniteur* of having inspired the article. The *Figaro* gives an energetic denial, and the General is reported to have asked official permission to sue the *Moniteur* for defamation. The Bonapartists are quiet this week, but have been mourning the death of Dr. Conneau, one of the most faithful friends of the Imperialist *régime*. Dr. Conneau was physician to Queen Hortense, and afterwards devoted himself to Napoleon III., sharing in his Boulogne attempt and his captivity at Ham, whence he promoted his escape. On the Emperor's accession he became his private physician, and never left him until his death, while his disinterestedness was remarkable, as he would never accept any reward. Another notable death is that of M. Duvergier de Hauranne, jun. The only other items of interest are the prohibition of the publication of portraits of the 363 in the *République Française*, the closing of five Masonic Lodges at Toulouse, a letter from M. Ollivier recommending the usual Bonapartist panacea, a *plébiscite*, and the return of M. Thiers to Paris after a farewell ovation at Puys, near Dieppe.

In Paris M. Krantz has announced that the principal parts of the Exhibition buildings will be finished by the 15th prox., when the foreign sections can be commenced.

BELGIUM.——The Rubens Tercentenary *fêtes* began on Saturday at Antwerp. The town was splendidly decorated, flags abound even in the poorest quarters, while the principal streets were gay with Venetian masts and garlands, and magnificent triumphal arches were erected in the chief squares. The programme of festivities has been varied, ranging from an Agricultural and Horticultural exhibition to a Literary and Artistic congress, and lectures on Flemish painters. On Sunday, the painter's birthday, the Rubens Exhibition was opened, processions paraded the streets, forty-seven choirs held a competition, and bell-ringing and salute-firing were general. The two great events, however, were the performance, on Monday night, of a special cantata before the statue of Rubens at the Place Verte, accompanied by a band of trumpeters stationed in the Cathedral Tower, and by the fine old chimes, and concluded by a torchlight procession; and the opening of the Maison Plantin, the house of the Antwerp Caxton. The *fêtes* coincide with the Kermesse, so religious processions form a special feature, characteristic of devout Antwerp, where statues of the Virgin command every street corner; and a Mass in memory of Rubens was celebrated on Monday at the Church of St. Carlo Borromeo. The *fêtes* last until Monday.

ITALY.——The recommendation to British travellers in Italy to provide themselves with passports has annoyed the Italian Press, which considers the troubles somewhat exaggerated. The Home Minister has nevertheless been urged to provide that English travellers shall be unmolested in future. Military preparations are occupying Government attention. Thus Rome is at length to be fortified and supplied with 130 large guns, and a brigade of mountain artillery will be attached to the army. On the 30th September, 1876, Italy had a force of 1,045,643 men in the standing army and reserve. The Vatican has disavowed all connection with the Catholic League, and is trying to induce the Roumanians to retract some of their doctrines, and submit to the Holy See. Should they refuse a schism is inevitable.—Francolino, the head of the Neapolitan brigands, was killed on Monday.

UNITED STATES.——An energetic defence of the President's policy has been made by the Treasury Secretary, Mr. Sherman, at Mansfield, Ohio. He announced that the President has reduced the public debt by nearly 6,000,000*l.*; that there were hopes of converting the entire debt into Four per Cent. Bonds; and that, if the present progress continues, a specie standard would be reached in twelve months. He favoured the accumulation of a coin reserve, and spoke satisfactorily of the crops.—The centenary of the Battle of Bennington was kept last week. President Hayes was present, and there was a grand banquet, at which the toast of "Queen Victoria" was drunk with much enthusiasm.—The President has been visiting White Mountains, where he made a speech in favour of peace and harmony, and expressed a hope that at the end of his rule all citizens, of whatever party, might be able to say, "We are Americans."

INDIA.——No improvement in the famine reports, and *The Times* correspondent sums up the prospect of the autumn crops as "hopeless in Southern India, most critical in Western, Central, and Northern India, and fairly good in Eastern India." In Goojerat and Kattyawar the outlook is considered desperate, and famine is imminent in Burmah owing to the large exports of grain. In Madras the people not only want food, but clothes and shelter, as they have used the thatch from their houses as food for cattle, while prices are double what they were during the Bengal famine. The 1878 Agricultural Exhibition at Madras accordingly has been abandoned. A Durbar has been held at Delhi by the Governor of Bengal to present patents of nobility to several native gentlemen, and the Governor took the opportunity to protest against the disloyalty of the native Press. There has been a Suttee at Oomwarra in the Jeypore territory; the King of Burmah intends to protect Mandalay by laying down torpedoes; and there are rumours of a large English force being concentrated north of Lahore.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Colorado beetle in GERMANY has spread over twenty-five acres at Langen Reichenbach, near Torgau. Prince Bismarck has come back to Berlin to confer with the Emperor before going to Gastein.—In SPAIN the authorities have been busy making arrests in consequence of a Republican conspiracy; the dispute on the Spanish and English tariffs continues; and the King has given a flattering reception to Mr. Lowell, the new United States Minister. The army reorganisation, which was begun on January 1st, takes effect on the 1st prox., when Spain will command an army 200,000 strong on the peace footing, all Spaniards being liable to eight years' service—four on active duty and four in the reserve.—In EGYPT the Nile is 14 feet below the average for the last three years, and Colonel Gordon is going to meet King John of Abyssinia to treat for peace.—Opium smoking has been prohibited in CHINA by an Imperial edict.

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice have gone to Scotland for the autumn. They were to leave Osborne on Wednesday evening for Balmoral, but owing to the floods in the north, Her Majesty's departure was postponed until Thursday afternoon. Before leaving Osborne Her Majesty at the close of last week entertained at dinner, amongst others, Lord Beaconsfield, Admiral Sir George Elliot, Col. Chippendall, and Capt. Hon. E. Fremantle, of H.M.S. *Lord Warden*, and on Saturday the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen arrived on a visit to the Queen. On Sunday Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and the Princes Christian, Victor, and Albert, of Schleswig-Holstein, attended Divine Service at Osborne, the Rev. George Connor, Vicar of Newport and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, officiating. On Thursday the Queen and the Princess were expected to cross over in the *Alberta* to Gosport, where a special London and North Western Railway train would be in readiness to take the Royal party northwards. At Banbury there was to be a halt for refreshments while the saloon carriages were being prepared for the night journey. At Perth breakfast was to be served, and the train was timed to arrive about 2.30 yesterday (Friday), at Aberdeen, whence Her Majesty would proceed by road to Balmoral.

The Prince of Wales, who paid a brief visit to the King of the Belgians last week, returned from Ostend in the *Osborne* on Saturday, and, landing at Portsmouth, at once came up to London with his children, and joined the Princess of Wales and the King of Denmark at Marlborough House. In the evening the Prince and Princess and the King of Denmark went to the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden. On Monday the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Meiningen lunched at Marlborough House. In the afternoon the Prince and his three younger children returned to the Royal yacht, *Osborne*, at Cowes. Prince Albert Victor is now convalescent, and it is hoped that he will be well enough to go to Osborne on Saturday with the Princess of Wales.

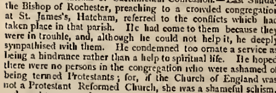
The Prince and Princess Christian are in Scotland.—The Duke and Duchess of Teck have gone to Homburg.—The ex-Empress Eugénie is with her son at Sandown, Isle of Wight.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have returned to Germany from their visit to Belgium.—The Emperor of Brazil left Geneva last week for Grand Chartreuse.—General Grant will visit Stratford-on-Avon next month.—The Princess Mary, eldest daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, has been betrothed to the hereditary Prince of Schaumburg Lippe.

CHURCH NEWS

THE BISHOP OF LONDON ON THE RIDSDALE CASE.——Some communicants of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Hammersmith, have written to the Bishop of London stating that the Vicar had decided to discontinue the use of altar lights and vestments, "not in obedience to the decision of a tribunal having claim to the allegiance of Churchmen, but simply as a submission, 'for the work's sake,' to a secular Court, which has power by the exercise of force to carry out its decrees." They implored his lordship to endeavour to obtain the freedom for the Church to interpret her own rubrics in her own courts. The Bishop of London has replied that never probably had so strong and unimpeachable a tribunal sat as that which decided the Ridsdale case. Having some years ago examined the question of the legal meaning of the Ornaments Rubrics, he had arrived at the conclusion since formulated by the Judicial Committee; and a similar interpretation, and on the same grounds, had been given by learned men at times when no controversy existed on the subject, and when the question was examined as little more than one of legal curiosity.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE, which was organised for the extension and improvement of Church of England Sunday Schools, has issued its thirty-third annual report. This Association devotes particular attention to the training of teachers, and promotes special examinations, which were attended last year by 635 teachers (144 more than in the previous year), 246 of whom passed in the first and 229 in the second class. Scholars' examinations have also been held with considerable success, while in many places higher class Sunday Schools for the children of the congregations have been established. The Committee now suggest the formation of normal classes, at which the art of teaching would be fully explained by lecturers. Of the 171 Sunday School Associations in England, 154 are in correspondence with the Institute, and furnish it with their annual reports. There are now in England 28,875 teachers, 3,539 belonging to the metropolis and 25,336 to the provinces, and 314,298 scholars, 46,515 in London and 267,783 in the country; while of the teachers 5,565 were formerly scholars. This Institute issues many valuable publications, particularly the "Notes of Lessons for the Aid of Teachers."

VARIOUS.——The *Standard* announces that Mr. Thomas Hedley, barrister-at-law, of Newton, Northumberland, who died a few days ago at Newcastle, has bequeathed upwards of 200,000*l*. for the endowment of a bishopric for the county of Northumberland.—In reply to a memorial denouncing the action of the extreme Ritualists as conspiring against the Reformed Church, the Bishop of Manchester has announced that in future he will not ordain to the priesthood, nor promote to the cure of souls, any clergyman who admits holding the doctrines of habitual or Sacramental Confession.—Last Sunday the Bishop of Rochester, preaching to a crowded congregation at St. James's, Hatcham, referred to the conflicts which had taken place in that parish. He had come to them because they were in trouble, and, although he could not help it, he deeply sympathised with them. He condemned too ornate a service as being a hindrance rather than a help to spiritual life. He hoped there were no persons in the congregation who were ashamed of being termed Protestants; for, if the Church of England was not a Protestant Reformed Church, she was a shameful schism, and ought not to have an existence.—Dean Stanley, who is taking a holiday in Scotland, preached last Sunday in the parish church of Roseneath.—Sermons were preached on Sunday in nearly all the churches in the Salford rural deanery in aid of the Diocesan Church Building Society and the Diocesan Board of Education. The Bishop of Manchester preaching at Christ Church, Salford, in aid of the latter society, said that the results of the Education Bill of 1870, were to a certain extent encouraging, but on the whole he considered the voluntary schools more efficient than board schools.—The Bishop of Bangor has issued an appeal for funds to secure candidates for Holy Orders "with a thorough knowledge of the Welsh language, the best intelligence, and highest culture." The youths are to be chosen by a Council, and maintained for four years at the Grammar School, Bognor, and afterwards for four years at Oxford. It is thought that with strict economy 1,500*l*. per annum will be sufficient.



THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.——The Eisteddfod held this week at Carnarvon would seem to be a success. It began on Tuesday, and was to terminate yesterday. It is always an advantage when these ancient and patriotic assemblages are held at considerable towns. In small remote places they are naturally more or less insignificant, and do little, if any good. The presence of so learned and accomplished a master as the Cambridge Professor and Principal of our Royal Academy of Music, for chief adjudicator, conferred a dignity apart on the proceedings; and his decisions could hardly fail to give general satisfaction, carrying with them, as a matter of course, such weight as to allay all jealousy. Then, too, Professor Macfarren had, for coadjutor, a local gentleman of established position, in Dr. Rogers, organist of Bangor Cathedral.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.——On Wednesday night the first part of the programme was again "classical," being exclusively devoted to selections from the works of Beethoven. Beethoven (like Mendelssohn) is always a great name, even with a mixed public; and not only was the house crowded, but crowded by a seriously attentive audience. It was a genuine pleasure to observe the interest felt, from beginning to end, in a really splendid performance of the fourth symphony (B flat), most admirably conducted by Signor Arditi. Then, too, the grave, however magnificent, overture to *Coriolanus* was equally appreciated; while (as in poor Jullien's time) the *allegretto* from the Symphony No. 8 was encored, as a matter of course. Mdlle. Pommereul, who showed more talent and musical insight than she had been credited with in the opening movement of the violin concerto, was enthusiastically applauded. Mdlle. Marie Derivis gave Marcellina's air from *Fidelio* with charming expression, and the extra Beethoven programme was thoroughly enjoyed. The more of such concerts the better for Art. The great mixed public is easily taught to appreciate what is good. Poor Jullien knew that, as well as Mr. Arthur Chappell.

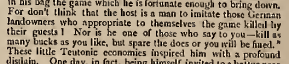
WAIFS.——The revival of Professor Macfarren's genuine English opera, *Robin Hood*, by Mr. Carl Rosa and his company, at Dublin, encourages a hope that it may once more be heard in London, when the enterprising German director returns, which it is believed will be early in next spring.—The great French manufacturer, M. Cavaillé-Col, having built a new grand organ for the church at St. Cloud, M. Gounod has undertaken to get up a musical and religious festival to celebrate the occasion of its opening.—Every amateur will be glad to hear that the popular lyric comedian, Madame Marie Cabel, is in a fair way of recovery. The paralysed arm is gradually regaining its pristine vigour, and Madame Cabel has been for some time able to leave her bed.—The King of Holland in his summer residence at Bagneres-de-Luchon, seems lavish of his decorations to musical artists. The latest recipient of the order of the "Oaken Crown" was the pianist and composer, M. Edouard Broustel, whose playing had highly gratified His Majesty.

◆

A CHASSE EN PLAINE IN FRANCE

To an Englishman perhaps the most notable thing about the French partridge season is the date of its commencement. Accustomed as he is to regard "the First" as a term synonymous with the opening of the campaign, he has a difficulty in looking upon the latter as a moveable feast to be altered year after year, according to the caprice of Nature or of the civil government of the country. This, however, it is; and if the thing were to be argued upon the mere ground of convenience and common sense there might, perhaps, be something to be said on both sides of the question. However that may be, it is certain that no one can in any year venture to predict very long before what will be the day or even the week of the *ouverture*. It is not until the harvest has begun, or at least till the wheat is assuming its golden tint, that the Departmental authorities meet in solemn conclave, and the day of doom for the partridges is fixed by immutable decree. Then the Prefect draws up his ordinance, the fatal bill is printed, and sent out, and is to be seen duly placarded in a conspicuous spot upon the walls and fences of each commune. Not only does the date of the season vary from year to year, but also from Department to Department. The earliest sportsmen are afield sometimes as early as the 12th of August, and the latest do not appear in a wet season till as late as if they were in England. In the sunny South the opening day is always at least a week in advance of the Northern provinces; and there is often even as much as three weeks' difference between the *ouverture* in the Basses Pyrénnés or the Bouches du Rhône, and in the Pas de Calais or the Ardennes. All this is very convenient in one point of view: for the fashionable sportsman who has friends in all parts of the country can so time his visits to them as to be there at the start in each case, and assist at several successive *ouvertures* in the same year. The morning of the *ouverture* is a grand occasion in every village all over France. The bells do not ring, it is true, and there is no military band; but the place wears quite a different aspect to that of the day before. Every landed proprietor—no matter how tiny his holding—has assumed in the meantime a new character. Yesterday he was only simple *rentier*; to-day he is *chasseur*. And be sure that he lets all the world know what a metamorphosis has taken place. He will be seen very early in the morning strutting about round what he calls his *château*, picturesquely attired in a dress which combines a little of the Italian brigand with a good deal of the English beater. If he possesses a dog of any kind, he will be heard whistling, and calling, and speechifying to it, and may be found feeding it with a dainty morsel or two, with a view of patting it in a good humour for the day. The French dog, be he terrier, turnspit, poodle, or anything else, is usually a thing for ornament alone, and not for use, deserving well of the company if he will only keep quiet and lag behind instead of rushing forward to disturb the game. A pointer is a rare creature indeed in a French kennel, and, when he is owned by any enterprising and ambitious sportsman, is brought out, in nine cases out of ten, with a portly corporation which would do no dishonour to an alderman, but would make the very hair of an English gamekeeper's head stand on end with horror and dismay. At nine o'clock, or even much earlier, the party of *chasseurs* is *en route*. Their passage through the town is watched by an admiring multitude, and each article of dress commented on with gusto by the bucolic or *bourgeois connoisseurs*. Nor is this introductory march always the least important part of the ceremony. French sporting, since the Revolution, is almost a thing of the past except for the upper ten. The system of endless partition between children has hopelessly cut up the good-sized estates, and unless some millionaire has bought out the small owners, and collected their petty plots within one ring fence, it is impossible to follow a covey, or even walk straight forward for half a mile, without coming upon some rival's territory. The sport is according restricted to walking backwards and forwards over a very limited space—a space which in England it would not take one gun half a day to beat. The rival proprietors watch one another with jealous eye, and occasionally wait idle with reciprocal impatience while a covey driven across the border is being shot at and sent back again. Occasionally the rivals make common cause together, and start in a joint party. Then there is something like rivalry—there is betting, shouting, and quarrelling without end. Everything ends happily in the end, of course, and at the conclusion of the hard day's work he who has made the largest bag marches back triumphant through the streets waving his *spolia opima* in the great net bag he carries, and wearing the crown of victory on his head.

It is all very well to laugh thus at the French idea of partridge shooting. But after all one of the best accounts of a First of September is from the pen of a French writer. "The first shots of the season," says Edmond About in the best of his novels, "are not fired in Alsace without a certain solemnity." The houses are filled with visitors; there are guns for all, and house-room for all. Then there is the "plaine" which is "peopled with hares and partridges," and there are quails, landrails, and an occasional blackcock on the rocks. Every sportsman carries off in his bag the game which he is fortunate enough to bring down. For don't think that the host is a man to imitate those German landowners who appropriate to themselves the game killed by their guests! Nor is he one of those who say to you—kill as many bucks as you like, but spare the does or you will be fined." These little Teutonic economies inspired him with a profound disdain. One day, in fact, being himself invited to a battue near the New Forest, he heard the proprietor announcing to his friends that the murder of a doe must be expiated by a fine of twenty-five francs. "Ah," said he, "I am glad to find that it is only a question of money;" and he killed thirty does in the day for the bagatelle of 750 francs. The proprietor in question was a Prince; but, exclaims the novelist, with a patriot's pride, "il avait trouvé ce jour-la, plus grand seigneur que lui!" M. About would, no doubt, if invited to shoot an English preserve, have thought it good taste to slaughter all the hen pheasants he came across. But nevertheless his sketch of a French *chasse en plaine* is very well worth reading, and on the whole is not untrue to the life.



MORE "SPIRITUALISM."——A curious story was told in a Liverpool Police Court the other day, when a man aged forty-five and a girl of sixteen were charged with having stolen a gold ring belonging to a widow lady with whom they had lodged. It seems that the man is a professed spiritualist, and that having first met the young lady at a *séance* at Macclesfield, he acquired such influence over her as to induce her to elope with him; his alleged object being to force her mother to consent to their marriage, and thus to obtain possession of the girl's fortune. They came to Liverpool and held *séances* at their lodgings, the girl professing to be a medium, and when the ring was missed they said that "the spirits had it and would bring it back." After hearing the evidence the magistrate said that the charge of felony was not sufficiently made out, and dismissed the case. The prosecuting solicitor then wished to prefer a charge of threatening to commit suicide against the girl, and another of abduction against the man, but the bench declined to entertain either.

THE EXTRADITION COMMISSION.——It is announced that the Commission to inquire into the working and effect of the law and treaties relating to the extradition of those accused of crime is to be composed of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Selborne, Lord Blackburn, Mr. Russell Gurney, Q.C., M.P., Sir R. Baggallay, Sir W. Baliol Brett, Sir J. Rose, Sir J. Fitz-james Stephen Q.C., Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Q.C., and Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, M.P.

THE ACCUSED DETECTIVES.——Three days were last week devoted to the further hearing of evidence in this case, which was ultimately again adjourned until Thursday. The cross-examination and re-examination of the convict Kurr lasted until one o'clock on Saturday, and he was succeeded in the witness-box by Henry Benson, another convict, undergoing a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude, whose evidence, so far as it has been taken, tends to corroborate the statements made by Kurr. Special precaution was taken to prevent any communication passing between these men, Kurr being taken quite out of the Court before Benson was removed from the cell in which he was waiting. On Friday Mr. Besley renewed his application that Inspector Palmer should be admitted to bail, urging that to confine him any longer would be really punishing him before trial. Sir James Ingham replied that he was inclined to accede to the application, and Mr. Poland remarking that he should not stand in the way, bail to the amount of 1,000*l*. was taken, and Palmer was released at the close of the day's proceedings. Great crowds continue to assemble in and around the court during the progress of the case. On Saturday the King of Denmark, the Lord Mayor, and Lord Alfred Paget were amongst the visitors. Lord Clinton, whose name has been mentioned by Kurr, has written to the newspapers stating that he knows nothing whatever of the case except through the newspaper reports. "Walker," the Dover constable spoken of by Kurr, has been suspended by the Watch Committee of the town, and at Glasgow a local official inquiry into the discipline and conduct of the police has been commenced.

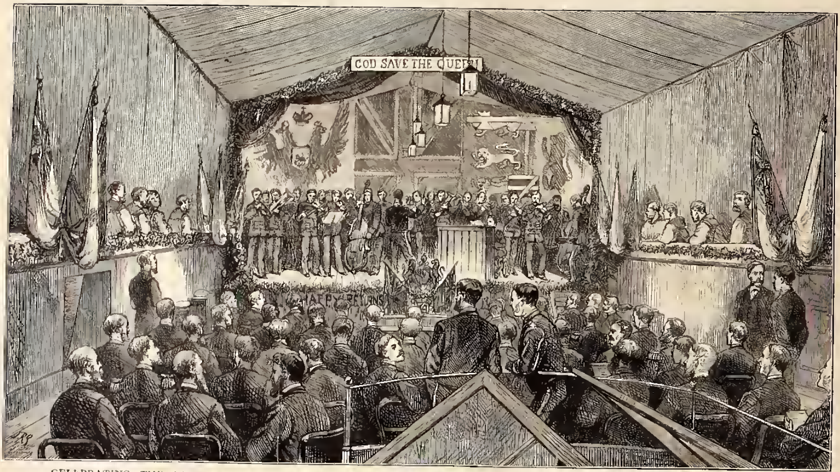
MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——We are glad to see that Mr. Cross's suggestions with regard to Italian vagrants are already being acted upon. The two children who were last week remanded to the House of Correction, have now been handed over to the Italian Consul, and when their padrone comes out of prison at the end of the month, they will be safe at home with their mother in Italy. At Bristol five other children were this week arrested, but were given up to their parents on the promise that they should be at once taken back to their own country.—A big burglary has been committed at Bromley in Kent. The thieves carried off 6,000*l*. worth of plate, leaving behind them in exchange a large and curious collection of housebreaking implements.—One result of the blocking up of Fleet Street by the paving companies is, of course, to turn the omnibus traffic out of its accustomed route, to the great annoyance of everyone concerned. The other day a gentleman who was put down on the Holborn Viaduct instead of at New Bridge Street, grew wrathful, and flatly refused to pay his fare. He was accordingly summoned, and had to pay seven shillings costs, in addition to the disputed twopence, Alderman Sir A. Rose deciding that the driver of the vehicle was not in fault. We are only surprised that the intolerable nuisance caused by the stoppage of such a thoroughfare as Fleet Street has not given rise to many such complaints.—Mr. Vaughan, the Bow Street magistrate, has just read a very salutary lesson to the licensed victualling fraternity, some of whom it appears have been deluding themselves with the idea that there is no harm in diluting gin with water in order that the mixture may be sold profitably at a low price. The decision is that whenever this is done the compound must be sold as "gin and water," and must not on any account be called "gin" no matter what the "custom of the neighbourhood" may be. It is as well that publicans should know that a fraud of this kind subjects them to a penalty of from 5*l*. to 10*l*.—The other day an Irishman presented himself at Bow Street Police Court claiming the advice and sympathy of the magistrate in relation to his domestic troubles. It appeared that his better half, who was "English born," was in the habit of boasting that she was "John Bull," which he was not, that she knocked him about, broke his windows, and threatened to get him penal servitude for life because she had "fallen down and cut her lip against the kerb." "What can I do," said the distressed husband, "when she lies down on the flat of her back and says she's dead?" This perplexing question was skilfully avoided by the magistrate, who promised to punish the woman if she was brought before him for assault or wilful damage.

◆

THE BLUE GLASS MANIA ACROSS THE ATLANTIC has been greatly discussed of late, and gigantic vegetables and babies have been brought forward as a proof of its efficacy. Now, however, it is to be the turn of the other colours, and Dr. R. C. Croft writes calling attention to the extraordinary effect of light transmitted through a yellow blind upon patients suffering from small-pox; and suggesting that ladies visiting the sea-side would find extreme comfort by using yellow gauze instead of brown or green veils. The theory of this is simple, inasmuch as light transmitted through a yellow medium loses its chemical properties, and may be admitted with impunity to the most severely inflamed eye or the most delicate skin.

THE PARIS GOBELINS TAPESTRY manufactory is to be entirely re-organised, the designs and execution of the tapestry having greatly deteriorated of late. In future all workmen are to be taught the rudiments of Art, the designs are to be chosen by competition, and the cleverest workmen sent to study at the Fine Art School. The process of manufacture is also to be simplified, orders executed for private persons, and a new tapestry museum formed. The Gobelins owes its origin to Henri IV., who imported a number of tapestry workers from Flanders, and established them in the Louvre, where he created a school of industrial art, and set up a manufactory of Persian carpets. Louis XIII. removed the works to the Gobelins, and Colbert, later on, collected together the different colonies of tapestry-workers scattered about Paris, and organised the present national manufactory.

INDIAN MUSIC rarely pleases European ears, but the description of Hindu melody given by the *Times of India* may lead to its better appreciation. The beauty of Hindu music is said to consist in the intervals—breaks or *sruti*—between each note. The scale has three octaves of seven notes with twenty-two different kinds of *sruti* to each note, but this scale has been reduced to two and a-half octaves to suit the compass of the human voice. There are three modulations in the voice—the *mandra* or chest voice, the *madhya* or throat voice, and the *tara* or brain and nose voice. Of the seven notes, the first, *sa*, was imitated from the cry of a calf, *ri* from the bellowing of an ox, *ga* from the bleating of a goat, *ma* from the howling of a jackal, *pa* from the piping of a blackbird, *dha* from the croaking of a frog, and *ni* from the noise of an elephant. To express the notation only one line is used with the initials of these notes and other signs, and harmony is not regarded, as the whole character of Hindu music is that of melody. There are six *Ragas*, songs to be sung at certain seasons and expressing various feelings—such as love, fear, anger, &c. An aggregate of *srutis* is termed a *swara* or musical sound, "exercising a calm and soothing influence on the ear."



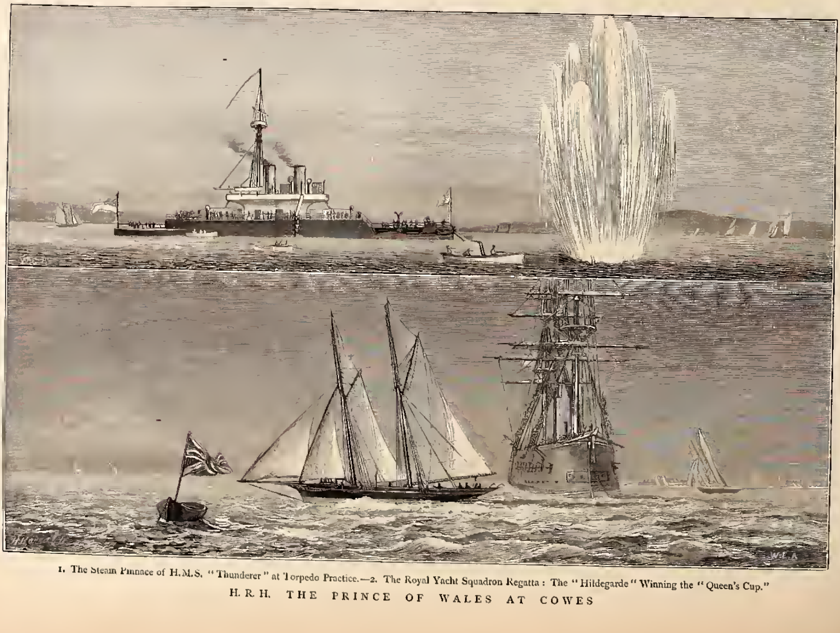
CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BOARD H.M.S. "SULTAN" IN BESIKA BAY

CELEBRATING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S BIRTHDAY

THE natal anniversary of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was celebrated in the fleet at Besika Bay on the 6th inst. by a regatta for prizes given by the officers of H.M.S. *Sultan*, of which vessel the Duke is the commander. In the evening an orchestral concert by the united bands of the squadron took place on board the *Sultan*, the Duke leading the orchestra himself with great effect, and the officers of the Fleet were afterwards entertained at supper by their Royal host. We append the programme of the concert:—1. Overture, "Crown Diamonds," Orchestra. 2. Duet, Mendelssohn, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and Lieut. Neville. 3. Solo, "Slumber Song," H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. 4. Song, "The Bell Ringer," Lieut. Swinburne, R.M.A. 5. March, Sir G. Elvey, Orchestra. 6. Introduction, "Lohengrin," Orchestra. 7. Selection, "Il Talismano," Orchestra. 8. Valse, "Galatea," Orchestra.—"God Save the Queen."

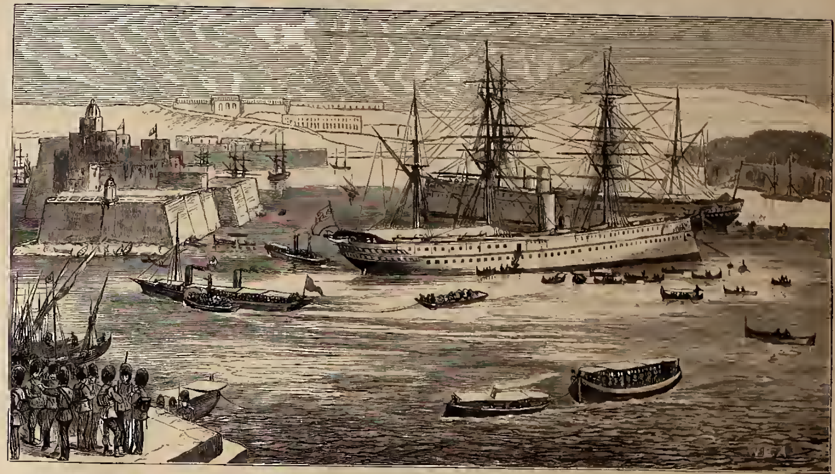
THE CHINESE AMBASSADORS AT CHATHAM

ON Thursday last week their Excellencies Kuo-ta-jen and Liu-ta-jen, accompanied by their English interpreter, Dr.



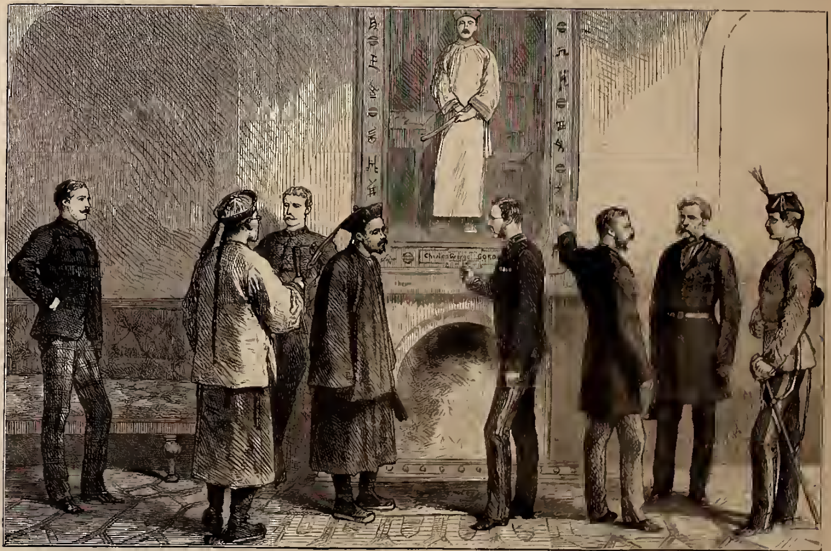
1. The Steam Pinnace of H.M.S. "Thunderer" at Torpedo Practice.—2. The Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta: The "Hildegarde" Winning the "Queen's Cup."

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT COWES



THE REINFORCEMENTS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN GARRISONS—DISEMBARKATION OF TROOPS FROM H.M.S. "CROCODILE" AND "EUPHRATES" AT MALTA

Macartney, visited the School of Military Engineering and the Institute of Royal Engineers at Chatham. After witnessing a review of the garrison troops under General Erskine, and lunching with the officers of the Royal Engineers, they were shown through the building. In the smoking-room their attention was attracted by a huge German map of the Seat of War in Turkey, with the positions of the contending forces indicated by means of little moveable flags, and they displayed great interest in the explanations of the scientific tactics given by one of the Colonels of the Royal Engineers. In the next room hung a portrait of the celebrated General Charles George Gordon, R.E., in the dress of a Chinese mandarin. The names of the places where Gordon achieved most of his victories when in the service of the Emperor of China are inscribed in the Chinese language upon the frame of the picture, and the Celestial visitors detected an error in the spelling of one of these words. This forms the subject of our sketch, Dr. Macartney being shown in the act of pointing out the misspelt word to the Commandant. Subsequently, the party went up the River Medway to the pontooning camp of the Royal Engineers, and witnessed some experiments with gun-cotton for destroying stockades and railways, and they were afterwards photographed in a group by the Royal Engineers.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Capt. H. G. Robley, of the Princess Louise's Argyll Highlanders.



THE CHINESE AMBASSADORS AT CHATHAM—INSPECTING THE PORTRAIT OF GEN. C. G. GORDON, R.E. ("CHINESE GORDON")

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION, which is to leave New York next July, has sent out a pioneer vessel, the *Florence*, to establish the first station for supplies. The *Florence* is a small schooner sixty-four feet long, and has been carefully repaired to resist blows from the ice. She is commanded by Captain Tyson, who was in the *Polaris*, carries a naturalist, a meteorologist, and photographer, three officers, and a crew of eight men, is well provisioned, and furnished with ammunition and whaling line in expectation of some sport in Baffin's Bay. The vessel is to winter on the west coast of Davis Strait, probably in Cumberland Sound, about lat. 65° N., where the explorers will collect dogs and Eskimo hunters ready for next year. The main body of the expedition in 1878 will try to plant a colony of fifty men in Discovery Harbour, where the *Discovery* wintered in 1875-6, a spot chosen because game and coal can be found in the neighbourhood. Here the colony, consisting of three executive officers, two surgeons, and three naturalists, with forty-two men from the army or navy, would be left well provisioned and in a comfortable house for three years; while a second party would be established at Cape Joseph Henry, ninety miles to the north, and communication would be kept up by means of a copper wire. From this second station the party would start for the Pole, as Captain Howgate, the promoter of the Expedition, believes that at some seasons lanes of water open up north of Robeson Channel, by which boats might journey towards the Pole if men were on the spot to seize the opportunity. He also thinks that land exists in lat. 85° N., where another provision depôt might be formed, and thus, even should no waterway be available, the desired goal might be reached by sledging parties. Anent Arctic voyages, Lieut. Weyprecht of the Austrian Polar Expedition in 1874, and Count Wilczek are going to spend a year in Nova Zembla to make meteorological observations. They wish to establish stations on the American plan, and propose the formation of colonies in Spitzbergen, on the Siberian coast, near the mouth of the Lena, in 71° N., near Point Barrow east of Behring Strait, and in Nova Zembla and East Greenland, while they also suggest a station on the Antarctic borders, at either Cape Horn, the Kerguelen, or Auckland Islands to make simultaneous observations.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
A NEW TALE

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
WILL COMMENCE

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
IN "THE GRAPHIC"

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
ON SEPT. 1,

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
BY THE AUTHORS OF
"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," &c.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
ILLUSTRATED BY AN
EMINENT ARTIST.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S POPULAR LIBRARY.
New Volume. Fcp. 8vo. Pictorial Boards, 2s.
BRIGADIER FREDERIC; the Story of an Alsatian Exile. By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

Ready on the 29th August (One Shilling), No. 213
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER. With Illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER and FRANK DICKSEE.
CONTENTS:—
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. (With an Illustration.) Chap. XLVIII.—A Return Call. XLIX.—Wanted, a Sawyer. L.—The Panacea.
On Some French Writers of Verse, 1830–1877. By EDWARD DOWDEN.
The Princess Paolini.
Herminda and Her Bua.
Lucian.
The Poetry of September.
Meditations of a Hindu Prince and Sceptic. By A. C. LYALL.
"For Percival." (With an Illustration.) Chap. I.—Thorns and Roses. II.—"Those Eyes of Yours." III.—Dead Men tell no Tales; Alfred Thorne's is told by the Writer.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

THIS DAY (Saturday), August 25.
A YEAR'S LETTERS. A NEW NOVEL, by Mrs. HORACE MANNERS, will appear in the New Series of THE TATLER, commencing August 25.—Publishing Office, 200, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BRADDON'S NOVELS.
On September 3, price 2s. boards, 2s. 6d. cloth gilt,
WEAVERS AND WEFT: a Novel.
By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.
London: WARD, LOCK, and TYLER.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps,
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY.
"An excellent *exposé* of the system."—*Medical Circular.*
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

12th Edition, 8vo, cloth, pp. 1,105; price 16s.
HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. LAURIE, M.D. Completely re-arranged and revised, by R. S. GUTTERIDGE, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eyes and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 29th Edition, price 5s.
LEITH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED
THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. R. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of E. Werner by Mrs. PARKER. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and useful information. The grimmest reader will find some parts of it heavy enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUNTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilised world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere for one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN discusses men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace; it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 125, FLEET STREET; 29 and 54, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS.
New Library Edition, crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth, 6s.
SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.
SONGS FOR SAILORS.
Cloth gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.
Paper wrapper, 1s.
HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill; and 12, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

THE GROSVENOR SCHOOL OF ART, 16, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, W. Conducted by Mrs. E. DIGBY WILLIAMS. Students prepared to pass the South Kensington and Royal Academy Examinations. Classes reopen in September. Life Model and Antique, &c.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS, ABERDEEN, September 19 to 26.
PRESIDENT—The Right Hon. the Earl of ABERDEEN.
PRESIDENTS OF DEPARTMENTS:
International and Municipal Law—The Hon. Lord Gifford, a Judge of the Court of Session.
Repression of Crime—The Right Hon. the Lord Advocate.
Education—The Right Hon. Lord Young.
Health—Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B.
Economy and Trade—James Caird, Esq., C.B., F.R.S.
Art—The Lord Ronald Leveson Gower.
Council—George Woodyatt Hastings, Esq.
Information as to papers and other particulars may be obtained at the Offices, 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, London; or City Buildings, Aberdeen.

HOUSE PROPERTY and INVESTMENT COMPANY (Limited),
92, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Seven Doors East of the Cannon Street Station.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION,
In 40,000 fully paid-up Shares of £25 each.

FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF PRODUCTIVE AND PROGRESSIVE HOUSE PROPERTY, AND IMPROVING THE DWELLINGS OF THE WORKING CLASSES ON THE SELF-SUPPORTING PRINCIPLE.

Registered March 15, 1876.

WEEKLY PROGRESS.
Capital Allotted: Shares, 10,093. Amount, £252,325. The Shares have been allotted to over 1,000 Shareholders.
Estates Purchased. Number, Seventy-eight. Purchase-money, £275,173.
Revenue, nett, yielded by Estates, nearly Eight per cent.
Current rate of Interest fixed for second year on shares, FIVE-AND-A-HALF per cent.
Remainder of Third Issue of Shares at £1 per share premium in course of allotment.
House Property bought and sold. For full particulars, and for Report of Annual Meeting, Prospectuses, Five Minutes' Talk, and Notices of the Press, apply to
W. H. BASDEN, Secretary.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
MESSENGER and SONS, Manufacturers of Chandeliers, Gas Fittings, and Lamps of every description beg to give notice of their removal from 73, Hatton Garden, to 51, Holborn Viaduct, London.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory, NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S
SPOONS AND FORKS.

Electro-Silver Plate on Nickel.	Fiddle or Plain	Bel. Qual.
12 Tablespoons or Forks, per doz.	£1 10 0	£2 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0
12 Teaspoons	0 12 0	0 16 0
Salt, Mustard, or Egg Spoons	0 5 0	0 8 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

CHUBB'S SAFES and LOCKS.—CHUBB and SON HAVE REMOVED from 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, to 128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, ST. PAUL'S. Communication by Special Private Wire with their West End Branch at 68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall; and Safe Factory, Old Kent Road, S.E. Lock Factory, Wolverhampton. Depots at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Price List sent free.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each.
Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.
DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS:
REPRODUCED BY THE
AUTOTYPE PROCESS
FROM THE
ORIGINALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
With Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"This splendid volume. . . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine tact. . . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. In two cases, minute gradations of light and shade are so well rendered that most people would pronounce the photographs hardly inferior to the originals. . . . It is the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value. Such criticism is rare in any country, but it is particularly uncommon in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON, upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
A Large Consignment
from a Lyons Manufacturer,
the best maker,
will be sold considerably under value

370 pieces at 6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.
220 pieces at 3s. 9½d.	formerly 4s. 11d.

Also the following,
which are remarkably cheap:—

2s. 11½d.	formerly 3s. 9½d.
3s. 3d.	formerly 4s. 6d.
4s.	formerly 5s. 6d.
5s.	formerly 6s. 6d.
6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.

Patterns free.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
PRETTY GRISAILLE SILKS,
2s. 6½d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d.
Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
COSTUMES, beautifully Cut
and Fashioned,
in the new Grisaille Silks,
at 4 and 4½ gs.
5 yards for Bodice.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.

For 5 Guineas	formerly 6½ Guineas.
For 7 Guineas	formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas	formerly 14 Guineas.

Perfectly new styles,
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Speciality,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Shawlings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.

These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.

Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

GASK and GASK'S New TRAVELLING, YACHTING, and SEASIDE COSTUMES, made of the new Vigona Cloths, Autumn Serges, &c., from quite new and elegant Paris Models, from 2½ to 5½ gs. Fur-lined Cloaks and Sealskins are being sold at the
LOWEST SUMMER PRICES.
The remainder of the SURPLUS STOCK is being cleared off at EXTREME SALE PRICES.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka, 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

ROUND SHOULDERS and STOOPING HABITS cured by the Improved Chest Expanding Braces. They straighten and develope the back and chest, and ensure an elegant figure suitable for both sexes; invaluable to growing children. Illustrations free.—HAMILTON and CO., 404, Oxford Street, W.

HENRY GLAVE'S "NOTICE"
of the SALE of
HENDERSON and LANYON'S STOCK,
of 157, Upper Street, Islington,
on MONDAY NEXT, August 27.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S "NOTICE"
of the SALE of
HENDERSON and LANYON'S STOCK,
on MONDAY NEXT, August 27.
Ladies and Children's Felt Skirts.
Cambric, Satin, and Velvet Skirts.
Ladies' Outfitting and Underclothing.
A variety of Children's Underclothing.
Children's Frocks and Dresses.
Rich Needle Worked Robes.
Ribbons, Fancy Bags, Baskets.
Berlin Wool, Scotch Yarn.
Worked Cushions, Slippers.
Screens, Stools, Smoking Caps.
Cosies, Silk and other Trimmings.
Dress Ornaments, Rich Fringes.
All kinds of Furniture Trimmings.
Plain and Fancy Haberdashery.
With various other Cheap Lots.
And having purchased the Stock by Public Tender at the large discount of 78½ per cent., we have determined to give our customers all the advantages.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

MR. MECHI'S ADDRESS to his OLD FRIENDS and CUSTOMERS and to the PUBLIC:
"As it has been erroneously supposed by some that I am no longer interested in my London business, I think it desirable to state that I continue to carry it on as energetically, and I trust, as satisfactorily to the Public, as formerly, assisted by my only son, who will in due time succeed me. It is now 50 years ago since I first commenced business in Leadenhall Street, and what changes have taken place! Then everybody shaved, and my razor and razor strop trade was immense; now moustache and beard are the order of the day, and the razor and strop trade is comparatively defunct. Then there were no railways, so people stayed at home and used wooden dressing-cases; now everybody travels by rail, and we have dressing-bags to suit the altered conditions. Fifty years ago the poor geese supplied our pens, and many a now rich merchant in the City will remember the quality of Mechi's shilling pen-knives; but steel pens have extinguished the pen knife trade and the penmaking machines, and the geese are in peace, except at Michaelmas. In fact, steam has altered, and, I may safely say, improved everything, and has made us a nation of travellers both by land and sea. I wonder how much time is now occupied in reading the steam-worked press? and how much less time is occupied in sipping port wine, as we used to do 50 years ago, when we could not travel? Steam will make our 4 lb. loaves cheaper some day, just as it has converted calico from 2s. 6d. to 6d. or less per yard. Then, again, a letter which used to cost 6s. 6d. to Cork is now carried for a penny. Sir Rowland Hill richly deserves a monument. But to return to business: 50 years ago, when I first commenced on a small scale, I made it an axiom that what I sold should be good and useful, and I believe thousands who used the Strop and Paste, which I personally invented, can certify to this; in fact, it was sometimes complained of that I stamped on my razors, 'Exchanged if not approved.' I have never, and shall never so long as I live, deviate from that principle, because it is the true means to retain and increase one's connection. I devoted my attention especially to the quality and convenience of arrangements in the Dressing Bag and Dressing Case Department, and in the tasteful selection of articles suitable for presentation, as well as on the matter of Despatch Boxes and Writing Cases. Although both razors and penknives have 'gone out,' our sportsmen remain, and 'Sporting Knives' form one of our special departments. I feel firmly convinced that there is no fear of the departure of knives and forks, or dinners, so we make this an important department in quality and price. In conclusion, I ask no favours, but simply desire that my customers should compare the quality and price of my wares with those of other dependable establishments, and form their own conclusions. Most of my worthy assistants and workmen have been nearly forty years in my service, and long ago learned that civility and attention to our customers are as important as good quality in the articles sold. Illustrated catalogues will be forwarded post free on application."
112, Regent Street, opposite Vigo Street, 1877.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.
Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says: "Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877.—"They can be safely recommended."
C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES
OF
VICHY.
Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the Mineral Waters.
The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.
In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.
The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or aniselle.
In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each.
VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.
In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each.
VICHY BARLEY SUGAR.
An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.
All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER
Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath.
55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,
having concluded the purchase (in Paris) of Forty Thousand Metres of extra

RICH COLOURED SILKS,
is selling the same at unexampled prices. The shades are of the most distingué character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of Silks ever submitted.
Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ALSO A LARGE PURCHASE OF THE

RICHEST FIGURED SILKS
is now being offered at 5s. 6d. per yard, amongst which will be found the most choice shades of White, Bronze, Tilleul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,
has purchased the Model Silk Dresses of Messrs. Pingat, Grange et Magenties, E. Pasquier, P. Canivet, Barutel and Dennery of Paris, and the same are now on Sale at less than half-price. These Costumes are of the richest possible description, which will easily be understood by a glance at the names of the Artistes from whom they were purchased.

A LARGE STOCK OF

FANCY DRESS MATERIALS
In every variety of Fabric, 10s. 6d. to 42s. the Dress.
Rich Summer Grenadines and other light Fabrics,
In White, Black, and Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.

SCARBOROUGH SERGES (all wool),
at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free.
In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES,
45 inches wide, 17s. 6d. the Dress. Patterns free.
The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.
Beige and Matalasse Costumes, 38s. 6d,
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 3 guineas.
Micado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT PURCHASES OF

MANTLES AND JACKETS,
in Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet, at very low prices. Also a large Stock of Cashmere and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas.
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

UNION OF FRENCH WINE GROWERS, an association of some of the chief Vineyard proprietors to sell direct from the grower to the consumer.

PURE AND CHEAP WINES direct from the Vineyard at the following prices:—
CLARET, at 14s., 16s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 60s.
BURGUNDIES, 14s., 18s., 24s., 36s., to 195s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.
Catalogues on application to the Manager at the Warehouse, 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | "THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.
Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 8d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; Indian corn, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d; ground pollard, 1s. 6d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; barley meal, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.—In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

COCK'S READING SAUCE
Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured
FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.
CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

Established 1837

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.
ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble.
Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers.—Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.
In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.
Manufactory—60, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"
MILD AND FRAGRANT.
WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"
A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."
Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

BRUXELLES.—An English Lady is desirous of receiving into her Family a LADY or Two LADIES to share the expenses of Housekeeping.—For terms, &c., address to Mrs. B., 87, Rue de l'Arbre Benit, Bruxelles.

A LADY may find a comfortable and cheerful HOME in the House of a Widow Lady. A large Front Room, as Bed and Sitting Room if required.—Apply at CHAPMAN'S LIBRARY, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

A WIDOW LADY, who has many little Children entirely dependent on her, earnestly begs for orders for most exquisite etchings of animals. A beautiful specimen etching sent, with particulars of her case and references (if desired) on receipt of 5s. in stamps.—Address IDA, Roan High Lanes, Grampound, Cornwall.

ESTABLISHED
1832
NONE
GENUINE
EXCEPT
IN
PINK PAPER
WRAPPERS.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

AMONG THE CULTIVATED AND REFINED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS RENOWNED PREPARATION IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED FAVOURITE WITH BOTH SEXES. OVER FORTY YEARS' TRIAL AND EXPERIENCE HAVE ESTABLISHED ITS SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESTORE GREY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GREY, LOSES ITS LUSTRE, AND FALLS OUT, IT SIMPLY REQUIRES NOURISHMENT. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION, STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES THE HAIR, AND, BY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL CAUSES, GREY OR WHITE HAIR IS QUICKLY RESTORED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. IT WILL STOP ITS FALLING, AND INDUCE A HEALTHY AND MOST LUXURIANT GROWTH. USE NO OTHER PREPARATION WITH IT, NOT EVEN OIL OR POMADE, OR ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IS THE BEST

TO RESTORE GREY HAIR.

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND PREPARED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL. OVER FORTY YEARS THE FAVOURITE PREPARATION. ENJOYING BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE, IT MUST BE THE BEST. IT DOES NOT DYE THE HAIR, BUT STRENGTHENS IT. GREY HAIRS SOON DISAPPEAR. BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION THE ROOTS ARE STRENGTHENED, THE SOFT AND SILKY TEXTURE OF HEALTHY HAIR FOLLOWS ITS USE.

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN
manufactures two entirely distinct Preparations for the Hair.
One or the other is suited to every condition of the Human Hair. Both are never required at one time. For details as to each Preparation, kindly read above and below this paragraph. Readers can easily determine which of the two they require. These Preparations have a world-wide reputation. Enormous and increasing sale through Forty Years.
Every Chemist and Dealer in Toilet Articles has both Preparations.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

For the
Growth and Preservation
of the Hair.
It is a cooling, vegetable, and transparent liquid, without sediment.

A SIMPLE TONIC AND DRESSING OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO BOTH SEXES. THE FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NO GREY HAIR. IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR, BUT, BY EARLY USE, IT WILL PREVENT IT TURNING GREY. PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, SO COMMON IN THESE DAYS, MAY BE ENTIRELY PREVENTED BY THE USE OF ZYLO-BALSAMUM. PROMPT RELIEF IN THOUSANDS OF CASES HAS BEEN AFFORDED WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN COMING OUT IN HANDFULS. IT PROMOTES A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH. HAIR DRESSED WITH ZYLO-BALSAMUM IS ALWAYS CLEAN, FREE FROM DANDRUFF, AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS ONLY SEEN IN HEALTHY HAIR. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT. NO OIL OR POMADE SHOULD BE USED WITH IT.

CAUTION!—The Genuine only in Bluish Grey Wrappers.
Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

THE FAVOURITE TOILET WATER OF THE AGE.

GOLDEN STAR

BAY LEAF WATER,

TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM THE FRESH LEAVES of the BAY TREE (*Myrcia Acris*),
FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.

A Toilet Water of peculiar and delightful fragrance, delicate and lasting, refreshing and soothing.
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, triple distilled from the fresh leaves of the Bay Tree (Myrcia Acris). Indispensable and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY, and BATH. A few drops on a Sponge or Towel moistened with water, and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the BATH gives a delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING OF INFANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for a basin of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER, sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists and Perfumers, or on receipt of stamps from the wholesale depôt, 114 & 116, Southampton Row, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted not to destroy the hair. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. each. Price lists post free.

MITCHAM LAVENDER.—PIESSE and LUBIN are now distilling, at their Flower Farm, the famed MITCHAM LAVENDER. Samples may be had either at the Stillery, Mitcham Road, Surrey, or at the Laboratory, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, ottar rosa soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A giant novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR cools and refreshes the face and hands of ladies and all exposed to the scorching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust. It eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, stings of insects, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is invaluable to Ladies travelling, visiting the seaside, yachting, rinking, or otherwise exposed to the heat and dust of summer; it obviates the baneful effects of salt water on the complexion and skin. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers at 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle. Buy no Kalydor but Rowland's.

SAMUEL CANTOR,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN SPONGES AND INDIA RUBBER,
40, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, W.C.
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the DETERGENT POWDER, which thoroughly cleanses Brushes and Sponge without injuring them.

LONDON HOSPITAL, Whitechapel ROAD, E.
(Mainly supported by Voluntary Contributions.)
FUNDS ARE NOW GREATLY NEEDED.
Annual Subscriptions or Donations urgently solicited.
Fixed Yearly Income, about £14,000.
Yearly Expenditure, about £40,000.
Over 600 In-Patients (admitted according to urgency) always under treatment.
From 4,000 to 5,000 Out-Patients also in constant attendance.
Wards and other parts of the Institution always open to the Inspection of Visitors.
Reports, with full information as to privileges of Subscribers and of the work effected by this Hospital, sent (free) on application.
A. G. SNELGROVE, Secretary.
Bankers—Robarts, Lubbock, and Co., and Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, 48 and 49, Great Ormond Street, W.C., and Cromwell House, Highgate.
Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
The Committee very earnestly SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS towards the current expenses of the Hospital. 152 Beds are maintained—viz., 100 Beds at the Hospital, and 52 Beds at the Convalescent Branch at Cromwell House, Highgate. Upwards of 1,000 Out-patients are seen weekly at Great Ormond Street.
The Charity is not endowed, but depends entirely on voluntary support.
JOHN WALTER, Esq., M.P., Chairman.
SAMUEL WHITFORD, Secretary.
Bankers—Williams, Deacons, and Co.; Messrs. Hoare; Messrs. Herries.

MALVERN. — HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The compressed air bath, important remedy in chest diseases. Situate near the Hills. Extensive Grounds, Winter Garden, and Billiard Room.—Resident physicians: C. F. Grindrod and E. Durant.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 197, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—TO LET (for not less than 12 months) in the best part of Shanklin, a DETACHED HOUSE, handsomely furnished, standing in a large well-wooded garden. Three reception rooms, four bedrooms and dressing-room, large kitchen and offices. Water and drainage excellent. To a careful tenant, £2 10s. per week for twelve months. Or unfurnished, £60 per annum, on lease.—For particulars apply to Mrs. JOHNSON, Library, Shanklin, I. of W.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour, and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale RIGOLLOT and CO., 12, Southwark St., London.

DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.
TALON ROUGE,
Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877.

GLYKALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS MEMBRANE.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes.

GLYKALINE is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF in
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Toothache; its timely use frequently obviates the necessity of having a tooth extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia or Tic Douloureux.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 9th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and, in some cases, is successful by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agreeably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation or Excoriation of the Skin.

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of vegetable origin (without mineral admixture), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,
THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses the Teeth from Tartar and all incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases the whiteness of the Teeth, brightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in conformity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invaluable to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the substance, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the external smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared in bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S
PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES.
Gratis and Post Free.

MERCHANT SHIPPERS and the TRADE supplied on the most LIBERAL TERMS with all HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, both MEDICINAL and DIETETIC.

THE AMERICAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION, which is to leave New York next July, has sent out a pioneer vessel, the *Florence*, to establish the first station for supplies. The *Florence* is a small schooner sixty-four feet long, and has been carefully repaired to resist blows from the ice. She is commanded by Captain Tyson, who was in the *Polaris*, carries a naturalist, a meteorologist, and photographer, three officers, and a crew of eight men, is well provisioned, and furnished with ammunition and whaling line in expectation of some sport in Baffin's Bay. The vessel is to winter on the west coast of Davis Strait, probably in Cumberland Sound, about lat. 65° N., where the explorers will collect dogs and Eskimo hunters ready for next year. The main body of the expedition in 1878 will try to plant a colony of fifty men in Discovery Harbour, where the *Discovery* wintered in 1875-6, a spot chosen because game and coal can be found in the neighbourhood. Here the colony, consisting of three executive officers, two surgeons, and three naturalists, with forty-two men from the army or navy, would be left well provisioned and in a comfortable house for three years; while a second party would be established at Cape Joseph Henry, ninety miles to the north, and communication would be kept up by means of a copper wire. From this second station the party would start for the Pole, as Captain Howgate, the promoter of the Expedition, believes that at some seasons lanes of water open up north of Robeson Channel, by which boats might journey towards the Pole if men were on the spot to seize the opportunity. He also thinks that land exists in lat. 85° N., where another provision depôt might be formed, and thus, even should no waterway be available, the desired goal might be reached by sledging parties. Anent Arctic voyages, Lieut. Weyprecht of the Austrian Polar Expedition in 1874, and Count Wilczek are going to spend a year in Nova Zembla to make meteorological observations. They wish to establish stations on the American plan, and propose the formation of colonies in Spitzbergen, on the Siberian coast, near the mouth of the Lesia, in 71° N., near Point Barrow east of Behring Strait, and in Nova Zembla and East Greenland, while they also suggest a station on the Antarctic borders, at either Cape Horn, the Kerguelen, or Auckland Islands to make simultaneous observations.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
A NEW TALE

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
WILL COMMENCE

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
IN "THE GRAPHIC"

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
ON SEPT. 1,

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
BY THE AUTHORS OF
"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," &c.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
ILLUSTRATED BY AN
EMINENT ARTIST.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S POPULAR LIBRARY.
NEW VOLUME. Fcp. 8vo. Pictorial Boards, 2s.
BRIGADIER FREDERIC; the Story of an Alsatian Exile. By MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

Ready on the 29th August (One Shilling), No. 213
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER. With Illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER and FRANK DICKSEE.
CONTENTS:—
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. (With an Illustration.) Chap. XLVIII.—A Return Call. XLIX.—Wanted, a Sawyer. L.—The Panacea.
On Some French Writers of Verse, 1830—1877. By EDWARD DOWDEN.
The Princess Paolina.
Belsinda and Her Bun.
Lucian.
The Poetry of September.
Meditations of a Hindu Prince and Sceptic. By A. C. LYALL.
"For Percival." (With an Illustration.) Chap. I.—Thorns and Roses. II.—"Those Eyes of Yours."—III.—Dead Men tell no Tales; Alfred Thorne's is told by the Writer.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

THIS DAY (Saturday), August 25.
A YEAR'S LETTERS. A NEW NOVEL by Mrs. HORACE MANNERS, will appear in the New Series of THE TATLER, commencing August 25.—Publishing Office, 200, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BRADDON'S NOVELS.
On September 3, price 2s. boards, 2s. 6d. cloth gilt.
WEAVERS AND WEFT: a Novel.
By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.
London: WARD, LOCK, and TYLER.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps.
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY.
"An excellent *exposé* of the system."—*Medical Circular.*
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

24th Edition, 8vo. cloth, pp. 1,102; price 16s.
HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. LAURIE, M.D. Completely rearranged and revised, by R. S. GUTTERIDGE, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eyes and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 20th Edition, price 5s.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED
THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. R. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of E. Werner by Mrs. PARKER. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and useful information. The grimmest reader will find some parts of it heavy enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUNTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilised world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere at one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN discusses men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace; it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 125, FLEET STREET; 29 and 54, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS.
New Library Edition, crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth, 6s.
SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.
SONGS FOR SAILORS.
Cloth gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.
Paper wrapper, 1s.
HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill; and 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

THE GROSVENOR SCHOOL OF ART, 16, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, W. Conducted by Miss E. DIGBY WILLIAMS. Students prepared to pass the South Kensington and Royal Academy Examinations. Classes reopen in September. Life Model and Antique, &c.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS,
ABERDEEN, September 19 to 26.
PRESIDENT—The Right Hon. the Earl of ABERDEEN.
PRESIDENTS OF DEPARTMENTS:
International and Municipal Law—The Hon. Lord Gifford, a Judge of the Court of Session.
Repression of Crime—The Right Hon. the Lord Advocate.
Education—The Right Hon. Lord Young.
Health—Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B.
Economy and Trade—James Caird, Esq., C.B., F.R.S.
Art—The Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower.
Council—George Woodyatt Hastings, Esq.
Information as to papers and other particulars may be obtained at the Offices, 1, Adam Street, Adelphi, London; or City Buildings, Aberdeen.

HOUSE PROPERTY and INVESTMENT COMPANY (Limited),
92, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Seven Doors East of the Cannon Street Station.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION,
in 40,000 fully paid-up Shares of £25 each.

FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF PRODUCTIVE AND PROGRESSIVE HOUSE PROPERTY, AND IMPROVING THE DWELLINGS OF THE WORKING CLASSES ON THE SELF-SUPPORTING PRINCIPLE.

Registered March 15, 1876.

WEEKLY PROGRESS.
Capital Allotted: Shares, 10,093. Amount, £252,325. The Shares have been allotted to over 1,000 Shareholders.
Estates Purchased: Number, Seventy-eight. Purchase-money, £275,473.
Revenue, nett, yielded by Estates, nearly Eight per cent.
Current rate of Interest fixed for second year on shares, FIVE-AND-A-HALF per cent.
Remainder of Third Issue of Shares at £2 per share premium in course of allotment.
House Property bought and sold. For full particulars, and for Report of Annual Meeting, Prospectuses, Five Minutes' Talk, and Notices of the Press, apply to
W. H. BASDEN, Secretary.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
MESSENGER and SONS, Manufacturers of Chandeliers, Gas Fittings, and Lamps of every description beg to give notice of their removal from 73, Hatton Garden, to 51, Holborn Viaduct, London.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 18 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory, NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, travelling-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S
SPOONS AND FORKS.

Electro-Silver Plate on Nickel.	Fiddle or Plain	Best Qual.
12 Tablespoons or Forks, per doz.	£1 10 0	£2 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0
12 Teaspoons	0 12 0	0 16 0
Salt, Mustard, or Egg Spoons	0 5 0	0 8 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

CHUBB'S SAFES and LOCKS.—CHUBB and SON HAVE REMOVED from 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, to 128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, ST. PAUL'S. Communication by Special Private Wire with their West End Branch at 68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall; and Safe Factory, Old Kent Road, S.E. Lock Factory, Wolverhampton. Depots at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Price List sent free.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each.
Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.
DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS:
REPRODUCED BY THE
AUTOTYPE PROCESS
FROM THE
ORIGINALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
With Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"This splendid volume. . . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine tact. . . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. In two cases, minute gradations of light and shade are so well rendered that most people would pronounce the photographs hardly inferior to the originals. Of the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value. Such criticism is rare in any country, but it is particularly uncommon in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
A Large Consignment
from a Lyons Manufacturer,
the best makes,
will be sold considerably under value.

370 pieces at 6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.
220 pieces at 3s. 9½d.	formerly 4s. 11d.

Also the following,
which are remarkably cheap:—

2s. 11½d.	formerly 3s. 9½d.
3s. 3d.	formerly 4s. 6d.
4s.	formerly 5s. 6d.
5s.	formerly 6s. 6d.
6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.

Patterns free.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
PRETTY GRISAILLE SILKS,
2s. 6½d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d.
Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
COSTUMES, beautifully Cut and Fashioned,
in the new Grisaille Silks,
at 4 and 4½ gs.
Stuff for Bodice.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.

For 5 Guineas	formerly 6½ Guineas
For 7 Guineas	formerly 9 Guineas
For 10 Guineas	formerly 14 Guineas

Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Courtauld Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Courtauld Crape is a speciality,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.

These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.

Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

GASK and GASK'S
New TRAVELLING, YACHTING, and SEASIDE COSTUMES, made of the new Vigona Cloths, Autumn Serges, &c., from quite new and elegant Paris Models, from 1½ to 5½ gs. Fur-lined Cloaks and Sealskins are being sold at the
LOWEST SUMMER PRICES.
The remainder of the SURPLUS STOCK is being cleared off at EXTREME SALE PRICES.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka, 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

ROUND SHOULDERS and STOOPING HABITS cured by the Improved Chest Expanding Braces. They straighten and develope the back and chest, and ensure an elegant figure suitable for both sexes; invaluable to growing children. Illustrations free.—HAMILTON and CO., 404, Oxford Street, W.

HENRY GLAVE'S "NOTICE"
of the SALE of
HENDERSON and LANYON'S STOCK,
of 157, Upper Street, Islington,
on MONDAY NEXT, August 27.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S "NOTICE"
of the SALE of
HENDERSON and LANYON'S STOCK,
on MONDAY NEXT, August 27.
Ladies and Children's Felt Skirts.
Cambric, Satin, and Velvet Skirts.
Ladies' Outfitting and Underclothing.
A variety of Children's Underclothing.
Children's Frocks and Dresses.
Rich Needle Worked Robes.
Ribbons, Fancy Bags, Baskets.
Berlin Wool, Scotch Yarn.
Worked Cushions, Slippers.
Screens, Stools, Smoking Caps.
Cosies, Silk and other Trimmings.
Dress Ornaments, Rich Fringes.
All kinds of Furniture Trimmings.
Plain and Fancy Haberdashery.
With various other Cheap Lots.
And having purchased the Stock by Public Tender at the large discount of 78½ per cent., we have determined to give our customers all the advantages.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

MR. MECHI'S ADDRESS to his OLD FRIENDS and CUSTOMERS and to the PUBLIC:
"As it has been erroneously supposed by some that I am no longer interested in my London business, I think it desirable to state that I continue to carry it on as energetically, and I trust, as satisfactorily to the Public, as formerly, assisted by my only son, who will in due time succeed me. It is now 50 years ago since I first commenced business in Leadenhall Street, and what changes have taken place! Then everybody shaved, and my razor and razor strop trade was immense; now moustache and beard are the order of the day, and the razor and strop trade is comparatively defunct. Then there were no railways, so people stayed at home and used wooden dressing-cases; now everybody travels by rail, and we have dressing-bags to suit the altered conditions. Fifty years ago the goose supplied our pens, and many a now rich merchant in the City will remember the quality of Mechi's shilling pen-knives; but steel pens have extinguished the pen knife trade and the penmaking machines, and the geese rest in peace, except at Michaelmas. In fact, steam has altered, and, I may safely say, improved everything, and has made us a nation of travellers both by land and sea. I wonder how much time is now occupied in reading the steam-worked press? and how much less time is occupied in sipping port wine, as we used to do 50 years ago, when we could not travel? Steam will make our 4 lb loaves cheaper some day, just as it has converted calico from 2s. 6d. to 6d. or less per yard. Then, again, a letter which used to cost 6s. 6d. to Cork is now carried for a penny. Sir Rowland Hill richly deserves a monument. But to return to business: 50 years ago, when I first commenced on a small scale, I made it an axiom that what I sold should be good and useful, and I believe thousands who used the Strop and Paste, which I personally invented, can testify to this; in fact, it was sometimes complained of that I stamped on my razors, 'Exchanged if not approved.' I have never, and shall never so long as I live, deviate from that principle, because it is the true means to retain and increase one's connection. I devoted my attention especially to the quality and convenience of arrangements in the Dressing Bag and Dressing Case Department, and in the tasteful selection of articles suitable for presentation, as well as on the matter of Dispatch Boxes and Writing Cases. Although both razors and penknives have 'gone out,' our sportsmen remain, and 'Sporting Knives' form one of our special departments. I feel firmly convinced that there is no fear of the departure of knives and forks, or dinners, so we make this an important department in quality and price. In conclusion, I ask no favours, but simply desire that my customers should compare the quality and price of my wares with those of other dependable establishments, and form their own conclusions. Most of my worthy assistants and workmen have been nearly forty years in my service, and long ago learned that civility and attention to our customers are as important as good quality in the articles sold. Illustrated catalogues will be forwarded post free on application."
112, Regent Street, opposite Vigo Street, 1877.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.
Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says:
"Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877.—"They can be safely recommended."
C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES
OF
VICHY.
Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the Mineral Waters.
The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.
In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.
The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or aniselle.
In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each.
VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.
In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each.
VICHY BARLEY SUGAR.
An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER
Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,
having concluded the purchase (in Paris)
of Forty Thousand Metres of extra

RICH COLOURED SILKS,
Is selling the same at unexampled prices.
The shades are of the most distingue character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of Silks ever submitted.
Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ALSO A LARGE PURCHASE OF THE

RICHEST FIGURED SILKS
Is now being offered at 5s. 6d. per yard,
amongst which will be found the most choice shades
of White, Bronze, Tilleul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,
has purchased the Model Silk Dresses of Messrs. Pingat, Grange et Magenties, E. Pasquier, P. Canivet, Barutal and Dennery of Paris, and the same are now on Sale at less than half-price. These Costumes are of the richest possible description, which will easily be understood by a glance at the names of the Artistes from whom they were purchased.

A LARGE STOCK OF

FANCY DRESS MATERIALS
in every variety of Fabric, 10s. 6d. to 4os. the Dress.
Rich Summer Grenadines and other light Fabrics,
in White, Black, and Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress.

IN 60 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.

SCARBOROUGH SERGES (all wool),
at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free.
In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES,
45 inches wide, 17s. 6d. the Dress. Patterns free.
The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.
Beige and Matalasse Costumes, 38s. 6d.
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 3 guineas.
Mikado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT PURCHASES OF

MANTLES AND JACKETS,
In Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet,
at very low prices. Also a large Stock of Cashmere
and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas.
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

UNION OF FRENCH WINE GROWERS, an association of some of the chief Vineyard proprietors to sell direct from the grower to the consumer.

PURE AND CHEAP WINES direct from the Vineyard at the following prices:—

CLARET, at 14s., 16s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 60s.
BURGUNDIES, 14s., 18s., 24s., 36s., to 159s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 40s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

Catalogues on application to the Manager at the Warehouse, 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."**
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS., 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well matured, and of very excellent quality.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.
Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 8d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; Indian corn, 4s. 6d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 6d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; barley meal, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.—In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

COCK'S READING SAUCE
Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured
FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.
CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

Established 1837.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.

ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble.
Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers.—Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.
In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.
Manufactory—60, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"
MILD AND FRAGRANT.
WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"
A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."
Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

BRUXELLES.—An English Lady is desirous of receiving into her Family a LADY or Two LADIES to share the expenses of Housekeeping.—For terms, &c., address to Mrs. B., 87, Rue de l'Arbre Benit, Bruxelles.

A LADY may find a comfortable and cheerful HOME in the House of a Widow Lady. A large Front Room, as Bed and Sitting Room if required.—Apply at CHAPMAN'S LIBRARY, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood.

A WIDOW LADY, who has many little Children entirely dependent on her, earnestly begs for orders for most exquisite etchings of animals. A beautiful specimen etching sent, with particulars of her case and references (if desired) on receipt of 5s. in stamps.—Address IDA, Ruan High Lanes, Grampound, Cornwall.

ESTABLISHED
1832.
NONE
GENUINE
EXCEPT
IN
PINK PAPER
WRAPPERS.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

AMONG THE CULTIVATED AND REFINED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS RENOWNED PREPARATION IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED FAVOURITE WITH BOTH SEXES. OVER FORTY YEARS' TRIAL AND EXPERIENCE HAVE ESTABLISHED ITS SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESTORE GREY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GREY, LOSES ITS LUSTRE, AND FALLS OUT, IT SIMPLY REQUIRES NOURISHMENT. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION, STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES THE HAIR, AND, BY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL CAUSES, GREY OR WHITE HAIR IS QUICKLY RESTORED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. IT WILL STOP ITS FALLING, AND INDUCE A HEALTHY AND MOST LUXURIANT GROWTH. USE NO OTHER PREPARATION WITH IT, NOT EVEN OIL OR POMADE, OR ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IS THE BEST

TO RESTORE GREY HAIR.

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND PREPARED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL. OVER FORTY YEARS THE FAVOURITE PREPARATION. ENJOYING BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE, IT MUST BE THE BEST. IT DOES NOT DYE THE HAIR, BUT STRENGTHENS IT. GREY HAIRS SOON DISAPPEAR. BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION THE ROOTS ARE STRENGTHENED, THE SOFT AND SILKY TEXTURE OF HEALTHY HAIR FOLLOWS ITS USE.

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles

MRS. S. A. ALLEN
manufactures two entirely
distinct Preparations for the Hair.
One or the other is suited to every condition
of the Human Hair. Both are never required
at one time. For details as to each Preparation, kindly
read above and below this paragraph. Readers can easily determine which of the two they require. These Preparations have a world-wide reputation. Enormous
and increasing sale through Forty Years.
Every Chemist and Dealer in
Toilet Articles has both
Preparations.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S

ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

For the
Growth and Preservation
of the Hair.
It is a cooling, vegetable, and transparent liquid,
without sediment

A SIMPLE TONIC AND DRESSING OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO BOTH SEXES. THE FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NO GREY HAIR. IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR, BUT, BY EARLY USE, IT WILL PREVENT IT TURNING GREY. PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, SO COMMON IN THESE DAYS, MAY BE ENTIRELY PREVENTED BY THE USE OF ZYLO-BALSAMUM. PROMPT RELIEF IN THOUSANDS OF CASES HAS BEEN AFFORDED WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN COMING OUT IN HANDFULS. IT PROMOTES A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH. HAIR DRESSED WITH ZYLO-BALSAMUM IS ALWAYS CLEAN, FREE FROM DANDRUFF, AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS ONLY SEEN IN HEALTHY HAIR. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT. NO OIL OR POMADE SHOULD BE USED WITH IT.

CAUTION!—The Genuine only in Bluish Grey Wrappers
Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles

THE FAVOURITE TOILET WATER OF THE AGE.

GOLDEN STAR

BAY LEAF WATER,

TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM THE FRESH LEAVES of the BAY TREE (*Myrcia Acris*),
FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.

A
Toilet Water
of peculiar and
delightful fragrance,
delicate and lasting,
refreshing and soothing.
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
triple distilled from the fresh leaves of
the Bay Tree (Myrcia Acris). Indispensable
and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY, and BATH.
A few drops on a Sponge or Towel moistened with water,
and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to
the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended
to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the BATH gives a
delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING
PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING OF IN-
FANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for
a basin of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and
all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental
labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles,
2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists
and Perfumers, or on receipt
of stamps from the whole-
sale depôt, 114 & 116,
Southampton Row,
London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted not to destroy the hair. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chemists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud et Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PISTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. each. Price lists post free.

MITCHAM LAVENDER.—PIESSE and LUBIN are now distilling, at their Flower Farm, the famed MITCHAM LAVENDER. Samples may be had either at the Stillery, Mitcham Road, Surrey, or at the Laboratory, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 1s. 6d. each, suitable for superior ore.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London.
All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR cools and refreshes the face and hands of ladies and all exposed to the scorching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust. It eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, stings of insects, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is invaluable to Ladies travelling, visiting the seaside, yachting, rinking, or otherwise exposed to the heat and dust of summer; it obviates the baneful effects of salt water on the complexion and skin. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers at 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle. Buy no Kalydor but Rowland's.

SAMUEL CANTOR,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN SPONGES
AND INDIA RUBBER,
40, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, HOLBORN, W.C.
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the DETERGENT POWDER, which thoroughly cleanses Brushes and Sponge without injuring them.

LONDON HOSPITAL, Whitechapel ROAD, E.
(Mainly supported by Voluntary Contributions.)
FUNDS ARE NOW GREATLY NEEDED.
Annual Subscriptions or Donations urgently solicited.
Fixed Yearly Income, about £14,000.
Yearly Expenditure, about £40,000.
Over 600 In-Patients (admitted according to urgency) always under treatment.
From 4,000 to 5,000 Out-Patients also in constant attendance.
Wards and other parts of the Institution always open to the Inspection of Visitors.
Reports, with full information as to privileges of Subscribers and of the work effected by this Hospital, sent (free) on application.
A. G. SNELGROVE, Secretary.
Bankers—Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., and
Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, 48 and 49, Great Ormond Street, W.C., and Cromwell House, Highgate.
Patron—Her Majesty the QUEEN.
The Committee very earnestly SOLICIT CONTRIBUTIONS towards the current expenses of the Hospital. 152 Beds are maintained—viz., 100 Beds at the Hospital, and 52 Beds at the Convalescent Branch at Cromwell House, Highgate. Upwards of 1,000 Out-patients are seen weekly at Great Ormond Street.
The Charity is not endowed, but depends entirely on voluntary support.
JOHN WALTER, Esq., M.P., Chairman.
SAMUEL WHITFORD, Secretary.
Bankers—Williams, Deacons, and Co.;
Messrs. Hoare, Messrs. Herries.

MALVERN. — HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—The compressed air bath, important remedy in chest diseases. Situate near the Hills. Extensive Grounds, Winter Garden, and Billiard Room.—Resident physicians: C. F. Grindrod and E. Durant.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 199, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Walbeck St., London.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—TO LET (for not less than 12 months) in the best part of Shanklin, a DETACHED HOUSE, handsomely furnished, standing in a large well-wooded garden. Three reception rooms, four bedrooms and dressing-room, large kitchen and offices. Water and drainage excellent. To a careful tenant, £2 10s. per week for twelve months. Or unfurnished, £60 per annum, on lease.—For particulars apply to Mrs. JOHNSON, Library, Shanklin, I. of W.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour, and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale SIGOLLOT and Co., 62, Southwark St., London.

DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.
TALON ROUGE,
Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877

GLYKALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS
MEMBRANE

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes.

GLYKALINE is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF to
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Tooth-ache; its timely use frequently obviates the necessity of having a tooth extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloureux.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 24th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and, in some cases, is successful by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED
CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agree-ably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation or Excoriation of the Skin.

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of vegetable origin (without mineral admixture), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,
THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses the Teeth from Tartar and all incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases the whiteness of the Teeth, brightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in con-formity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invalu-able to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the substance, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the natural smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared in bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S
PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES.
Gratis and Post Free.

MERCHANT SHIPPERS and the TRADE supplied on the most LIBERAL TERMS with all HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, both MEDICINAL and DIETETIC.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE.

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter.

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter

---

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0
FLEUR DE THÉ QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA (New Edition)	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s. 1 Septet, 2s. each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

M. WALDTEUFEL'S NEWEST WALTZ

AU REVOIR WALTZ. Par EMILE WALDTEUFEL (Composer of the celebrated "Manolo Waltz"). The above new Waltz will most certainly become very popular. Price 2s. net.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. Leybach. In 2 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

MY BOYHOOD'S DREAM. Ballad. Written by Mr. Carpenter. The Music by J. L. Hatton. Sung by Mr. Maybrick. 4s., post free for 24 stamps. "A very telling ballad."—Vide the *Illustrated London News.*

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

WATER PARTIES, PICNICS, and wherever part singing is required without the aid of accompaniments. The VOCAL TRIOS and ROUNDS and CANONS, edited by William Hills, will be found among the most charming music of the day. May be had in 30 parts, each 2d.; or in 3 vols., each 3s.—London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street; where may be had, gratis and post free, a list of Robert Cocks and Co.'s Vocal Quartets. Nos. 1 to 49 post free for two and four stamps each.

THE GARDEN PARTY QUADRILLES. By W. Smallwood, illustrated title, piano solo and duet, 24 stamps each.—The BUXTON QUADRILLES for Pianoforte, by Adam Wright, illustrated title, 4s.—The SCARBOROUGH QUADRILLES, for pianoforte, by Stephen Glover, illustrated title, 4s.; both post free for 24 stamps each; and a SINGING QUADRILLE, for piano, Cotsford Dick, post free for 24 stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

TEN LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE ART OF PLAYING THE PIANOFORTE. By Czerny. Fourth Edition, pp. 64, 1s. 6d., paper cover; in cloth, 2s. Also his LETTERS on THOROUGH BASS. Same price.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by Percy Fitzgerald, adapted to Muller's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss), the New Waltz by Otto Muller, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half-price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

NEW SONG FOR BARITONE.

THE MINER. By Berthold Tours.

"Rugged and swart and tough is he,
Yet staunch and true as a man should be."

Sent for 2s.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

NEW EDITION IN F FOR BASS

THE KING AND THE BEGGAR MAID. By W. C. Levey. This popular Song may be had in A for baritone and in F for bass. Sent for 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

MUSIC FOR THE SEASIDE.

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. New Numbers. Price 1s each, post free, 1s 1d.

Arthur Sullivan's 10 Songs.	Raff's Piano Album.
Santley's 10 New Songs.	Rubinstein's Piano Album.
Virginia Gabriel's 10 Songs.	Brahms's Piano Album.
A. S. Gatty's 12 Ballads.	Lamothe's Waltz Album.
Longfellow & Balfe's 10 Songs.	Waldteufel's Waltz Album.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London, W.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Celebrated Song. The Waltz of the Season.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.

THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.

THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.

THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For purity and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op 105, No 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 110, No 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op 81, No 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op 73, No 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op 86, No 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	2	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op 45, No. 13)	2	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wonderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by Walter Macfarren. 48 Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded post free to any part of the world.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

GAVOTTE, in E Minor. By Silas. Played by Madame Essipoff at her Concerts in England and America with immense success. A new edition of this celebrated Gavotte is now ready. Price 3s.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GALOP OF THE SEASON.

GO BANG! New Galop by Charles Coote, Jun. Equal in every way to the well-known "Roulette," "Archery," and "Croquet" Galops by the same popular Composer. Price 3s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical PianoFORTE SCHOOL.

Section 1. No 1. Pianoforte Tutor.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLE'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

MONOGRAMS.—Rodrigues' Novelties in Monograms, Crests, and Addresses. STEEL DIES engraved as gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour relief, and illuminated in gold, silver, and colours in the highest style of art.—42, Piccadilly, W.

VISITING CARDS, at H. Rodrigues'. A card plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superfine cards printed for 4s 6d. BOOK PLATES designed and engraved in Modern and Mediæval Styles at RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane)

SANGSTER and CO., UMBRELLA MAKERS.

Six Prize Medals Awarded

Sangster's Silk and Alpaca Umbrellas, upon Fox's Celebrated Paragon Frames, all bearing Trade Mark, and fitted with the new Automatic Runner, are the Cheapest, Smallest, Lightest, and Best in the world

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THE AUTOMATIC.

This invention has been long sought after

THE PATENT AUTOMATIC RUNNER

Is Self-opening—Self-closing. Always ready.

140, Regent Street, W.	*75, Cheapside, E.C.
10, Royal Exchange, E.C.	74, Fleet Street, E.C.

* Also Wholesale and Shipping Depôt.

Philadelphia Exhibition, Prize Medal and Diploma awarded.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Stationers throughout the World

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH

SEE THAT YOU GET IT,

As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST.

All Music post free at half-price.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S POPULAR PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Each post free, 18 stamps.

Explanatory Note—M.E. Moderately Easy. M.D. Moderately Difficult.

Gavotte, Favorite de Louis XIV. Thirteenth Edition. M.E.
Menuet (de Boccherini). Eleventh Edition. M.E.
Nell Gwynne (a Reminiscence of the Court of Charles II.) Third Edition. M.E.
Autrefois (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). Nineteenth Edition. M.D.
Marche au Tournoi. Fourth Edition. M.D.
Stentorello (Burla Toscana). M.D.
Bric-à-Brac, No. 1, E. Third Edition. M.D.
Chanson d'Amour. M.E.
La Lutina (Esquisse Espagnole). M.D.
Un Songe du Ciel (Thème de Batiste). M.D.
An Album Leaf (to Emilie). M.D.
Air de Ballet. Sixth Edition. M.D.

Review.—"Exquisitely quaint and captivating for originality, simplicity, and attractiveness combined. These compositions are unique."

Just issued by the same Composer:—

Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.
La Princesse (Gavotte Moderne). 3s.

H. WEIST HILL'S COMPOSITIONS, performed with great success at the Alexandra Palace.

VALSES.	POLKAS.
Alma. 4s.	Gertrude. 3s.
Son Image. 4s.	Belle of the Promenade. 3s.
True Love. 4s.	

Gavotte, Madame de Pompadour (Beautifully Illustrated). 4s.

Galop, To Paris in 10 Hours. 3s.

Review—"Marked by far more thought and musical ability than dance music usually is."—*Figaro.*

J. LEYBACH'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.

Chant de Bivouac. 3s.	Zampa. 4s.
Fête des Bergères. 3s.	Tancredi. 4s.
Festa Romana. 4s.	L'Elisire. 4s.
L'Alsacienne. 4s.	Pegase Galop. 3s.
Bolero Brilliant. 4s.	Chant du Patrie. 3s.

Harmonium Solo—Bataliera de Venice. 3s.

Piano and Harmonium—Heureux Présage. 4s.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' NEW AND POPULAR TRANSCRIPTIONS.

DER LUSTIGE BAUER (Joyful Peasant), Schumann's most popular melody. 3s.

This is decidedly the most taking arrangement of this charming theme.—*Vide* Press.

What Will You Do, Love? (Lover's Popular Song). 3s.	March "Scipio." 3s.
Little Nell. 3s.	She Wore a Wreath of Roses. 3s.
I Heard a Spirit Sing. 3s.	Ballad Singer. 3s.
Day-Dream (Blumenthal). 3s.	Bride's March (Lohengrin). 3s.
Nazareth (Gounod). 3s.	Blow Gentle Gales. 3s.
Tell Me My Heart. 3s.	Sweet Home (Wrighton). 3s.

AROITI'S L'INGÉNUE. Morceau a la Gavotte. 3s. Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success.

W. SMALLWOOD'S PIANO PIECES

Carefully fingered throughout.

Mont Blanc. 2s 6d.	Rochelle. 2s. 6d.
Ballad Singer. 2s. 6d.	Sweet Home. 2s. 6d.
Fern Leaves. 3s.	Ferial March. 3s.
Azalea. 2s. 6d.	Rose Pink. 3s.
Elaine. 3s.	Verbena. 3s.

HOBART PASHA MARCH. By M. Watson. Illustrated with splendid portrait in colours of this celebrity. Price 3s.

FRANZ ABT'S NEWEST SONGS.

ONE LITTLE WORD. 3s.

"Destined to be one of the reigning favourites. This gifted composer has written nothing more beautiful since 'When the Swallows.'"—*Empire.*

'TIS I, MY LOVE. 3s.

"The music is of Abt's best, the melody is full of variety and charm."—*Illustrated News.*

New Vocal Duets by same Composer:—

THE FAIRY DELL. 3s. EVENTIDE. 3s.
FAIR JEANETTE. 3s.

CIRO PINSUTI'S SUCCESSFUL SONGS.

Fairer than Morning (Beatrice)	3s.
The Owl. In A minor and G minor. Sung by Mr. Santley	4s.
I Love My Love. In A flat and B flat . . each	4s.
The Raft. In G and E. Sung by Signor Foli	4s.
Love Will Shine All Through (contralto)	3s.
What We Have Loved We Love For Ever	3s.

LOUIS DIEHL'S LATEST SONGS.

My Sailor Love	3s.
Brave Old Joe (Descriptive)	4s.

NEW SONGS by J. B. WALDECK.

A Life's Love (Sung by Signor Foli)	4s.
Peace be Still (Ditto)	4s.
In the Twilight (Keys D and F)	4s.
We Roam and Rule the Sea	3s.

EDWARD TERRY'S COMPLAINTS, or, THE ILLS OF LIFE AND THEIR REMEDIES. As sung by the Author and encored five times. Post free, 18 stamps, with Comic Illustration.

PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP. C. Coote. Illustrated with New Portrait of the Prince. Solo or Duet, 2s. net. The most popular piece of dance-music ever published, the sum of £1,000 odd having been realised for the copyright alone.—Sole Publisher, JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

LITTLE CLARINA'S LESSON-BOOK for the PIANO. By G. A. Macfarren. Parts 1 to 4, 2s 6d each; bound, 8s. "It contains all that is essential to instruct the youngest child."—*Globe*

FARMER'S PIANOFORTE TUTOR. 100,000th Edition. Price 4s.

FARMER'S HARMONIUM TUTOR. 60th Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

FARMER'S HARMONIUM VOLUNTARIES, in Six Books. 4s. each.

FARMER'S CELEBRATED VIOLIN SOLOS.

HOME, SWEET	LAST ROSE OF
BLUE BELLS	LIFE LET US
HOPE TOLD A	HARP THAT ONCE
KEEL ROW	SOUNDS SO JOYFUL

With Pianoforte Accompaniment, 3s each; post free, 1s. 6d.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S NAAMAN.

Vocal Score, complete, Octavo Edition. 4s. net.
Do. do. bound in cloth. 6s net.

All the numbers of "Naaman" can also be had separately, including the celebrated Aria, "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," 3s; and the Triumphal March, "Naaman," as Piano Solo, 3s.; Piano Duet, 3s.; and also as Organ Solo, with Pedal, 3s.

SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S WORKS for the PIANOFORTE, in two vols. Cheap Edition now ready, including the celebrated Toccata, Scherzo, op. 13; Capriccio, op. 27; Three Sketches, &c. Price 6s. net each vol.; or, bound, cloth, 8s. net.

VERY SUSPICIOUS! H. Clifton's renowned Serio-Comic Duet for Lady and Gentleman, introducing popular songs. Also, the Medley Duet, "Love and Pride." "Just the thing for penny readings and amateur concerts." Either sent free, 24 stamps.

ROBINSON CRUSOE! H. Clifton's enormously popular Comic Medley. Humorously Illustrated. "His songs are always free from the vulgarity which is unfortunately characteristic of some modern comic songs." Lists of Clifton's Comic and Motto Songs gratis.

CATALOGUES sent POST FREE. Sole Agents for Moore and Burgess Minstrels Songs. Shipping Orders on favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

NOTICE. — LINOLEUM. — OETZMANN and CO. have now received all the new PRIZE DESIGNS in this favourite Floor Covering—warm, soft, and carpet-like in appearance. Prices reduced. A visit of inspection solicited. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RO.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 11 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.

OETZMANN and CO.'s FIVE GUINEA NONPAREIL BEDSTEAD and BEDDING is a marvel of quality and economy combined—consists of a 4 ft. 6 in. wide handsome Brass and Iron French Bedstead, one of O. and Co.'s patent Pallio Mattresses, and a good Wool Upper Mattress, good Feather Bolster, and two Pillows. Every one about to furnish should see this excellent set on view in the Show Rooms. Also to suit the above, two fine Linen Sheets, one ditto Bolster-case, two ditto Pillow-cases, three superior quality Blankets, and handsome white Marsella Quilt, for 78s. 6d. the set.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN'S Patent Pallio Mattress supersedes the use of the old rigid Palliasse; is more cleanly, healthy, and elastic; combines the advantages of a Mattress and Palliasse at the cost of one article. Price from 16s 9d. upwards. See page 123 in "A Guide to House Furnishing," sent post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS.	**FURNITURE.**
CARPETS.	**FURNITURE.**
CARPETS.	**FURNITURE.**

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 3 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT. — Stout Tapestry Brussels Carpet, 1s. 9½d.; handsome pattern ditto, from 2s 2d. to 2s 9d. per yard; superior Brussels, new designs, from 2s. 11d. upwards. These prices are much below value. Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, 1s. 11d. per yard; Patent Felt Carpeting, from 11½d. per yard; Superior Rock Dye ditto, handsome designs, double width, 1s. 11d. per yard; excellent Stair Carpet, from 6d. per yard; Best Quality, all Wool, ditto, 1s. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.

OETZMANN and CO.

ELEGANT TAPESTRY CRETONNE CURTAINS, in various choice designs, adapted for drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, parlours, bedrooms, &c., lined throughout with the new Cretonne lining, and bound all round with best silk Paris lace or Cretonne binding, 3 yards long by 30 inches wide, 10s. 6d. per pair; ditto, 45 inches wide, 15s; ditto, 3½ yards long by 45 inches wide, 17s. 6d. Also every description of materials used for curtains. One of the largest and best assortments in London to select from.

BOMBAY STRIPED CURTAINS.— The cheapest Curtains extant. Effective style, 3 yards long by 46 inches wide, 9s. 9d. per pair; 3½ yards, 11s. 9d.; 4 yards, 13s. 9d. Patterns on application.

KITCHEN REQUISITES.—OETZMANN and CO.'S TEN POUND SET (List No. 2A, page 231, in their "GUIDE TO HOUSE FURNISHING," sent post free on application), includes Tables, Chairs, Clock, &c., with the various culinary utensils and requisites, contains all the most useful articles required in every kitchen, each being of superior quality, and is the most practical selection extant.—OETZMANN and CO.

CHINA.	**GLASS, &c.**
CHINA.	**GLASS, &c.**
CHINA.	**GLASS, &c.**

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.— OETZMANN and CO.—ORDERS sent per POST, whether large or small, receive prompt and careful attention. Those residing at a distance, or any to whom a personal visit would be inconvenient, desirous of leaving the selection to the Firm, may rely upon a faithful attention to their wishes and interest in the selection. This Department is personally supervised by a member of the Firm. For further particulars please see page 287 in Catalogue, sent free on application.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

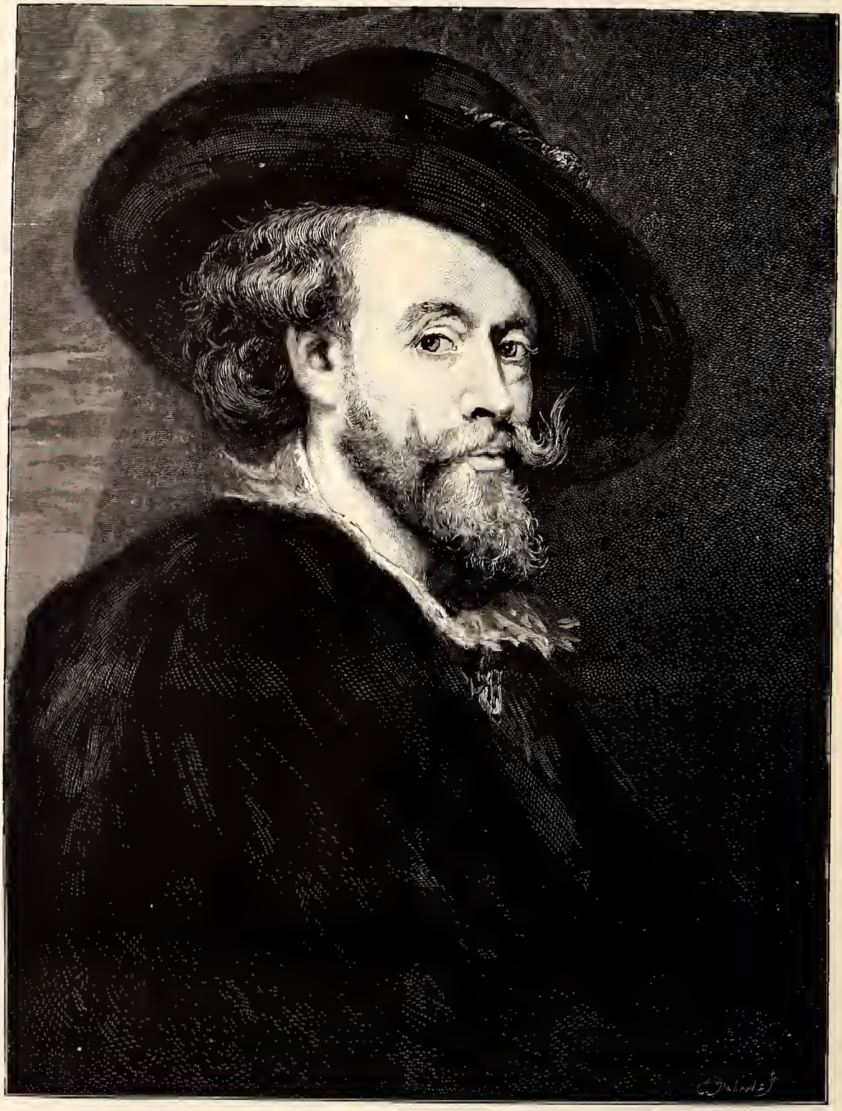
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

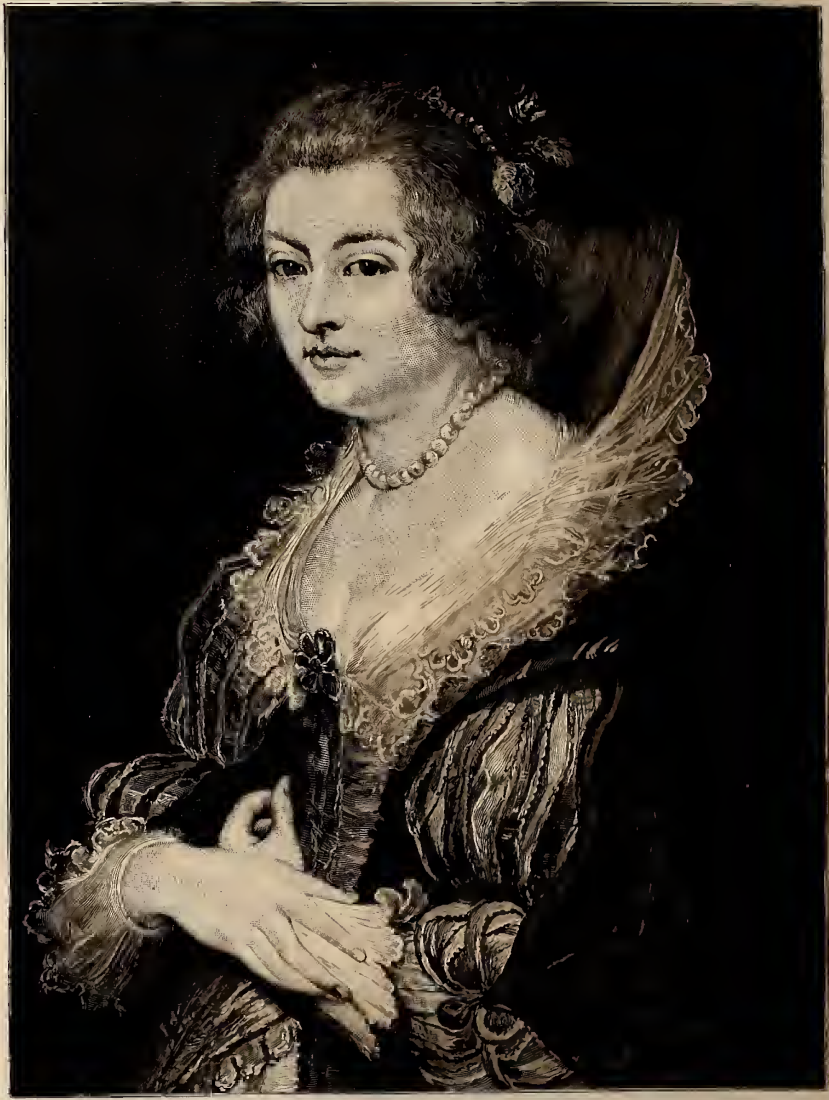
Printed for the Proprietors by Edward Joseph Mansfield, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—August 25, 1877.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



THE RUBENS TERCENTENARY: PETER PAUL RUBENS

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN HER MAJESTY'S COLLECTION AT WINDSOR



THE RUBENS TERCENTENARY: THE PAINTER'S SECOND WIFE

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN HER MAJESTY'S COLLECTION AT WINDSOR

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLIN

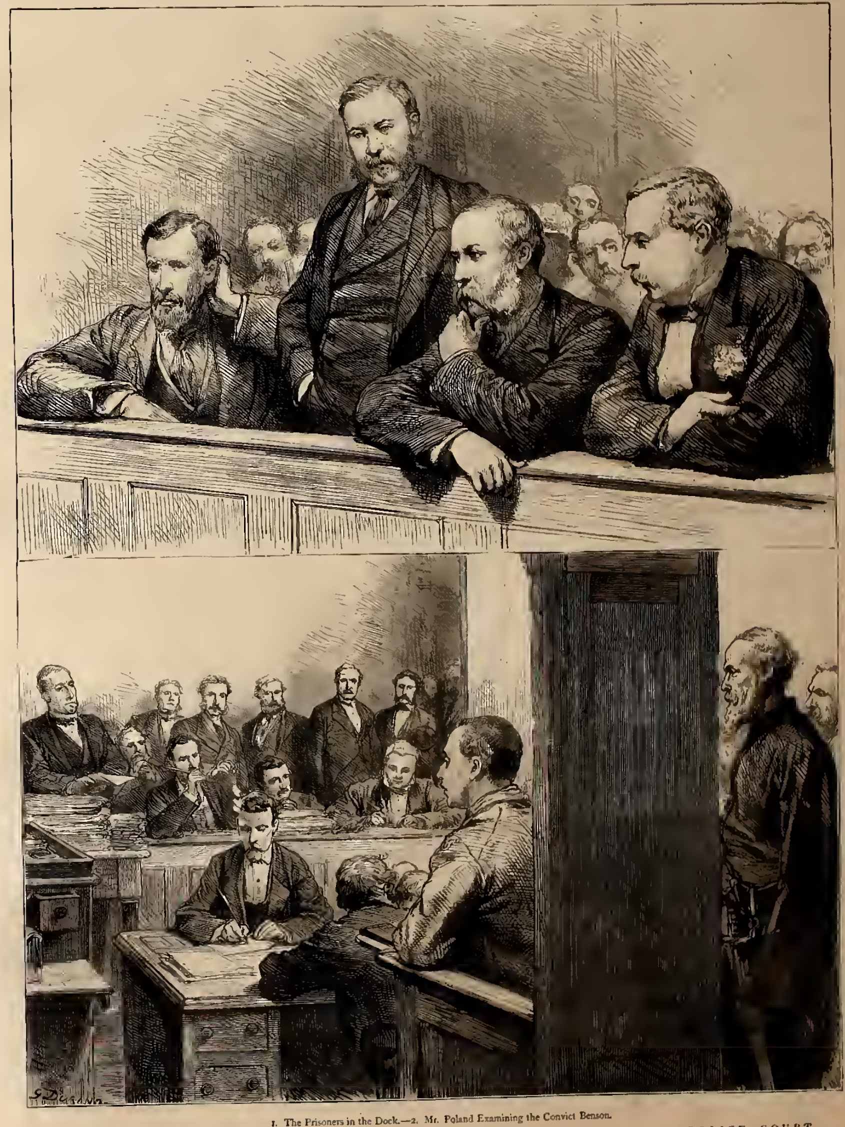
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 405
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

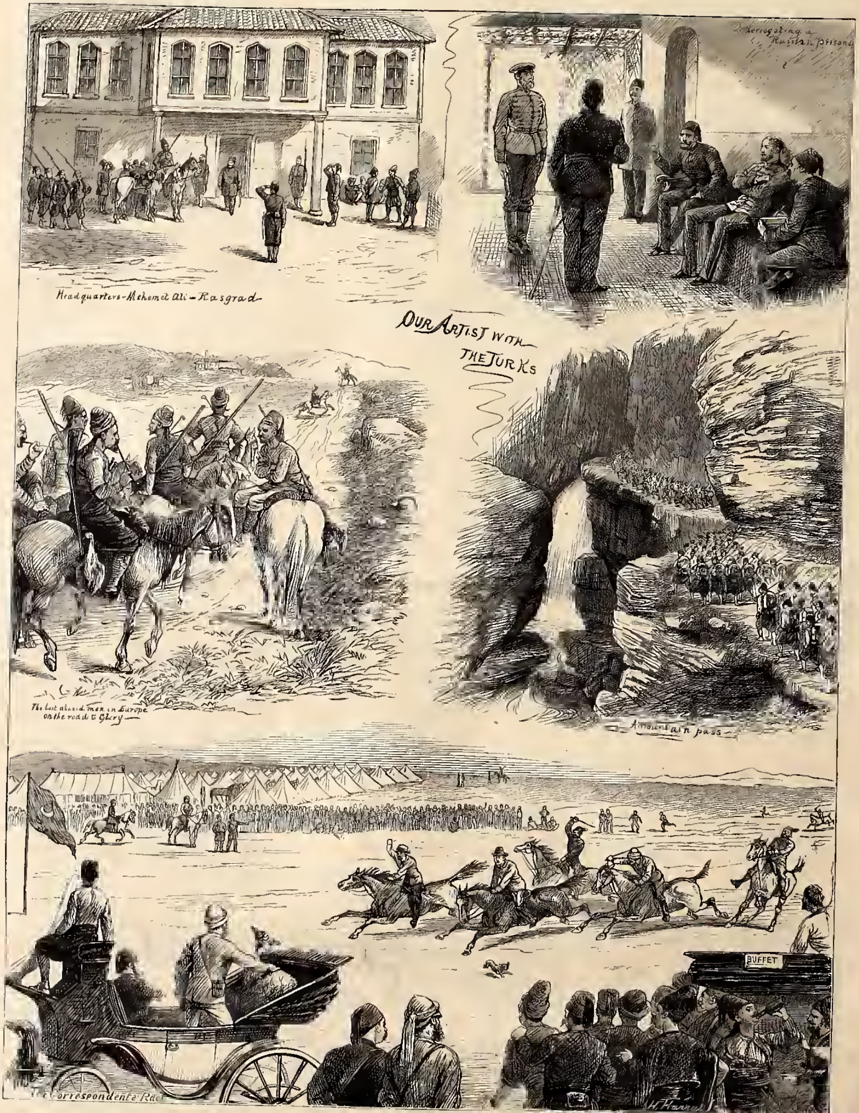
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny

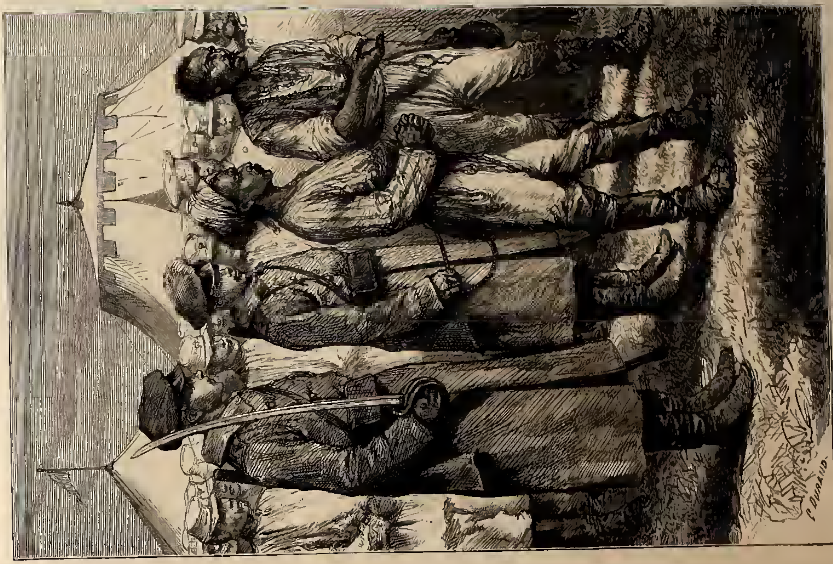


1. The Prisoners in the Dock.—2. Mr. Poland Examining the Convict Benson.

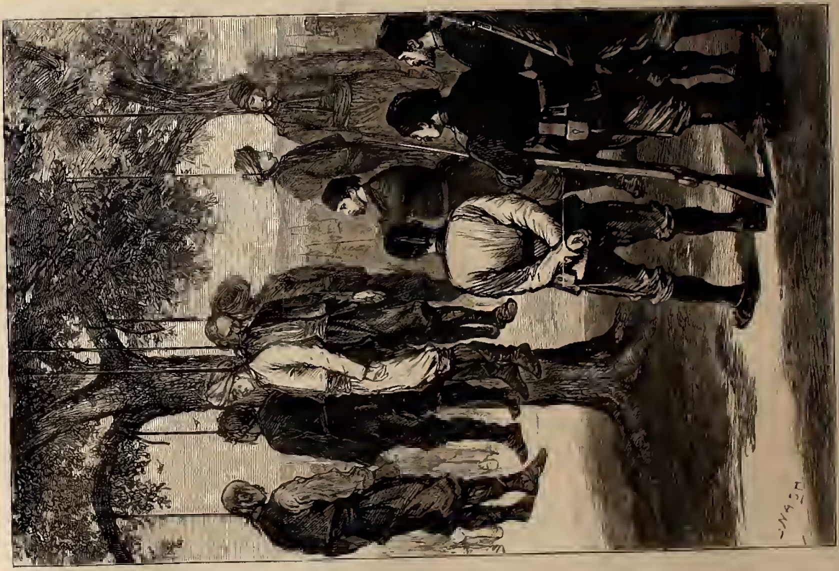
THE CHARGE AGAINST THE DETECTIVES—SKETCHES IN BOW STREET POLICE COURT


Headquarters—Mehemet Ali—Rasgrad—
Interrogating a Russian prisoner
Our Artist with the Turks
The last abused men in Europe on the road to Glory—
A mountain pass—
Correspondents' Rac
BUFFET
H Harral

WITH THE TURKS



WITH THE RUSSIANS: "CAUGHT RED-HANDED"—BRINGING A BASHI-BAZOUK INTO CAMP



WITH THE TURKS: NEAR KARABOURNAR—HANGING BULGARIANS CHARGED WITH MUTILATING MAHOMMEDANS AT ISKISARA

Circassians—had slaughtered and maimed the Russian wounded and prisoners before retreating from the advancing enemy. "On the way along the position," he writes, "looking down to the right from the road, there, heaped round a telegraph post on the green sward are the heads that had thought and planned and hoped and feared but yesterday, perhaps this morning, but they looked small and shrunken, probably from loss of all blood, and the countenances tell no tale, as far as I could see, in a hurried, horrified examination." On reaching the summit of the pass he came upon a circle of Russians, officers and men, gazing fascinated at a spectacle within. "There at last are the bodies collected together for examination, all headless, some cut from limb to limb. . . . But were these men alive or dead when they were thus treated? With regard to some there may be a doubt, but with regard to others no doubt. . . . The proof was all too plain. There lay men who had been wounded or unwounded prisoners, in the hands of the Turkish 'gentlemen,' who had foully murdered and mutilated them, showing thus that they are savages as cruel as any in Africa or India. And but a few paces distant the Russian medical men were dressing the wounds of these savages, and soldiers standing round guarded them from all evil, even the righteous indignation which filled their own breasts." We will not pursue this painful subject further, but turning to a brighter side of warfare, another sketch shows a company of Cossacks saving a number of the wounded of the Bulgarian legion during the subsequent battle at Yeni Sagra, whence on the advance of the Turks the Russians carried off as many Bulgarian civilians as were compatible with the safety of the army. Another episode during the battle of a somewhat humorous character is also represented. Some Turks were surprised by a sudden attack on the part of the Russians, who had not given them time to descend from the trees where they had been stationed. The Russian soldiers, more merciful than their enemies would have been, began to exhort their captives to come down from their perches, crying, "Aman! Aman!"—"I pardon you, I pardon you!" The remaining sketches are sufficiently explained by their titles, but with regard to the Russian officers bathing in a mill-stream, we may mention that these streams form the only water supply of the district, there being no rivers of any noteworthy size.

WITH THE RUSSIANS SOUTH OF THE BALKANS

THE first of the two war sketches on our last page represents a council of war at a farmhouse at Ackjar, near Bulgar Karagatch, the headquarters of the Grand Duke Nicholas after the defeat at Plevna. The subject of the deliberation as may be easily guessed was the advisability of renewing the attack on that important position. A correspondent of the *Daily News* thus describes the scene:—"At half-past four the entire calvacade had gathered in front of the Grand Duke's place of sojourn. The Commander-in-Chief sat on a wooden stool in the centre of the farmyard, receiving and reading despatches." "Threshing Corn at Poudin" depicts a detachment of dragoons abandoning for a time their swords and carbines and taking to more peaceful implements, such as the flail and fan.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR,"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Readymoney Mortiboy," &c., is begun on page 205.

A PICNIC PARTY ON THE LAGOON, VENICE

IN the picture before us, Mr. Kilburne has given us one of the most charming features of Venetian life. Notwithstanding all the picturesque attractiveness of the Grand Canal, its innumerable palaces and far-famed Rialto, or of those delightful side canals, where so many glimpses of modern Venetian life and character are to be obtained, there at length comes a time when the visitors begin to find the air close and heavy, and the odours a trifle pungent, and even the intricate labyrinth of waterways growing monotonous. Then remembering the broad lagoons which girt the town, and providing himself with a basket of fruit, and a bottle of bright red wine, directs his ever faithful gondolier, who for fivepence an hour acts as boatman, guide, and if need be, waiter—to steer for the open water, there to enjoy the gentle breeze which so gratefully tempers the scorching sun. Or perhaps he may venture as far as the Lido—that sandy bar which protects Venice from the rude waves of the yellow Adriatic, and which is ever a favourite picnic spot for the Venetians and their visitors.

OUR OBITUARY RECORD

MR. WILLIAM LONGMAN, who died on the 17th ult., was one of the principal partners in the world-famous publishing firm of Longman and Co., Paternoster Row. He was born in 1813, and at a very early age entered his father's business, in which he became a partner in 1839. On the death of Mr. T. N. Longman, in 1842, the chief direction of affairs was assumed by William and his elder brother, the present Mr. Thomas Longman, under whose management some of the most notable and successful publications of the firm have been issued. Amongst these may be mentioned the works of Macaulay, the Waverley Novels, Victor Hugo's writings, Colenso's famous treatise on "The Pentateuch," the "Greville Memoirs," "Lothair," &c. Mr. William Longman was himself an author of no mean acquirements, as is evidenced by his excellent "Lectures on English History" and his "Life of Edward III." He also wrote a monograph on "The Three Cathedrals Dedicated to St. Paul in London," "Suggestions for the Exploration of Iceland," and a privately printed volume descriptive of a "Six Weeks' Tour in Switzerland." Mr. Longman leaves a widow and eight children, one of whom, Mr. C. J. Longman, is engaged in the business, and with his two cousins, sons of Mr. T. Longman, represents in Paternoster Row the fifth generation of the great publishing house.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

THE REV. DR. BLACK.——This enthusiastic young missionary whose career has been so suddenly cut short by fever, was born at Dunbog, in Fifeshire, and educated first at the parish school there under his father, who is still a teacher in the school, and afterwards at Cupar Academy. His training, as well as his abilities, admirably fitted him for the work of the Industrial and Medical Mission, upon which he had so recently entered. Previous to his college career he had gained some experience, first as a joiner, then as an architect, and afterwards as an inspector of works. Having a strong desire to become a missionary he obtained admission as a student to the Glasgow Medical Mission, and at the same time zealously prosecuted a medical course in the Glasgow University, followed by a theological training in Glasgow Free Church College, throwing himself with great ardour into the varied evangelical work in Glasgow. When the second Livingstonia expedition was being organised Dr. Stewart selected Dr. Black, who after the completion of his medical and theological studies, was ordained by the Free Presbytery of Glasgow. The party of which Dr. Black was the leader left this country in May, 1876, and from time to time letters were sent home giving most encouraging accounts of the prospects of the Mission. The climate, however, did not agree with the members, and all suffered more or less from that deadly fever under which Dr. Black at last succumbed, the news of his death having been sent to Cape Town by Dr. Stewart from the Blantyre Mission Station, near Murchison Cataracts.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

FRANCIS GETHLEY MEYRICK, whose death from dysentery was reported in *The Times* of Monday last, was born in 1855 on Sept. 8th, the very day upon which Sebastopol was taken, so that he was not quite twenty-two years of age. He received his preliminary education at the Temple School, Brighton, and after going through the usual course of professional study, first at Aylesbury, where there is a large County Infirmary, and afterwards at St. George's Hospital, London, he joined the National Society for Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War, and left this country in company with other surgeons on the 23d of June last. Since his arrival at the Seat of War he had been constantly engaged in his work of humanity. Some idea of the dreadful experiences and dangers to which the members of the Red Cross Society are constantly exposed, may be gathered from the account given by *The Times* correspondent of a raid made upon a Bulgarian village on the 26th of July by some Circassians, who carried off a large number of women alive, and butchered the remainder, who had taken refuge in a church. From that church Mr. Meyrick and three of his companions brought out and buried the bodies of 176 women and children, and while they were thus engaged Mr. Meyrick was deliberately shot at by a cowardly Circassian, who was sneaking behind a hedge. The shot, however, missed, and poor Meyrick's life was spared for the time, alas too soon to be yielded up to that fell disease which will probably claim more victims than will fall by sword or bullet.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

SWIMMING THE CHANNEL;

TORPEDO WARFARE—H.M.S. "FLAMINGO;"

AND

THE GODIVA PROCESSION AT COVENTRY

See page 213.

NOTE.——We are informed that our statement last week that the Granville Marina was opened by the Lord Mayor of London was a mistake, the ceremony having been performed by Earl Sydney, K.C.B., the Lord Lieutenant of the County.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Amongst the most notable political speeches of the week are those of Sir Stafford Northcote to the working men of Plymouth, and Earl Granville at the opening of the Bradford Liberal Club. Sir Stafford contended that the past Session had not been barren, and cited the Universities Act, the Irish Judicature Act, and the Prisons Act, as examples of eminently useful though not sensational legislation. With regard to the War in the East, England's interests were not at present involved, but should they be infringed upon, the Government would be quite prepared to protect them. Lord Granville, too, held it to be impossible for the Government to interfere at the present critical juncture, and said that our duty was to watch the course of events, and to tender our good offices as soon as there was a chance of obtaining peace, which must be based upon self-government for the Christian populations of Turkey. Turning to home politics, he counselled the Liberals of Yorkshire to pay close attention to the work of registration, advocated the assimilation of the county and borough franchise, and protested against the obstructive policy of the Home Rulers. Mr. Forster, who of course was also present at the Bradford gathering, reiterated his belief that this country was far less likely to go to war than was the case in February last.—The Obstructionists continue to take every opportunity of abusing the Government and the House of Commons. Speaking at Leeds on Saturday, Mr. O'Connor Power accused the Government of keeping down the Irish people by brute force, and of throwing dust in the eyes of the English nation; and on Monday at Bradford Mr. O'Connor Power and Mr. Parnell expressed their resolve to continue their policy. Mr. Forster and the British Press came in for a share of blame, and resolutions were passed in favour of Home Rule and the release of the Irish prisoners.—Mr. Gladstone, in thanking the editor of the *Northern Ensign* for a copy of Mr. Laing's recent speech at Kirkwall, says that he hopes it has received the attention it merits at a time when a good many are bewildered with the combined effects of heat and ignorance.—The Home Rule Convention at Liverpool, under the presidency of Mr. Butt, sat with closed doors, but it was announced that sixty constituencies were represented by delegates, and that Messrs. Parnell, Biggar, O'Donnell, and O'Connor Power were amongst the speakers. Resolutions were passed endorsing the vigorous policy of the party termed "Obstructionists," and calling on the Home Rule League in Ireland to summon a National Conference to settle the lines of future actions.—On Sunday the newly organised "British Association for the Advancement of Freedom" held a meeting in Hyde Park for the purpose of making known its objects, which it seems include free-thought, free-trade, and the solution of the land question by the abolition of all private property in land.—Another new society has been formed for the "Protection of British Interests against Russian Aggression." Lord Stratheden and Campbell is the President, and Mr. Maltman Barry the secretary. The committee have resolved to send a deputation to the Foreign Office at an early date, and to hold a "large public demonstration" upon the subject. The Polish Historical Society in London have forwarded an address to the Bulgarians, reminding them that the Poles also are Slavonians, and that Russia entered Poland as she has entered Bulgaria, professing to come as the friend of religious liberty, and for no selfish object whatever. Many Poles listened to her professions and embraced her assistance no less eagerly than the Bulgarians had done. Russia has declared war against Turkey not for the sake of the Bulgarians but to gain her own ambitions ends; she will seek to annex the country, make it a province of Russia, exact military service, and adopt every measure to convert the Bulgarians into Russians.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE GREEKS.——Under the head of "Extraordinary Correspondence," the *Daily Telegraph* publishes a statement to the effect that Mr. Gladstone has been writing letters to a Greek merchant, one M. Negroponte, of Constantinople, urging that the Greeks should unite with the Slavs against the Turks. M. Negroponte having replied that the interests of the Greeks were altogether different from those of the Slavs, that the best policy of Greece was rather to fight the Russians than the Turks, and that Greece, if she were wise, would remain tranquil, Mr. Gladstone sent a second letter, very curtly worded, saying that he had given his opinion, and was astonished to find the Christians of the East so disinclined to make common cause against the Mussulmans. This correspondence has been severely commented by several papers, but the only notice that Mr. Gladstone has yet taken of it is contained in a telegram to the *Central News*, in which he says that he "is not aware of having added in any letter to the opinions on the question at issue which he expressed in the *Contemporary Review* of last December."

THE INDIAN FAMINE.——The Mansion House Fund for the relief of the famine-stricken people of India had on Wednesday reached the sum of 62,500*l.*, of which 45,000*l.* has already been sent out. Subscriptions are also being made in almost every provincial town throughout the country. It is estimated that half a million natives have already fallen victims to the terrible visitation, and that, whatever may be done, ten times that number will probably be starved to death during the next few months.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Meeting of the Institute of Naval Architects has been held this week at Glasgow, Lord Hampton presiding.—The thirty-fourth annual Congress of the British Archæological Association is this week in session at Llangollen, under the presidency of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn.—General Grant and his wife and son are now in Edinburgh the guests of the Lord Provost.—The Chinese Minister and suite have been paying a visit to Dublin, being shown over the principal institutions of the city by the local authorities.—The storms and floods in Scotland have continued, and have extended to Wales and many parts of England, doing immense damage to crops and other property, and resulting in several instances in the loss of human life.—Two coaching accidents are reported from Scotland. One happened in the pass of Brander, the vehicle being driven over a steep bank, and falling sixteen feet down to the edge of Loch Aire, the other took place between Crieff and Birnam. In both instances several of the passengers were badly injured.—An extraordinary journey was performed last Saturday by a drunken sailor, who laid himself at full length upon the footboard of the Scotch express, and in that perilous position was carried a distance of twelve miles. One of the officials at King's Cross caught sight of him just as the train was leaving the station, and a telegram was sent to Hatfield to stop the train, which otherwise would have gone right on to Peterborough. When the train pulled up he rolled off the footboard unhurt, and on being taken before the magistrates, said that he had no intention of leaving London, but had gone to see some mates off to Glasgow, and the last he remembered was drinking something out of a bottle through the carriage window.—Amongst the deaths announced this week are those of Mr. Henry Rogers, the author of "The Eclipse of Faith," and a frequent contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*; Mrs. Eunice Bagster (widow of Mr. S. Bagster, the publisher of the Polyglot Bibles), who was 100 years old all but one day; and Miss Sterling Graham of Duntruive, a descendant of Claverhouse, who had attained the age of ninety-six.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——The York meeting, keeping up its character for surprises, is still the talk among Turf men in connection with the second victory of Lady Golightly, who on the last day of the gathering won the Great Yorkshire Stakes in grand style. Lord Falmouth also started Sleipner, and, moreover, declared to win with him; but he was beaten a long way from home, and Lady Golightly, coming to the front, beat Sunray and the rest in a canter. The remark we ventured to make last week as to the possibility of Lord Falmouth supplying both the first and second in the coming Leger seems now to have greater force, for though Silvio is first favourite, the filly is at as short a price as any other animal. It would seem, in reference to the filly's performance in the Great Yorkshire Stakes, that notwithstanding her previous victory in the Yorkshire Oaks, the stable was hardly aware of the improvement she had made since the spring. The Leger seems likely to be a much more interesting race than it has been for many years, as an unusually large number of horses find supporters; and it is not very likely that with Chamant, Plunger, Lord Falmouth's pair, and one or more distinguished "foreigners" in the field a very hot favourite will be made.

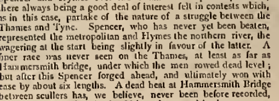
The racing of the present week has only been second class, Sutton Park, Yarmouth, and Oxford being the chief meetings. In fact not a few of the leading members of the Turf, both professional and otherwise, are resting on their oars, and will continue so to do till the great gathering of the clans at Doncaster.

CRICKET.——Kent and Lancashire have played a very close match (return) at Mote Park, Maidstone, the victory remaining with the former by only 1 wicket. The last men in were Mr. Marsham and Lord Harris, and his lordship was vigorously cheered when he made the winning hit and carried out his bat for 33. The Hon. Ivo Bligh played in the Kent Eleven for the first time. Mr. Absolom's 41 in his second innings for the Home county was the highest score made.—The Oval on Saturday last saw the end of intercounty cricket in London for this season, when unfortunately the terribly wet day caused a draw between Yorkshire and Surrey, somewhat in favour of the latter. The Surrey Eleven in their first innings made exactly 300, to which Mr. W. W. Read contributed no less than 140, while Jupp played another of the obstinate inningses for 87. Surrey has played eleven matches this season, winning six, losing two, and drawing three.—Kent has made another winning score, having beaten the Notts men on their own ground at Trent Bridge in one innings with 12 runs to spare. The decline of Nottinghamshire is a marked feature of the season; while Yorkshire also, not long ago almost at the top of the tree, has suffered decline, succumbing as its Eleven did at Scarborough on Wednesday last to I Zingari. Of course it could not have been supposed that Sussex had any chance with Gloucestershire; nor had it, for the victorious Western county won the match at Clifton easily enough by 8 wickets. Dr. E. M. Grace (who was the "original" Grace many seasons ago, and before his brother W. G. was dubbed with the inappropriate title of "Champion") made the highest score in the match, 60 being his first innings figures. He has hardly ever shown in better form than lately.—A novel match was played at Horsham on Wednesday between the Horsham Club and eleven gentlemen of the family and name of Lucas. The Lucases showed themselves most proficient both with bat and ball, one of the party, Mr. A. C. Lucas, putting together 112 runs, while four more scored over 20 each. The Club was defeated in a single innings; but the Horshamites very chivalrously accorded the Lucases an ovation.

Aquatics.——News has come from Australia that Trickett, who beat our Sadler for the Championship of the World more than a year ago, has vanquished his old opponent, Rush, in very easy style. We suppose it may be taken for granted that either Boyd or Higgins, soon after their forthcoming match for the Home Championship, will challenge Trickett. The Australians seem most anxious that we should send our best man to try conclusions with their hero on his own waters, and promise a hearty welcome to our representative.—On Monday last a large number of persons assembled to witness the match between Spencer and Hymes over the Thames Championship Course, there always being a good deal of interest felt in contests which, as in this case, partake of the nature of a struggle between the Thames and Tyne. Spencer, who has never yet been beaten, represented the metropolitan and Hymes the northern river, the wagering at the start being slightly in favour of the latter. A finer race was never seen on the Thames, at least as far as Hammersmith bridge, under which the men rowed dead level; but after this Spencer forged ahead, and ultimately won with ease by about six lengths. A dead heat at Hammersmith Bridge between scullers has, we believe, never been before recorded, and it is strange that it should have happened in the same year as the dead heat at the same spot between Oxford and Cambridge.

Bicycling.——The proprietor of the *Sporting Life* has offered a magnificent Challenge Cup (of the value of 50 guineas) for long-distance amateur bicyclists. The secretaries of clubs are invited to communicate with the secretary of the London Athletic Club with a view of fixing the distance and date of the race.

Pedestrianism.——The pedestrian Gale, who has performed several wonderful walking feats in which endurance has been the chief feature, is now engaged in walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours, doing a mile and a half every hour. The performance is going on at Lillie Bridge under strict supervision, and at the time of making this note Gale was doing his work with apparent comfort. We cannot, however, think that many true sportsmen can approve of these brute-endurance exhibitions.



THEATRES

The Lyceum Theatre reopened on Wednesday for the autumn season with a dramatised version of Mr. Wilkie Collins's novel, "The Dead Secret"—the earliest, and in some respects the best, of the author's long series of fictions. The task of converting this story into a drama has not been undertaken by the author, though the play has Mr. Collins's sanction, nor are we told to whose hands the work has been entrusted. Whoever the dramatist may be, however, he has partly overcome and partly avoided the difficulties of his task with some skill and with no small degree of knowledge of stage effect. He has of necessity got rid of the minor characters and of many of the subsidiary incidents. Thus the Phippens and the Chennerys, the Norburys and the Orriges, have disappeared, and with them have vanished from the story Miss Sturch, the governess, and Captain Treverton, and the Franklands, with the exception of Leonard, who necessarily appears as the husband of Rosamond, but is reduced to the position of a walking gentleman. It is in this way that the dramatist has been enabled to pursue pretty steadily the main line of the story, which lies of course in the promise of Sarah Leeson, solemnly made to her mistress on her death-bed, and in the struggles of conscience, and the sorrowful experiences which follow till they are brought to an end in the revelation of the secret, and the reinstatement of Rosamond in the old home at Porthgenna. After this fashion, which was clearly the only practicable one, *The Dead Secret* becomes almost a pure melodrama. It is a melodrama, it is true, of a rather gloomy kind, in spite of the somewhat too laboured attempts of the dramatist to extract fun out of the characters of Mr. Munder, the butler, and Mrs. Pentreath, the housekeeper; while, to confirm the general solemnity of tone, a real ghost is introduced, which, like Hamlet's father, appears from time to time to chide the tardy purpose of the unfortunate Sarah Leeson. Of course there can be neither subtlety nor depth in this mode of treatment; but the dramatist's object, that of impressing the imagination of the spectator, and exciting expectation, is undoubtedly attained. In this he would no doubt have succeeded better if he could have avoided a tendency to repeat certain situations, though this is in some degree inseparable from the story. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) finds in the part of Sarah Leeson abundant opportunities for the exercise of her powerful and touching though somewhat monotonous style of acting. Mr. Odell represents Munder, who becomes on the stage a sort of humble Micawber, with much of the quaint pomposity and tendency to pleonasm of the original, and the part in his hands unquestionably affords amusement. Rosamond is represented in the Prologue by a marvellously clever and interesting child distinguished in the bill as "Little Nelly." The grown-up Rosamond of the subsequent acts is represented by Miss Virginia Francis, who makes a very pretty and vivacious heroine. Uncle Joseph, who is a pleasing person in the novel, becomes on the stage it must be confessed a little tedious. Mr. Clifford Cooper's performance of the misanthropic Andrew Treverton exhibits much feeling for character; as does the representation of his servant Shrowle by Mr. Pinero.

Messrs. James and Thorne call attention to the fact that *Our Boys* at the **Vaudeville** Theatre will reach its 850th representation on Wednesday next.

M. Mayer, who managed so ably the long and varied series of French performances at the **Gaiety** this summer, is stated to be in Paris making arrangements for a series of French Plays in London during the ensuing season. It is not yet known at what theatre these performances will take place.

The play entitled *Liz, or that Lass o' Lowrie's*, with which the **Opera Comique** will reopen this evening, is a dramatised version by Mr. Joseph Hatton and Mr. Matthison of a novel dealing with the romance of a miner's life. It has already been performed with success in the country. On the same occasion an original comedietta entitled *Married Another*, by Mr. Gerald Dixon, will be performed for the first time.

Miss Lydia Foote has been engaged for the leading part in Mr. Byron's new melodrama entitled *Guinea Gold*, which is to be produced at the reopening of the **Princess's** Theatre under Mr. Gooch's management.

Miss Lydia Thompson and her company will appear at the **Folly** Theatre on the 15th inst. The novelties in preparation are a new fanciful opera by Lecocq entitled *The Sea Nymph*, an operetta by Hervé entitled *Up the River*, and an opera entitled *The Creole* by Offenbach.

At the **Britannia** Theatre Messrs. D. Jacobs and W. J. Wade's annual benefit will take place on Wednesday, the 5th inst., when *Esmeralda, or the Hunchback of Notre Dame*, will be played.

◆

HOW SOME PEOPLE LIVE

One sunny afternoon in the spring of the present year, the attention of a benevolent gentleman was attracted to a poor fellow who to all appearance was performing an act of kindness towards the pedestrian public deserving of great praise. He carried a large bag over his shoulder, and in his hand a stick with a prong at the end of it, and his business was to hunt for those pieces of orange peel with which careless folk so plentifully bestrew the pavement. Whenever he spied a piece he thrust his spiked stick into it, and so raising it popped it into his bag that already contained a peck or so of the slippery abomination. The benevolent gentleman, in the warmth of his admiration for one who, though manifestly so poor, could devote himself to such a labour of love, accosted the man. "My good fellow," said he, "your disinterested efforts in the interests of humanity do you honour; permit me to beg your acceptance of this half-crown!" The fellow civilly replied that times were too hard for him to think of rejecting such a nice handy sum. "Why, sir," said he, "you'd hardly believe it, I on'y gets fifteen-pence a bushel for it." "For what?" "Why, for the peelin's. Muddy weather or fine weather, that's all I get." The warmth of the gentleman's admiration rapidly cooled as he inquired, "And what is it used for?" "Well, it isn't everybody as knows it," replied the grateful peel gatherer, "but I don't mind telling *you*. It is used in the cheap confectionery line o' business. They puts it in sugar and makes candied peel of it."

Perhaps it was too much to expect that a private individual, and he a needy one, should, without remuneration, take on himself the performance of a public service; still it was not impossible. The orange peel gatherer might have been a relative of the good old ash sprinkler of Snow Hill. Before the Viaduct at Holborn Valley was contemplated, and Snow Hill was the terror of horses and the aversion of drivers, there was an old woman who lived in one of the neighbouring alleys who, when the slippery weather of winter set in, was always to be found at the street corner with a couple of pails of ashes and cinders, and a small shovel, ready at a moment's notice to do a good turn to a poor horse who had come to a standstill, or been thrown down on the icy slope. Sometimes she got a penny for her pains, but she never asked for it. The Viaduct brought her occupation to an end, and the good old soul has vanished, not, let us hope, to end her days with her grey head strewn with the ashes of poverty.

There are scores of ways, as queer almost as that of the orange peel gatherer, of picking up a living in the streets of London, of which the general public have no more idea than of the domestic economy of the natives of Patagonia. There is at the present time a well-known and worthy member of the London City Missionary Corps, who at one time depended for his bread by making himself useful as a prize-fighter's "dummy." At that time he was a man strong of wind and limb, and blessed with a peculiarly tough constitution, and his business was to permit his pugilistic patrons to "practice" on him. If some rising star of the P.R. introduced a new hit, and an improved method of getting an opponent's head into "chancery," it was of course necessary for other aspirants to test the practicability of the invention, and this they proceeded to do on the person of the unfortunate "dummy," who, as need not be mentioned, was expected to take all the punishment and give none in return. "It wasn't so very bad," the individual in question has been heard to declare, "when they were in their sober senses, and went in for the science of the thing, but I certainly used to find it come rather hard when one or other of them came home drunk about two in the morning, and made me get out of bed to have a few rounds with him."

An "original character" has for many years wandered the streets of London picking up a living, and whose sole claim to public patronage and reward is based on the extraordinary thickness of his skull. His manner of proving the fact is by flinging high up in the air a raw potato of the largest size, and with folded arms and visage raised Ajax-wise, allows the tough missile to strike him full on the forehead. If one chances to meet him in the early morning, it will be seen that he has a full bag of potatoes on his shoulder; should it be evening when he is encountered the bag will be empty, or nearly so, from which it may be fairly inferred that during the intervening eight or nine hours he has been engaged in defying the fracturing properties of raw potatoes as directed from a height against his cranium. He has had the best of it so far, but as is evident at a glance he does not always come off scathless. As a rule the potato may break against the stubborn impediment, and scatter its impotent fragments amongst the lookers-on, but now and then it is a toss up which shall be cracked—skull or potatoe. There are bumps on the man's head as large almost as walnuts, and his crown (the head is quite bald) is bruised and seamy with wounds incurred in the fruitless fray. What on earth can induce the infatuated poor fellow to pursue such a profitless career? He is always in rags, and half-starved looking. He is glad to pick up the larger bits of his smashed potato and put them in his bag, presumably for his supper, when, weary and with a terrible headache, he hurries home to his wretched lodging at night. Possibly he is proud of the achievement, and feels compensated for all his aches and pains, in those proud moments when he gazes round on his gaping audience, and exclaims—holding out a large potato in his hand —"I'll make any person here a present of half-a-crown if he will step into the ring and let the potato fall on *his* head after I have thrown it up!" His face grows almost radiant when—as is invariably the case—his bold proposal is received with silence. His arm is nerved to throw the potato sky high, and to observe him, scornfully defiant, smiling at the vegetable as it descends is of itself worth sixpence at least.

James Greenwood

◆

A curious Relic of Martyrdom is advertised for sale in a Gloucester paper in the following terms: "For disposal, the remnant of the stake to which Bishop Hooper was confined at his martyrdom, and dug up some years since on the spot in St. Mary's Square. For particulars apply," &c. The inhabitants of Gloucester recently erected a monument to Bishop Hooper on the spot where he suffered death.

Scraps

Money Orders are now issued for all ports of France and Algeria, instead of, as heretofore, for a limited number of towns and post offices.

Cremation has extended to Salt Lake City, where, the *New York Herald* tells us, on July 31 the body of a Dr. C. F. Winslow was duly consumed, the ashes being sent to the grave of his wife, near Boston.

The Patriarch of the Norwegian Mercantile Fleet is now lying at Dieppe—a vessel named the *Petrus*, which was built in 1784 at Sandefjord, and which has made more than 150 voyages between Norway and various ports of Great Britain and France.

A "**Political Axiom**" is prominently published in the Paris *Figaro* which appears to have been the key note of French Ministerial policy during the past few months. "A King may possibly happen to be without intelligence, but a Populace is certain to be imbecile."

The Grosvenor Gallery will be opened in November with a representative exhibition of water colour drawings and studies by deceased masters illustrative of the rise and growth of a branch of art which holds such a distinguished place in the history of the English school.

A **University** is to be established in Siberia, at Omsk, on the River Irtish, the centre of government for Western Siberia. The scheme was first started by a landowner in 1863, and the chief difficulty has been the choice of a site, the place first proposed—Tomsk—being objected to as it was a penal settlement. The buildings are to be begun at once, and are to be opened in July, 1880.

London Mortality decreased last week, the deaths numbering 1,261, against 1,309 registered during the previous seven days, being 245 below the average, and at the rate of 18·6 per thousand. Deaths from small-pox decreased from 21 to 11, and those from diarrhœa from 194 to 158. Those from measles numbered 29 (a decrease of 20), from scarlet fever 24, from diphtheria 2 (a fall of 10), from whooping-cough 17 (a fall of 1). There were 2,323 births registered—a decrease of 288, being 16 below the average. The mean temperature was 62 deg., or 1·3 deg. above the average, and the duration of sunshine registered was 41·5 hours out of the 98·9 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

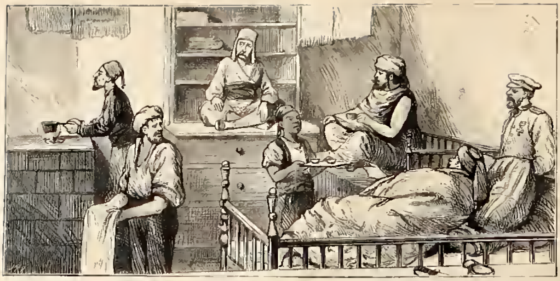
The Disagreeables of Travelling in Italy have recently been a warm subject of discussion, but even Italian authorities are marching with the advance of time, according to a correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, who has been astonished by having to pay nothing for his letters at the Poste Restante at Rimini. A few years ago he applied for a letter at the same office, and was met by a demand for "Quaranta soldi." "Forty soldi for a letter from Naples?" he exclaimed. "Nonsense; I will give you four." "Twenty, then," replied the postmistress, with a beguiling smile. "No; four," was still the answer. "Ten," then demanded the siren, who, however, ultimately handed over the missive for the sum originally offered with a sigh, remarking, "Ah, indeed, times *are* bad nowadays."

An amusing Incident of Mr. Toole's recent visit to Northampton is related by the *Theatre*. A pastry-cook of that town it appears stamped upon the crust of his pork-pies the following announcement:—"Toole in Northampton. Three pieces nightly." One of these pies found its way to the breakfast-table of a water-cure establishment at Malvern, where the hydropathic physician gives written or printed directions each morning to his patients. Some hungry early-risers made an attack upon the pie, and when they left it all that could be seen of the announcement relating to Mr. Toole was "Two—or—three pieces nightly." A dyspeptic invalid came in, and believing that what he read was the doctor's orders, exultingly carried off the remainder of the pie to his bed-room. Hopes of his recovery are entertained.

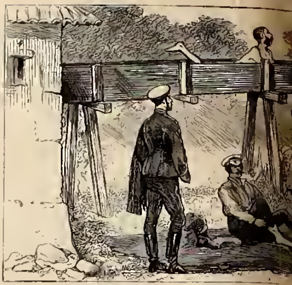
A curious Story respecting Hobart Pasha is told by *May Fair*:—"When the ex-British Admiral was at last entrusted with the chief command of the Turkish Fleet, he saw the Sultan, and explained that he could not leave for his post until he had received orders from the Superior Council of War, as otherwise he might again be thwarted by fresh intrigues. The Sultan listened with great attention, and then said, 'But if I give you your instructions, I suppose you will consider them as valuable as those of the Superior Council of War?' 'Naturally, your Majesty!' 'Well,' said Abdul Hamid, drawing a sheet from his pocket, 'here are my instructions, and I wish that you never follow others.' Hobart Pasha, upon reaching the ante-room, opened the paper. It was perfectly blank. The Anglo-Turkish Admiral, in telling this story, laughingly adds, 'My instructions are *carte blanche*.'"

An Important Notice regarding Telegrams has been issued by the Post Office, which if generally attended to may greatly economise the time of the transmitters and thus ensure the quicker delivery of messages:—"The address of the sender of a telegram is not required for any purposes of signalling, and should be omitted in all cases where the addressee will be able to identify the sender without it. For reference the address should be added at the bottom or on the back of the message form. In sending telegrams firms and public companies should adopt their briefest 'style,' and should avoid the use of stamps containing full name, title, and address. The prefixes 'Mr.' and 'Messrs.' and the affixes 'Esq.,' 'Limited,' &c., should be omitted, as far as possible, in the address of both senders and addressees. Brevity in these respects ensures swifter transmission without any attendant risk."

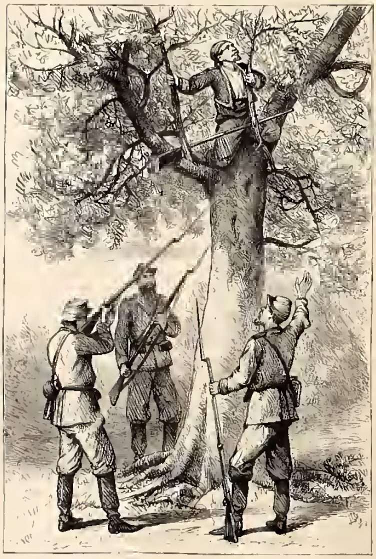
Cleopatra's Needle.——The proposed site for Cleopatra's Needle has called forth a number of objections, and various suggestions have been made respecting other and more prominent positions for the monument. Of course the great difficulty is the conveyance of the Needle through the streets, and it is for this reason that a river-side site has been most favoured; but could this difficulty be overcome we think that one of the best positions has been suggested by a correspondent, namely, the Kensington Gardens end of Rotten Row, close by the bend of the road. From here the Needle might be seen from a considerable distance, and would be clearly visible from Hyde Park Corner. In the meantime the Needle has now been completely encased in her iron hull at Alexandria, and by last advices was in course of launching. After the vessel has been floated she will be towed to the old harbour in order that her masts, sails, &c., may be fitted.



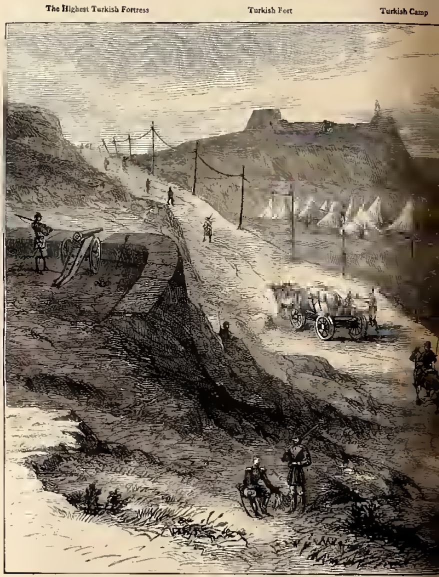
IN A TURKISH BATH AT KEZANLIK — COSSACKS TRANSFORMED INTO TURKS



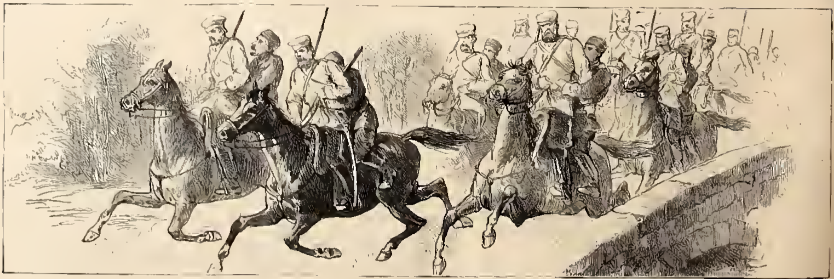
RUSSIAN OFFICERS BATHING IN



"UP A TREE" — AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF YENI SAGRA

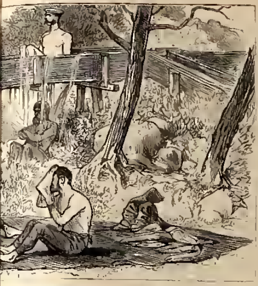

The Highest Turkish Fortress
Turkish Fort
Turkish Camp

THE HEIGHTS O

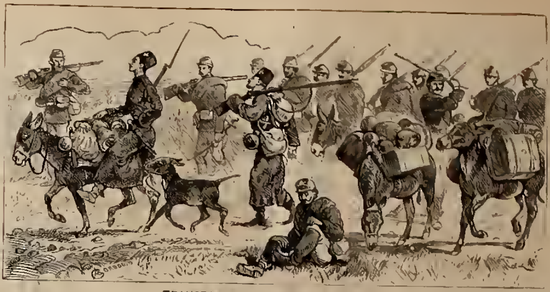


COSSACKS SAVING WOUNDED BULGARIAN VOLUNTEERS DURING THE BATTLE OF YENI SAGRA

WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE FIGH

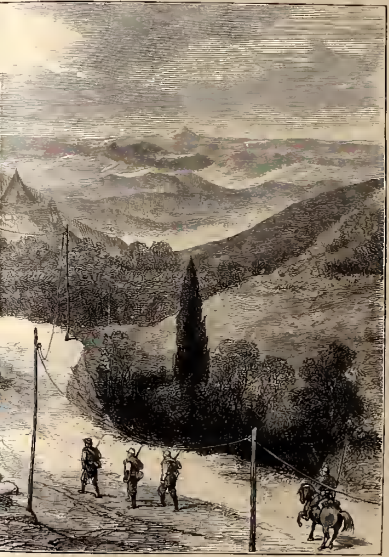


MILL STREAM AT HAINKOI



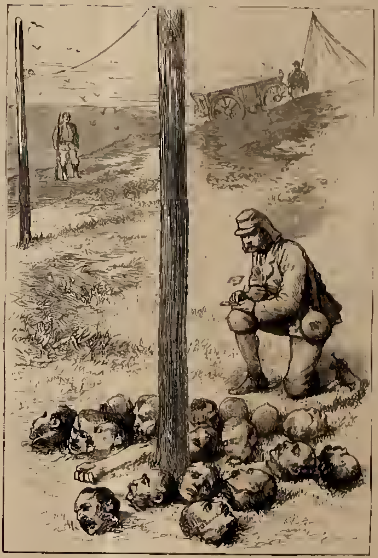
TRANSPORTING OFFICERS' BAGGAGE

The Balkans

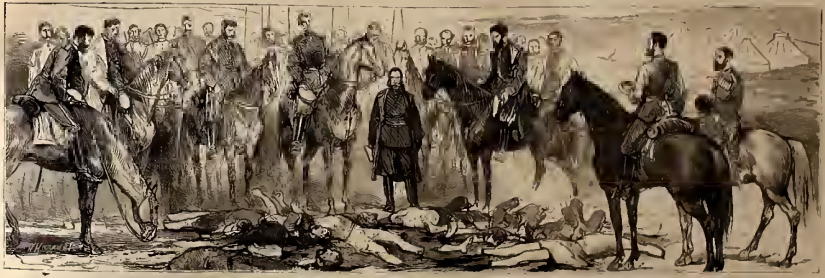


SHIPKA

Lieut.-Col. Brackenbury



HEADS OF THE RUSSIAN WOUNDED DECAPITATED BY THE TURKS AFTER THE BATTLE ON THE HEIGHTS



GENERAL GOURKO AND HIS STAFF INSPECTING THE MUTILATED BODIES OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AFTER THE BATTLE ON THE HEIGHTS

TING IN THE SHIPKA PASS

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The campaign has once more entered an active phase, and the Turkish commanders with the exception of Osman Pasha have almost simultaneously resumed the offensive. The Shipka Pass in particular has been the scene of a fierce struggle since Tuesday, the 21st ult., when, as we reported last week, Suleiman Pasha began a furious attack on the Russian positions. Suleiman commanded some 40,000 troops, while the Russians under General Stoletoff at first had only a force of 13,000 men—subsequently increased to 20,000, and were also placed at a great disadvantage by their exposed positions on a high ridge with valleys on either side, which afforded excellent cover to their assailants. The battle was continued on Wednesday, heavy siege guns being brought up by the Turks, and next day the Russians, outnumbered and weakened by heavy losses, began to give way. The Turks were then on the high road to victory, when a strong Russian reinforcement, under General Radetzky, arrived, and on Friday drove the Turks from the positions they had struggled so hard to win. Suleiman, however, returned to the charge on Saturday, fighting continued till late in the evening, and was renewed on the following days, Suleiman being said to have taken the Russian earthworks on Monday. No definite result had been attained up to the time of writing. Both sides have fought magnificently, and the losses have been correspondingly great. The officers suffered in particular, and one of the principal Russian commanders, General Doroschinsky, who was at Sebastopol, was killed on Saturday.

Meanwhile Mehemet Ali has gained an important success on the Kara Lom. The Russians on Wednesday week crossed the river and attacked the Turks on the Yaslar heights, but failed to rout the enemy. Next day the Turks, led by Salih Pasha, marched on Yaslar, took the village, and forced the Russians back to Sultan Koi, thus securing a strong hold on the eastern bank of the Lom, and the command of the road from Osman Bazar to Rustchuk, and turning the right of the Russian positions. Mehemet Ali has thus at length made a move towards Tirnova, but he is less likely to advance from Yaslar than by the main road from Osman Bazar, which is said to be defended only by one division of the fifth corps. The Russians now occupy Popkoi, five miles south-west of the recent battle field, and two small outpost affairs are reported, while Prince Hassan has gone to Eski Djuma, so an engagement is daily expected. Osman Pasha failed to take Selvi last week, and was compelled to return to Loftcha. There is no fresh news from Plevna, where patient expectation is the order of the day. It is rumoured that the Russian headquarters are to be moved to Bulgareni, and that the Czar is ill and has been recommended to go to Bucharest, while we hear complaints of the heat, of sickness, and of the delays on the Roumanian railways. Reports also are current of the bad state of the food department, a riot having broken out at Sistova in consequence of the soldiers being given musty bread, when 200,000 loaves are said to have been thrown into the Danube. The Russian losses up to the 6th ult. are now officially estimated at 15,500, exclusive of deaths from disease. The mutual bombardment of Rustchuk and Giurgevo continues at intervals, and Widdin and Kalafat have now followed suit, while the Turks have attempted to occupy the island of Canapa, between the two last fortresses, but were repulsed.

Turning to ASIA, Mukhtar Pasha on Friday night advanced against the Russian quarters at Kizil-Tepe, carried the encampment, and next day endeavoured to take Kuruk Dara, but was obliged to rest content with his first conquest. The combat, however, was so far favourable to the Turks that Sir Arnold Kemball considers the Armenian campaign at an end for this year. On the same day there was an engagement near Soubatan, where the Russians were beaten; while on the other hand General Tergukassoff is said to have defeated Ismail Pasha at Igdyr, and to have been reinforced by 12,000 men and forty-eight guns. Dervish Pasha on Friday captured a Russian redoubt at Djianguir. From the fleet we hear of an attempted landing of the Russians at the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and a skirmish between the Royal yacht *Livadia* and two Turkish monitors.

The atrocity reports have drawn from the various Powers, headed by Germany, a formal remonstrance with Turkey, based upon the Geneva Convention; and the Grand Vizier has announced that every measure shall be taken to prevent excesses, and that a Turkish translation of the Convention shall be circulated among the troops. Ahmed Vefik Pasha has been sent to Adrianople as Governor to inquire into the matter. Fugitives are still pouring into Adrianople, and money and medical assistance are much needed. At CONSTANTINOPLE Mahmoud Damad Pasha has been deposed from the War Ministry, and is replaced by Moustapha Pasha, ex-Governor of Tripoli. The trial of Abdul Kerim and Redif Pasha is not yet over, and the latter is so ill as to be confined at the hospital. From ST. PETERSBURG come fresh rumours of discontent with the conduct of the Generals and of the trial of the Nihilists, while the journals are energetically protesting against the idea of peace under the present reverses.

SERVIA has at last shown her hand, and, at a Ministerial Council at Belgrade on Sunday, war was virtually declared, although the Skuptschina is to be summoned before hostilities are formally announced. The Government wished for a Convention with Russia, but has been told that such formalities are unnecessary amongst "brethren," and Prince Gortschakoff has officially informed Austria that Russia has not incited Servia to take up arms. The troops, 40,000 in number, will be stationed at Saitschar, on the Timok, and in the Morava Valley. Prince Milan might with profit have taken a hint from Prince Charles of Roumania, who has found his co-operation with Russia dear at the price. No benefit has yet accrued to Roumania, the Prince and his troops have been treated in the most cavalier manner, and the people are sorely against the crossing of the army into Bulgaria. A little more courtesy however is now being shown to the Roumanians, and further detachments of the troops have crossed the river at Corabia, under the personal direction of the Prince. GREECE has sent a note to the Porte full of pacific assurances, and offering to co-operate for the suppression of brigandage. Insurrection is rife in Thessaly, which has been declared in a state of siege. AUSTRIA still remains unwilling to interfere, and has been considering the attitude of the Galician Poles, who have at length decided on their address to the Emperor—an address more remarkable for its loyalty than for anything else.

FRANCE.——The decision to prosecute M. Gambetta for his speech at Lille promises to be one of the most fatal errors yet committed by the Marshal's Government. Moderation was the prevailing characteristic of M. Gambetta's oration, which, though naturally criticising the policy of the Ministry, contained no seditious remarks nor personal allusions to the Marshal, save the now famous phrase, *Se soumettre ou se démettre.* Had the resolve been taken on the morrow of the Lille banquet, the reports of the speech might have been suppressed, but a delay of twelve days has made the address known all over France, and it is difficult to see what advantage the Government can expect from the trial, which will in all probability transform the already popular Young Dictator into a national idol. At a Ministerial Council on Sunday it was decided to proceed against the *République Française* and the *Echo du Nord*, a Lille journal, while M. Gambetta will be prosecuted for insults to the Marshal and the Ministry, and for the publication of his speech. M. Gambetta, who was to undergo a preliminary examination at the Palais de Justice yesterday (Friday), is said to be delighted at the prospect of being able to defend himself. The *Français*, the Duc de Broglie's organ, however, declares that the trial will take place before the Correctional Tribunal at Lille about the 15th inst., and that the proceedings will be kept private so that M. Gambetta will thus lose a magnificent opportunity of giving his opinions to the country. The wonder created by this step on the part of statesmen like MM. De Broglie and De Fourtou will be considerably lessened if the motives attributed to the Premier by *The Times'* correspondent prove correct—that the Duc instigated the prosecution with the intention of keeping M. Gambetta out of office should the elections necessitate a Cabinet being formed from the Left, as the Marshal could not give a portfolio to a man who had been convicted of insulting him. The penalties for an insult to the Ministry are a fine of from 1*l.* to 80*l.*, and imprisonment varying from five days to a year, those for attacks on the President a fine between 4*l.* and 200*l.*, and imprisonment between a month and three years, or for attacking his constitutional rights a fine between 12*l.* and 240*l.*, and imprisonment from three months to five years. The Republicans express unanimous satisfaction at the idea of the trial, the Liberal press thank the Government for rendering the Republican cause a great service, and the *France* demands a similar prosecution. The Conservative journals make no comment on the affair, and only the Ultramontane and Imperialist organs defend the measure.

Meanwhile the Marshal is determined on a Southern tour, although now he will not go to St. Etienne, and every effort is being made to give him a warm reception at Bordeaux. He will leave Paris on Thursday next, will be present at some military manœuvres next day, and on Saturday go on to Bordeaux, while on Monday he will visit Perigueux, returning to Paris by Angoulême, Poitiers, Tours, and Riberac. Some discontent is felt in Government quarters with England for not having sent any vessel to salute the Marshal at Cherbourg, as two ironclads greeted M. Thiers when he visited Havre in 1872. The Deputy-Mayor of Evreux, who was so injudicious as to speak plain truths to the Marshal has been dismissed.

M. Thiers, who is at St. Germain, has received a deputation, and assured them of his belief in a Republic; M. Christophle, one of the late Ministry, speaking at an agricultural banquet, has severely blamed the Government for attempting to stifle the voice of the country; M. Renault has expressed his opinion that Marshal MacMahon will not be guilty of a definite violation of the Constitution; and at Neuvic M. de Fourtou has been defending the Ministry. Most of the Councils-General have closed their sittings, and the others have adjourned; while it is significant that the Republicans have been entirely successful in the Councils. The Liberal orations are not, however, to go unchecked, and three fresh prosecutions are announced, two of the victims belonging to the 363. The election committees are hard at work, and Père Hyacinthe is announced to be one of the candidates. The Ducrot incident has ended in the condemnation of the *Figaro* writer, M. Bucheron, or St. Genest, to thirty days' military confinement. M. Bucheron is a lieutenant in the Reserve, and thus comes under the jurisdiction of the Minister of War, who has punished his subordinate for an attack on his superior officer.

Paris is beginning to awake for her autumn season, and the theatres are fast reopening. The Patti trial is once more on the *tapis*, and Madame Patti has sued her husband for nullity of marriage, alleging that the priest who performed the ceremony was not properly licensed; a hospital for English subjects has been opened by Sir Richard Wallace; there has been a grand theatrical representation in aid of the Russo-Turkish wounded; and *Trente Ans, ou la Vie d'un Joueur* has been revived at the Cluny. In the provinces the harvest is stated to be satisfactory in forty-seven departments, and unsatisfactory in forty-one, storms and floods have occurred in the south, and the Lourdes pilgrimages have resulted in twenty asserted miracles.

ITALY.——The Pope is again reported to be seriously ill, being prostrated by the excessive heat. He is continually drowsy, and can barely give his attention to business, while a Camarilla acts in his name. The *Voce della Verità* of course denies the rumour, and chronicles various audiences given by Pius IX. The Cardinals however are holding meetings, and a Bull regulating the proceedings on the death of His Holiness has been drawn up, empowering Cardinal Camerlengo either to summon the Conclave of Cardinals immediately, or to wait for the arrival of the foreign dignitaries. Cardinal Bizzari, who was Secretary to Pius VIII., is dead.

UNITED STATES.——President Hayes has been visiting Worcester and Concord, and has been warmly received. His election has been denounced by the Pennsylvania Democrats, who, however, approve his Southern policy. The Canadian Treaty continues to be much discussed, and the National Board of Trade at Milwaukee have asked the President to recommend the creation of a Commission from Congress to negotiate a Reciprocal Treaty. The Nez Percés Indians have attacked two parties of settlers, killing sixteen.—American mechanics have been warned by the United States Consul at Liverpool against coming to England in search of work.

INDIA.—The Viceroy is now in Madras, and the famine reports continue most distressing. Eight millions have already been spent in Madras, where the present expenditure is half a million per month, while it is calculated that 500,000 persons have perished within the last six months, and that 1,500,000 are now receiving relief. Should the October rains fail the famine will last till August. Rolling stock is being lent to the Madras Railway, where there is a grain block, and a correspondent mentions that bags of rice are lying spoiling on the beach. The Bengal Government has held a meeting to decide on help for Madras, but has been snubbed by the Supreme Government, which states that it does not wish an appeal to private charity at present. In other parts of India the accounts are a little more encouraging, and the Bombay famine is being dealt with successfully and quietly.—The Krishna Shoal Lighthouse has been carried away in a storm.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Rubens *fêtes* in BELGIUM closed on Monday with a regatta on the Scheldt and the performance of a cantata.—In GERMANY a monument commemorating Prince Bismarck's famous utterance, "We will not go to Canossa," has been unveiled at Bismarckstein, on the highest peak of the Burgberg, the site of the Emperor Henry IV.'s castle. Prince Bismarck was invited, but he has gone to Gastein, and could not attend. The Prince has told a Leipsic official that his health is exhausted, and that his sleeplessness returns when he has worked for some hours.—A telegraph line to Tientsin has been erected in CHINA.—In AUSTRALIA the Melbourne Parliament has opened, and the plans for the defence of the colony will shortly be presented. The yield of gold in Victoria during 1876 was 100,000 ounces below that of the previous year. New South Wales is taking up the Chinese question, and has recommended the restriction of the immigration by the English Government.—Sir Bartle Frere is on a tour in the Eastern provinces of SOUTH AFRICA, and a Bill has been passed authorising the loan of 175,000*l.* to pay the debts of West Griqualand.

THE COURT

HER MAJESTY, with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold, duly arrived at Balmoral at the close of last week, and has since taken her usual walks and drives about the neighbourhood. On Sunday Divine Service was performed at the Castle by the Rev. A. Campbell, of Crathie, the Queen and the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold being present. Sunday also was the anniversary of the birthday of the late Prince Consort, and at noon on the following day Prince Leopold, the Gentlemen-in-Waiting on the Queen and Royal Family, and the servants and tenants of the Royal estates, assembled at the Obelisk and drank to the Prince's memory. Sir William Jenner is attending upon Prince Leopold at Balmoral, and the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy arrived at the Castle on Monday as Minister in attendance on the Queen.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales is now perfectly convalescent, and on Saturday, together with the Princess of Wales, left London for Cowes, being met at Portsmouth by the Prince of Wales and Prince George, the whole party subsequently crossing the Solent in the *Osborne*. The Prince of Wales intends at the next meeting of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons on September 5 to move for a vote of 200 guineas for the sufferers by the fire at St. John's, New Brunswick, and of 100 guineas to alleviate the distress caused by the tidal wave on the coast of Peru. A vote of 1,000 guineas towards the Indian Famine Relief Fund will also be moved.

The King of Denmark returned to his own country yesterday week, the Princess of Wales seeing him off at Charing Cross Railway Station. It is stated that his sudden journey to London was undertaken at the express desire of the young Prince Albert Victor of Wales. The Queen and Princess Thyra are still in Germany, and there is yet another rumour that the latter is betrothed—this time to the ex-Crown Prince of Hanover.—Another rumoured Royal engagement is the betrothal of the King of Spain to the Princess Mercedes of Montpensier. The King's sister, the Princess of the Asturias, has been suffering from measles.—The Duke of Edinburgh is visiting Athens.—The ex-Empress Eugenie and her son are staying at West Cowes.—The Emperor of Brazil has been visiting Madrid and Lisbon.

CHURCH NEWS

CARDINAL CULLEN has issued a pastoral, in which after exhorting the faithful to pray for fine weather, he says that sin and iniquity now abound in the world, that Atheism is preached every day, and defended in the columns of infidel newspapers and reviews without let or hindrance, that the name of God is openly blasphemed, that the doctrines and practices of the Church of Christ are scoffed at with impunity, that in order to spread infidelity attempts are made to bring up children without religion and to banish God from the school, and that some statesmen and politicians proclaim that Providence takes no part in the management of this world, and that its action is not to be taken into consideration or referred to when there are questions of political or earthly matters. Whilst God is thus offended we have reasons to fear that in addition to the war, the famine, and pestilence with which the world is now afflicted, He will send still more dreadful scourges to punish infidels and sinners.

VARIOUS.——At the annual meeting of the Meath Protestant Orphan Society, held last week at Kells, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was one of the speakers, said that he could not understand the statement made by some Irish papers that he had supported the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill in the House of Lords. He had not even voted for it, and he should not have been more astonished had he been accused of murder. It was untrue that English Churchmen generally were not interested in the Church of Ireland. Free intercourse in past times had resulted in mutual benefit, and he trusted that it would do so in the future.—The *John Bull* is informed that the Church Association is about to prosecute the Rev. C. F. Lowder, vicar of St. Peter's, London Docks, for Ritualistic practices. It is added that Mr. Lowder will resist the judgment of Lord Penzance, and that the dockmen and other labourers of the parish are "prepared to fight it out with any mob that may gather there."—The Committee of the additional Home Bishoprics Endowment Fund have sent a memorial to Her Majesty advocating the assignment of a portion of the revenues of St. Katherine's Hospital to an Endowment Fund for a Bishopric for East London.—Last Sunday Dean Stanley preaching in Westminster Abbey from the text "Who is my neighbour?" referred to the suffering by the war in the East, and by the Indian Famine, as affording scope for the exercise of Christian duty and love. There was a horrible old proverb, "Homo homini lupus," which might almost now be altered into "Homo homini Dæmon," but which on our parts we should endeavour to change into "Homo homini Deus," by conveying to those in dire need Christian, Godlike aid, and remission from suffering.—An "Indignant Protestant," writing to the *Echo*, gives an account of an "Eastern Bazaar" which was held recently at Folkestone, at which the Rev. E. Husband, of St. Michael's Church, exhibited, amongst other articles brought from Palestine, "pieces of the root of the old tree of agony in the Garden of Gethsemane; of the tree under which the infant Saviour and the Virgin Mary rested in the course of their flight into Egypt; of the tomb of Christ, and the manger in which Christ was born."—The custodian of the Bodleian Library at Oxford has given offence to an undergraduate of the University by refusing to allow him to read "The Priest in Absolution." He has accordingly written to the papers complaining of the matter, and Professor J. E. Thorold Rogers has published a reply pointing out that it is the duty of the librarians to prevent the improper use of books which are not perhaps treasures in the proper sense of the word, but forms of literature which, for obvious reasons, the Bodleian is bound to possess and keep. As to the student's plea that he was reading for Holy Orders, the Professor remarks that in his opinion the study of such a book would not put a candidate for Orders in a particularly favourable light with any Bishop.—The *Tablet* announces that His Holiness intends soon to restore the Hierarchy to Scotland, and that the Vicars-Apostolic of that country have been requested to deliberate upon the subject and report to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda.—Canon Carter has addressed a second letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, urging the value of private confession, and expressing his surprise that the Bishops do not welcome its revival, and especially that they object to publicity and other safeguards against popular abuse.—The Bishop of Lincoln has written to a clergyman in his diocese, rebuking him for having refused to church a woman after childbirth because she was a Dissenter.—The new Bishop of Sodor and Man, the Rev. Rowley Hill, was consecrated on Friday last in York Minster, the Archbishop of York and the Bishops of Durham, Rochester, and Chester taking part in the service. The "enthronement" took place on Tuesday in St. Mary's, Castletown, in presence of an immense congregation.—The Rev. J. W. Horsley, chaplain to the Middlesex House of Detention, has written to the magistrates announcing that he has, "with much regret," resigned his connection with the Holy Cross Society, in deference to the kindly influence and advice of his Bishop. He adds that because he is a High Churchman out of the prison it by no means follow, nor is it the case, that he is such in prison.—Who is the Rev. Thomas Jones, and in what way has he offended the Bishop of Melbourne and the *Australian Churchman?* The prelate has, it appears, declined to attend a service of welcome held in Mr. Jones's honour, and the editor of the paper declares that his refusal "will do more to secure the confidence and sympathy of his co-Churchmen in Australia than anything that he has ever previously said or done."

MADAME ADELINA PATTI.——The report that Madame Patti has retired, or intends retiring, to the Convent of the "Sacré Cœur," with the purpose of "taking the veil," is, like so many other reports about this celebrated artist, what the French term a *canard*, and the English a "hoax."

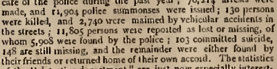
THE MUSICAL FESTIVALS.——The Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, is to be held next week at the last-named city. Our readers have already been made acquainted with the programme, the only change in which is the substitution of Mdlle. Albani for Mdlle. Titiens, whose co-operation we long since declared to be improbable. After the interval of a week comes the festival at Leeds, with an important novelty in the shape of a new oratorio, founded on the Biblical story of Joseph, from the pen of Professor Macfarren. At Leeds, also, Mdlle. Albani will sing the music originally set down for Mdlle. Titiens. Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren is to direct the performance of *Joseph*—which, remembering that Sir Michael Costa is engaged, and that he conducted *St. John the Baptist*, Professor Macfarren's first oratorio, both at the Bristol Festival and at our London Exeter Hall, appears somewhat strange. In one of the programmes the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's beautiful overture, *The Wood Nymph*, is a feature. Will *that* be confided to the tender care of M. Sainton? We see, too, that the performance of Mr. Walter Austin's dramatic cantata, *The Fire King*, is to be directed by his instructor, Mr. Thomas Wingham, of the Royal Academy of Music; so that Sir Michael Costa's responsibilities on this occasion can hardly be termed "onerous."

ALEXANDRA PALACE.——What Mr. Weist Hill, "our English Costa," as he has not been inaptly styled, is doing for the cause of good music at the Alexandra Palace may be gathered from the programme of the last Friday "Vocal and Instrumental Concert." This comprised the three orchestral movements from Beethoven's Symphony in D minor—the colossal "No. 9;" a minuet by Boccherini, nicknamed by the celebrated violinist, Puppo, (characteristically enough), the "Wife of Haydn;" and Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—from the overture to the Wedding March. The general execution, by the fine band which Mr. Hill controls like an experienced commander, was all that could be wished. Rarely have the "scherzos" of Beethoven and Mendelssohn—so different in conception, yet each after its manner incomparable—been played with more uniform spirit, delicacy, and precision. They were, moreover, listened to with decorous attention and applauded according to their worth. Mr. Percy Blandford sung "Adelaide," accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Henry Leipold; the two-part song, "Ye spotted snakes," in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, was confided to Miss Fanny Perfitt and Mrs. Hutchings; and a pretty trio for female voices ("Once I heard a little voice"), the composition of Mr. Westbrook, was sung by the ladies of the Alexandra Palace Choir.

THE LATE HECTOR BERLIOZ.——M. Daniel Bernard, of the Paris journal *L'Union*, is preparing a book entitled "Correspondence d'Hector Berlioz," to be published next winter at Lévy's. M. Bernard solicits all those who may have preserved letters of interest from the renowned French composer and *feuilletoniste* to send him forthwith either the originals or copies. Any amateurs or musicians in England (and there are not a few) who possess such treasures, bearing in mind the style in which Mendelssohn's correspondence has been "edited," will be chary about parting with them. If a man of genius is to be known by his letters, those letters should be produced *en gros*, intact, and without prejudice; otherwise the outside world is guided to a necessarily imperfect estimate. Berlioz was much more freely outspoken than Mendelssohn, and far less initiated in the ways of the world. His correspondence, therefore, if *non*-manipulated, would be doubly valuable. About disclosures of intimate family sympathies, relationships, and so forth, only the inquisitively prying can be curious. There are a great deal too many such in the two volumes of Mendelssohn's published letters; but the opinions of distinguished men on questions relating to an art the practice of which has brought them eminence are of the utmost interest and importance. An ungarbled correspondence from the pen of Berlioz would be a real acquisition—a garbled one little better than useless. Whoever, then, commits letters signed "Berlioz" to the custody of M. Daniel Bernard should stipulate, as a *sine quâ non*, that they be published without curtailment, *verbatim et literatim*, or returned to the owner. Otherwise they might possibly be modified, or somehow tampered with—"best intentions," taken for granted.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.——Madame Liebhart has commenced a series of grand promenade concerts in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the large building being temporarily transformed into a beautiful garden by the display of 10,000*l*. worth of choice flowers, fruits, and foliage plants. The musical arrangements, which are under the direction of Mr. F. Kingsbury, include vocal and orchestral effects, a long list of well known singers being engaged, amongst whom are Madame Anna Bishop, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Maybrick. The solos, however, whether vocal or instrumental, can scarcely be heard in the vast building, whose acoustic properties are not of the best, and the *pièce de résistance* is decidedly the British Army Quadrilles, in which 250 performers, in the national costumes of France, Germany, Russia, and Turkey take part.

WAIFS.——The Paris *Ménestrel* informs its readers that Madame Adelina Patti has signed a treaty with her brother-in-law, M. Maurice Strakosch, as *entrepreneur* for all her future European engagements, America being left out of the question.—Mr. Carl Rosa's last week in Dublin was his most successful. The company are now at Hull.—The fifth annual report of Mr. John Hullah, Inspector of Music at the students' examination in the training schools of Great Britain, has recently been issued. In spite of a grumble or so, more especially on the subject of musical instruction in elementary schools (which ought to be the legitimate foundation of all), the accomplished professor takes a hopeful view of the object contemplated, to which he, perhaps more than any other man in this country, has given an impetus.—Dr. Edouard Hanslick, the eminent Viennese critic, has published a very interesting analysis of the genius and artistic acquirements of Adelina Patti.—After the termination of her engagement at Brussels, there is every probability that Miss Minnie Hauk will sing at the Italian Opera in Paris. The reputation of this gifted young American spreads far and wide.—The sudden death by apoplexy of the highly esteemed Capellmeister Fischert, his colleague, Herr Bott, having resigned not long since, leaves the Royal Theatre at Hanover without a musical director, just too as the season is about to begin. Herr Fischert succeeded the well-known Heinrich Marschner in the post.—We are not at all surprised that a monument is being erected in memory of Gossec at Vergnies (Canton de Beaumont), where he was born. Gossec was a kind of Vanhall and Kotzwara in one, doing something in his way for the orchestral symphony while Mozart was but a boy, though far behind Haydn, and inferior even to Ignace Pleyel.—Mr. Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, we are pleased to learn, has entirely recovered from a somewhat protracted indisposition. He is now, we believe, in Scotland.



THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.——Colonel Henderson's annual report, just issued, speaks with satisfaction of the general conduct of the members of the force. Out of a total strength of 10,268 constables and officers there have been during the past year 172 dismissals and 229 "compulsory resignations;" 14 men have been charged before magistrates, and 12 of these have been convicted. On the other hand, 112 men have been specially commended or rewarded by judges and magistrates, and 1,101 have received rewards from the Commissioners for special good services. No fewer than 2,941 police officers were assaulted, many of the assaults being of a serious character. More than 36 miles of new streets, with 12,938 new houses, have been handed over to the care of the police during the past year; 76,214 arrests were made, and 11,904 police summonses were issued; 130 persons were killed, and 2,740 were maimed by vehicular accidents in the streets; 11,805 persons were reported as lost or missing, of whom 5,908 were found by the police; 103 committed suicide, 148 are still missing, and the remainder were either found by their friends or returned home of their own accord. The statistics of the "detective department" are just now especially interesting. The number of officers is 218, and last year they arrested 5,175 persons, of whom 3,244 were convicted. Their duties comprehend inquiries respecting offences committed within the metropolitan district and elsewhere; and "inquiries of a varied nature for Government departments," including questions of nationality, and coining cases, besides "miscellaneous inquiries for foreign Governments and police," and "inquiries respecting missing and insane persons," murder or death under suspicious circumstances, incendiary fires, and matters "not included under these heads," in addition to all which, they have to attend race meetings and other public gatherings.

A NOVEL TRICK.——The other day a letter was sent to the papers by a Bond Street jeweller cautioning the public against the proceedings of an "artful dodger" who was victimising the public by delivering parcels of worthless sham jewellery and demanding payment for "repairs," representing that the article came from the Bond Street firm. The perpetrator of these frauds has since been caught in a very singular manner, having literally walked into the lion's mouth by trying the trick at the house of a detective of the C Division when that officer happened to be at home. He was of course arrested, and has now been committed for trial. A book of receipts was found in his possession, from which it appeared that money had been obtained in this way from a large number of noblemen and gentlemen, amongst whom was the Right Hon. Robert Lowe.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Some account of the last week's proceedings at Bow Street in the case of the alleged police conspiracy will be found in "Our Illustrations" column. On Tuesday the Dover Watch Committee received a statement from Detective Walker relative to the accusation made against him by the convict Kurr, but the consideration of the case was deferred on the suggestion of the Treasury Solicitor. The Town Clerk is reported to have made the extraordinary remark that he was not aware that it was an offence for a constable to receive a bribe.—A youth belonging to the *Akbar* reformatory ship, now lying in the Mersey, has been committed for trial on a charge of setting fire to the vessel. Three fires were simultaneously discovered on the orlop deck on Friday last, and the prisoner had been seen just previously with some grease and rags near the spot. It appears that he had recently been flogged for some offence, and had remarked to another lad that he would make all on board suffer for it.—Several supposed incendiary fires have recently taken place in Blackburn, and a man named Murray was last week arrested on suspicion. There was not, however, sufficient evidence to connect him with the events, but he was sent to prison for a year for evading police supervision inflicted for a former offence.—Three men in the employ of the Brighton Railway Company are in custody on a charge of plundering goods trains. Large quantities of missing property were found at each of their houses.—The Brighton magistrates have committed a female swindler for trial on three separate charges of obtaining goods from tradesmen by falsely representing that she was in the service of Lady Wellesley, who is now staying in the town.—Two lads, aged respectively thirteen and fourteen, were the other day charged with obtaining a horse and cart by false pretences. It seems that they had borrowed them for the purpose of taking a country drive, and when they came back at night they were given into custody. The magistrate, however, held that it was only a boyish freak, and that there had been no infringement of the Act, which contemplated the making of a profit by the false pretences, so that the lads were lucky enough to get off with a reprimand.

◆

AN ALBERT HALL is to be built at Jeypore in commemoration of the Prince of Wales' visit, and the designs have just been submitted to the Maharajah.

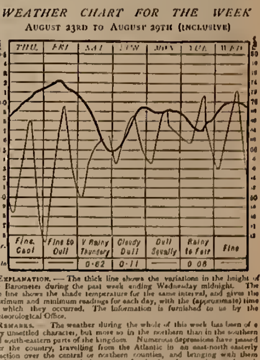
EVEN THE NOBLE REDSKIN appears to have caught the anti-Chinese feeling now prevalent, and when recently two Celestial belles were walking down a street in a Western city, two young Washoe squaws met and confronted the moon-eyed ladies. The elder redskin spoke as follows: "You bad China; you no good; you all same monkey in circus; you no got him hair; you all tail; you put on him airs; all same white mehala; you get him off in street pretty quick; me Indian; me 'Merican, and me put a head on you monkey." The Celestials did not brave the wrath of the copper-coloured barbarians, but beat a precipitate retreat.

THE INTEREST which has been excited concerning the subject of Home Hospitals for the well-to-do is an indication of the necessity of provision of hospital accommodation for the middle class, and for no class of patients is this so much required as for those suffering from infectious disease. The fact that the members of a family are exposed to risk of life through one of their number suffering from an infectious malady is the strongest necessity that can arise for the removal of the invalid from his home. Not that this idea is in the least novel, as the London Fever Hospital at Islington has for some time past provided private rooms for those who cannot be treated in their own homes with safety to others, and who are unwilling to be treated in the general wards of a pauper hospital. In these rooms patients not only have the advantage of the visits of eminent physicians, but have the constant attendance of the resident medical officers and skilled nurses. Here they can pass through their illness without the slightest risk of infecting others, while enjoying themselves special facilities for recovery. The authorities of this Hospital have devoted much care to the arrangements of these rooms in order that patients may not lose home comforts through their removal to hospital; and further, by the collection of a library and improvements to the garden, have done everything in their power to render the residence there of a patient as pleasant as possible. The increasing demand for the private rooms is a proof of the willingness of the public to avail themselves of these advantages, and it is felt that this accommodation has only to be known to be more generally utilised. The small charge of three guineas a week is far less than the expense a fever patient incurs in his own home, and seeing that we have thus for some time had among us a home hospital for infectious diseases which has proved an undoubted success, we have every reason to believe that this principle can be equally well extended to persons suffering from other diseases by the establishment of general hospitals for the well-to-do.

◆

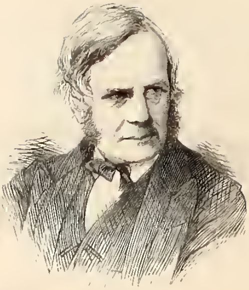
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

AUGUST 23RD TO AUGUST 29TH (INCLUSIVE)

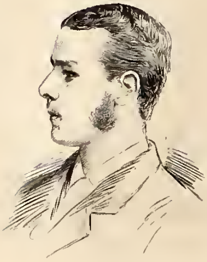


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

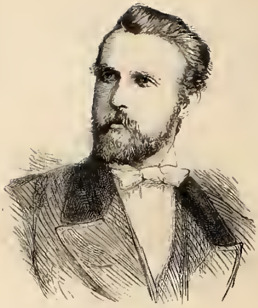
REMARKS.—The weather during the whole of this week has been of a very unsettled character, but more so in the northern than in the southern and south-eastern parts of the kingdom. Numerous depressions have passed over the country, travelling from the Atlantic in an east-north easterly direction over the central or northern counties, and bringing with them south westerly winds and showers to England and easterly winds with rain to Scotland and Ireland. The weather on Saturday, the 25th instant, was very remarkable, a depression advancing from the southward to the mouth of St. George's Channel by [illegible] p.m., and then changing its course and moving eastward till it reached the North Sea by Monday morning, the 27th instant. Easterly winds and heavy rain fell in England on Saturday, the 25th instant, but the wind veered to the west in the course of the night. The barometer was highest (30.22 inches) on Friday, the 24th instant; lowest (29.48 inches) on Saturday night, the 25th instant; range, 0.74 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (78°) on Wednesday, the 29th instant; lowest (41°) on Friday, the 24th instant, when a slight frost occurred on the grass; range, [illegible]. Rainfall: total fall, 0.81 inch, on three days; greatest fall, 0.62 inches, on Saturday, the 25th instant.



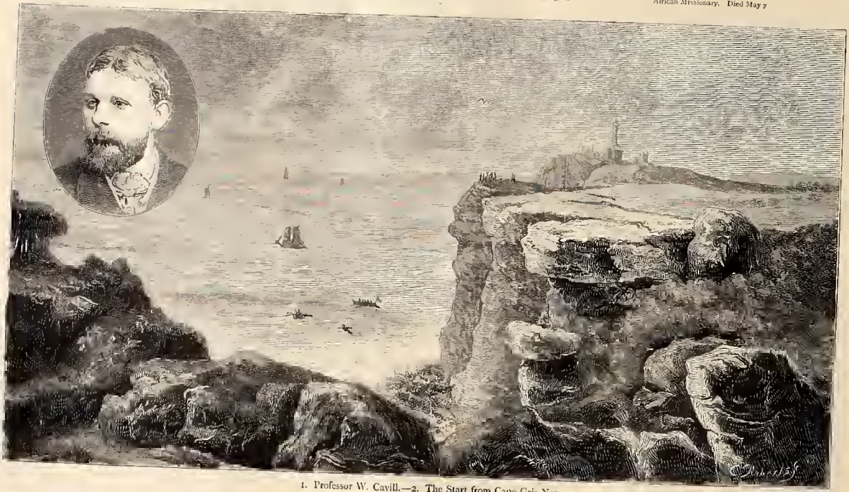
MR. WILLIAM LONGMAN
Died Aug 17, aged 64



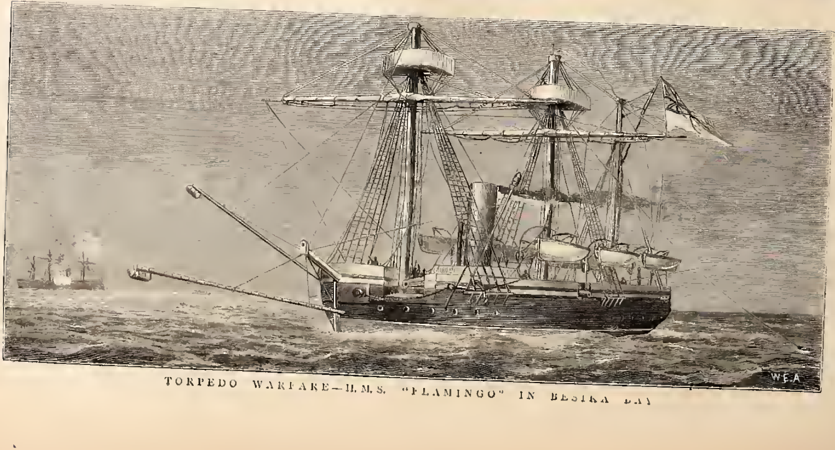
FRANCIS GETHLEY MEYRICK
Surgeon of the Red Cross Society. Died of Dysentery at Constantinople, Aug 23, aged [illegible]



THE REV. DR. BLACK
African Missionary. Died May 7



1. Professor W. Cavill.—2. The Start from Cape Gris Nez.
SWIMMING THE CHANNEL

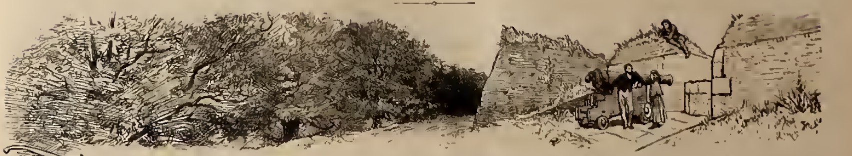


TORPEDO WARFARE—H.M.S. "FLAMINGO" IN BESIKA BAY

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.



CHAPTER I.

ON THE QUEEN'S BASTION

TWO boys and a girl, standing together in the north-west corner of the Queen's Bastion on the old town wall.

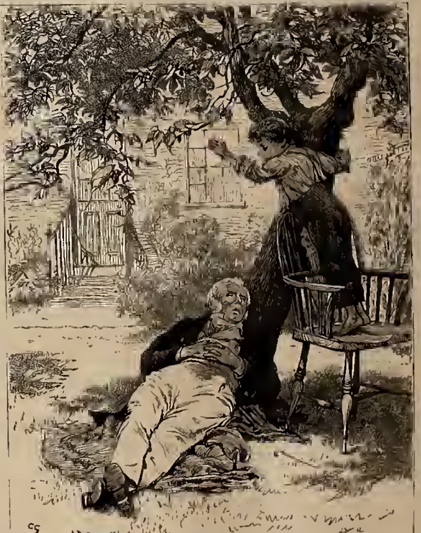
Leonard, the elder boy, leans on an old-fashioned 32-pounder which points through an embrasure, narrow at the mouth and wide at the end, straight up the harbour.

Should any enemy attempt to cross the lagoon of mud which forms the upper harbour at low tide, that enemy would, as Leonard often explained, be "raked" by the gun. Leonard is a lad between seventeen and eighteen, tall, and well-grown. As yet his figure is too slight, but that will fill out; his shoulders are broad enough for the strength a year or two more will give him; he has short brown hair of quite a common colour, but lustrous, and with a natural curl in it; his eyes are hazel, and they are stedfast; when he fought battles at school those eyes looked like winning; his chin is strong and square; his lips are firm. Only to look upon him as he passed you would say that you had seen a strong man in his youth. People turned their heads after he had gone by to have another look at such a handsome boy.

He leans his back, now, against the gun, his hands resting lightly upon the carriage, on either side as if to be ready for immediate action; his straw hat lies on the grass beside him. And he is looking in the face of the girl.

She is a mere child of thirteen or fourteen, standing before him and gazing into his face with sad and solemn eyes. She, too, is bareheaded, carrying her summer hat by the ribbons. I suppose no girl of fourteen, when girls are bony, angular, and big-footed, can properly be described as beautiful, but Celia was always beautiful to me. Her face remains the same to me through the changes of many years; always lovely, always sweet and winsome. Her eyes were light blue and yet not shallow; she had a pair of mutinous little lips which were generally, but not to-night, laughing; her hair hung over her shoulders in the long and unfettered tresses which so well become young maidens; and in her cheek was the prettiest little dimple ever seen. But now she looked sad, and tears were gathered in her eyes.

As for me, I was lying on the parapet of the wall, looking at the other two. Perhaps it will save trouble if I state at once who I was, and what to look upon. In the year 1853 I was sixteen years of age, about two years older than Celia, nearly two years younger than Leonard. I believe I had already arrived at my present tall stature, which is exactly five feet one inch. I am a hunchback. An accident in infancy rounded my shoulders and arched my back, giving me a projection which causes my coats to hang loosely where other men's fit tight, forcing my neck forward so that my head bends back where other people's heads are held straight upon their necks. It was an unfortunate accident, because I should, but for it, have grown into a strong man; my limbs are stout and my arms are muscular. It cost me nothing as a boy to climb up ropes and posts, to clamber hand over hand along a rail, to get up into trees, to do anything where I could get hold for a single hand, or for a single foot. I was not, through my unlucky back, the distortion of my neck, and the length of my arm, comely to look upon. All the years of my childhood and some a good deal later were spent in the miserable effort to bring home to myself the plain fact that I was *disgracié*. The comeliness of youth and manhood could be no more mine than my father's broad lands. For besides being a hunchback, I was an exile, a Pole, the son of a Polish rebel, and therefore penniless. My name is Ladislas Pulaski.



The unprincipled young robber, after quite realising the position of things—strange garden—gentleman of marine calling sound asleep—ripe fruit—present thirst—overwhelming curiosity to ascertain if this kind of fruit resembled apples—yielded without resistance to temptation, and mounted the chair.

We were standing, as I said, in the north-west corner of the Queen's Bastion, the spot where the grass was longest and greenest, the wild convolvulus most abundant, and where the noblest of the great elms which stood upon the ramparts—"to catch the enemy's shells" said Leonard—threw out a gracious arm laden with leafy foliage to give a shade. We called the place Celia's Arbour.

If you looked out over the parapet, you saw before you the whole of the most magnificent harbour in the world, and if you looked through the embrasure of the wall you had a splendid framed picture—water for foreground, old ruined castle in middle distance, blue hill beyond, and above blue sky.

We were all three silent, because it was Leonard's last evening with us. He was going away, our companion and brother, and we were there to bid him God speed.

It was after eight; suddenly the sun, which a moment before was a great disc of burnished gold, sank below the thin line of land between sky and sea. Then the evening gun from the Duke of York's Bastion proclaimed the death of another day with a loud report which made the branches in the trees above us to shake and tremble. And from the barracks in the town; from the Harbour Admiral's flagship; from the Port Admiral's flagship; from the Flagship of the Admiral in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, then in harbour; from the tower of the old church, there came such a firing of muskets, such a beating of drums, playing of fifes, ringing of bells, and sounding of trumpets, that you would have thought the sun was setting once for all, and receiving his farewell salute from a world he was leaving for ever to roll about in darkness.

The evening gun and the *tintamarre* that followed roused us all three, and we involuntarily turned to look across the parapet. Beyond that was the moat, and beyond the moat was a ravelin, and beyond the ravelin the sea-wall. Beyond the wall a smooth and placid lake, for it was high tide, four miles long and a couple of miles wide, in which the splendour of the west was reflected so that it looked like a furnace of molten metal. At low tide it would have been a great flat level of black mud, unlovely even with an evening sky upon it, intersected with creeks and streams which, I suppose, were kept full of water by the drainage of the mud banks. At the end of the harbour stood the old ruined castle, on the very margin and verge of the water. The walls were reflected in the calm bosom of the lagoon; the water-gate opened out upon the wavelets of the lapping tide; behind rose the great donjon, square, grey, and massive; in the tourney-yard stood the old church, and we needed no telling to make us think of the walls behind, four feet broad, rugged and worn by the tooth of Time, thickly blossoming with gilly-flowers, clutched and held on all sides by the tight embrace of the ivy. There had been rain in the afternoon, so that the air was clear and transparent, and you could see every stone in the grand old keep, every dentation of the wall. Behind the castle lay the low curved line of a long hill, green and grassy, which made a background to the harbour and the old fortress. It stretched for six miles, this hill, and might have been monotonous but for the chalk quarries which studded its side with frequent intervals of white. Farther on, to the west, there lay a village, buried in a great clump of trees, so that you could see nothing but the tower of a church and the occasional smoke of a chimney. The village was so far off that it seemed like some outlying fort, an advance work of civilisation, an outpost such as those which the Roman conquerors have left in the Desert. When your eye left the village among the trees and travelled southwards, you could see very little of land on the other side by reason of the ships which intervened,—ships of every age, of every class, of every colour, of every build. Frigates, three-deckers, brigs, schooners, cutters, launches, gun-boats, paddle-wheel steamers, screw steamers, hulks so old as to be almost shapeless,—they were lying ranged in line, or they were moored separately; some in the full flood of the wasting sunset, some in shadow, one behind the other, making deep blacknesses in the golden water. There was not much life, at this late hour, in the harbour. Here and there a boat pulled by two or three lads from the town; here and there a great ship's gig, moving heavily through the water, pulled by a crew of sailors, rowing with their slow and measured stroke, and the little middy sitting in the stern; or perhaps a wherry coming down from Fareham Creek. But mostly the harbour was silent, the bustle even at the lower end having ceased with the sunset.

"What do you see up the harbour, Leonard?" asked the girl, for all of us were gazing silently at the glorious sight.

"I am looking for my future, Cis, and I cannot make it out."

"Tell us what you think, Leonard."

"Five minutes ago it looked splendid. But the glory is going off the water. See, Cis, the Castle has disappeared—there is nothing to be made out there, but a low black mass of shade; and the ships are so many black logs lying on grey water that in ten minutes will be black too. Nothing but blackness. Is that my future?"

"I can read you a better fortune out of the sunset than that," I interposed.

"Do, Laddy," said Celia. "Don't let poor Leonard go away with a bad omen."

"If you look above you, Leonard," I went on, "you will see that all the splendours of the earth have gone up into the heavens. Look at the brightness there. Was there ever a more glorious sunset? There is a streak of colour for you—the one above the belt of salmon—blue, with just a suspicion on the far edge of green. Leonard, if you believed in visions, and wished for the best possible, you could have nothing better than that before you. If your dreams were to get money and rubbish like that"—it will be remembered that I who enunciated this sentiment, and Celia who clapped her hands, and Leonard who nodded gravely, were all three very young—"such rubbish, it would lead you to disappointment, just as the golden water is turning black. But up above the colours are brighter; and they are lasting. They never fade."

"They are fading now, Laddy."

"Nonsense. Sunsets never fade. They are for ever moving westwards round the world. Don't you know that there is always sunset going on somewhere? Gold in evening clouds for some to see, and a golden sunrise for some others. So, Leonard, when your dreams of the future were finished you looked up, and you saw the sky brighter than the harbour. That means that the future will be brighter than anything you ever dreamed."

Leonard laughed. "You agree with Laddy, Cis? Of course you do. As if you two ever disagreed yet."

"I must go home, Leonard; it is nearly nine. And, oh, you are going away to-night, and when—when shall we see you again?"

"I am going away to-night, Cis. I have said good-bye to the Captain, God bless him, and I am going to London by the ten o'clock train to seek my fortune."

"But you will write to us, Leonard, won't you? You will tell us what you are doing, and where you are, and all about yourself?"

He shook his head.

"No, Cis, not even that. Listen. I have talked it all over with the Captain. I am going to make my fortune—somehow. I don't know how, nor does he, the dear old man. But I am going to try. Perhaps I shall fail, perhaps I shall succeed. I *must* succeed." His face grew stern and a little hard. "Because everything depends upon it, whether I shall be a gentleman, or what a gutter child ought to expect."

"Don't, Leonard."

"Forgive me, Laddy, but everybody knows that you are a gentleman by birth and descent, and very few know that I am too. Give me five years. In five years' time, if I live, and unless it is absolutely impossible for me to get home, I promise to meet you both again. It will be June the 21st in the year 1858. We will meet at this time—sunset—and on this same spot, by Celia's Arbour."

"In five years. It is half a lifetime. What will have happened to us all in five years? But not a single letter? Oh! Leonard, promise to write one letter, only one, during all the years, to say that you are well. Not leave us all the time without a single word."

He shook his head.

"Not one, Cis, my child. I am not going to write you a single letter. One thing only I have promised the Captain. If I am in danger, sickness, or any trouble, I am to write to him. But if you get no news of me set it down to good news."

"Then, if you will not write there is nothing to look forward to but the end of the five years. Laddy, don't you feel as if you were a convict beginning a five years' sentence? I do, and perhaps you will forget all about us, Leonard, when you are away over there, in the great world."

"Forget you, Cissy?" He took her hands, and drew the girl to himself. "Forget you? Why, there is nothing else in all the world for me to remember except you, and Laddy, and the Captain. If I could forget the seventeen years of my life, the town, and the port, the ships, and the sailors, the old walls, and the bastions—if I could rid my memory of all that is in it now, why—then, perhaps I could forget little Cissy. Other men belong to families. I have none. Other men have brothers and sisters. I have none. Laddy is my brother, and you are my sister. Never think, Cis, that I can forget you for one moment."

"No, Leonard. We will try to feel always that you are thinking about us. The Captain says nothing is better for people than always to remember what others would like them to say, and think, and do. Stay, Leonard." She had made a little bouquet of daisies, and the sweet wild convolvulus which spread itself over all the slopes of the walls. Out of this she picked two or three blossoms, tied them up with a tendril, and laid them in a paper. "That is my French exercise for to-morrow. Never mind. There, Leonard, carry that away with you, to remember me by."

"I will take it, Cis, but I want nothing to remember you by."

"And now, Leonard, make your promise over again. Say after me, 'In five years' time——'"

"In five years' time——"

"'In rags or in velvet'—be very particular about that, Leonard, you are neither to be too proud to come or too ashamed, in rags or in velvet."

"In rags or in velvet."

"'In poverty or in riches.'"

"In poverty or in riches."

"'In honour or——no, there can be no dishonour,—in honour or before the honour has been reached, I will return.'"

"I will return," echoed Leonard."

"And we will meet you here, Laddy and I."

He held her hands while she dictated the words of this solemn promise, looking up at him with earnest and pleading face.

Then the church clock struck nine, and from the Port Admiral's flagship boomed a solitary gun, which rolled in short, sharp echoes along the walls, and then slowly thundered up the shores of the harbour. Then there was a pause. And then the bells began their customary evening hymn. They struck the notes slowly, and as if with effort. But the hymn-tune was soft and sad, and a carillon is always sweet. That finished, there came the curfew bell, which has been rung every night in the old town since the time of the great Norman king. The day was quite done now, and the twilight of the summer night was upon us. Gleams of grey lay in the west reflected in the untroubled sheet of the harbour, the cloudless sky looked almost as blue as in the day, and the stars were faint and pale. Venus alone shone brightly; the trees, in the warm, calm night, looked as if they were sleeping, all but one—a great elm which stood at the end of the wall, where it joined the dockyard. It was shaped in the black profile of the evening something like the face of a man, so that it stood like a giant sentry looking every night across the harbour.

"I must go," said Celia. "Good-bye, Leonard. Good-bye, dear Leonard. Forgive me if I have teased you. We shall look forward—Oh! how eagerly we shall look forward to the end of the five years. Good-bye."

He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. She cried and sobbed. Then he let her go, and without a word she fled from us both, flying down the grassy slope across the green. In the twilight we could catch the glimmer of her white dress as she ran home, until she reached her father's garden gate, and was lost.

"Walk with me to the station, Laddy," said Leonard.

We walked away from the quiet walls where there was no one but ourselves, out from the shadow of the big elms, and the breath of dewy grass, and the peacefulness of the broad waters, down into the busy streets. Our way lay through the narrowest and the noisiest. Shops were open, especially places which sold things to eat and to drink. Hundreds of men—chiefly young men—were loafing about, pipes in their mouths, among the women, who were buying in a street market, consisting almost entirely of costers' carts and barrows, and where the principal articles exposed for sale appeared to be hot cooked things of pungent and appetising odour, served and dressed with fried onions. Every night, all the year round, that market went on; every night that incense of fried onions arose to the much-enduring skies, every night the crowd jostled, pushed, and enjoyed their jokes around these barrows, lit by candles stuck in bottles, protected by oiled paper.

"Look at them," said Leonard, indicating a little knot of young fellows laughing together at each other's *gros mots*. "Look at them. If it had not been for the Captain I might have been like them."

"So might I, for that matter."

"What a life! No ambition! No hope to get beyond the pipe and beer! If I fail it will be better than never to have tried. Laddy, I mean to make a spoon or spoil a horn, as the Scotch say."

"How, Leonard?"

"I do not know quite. Somehow, Laddy. Here we are at the station. You will be good to the old man, won't you? Of course you will, Laddy, a great deal better than I could ever be, because you are so much more considerate. Keep up his spirits, make him spin yarns. And you will look sharp after the little girl, Laddy. She is your great charge. I give her into your keeping. Why, when I come back she will be nineteen, and I shall be four-and-twenty. Think of that. Laddy, before I go I am going to tell you a great secret. Keep it entirely to yourself. Let no one know a word of it, not even the Captain."

"Not even Cis?"

"Why, that would spoil all. Listen. If I come back in five years' time, a gentleman, a real gentleman by position as I am by birth, I mean to—to ask little Celia to marry me."

I laughed.

"How do you know you will care for her then?"

"I know that very well," he replied. "I shall never care in the same way for any other girl. That is quite certain. But, oh! what a slender chance it is! I am to make myself a gentleman in five years. Celia has got to get through these five years without falling in love with anybody else. Of course all the fellows in the place will be after her. And I have got to please her when I do come back. Wish me luck, Laddy, and good-bye, and God bless you all three."

He squeezed my hand, and rushed into a carriage as the engine whistled, the bell rang, and the train moved away. Then I realised that Leonard was really gone, and that we should not see him again for five long years.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTAIN

I WALKED home sadly enough, thinking how dull life for the next five years was going to be. It was half-past ten when I arrived, but the Captain was sitting up beyond his usual hour, waiting to hear the last news of Leonard. He was at the open window overlooking his garden; before him stood his glass of grog, empty, and his evening pipe was finished.

"You saw him off, Laddy?" he asked with a little eagerness, as if Leonard might possibly be lurking in the hall. "You are quite sure he got safely into the train"—five-and-twenty years ago people were not so familiar with railway-trains, and they were generally regarded even by old sailors as things uncertain about going off, as well as untrustworthy when you were in them. "Poor lad! At Winchester by this time, very nearly. Thirty miles from salt water."

The Captain at this time was about sixty years of age. He was a man of short and sturdy build, with a broad and rosy face like an apple, and perfectly white hair. His whiskers, equally white, were cut to the old-fashioned regulation "mutton-chop," very much like what has now come into fashion again. They advanced into the middle of the cheek, and were then squared off in a line which met the large stiff collar below at an angle of forty-five. Round the collar, the Captain wore a white cravat, which put on many folds as the weather grew cold. He never appeared except in some sort of uniform, and paraded his profession habitually, as was the custom among sailors of his standing, by a blue frock with anchor buttons. In winter, he wore loose blue trousers, which, when the warmer days returned, he exchanged for white ducks. Upstairs he kept a uniform of surpassing splendour, with epaulettes, sword-belt, sword, gold lace, and an innumerable number of buttons. But this was reserved for ceremonies, as when a ship was launched, or when the Port Admiral invited the Captain to dinner, or when the Queen visited the Yard. On all other occasions, the blue frock with brass buttons formed the Captain's only wear.

He had great white beetling eyebrows which would have lent him a ferocious aspect but for the twinking blue eyes beneath them. There were crows'-feet lying thick about those eyes which gave them a curiously humorous look, not belied by the mobile lips below.

You might see, by the light of the single pair of candles, that it was a plainly furnished room, having in it little besides a small square table, a horsehair sofa, a wooden armchair, a bookshelf with a hundred volumes or so, most of them boys' school books, and a piano which was mine, given me by Mr. Tyrrell. The walls were decorated with pictures of naval engagements and ships, cut out of illustrated papers, or picked up at second-hand shops, mounted and framed by the Captain himself. Above the mantelshelf was a print of the Battle of Navarino, showing the *Asia* engaged with two Egyptian and Turkish men-of-war, one on each side of her, the rest of the action being invisible by reason of the smoke. The Captain would contemplate that picture with a satisfaction quite beyond the power of words.

"'Twas in '27," he would say; "I was Lieutenant then: Sir Edward Codrington was Admiral. We sailed into Navarino harbour at 2 P.M. after dinner. Gad! It was a warm afternoon we had, and lucky it was the lads dined before it. Something to remember afterwards. Don't tell me that Turks can't fight. A better fight was never made even by the French in the old days. But their ships, of course, were not handled like ours, and out of eighty odd craft, which made up their fleet, we didn't leave a dozen fit for sea again."

And on the mantelshelf was a model, made by the Captain, of the *Asia* herself.

The piano, I explained above, was my own. Everything else I had in the world came from the Captain; the clothes I wore were bought by him; it was he who brought me up, educated me, and lifted me out of the mire. I am bankrupt in gratitude to the Captain. I have no words to say what I owe to him. I can never repay by any words, acts, or prayers, the load of obligation under which I rejoice to be towards that good man.

It began, his incomparable benevolence to Leonard and to me, like a good many other important things, with a crime. Not a very great crime; nor was the criminal a very important person; but, as the Rev. Mr. Pontifex once said of it, it was emphatically a Wrong Thing, and like all Wrong Things ought to be remembered with Repentance. Mr. Pontifex, although he had never had the opportunity of reading a certain great Bishop's Treatise on the Sinfulness of Little Sins, was as uncompromising as that Prelate could wish, and I hope that Leonard, who was the criminal, has long since repented. Certainly, it was the infraction of a commandment. Now Mr. Pontifex has repeatedly asserted, and his wife approved, that he who breaks one commandment breaks all. This is what was done.

The Captain's house, one of a row, stood separated from the street by the respectability of three feet clear and an iron railing. It was close to St. Faith's Square, a fashionable and almost aristocratic quarter, inhabited by retired naval officers, a few men who had made fortunes in business, and a sprinkling of lawyers. It was a plain square red brick house, with nothing remarkable about it but the garden at the back. This was not a large garden, and, like others in the old town, was originally intended as a drying ground—all builders in those days were accustomed to consider a house as, in the first instance, a family laundry. The garden was planted with raspberry canes, gooseberry bushes, and currant-trees. Peaches and plums were trained along the walls. There were one or two small pear-trees, and there was a very fine mulberry. In the spaces the Captain cultivated onions, radishes, and lettuce with great success. But the garden was remarkable in having no back wall. It looked out upon the Mill-dam, an artificial lake designed, I believe, to flood the moats of the fortifications if necessary. Projecting iron spikes prevented the neighbours on either hand from invading our territory, and you could sit on the stone-work at the end of the wall with your feet dangling over the water. It was a broad sheet periodically lowered and raised by the tide, which rushed in and ran out by a passage under the roadway, close to which was the King's Mill, worked by the tide. Sitting in the garden you could hear the steady grinding noise of the mill-wheels. The Mill-dam was not without its charm. In the centre stood an island redoubt, set with trees like the walls, and connected with the road which crossed the water by a light iron bridge. There was a single storied house upon that island, and I remember thinking that it must be the grandest thing in the world to live upon it, all alone, or perhaps with Celia, to have a cask of provisions and absolute liberty to wander round and round the grassy fort, particularly if the iron bridge could be knocked away, and a boat substituted.

They have filled up the Mill-dam now; pulled down the King's Mill; destroyed the redoubt; and replaced the bright sparkling sheet of water with an open field, on which they have made a military hospital. The garden at the back of the house has got a wall too, now. But I wish they had let the old things remain as they were.

It was in this garden that the Captain was accustomed to sit after dinner, except when the weather was too cold. One day, nine or ten years before my story begins, he repaired thither on a certain sultry day in August at half-past two in the afternoon. He had with him a long pipe and a newspaper. He placed his arm-chair under the shade of the mulberry tree, then rich with ripe purple fruit, and sat down to read at ease. Whether it was the languor of the day, or the mild influence of the mill hard by, or the effects of the pipe, is not to be rashly decided, but the Captain presently exchanged the wooden chair for the grass under the mulberry tree, upon which, mindful of his white ducks and the fallen fruit, he spread a rug, and then leaning back against the trunk, which was sloped by Nature for this very purpose, he gazed for a few moments upon the dazzling surface of the Mill-dam, and then fell fast asleep.

Now at very low tides the water in the Mill-dam would run out so far as to leave a narrow belt of dry shingle under the stone wall, and that happened on this very afternoon. Presently there came creeping along this little beach, all alone, with curious and wondering eyes which found something to admire in every pebble, a little boy of eight. He was bare-footed, and bare-headed, a veritable little gutter-boy, clad almost in rags. It was a long way round the lake from the only place where he could have got down, a good quarter of a mile at least, and he stopped at the bottom of the Captain's garden for two excellent reasons, one that he felt tired and thirsty, and the other that the tide was racing in through the mill like the rapids at Niagara, that it already covered the beach in front and behind, and was advancing with mighty strides over the little strip on which he stood. And it occurred to that lonely little traveller that unless he could get out of the mess, something dreadful in the shape of wet feet and subsequent drowning would happen to him.

He was a little frightened at the prospect, and began to cry gently. But he was not a foolish child, and he reflected immediately that crying was no good. So he looked at the wall behind him. It was a sea wall with a little slope, only about five feet high, and built with rough stones irregularly dressed, so as to afford foot and hand hold for any boy who wished to climb up or down. In two minutes the young mountaineer had climbed the dizzy height and stood upon the stone coping, looking back to the place he had come from. Below him the water was flowing where he had stood just now; and turning round he found himself in a garden with some one, a gentleman in white trousers, white waistcoat, and white hair, with a blue coat, sitting in the shade. His jolly red face was lying sideways, lovingly against the tree, his cap on the grass beside him; his mouth was half open; his eyes were closed; while a soft melodious snore, like the contented hymn of some æsthetic pigling, proclaimed aloud to the young observer that the Captain was asleep.

The boy advanced towards the sleeping stranger in a manner common to one of tender age, that is, on all-fours, giving action to his hands and arms in imitation of an imaginary wild beast. He crept thus, first to the right side, then to the left, and then between the wide-spread legs of the Captain, peering into his unconscious face. Then he suddenly became conscious that he was under a mulberry tree, that the fruit was ripe, that a chair was standing convenient for one who might wish to help himself, and that one branch lower than the rest hung immediately over the chair, so that even a child might reach out his hand and gather the fruit.

This was the Wrong Thing lamented by the Rev. Mr. Pontifex. The unprincipled young robber, after quite realising the position of things—strange garden—gentleman of marine calling sound asleep—ripe fruit—present thirst—overwhelming curiosity to ascertain if this kind of fruit resembled apples—yielded without resistance to temptation, and mounted the chair.

Five minutes later, the Captain lazily opened his eyes.

Boom—boom—boom—the mill was going with redoubled vigour, for the tide had turned since he fell asleep, and was now rushing in through the dark subterranean avenues with a mighty roar. But except for the tide and the mill everything was very quiet. Accustomed noises do not keep people awake. Thus in the next garden but one two brothers were fighting, but as this happened every day, and all day, it did not disturb the Captain. One was worsted in the encounter. He ran away and got into some upper chamber, from the window of which he yelled in a hoarse stammer to his victorious brother, who was red-haired, "J—J—Jack—you're a c—c—c—carrotty thief." But invective of this kind, not addressed to himself, only gently tickled the Captain's tympanum; the sun was still very bright, the air was balmy, and I think he would have fallen asleep again but for one thing. A strange sound smote his ears. It was a sound like unto the smacking of tongues and the sucking of lips; or like the pleased champing of gratified teeth; a soft and gurgling sound; with, unless the Captain's ears greatly deceived him, a low breathing of great contentment. He listened lazily, wondering what this sound might mean. While he listened, a mulberry fell upon his nose and bounded off, making four distinct leaps from nose to shirt-front, from shirt-front to white waistcoat, from waistcoat to ducks, and from ducks to the rug. That was nothing remarkable. Mulberries will fall when over ripe, and the Captain had swept away a basket-full that day before dinner. So he did not move, but listened still. The noises were accompanied by a little *frou-frou*, which seemed to betoken something human. But the Captain was still far from being broad awake, and so he continued to wonder lazily. Then another mulberry fell; then half-a-dozen, full on his waistcoat, cannoning in all directions to the utter ruin of his white garments, and a low childish laugh burst forth close to him, and the Captain sprang to his feet.

To his amazement there stood on the chair before him a ragged little boy, barefoot and bare-headed, his face purple with mulberry juice, his mouth crammed with fruit, his fingers stained, his ragged clothes smirched; even his little feet, so dusty and dirty, standing in a pool of mulberry juice.

The Captain was a bachelor and a sailor, and on both grounds fond of children. Now the face of the child before him, so bonny, so saucy, so full of glee and confidence, went straight to his heart, and he laughed a welcome and patted the boy's cheek.

But the fact itself was remarkable. Where had the child come from?—Not through the front door, which was closed, nor over the wall, which was impossible.

"How the dickens——" the Captain began. "I beg your pardon, my lad, for swearing, which is a bad habit—but how did you get here?"

The boy pointed to the wall and the water.

"Oh!" said the Captain, doubtfully. "Swam, did you? Now that's odd. I've seen them half your size in the Pacific swim like fishes, but I never heard of an English boy doing it before. Where do you live, boy?"

The child looked interrogative.

"Where's daddy? Gone to sea, belike, as a good sailor should?"

But the boy shook his head.

"Daddy's dead, I suppose. Drowned, likely, as many a good sailor is. Where's your mammy?"

The boy looked a little frightened at these questions, to which he could evidently give no satisfactory reply.

"The line's pretty nigh paid out," said the Captain, "but we'll try once more.—Who takes care of you, boy, finds you in rations, and serves out the rope's end?"

This time the boy began to understand a little.

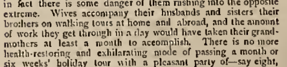
Then the Captain put on his hat and led him by the hand to the *quartier* where the sailors' wives did mostly congregate. In this he was guided by the fine instinct of experience, because he *felt*, in spite of the rags, that the boy had been dressed by a sailor's wife. None but such a woman could give a sea-going air to two garments so simple as those which kept the weather from the boy.

He led the child by the hand till presently the child led him, and piloted the Captain safely to a house where a woman—it was Mrs. Jemm—came running out, crying shrilly,

"Lenny! why, wherever have you bin and got to?"

There was another ragged little boy with a round back, five or six years old, sitting on the door-step. When the Captain had finished his talk with Mrs. Jeram he came out and noticed that other boy, and then he returned and had more talk.

(To be continued)



FASHIONS

ACCORDING to our annual custom we intend to devote the Fashion article for this month to the details of toilettes for country visiting, and travelling in general.

It is no longer the fashion for girls and women to be delicate, in fact there is some danger of them rushing into the opposite extreme. Wives accompany their husbands and sisters their brothers on walking tours at home and abroad, and the amount of work they get through in a day would have taken their grandmothers at least a month to accomplish. There is no more health-restoring and exhilarating mode of passing a month or six weeks' holiday tour with a pleasant party of—say eight, equally divided—each member of which is ready to laugh at any misadventure which may happen. We will take for example a tour of the English, Scottish, or Irish lakes, the Isle of Wight, the coast of Devon, or many other charming resorts. It is well before starting from home to despatch to the first proposed halting place two large trunks, the one containing linen and all other necessaries, the other dresses, bonnets, hats, and all finery for the feminine members of the party. Of the most important, namely, the linen trunk, we need only say that plenty of paper cuffs, collars, and fancy bibs will be found very useful. In the dress trunk should be a black silk costume for each *voyageuse*, with a good plain, long, train skirt, and two bodices, the one high to the throat, the other square or open in a point to the waist to be worn with a lace and tulle chemisette; bows and ruchings of colours according to the complexion of the wearer should be provided, as it is well to leave all valuable jewelry at home, with other responsibilities.—Four stylish hats or bonnets may be packed in one small square *carton* box, if the feathers or flowers be taken out, and arranged in a box to fit them. The art of packing well is acquired, as a rule, only by practice, although there are some personages born with a genius for it. As to the all-important question, what is to be worn by the pedestrians, the chief considerations are that the boots be strong and easy, the dress light, and either shower or waterproof, and that the hat does not press the forehead. There is nothing more serviceable and becoming for blonde or brunette than a navy blue or rifle green serge or thin cloth Princess dress, made to touch the ground, braided more or less handsomely with black or white braid, the skirt either looped up with two buttons, or, safer still, tied up with strings at the back and sides. A finely quilted alpaca petticoat, on either side of which is a deep, wide, flat pocket, which will contain a surprising quantity of things, a pair of extra stockings, and easy slippers, a small flannel dressing jacket, a brush and comb, a large Shetland shawl, which will be found very welcome when, at the end of a warm autumn day, the breezes spring up, and a work case containing everything that is needful for repairing unexpected fractures of the garments, together with sticking plaster and a small roll of lint in case of bodily injuries. The boots should be of porpoise hide, or some other strong leather, halfway up the legs, with square heels. The hat, of blue or green felt, to match the costume, should be trimmed only with a band and small wing, a long gauze veil may be twisted round the crown, and the end arranged so that it shall protect the face when needed, but we caution our inexperienced readers that at this season they may expect more rain than sunshine, and, after all, a gentle drizzle is more bearable than a scorching sun, and a stormy sunset is very beautiful to look upon. A deep mackintosh cape, together with a cover of the same for the hat, rolled up and fastened round the waist with a strap in readiness for the worst, will enable the pedestrian to defy the most stormy weather.

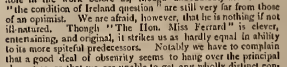
Bathing costumes are made more stylishly every season; pink, cream, and even pale blue flannel are used for this purpose, but these delicate colours speedily lose their freshness in sea water. The most durable and comfortable material for wear is bunting, the colour should be the darkest blue. Slender figures may wear loose full trowsers reaching to the ankle, and a short blouse fastened in at the waist. Those who are inclined to be stout will look better in long jackets. At Trouville and other fashionable French seaside places some of the bathing costumes are most artistic; for example, white fine serge, hand-embroidered in red wool, the design a coral pattern, turban hat and slippers to match, as is also the large mantle, which envelopes the bather when she leaves the water.

There is quite a rage for braiding and embroidery: not only the fronts of the bodices and skirts are richly braided or embroidered, but the backs are worked to match. Our contemporary, the *Queen*, recently gave a very elegant design for Breton embroidery, a jacket and a slipper; we advise our industrious readers to procure some black cashmere or thick silk and embroider for themselves costumes for the coming winter; this work is very quickly done, and is most effective. As yet there is no novel material for autumn wear, with the exception of cashmere merino. It is a very fine and soft fabric, made in every hue and shade imaginable. Black has lost none of its popularity, it is generally mixed with some bright contrasting colour, for example, poppy colour, cerulean blue, and ivory white. Dinner dresses of black velvet, satin, or poplin are made with long plain trains, the front trimmed *en tablier* with a delicate colour, the bodice cut square back and front, very low, but filled up with lace and tulle.

Bonnets and hats are most eccentric in shape, some exceedingly large, others equally diminutive; a charming little bonnet from Paris was composed of tiny beads of a blue-grey, known by the name of *clair de lune*; satin ribbon, black, white, and coloured, is much used for trimming bonnets and hats.

Much is expected in remote country towns and villages from the London visitors at the "great houses." Four costumes prepared for country visiting were: breakfast dress of white cambric, the front and side breadths were made with alternate strips of *torchon* lace insertion, and gathered cambric; petticoat of rose-pink cambric; *fichu* to match; a quaint little pink and white cambric hat, trimmed with *convolvuli*. Promenade dress of black *faille* richly embroidered on the front breadth and *revers* with blue steel beads, scarf mantelet to match, Brussels lace, Louis Quinze collar and ruffles, bonnet of beads, and a deep crimson rose with foliage. Dinner dress of three shades of green in silk, satin, and velvet, trimmed with Honiton lace. Evening toilette; black net elaborately trimmed with deep crimson, and pale pink satin, the effect of this novel combination was striking, but most elegant.

For dinner and evening dresses Indian muslin has again made its appearance. The only drawback to this material is that it gets so very quickly tumbled; it should always be worn over a white or coloured silk petticoat.



New Novels

"THE HON. MISS FERRARD," by the author of "Hogan, M.P.," &c. (3 vols.: Bentley).—As we have more than once commented on the extreme bitterness and cynicism which have marked this clever writer's sketches of the Irish life of our day, it is only just to say that these characteristics are much less noticeable in the work before us, though undoubtedly his views on "the condition of Ireland question" are still very far from those of an optimist. We are afraid, however, that he is nothing if not ill-natured. Though "The Hon. Miss Ferrard" is clever, entertaining, and original, it strikes us as hardly equal in ability to its more spiteful predecessors. Notably we have to complain that a good deal of obscurity seems to hang over the principal characters, so that we are unable to get any wholly distinct conception of them. The author is so much more successful in dealing with types than individuals, and shows so little real turn for construction, that we doubt whether the novel is his true field, and incline to think that his powers might show to greater effect in a series of sketches of Irish life, modelled, say, after Dickens' "Uncommercial Traveller." The Hon. Helena Ferrard is the daughter of Lord Darraghmore, an Irish nobleman utterly broken down in mind, body, and estate. She and her three brothers, Clanrickarde, Charles, and Isidor, are the children of a second marriage; there is another family, the issue of a first, but these play no part in the story. Lord Darraghmore's income has dwindled to 400*l.* a year paid quarterly, which to the Ferrards "just afforded a few weeks' riotous living, to be followed by a period of borrowing, account-running wherever they could get credit, and even actual want." Indeed the family larder is to a great extent dependent for supplies on the fish and game which the three lads, aided sometimes by the Hon. Miss Ferrard herself, legitimately or illegitimately succeed in capturing. In fact the heroine, when we first meet her at sixteen, is simply a young savage, who has grown up as she could, untrained, untaught, and uncared for, though possessed of some fine instincts, and singularly beautiful in her own way. And though her experiences, which it would take too much space to tell here, apparently do go some way towards taming and civilising her, we doubt if she is essentially different when we take leave of her, left utterly destitute by the death of her father, and on the point of starting for Canada with the young farmer to whom she has given her heart. But the truth is that, as we have already intimated, the author leaves us in much uncertainty as to Helena's real character, and we are puzzled to decide whether she is but the soulless being, the mere creature of impulse and affection, to whom handsome Jim Devereux will be all that a husband should be, or whether there is a deeper nature in her which may wake into life when it is too late, and force her to see that her husband, honest and good-hearted as he is, is but an uncultivated rustic. Indeed, we seem almost to have a hint given us just at the close of the story that the girl is beginning to be conscious that the refined and wealthy Englishman, Satterthwaite, whose love for her she has divined, is more to her than the man to whom her word is pledged. We do not think it was any part of the author's design that there should be so much mystery over all these matters, but it is a pity he did not bestow more pains in rendering them a little plainer. As to Satterthwaite, who may be taken as the hero of the piece, we should find it difficult to say whether the author meant us to regard his suppression of his love as folly or heroism. Of course there is abundance of talk in the book which gives the author an opportunity for airing the opinions as to Ireland that he has already expressed—the blunder of the Disestablishment Act, the rottenness of the system of national education, and the want in Ireland of "a national patriotic spirit," "a common-sense, solid love of progress." With all its shortcomings the novel is a book is of sufficient mark to well deserve to be read.

"Marjorie Bruce's Lovers," by Mary Patrick (2 vols.: Smith and Elder).—This is a rather pretty and clever tale, perhaps above the average as the mere love-story which is all it professes to be. Marjorie Bruce is a beautiful, high-spirited, and coquettish damsel, the daughter of a substantial Scotch farmer of very good descent, and her lovers are her old playmate, the young Earl of Castleton, Mr. Crawford, an exceedingly foolish and profligate laird of the neighbourhood—a personage by the way who might with advantage have been left out of the story, as he exercises no influence upon its course, and is not good to read about—and John Alton, a man in her own rank of life, of considerable culture, and a perfect pattern of moral excellence. The love-making with the handsome earl is for some time nothing but merry flirtation. It is known all over the country-side that he is engaged to his cousin, Miss Lisle, and he has no intention of being false to his word or the girl of taking advantage of his falsehood. But Marjorie's pretty face and witching ways lead him on, till the pair find that they are a great deal fonder of each other than they ever meant to be. In the end, however, the young lady wakes up from her dream of being one day a Countess—for this, as she honestly admits, has had not a little to do with her illusion and recognises John Alton's manifold perfections, refusing to be parted from him even when the coronet is laid at her feet—and everything ends satisfactorily for everybody. As might be anticipated, the girls, Marjorie herself, her friend Lady Dorothea, and Ernestine Lisle are very much the best drawn and most likeable among the characters, but the book, if but a trifle, has some good scenes in it, and may at least win popularity with young ladies.

"She Trod the Thorny Path," by Osborne Boyd (3 vols.: Tinsley).—Assuming that in this story we are supposed to be dealing chiefly with a set of lunatics who, of course, cannot be expected to behave like reasonable people, we may allow that it is put together with some ingenuity, though it is unnecessarily spun out. In the early part of it we have the heroine's father, who at first seems a decently affectionate parent enough, turning her out of doors for refusing to accept the husband he proposes. A little later, after she is married, she and her husband mistake and misjudge each other in a fashion that seems incredible in two persons living side by side, and possessed of the faculty of speech. He takes it into his head on very slight grounds that she is pining after an old lover, and, without saying a word, departs from his home, leaving a letter behind him so obscurely worded that the wife takes it to mean that he has gone because he is tired of her, instead of because he believes that she is tired of him. After this poor Gwen's path becomes in truth a thorny one, but we need not trace its farther course, and it will be enough to say that all complications are cleared up in the end. If the tale had been shorter, and somewhat less improbable, we might have felt more liking for it than we do.

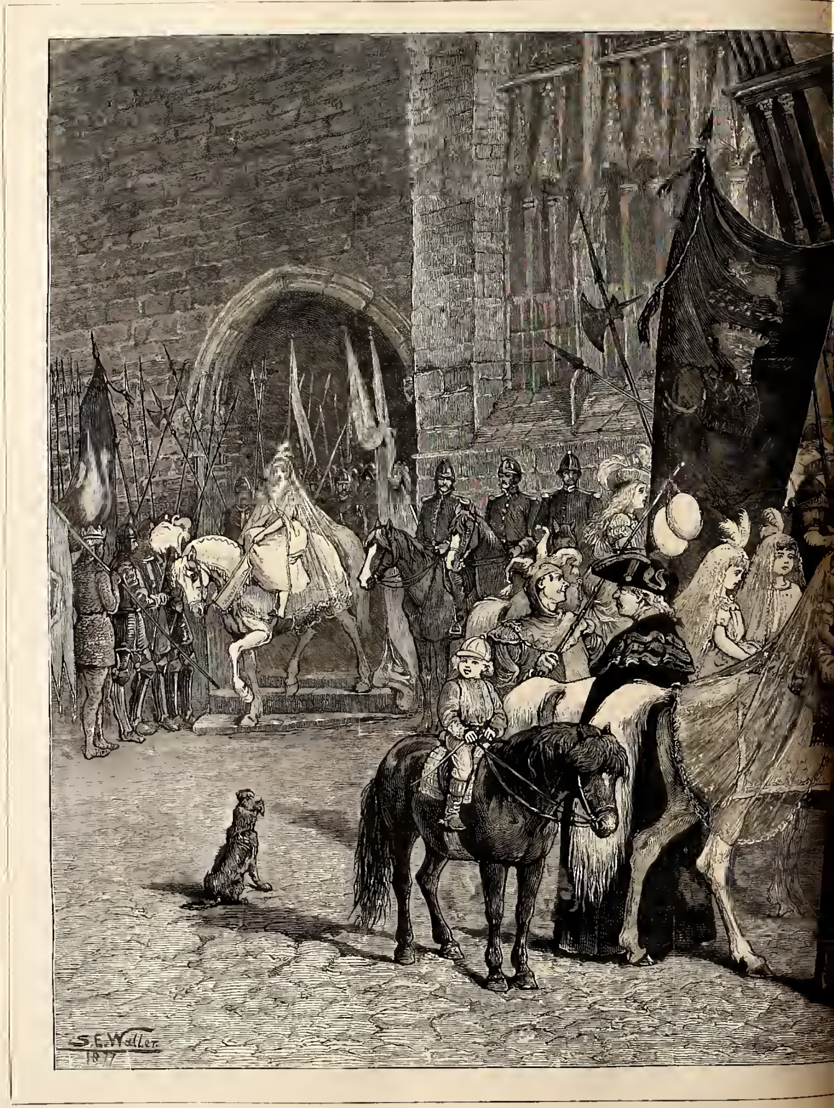
RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

There is one thing wanting to make "Hebe, a Tale," by Mark H. G. Goldie (H. S. King), a poem—viz., that it should have been told by a poet. The author is, obviously, a man of devout mind, and a deep thinker on the most subtle of mysteries; he has also some technical skill. But his story shows an almost entire want of the imaginative faculty, he lacks the power of interesting a reader in the creatures of his fancy, and the tale—such as it is—is both wearisome and unskilful in construction. It seems to turn on the fickle loves of a speculative gentleman with the rather cacophonous patronymic of Conrad Hulshennie; what becomes of him and his Utopian schemes it is hard to say; his brother is killed in a coal mine, and, of his two lady-loves, Hebe—otherwise Miss Newton—seems inclined to follow her fugitive wooer, and Coralie appears to have become a Sister of Mercy. The long philosophical dissertations hinder one from a clear following of the narrative. Hebe soliloquises in 101 stanzas and a song. The work is probably that of a very young man, judging from the superabundance of simile, and the imperfect command of the *ottava rima*. Mr. Goldie, for choice, carries the sense on from the last line of a stanza to the opening one of that which follows it, preventing any idea of completeness or repose.

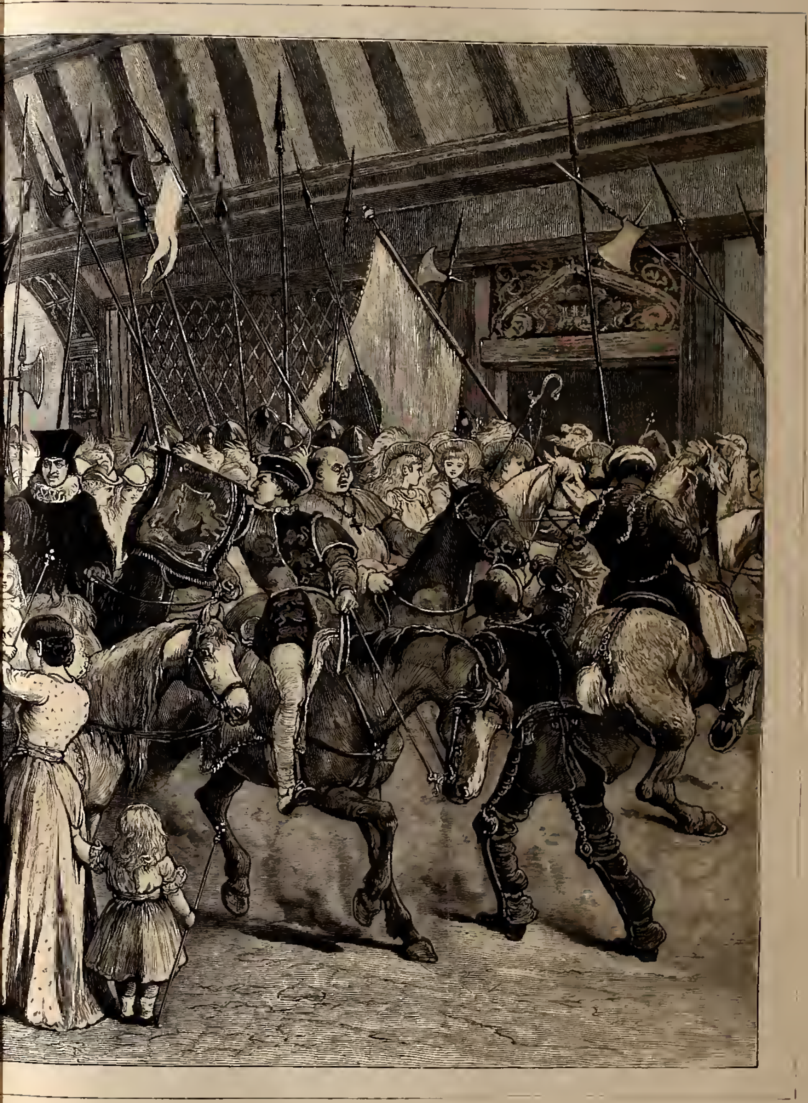
In "Songs of Sea and Land," by Frederick Enoch (A. H. Moxon), will be recognised a good many pieces popular in drawing-rooms, and at concerts; their calibre is about what might be expected in such performances. Perhaps, "The Knight and the Page" is somewhat above the usual level.—A volume of graceful, but slight, verse is "Poems," by Ernest Myers (Macmillan). Their musical nature may please some, and one or two are pretty and fanciful, such as "Sidney's Farewell," and "A Story from Ælian."—In "The Fall of Rora, and other Poems," by Aubrey De Vere (H. S. King), we have a new and revised edition of the author's more distinctively secular pieces, published before 1861. There is, as is well-known, always thought and lyrical facility in Mr. De Vere's verses, and many of these familiar pieces will be welcomed by their admirers; but personally we think the author is at his best only when dealing with religious or national topics.—"Chrysomela: a selection from the lyrical poems of Robert Herrick," arranged with notes by Francis Turner Palgrave (Macmillan), is, in spite of its rather affected title, a nice little anthology, containing the best pieces of one of England's sweetest lyrists. We think the editor rather over-estimates popular ignorance of Herrick, otherwise his introductory essay is well written; the glossarial notes might have been spared. One does not really need to be told by Mr. Palgrave that "Corinna's going a maying" is "faultless and sweet!" Nor are explanations wanted of such everyday words as "palms," "cruels," "paddocks," or "bents!" Why should the last-named be "sweet gale?" Has the editor never seen bunches of feathery grass employed in rural decoration?—The essentially artificial school to which belonged "Festus," a poem, by Philip James Baily (Longmans), has so completely passed away, that, notwithstanding the beauty of some of the incidental lyrics, it may be doubted whether the transcendental play will now find many readers. It is a pleasure to meet again with "The wee green neuk" and "Thus to a fair Venetian maid;" but otherwise the poem is undeniably heavy, although it has passages both powerful and of true poetic merit. It is almost impossible to avoid a mental comparison between works of this kind and Goethe's great original, and the imitations suffer in consequence.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Guide to Connemara and West of Ireland. R. M. Cameron, Edinburgh.
Matlock Companion. L. Jewitt. Virtue and Co.
Occasional Lectures. Joseph H. Tomkins. Charing Cross Pub. Company.
A Note on Charlotte Bronte. A. C. Swinburne. Chatto and Windus.
Sketches of Animal Life and Habits. A. Wilson: Kindness to Animals: A Book for Home and School Reading. Chambers, Edinburgh.
The Colorado Potato Beetle. Dr. A. Wilson. W. and A. K. Johnston.
Geoffrey Dilvant's Folly. Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks. J. W. Allingham.
A Ride Through Islam. Captain H. C. Marsh. Tinsley Brothers.
Glory (3 vols.). Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks. Hurst and Blackett.
How to Draw a Straight Line. A. B. Kempe. Macmillan.
The Elements of Physiography: Rev. A. Mackay. W. Blackwood.
Under a Charm (3 vols.): Trans. from German by C. Tyrrell. R. Bentley.


S.E. Waller
1877

THE LADY GODIVA PRO



CESSION AT COVENTRY

THE READER

For all who care (and who in point of fact do not?) about the Greater Britain which is beyond the seas, there is always something worth reading in the yearly "Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute" (Vol. VIII., 1876-77: The Institute, 15, Strand). No doubt the discussions are at times decidedly of the speculative order—attempts of "the irresponsible amateur" to fill up *à son gré* that magnificent blank page, the political future of our Colonies according as they move towards closer union or complete separation from the old Home; though even such speculations have their use in preparing public opinion to consider questions which may easily at no very distant date become practical, and even pressing. But there is much besides that comes under discussion of immediate and everyday interest—statistics, as in the present volume, like those furnished by Mr. Symons of "the climates of the various British Colonies," comprehensive surveys like Mr. Lubbock's of "The Present Position of the West India Colonies"—Jamaica, we regret to find, by no means maintaining the start it took a few years ago—good descriptive accounts like Dr. Fraser's "Canada: as I remember it, and as it is," papers full of suggestiveness, like Mr. Plummer's on "The Colonies and the English Labouring Classes." In the discussion, by the way, of this last we were glad to note an occasional protest from "old colonists" against the hard and fast theory that in respect of emigration "no clerk or counter-skipper need apply." No class at home wants thinning more, and surely alleged lack of physique is not all decisive. The freeborn Yankee will never use his hands when it is possible to work by head, yet no man makes a better backwoods pioneer. We suspect it is not the absence of "the horny hand," but the want of will, and that reluctance to move out of old grooves which acts on many Englishmen as caste upon Hindoos, that accounts for the clerk's frequent failure as an emigrant. But the remedy is surely not to discourage him from emigrating, but to show him clearly in advance what is required to make emigration a success.

That vision of the political enthusiast, a Federation of Great Britain and her Colonies, is reduced with some success to a working scheme (on paper) in Mr. Bousfield's "The Government of the Empire" (E. Stanford)—a plan for the transformation of our Parliament into one more truly Imperial, of representatives (in two Houses as now) of the mother country and her dependencies, for all matters of foreign policy, natural defence, communications by land and sea, supreme courts of appeal, &c., with local Parliaments at home and abroad for the despatch of strictly local business. The little pamphlet is by no means without ability, and meritoriously free—unless its whole assumption must be so designated—from anything like crutches. Whether it will be possible ever thus to fight, as Goldwin Smith has said, "against geography and prevail;" whether, indeed, the lesser federations now in favour are not really steps away from, not towards, the all-embracing federation of which Mr. Bousfield speaks, are open questions at the least. It is curious to find the men who dream of a Greater Britain attacking Parliament as not imperial enough just when others, who would gladly see the present Britain less, complain of it as so intensely imperial that local interests get no attention.

A new, revised, and cheap edition of "Ocean to Ocean," by the Rev. G. M. Grant (S. Low and Co.), should put within every man's reach one of the best descriptions ever penned of the back lands of British North America, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. Since the first publication its roseate visions have been slightly darkened. The survey of the Pacific Railway (expected four years ago to be half in working order by this) still halts amidst the difficulties of the Sea of Mountains. The grasshopper plague has scared away intending settlers from Manitoba. Worst of all, an Indian difficulty in British Columbia—the result, we fear, of neglecting the good old rule to make liberal treaties with the tribes, and keep them to the letter—has threatened British America, for the first time in its history, with mutterings of a native war. The story of these passing clouds—for passing clouds only we believe them to be—and the *resumé* of progress made after all, if more slowly than was hoped at first, make up in this new edition a very interesting appendix.

Part III. of Mr. B. Bucknall's excellent translation of the learned "Lectures on Architecture" of M. Viollet-le-Duc (S. Low and Co.) complete that portion of the work which treats of the principles of art and the development of architecture among the nations of antiquity and of the Middle Ages. It is once more, as in the latter days of Rome, a period of decline which the lecturer has in view—a decline, he holds, easily to be explained by the lifeless academic teaching which does not even take into consideration the adaptation of its work to the sentiment, the needs, the materials of the age, and proffers the same classically correct outline as equally applicable (after the necessary internal changes) for museum or hospital, for court of law or palatial dwelling-house. Not so the famous masters of mediæval France or of the Renaissance; and very eloquent are M. Viollet's lectures anent the great *chateaux*-builders of the sixteenth century, Philibert de l'Orme and his *confrères*, the exquisite sense of proportion traceable alike in old Greek temple and mediæval Gothic cathedral, or the just reasoning which, without any direct imitation, led to precisely the same results among the cornice-moulders of twelfth-century France and of the Greece of Pheidias. To substitute, in fact, for lifeless copyism a just subordination of rule to reason, and for neglect of "fitness" the true art which can ever adjust itself to new requirements, is the moral of M. Viollet's teachings—a moral, perhaps, not less worth enforcing in our country than in his own.

A second edition of a prettily got-up little volume, "Majolica and Fayence," by Arthur Beckwith (D. Appleton and Co., New York), will doubtless not be unappreciated by people in search of a brief yet comprehensive guide to the *faience* of Southern Europe and the East. Certainly, attempting too little is not among its faults. A descriptive account of *faience* old and new, of marks and mottoes and designs, *plus* a little of the history of the various towns and States, a little of the broad principles of Art, as applicable alike to poetry and porcelain, and laid down alike in Aristotle and Confucius, a little more about "painting on pottery" in particular, and yet a chapter of miscellaneous notes on symbols and emblems, prices of ware in the sixteenth century, designations of Italian pieces, and so forth, is almost in truth more than any human being could put together in 185 pages without an occasional rash statement or line that seems to need revision. Still it is by no means a bad little book, quite, in fact, a pocket encyclopædia in its way, with two good features we have yet to mention, an interesting list of the Keramic exhibits, more especially from Japan, in last year's "Centennial," and some pretty illustrations from the well-known collection of Signor Castellani.

To the ever pleasant literature of the angler Mr. J. J. Manley has added yet another pleasant and attractive volume in his "Notes on Fish and Fishing" (S. Low and Co.). A volume this for the Home Counties fisherman, not about unattainable salmon streams or tarns with wealth of trout and char, but about angling in Essex ponds, in quiet streams of Hants and Wilts, or on the broad expanse of Father Thames, for fish scarce five of which—the trout, the grayling, and the perch, with, let us add, the tiny gudgeon and the pike—repays the *gourmand* for his toil, but of which all are dear to honest anglers not only for the sport they give, but for the evening discussion, to which their capture inevitably gives birth, of how our ancestors could have lived and thrived when carp were dainties for an abbot's table and a Thames barbel a dinner for a King. A practical angler from school days upward, Mr. Manley is not, however, like most brethren of the craft content with notes upon the names and habits of his finny prey—he adds besides under the title of the "literature of fishing," a somewhat novel and highly interesting chapter on those who fished and wrote before him, from the fair authoress of the "Boke of St. Albans," the first of English writers on "Halieutics," to those great lights of contemporary fishers, Messrs. Cholmondely Pennell and Francis Francis. A book in fine in which we find no other fault than that Mr. Manley seems at times to take too literally old Gervase Markham's quaint remark that "the skilfull angler ought to be a generall scholler and seene in all the liberall sciences as a grammarian."

From "The Russo-Turkish War and its Issues as revealed in Scripture Prophecy" (W. P. Nimmo) readers who pin their faith to revelation as interpreted by the author of "The Coming Struggle" may learn that Russia beyond doubt will beat Turkey, overflow, and pass over," but that her career of conquest will then be stayed by "the merchants of Tarshish and the young lions thereof"—*i.e.*, by Britain and her Indian Army, and above all by the planting, through British aid, of a colony of Jews in Palestine, the immediate prelude of the battle of Armageddon, and final doom of Russia and her host.—In "Seamen of the Royal Navy: Their Advantages and Disadvantages as viewed from the Lower Deck"—a pamphlet without author's name or publisher's—landsmen who may have thought the modern A.B. a happy man will find that—irrespective of such graver points as the disadvantages of his position (pension and all) after a term of years, compared, let us say, with a carpenter's on shore—a host of unpleasantnesses beset his steps from his first transfer from the pampered training-ship to the ship in commission—unpleasantnesses small perhaps in themselves and often due to an officer's endeavour to play the "tight hand," but quite enough in the aggregate to lead to much discontented comparison with his more genially treated fellow of the sister service. Altogether a grumbler's pamphlet, but with points in it quite worth taking note of.—Last, we must mention a new edition (W. Mitchell and Co.) of Major Lyon's useful "Militia Officer's Manual and Guide to Examinations," and "Proceedings of the Musical Association, Third Session, 1876-7" (Chappell and Co.), a number rich in valuable essays, though of an order which only skilled musicians as a rule will thoroughly appreciate.

The Midsummer volume of *Good Things* (Strahan) well fulfils the promise of its name. Here Dr. George Macdonald supplies the marvellous in the "The Princess and Curdie," a charming fanciful sequel to his "Princess and the Goblin;" Mr. D. Ker provides a stirring tale of the Danish Vikings, and the perils of travel are described by "An Old Rugby Boy," while numerous short stories and sketches of a more substantial nature combine to form a capital book for girls and boys to enjoy during their seaside holidays. The July and August numbers of *Good Things* furnish the first instalment of M. Jules Verne's new tale, "Hector Servadac." This story has just been brought out in Paris, and promises to be as full of mysteries and eccentric adventures as its predecessors.—For Sunday reading comes the half-yearly volume of *The Day of Rest* (Strahan), which amongst its most interesting matter includes a good series of "Old Testament Portraits," and some clever articles by Mr. R. Proctor, in addition to excellent miscellaneous papers and stories.—Some well-compiled meditations and hymns on Scripture texts are contained in "The Morning, Noonday, and Eventide of Life," by R. C. Gildea (Charing Cross Publishing Co.).

A number of handbooks on varied subjects come to us from the *Bazaar* Office. People with a little spare cash to place out will do well to study "Stock and Share Investments," by A. Sharwood, which may be commended for its practical advice and clear description of the nature and quality of securities and the operations of the Stock Exchange.—Those who have not yet decided where to go this autumn may be helped to a choice by "Seaside Watering Places," wherein are equally detailed our best and least known holiday resorts. It would have been better, however, to place these descriptions either alphabetically or in their order along the coast, as at present the sketches fly from Cornwall to Yorkshire, from Suffolk to the Isle of Wight, in the most confusing manner.—"Practical Dairy Farming," by G. S. Wilcombe, is an excellent straightforward treatise on the management of a farm, its stock, cheese manufacture, buildings, and lands; in "Fancy Mice," by an Old Fancier, we have simple directions for the proper care and breeding of those tiny pets, dear to most boys; and "Popular British Fungi," by J. Britten, gives an agreeable account of the principal edible and poisonous varieties. Mr. Britten's work is nicely illustrated, and supplies very interesting particulars as to the curious growth of fungi.—"The Apple," by D. T. Fish (*The Country* Office), would be specially useful to amateur growers, as it indicates the plainest methods of culture, and specifies the best varieties to plant for cooking or for the table.

A capital little biography of Peter Paul Rubens has been published at Antwerp by J. B. Van Mol (29, Marché aux Souliers) *àpropos* of the recent tercentenary *fêtes* of the great painter's birth. Written in a bright lively style, and illustrated by numerous portraits of Rubens, his two wives, and many of his best-known contemporaries, this work, which is sold for two francs, forms a concise and yet comprehensive memoir of the old Flemish master.

◆

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

III.

A SKILFUL mechanic, in the receipt of high wages, and steady in his habits, might reasonably argue that he could not better his condition by entering the army. The artisan who earns from thirty to thirty-five shillings a week can not only live comfortably, but can also, with ordinary care, put by something for a rainy day, and it is more than likely that a course of thrift, persisted in for some years, will raise him to a higher position, and enable him in his turn to become an employer of labour.

But it is not every man who can earn pay at so high a rate, and there are fewer still who can depend upon it in times of prosperity and depression of trade alike. Again, upon considering the average wages of the working classes, at the average age at which recruits from them enter the army, we find that the above maximum of earnings is still further reduced, and that it is more or less precarious, and dependent upon the fluctuation of trade and other causes beyond control. It is, nevertheless, very hard to persuade men who have once experienced a sudden rise in wages that it will not continue, or that if the price of labour falls it may be a long while before it recommences to advance, and they are content to wait for improved times. In the case of a prudent man who has saved money this may be possible, without exposing himself to any great inconvenience. The majority of the working-classes, however, can scarcely be called prudent in any strict sense of the term, and these must suffer many hardships when work is slack. There is also a large class of young men who earn comparatively small wages, and have little to induce them to remain in their present condition. It is reasonable to suppose that they have a desire to see more of the world, and fair to believe that many of them have some ambition to raise themselves in it. They are not confined to any one section of society, but may be found in every grade, from the highest to the lowest. And we believe that service in the Army will be found upon trial to offer at least as fair a chance of advancement as any other profession to those who use their opportunities aright. Recruits of good social position and education can and do look forward to commissions; those of an inferior rank of life to suitable employment at good wages when their term of service has expired. Everywhere we hear complaints of the labour market being overstocked, and we see thousands of youths and men either without occupation or dragging on a hand-to-mouth sort of existence, without any settled plan or prospects for the future. Although the art of war affords scope for the exercise of the noblest gifts of genius, there are many subordinate positions in the Army that can be filled with honour and profit to themselves, and to the good of the State, by men who are of very moderate ability. There are also some moral as well as physical qualities which can be turned to very much better account in the Army than elsewhere, and it is far more easy to obtain a ready recognition of these in the ranks than at the workman's bench, in the shop, or the counting-house. Steadiness is of course of the first importance; and it may be said, if this is given, the chances of promotion in any walk of life would be increased. This of course is so; but, from our own experience, we believe that habits of steadiness and self-denying discipline have been acquired in the Army when all other experience has failed to teach them. We refer only to men naturally well inclined, but who, through temptation, or extreme weakness of character, or perhaps from having no sense of responsibility, have not hitherto been quite all that could be wished. For the confirmed drunkard or the absolutely vicious the Army is scarcely a fitting school, and will soon cease to be even temporarily their home. But for men whose faults have been venial, or whose chief failing has been want of application or stability of character, service in the Army may be expected to do much. In the first place, it is no longer optional to conform to rules and regulations. The work is light, but it has to be done; the rules are not severe, but they must be obeyed. A most wholesome check is thus placed upon recklessness, or that light-heartedness which takes undue liberties, in the belief that they will be condoned once more for the last time, or that, Micawber-like, buoys itself up with the hope that, if the worst come to the worst, something else will "turn up." In fact, it may fairly be said that the discipline of our Army, as a whole, is light to good men, sufficient, like the string of a kite, to restrain and yet support men of good disposition, and that it only bears heavily upon the evilly disposed. But it cannot easily be shirked, and it cannot be thrown off in a momentary fit of disgust, unless by the commission of a crime. And in these very particulars, which may not be looked upon as unmixed benefits by those for whom we do not write—namely, those who are known as Q.H.B.'s., or Queen's Hard Bargains—one of the great advantages of the Army as a career may be found. The employment offered is permanent during the period for which they engage, and the advantages offered to well-behaved men are invariable, except where by good conduct they earn the right to greater ones. There are no fluctuations of the labour market which can affect them, unless it be in the way of raising their value, and therefore their pay. In time of war, it is true, they have to suffer more or less hardship, and to incur more or less risk; but fighting is not the normal condition of an army, though a state of readiness for it ought to be. Besides, when encountering these occasional privations, the soldier has the consolation of knowing that he is serving his country, and that his sufferings are not endured in vain. As a soldier he is an active participator in the success of the nation, as a civilian he may be a passive sharer in her reverses. But we do not think that any Englishman would weigh too carefully the chances of his ever being called upon to serve in the field, or reckon them as a drawback to embracing the career of a soldier.

Next to the permanency of employment, we may consider the work itself, and this cannot be considered heavy. In the infantry it is lightest of all, as the cavalry have their horses to care for, and the artillery both horses and guns. A recruit, too, until he has passed his drill and musketry course, has more to do. He has also to attend school and gymnasium. When once he is dismissed he has, of course, to take his turn with other soldiers in guard, escort, and fatigue duties, but these are not heavy, and in the infantry, at any rate, he has as much spare time on his hands as is likely to be good for him. The gunners and drivers of the Royal Artillery have considerably heavier duties, the former are employed in the usual duties mentioned above, and in the care of the guns and stores, or, if not so employed, to assist the drivers in the stables, in the care of horses and harness, and furnishing stable guards. These duties, of course, leave them less spare time. Still many men prefer working with horses, even with the increased labour, and the appearance of the gallant gunners certainly does not betoken that they are overworked. Cricket is not a game to which men who are physically exhausted betake themselves as a relaxation, and both this and football are favourite pastimes with all branches of the service. Nor has the well-conducted soldier any difficulty in obtaining a pass, by which he may obtain more time to himself out of barracks.

The periods of service or duration of the employment may next be considered, and they may be divided for present purposes into short and long service. There are modifications which we shall notice when we come to the consideration of the system of Deferred Pay. A man who engages for short service has to serve six years with the colours, and six years in the Army Reserve. For long service he engages for twelve years with the colours, with the option of re-engaging for nine more, that is to say, twenty-one in all, and the prospect of a pension. This principle is maintained, through the periods may vary in length. In the artillery, for instance, men are enlisted for the following periods. The first period of twelve years, or at option, eight years with their batteries and four years with the Army Reserve: the second period, nine years in addition to the above, the whole of this last term to be passed with their batteries; and so on. We hope to conclude this subject in our next article, with some remarks upon pay, pensions, and the general advantages held out to recruits, as well as the condition of the soldier.

◆

GOING OUT OF TOWN

Amongst all the social institutions which have arisen into prominence during the last twenty-five years or so, it would be difficult to find one more essentially characteristic of modern phases of civilisation than the periodical exodus which empties London, about the time when the evenings begin to grow perceptibly shorter, and the afternoons more insufferably hot. The only parallel flitting which can be suggested is that which, earlier in the year, impels people in the country to turn their backs on their roses, new mown hay, and strawberries, and to do penance in stuffy lodgings off Piccadilly or the Strand. Both may be symptoms of the restlessness and love of change which are such oppressively distinctive signs of the feverish age in which we live; when people who do not place their *summum bonum* in outstripping, or outshining, their neighbours are treated by the world in general, if not with reprobation, yet with compassionate pity very near akin to contempt. But the difference between the two forms of restlessness consists in the fact that, whereas the former, whether dictated by necessity or by caprice, has some *raison d'être*, it is, in the generality of cases, next to impossible to find a tangible excuse for the latter. What earthly benefit, temporal or spiritual, can nine-tenths of the country cousins derive from their purgatorial sojourn in town during a London midsummer? Will anybody pretend that their minds are enlarged, their intellects cultivated, or their views rendered less narrow, by a contemplation of the equipages in Hyde Park, the dresses as seen from an amphitheatre stall at the opera, or the round of more or less edifying explorations of churches? How much happier they would be at home!

O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint

The only evident result of such gadding is that, for the next few months, the brambles make acquaintance with fragments of feminine garments apparently modelled after the windsail of a yacht, and that Mrs. and the Misses Primrose electrify the Sunday School children by awful *coiffures*, which suit their good, innocent features much as the perwig of Queen Elizabeth might have done the head of Lady Jane Grey. True, they have picked up enough fashionable and artistic cant to make their chat a weariness to the soul of the unhappy man, sick of town, who has fled to the country, and is fated to take one of them in to dinner; but such a gain, though doubtless great, can hardly be said to counterbalance the risk of fever, waste of time and money, and worst of all, the loss of natural simplicity of heart and mind, which are the main results of their insensate junketings! Apart from the folly of their blind worshipping of that Moloch and Ashtaroth combined, "Fashion," they are perhaps more to be pitied than blamed for their choice of the actual time when they elect to visit the metropolis, because they really go to see and be seen, and Society has decided, that only during that season of the year when Nature shows herself at her best, shall it be lawful for Art to assert its rivalry in full force—probably for fear that if people once found out how sweet and fair are real flowers in June, they would be tempted in future to forsake for them the artificial blooms of Bond Street! But this excuse brings one to the real *gravamen* as touching the system of "going out of town"—why should folk go when they do, why should some of them go at all, and, granted the necessity, why should they pitch on such places as they do to go to?

Perhaps it would be useless to suggest, that there is no *primâ facie* evidence that the national affairs would be worse transacted were Parliament to sit in the cooler months of the year, instead of its members being doomed to swelter through night after night of such weather as we had in June last. Yet the Session of the Houses is one great reason why many must be in town during the summer months. And, of course, an indignant chorus would announce that there is no shooting or hunting during that period of the year; it being postulated that the country would be unbearable without something to kill or frighten! Which speaks volumes for the real amount of appreciation of Nature existing in the average British breast, however much people may twaddle over Academy landscapes, or the Poet Laureate's latest word-picture. As a proof of this, we know of one of the most beautiful and stately old moated granges in Suffolk which, as a matter of fact, cannot find a tenant, because, forsooth, "there is no shooting!" There are only perfect grounds, and a noble house. But even supposing such reasons be accepted as valid in the case of the higher classes, why should clerks in offices, comfortable tradesfolk, and the like, think it incumbent upon them to put off their holiday till the sun has robbed the summer of its first freshness? They have not got to attend debates, and most of them could not hit a haystack, if they had the chance; why not enjoy the woods and meadows, or the sea-shore, when all are at their best? Can this be another little symptom of that aping of their superiors, which is the great curse of modern middle-class existence?

As to why it should be needful for people to go out of town at all, the answer is obvious. Thanks to centralisation, and a few other modern blessings, it is only by a timely flight from their temporary homes that Londoners save themselves from their permanent resting place! It is too late to object now; only if we had found out some time ago that the metropolis was not the necessary centre of life, some of its natural inhabitants might have been able to enjoy life in it, as much as others in their respective country towns; and London life need not have been, as it is, a synonymous expression for death by exhaustion of the vital forces!

So, since it is allowed that people must, and, indeed, *ought* to go out of town, it only remains to inquire on what principle they select their country resorts. Certainly not, as might be expected, for the sake of retirement, rest, or mental refreshing; else why are all the so-called "watering-places" crammed every year, regardless of their natural attractions, whilst, in spots which beat them hollow for beauty, lodgings may be had for an old song. It is doubtless true that Margate air is bracing, and that Brighton Downs are admirable for expanding the lungs; only we notice, that the inducements publicly held out to visitors by the caterers for those two resorts are the Hall by the Sea and the Aquarium—especially at night. And as such astute persons may be presumed to have gauged the public taste, it would seem that change of amusements is the great object of those who go there, and not the communing with Nature. In which case they had really better stop at home, and go to bed early! No, if people have a sincere desire for Nature, let them have it, and the more the better; only let us be honest, and not give false reasons for what is nothing in the world but an impatience of stopping in our proper places.

There was a time when father and son were content to live and die in the same old home, loved and respected by their neighbours, and careless of what the outside world might think. Then it was no shame to the merchant, or the tradesman, to live over his shop; and the weekly visit to the market town was sufficient excitement for the country wife. But we have changed all that; the world, and the world's opinion, have come to be our standard of worth. We are a great deal wiser than our grandmothers; but looking at our hollow egg-shells we may doubt, in lucid intervals, whether our wisdom has not been bought almost as dearly as Mother Eve's. B. M. R.

◆

ARCHERY MEETINGS

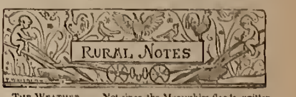
Few amusements are so wearisome as Archery to the looker-on who is not an archer. The thud of the arrows entering the target soon becomes even more monotonous than the misses. The "dull mechanic pacing to and fro" (miscalled "ends," as they seem endless), grows tiresome enough in half an hour. But at most meetings there are compensations in the shape of greeting friends, and luncheon, while laughter and merriment proceeding from both archers and visitors show that archery, like croquet, has its secondary uses in bringing together pleasant people and keeping them amused. If making "golds," however, and seeing his neighbours is all that that the ordinary archer has in view, the elevation of archery itself into the list of the exact sciences is the aim of the Grand National Archery Meeting. Bunglers and novices soon find that the meeting is no place for them. Its object is distinctly business rather than pleasure. As Sarah Battle upheld "the rigour of the game" in whist, all desultory talk and flighty shooting is hateful to Grand National Archers. We are not positively certain that their code forbids engaged and engaging young men or newly betrothed couples to enter the lists, but it would assuredly look down upon philandering and flirting. Such light amusements may well become a village-green meeting, or even a provincial gathering of archers, but the dignity of the Grand National would be compromised did wreathed smiles, soft eyes, and lovers' *badinage* interfere with the York Round or the champion score. It is even rumoured that lobsters are ostracised from its luncheons because of the proverbial ladies in their heads, and that exception has been lately taken by the more straight-laced members of the Committee to the admission of woodmen of Arden Archers, lest a distraught pair of lovers like Orlando and Rosalind, who erstwhile talked soft nothings in a forest of similar name, should appear before the Grand National targets. Consequently Cupid lays aside his bow in disgust at its meetings. Though the decent Graces and Nymphs remain, their Queen turns her purple swans to Paphos, or at all events to some more genial meeting in the Shires, *quo blandæ juvenum revocant preces.* No frivolous young men are to be seen, veteran shots contend for victory, with unflinching endurance of all the vagaries of our climate, upheld by a heroic determination to do their duty to archery. It may be that their example will win a careless public once more to apply itself in serious earnest to bow and arrows, and reap glories akin to those gained by its ancestors at Cressy. At all events, these votaries of archery challenge approval, just as we wish well to the Welsh patriots in their attempts to rehabilitate a moribund language by means of prize poems and Eisteddfodds, or the good people who would close every ale-house on Sunday, and entirely forbid vivisection. A forlorn hope can stir the languid pulse of the present generation as well as does a star shower or a two-headed calf.

The Great Western Archers have recently been holding their meeting at Teignmouth, and few places in Devonshire boast a more varied neighbourhood. On the highway to Cornwall, with Exeter and Torquay on either hand, and the Dartmoor Tors filling in the background, to say nothing of the attractions of the blue summer sea in front,—he is a lucky archer who could there take the first part of his holiday. In strong contrast to the austerity of the Grand National meeting, Teignbridge with its popular ladies' meetings lies at a short distance from Teignmouth, like a Devonshire Capua. There archery and cricket allure gay youth throughout the season, while matches of another kind are not uncommonly made up in its cool shades and festive bowers, where

> The feet of Joy
> Might wander all day long and never tire,

never finding themselves unequal to the waltzes with which the merry meeting crowns the evening. Derogatory as it is to make the confession in the presence of the Grand National and Great Western meetings with their lofty aims, perhaps some people entertain more cherished memories of an afternoon's enjoyment at Teignbridge. But Teignbridge with its red cliffs, stained as the legend says with the blood shed by the Danes, the Esplanade (or Den) which according to one etymology yet bears that people's name, the wooded environs of the little town and the proverbial hospitality of the West might well induce either shooter or non-shooter to stay there during the three days of the festival. An archery meeting is also a pretty sight. The smooth sward dotted with opposite rows of targets, the flutter of dresses and ribbons around them, the strains of the band, the gay streamers, the sudden closing of parasols as the ladies prepare to shoot, the targets themselves, one moment brilliant with red and gold rings, and next moment converted into large slices of tipsy-cake, as it were, from the arrows flying into them, all this forms a fair picture set in an umbrageous background. Then the walk over with its pleasant greetings between friends and foes, the whispered gossip among the ladies as each amateur Robin Hood draws his bow to the utmost, the excitement and half-suppressed rivalry,—this adds to the bewildered amazement with which the distinguished foreigner surveys this survival of the Middle Ages. Beyond the combatants is a waving fringe of spectators, and beyond them again flags and tents and carriages and the whole country side *en fête*. The markers and officials move about meanwhile with a ripple of laughter and fun following their footsteps, for they are generally the most genial members of the gathering, very unlike the stern unbending magnates of the Grand National. Those are too much oppressed by their duties to joke, and are thus widely removed from the portly rectors and jolly retired admirals of smaller meetings. The ball which usually follows these pleasant provincial gatherings makes no demands upon the most delicate archer's strength. Only a stout arm and iron constitution can venture on the competition of the Grand National. The whole affair is much too serious a matter to include dancing until the three days' strain is over.

But what a buzz of excitement! The champion archer of the meeting advances. Calm and self-possessed Sagittarius takes up his position like Apollo, *nunquam humeris positurus arcum.* The whole assemblage hangs on his exploits. He lays his hat on the ground, and coolly drives one arrow into the red, the next into the gold, and fairly misses with the third. Compare his prowess with the still greater self-possession of Virgo, the lady paramount. Whiz! without an apparent effort arrow after arrow as a matter of course rush into the target. She makes at least one gold at each end. Her less successful sisters smother their envy. But when ladies are concerned, unlike her arrows the shafts of criticism must fall short. And now the rank and file begin to shoot. Here it is that archery is apt to pall on the spectator. The heat too is becoming insufferable. It is time to seek the luncheon tent. M. G. Watkins



The Weather.——Not since the Morayshire floods, written about so graphically by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder in 1829, have there been such devastating "spates" in the north of Scotland; and the area of the volume of water has not been confined to the north side of the Spey or the Tweed. It has fallen in the Midland and Western counties of England, to the detriment of all who grow agricultural produce and who keep stock. The harvest has been late; much grain that was cut before the rainfall was lying out in the fields, and that not cut has been prostrated beyond the aid of reaping machines in the late localities. A fortnight ago the notion was that we should have on the whole a pretty prosperous harvest if fine weather came; but "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," and they have certainly done so. The Colorado beetle may be left out of the question. The "blight," that mysterious malady, has been present in our fields for a third of a century, and the rain that has come down in sheets latterly has done much to increase its malignant influence. Late potatoes will not be good this year. Hay in some parts of Ireland is still unlifted, and St. Swithin seems to have grown worse tempered on account of the eclipse of the moon. The harvest home is now a matter that above all things engages the attention of agriculturists. The "knee-gartered man," as he has been called, has quite settled in his mind that there will be no necessity this year to pull down his barns and build greater; the doubt is whether the corn will come out in good colour.

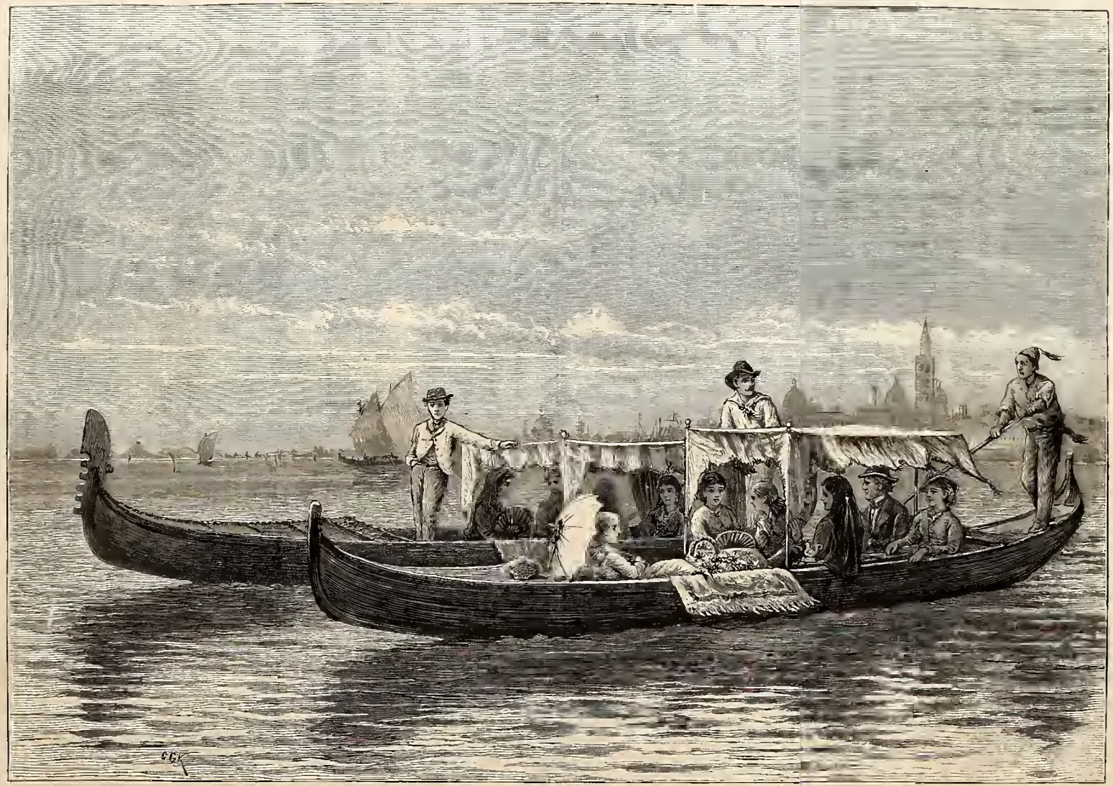
Corn Prices.——There is this, however, in favour of the farmer, that prices this year for the week ending Aug. 25 were decidedly better than they were in the corresponding week of 1876. The sales at the various markets as returned to the Controller were, of wheat, 19,183 qrs., of barley, 294, and of oats, 1,512. This does not seem an extravagant lot to buy, but perhaps millers had a lot on hand, and farmers were hanging back for higher prices, seeing that Russia cannot have much to dispose of at present. In wheat last week there is a wonderful difference from the corresponding period of last year—63*s.* 10*d.*, against 46*s.* 4*d.*, which means 17*s.* 6*d.* in the British farmer's pocket. Barley sales were so paltry in amount that they are not worth quotation, and the value per quarter beyond that received in the second week of August last year was 1*s.* 2*d.* per qr. The average price was 33*s.* 9*d.*, which on 294 qrs. cannot rule prices. Oats—the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland, according to the great lexicographer—sold to the extent of 1,512 qrs., and at the price of 28*s.* 4*d.* for eight bushels, 3*d.* more than in the corresponding week of 1876. This may be said in defence of oats and oatmeal, that no work-horses in England have brought such high prices as those reared in the Vale of the Clyde, fed or trained, which is perhaps a better expression, by those fed on oatmeal. 1,500*l.* is not a common price for a work-stallion, but this was given for the "Prince of Wales" belonging to Mr. Fleming some years ago, and within the last week or two a cool thousand was given for a mare and filly foal.

Russian Cattle.——These are commodities which, properly enough, do not figure in the Board of Trade returns. It seems to be conclusively proved that the Russian steppes are the originators of that disease which makes so irritant the stomachs, and consequently the mouths, of dairy and feeding stock, and shortly cuts off life altogether; therefore we get no cattle from Russia. But Russia has a lot of cattle, according to the last returns 28,600,000, in all a number meaning thirty-five head to every man, woman, and child of the vast empire. The Cossack territory is not thickly populated with human beings, thank goodness, if all the accounts we have heard of them be true, and there we have 111·8 beasts to 100 of the people. Opposite the General Post Office there is an hotel, over the front of which there are these lines—

> Milo the Crotonian an ox slew with his fist,
> And ate it up at one meal. Ye gods, what a glorious twist!

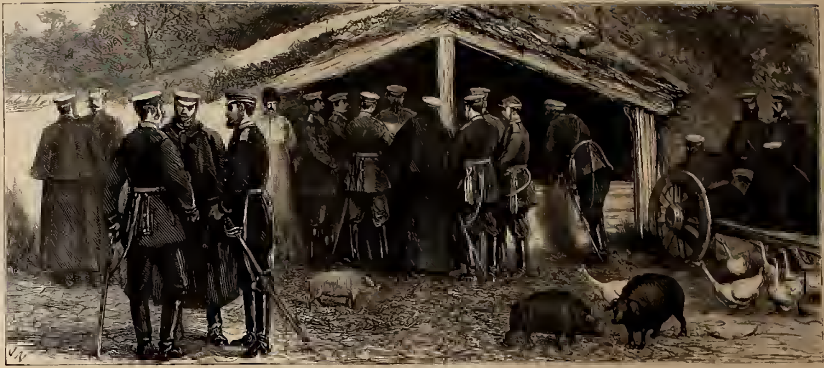
If each living Cossack, young or old, ate a bullock in a year, there would be still enough and to spare.

Miscellaneous.——Mr. John Thornton has some grand shorthorn sales on in the first week of September. Some Grand Duchesses have been sent across from America by Mr. Cochrane to the pleasant Windermere district, and a large portion of his herd of Booth's blood. Mr. Cochrane spared no expense to get his herd up to perfection. The sale of the imported animals takes place on Sept. 4; next day comes the Rev. T. Stainforth's, and following Mr. Ashburner's. It is quite expected that the "four figures" will be realised. Sir William Sterling Maxwell, of Keir, is to hold his annual sale of Clydesdales in October. It will be remembered that Sir William was very successful with his shorthorn bull Forth, and that his Clydesdales have ever been in the van of the best bred of work-horses in the world.—Greatly to the regret of all interested in the Shropshire sheep, it is announced that Mrs. Beach, of the Hattons, we need scarcely say Staffordshire, as everybody who attends shows knows her stock, has resolved to sell off. At all exhibitions her stock has taken a premier place, and there is little doubt that they will on the 10th September.—A statistical account of the stock in Denmark shows that 31 per cent. belongs to farmers holding from 15 to 29 head, 5 per cent. to those holding from 100 to 199 per head, and only 1·4 per cent. to occupants of farms keeping 200 and upwards. Last year Denmark exported 107,977 oxen, &c., and 6,938 calves; 62,373 of the former and 1,313 of the latter came to Great Britain—more than half of the cattle and a fifth of the calves.—The *Agricultural Gazette* of last Monday says, what every intelligent agriculturist in the kingdom must endorse, that Mr. J. J. Mechi has been the most successful agriculturist in certain branches of farming in the British Isles. "Only a very bold man could for a moment undertake to found another Tiptree." The occasion for this special remark is the presentation by Mr. Mechi of two volumes to the British Museum which have been completed and compiled by thousands of contributors.



"PICNIC PARTY ON THE LAGOON"

FROM THE PICTURE BY G. G. KILBURNE IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY



RUSSIAN COUNCIL OF WAR DEBATING THE ADVISABILITY OF A RE-ATTACK ON PLEVNA

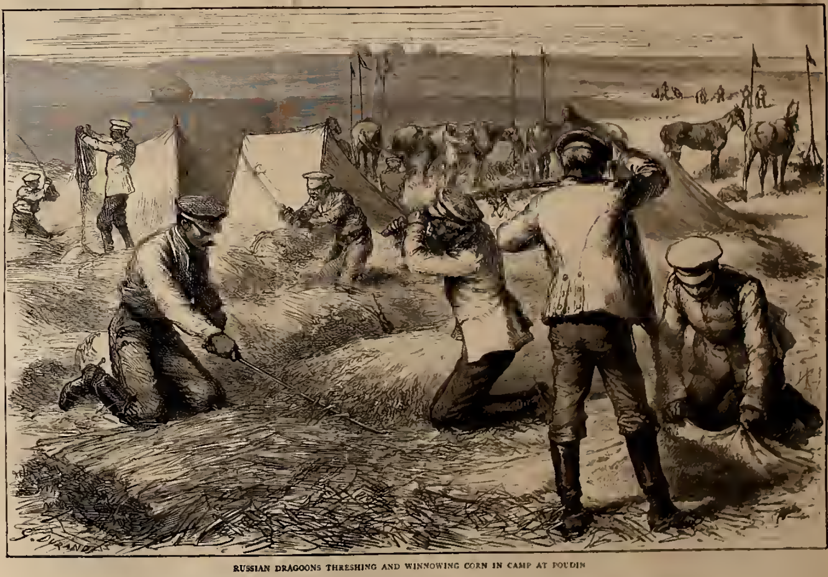
SWIMMING THE CHANNEL

PROFESSOR CAVILL, who last year failed in his endeavour to perform the feat achieved by Captain Webb, has now tried again and succeeded. Starting late in the afternoon of the 20th ult., from the French coast, at Cape Gris Nez, he swam all night accompanied by an attendant lugger, and a row-boat to show him the course, and about twelve hours afterwards arrived within fifty yards of the English shore, about a mile to the eastward of South Foreland lighthouse. Here he was taken on board the lugger, not because of any doubt as to his ability to accomplish the remaining short distance, but on account of the dangerous rocks which line the coast at that point. Before starting Mr. Cavill was well rubbed with porpoise-oil, and the voyage, or "swim," was accomplished almost without incident, if we except the "frequent administration of refreshment." He swam at a good pace, with a steady side stroke, and when the task was over he did not appear nearly so much fatigued as after his unsuccessful attempt of last year. It may seem ungracious to speak coolly of an exploit which requires so much patience, courage, and determination, but it is difficult to say that any good purpose can possibly be served by such extraordinary feats of endurance as have become fashionable of late, especially when we reflect that they are undertaken under such artificial conditions as render them practically valueless even as tests of individual strength. The amazing distances walked by Weston and O'Leary in covered halls, with carefully laid tracks, and with all kinds of physical aids and adventitious excitements, can be no fair criterion of what those celebrated "walkists" would be able to accomplish upon an open country road, depending entirely upon their own resources. So likewise of Captain Webb and Professor Cavill. Both have ploughed through the water between France and England, it is true, but could either of them swim half the distance if wrecked or cast overboard *sans* porpoise oil to keep out the cold, and with no chance of "frequent refreshment" on the way?—Our engraving is from a sketch taken by Mr. V. J. Vadlant, of Boulogne, a few minutes after the start. Cavill is seen following the pilot rowing-boat. The two-masted vessel is the French lugger, which escorted him on the journey, and the large rowing boat, manned by the lighthouse keeper, carried M. Hamcrel, the Maire of the Commune to which Gris Nez belongs, and some other gentlemen, who accompanied the swimmer for some distance. The lighthouse upon the headland is 192 feet above the level of the sea, and was the first beacon fitted with the electric light.—Our portrait of Professor Cavill is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Marshall, 230, Regent Street, W.

◆

TORPEDO WARFARE—H.M.S. "FLAMINGO"

OUR sketch represents one of the latest additions to the fleet at Besika Bay. H.M.S. *Flamingo* is a composite screw gun vessel of 774 tons, carries three guns, and is commanded by Commander W. H. Hall. In this new class of vessel it has been the aim of the constructors to combine good sea-going qualities, and handiness under sail, with great offensive power for attack, with ram, gun, and torpedo, whilst the vessel is defended against similar assaults by being provided with several watertight divisions of the hull, and with numerous boats, which might act as guard-boats, to ward off a torpedo attack. This class of vessel has also been furnished with a metal spur, which can be shipped or unshipped as thought desirable, the bows being so strengthened as to be capable of resisting the shock of ramming any description of vessel. The sketch represents the ship as she would probably



RUSSIAN DRAGOONS THRESHING AND WINNOWING CORN IN CAMP AT POUDIN

WITH THE RUSSIANS

go into action, the outrigger torpedoes being ready for lowering beneath the water, a Harvey torpedo towing on each quarter, and topmasts, &c., sent on deck. The *Condor*, which has lately sailed for the same station, is a sister ship of the *Flamingo*, and the pair may be considered most useful additions to our Mediterranean Fleet.

THE GODIVA PROCESSION AT COVENTRY

Every one, we suppose, is familiar with the legend of Lady Godiva and "Peeping Tom" of Coventry, and few we should imagine would thank the busybody archæologists for the information that the dainty little romance rests upon no historical basis. In this hard practical age, however, it matters little whether an event is historical or legendary if it can be made the basis of a financial speculation, and so we have now our annual Godiva Procession, a garish spectacle attracting many thousands to the quaint old town, but which instead of bearing any similitude to the episode which it is supposed to commemorate is the very antithesis of it. The Godiva of the romantic past, who "built herself an everlasting name," rode timidly through the deserted streets of a city whose every window, save one, was religiously closed and curtained, but the Godiva of the prosaic present is but one member of a crowd of motley processionists who march through the town for the express purpose of being stared at and admired.

The modern spectacle is well enough in its way, though there is no uniformity of costume to give it historical value, but one cannot help regretting the degeneracy of taste which could for one moment tolerate the association of such a gaudy pageant with the exquisite story, be it fact or fiction, of that noble-hearted lady who felt for the woes of the oppressed, and who dared to plead for them, and what is more to trust in them.

Price 7d.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

for SEPTEMBER contains—

ON CHOOSING HOUSE AND HOME.
MY ADVICE TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.
HOW IS HEAT PRODUCED?
THE REQUIREMENTS OF A YACHTING CRUISE.
A SHORT WOOING.
HOW TO LISTEN TO MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH."
MY ASCENT UP MOUNT WELLINGTON.
CHAMBER MUSIC.
A GOSSIP ON HAND TURNING.
CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS
A SONG OF LONG AGO. With Music.
EGYPT. By Arthur Arnold
THE GATHERER.
PAUL KNOX, PITMAN. Serial Story.
STONE STEPS AND WOODEN STAIRS. Serial Story.
&c., &c.

Price 6d.

THE QUIVER for SEPTEMBER

contains—

WESTMINSTER SERMONS—THE RICH FOOL. By the Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.
OLD TESTAMENT SERMONS By the Rev. Canon Barry, D.D.
SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME
THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRIST.
THE VETERANS OF THE BIBLE—ST. PAUL; OR HOPE IN OLD AGE.
DOTTY: THE STORY OF A LITTLE LIFE.
"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS
SCRIPTURE ADDRESSES FOR CHILDREN'S SERVICES
"GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH" Music by George M. Garrett, Mus. D., Organist to the University of Cambridge
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER. Serial Story.
THEIR SUMMER DAY. Serial Story.
&c., &c.

Price 6d.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE for

SEPTEMBER contains—

AN HONEST LITTLE MAN By the Author of "Carrots."
THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.
THE GIRLHOOD OF INDUSTRIOUS WOMEN
THE BOY WHO WOULD HAVE HIS OWN WAY.
THE PROPHETS OF THE BIBLE—Micaiah.
HOW THE SEA BECAME SALT.
SOMETHING ABOUT BRIGANDS.
PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE FINGERS
THE STORY OF THE MONTH.
A LOVER OF "BEASTIES" AND HIS STORY.
"NAIL YOUR COLOURS TO THE MAST."
HOW WE CROSSED THE LINE.
PAGES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.
MUSIC: An Autumn Song—Neddy Bray.
OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN PAGES.
PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR 1877. OUR PUZZLE PAGES. PICTURE WANTING WORDS
THE YOUNG BERRINGTONS; OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS. Serial Story. By W. H. G. Kingston.
POOR NELLY. Serial Story. By the Author of "Paws and Claws," &c.
&c., &c.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE of CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN'S PUBLICATIONS sent post free on application to CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, Ludgate Hill, London.

SEVERAL HUNDRED VOLUMES are embraced by CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN'S COMPLETE CATALOGUE, consisting of Bibles and Religious Works, Fine-Art Volumes, Children's Books, Dictionaries, Educational Works, History, Natural History, Household and Domestic Treatises, Hand-Books and Guides, Science, Travels, &c., together with a Synopsis of their numerous Illustrated Serial Publications.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
A NEW TALE

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
HAS COMMENCED

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
IN "THE GRAPHIC"

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR
THIS WEEK

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR
BY THE AUTHORS OF "READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," &c.

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.
ILLUSTRATED BY AN EMINENT ARTIST.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED

THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. R. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of E. Werner by Mrs. Parker. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and useful information. The grimmest reader will find some parts of it heavy enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilized world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere for one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN discusses men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace; it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 125, FLEET STREET; 20 and 54, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries

GLORY. By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, Author of "The Manchester Man," &c. 3 vols.
ONLY A LOVE STORY. By Iza Duffus Hardy, Author of "Glencairn," &c. 3 vols.
A THING OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. Fraser. 3 vols.
ANNETTE. By the Author of "St. Olave's." 2 vols. 21s.
WINSTOWE. By Mrs. Leith Adams. 3 vols.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BRADDON'S NOVELS.
Now ready, price 2s. boards, 2s. 6d. cloth gilt.

WEAVERS AND WEFT: a Novel.
By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

POEMS. By H. Weybridge Ferris.

"The fruit of scholarly taste and of refined culture."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"We were agreeably surprised with its contents after being doomed to a long course of so-called 'poetry.'"—*Vanity Fair.*

"All the Bird Idylls are charming, notably that entitled 'The Migrants.'"—*Scotsman.*

"Most melodious and sweet-toned verse."—*Literary Churchman.*

"Of the sort which every cultured man must read with pleasure."—*Edinburgh Daily Review.*

HENRY S. KING and CO., London

THE GOLDEN PATH TO FRENCH. A Superior Introduction and Guide to the French Language. By A. F. Geulain.—Messrs. HACHETTE and CO., 18, King William Street, Strand; Central School Depôt, 22, Paternoster Row, E.C.

THE ART JOURNAL
For SEPTEMBER (price 2s. 6d.) contains the following

LINE ENGRAVINGS.—

I. OFFER OF THE CROWN TO LADY JANE GREY. After C. R. Leslie, R.A.
II. MY CHILDREN. After L. Alma-Tadema, A.R.A.
III. W. H. SEWARD. After J. R. Randolph.

LITERARY CONTENTS.—

The Works of Laslett John Pott. By James Dafforne. Illustrated.
The Art of Dressing and of being Dressed. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A.
Ancient Irish Art—Interlaced Metalwork. By L. Jewitt, F.S.A. Illustrated.
Royal Academy Exhibition.—Concluded.
Norway. Chap. VIII. By R. T. Pritchett, F.S.A. Illust.
Use of Animal Forms in Ornamental Art. By F. E. Hulme, F.L.S., F.S.A. Illustrated.
Scenery of the Pacific Railway. By W. H. Rideing. Illustrated.
Art at Home and Abroad, Obituary, Reviews, &c.

London: VIRTUE and CO. (Limited), Ivy Lane, and all Booksellers.

Now Ready (One Shilling), No. 213.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for SEPTEMBER. With Illustrations by George du Maurier and Frank Dicksee.

CONTENTS:—

Erema; or, My Father's Sin. (With an Illustration.) Chap. XLVIII.—A Return Call. XLIX.—Wanted, a Sawyer. L.—The Panacea.
On Some French Writers of Verse, 1830—1877. By Edward Dowden.
The Princess Paolini.
Hetsinda and Her Bun.
Lucian.
The Poetry of September.
Meditations of a Hindu, Prince and Sceptic. By A. C. Lyall.
"For Percival." (With an Illustration.) Chap. I.—Thorns and Roses. II.—"Those Eyes of Yours."—III.—Dead Men tell no Tales; Alfred Thorne's is told by the Writer.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps.

ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY.
"An excellent *exposé* of the system."—*Medical Circular.*
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES upon the Principles of Stoechiological Medicine, by John Francis Churchill, M.D., With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stoechiological Inhalants. And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Heriop, Sterling, Bird, Santa Maria, Gomez, Moestie, Parigot, Reinvillier, Galver, Lelieverend, Denubele, Feldman, Pfeiffer, Vmtras, Rougard, Trelahy, Lanri, Fabbri, Panegrossi, Cerari, Gualdi, Todini, Ascenzi, Regnoli, Valentini, Casati, Blasi, Borromeo, Fiorelli, and Fedeli.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 2s.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS. A New Library Edition, crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth, 6s.

SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.

SONGS FOR SAILORS.
Cloth gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.
Paper wrapper, 1s.
HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill; and 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each. Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.

DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS:
REPRODUCED BY THE
AUTOTYPE PROCESS
FROM THE
ORIGINALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM
With Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. Comyns Carr.

"This splendid volume. . . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine taste. . . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. In two cases, minute gradations of light and shade are so well rendered that most people would pronounce the photographs hardly inferior to the originals. Of the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value. Such criticism is rare in any country, but it is particularly uncommon in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

ASK YOUR STATIONER for PERRY and CO.'s 6d. Sample Box of 36 Selected Patterns of Steel Pens. Post free for 6d. in Stamps.

PERRY and CO., Steel Pen Makers,
UNIVERSAL SCHOOL PENS, 1s. per Gross.
19 and 20, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

PERRY and CO. (Limited).
THE HOLBORN VIADUCT PEN.
One Shilling per Gross

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD.—Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

HOUSE PROPERTY and INVESTMENT COMPANY (Limited), 92, Cannon Street, London, E.C., Seven Doors East of the Cannon Street Station. Capital One Million, in 40,000 fully paid up Shares of £25 each, for the PURCHASE and SALE of productive and progressive HOUSE PROPERTY, and Improving the Dwellings of the Working Classes on the self supporting principle. Registered March 15, 1876.

WEEKLY PROGRESS
Capital Allotted.—Fully Paid-up Shares.

1st Issue, at par	4,000 shares, amount	. . .	£100,000
2nd "	£1 prem., 4,000 " "	. . .	100,000
3rd "	£2 prem., 2,154 " "	. . .	53,850

Total 10,154 shares.

Shareholders, 1,057.

1,846 shares, the remainder of third issue, are in course of allotment at £2 per share prem.

Estates Purchased: Number, 78. Purchase-money, £276,123.

Revenue, nett, yielded by Estates, nearly Eight per cent.

Current rate of Interest fixed for second year on shares, 5½ per cent.

Applications are now being received for 1,846 shares, the remainder of Third Issue of Shares at £2 per share premium.

The Fourth Issue will be offered at such premium as may protect, in the opinion of the Board, the interests of existing shareholders.

House Property bought and sold. For full particulars, and for Report of Annual Meeting, Prospectuses, Five Minutes' Talk, and Notices of the Press, apply to
W. H. BASDEN, Secretary.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—TO LET (for not less than 12 months) in the best part of Shanklin, a DETACHED HOUSE, handsomely furnished, standing in a large well-wooded garden. Three reception rooms, four bedrooms and dressing-room, large kitchen and offices. Water and drainage excellent. To a careful tenant, £2 10s. per week for twelve months. Or unfurnished, £60 per annum, on lease.—For particulars apply to Mrs. JOHNSON, Library, Shanklin, I. of W.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
Address—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
3¼ inch ivory, per doz.	15s. od.	11s. od.	7s. od.
3½ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. od.	15s. od.	7s. od.
3⅝ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. od.	16s. od.	7s. 6d.
3¾ inch ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. od.	22s. od.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine ivory, per doz.	34s. od.	24s. od.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 34, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

JEWEL ROBBERIES.—CHUBB'S SAFES for JEWELS give the greatest security from the attacks of burglars, and are also Fire Resisting. All sizes, with various fittings. Chubb's Latches and Detector Locks. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria Street, St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

SAMUEL CANTOR,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN SPONGES AND INDIA RUBBER,
40, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the Detergent Powder, which thoroughly cleanses Brushes and Sponge without injuring them.

ROUND SHOULDERS and STOOPING HABITS cured by the Improved Chest Expanding Braces. They straighten and develope the back and chest, and ensure an elegant figure suitable for both sexes; invaluable to growing children. Illustrations free.—HAMILTON and CO., 404, Oxford Street, W.

URGENT MOURNING
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
A Large Consignment
from a Lyons Manufacturer,
the best makes,
will be sold considerably under value.

370 pieces at 6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.
220 pieces at 3s. 9½d.	formerly 4s. 11d.

Also the following,
which are remarkably cheap:—

2s. 11½d.	formerly 3s. 9½d.
3s. 3d.	formerly 4s. 6d.
4s.	formerly 5s. 6d.
5s.	formerly 6s. 6d.
6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.

Patterns free
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES
PRETTY GRISAILLE SILKS,
2s. 6½d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d.
Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
COSTUMES, beautifully Cut and Fashioned,
In the new Grisaille Silks,
at 4 and 4½ gs.
5 yards for Bodice.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.

For 5 Guineas	formerly 6½ Guineas.
For 7 Guineas	formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas	formerly 14 Guineas

Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

A Consignment of Many Thousands of Pounds' Worth of Black Silks.

LADIES who may require Persian or Taffeta BLACK SILKS are respectfully solicited to inspect a Consignment of many thousands of pounds' worth purchased in Lyons by Messrs. Jay for ready money, and which they confidently offer at a rate cheaper than they have ever known during an experience of nearly fifty years. It is the produce of two of the best makers of black silks—Messrs. Bonnet et Cie. and Messrs. Jaubert, of Lyons.

The silks are warranted to wear well, and will not "turn greasy." The lowest price per yard is 3s. 3d., worth 4s. 6d.; the highest 6s. 9d., worth 8s. 9d. Messrs. Jay beg to express their sincere conviction that their customers will be pleased with their recommendation if, in choosing a silk at a fixed price, they will honour them with their confidence and trust to their selection. On application, patterns will be sent gratis.
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.

These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.

Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS. Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
VELVET CARPETS, &c.
EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862: DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,
having concluded the purchase (in Paris)
of Forty Thousand Metres of extra
RICH COLOURED SILKS,
is selling the same at unexampled prices.
The shades are of the most distingué character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of Silks ever submitted.
Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ALSO A LARGE PURCHASE OF THE
RICHEST FIGURED SILKS
is now being offered at 5s. 6d. per yard,
amongst which will be found the most choice shades
of White, Bronze, Tilleul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,
has purchased the Model Silk Dresses of Messrs. Pingat, Grange et Megenties, E. Pasquier, P. Canivel, Burutel and Dennery of Paris, and the same are now on Sale at less than half-price. These Costumes are of the richest possible description, which will easily be understood by a glance at the names of the Artistes from whom they were purchased.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
EARLY AUTUMN DRESSES,
In every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour,
From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

FOR BALL AND FETE DRESSES.
RICH GRENADINES,
and other light Fabrics, in White, Black,
and all New Colours, 12s. 6d. to 35s. the Dress.
Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.
CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.
SCARBOROUGH SERGES (all wool),
at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free.
In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS.
VELVET-FINISH'D VELVETEENS,
beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black,
from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades
of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES,
45 inches wide, 17s. 6d. the Dress. Patterns free.
The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.
New Designs in
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Travelling Costumes, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Mikado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT PURCHASES OF
MANTLES AND JACKETS,
in Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet,
at very low prices. Also a large Stock of Cashmere
and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas.
Ladies' Dust Cloaks, 9s. 6d.
Waterproof Tweed Cloaks, from 17s. 6d.
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

GASK and GASK'S New TRAVELLING, YACHTING, and SEASIDE COSTUMES, made of the new Vigona Cloths, Autumn Serges, &c., from quite new and elegant Paris Models, from 21s. to 5½ gs. Fur-lined Cloaks and Sealskins are being sold at the
LOWEST SUMMER PRICES.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR cools and refreshes the face and hands of ladies and all exposed to the scorching rays of the sun and heated particles of dust. It eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, stings of insects, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion.

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR is invaluable to Ladies travelling, visiting the seaside, yachting, rinking, or otherwise exposed to the heat and dust of summer; it obviates the baneful effects of salt water on the complexion and skin. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers at 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle. Buy no Kalydor but Rowland's.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Price lists post free.

MITCHAM LAVENDER.—PIESSE and LUBIN are now distilling, at their Flower Farm, the famed MITCHAM LAVENDER. Samples may be had either at the Stillery, Mitcham Road, Surrey, or at the Laboratory, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

TOOTH-ACHE.—INSTANT CURE.
Forms a stopping, cures the tooth.
J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief." Of all chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per packet.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing, and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 6d.
E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

HENRY GLAVE'S "NOTICE"
of the SALE of
HENDERSON and LANYON'S STOCK,
of 157, Upper Street, Islington,
on MONDAY NEXT, September 3.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S "NOTICE"
of the SALE of
HENDERSON and LANYON'S STOCK,
on MONDAY NEXT, September 3.
Ladies and Children's Felt Skirts.
Cambric, Satin, and Velvet Skirts.
Ladies' Outfitting and Underclothing.
A variety of Children's Underclothing.
Children's Frocks and Dresses.
Rich Needle Worked Robes.
Ribbons, Fancy Bags, Baskets.
Berlin Wool, Scotch Yarn.
Worked Cushions, Slippers.
Screens, Stools, Smoking Caps.
Cosies, Silk and other Trimmings.
Dress Ornaments, Rich Fringes.
All kinds of Furniture Trimmings.
Plain and Fancy Haberdashery,
With various other Cheap Lots.
And having purchased the Stock by Public Tender at the large discount of 78½ per cent., we have determined to give our customers all the advantages.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

LONDON HOSPITAL, Whitechapel ROAD, E.
(Mainly supported by Voluntary Contributions.)
FUNDS ARE NOW GREATLY NEEDED.
Annual Subscriptions or Donations urgently solicited.
Fixed Yearly Income, about £14,000.
Yearly Expenditure, about £40,000.
Over 600 In-Patients (admitted according to urgency) always under treatment.
From 4,000 to 5,000 Out Patients also in constant attendance.
Wards and other parts of the Institution always open to the Inspection of Visitors.
Reports, with full information as to privileges of Subscribers and of the work effected by this Hospital, sent (free) on application.
A. G. SNELGROVE, Secretary.
Bankers—Robarts, Lubbock, and Co., and
Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL,
LIVERPOOL ROAD, ISLINGTON.
The Committee desire to make known that accommodation is provided in this institution for all classes of fever patients except paupers. Members of the family of an artisan are received free and without a letter of recommendation, and domestic servants, employes, &c., upon payment of an admission fee of two guineas. Private rooms are provided at a charge of three guineas weekly. An ambulance is kept at the hospital for the removal of patients, whose friends must be provided with a medical certificate at the time of making application.
To meet the large and increasing demand for free admissions the Committee earnestly APPEAL for CONTRIBUTIONS, which will be thankfully received by Messrs. Dimsdale and Co., 50, Cornhill; Messrs. Drummonds, Charing Cross; Messrs. Coutts, Strand; Messrs. Hoare, Fleet Street; and by the Secretary at the Hospital.

A WIDOW LADY, who has many little Children entirely dependent on her, earnestly begs for orders for most exquisite etchings of animals. A beautiful specimen etching sent, with particulars of her case and references (if desired) on receipt of 5s. in stamps.—Address IDA, Ruan High Lanes, Grampound, Cornwall.

UNION OF FRENCH WINE GROWERS, an association of some of the chief Vineyard proprietors to sell direct from the grower to the consumer.

PURE AND CHEAP WINES direct from the Vineyard at the following prices:—
CLARET, at 14s., 16s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 60s.
BURGUNDIES, 14s., 18s., 24s., 36s., to 150s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.
Catalogues on application to the Manager at the Warehouse, 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

PURE AERATED WATERS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.— Crystal Springs. Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and for Gout, Lithia and Potass. Corks branded "R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Trade Mark. Sold everywhere, and wholesale of R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales. LONDON AGENTS: W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.
VICHY.
Property of the French Government.
CELESTINS.—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.
HAUTERIVE.—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.
GRANDE-GRILLE.—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.
HOPITAL.—For Stomach complaints, &c.
VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drunk pure or mixed with wine or spirits.
CAUTION.—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.
Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE"
CIGARETTES
Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent
CONSTIPATION.
Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says:— "Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877.—"They can be safely recommended."
C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

NEW YORK.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,
CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,
BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR
UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL
PRIZE MEDAL.
FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA. Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL
awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis. H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.
Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 8d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; Indian corn, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 3s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; barley meal, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; lentil flour for Invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

JOHNSTON'S (THE OLD HOUSE)
CORN FLOUR
IS THE BEST.
"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, in packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their
CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well matured, and of very excellent quality."

LORNE
HIGHLAND
WHISKY
"THE PERFECTION OF
WHISKY."
UNRIVALLED
FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS.
1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 198, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.— This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.
For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND
HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient
Medicine, without Mercury.
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

THROAT AFFECTIONS, COUGHS, and COLDS are immediately relieved by Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS. Nothing else gives such a sound, refreshing night's rest. Sold at 1s. 1½d. per box.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

"FER BRAVAIS."
BRAVAIS' DIALYSED IRON.
THE ONLY PURE SOLUTION OF IRON
WITHOUT ACID.
"IRON and OXYGEN combined, to the exclusion of all Acids, or Soluble Hydrate of Peroxide of Iron."
Vide Dr. J. RANGADE'S Report.
Prepared by RAOUL, BRAVAIS, and CO., 13, Rue Lafayette, Paris; London Office: 8, Idol Lane, Tower Street, E.C.
FIRST BRONZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875.
SOLE PRIZE, PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION, 1876.
This admirable Preparation does not CONSTIPATE, or disturb the digestive organs, and neither injures nor blackens the teeth. Its effects as a reconstituent are rapid and certain. IT HAS NO STYPTIC TASTE, and it is admirably adapted for all continuous treatment by Iron, possessing all the advantages of this MOST APPROVED TONIC in the highest degree. N.B. A LONDON PHYSICIAN WRITES: "I have given it to patients who have been unable to take Iron in any other form." PRICES: Bottle, full size, 4s. 6d.; small ditto, 3s.; in Card Box with drop measure complete. N.B. The full size bottles contain sufficient for about two months' regular treatment.
To be had of all leading Chemists and Druggists.

DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, but I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.
[illegible]
Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877.

GLYKALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS
MEMBRANE.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes.

GLYKALINE is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF to
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Tooth- ache; its timely use frequently obviates the necessity of having a tooth extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia or Tic Douloureux.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 5th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and, in some cases, is successful by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED
CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agree- ably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation or Excoriation of the Skin.

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of vegetable origin (without mineral admixture), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 3d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,
THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses the Teeth from Tartar and all Incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases the whiteness of the Teeth, brightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in con- formity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invalu- able to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the substance, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the external smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared in bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S
PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES
Gratis and Post Free.

MERCHANT SHIPPERS and the TRADE supplied on the most LIBERAL TERMS with all HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, both MEDICINAL and DIETETIC.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at Immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated Price 1s 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s; Septett, 2s.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	4 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0
FLEUR DE THÉ QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE, à Trois Temps	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA (New Edition)	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s; Septet, 2s each

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium By J. Leybach. In 2 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 3s net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

HALF-HOURS with the ORATORIOS and other SACRED COMPOSITIONS Arranged for the Pianoforte by George F. West. Elegantly Illustrated title. Six books, 4s each; post free at half-price in stamps. —"These solemn yet beautiful pieces cannot be too highly praised"—*Brighton Times* "Excellent companions for Sundays at home"—Vide *The Graphic*.

London. ROBERT COCKS and CO

BATISTE'S admired ANDANTE in G. Transcribed for the pianoforte by William Smallwood 3s. Also by William Smallwood, Handel's Grand March from "Scipio," 3s.; duet, 4s; and his "Home Treasures," 25 numbers, 2s 6d. each, 12 as piano duets, 3s. each; and his "Little Buds," 25 numbers, 1s each, 12 as piano duets, 1s each. All post free at half price.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

SUMMER RAIN. New Vocal Duet, by F. Abt, for soprano and contralto. Poetry by C. J. Rowe. 4s., post free 24 stamps

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St

THE CITY BELLS, New Vocal Duet, by F. Abt, for soprano and contralto Poetry by C. J. Rowe. 4s., post free 24 stamps

London ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE THEORY OF MUSIC, pp 123, especially adapted for use in training colleges and schools By R. Sutton. In cloth, price 2s.

Art of Singing By Rohner. 4s

Hamilton's Piano Tutor. New edition. 4s.

Appendix to Hamilton's Piano Tutor. By G. F. West 5s.

Hamilton's Tutor for Singing. 5s. Appendix to ditto, by Franz Abt. 5s

Questions on the Theory of Music (cloth) 18th edition. By G. F. West 1s 6d.; in paper covers, 1s.

Clarke's Catechism of Music 1s. in cloth

London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO, New Burlington Street. Order of all musicsellers and booksellers.

LOVED AND LOST (Geliebt und Verloren) WALTZES, by Otto Muller (performed at the Promenade Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden) These Celebrated WALTZES, the most enchanting and fascinating that have been published for many years, may be had of all Musicsellers Solo or Duet, 2s. net.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST The Words by Percy Fitzgerald, adapted to Muller's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren" Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom Post free, 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street

RÊVE D'AMOUR VALSE, by Lamothe, performed at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre These charming Waltzes, solo or duet, 2s. net. Septett and Orchestral Parts may be had.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street

FONTAINEBLEAU WALTZ, by Lamothe, performed under the direction of Sig Arditi at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre Sent post free, 2s net This favourite Valse may also be had for Septett and Full Bands

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

MUSIC FOR THE SEASIDE.

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. New Numbers. Price 1s each, post free, 1s 1d.

Arthur Sullivan's 10 Songs.

Santley's 10 New Songs.

Virginia Gabriel's 10 songs.

A. S. Gatty's 12 Ballads

Longfellow & Balfe's 10 Songs.

Raff's Piano Album

Rubinstein's Piano Album.

Brahm's Piano Album.

Lamothe's Waltz Album.

Waldteufel's Waltz Album.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London, W.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Celebrated Song The Waltz of the Season.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.

THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured

THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas

THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas

THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices

THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d per annum

The above Instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free Drawings gratis on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St, Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom Descriptive lists post free on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St, London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).— Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO, 27, Baker Street, London

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.

Part 2. VOCAL.

Part 3 HARP, CONCERTINA

Part 4 VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.

Part 5 FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE METHOD

Price Five Shillings

This unrivalled work is now firmly established as *the* Pianoforte Instruction Book in nearly all the principal educational establishments in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States of America, India, Australia, New Zealand, &c. It is supplied direct by the Publishers, or may be had of any Music-seller in the world

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES

Figaro Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

GAVOTTE, in E Minor. By Silas. Played by Madame Essipoff at her Concerts in England and America with immense success. A new edition of this celebrated Gavotte is now ready. Price 3s.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22 Piano Solo, 4s Duet, 5s

London. ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square

THE GALOP OF THE SEASON.

GO BANG! New Galop by Charles Coote, Jun. Equal in every way to the well known "Roulette," "Archery," and "Croquet" Galops by the same popular Composer. Price 3s

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op 105, No 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op 81, No 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No 19).	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op 81, No 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 46, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op 86, No 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op 73, No 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op 45, No 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op 46, No 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvissata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op 45, No 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêveries au Bois (Study, Op 45, No. 11)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op 45, No 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op 45, No. 1)	1	0
Deux petite Feuille (Op 118)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte SCHOOL.

Section 1. No 1 Pianoforte Tutor.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St, London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free —Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

WEDDING and Birthday Presents, at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly, London

Polished Brass Table Ornaments of special designs.

Sets for the Writing Table and Boudoir, 21s. to £5

Envelope Cases,	21s to £5
Inkstands,	5s. to £5
Despatch Boxes,	21s to £6
Writing Cases,	10s 6d to £5
Candlesticks (per pr.)	12s to £3
Candelabra,	42s. to £5
Work Boxes,	15s to £5
Jewel Cases,	21s to £5
Glove Boxes,	10s 6d to £5
Handkerchief Boxes,	10s. to £2
Caskets,	15s. to £5
Flower Vases,	21s. to £5
Jardinières (per pr.)	42s. to £5
Card Trays,	21s. to £5

And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese, and Parisian NOVELTIES, for PRESENTS, from 5s to £5.

RODRIGUES' DRESSING BAGS for TRAVELLING, with silver and plated fittings, from £3 3s. to £50; Hand Bags, Waist Bags, Carriage Bags, and Bags of all kinds, at very moderate prices.—42, Piccadilly.

PORTRAIT Albums at Rodrigues', with patent leather guards, interleaved for vignette and cabinet portraits, from 10s 6d to £5. Rodrigues' new Easel Album Regimental and Presentation Albums.—42, Piccadilly.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s 6d; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s 9d—T CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s 6d—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included Sent to any part for P O. order—T CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St Martin's Lane).

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY"

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST.

All Music post free at half-price

FLORIAN PASCAL'S POPULAR PIANOFORTE PIECES

Each post free, 18 stamps

Explanatory Note—M.E. Moderately Easy M D. Moderately Difficult.

Gavotte, Favorite de Louis XIV. Thirteenth Edition M E

Menuet (de Boccherini). Eleventh Edition. M E.

Nell Gwynne (a Reminiscence of the Court of Charles II) Third Edition. M E.

Autrefois (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois) Nineteenth Edition M D

Marche au Tournoi. Fourth Edition. M.D.

Stentorello (Burla Toscana) M D.

Tête-à-Tête, No. 1, E. Third Edition. M.D.

Chanson d'Amour. M E

La Lutina (Esquisse Espagnole). M.D.

Un Songe du Ciel (Thème de Batiste). M.D.

An Album Leaf (to Emilie). M D.

Air de Ballet. Sixth Edition M.D.

Review.—"Exquisitely quaint and captivating for originality, simplicity, and attractiveness combined These compositions are unique"

Just issued by the same Composer:—

Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte) 3s

La Princesse (Gavotte Moderne) 3s.

H. WEIST HILL'S COMPOSITIONS, performed with great success at the Alexandra Palace.

VALSES

Alma 4s.

Son Image. 4s

True Love. 4s

POLKAS.

Gertrude. 3s.

Belle of the Promenade 3s.

Gavotte, Madame de Pompadour (Beautifully Illustrated). 4s

Galop, To Paris in 10 Hours 3s.

Review—"Marked by far more thought and musical ability than dance music usually is."—*Figaro.*

J. LEYBACH'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.

Chant de Bivouac. 3s.

Fête des Bergères. 3s.

Festa Romana. 4s

L'Alsacienne. 4s

Bolero Brillant. 4s.

Zampa. 4s.

Tancredi. 4s.

L'Eclair. 4s

Pegase Galop 3s.

Chant du Patrie. 3s.

Harmonium Solo—Bataillers de Venice. 3s.

Piano and Harmonium—Hereux Présage. 4s.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' NEW AND POPULAR TRANSCRIPTIONS.

DER LUSTIGE BAUER (Joyful Peasant), Schumann's most popular melody. 3s.

This is decidedly the most taking arrangement of this charming theme.—*Vide* Press.

What Will You Do, Love? (Lover's Popular Song). 3s.

Little Nell. 3s.

I Heard a Spirit Sing. 3s

Day-Dream (Blumenthal). 3s.

Nazareth (Gounod). 3s.

Tell Me My Heart 3s.

March "Scipio" 3s

She Wore a Wreath of Roses. 3s.

Ballad Singer. 3s

Bride's March (Lohengrin). 3s.

Blow Gentle Gales 3s.

Sweet Home (Wrighton). 3s.

ARDITI'S L'INGÉNUE. Morceau à la Gavotte 3s Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success

W. SMALLWOOD'S PIANO PIECES

Carefully fingered throughout.

Mont Blanc. 2s 6d.

Ballad Singer. 2s. 6d.

Fern Leaves 3s.

Azalea. 2s. 6d

Elaine. 3s

Rochelle 2s 6d

Sweet Home. 2s 6d.

Festal March. 3s.

Rose Pink. 3s.

Verbena. 3s.

HOBART PASHA MARCH. By M. Watson. Illustrated with splendid portrait in colours of this celebrity. Price 3s.

FRANZ ABT'S NEWEST SONGS.

ONE LITTLE WORD. 3s.

"Destined to be one of the reigning favourites. This gifted composer has written nothing more beautiful since 'When the Swallows.'"—*Empire.*

'TIS I, MY LOVE 3s.

"The music is of Abt's best, the melody is full of variety and charm."—*Illustrated News.*

New Vocal Duets by same Composer:—

THE FAIRY DELL. 3s. EVENTIDE. 3s.

FAIR JEANETTE. 3s.

CIRO PINSUTI'S SUCCESSFUL SONGS.

Fairer than Morning (Beatrice)	3s.
The Owl. In A minor and G minor. Sung by Mr. Santley	4s.
I Love My Love. In A flat and B flat. each	4s.
The Raft. In G and E. Sung by Signor Foli	4s.
Love Will Shine All Through (contralto)	3s
What We Have Loved We Love For Ever	3s.

LOUIS DIEHL'S LATEST SONGS.

My Sailor Love	3s.
Brave Old Joe (Descriptive)	4s.

NEW SONGS by J. B. WALDECK.

A Life's Love (Sung by Signor Foli)	4s.
Peace be Still (Ditto)	4s.
In the Twilight (Keys D and F)	4s.
We Roam and Rule the Sea.	3s.

EDWARD TERRY'S COMPLAINTS, or, THE ILLS OF LIFE AND THEIR REMEDIES As sung by the Author and encored five times. Post free, 18 stamps, with Comic Illustration.

PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP. C. Coote. Illustrated with New Portrait of the Prince Solo or Duet, 2s. net The most popular piece of dance-music ever published, the sum of £1,000 odd having been realised for the copyright alone—Sole Publisher, JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W; and 123, Cheapside, E.C

LITTLE CLARINA'S LESSON-BOOK for the PIANO. By G. A. Macfarren Parts 1 to 4, 2s 6d each; bound, 8s. "It contains all that is essential to instruct the youngest child."—*Globe.*

FARMER'S PIANOFORTE TUTOR. 100,000th Edition Price 4s.

FARMER'S HARMONIUM TUTOR. 60th Edition. Price 1s 6d.

FARMER'S HARMONIUM VOLUNTARIES, in Six Books. 4s. each

FARMER'S CELEBRATED VIOLIN SOLOS.

HOME, SWEET

BLUE BELLS

HOPE TOLD A

KEEL ROW

LAST ROSE OF

LIFE LET US

HARP THAT ONCE

SOUNDS SO JOYFUL

With Pianoforte Accompaniment, 3s each; post free, 1s. 6d.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S NAAMAN.

Vocal Score, complete, Octavo Edition 4s net.

Do. do bound in cloth. 6s net.

All the numbers of "Naaman" can also be had separately, including the celebrated Aria, "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," 3s.; and the Triumphal March, "Naaman," as Piano Solo, 3s.; Piano Duet, 3s; and also as Organ Solo, with Pedal, 3s.

SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S WORKS for the PIANOFORTE, in two vols. Cheap Edition now ready, including the celebrated Toccata, Scherzo, op. 13; Capriccio, op. 27; Three Sketches, &c. Price 6s. net each vol; or, bound, cloth, 8s net.

VERY SUSPICIOUS! H. Clifton's renowned Serio Comic Duet for Lady and Gentleman, introducing popular songs. Also, the Medley Duet, "Love and Pride" "Just the thing for penny readings and amateur concerts." Either sent free, 24 stamps.

ROBINSON CRUSOE! H. Clifton's enormously popular Comic Medley. Humorously Illustrated. "His songs are always free from the vulgarity which is unfortunately characteristic of some modern comic songs." Lists of Clifton's Comic and Motto Songs gratis.

CATALOGUES sent POST FREE. Sole Agents for Moore and Burgess Minstrels Songs. Shipping Orders on favourable terms

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.; and 123, Cheapside, E.C.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CARPETS.— OETZMANN and CO beg to announce that they have now received their new designs in Carpets for the present season, adapted to every class of furnishing, from the richest qualities and most artistic designs to the neat and inexpensive kinds. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO, COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

OETZMANN and CO

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 15 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £3 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.

SIDEBOARDS, OETZMANN and CO. —Large and Handsome Mahogany or Oak Sideboards, with High Plate Glass Back and Carved Mountings, price 15 guineas; Massive Spanish Mahogany or Oak ditto, very handsome, 25 guineas; Noble Spanish Mahogany or Oak ditto, handsomely carved and lofty, Plate Glass Back, made and finished in the best possible manner, price 35 guineas A variety of Early English and other designs, in rich Spanish Mahogany, or finest carved Oak, from 35 to 90 guineas.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards—OETZMANN and CO,

BEDDING DEPARTMENT.—Strong Iron Bedsteads, from 6s. 6d each; superior Iron French ditto, 15s. 9d.; handsome Arabian Bedsteads, from 27s 6d upwards; excellent Mattresses, full size, 12s. 6d; good Feather Beds, full size, 30s; ditto Bolsters, 7s. 6d; ditto Pillows, 3s. 9d. each; handsome 3 ft. Mahogany Washstands, with Marble Top, 18s 6d.; Mahogany Toilet Glass, Best Plate Glass (size of plate, 16 inches by 12 inches), 6s 6d

PAPER-HANGINGS. — OETZMANN and CO—PAPER HANGINGS at WHOLESALE PRICES.—A great reduction in price. All the new patterns are now on view at the Show Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS. FURNITURE.

CARPETS. FURNITURE.

CARPETS. FURNITURE.

CARPETS. FURNITURE.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 3 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT. — Stout Tapestry Brussels Carpet, 1s. 9½d; handsome pattern ditto, from 2s 2d to 2s 9d. per yard; superior Brussels, new designs, from 2s. 11d. upwards. These prices are much below value. Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, 1s. 11d. per yard; Patent Felt Carpeting, from 11½d. per yard; Superior Rock Dye ditto, handsome designs, double width, 1s. 11d. per yard; excellent Stair Carpet, from 6d. per yard; Best Quality, all Wool, ditto, 1s. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.

OETZMANN and CO.

DRAPERY DEPARTMENT.—Large white quilts, 2½ yards by 2 yards, 4s. 11d.; handsome marsella ditto, 9s. 9d; white wool blankets, from 6s. per pair (see special reduced list sent post free); large Witney ditto, 3½ yards long, 9s 11d. per pair; handsome cloth table covers, from 4s. 11d; magnificent ditto, large size, 10s 11d.; good chintzes, new patterns, 4½d per yard; Cretonne ditto, from 6d. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

MUSLIN and LACE CURTAINS.— CLEARING OUT.—Elegant design, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s 6d; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 and 56 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Tuileries lace curtains, 4 yards long by 72 inches wide, 21s. per pair. A special reduced list of curtains, with size and description, post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

EXHIBITION PATTERN COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the season much admired, handsomely japanned, and rich burnished gold ornamentation, with opal handles, strong loose lining, a great convenience and saving in wear. Price complete, 21s—OETZMANN and CO.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT. —Alexandra pattern Toilet Services, ewer, basin, &c., complete—9 pieces, 7s 11d.; handsome ditto, 9s. 9d; richly cut Decanters, 7s 6d per pair; cut Wines, from 2s. 6d per dozen; superior ditto, richly cut, reduced to 5s 9d. per dozen; Gilt Clocks, under glass shades, from 18s. 9d. upwards; Cottage Clocks, from 5s. 9d. each; elegant Lustres, Vases, Parian Figures, &c.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway) Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by Edward Joseph Mansfield, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—September 1, 1877

THE GRAPHIC

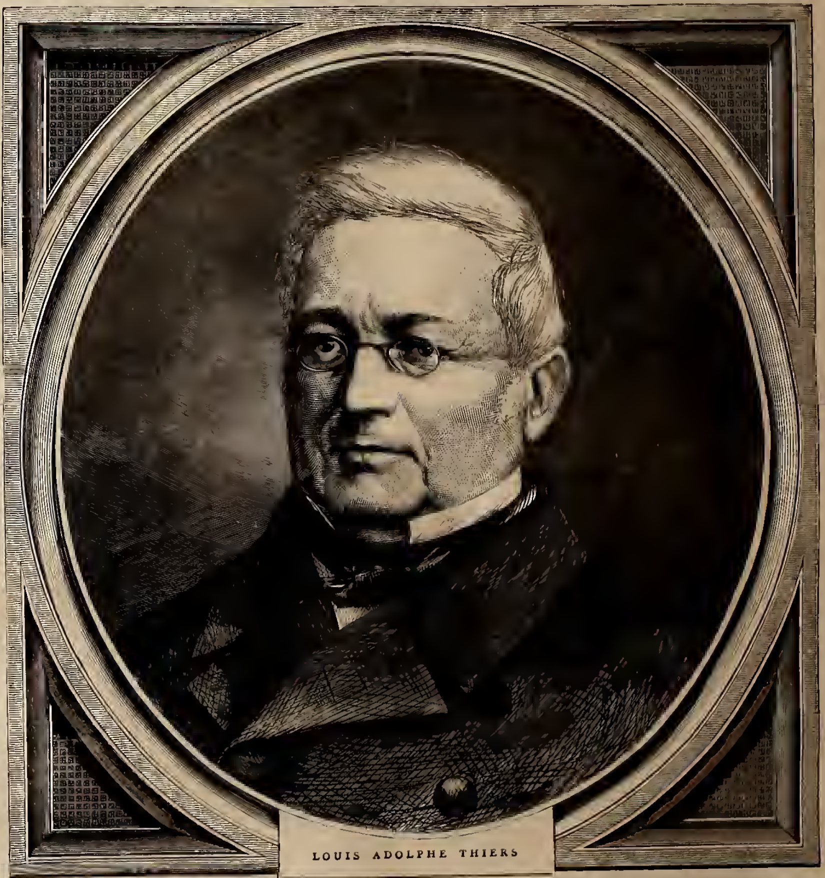
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 406
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS

BORN APRIL 16, 1797

DIED SEPTEMBER 3, 1877

Topics of the Week

M. Thiers.——Although M. Thiers was so old a man his death took all the world by surprise. Every one had become so accustomed to his name, he was still so immense a power in the politics of his country, that people had almost come to think of him as one of the Immortals. He leaves behind him one of the greatest reputations of the present century. If his career were quite impartially judged, we question whether all the praises that have been lavished upon him this week could be fully justified. It is certain that his influence has not always been so good as it was during his last years. To say that he was in many respects a typical Frenchman is a high compliment; but he had some of the weaknesses as well as some of the virtues of his countrymen. France was to him the universe; he could hardly conceive any interests but hers, and he did not always understand them in the right sense. He flattered her in extravagant terms, and the popular taste he most sedulously fostered was that which has wrought half the ills from which she suffers—her passionate love of military glory. And he would have maintained her greatness at the expense of all other lands. Germany would not have been united to-day if he could have prevented her union; and, had it depended upon his will, Italy would still have been "a geographical expression." These are heavy deductions from his services; but when everything that can be urged against him has been said, the fact remains that there has been no political Frenchman of our time whom his nation is likely to hold in such high esteem. He was enthusiastically devoted to her welfare, and by the energy with which he liberated the territory after the war with Germany he almost atoned for the part he had indirectly taken in bringing on the conflict. It will be for ever remembered to his honour that, after spending his life as an adherent of constitutional monarchy, he did not hesitate, when the altered conditions demanded a change of faith, to declare his conversion to Republicanism. His whole career is a splendid testimony to the power exerted by individual talent when controlled by great aims. Altogether, France loses in him her most illustrious citizen, and his familiar figure will long be missed on the stage of European politics.

London Water Supply.——Every year a population equalling that of a large country town is added to London, and these newcomers bring with them the usual number of horses, cows, dogs, cats, fowls, and canary birds. All these creatures, biped or quadruped, feathered or unfeathered, need water, and so the demand for this indispensable liquid annually increases. Moreover, vast quantities of water are consumed in manufacturing processes which were formerly unknown, we wash ourselves more liberally than our ancestors thought advisable, and we use water as a carrying agent to sweep away refuse matter which they contentedly suffered to stagnate in cesspools. Meanwhile our sources of supply have not materially increased; the Thames is neither bigger nor deeper than it was in the days of the Romans; and, consequently, if population continues to grow, and we go on consuming at our present rate, a water-famine may be imminent at no distant period. Various remedies for this danger have been at different times recommended; a few years ago it was the fashion to advise the introduction of a new supply from the Welsh table-lands; while now we are told that plenty of water is attainable if we bore deep enough into the chalk strata round London. Irrespective of the expense, the chief objection to the Welsh scheme is that the bursting of a pipe or a dyke at any point along a line of transit two hundred miles long might place us in a worse plight than any trouble we are likely to undergo so long as we chiefly depend on the Thames and the New River. As for the chalk, we cannot draw from that reservoir without robbing somebody else. If we sink deep and take quantities of water—as any public scheme must necessarily do—we shall dry up most of the private wells now in existence; nor is it at all certain that the chalk will yield an unfailing supply. Would it not be a safer remedy to make systematic arrangements for catching our abundant rainfall, most of which now runs to waste; for classifying water under two or more descriptions; and for enforcing a stricter economy than at present exists in the use of drinkable water? Water taken directly from the Thames without filtration would be perfectly serviceable for all street cleansing and flushing purposes; while, for superior uses, a constant service, without cisterns, and taps so constructed that water could only be obtained while pressure was applied (payment being made, as for gas, by the cubic quantity consumed), would effect such a saving that the existing supply would be found sufficient for many years to come.

The Situation in France.——It is strange that the death of so old a man as M. Thiers should produce so profound in effect; but there can be no question that it has changed the whole aspect of the problem which France is about to solve. He was the true creator of the Republic. Before he proclaimed his adhesion to Republicanism, it was very generally considered a form of government that must inevitably lead to disaster. When he placed himself by the side of M. Gambetta, there was no excuse for even the most timid expressing serious alarm. It was obvious that a set of institutions of which he approved could not be attended by very tremendous dangers. This was the secret of the crushing defeat of M. Buffet at the last general election; and had he lived, it would probably have been the secret of an equally crushing defeat of the Duc de Broglie. The entire situation is now altered. M. Grévy has been made head of the Republican party; but his is not a name to conjure with. His position is not to be compared with that of M. Thiers; and, in any case, he is not so moderate a politician as his great predecessor. M. Gambetta will be the real leader; and few observers know France well enough to say how he will be regarded by the peasantry. His many concessions have attracted attention; but there is always a question whether they have been quite sincere. Englishmen are prepared to take the most favourable view of his policy, but in France there is a suspicion that if he were in power it would be found that he has been during all these years wearing a mask. If, therefore, Marshal MacMahon acts warily, it is quite possible he may now succeed in securing a large body of waverers. He was weak against M. Thiers; he may be strong against M. Gambetta. Much will depend upon his wisdom and self-restraint. On the other hand M. Gambetta never needed to display more caution than at the present moment; and all who wish well to France must hope that he will rise to the occasion. He can hope to have France with him only by convincing her that she will gain much by his policy, and lose none of the advantages that have been handed down by previous generations.

South Africa.——Those of our Dutch kinsmen, both in Holland and in Africa, who felt indignant at the transfer of the Transvaal Republic to British authority, ought to derive some consolation from the fact, that the annexation has brought all the South African group of colonies more prominently before the home-public than any previous event in colonial annals for some time past. Colonies are like children, they love to be taken notice of; and they resent nothing so keenly as the ignorance or apathy of the mother-country. They are keenly interested in her doings, why should not she take an interest in theirs? Sam Slick, describing a sojourn in wet weather at an English country house, makes it a matter of complaint against the inhabitants that "they know nothin' about Amerikey, and don't want to know nothin'!" and it is just this stolid apathy that so 'riles' colonists. But, as regards South Africa, we must frankly say that she has some leeway to make up before she can hope to rival the popularity of Australia or Canada. The population of Australia is, a few Chinamen excepted, remarkably homogeneous, it is almost entirely British and Irish, and there is scarce a family in the United Kingdom that has not kinsfolk there. The same remark applies at all events to Upper Canada, and in both these colonies the aboriginal population is, as compared with the settlers, a mere handful. Matters are different at the Cape. There the aborigines are numerous, and hold their own against the whites; there has been a large immigration of Asiatic races—Malays and the like; while the early settlers were Dutchmen, whose descendants have not quite forgiven us our conquest, and who, being too numerous to become merged, as in New York State, with their Anglo-Saxon successors, still form, perhaps, the most important element in South African society. Add to this that middle-aged taxpayers can remember a time when they heard almost too much about the Cape and its incessant Caffre Wars, and we need not be surprised that South Africa, except during the brief enthusiasm of the first diamond finds, has lately been rather left out in the cold. Nor do we think that South Africa will readily attract the crowds of hard-handed labourers who have flocked to America. The climate is healthy, but it is undeniably hot, and where there are plenty of blacks ready, however lazily and inefficiently, to do the rough and heavy work, the white man prefers in a warm climate to act as a superintendent. For men with capital and for skilled artisans there are, no doubt, good openings; but, as emigration fields, the South African territories, speaking generally, must be regarded as standing midway between such countries as India, where the white labourer is an unknown being, and Canada or Victoria, where he is in brisk demand.

The War.——Events have lately moved so rapidly at the Seat of War that it is difficult to speak with confidence even of the immediate future. It would, however, seem that we have for the time come to the end of the brilliant achievements of the Turks. They have made resolute offensive efforts; and these appear likely to be followed by a period of temporary exhaustion. In like manner the Russians, after crossing the Danube and advancing into the enemy's country, suffered for some months for their exceptional display of energy. They required rest; and fresh troops had to be brought to the front. Now they are beginning to recover themselves; and it is far from improbable that the capture of Loftcha may be the first of a series of considerable successes. On the whole, however, all appearances point to the conclusion that the war is not one which will be rapidly closed. We cannot now expect brilliant strategy on either side. One of the opposed countries will probably conquer the other by slowly wearing out its strength. If this theory is correct, it is extremely unlikely that the conflict will be brought to an end by the present campaign. It is equally unlikely that the ultimate conqueror will be Turkey. Every one must admire Turkish valour; but the Czar is master of more legions than the Sultan, and mere numbers must in the long run decide the issue. The prospect is a terrible one for the unhappy populations who are now learning what is meant by war in its worst form. It is to be hoped Europe will be able to do something more than merely protest against the shocking outrages which are of daily occurrence; but it is bound to let Russia as well as Turkey know that it cannot allow every law of humanity to be so brutally violated. The Turkish Irregulars deserve all the hard things that have been said of them; but they are in no sense worse than those Cossacks who have taken part in the murder of innocent Mahomedan families, and who encourage the Bulgarians in every species of cruelty.

Oysters.——The Fisheries Act which came into operation the other day, is as far as oysters are concerned, rather of the *ridiculus mus* order, considering that it emanates from a mountain of evidence, accumulated during years of patient investigation. Oysters are protected, but they are not protected enough. The Committee recommended a close time for oyster fisheries from May 1st to September 1st, according to the good old-fashioned rule that no oysters should be eaten unless there was an *r* in the month; but the Act cuts this breathing-space short by a whole month, making the close time date only from May 14th to August 14th, and thereby depriving the oyster of half the genial month of August, the most valuable portion of his educational career, the shallow seas surrounding our coast being then at their acme of warmth. Moreover, the provisions of the Act are crippled by numerous exceptions, nor is any proper machinery provided for enforcing its regulations. The half-heartedness of the measure is due, not to the ignorance of the lawgivers who framed it, for they were crammed to the throat with information, but to the well-known fact that when on one side there stands the great inert public, and on the other persons who are in danger of losing the liberties they have hitherto enjoyed, the public is pretty sure to get the worst of it. A more stringent Act would have provoked the wrath of the fishermen and dredgermen, but it would ultimately, by multiplying oysters, have put money in their pockets. We ought, of course, to be thankful for such small mercies as this Act yields us, although, as matters now stand, seeing that either from difference of climate or from lack of the organising faculty, we are unable to imitate the wholesale oyster cultivation of our French neighbours, it is not likely that the present generation will live to see the best Natives once more sold at sixpence or eightpence a dozen.

Ulster and the Home Rulers.——A curious address was issued this week to the "Men of Ulster" by a body calling itself "The Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain." The Irishmen of the North were lectured for the apathy they have hitherto displayed, and urged to begin forthwith a new political career. Their fathers, they were assured, called to them from "unknown graves on the mountain side." "The spirit of '82" was said to "smoulder in many a Northern heart," and "'98" was proclaimed to be "a sterling memory." This being so, the Confederation did not doubt that Ulster would henceforth be "in the front of the national struggle." All this is a little comic, but its insincerity is still more striking. Why should Ulster do the fine things the Confederation expects of it? It is probably the best judge of its own affairs; and if it has held aloof from Home Rule, the obvious explanation is that it does not want Home Rule, but is quite content with the existing relations of the two countries. The address affords a very fair specimen of the general tactics of the Home Rulers. If they brought forward real grievances they know quite well that a remedy would speedily be provided, for there is nothing which England more heartily desires than to make amends to Ireland for the past. Instead of pointing out definite evils, however, the agitators indulge in wild declamation, and make it their business to stir up the worst passions of the mob. Are we not compelled to conclude that the sole disadvantages from which Ireland now suffers are due, not to English tyranny, but simply to a lack of Irish energy? At any rate, we may be tolerably certain that Ulster will not allow itself to be misled by angry addresses. The Irish and Scotch populations of the province understand each other, and it would be a genuine misfortune if the former were to sacrifice solid benefits for the sake of a mere "Will o' the wisp."

SCURRILOUS POST-CARDS.——Post-cards are a great convenience, but, like other conveniences, they have their accompanying disadvantages, and one of these disadvantages is that they place an effective weapon in the hands of those cowardly creatures who love to gratify their own malice by wounding the feelings of others. It is bad enough to receive an insulting letter; still, the contents of that letter need not necessarily be known to any one except the writer and the receiver. But an insulting post-card brings with it the additional sting that before the addressee gets it its contents have been eagerly perused and discussed by servants and others. There can be no doubt that the sending of ill-natured and malicious post-cards is a very widely-spread offence; and a correspondent who has suffered in this way asks us to call the attention of the Postmaster-General to the subject, observing that in his case, as doubtless in many others, the expense and publicity of proceedings at law would only intensify the evil. For our own part we are unable to see what the Postmaster-General can do in the matter. If the ninety-three million post-cards which in the course of a year pass through the hands of Lord John Manners and his subordinates are to be submitted to official perusal before delivery, to see if they contain any offensive matter, the staff of the Post Office will have to be largely increased; to say nothing of the element of *espionage* which would thus be introduced. The best advice we can give to the recipients of abusive post-cards is that they should treat them as the Galway doctor treated his cold in the head—"with contempt." Malice-mongers will soon weary of wasting their halfpence on slander which falls unheeded.

NOTICE.——*With this Number is published an* EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *entitled*, "THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING IN THE SHIPKA PASS."

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition: or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia, Ceylon, China } *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. { India, Japan, New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

AMUSEMENTS

MOONSTONE. By Wilkie Collins. A New Drama, altered from the Novel of "The Moonstone," on MONDAY, the 17th inst. Box-office open on the 10th. No booking fees.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Messrs. Clifford Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, St' Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K' Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons'

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, Leathes, Garner, E. F. Edgar, Bradbury, D'Atley, and E. Righton; Mesdames E. Rutta, Stevens, C. Jecks, I. Clifton, and Lydia Foote. Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, HOGARTH'S APPRENTICES. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Brothers Le Fre, Nelly Melville, Harry Baker. Concluding with UNDER THE SNOW. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Miss Lizzie Rayner.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven, BLOW FOR BLOW, by H. J. Byron, Esq. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, George Conquest, jun., Gillett, Inch, &c. Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, &c. To conclude with (except Thursday) BLACK EYED SUSAN, on Thursday, STILL WATERS RUN DEEP. Incidentals and Vidocq. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—GREAT SUCCESS.—HAMILTON'S RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. Vivid Representations of the most Important Events of the Campaign. Magnificent Scenes of Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Belgrade, &c. Every evening at 8, Wednesday and Saturday at 3 and 8.

"TWA HOURS AT HAME."—GREAT ST. JAMES'S HALL.—TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY, commencing MONDAY, Sept. 24.—Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, at 8, Mr. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, will give his ENTERTAINMENTS on the SONGS of SCOTLAND, assisted by the following members of his Family: Miss Helen Kennedy (Soprano); Miss Marjory Kennedy (Contralto); Mr. David Kennedy (Tenor); Mr. Robert Kennedy (Tenor); Mr. James Kennedy (Baritone). Change of Programme each Evening. Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Austin's and principal Musicsellers.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

THE CONTINENT.—The Shortest, Cheapest, and Pleasantest Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is via the Great Eastern Railway and Harwich.

An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m., in connection with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4.45 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.

The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.

Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low through rates.

For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

Our Illustrations

M. THIERS

LIKE Lord Palmerston, M. Thiers was fresh and vigorous at an age when most men who have attained it are content to sit in the chimney-corner, and allow a younger generation to busy themselves with worldly affairs. Consequently, although halfway towards his eighty-first birthday, he seems to have been cut off prematurely. Moreover, he has passed away at an important epoch in his country's annals. For years past he has been the most prominent Frenchman, and recent events have added to that prominence. A struggle is now in progress between those who desire to retain the Republic as a permanent institution, and those who desire to replace it by some monarchical form of government; and it was confidently expected by the Moderate Republicans that, if Marshal MacMahon failed to satisfy the requirements of the majority of Frenchmen, M. Thiers would once more resume the Chieftainship of the State. These expectations are destined to be now for ever unfulfilled. M. Thiers, who was staying at St. Germain, near Paris, had latterly shown symptoms of alternate restlessness and drowsiness, but his friends were not seriously concerned about his health. He pursued his usual occupations, and on Monday afternoon (the 3rd inst.) he was to have met some friends, including M. Gambetta, at the house of M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, in Paris. He failed, however, to keep his appointment, and next day the news was flashed over France that the veteran statesman was dead. After luncheon on the day in question he had been seized with a fit of apoplexy, and died the same evening.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles, April 16th, 1797. His parents were poor, his father being either a small locksmith or a dock labourer, but they were fortunate in obtaining for him an exhibition at the public school of his native city, so that he was enabled to receive a good education, and soon distinguished himself by his ability. His first destination was the army, but for some reason or other it was decided to make a lawyer of him, although all through life M. Thiers, despite his short-sightedness and small stature, displayed strong military instincts. At the Bar M. Thiers met with no success, so like many another briefless barrister he turned to literature, which he found a far more congenial pursuit. Charles X. was then treading the same fatal path which led our Charles I. to ruin some 200 years earlier, and the vivacious little Marseilles journalist vigorously assailed the King's absolutist pretensions in the columns of the *National*. It was at this time that M. Thiers invented the well-known phrase, *Le Roi règne, et ne gouverne pas.*" He presently became a man of note, and after the "three glorious days of July," when Charles abdicated, it was he who proposed that the Duke of Orleans should fill the vacant throne. Under the new *régime*, through the influence of his friend Lafitte, the wealthy banker, M. Thiers obtained a subordinate post in the Finance Department of the Government, having previously been returned as member for Aix. He soon, however, made his presence felt, he undertook the reformation of the French system of finance, and was acknowledged to be one of the ablest debaters in the House. With several intervening periods of resignation he became in 1832 Minister of the Interior, and in 1836 President of the Council. In 1840 he resigned, having nearly succeeded in causing a war between France and England over the Syrian affair. The chief other events which signalised his tenure of power were the suppression of the Lyons insurrection and the transportation of the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France. M. Thiers had already achieved literary renown by his "History of the French Revolution," which he began in 1823, and which he now followed up, being relieved from the toils of statecraft, by his "History of the Consulate and Empire," which was completed in 1862. During the stormy period which dated from the Revolution of February, 1848, M. Thiers was an active member of the Constituent, and afterwards of the National Assembly. At first he favoured Louis Napoleon, but afterwards, having divined the Prince-President's intention of seizing the supreme power, he opposed him stoutly, and was rewarded at the time of the *coup d'état* by being sent to Mazas prison, and then banished the country. His exile did not last long, and he judiciously spent the interval in visiting battle-fields for the purposes of his history. M. Thiers was now getting well on in years, and, had his lot been that of most men, would probably have passed the rest of his days in comparative obscurity. And, in fact, he was laid on the shelf till 1863, when, to the astonishment of middle-aged men who remembered him as a Minister when they were children, he burst into notice as a brilliant debater in the Chamber, and as an uncompromising opponent of the Government. The power of Napoleon III. was then beginning to decline, and the merciless assaults of the old ex-Orleanist Minister helped to quicken his ruin. M. Thiers opposed the war with Germany in 1870, not as being wrong in itself, but as undertaken at the wrong time. During the disasters of that terrible year M. Thiers rose rapidly into favour with his countrymen. He was the only man of mark who had not served the detested "Badinguet;" he strove, though unsuccessfully, to make terms with Bismarck in October; and he successively visited, in the depth of winter, England, Austria, Italy, and Russia, seeking vainly for an ally against the Germans. He was now declared Chief of the Executive Government, and in February the terms of peace were arranged. M. Thiers strove his utmost, but the conditions were severe. France was mulcted of two provinces, and had to pay a fine of 200,000,000*l.*; the invader to remain on her soil till the last farthing was paid. M. Thiers manfully set to work to raise the money, but his plans were temporarily deranged by the Communalist insurrection of March. He had to fly from Paris, which was retaken two months later by fire and sword. As soon as peace was restored M. Thiers resumed his financial labours; he issued a loan, which was subscribed fourteen times over, and he paid off the tremendous indemnity with such ease that the astute Bismarck almost wished (*à la* Oliver Twist) that he had asked for more. On August 31, 1871, the Assembly changed M. Thiers' designation to "President of the French Republic," and prolonged his tenure of office. He devoted himself with the utmost energy to the reorganisation of the Army and the evacuation of the territory. Had his countrymen been wise (which politically they rarely are), they would have let him stop in office till now; but the Monarchists became alarmed at the President's acknowledged preference for a Republican form of Government, as being the one which "divided Frenchmen the least;" the various factions combined against him, and on the 24th May, 1873, overthrew him, and replaced him by the Conservative MacMahon. Since then M. Thiers has remained personally in the background; but he has not ceased to be a power in France, and he has since 1870 (whatever may be thought of his previous career) conferred such momentous benefits on his native country that all Frenchmen who prefer patriotism to party will remember his name with perpetual gratitude. On the eve of a great crisis in 1791 France mourned the death of Mirabeau; and now, on the eve of another crisis, she mourns Thiers, who, if not greater than Mirabeau, conferred on her far more substantial advantages.—Our portrait, which is reproduced from our issue of March 11, 1871, is from a photograph by Charles Reutlinger, Paris.

THE GREAT BOAT RACE IN AUSTRALIA

THE contest between Edward Trickett and Michael Rush for the Sculling Championship of the World seems to have created almost as much sensation at the Antipodes as usually attends the annual aquatic strife between the Oxford and Cambridge representatives amongst ourselves.

The betting was greatly in favour of Trickett in consequence of his victory over Sadler on the Thames a year ago, and also because of his effective use of the sliding seat. The race took place on Saturday, June 30, the course being on the Parramatta River, from "Charity Point" to "The Brothers" rock, a distance of three miles and a half. Both men were in good condition and seemingly confident of success. At the start Rush went ahead and kept the lead for something over a mile, but Trickett soon afterwards overhauled him with great ease, and when a mile and a half had been rowed the race was virtually over, Trickett holding it so well in hand that after stopping more than once to wave acknowledgment of the cheering from the banks, he rowed leisurely in a winner by six lengths. Rush was much distressed over the latter part of the course, but he rowed gamely to the finish and was deservedly cheered. The time from start to finish was 23 minutes 26 3-10 seconds. The concourse of spectators was immense and their enthusiasm indescribable. Trickett on returning to his hotel was compelled to show himself on the balcony, where after bowing his thanks to the crowd he chivalrously called for three cheers for his opponent Rush, which were most heartily given. Edward Trickett is a native of Australia, having been born at Greenwich, on the Parramatta River, in 1851. His height is 6ft. 3½ in., and his rowing weight in this race 12 st. 7 lb., though when he rowed on the Thames last year he scaled only 12 st. 1½ lb. Michael Rush, the Clarence River Champion, is an Irishman, and was born in 1845. He is exactly 6 ft. in height, and rows about 12 st. 12 lb.

It is said that Trickett now intends to send to London, challenging the holder of the championship of the mother country to go out and row him over the Parramatta course for 1,000*l.* a side, and that 300*l.* will be paid to defray the Englishman's expenses. The challenge, if sent, will certainly be accepted, but the question as to who will represent this country will depend on the result of the race between Boyd and Higgins on the 8th of October.

Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. W. Macleod, of Sydney, New South Wales.

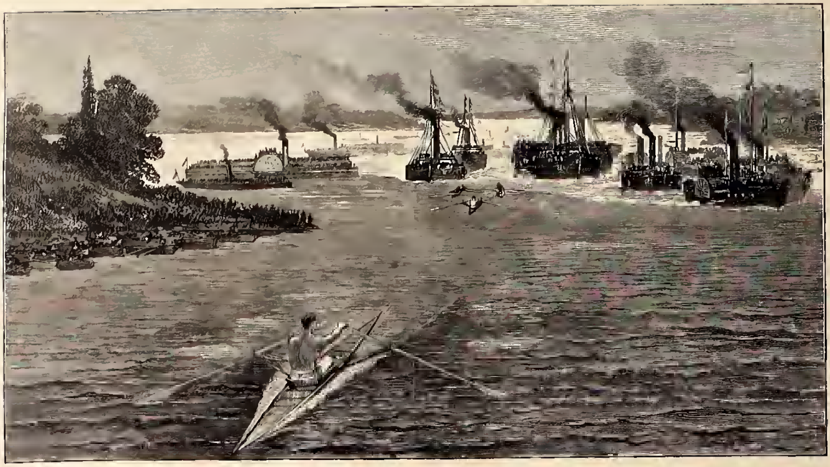
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT COWES

A FORTNIGHT ago we published two engravings representing incidents which occurred during the recent stay of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Cowes; and we now have a third sketch, depicting a Sunday morning scene on board Her Majesty's yacht *Osborne*. The Royal party, including the Prince, Prince George, and the young Princesses, with the ladies and gentlemen of the suite, assembled on deck for Divine Service, and of course the ship's officers and company also attended. There being no chaplain on board, the solemn duty of reading prayers was undertaken by the captain of the vessel, the hatchway covered with a flag serving as a reading desk. The hymns were sung by the blue-jackets, led by the ship's fiddler, the music of their sturdy voices floating over the silent waters with magnificent effect.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieut. J. W. Haynes, of H.M.S. *Osborne*.

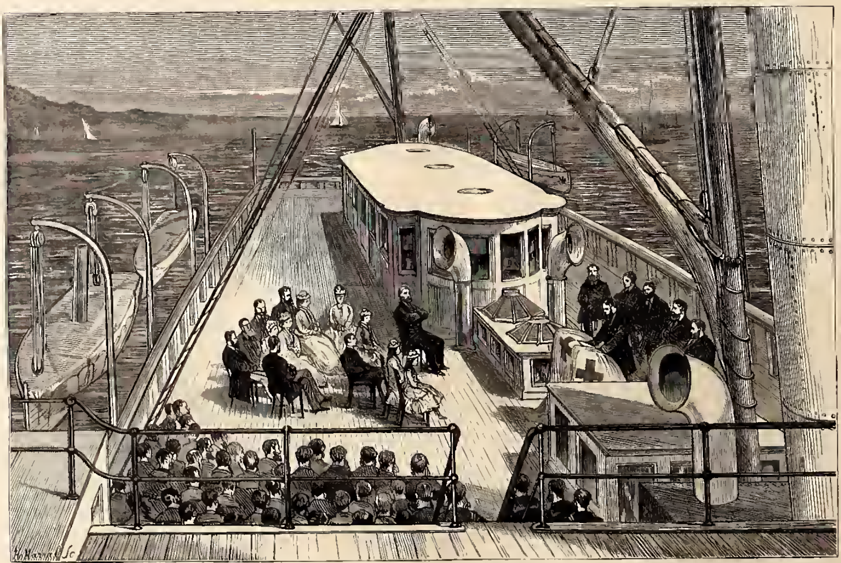
THE WAR IN THE EAST

BAKER PASHA LEAVING CONSTANTINOPLE FOR THE FRONT

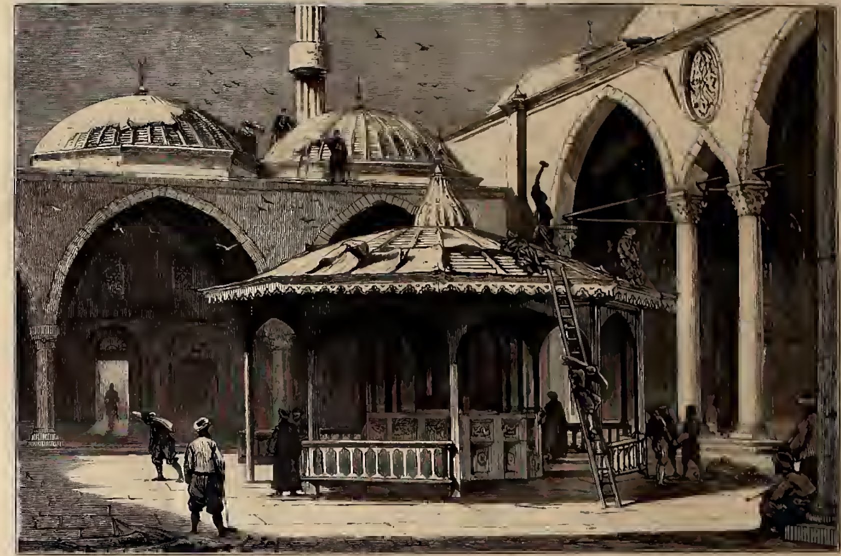
SHORTLY after Mehemet Ali Pasha replaced Abd-ul-Kerim Pasha as Serdar Ekrem, or Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces, Baker Pasha, who for some time past had been organising a force of Turkish gendarmerie, was given a command at the front, and ordered to the headquarters at Shumla, together with several of the British officers who were serving with him. Our sketch represents him bidding adieu to his wife on board the



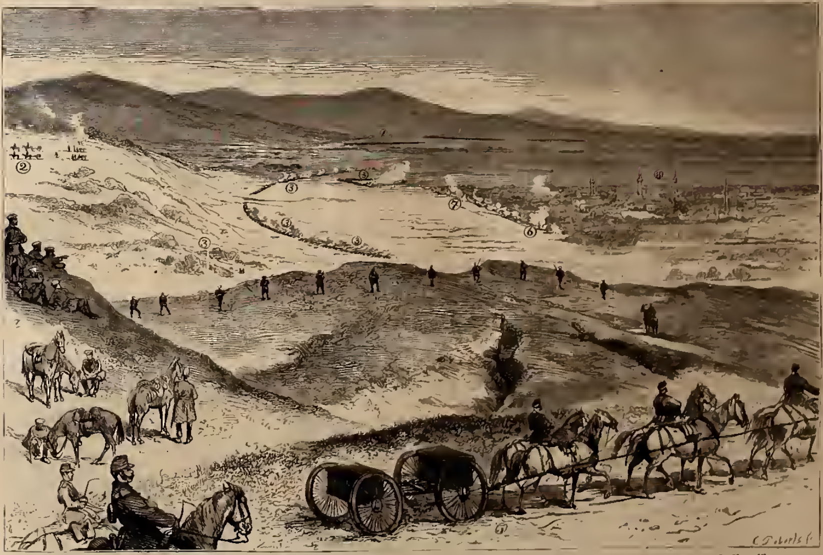
THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD—THE CONTEST ON THE PARRAMATTA RIVER AT SYDNEY BETWEEN MESSRS. TRICKETT AND RUSH



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT COWES—DIVINE SERVICE ON BOARD H.M.S. "OSBORNE"



WITH THE TURKS—STRIPPING LEAD FROM THE MOSQUES AT ADRIANOPLE, TO BE CAST INTO BULLETS



1. Russian Cavalry.—2. Russian Artillery.—3. Russian Riflemen.—4. General Gourko and Staff.—5. Russian Artillery.—6 and 7. Turkish Riflemen.—8. Kezanlik.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE CAPTURE OF KEZANLIK

Austrian Lloyds' steamer which was to convey him to Varna. "Nothing," writes our artist, "could exceed the tenderness of Mr. and Mrs. Baker's parting. The jovial expression of the officers who were going to the front I can hardly describe, the Turkish officers looking on in wonder at the 'English.' It was a curious scene." Since his arrival in camp Baker Pasha has done good service, and is much loved by his men, who say that the "English Pasha" tells them to "follow," and not to "go on, like many of his Turkish colleagues." In last weeks battle on the Lom he fought with great bravery, and has since been decorated with the Osmanich. Both he and Colonel Briscoe, the chief of his staff, had their horses wounded during the action.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—A COSSACK RAID ON WILD DOGS

HERE we have a company of Cossacks amusing themselves with what in India is called "pie sticking," namely, a raid on the gaunt, wolfish-looking wild dogs which infest the villages and towns of Bulgaria, and which, from their thievish propensities, and the hideous noise they keep up all night, are most undesirable company in the neighbourhood of an encampment.

WITH THE TURKS—STRIPPING THE MOSQUES OF LEAD, ADRIANOPLE

THIS is a scene in the court-yard of a mosque at Constantinople, where the Imams or Mohammedan priests, eager to aid in the prosecution of the "holy war" against the accursed Giaour, have consented to allow the roofs and gutters of the domes of the sacred buildings to be stripped of the lead with which the whole upper part is covered, in order that the metal when cast into bullets may serve to drive the hated Muscov back to his own country.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE CAPTURE OF KEZANLIK

KEZANLIK is a picturesque-looking town situated almost at the entrance of the Shipka Pass, and was occupied by General Gourko previous to the occupation of the pass, which we have already described and illustrated. General Gourko commenced operations from Haiukoi by throwing forward a line of skirmishers and cavalry, who marched on for some hours without encountering the enemy's forces; but as the town was neared the advancing tirailleurs were received by a few dropping shots, which increased to a brisk fusillade from the vineyards and orchards on the hills which surround the town. General Gourko ordered the artillery to the front, and a warm engagement ensued, in which both sides fought with dogged obstinacy and bravery. The superior weight and marksmanship of the Russians, however, soon began to tell upon the Turks, who slowly retired from their positions, and by a movement on their flank were ultimately driven from the plain, leaving Kezanlik at the mercy of the invaders. The Turks had 200 killed on the field of battle, which curiously enough happened to be one of the rose gardens for which Kezanlik is celebrated, and from whose produce its far-famed otto of roses is manufactured. This peaceful site was still further profaned by the Bulgarians, who, to the horror and disgust of the Russians, wreaked their vengeance on their former masters by ruthlessly murdering the wounded Turks left behind on the field. To the honour of the Russians it should be said that they tried their utmost to prevent such outrages, and where possible drove the murderers and pillagers away from their foul work with blows of the formidable Cossack whips.

OUR ARTIST'S HORSE UNDER FIRE

"OUR artist's horse under fire" needs little remark save that to obtain good steeds is one of the most difficult tasks of a correspondent in war time, for the arduous duties which the animals have to perform are apt to unfit them for service in a very short period. Both artists and correspondents frequently have to be their own couriers, as is manifested by the recent ride of our artist for three and a half days, in order to ensure the speedy despatch of the sketches of the fighting in the Shipka Pass.

COSSACKS DESTROYING A RAILWAY

THE destruction of railway and telegraph lines is one of the innumerable duties of the ever useful Cossack, who shows great energy and skill in overturning work which may have taken years of labour to plan and construct. The sketch in question was taken south of the Balkans during the recent fighting round Yeni Saghra, the line being the railway leading from the north to Adrianople. The process of destruction is sufficiently explained by the titles.

ASIA—TURKISH OUTPOST IN GEORGIA

"THE Turkish soldier is by no means a helpless being," writes our artist. "He is contented with little, the nomadic instinct is still strong within him, and he soon settles down wherever he is placed. He is enduring and brave also, and even in a lonely outpost in the midst of a thick forest, surrounded on all sides by enemies, as was the case with the advanced picquets of the camp at Tchamchira, he appears perfectly at home and cheerful. The sketch shows one of these advanced posts on the rising ground in the rear of the camp. It is very neatly constructed, and strong to a degree that none but a military man would suppose. It is oval in shape, and the sides are formed in the following manner. Two rows of palisades are driven deep into the ground, and these being wattled together, the space between is filled with earth well rammed down, so that the structure becomes like a solid wall. Outside is a wide ditch fringed with a row of sharpened stakes, and inside a few low huts, constructed of boughs, offer shelter to the men off guard. The sentries are posted in the trees, care being taken to render them as invisible as possible to the enemy by an arrangement of leaves and branches. Small holes are left here and there for the rifles to pass through when repelling an attack. With plenty of material at hand such a defence as this just described is speedily run up, and is capable I am assured of keeping out shells from ordinary-sized field-pieces."

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN ASIA—FUGITIVE ARMENIAN FAMILIES

OWING to the pillage and cruelties committed by the irregular Circassian troops of the Turkish Army, notwithstanding all the efforts of Mukhtar Pasha to prevent them and punish the offenders, there has been a general exodus of the Armenians and other Christians from many of the villages on the borders of the Caucasus to the Russian lines, where they hoped to find a sure protection. Our sketch depicts a train of the fugitives, who are hurrying to the Russian camp with as much of their household goods as they can manage to carry off with them.

THE FIGHTING IN THE SHIPKA PASS

THE Shipka Pass has as yet been the scene of the sharpest fighting of the present campaign. When upon the advance of Suleiman Pasha General Gourko retired from the south of the Balkans into the pass, he was promptly followed by the Turkish commander, who evidently cherished a hope of speedily obtaining possession of the Russian position, and of thus driving the invader northwards into the arms of Osman and Mehemet Ali Pashas. In this, however, notwithstanding repeated attacks and the undoubted bravery of his men, who are without doubt the flower of the Ottoman Army, he has unmistakeably failed, and thanks to powerful reinforcements, brought up by General Radetzky, the Russians still remain in possession the Pass. Our sketches depict the general features of the seven days' fighting, which began on the 21st ult., and which has terminated with the aggregate loss of some 17,000 or 20,000 lives, and with little advantage gained on either side. The best account of the fighting is given in a long telegram from the *Daily News* correspondent, with whom our artist was in company, and who afterwards had the honour of giving a *verbatim* report of the action to the Czar. It will give some idea of the arduous duties of our artist when we mention that in order that we might receive these sketches in time for the present issue, he rode hard for three and a half days, no courier at that time being available. To turn to the Pass itself, as may be seen in our sketch, the Shipka Pass is not a pass at all in the proper sense of the term. There is no gorge, no defile between high walls of rock, but simply a section of the Balkans of less than the average height, the surface of which, from the Jantra river on the north to the Tundja valley on the south is sufficiently continuous to afford a practicable road. On either side of this ridge which was held by the Russians are various hollows and valleys, which, however, are not continuous, while occasionally the ridge is flanked by a spur of a mountain higher than itself, furnishing an admirable point whence the Turks could shell the Russian positions. The Turkish infantry, being massed together in the valley unperceived, would thence suddenly attack the ridge with the hope of carrying it by assault, and the Russians at one time, before General Radetzky arrived, were in great danger of being completely surrounded. The Russians on their side would frequently attack the Turkish positions on the heights with varying success—sometimes, as in our sketch, successfully, at others being repulsed with loss, the ultimate result being that the Russians gained possession of the crest formerly occupied by the Turks on their right wing—the Turks falling back on to the next ridge. The above will give a general idea of the seven days' fighting, for the details of which our space compels us to refer our readers back to our weekly chronicle of the war in our news columns.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," &c., is continued on page 225.

"DINNER TIME"
AND
LIFE IN MANITOBA, IV.

See page 233.

THE ABKHASIAN MOUNTAINEERS

See page 224.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——It is not yet clear whether the alleged correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and "A Greek Merchant" is genuine or mythical. *The Times* correspondent at Constantinople says that M. Menelas Negroponte has asked him to contradict the statement that he has published a letter written to him by Mr. Gladstone, but he says nothing as to whether such a letter has been received; besides, there may be more than one M. Negroponte in Constantinople. Why does not Mr. Gladstone speak out?—A great Conservative demonstration took place at Manchester on Saturday. Some 10,000 members of associations in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire marched through the streets in procession to the Belle Vue Gardens, where three platforms were arranged for the speakers, amongst whom were the Hon. F. A. Stanley, Mr. Birley, Mr. Wheelhouse, the Hon. Algernon Egerton, Mr. Hardcastle, and several other members of Parliament.—The Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain has issued a manifesto to the men of Ulster, calling upon them to join the movement at once, and thus deprive the English of their strongest argument which comes up in every debate:—"If we were to give you Home Rule, Ulster would draw the sword against the other provinces." The address concludes with a fervid adjuration of the Ulster clans, the O'Neils, O'Donnells, Maguires, M'Mahons, O'Reillys, O'Cahans, and the rest, and a declaration that if the old Celtic race of Ulster will not take the place of honour, theirs by right, there are Scottish Celts who will.—The Dublin Home Rule League have passed a resolution requesting Home Rule constituencies to call on their representatives during the recess to give an account of their stewardship.—Mr. Parnell, the new President of the Home Rule Confederation, accompanied by other members of the Obstructive clique, commenced a round of visits to the various branches of the organisation. They were at Hull on Monday, and at Newcastle on Wednesday. At the latter place a local politician warned the meeting that the Obstructives were touting the country in order to oust Mr. Butt from his position as leader of the Irish party; but Mr. O'Connor Power declared that if a vote of want of confidence in Mr. Butt was proposed he should oppose it both by voice and vote.—Mr. Butt, after consultation with his friends, has decided not to appear before his constituents at Limerick, but to publish a letter expressing his opinions on the political situation.—Sir C. Dilke spoke at a meeting of the electors of Chelsea, on Tuesday last. He criticised the past session, and urged the necessity for a redistribution of political power. On the Eastern Question he said he blamed the past conduct of negotiations by the Government, but could not sympathise with the eulogists of Russia. It seemed unlikely that the war would end this year, and it was therefore the less necessary to discuss the future of the Turkish Empire. Should the break up of the Turkish dominion in Europe come, he hoped that the claims of Greece would not be overlooked, or, in the interests not so much of England as of the Egyptian people, the claims of England to hold rule in Egypt. Lord Kensington, M.P., who presided, referring to Sir S. Northcote's recent speech, said that the late elections in Shropshire, Northamptonshire, and Westminster could not be regarded as tests of the Conservative position; the two counties were Conservative strongholds, and the walk-over in Westminster was permitted by the Liberals because it would have been an ungracious act to put Mr. Smith to the trouble and expense of a contest.—Mr. Gladstone had some more political visitors at Hawarden on Saturday. He spoke to them of the advantages of co-operation in all things, especially amusements, and then turning to the eternal Eastern Question, said that the Turkish Government had put itself beyond the pale of belief, and that he hoped the Russians would earn immortal glory by delivering the oppressed provinces without turning the work to selfish aims.——Dr. Kenealy wants "a million sixpences" (so says the *Englishman*), wherewith to fight the Whigs and Tories by bringing forward "Tichborne candidates" in every borough. He says that the Magna Charta Society has no money, but does not state what has been done with the subscriptions of the two or three thousand members of whom he used to boast.

MISCELLANEOUS.——General Grant is being received with high honour in Scotland. He has already been presented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, and is to receive that of the burghs of Elgin, Inverness, Dundee, and Perth.—The Mansion House Indian Famine Fund on Wednesday amounted to 96,000*l.* —The Lord-Mayor has received a telegram from the Viceroy, stating that the funds will be managed by local committees under the supervision of a central committee at Madras, and that no differences now exist between the Supreme Government and this committee, although their action is quite distinct. The prices of food are still rising, although the agricultural prospects in the famine districts are slightly improved, in consequence of some rain having fallen.—The Hospital Saturday collections were made in London last week; about 150 ladies sat in the streets in various parts of the metropolis with collecting boxes. The amount collected has not yet been announced.—The Sheffield Cutlers' Feast was held on Thursday under the presidency of Mr. David Ward, the Master Cutler Elect.—Very dreary accounts of the weather still come from the North, and from the West of England. In Scotland the heavy rain continues, and the mountain tops are already covered with snow. In Wales roads and railways are submerged, and many buildings have been destroyed and cattle washed away.—The Walker Art Gallery, at Liverpool was inaugurated on Thursday by Lord Derby. There was a great demonstration in acknowledgment of the munificence of the donor, Mr. A. B. Walker, the Mayor, who was entertained at a banquet in the evening. A view of the building appeared in our issue of May 5th, Vol. XV., No. 388.—Some foolish or malevolent persons in America are sending over packets of living Colorado beetles through the post. On Tuesday no fewer than sixteen were found in a box at the Edinburgh Post Office, and on the following day another packet, containing half-a-dozen, was discovered at Dublin.—The blockade of Fleet Street was raised on Thursday, when traffic was resumed after a stoppage of nearly three months.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——Time was when professionals and amateurs crowded to Warwick intent on hearing some news anent the Leger the week before it was run. But nowadays Turf secrets are not long kept, and "the wire" is always so busy conveying intelligence and instructions to and from the remotest corners of the land that a man need hardly leave the most distant grouse moor in order to bear all that is worth hearing and do what business it is in his heart to do. Hence, like Bath before the Derby, Warwick before the Leger is but a shadow of its former self; and the recent gathering was perhaps the most languid and uninteresting ever held under Mr. S. Merry's auspices, both bookmakers and backers being conspicuously absent; indeed, unless something be quickly done it would almost seem that the meeting is threatened with extinction. Not one good field was seen at the post during the two days, and there was hardly a contest of real interest. Both the Cup and Her Majesty's Plate resulted in walks over; while the Leamington Stakes was reduced to a match, in which Mr. Spraggett's hunter Northfleet beat Finis, who started with 5 to 2 on him. This unlucky horse must by this time have almost ruined backers, who on principle —or rather on *a* principle—follow a horse till he does win. Even the Grendon Nursery, the first two-year-old handicap of the season, could only bring out four runners, of whom Cremation, the fairly-named son of Sutlee, was made favourite and won.—Horsey Yorkshire produced a very far superior meeting at Richmond, where big fields were the order of the day. Thus on the first day nine contested the Trial Plate, won by Scottie; eleven the Richmond Handicap, won by Constantine; and the same number the Cup, won by Telescope. On the same day the spots of Lord Zetland were to the fore in the Sapling Stakes and Easby Nursery, both of which were credited to his lordship by the Speculum and Flotilla colt. Very different to what was the case at Warwick, Her Majesty's Plate produced six starters, including such high-class horses as Thorn and Glendale, who ran first and second in the order given, and according to their respective favouritism. The Belsay Selling Plate and the Burton Welter were both taken by Mr. Barras's Bogie in fields of nine and thirteen respectively—a pretty good performance for one day. The "Black Country" meeting at Wolverhampton concluded the week; and now the eyes of all Turfy men are turned on Doncaster. Presuming the weather is fine, as it generally is at this season of the year, there is every prospect of the coming anniversary of that celebrated fixture being one of the most interesting and enjoyable on record, while the yearling and other thorough-bred sales will be more attractive than ever. Since our last memoranda Chamant has left the front ranks of Leger favourites; and Fontainebleau, who arrived in this country a few days ago, is at the time of writing second on the list of quotations at about 4 to 1, Silvio still retaining his pride of place. His stable companion, Lady Golightly, who has been backed for perhaps more money than any other animal during the week, experienced some opposition at Warwick on the Wednesday, it being rumoured that something had gone amiss with her. It does not seem, however, that there is any real cause for alarm to the supporters of her ladyship.

CRICKET.——As oysters fairly come in, so cricket fairly goes out with the first month that has an *r* in it. It is not, however, meant by this that cricket has actually come to a standstill, but the "beginning of the end" has shown itself. Yorkshire, like Notts, has been going down hill this season, and at Scarborough has been beaten by the M.C.C. by seven wickets, and by the I Zingari, the county team making only 37 in their second innings against the latter. Except on the ground of the proverbial uncertainties of cricket, to which Earl Beaconsfield's aphorism, to the effect that the improbable is probable, is very applicable, no one could suppose for a moment that success would attend

Surrey, though with blushing honours thick upon her, in her contest with Gloucestershire at Clifton. However, she made 121 in her first innings, while Gloucestershire only marked 172. But the second effort of the Southerners was a terrible failure, for in less than an hour and a half their ten wickets were prostrated for a miserable 53, the bowling of Midwinter and W. G. Grace being "quite too good." It may be noted that even if it can be said that the batting of W. G. has not been so brilliant this season as in one or two former ones, his bowling has eclipsed the exhibitions of all previous seasons, while his general fielding is as perfect as ever.—Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire, the latter of which counties seems earnestly striving to cultivate our national game, have antagonised again at Hitchin, to the discomfiture of the Bedfordshireites.—The match between Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire at Sheffield ended in a draw greatly in favour of the former. This is the last of the inter-cricket for the season.

Aquatics.——The annual twelve-oar match of the London Rowing Club resulted in a victory for Cowles's crew, though they beat Horton's by barely a clear length.—It was a well-rowed race.

Shooting.——The evil weather in Scotland, and moors reduced to the condition of a soaked sponge, have made grouse shooting during the past week a sorry sport, and in many districts an impossibility. The 1st of September, in most parts of England at least, was indeed a "glorious first," both meteorologically and in a sporting point of view, the reports from almost all parts showing a very fair supply of strong healthy birds.

Polo.——It is a matter of deep regret that the accident which recently happened to a gallant officer of the 10th Hussars during a match between the Hythe and Shorncliffe garrisons has terminated fatally. That there is something more than a "spice" of danger in polo must be admitted; but it is so fine a game, and so well suited for cavalry officers, that it is to be hoped that even so painful a catastrophe as that alluded to will not lead to any agitation for the discontinuance of the pastime.

Boxing.——Are "the authorities" aware that what are called "boxing" matches, going on all over the kingdom, are to all intents and purposes prize-fighting under another name?

THEATRES

The new romantic play entitled *Liz, or that Lass o' Lowrie's*, brought out at the **Opera Comique** Theatre on Saturday last, has justified the favourable reports of its performance in Liverpool, where it first saw the light some months ago. It is a melodrama; yet its interest does not depend entirely upon excitement. It has that most important perhaps of all features in a work of this kind, a pathetic story leading to a happy termination. It blends the humorous with the serious in the fashion which experience has shown to be demanded by the patrons of this form of dramatic entertainment. The authors, moreover, have the valuable faculty of knowing how to get on with their story, and their scenes of "sensation" are not the mere arbitrary additions which scenes of this sort often are. This, it is true, is not a production of a very high order; with the remarkable exception of the heroine it displays nothing like subtlety in the delineation of character, its villains being of the old deep-dyed and uncompromising kind, and its good-natured people indicating their good nature by familiar and approved methods. Yet there are no glaring inconsistencies in the doings of these people or in the conduct of the story, and their proceedings on the whole excite interest and expectation. In these and in most other respects, this play is superior to most pieces of its class produced in recent times. Compared with Mr. Meritt's melodrama *The Golden Plough*, recently produced at the **Adelphi**, this might almost be accounted a great work, and the authors have at least steered clear of the puerile inventions and causeless effects which render the version of Mr. Collins' *Dead Secret*, now performed at the Lyceum, so perplexing and unsatisfactory. Considerable credit is due to Mr. Joseph Hatton and Mr. Arthur Matthison for the skill with which they have recast in dramatic form the American novelist Mrs. Burnett's novel of Lancashire life on which the play is founded.

The story of *Liz* is that of a poor Lancashire girl, the neglected daughter of a miner named Lowrie, who has the reputation of being the greatest ruffian in the neighbourhood. Lowrie's villainy does not stop short of murder, or at least of attempted murder, and all this on no greater provocation than an attempt, on the part of a worthy young engineer named Derrick, to save Lowrie's own class from some of the worst dangers of underground life. Derrick, who is the good genius of the story, alternately rebuking hard-hearted, mercenary colliery proprietors, who are careless about the lives of their pitmen, and reading the pitmen themselves lessons in good morals and in political economy, has objected to pipes being lighted in the mines, and safety-lamps being opened for this purpose in the neighbourhood of foul air; he has also insisted on Waddle ventilating fans being substituted for the old-fashioned ventilation by furnaces, on the score not merely of economy, but of greater safety. This is more than Lowrie can endure. Accordingly, the latter lays a scheme to murder Derrick; but Liz is there to watch over the young engineer's life, and to protect him from harm. In pursuit of this object she is more than once in imminent peril. On one occasion her brutal father, blinded with rage at her opposition and with fear of discovery, is about to hurl her into the pit, when Derrick rescues her. On another occasion, when there is an explosion in the mine, and Derrick is known to be under ground, the heroic girl insists on descending with the others to the rescue. The scoundrel Lowrie is slain by his confederates in a dark ambush in mistake for Derrick, and thenceforth matters proceed more peacefully to the end which has been foreseen—namely, the union of Derrick with his generous protector. With this there is blended a pleasing, though not very novel or ingenious underplot; while the sayings and doings of a Lancashire "original," known as "Owd Sammy," a part played by Mr. J. G. Taylor with the humour and sense of character which this excellent actor possesses, and some other minor Lancashire types, serve to lighten the sombre cast of the main line of the story. The main interest, however, centres in Liz, who is no mere virtuous abstraction, but a complex and skilfully drawn character, the lights and shades of which are brought into admirable relief by the fine impressive acting of Miss Rose Leclercq.

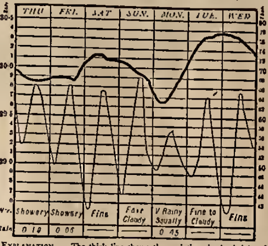
The **Vaudeville** Theatre, owing to the immense success of *Our Boys*, has long ceased to give any trouble to the dramatic chronicler beyond that of recording the completion of another stage in its interminable career. This week it has reached its 850th representation with apparently no abatement of its popularity. All country visitors go to see *Our Boys* with what is substantially the original cast, and it appears to be also regarded as a duty incumbent on London playgoers to drop in at the Vaudeville now and then and see it again, for otherwise it may be asked where do audiences come from. While on this subject let us note that Miss Bessie Hollingshead has succeeded to Miss Amy Roselle's part, which she sustains with all the youthful grace and charm which have won her so much favour at the Court Theatre and the Gaiety. Perhaps it is too much to expect that these qualities will outlast the popularity of Mr. Byron's famous comedy, though as Miss Hollingshead is very young there is nothing wildly absurd in the suggestion.

The Mohawk Minstrels.——Mr. Edgar Mowbray, one of the principals of this clever troupe of negro melodists, announces his benefit for Wednesday next, the 12th inst., when the programme will include some of the finest Old English Ballads. The Mohawks are still located in the Large Concert Hall of the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

August 30th to September 5th (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——During the greater part of this week pressure was in a very unsettled state, depressions passing quickly over these islands, and causing the barometer to oscillate considerably. On Monday, the 3rd instant, however, after the passage of a deep depression right over the south-east of England, the barometer rose briskly, and continued to rise until Tuesday evening, the 4th instant, when a fall set in. Temperature has been low for the time of year all through, and early on the mornings of both Saturday, the 1st instant, and Wednesday, the 5th instant, fell to 40° in the shade; while on Wednesday, the 5th instant, the thermometer, on the grass, descended to 32°, and slight frost was formed. The weather was showery on Thursday, the 30th, and Friday, the 31st ultimo, and very heavy rain accompanied the depression of Monday, the 3rd instant; but the other days have been fine, or only slightly cloudy. The wind was west to south-west during the early part of this period; but has been north-west since Monday, the 3rd instant. On the evening of that day it blew strongly. The barometer was highest (30·36) on Tuesday night, the 4th instant; lowest (29·64) on Monday morning, the 3rd instant. The thermometer was highest (68°) on Sunday, the 2nd instant; lowest (40°) on Wednesday, the 5th instant. Total rainfall, 0·70 inches, falling on three days; greatest fall, 0·45 inches, on Monday, the 3rd instant.

Scraps

The Annual Exhibition of the East Tower Hamlets Floricultural Society, under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., held last week in the extensive grounds of the Grecian Theatre, City Road, was a decided success.

"**Paragrammakleptists**" is the title by which literary "borrowers" are in future to be termed by the *San Francisco Newsletter*. Another coined word, invented by a Kansas editor, is "Czarsparilla," which forms the heading to the war news in his paper.

A curious Sign has been adopted by a native baker at Rupar, proud of his knowledge of English. "European loafer" is printed in large letters over his door, and the baker is evidently quite unaware of the colloquial uncomplimentary meaning of the word.

"**What is the Difference between Civilisation and Barbarism?**" recently asked a schoolboy of his papa. "Simply this, my boy," was the reply. "Civilisation consists of knowing the art of killing your enemy at two miles distance with a cannon ball, while to kill him with a sabre at arm's length is barbarism."

A somewhat Novel Editorial Difficulty was announced in the *Himalaya Chronicle* a few weeks since as follows:—"We have to apologise to our readers for the paucity of matter in to-day's issue, in consequence of some of our staff having absconded after having drawn more pay than was due to them."

A costly Map is stated by *Engineering* to be in course of preparation by the Belgian Government, which has ordered the construction of a new geographical map of Belgium. The work will extend over seventeen years, and will cost 56,600*l.* The first instalment is proposed to be exhibited next year at the Paris Exhibition.

The White House at Washington, in America, the residence of the President, is said to have received its name from the circumstance that after the destruction of Washington public buildings by the British in 1814, the sandstone of the President's house was found so stained and discoloured by fire and smoke as to require pointing all over with white paint.

The Number of our London Boulevards is gradually increasing, and the *Gardener's Magazine* tells us that the Camberwell Vestry have adopted the recommendation of the General Purposes Committee to plant 388 trees in the Old Kent Road, 24 in Camberwell Road, 86 in Camberwell New Road, and 60 in Peckham Road. But how about the long-promised avenue up the Camden Road?

The Bicentenary of Original German Opera is to be celebrated at Hamburg next January. According to the *Musical Times*, it will then be two hundred years since the first representation on any stage of an original German operatic work. The piece then performed was called appropriately enough *Adam und Eva, oder der Erschaffene, Gefallene, und Aufgerichtete Mensch* (Adam and Eve; or, Man Created, Fallen, and Raised Up). The text is written by the laureate poet, Richter, the music by Johann Theile.

A new Species of Scarecrow is described by the *Live Stock Journal*:—"It is invented on scientific principles, which will not only be a terror to the crow, but to small birds and men. It involves the artificial hawk made from a large potato, and long goose and turkey feathers. It is astonishing what a ferocious bird of prey can be constructed from the above simple materials. It only remains to hang the object from a tall bent pole and the wind will do the rest. The bird will make swoops and dashes in the most threatening manner."

A new Calculating Machine has been invented by a Michigan watchmaker. It contains 2,100 specially-formed pieces, and, including screws and rivets, over 3,000. It works with perfect accuracy, will use a multiplier or divisor of twelve figures, divide one number by another, subtract or multiply, at one operation. The machine gave the answer to the following compound interest question in forty-five seconds:—What is the compound interest of 5,630 dollars 75 cents for twenty years at 7 per cent? Answer—16,158 dollars 47 cents.

The Advertising Nuisance, which so sorely tries the patience of a traveller hurriedly looking for his train in a railway time-table, or a theatre-goer anxious to ascertain the cast of the piece he has come to see, is even worse across the Atlantic, where some of the hotels have their bills of fare with the fly-leaf covered with cards of various business houses. Recently, when a waiter appeared with the inevitable "What will you have, sir?" an angry traveller remarked, "You may fetch me a new set of teeth in gutta-percha, an improved sewing machine with lock stitch, a box of pills, and a pair of calf-skin boots."

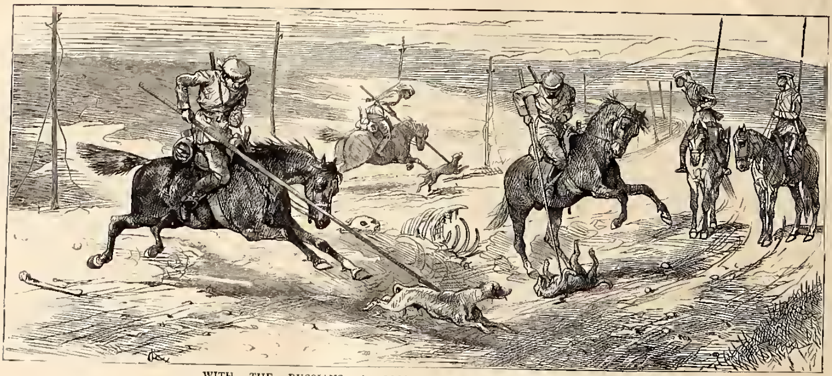
A Monster Concert Hall and Winter Garden is to be erected in New York. The buildings will be of iron and glass, will cover an entire square, and will be two storeys high. The first floor will be converted into arcades on the plan of the Palais Royal at Paris and the Victor Emmanuel Gallery at Milan, and there are to be 130 shops, the arcades being intersected by four wide thoroughfares. A garden, concert room, and restaurant are to be arranged upstairs, reached by large double staircases from below, and the orchestra will be placed so that the music can be heard as well from the garden as from the hall. The cost is estimated at 100,000*l.*

London Mortality again decreased last week, and 1,238 deaths were registered against 1,261 during the previous seven days, a decline of 23, being 215 below the average and at the rate of 18·3 per 1,000. There were 20 from small-pox, 17 from measles (a decrease of 12), 26 from scarlet fever (the highest number registered in any week since the beginning of June), 5 from diphtheria (an increase of 3), 19 from whooping-cough, 18 from different forms of fever, and 154 from diarrhœa (a decline of 4). There were 2,469 births registered, being an increase of 173, and exceeding the average by 169. The duration of sunshine in the week was 37·8 hours out of 96 hours that the sun was above the horizon, and the mean temperature was 59·5 deg., or 0·6 deg. below the average.

A Rain Tree is the latest novelty reported from across the Atlantic. The consul of the United States of Columbia writes from Yurimagus to President Prado, informing him that in the woods adjacent to the city of Moyobamba exists a tree called by the natives rain tree, which possesses some remarkable qualities. It is a tree of about fifty feet high when at maturity, and about three feet in diameter at the base, and has the property of absorbing an immense quantity of humidity from the atmosphere, which it concentrates and subsequently pours forth from its leaves and branches in a shower, and in such abundance that in many cases the ground of its neighbourhood is converted into a perfect bog. It possesses this curious property in its greatest degree in the summer, precisely when the rivers are at their lowest, and water most scarce; and the writer proposes that it should be planted in the more arid regions of Peru for the benefit of agriculturists.

A marvellous Botanical Discovery has been made by the *Times of India*, which tells us that "whilst Professor Tyndall is watching infusions of hay and turnips for some signs of life, the Chinese could give him a plant which undoubtedly evolves into a living creature. They have a plant called ginseng, and this, after growing for three centuries, is inspired through the starlight by the spirits of the hills and rivers; then to burst into the shape and form of a man. In course of time the new creature can leave the earth and dwell among the stars; but the most wonderful part about him is his white blood, which is a sovereign cure for all diseases, and a safeguard against mortality. It is very hard, however, to get this white blood, this divine ichor. To begin with, you must be extremely pious, and must pray and fast for some while before making the attempt. Then the plant-spirit may be deluded into believing that a red paper lamp with seven purple stars is the Great Bear; and he comes near, being a star-worshipper. A net is kept handy, the spirit caught, and his arm cut with a knife of agate, and the drops of white blood caught in a vessel of the purest jade. As a few drops will bring a dead man to life, they are naturally valuable; and we commend them to the proprietor of the Amritaras, the Elixir of Immortality."

Audi alteram Partem.——Mothers-in-law have from time immemorial been the butt of the witty and the sarcastic, but a worm will turn, and one of these much-abused matrons, writing to the *Chicago Tribune*, thus takes up the cudgels in the following letter which, to say the least of it, is worth consideration:—"I have a few words I would like to say with regard to daughters-in-law. I have seen several articles in the paper against mothers-in-law, but it is very seldom you see one against daughters-in-law. Now, I am a persecuted mother-in-law. My house was a perfect little paradise till my daughter-in-law was brought home. I think where a son takes a wife to his mother's home, if she is a right kind of a woman, it is no trouble to get along. There are some their own parents can't live with. They get married, and go to live with their husband's folks, and if they live like cats and dogs it is all laid to the poor mother-in-law, when they are the evil ones. For my part I have a great deal of sympathy for mothers-in-law, and I think you would, too, if you were in my place. There is one advice I would like to give to young men. Don't marry until you have a home of your own to take a wife to. Don't give your poor mother, who has nursed you in your infancy—idolised you—any cause for trouble; let her go to her grave in peace. How many families there are whose homes are a little Eden till a daughter-in-law was taken in the family?"



WITH THE RUSSIANS—A COSSACK RAID ON TURKISH DOGS

ABKHASIAN MOUNTAINEERS

ABKHASIA is a somewhat undefined strip of the country lying between the great Caucasian Mountain range and the Black Sea, west of Swanetia and Mingrelia. It is rich in fertile soil and forests, but the inhabitants are too inactive to reap the benefits and advantages conferred upon them by Nature.

Under Russian dominion since 1823 (their last ruling Prince—Michael—having solicited a Russian occupation of the country), they have in no way profited by the protection of a civilised government, while their neighbours, the Mingrelians, have prospered in wealth and education.

From 1771 to 1823 the Abkhasians were independent, but they failed to better their lot as an independent race, as they have failed to do as the subjects of an Empire which, to quote a hostile witness (Mr. Oliphant) "has improved the material condition, and developed the internal resources of the country." In 1862 a deputation from Abkhasia came to England to implore the protection of the Queen of Great Britain against Russia; that is to say, against a Power which took Abkhasia under its sway at the express desire of the last ruling Prince of this territory.

That Abkhasians should want to get rid of the Russians is not surprising. Doubtless, in the same way some of H. B. M.'s subjects would like to see the backs of the redcoats. But it is better for the world at large that Providence has ordained the subjugation of tribes, whose hand is against every man, to an authority which exacts and enforces observance of laws, and respect of property.

Recent events have shown that the Abkhasians as yet have no idea of either. That is why they welcomed the Turks,—they saw a way to escape from the restraint imposed by Russian rule upon their brigand instincts.

But when the Osmanli tried to subject them to the simplest discipline of warfare, they at once quarrelled with their allies. The latter, however, executed the disaffected among them, so that they found they had fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire.

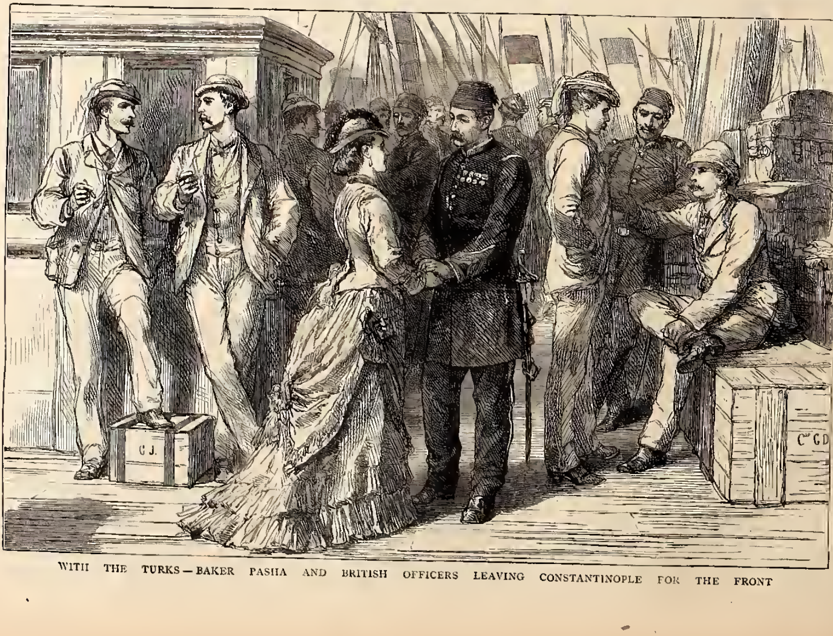
Five months ago they were living peaceably enough. Then a few emissaries of Turkey came into their country endeavouring to encourage discontent and rebellion, and in May the uprising of the Abkhas tribes took place, and Turkish troops disembarked at Soukhoum Kaleh.

If the Turks reckoned upon the Swanetians, Ossetes, and Karatchai mountaineers joining them on their landing, they were counting their chickens before they were hatched, and might have known better, for in 1856 the Mahommedan tribes of the Caucasus gave no assistance to Osman Pasha, whose expedition to the Caucasus was as great a failure as the present one.

It may be surmised that the Abkhasians only joined the Turks in the hopes of plenty of plunder, for, when they discovered that the Nizam troops kept the booty, they thought about saying good-bye to their friends from over the sea as quickly as possible, and began to treat with Prince Shernoseedje, the hereditary Prince of Abkhasia, a faithful subject of the Emperor of Russia, for their return and submission to the Czar.

However, when the Turks withdrew from the Caucasus, many of them, fearing the just wrath of the Russians, left their country, which has been dreadfully devastated and despoiled in the last few months. Soukhoum Kaleh, amongst other places, is a heap of rubbish.

The Abkhasians are of a repulsive, savage appearance, neglectful of their person, and without much, if any, notion of religion. They wear the common Caucasian woolly peaked hat (*papakha*), and the thick, shabby, sheepskin cloak (*bourka*), and live principally on *lavàshi* cakes made of maize, salted cheese, beans, fruit, and *hanseli*, a kind of leek which all the tribes of the Caucasus are fond of. They inhabit either underground hovels (*saclas*), thatched with twigs and straw, or huts raised on poles above the ground.



WITH THE TURKS—BAKER PASHA AND BRITISH OFFICERS LEAVING CONSTANTINOPLE FOR THE FRONT

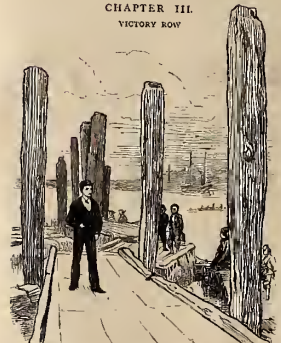
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER III.

VICTORY ROW



MRS. JERAM was a weekly tenant in one of a row of small four-roomed houses known as Victory Row, which led out of Nelson Street, and was a broad blind court, bounded on one side and at the end by the Dockyard wall. It was not a dirty and confined court, but quite the reverse, being large, clean, and a very Cathedral Close for quietness. The wall, built of a warm red brick, had a broad and sloping top, on which grew wall-flowers, long grasses, and stonecrop; overhanging the wall was a row of great elms, in the branches of which there was a rookery, so that all day long you could listen if you wished to the talk of the rooks. Now this is never querulous, angry, or argumentative. The rook does not combat an adversary's opinion: he merely states his own; if the other one does not agree with him he states it again, but without temper. If you watch them and listen you will come to the conclusion that they are not theorists, like poor humans, but simple investigators of fact. It has a restful sound, the talk of rooks: you listen in the early morning, and they assist your sleeping half-dream without waking you; or in the evening they carry your imagination away to woods and sweet country glades. They have cut down the elms now, and driven the rooks to find another shelter. Very likely, in their desire to sweep away everything that is pretty, they have torn the wall-flowers and grasses off the wall, as well. And if these are gone, no doubt Victory Row has lost its only charm. If I were to visit it now, I should probably find it squalid and mean. The eating of the tree of knowledge so often makes things that once we loved look squalid.

But to childhood nothing is unlovely in which the imagination can light upon something to feed it. It is the blessed province of all children, high and low, to find themselves at the gates of Paradise, and quite certainly Tom the Piper's son, sitting under a hedge with a raw potato for plaything, is every bit as happy as a little Prince of Wales. The possibilities of the world which opens out before us are infinite: while the glories of the world we have left behind are still clinging to the brain and shed a supernatural colouring on everything. At six, it is enough to live: to awake in the morning to the joy of another day: to eat, sleep, play, and wonder: to revel in the vanities of childhood: to wanton in make-believe superiority; to admire the deeds of bigger children: to emulate them, like Icarus: and too often, like that greatly daring youth, to fall.

Try to remember, if you can, something of the mental attitude of childhood; recall, if you may, some of the long thoughts of early days. To begin with, God was quite close to you; up among the stars. He was seated somewhere, ready to give you whatever you wanted; everybody was a friend, and everybody was occupied all day long about your personal concerns; you had not yet arrived at the boyishness of forming plans for the future. You were still engaged in imitating, exercising, wondering. Every man was a demi-god—you had not yet arrived at the consciousness that you might become yourself a man; the resources of a woman—to whom belong bread, butter, sugar, cake, and jam—were unbounded; everything that you saw was full of strange and mysterious interest. You had not yet learned to sneer, to criticise, to compare, and to down-cry.

Mrs. Jeram's house, therefore, in my eyes contained everything that heart of man could crave for. The green-painted door opened into a room which was at once reception room, dining-room, and kitchen; furnished, too, though that I did not know, in anticipation of the present fashion, having plates of blue and white china stuck round the walls. The walls were built of that warm red brick which time covers with a coating of grey-like moss. You find it everywhere among the old houses of the south of England, but I suppose the clay is all used up, because I see none of it in the new houses.

We were quite respectable people in Victory Row. Of that I am quite sure, because Mrs. Jeram would have made the place much too lively by the power and persistence of her tongue for other than respectable people. We were seafaring folk, of course; and in every house was something strange from foreign parts. To this day I never see anything new in London shops or in museums without a backward rush of associations which lands me once more in Victory Row. For the sailors' wives had all these things long ago, before inland people ever heard of them. There were Japanese cabinets picked up in Chinese ports long before Japan was open. There was curious carved wood and ivory work from Canton. These things were got during the Chinese war; and there was a public-house in a street hard by which was decorated, instead of a red window-blind, like other such establishments, with a splendid picture representing some of the episodes in that struggle. All the Chinese were running away in a disgraceful stampede, while Jack Tar, running after them, caught hold of their pigtails with the left hand, and deftly cut off their heads with the right, administering at the same time a frolicsome kick. John Chinaman's legs were generally both off the ground together, such was his fear. Then there were carved ostrich eggs; wonderful things from the Brazils in feathers; frail delicacies in coral from the Philippines known as Venus's flower baskets; grewsome-looking cases from the West Indies containing centipedes, scorpions, beetles, and tarantulas; small turtle shells, dried flying-fish, which came out in moist exudations during wet weather and smelt like haddock; shells of all kinds, big and little; clubs, tomahawks, and other queer weapons carved in wood from the Pacific; stuffed humming birds and birds of Paradise. There were live birds, too; avvadavats, Java sparrows, love birds, parroquets, and parrots in plenty. There was one parrot, at the corner house, who affected the ways of one suffering from incurable consumption—he was considered intensely comic by children and persons of strong stomach and small imagination; there were parrots who came, stayed a little while, and were then taken away and sold, who spoke foreign tongues with amazing volubility, who swore worse than Gresset's Vert Vert, and who whistled as beautifully as a boatswain—the same airs, too. The specimens which belonged to Art or inanimate Nature were ranged upon a table at the window. They generally stood or were grouped around a large Bible, which it was a point of ceremonial to have in the house. The live birds were hung outside in sunny weather, all except the parrot with the perpetual cold, who walked up and down the court by himself and coughed. The streets surrounding us were, like our own, principally inhabited by mariners and their families, and presented similar characteristics, so that one moved about in a great museum open for general inspection during daylight, and free for all the world. Certain I am that if all the rare and curious things displayed in these windows had been collected and preserved the town would have had a most characteristic and remarkable museum of its own.

Victory Row is the very earliest place that I remember. How I got there, the dangers to which I was exposed in infancy, the wild tragedy which robbed me of both parents,—these things I was to learn later on because I remembered nothing of them. I was in Mrs. Jeram's house, with three other boys. There was Jem, the oldest. His surname was Ilex, and as it was always pronounced without the aspirate I thought, when I had learned the alphabet, that to be named after one of the letters was a singular distinction, and most enviable. Jem was a big boy, a good-natured, silent lad, who spent his whole time on the beach among the sailors. Moses came next. I never knew Moses' surname. He was a surly and ill-conditioned boy. Leonard Copleston, the third, was my protector and my friend. The day, so far as I can recollect, always began with a fight between Leonard and Moses. Later on, towards dinner-time, there would be another fight. And the evening never ended without one or two more fights. From my indistinct recollection of this period I fancy that whenever Leonard and Moses came within a few yards of each other they as naturally rushed into battle as a Russian and a Turk. And the only good point about Moses was that he was always ready to renew the battle. For he hated Leonard; I suppose because Leonard was as handsome, bright, and clever, as he was ugly, lowering, and stupid.

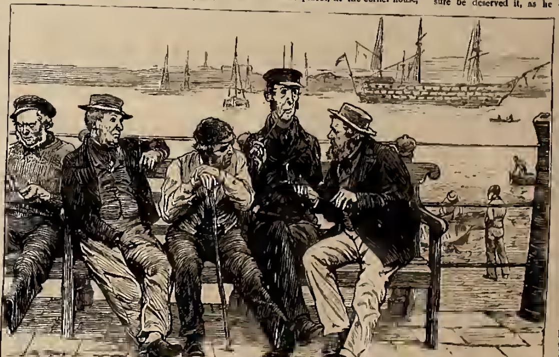
Naturally, at the age of five one does not inquire into antecedents of people. So that it was much later when I learned the circumstances under which we four boys were collected beneath one roof. They were characteristic of the place. The paternal Moses, returning from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean, discovered that his wife, a lady of fickle disposition, had deserted. In other words, she was gone away, leaving a message for her husband to the effect that little Moses, the pledge of their affections, and his curious collection of china brought from foreign parts would between them console him for her loss. So he put the boy under the charge of Mrs. Jeram, gave her a sum of money for the child's maintenance until he came back again; smashed the crockery in a rage; wept but little, if at all, for his ruined household gods; went away, and never came back any more. Jem Ilex, on the other hand, was the son of a real widower, also a Royal Navy man, and he was left with Mrs. Jeram to be taken care of under much the same circumstances except that he was regularly paid for. As for Leonard, you will hear about him presently. In one respect he was worse off than any of us, because we had friends and he had none. There was, for instance, an aunt belonging to Moses who came to see him about once a month. In the course of the interview she always caned him, I do not know why; perhaps because she felt sure he deserved it, as he certainly did, perhaps because she thought it a thing due to her own dignity as the boy's only relative. She wore a dress, the splendour of whose original black colour was marred by patches of brown snuff lying in the creases. She was a stiff and stately dame of forbidding appearance, and manners which were conventional. Thus, she always began the conversation, before she caned Moses, by remarking, even in August, that the weather was "raw." The monthly caning was the only thing, I know now, that she ever contributed towards the maintenance and education of her nephew. Jem Ilex had plenty of uncles and other relations. One was a harbour boatman, a jolly old man, who had been in the wars; one was a dockyard foreman, and one was a ship's carpenter. They used to drop into Victory Row for a talk on Sunday afternoons when the weather was warm. I used to envy Jem his superior position in the world and his family connections.

I had friends, too, in plenty, but they were of a different kind. Not rich to begin with—not holders of official rank, and unconnected in any way with the Royal Navy, and, which stamped them at once as objects of pity and contempt, they were unable to speak the English tongue except with difficulty. They were big and bearded men; they had scars on their faces, and went sometimes maim and halt; they were truculent of aspect, but kindly of eye. When they came into our court they took me up gently, carried me about, kissed me, and generally brought me some little simple gift, such as an orange or an apple.

Somehow or other I learned that these friends of mine were Poles, and that they had a great barrack all to themselves, close to the walls, whither I used to be sometimes carried. It was a narrow building, built of black tarred wood, with windows at both sides, so that you saw the light quite through the house.

It stood just under the walls, almost in the shade of the great elms. Within it were upwards of a hundred Poles, living chiefly on the tenpence a day which the English Government allowed them for their support, with this barn-like structure to house them. They were desperately poor, all of them living mostly on bread and frugal cabbage soup. Out of their poverty, out of their tenpence a day, some of these poor fellows found means by clubbing together to pay Mrs. Jeram, week by week, for my support. They went hungry that I might eat and thrive; they came every day, some of them, to see that I was well cared for. They took me to their barrack, and made me their pet and plaything; there was nothing they were not ready to do for me, because I was the child of Roman Pulaski and Claudia his wife.

The one who came oftenest, stayed the longest, and seemed in an especial manner to be my guardian, was a man who was grey



A wooden bench was placed along the iron railing near the beach, on which sat every day and all day long old sailors, in a row. . . . They sat still, and sat steadily, in hot weather and in cold. The oddest thing about this line of veterans was that they all seemed to have wooden legs.

when I first remember him. He had long hair and a full grey beard. There was a great red gash in his cheek which turned white when he grew excited or was moved. He limped with one foot because some Russian musket ball had struck him in the heel; and he had singularly deep-set eyes, with heavy eyebrows. I have never seen anything like the sorrowfulness of Wassielewski's eyes. Other Poles had reason for sorrow. They were all exiles together, they were separated from their families without a hope that the terrible Nicholas, who hated a rebel Pole with all the strength of his autocratic hatred, would ever let them return; they were all in poverty, but these men looked happy. Wassielewski alone never smiled, and carried always that low light of melancholy in his eyes, as if not only the past was sad, but the future was charged with more sorrow. On one day in the year he brought me *immortelles*, tied with a black ribbon. He told me they were in memory of my father, Roman Pulaski, now dead and in heaven, and of my mother, also dead, and now sitting among the saints and martyrs. I used to wonder at those times to see the eyes which rested on me so tenderly melt and fill with tears.

Three or four days in the week, sometimes every day, Mrs. Jeram went out charing. As she frequently came home bearing with her a scent of soapsuds, and having her hands creased and fingers supernaturally white, it is fair to suppose that she went out washing at eighteenpence a day. Something, indeed, it was necessary to do, with four hungry boys to keep, only two of whom paid anything for their daily bread, and Mrs. Jeram—she was a hard-featured woman, with a resolute face—must have been possessed of more than the usual share of Christian charity to keep Moses in her house at all, even as a paying boarder, much less as one who ate and drank largely, and brought to the house nothing at all but discord and ill temper. And besides the food to provide, with some kind of clothing, there was always "Tenderart," who called every Monday morning.

He was the owner of the houses in the Row, and he came for his rent. His name was Barnfather, and the appellation of Tenderart, a compound illustrating the law of phonetic decay, derived from the two words *tender heart*, was bestowed upon him by reason of the uncompromising hardness of heart, worse than that of any Pharaoh, with which he encountered, as sometimes happened, any deficiency in the weekly rent. Behind him—the tool of his uncomprising rigour—walked a man with a blanket, a man whose face was wooden. If the rent was not paid that man opened his blanket, and wrapped it round some article of household furniture, silently pointed out by Tenderart, as an equivalent.

My early childhood, spent among these kindly people, was thus very rich in the things which stimulate the imagination. Strange and rare objects in every house, in every street, something from far-off lands, talk to be heard of foreign ports and bygone battles, the poor Poles in their bare and gaunt barracks, and then the place itself. I have spoken of the rookery beyond the flower-grown Dockyard wall. But beyond the rookery was the Dockyard itself, quiet and orderly, which I could see from the upper window of the house. There was the Long Row, where resided the Heads of Departments; the Short Row, in which lived functionaries of lower rank—I believe the two Rows do not know each other in society; there was the great Reservoir, supported on tall and spidery legs, beneath which stood piles of wood cut and dressed, and stacked for use; there was the Rope Walk, a quarter of a mile long, in which I knew walked incessantly up and down the workmen who turned hanks of yarn into strong cables smelling of fresh tar; there were the buildings where other workmen made blocks, bent beams, shaped all the parts of ships; there were the great places where they made and repaired machinery; there were the sheds themselves, where the mighty ships grew slowly day by day, miracles of man's constructive skill, in the dim twilight of their wooden cradles; there was a pool of sea water, in which lay timber to be seasoned, and sometimes I saw boys paddling up and down in it; there was always the busy crowd of officers and sailors going up and down, some of them godlike, with cocked hats, epaulettes, and swords.

And, all day long, never ceasing, the busy sound of the Yard. To strangers and visitors it was just a confused and deafening noise. When you got to know it you distinguished half-a-dozen distinct sounds which made up that inharmonious and yet not unpleasing whole. There was the chatter of the caulkers' mallets, which never ceased their tap, tap, tap, until you got used to the regular beat, and felt it no more than you felt the beating of your pulse. But it was a main part of the noise which made the life of the Yard. Next to the multitudinous mallets of the caulkers, which were like the never-ceasing hum and whisper of insects on a hot day, came the loud clanging of the hammer from the boiler-makers' shop. That might be likened, by a stretch of fancy, to the crowing of cocks in a farmyard. Then, all by itself, came a heavy thud which made the earth tremble, echoed all around, and silenced for a moment everything else. It came from the Nasmyth steam hammer; and always, running through all, and yet distinct, the r—r—r—r of the machinery, like the rustling of the leaves in the wind. Of course I say nothing about salutes, because every day a salute of some kind was thundering and rolling about the air as the ships came and went, each as tenacious of her number of guns as an Indian Rajah.

Beyond the Dockyard—you could not see it, but you felt it, and knew that it was there—was the broad blue lake of the harbour, crowded with old ships sacred to the memory of a hundred fights, lying in stately idlesse, waiting for the fiat of some ignorant and meddling First Lord ordering them to be broken up. As if it were anything short of wickedness to break up any single ship which has fought the country's battles and won her victories, until the tooth of Time, aided by barnacles, shall have rendered it impossible for her to keep afloat any longer.

When the last bell rang at six o'clock, and the workmen went away, all became quiet in the Dockyard. A great stillness began suddenly, and reigned there till the morning, unbroken save by the rooks which cawed in the elms, and the clock which struck the hours. And then one had to fall back on the less imaginative noises of Victory Row, where the parrot coughed, and the grass widows gathered together, talking and disputing in shrill concert, and Leonard fought Moses before going to bed, not without some din of battle.

CHAPTER IV.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Recollections of childhood are vague as a whole, but vivid in episodes. The days pass away, and leave no footprints on the sands, one being like another. And then one comes, bringing with it a trivial incident, which somehow catches hold of the childish imagination, and so lives for ever. There are two or three of these in my memory.

It is a sunshiny day, and, as the rooks are cawing all day in the elms, it must be spring. Sitting on the doorstep of Mrs. Jeram's, I am only conscious of the harmonious blending of sounds from the Dockyard. Victory Row is quiet, save for the consumptive parrot who walks in the shade of the wall coughing heavily, as if it was one of his worst days, and he had got a bronchial asthma on the top of his other complaints. With me is Leonard, dancing on the pavement to no music at all but the beating of his pulse, enough for him. Jem and Moses are always on the beach. I suppose, but I am not certain, that it is afternoon. And the reason why I suppose so is that the Row is quiet. The morning was more noisy on account of the multifarious house duties which had to be got through. We hear a step which we know well, a heavy and limping step, which comes slowly along the pavement, and presently bears round the corner its owner, Wassielewski. Leonard stops dancing. Wassielewski pats his curly head. I hold up my arms: he catches me up and kisses me, while I bury my face in his big beard. Then he puts me down again, lays aside the violin which he carries in one hand (it is by this instrument that Wassielewski earns a handsome addition to the daily tenpence, and, in fact, pays half my weekly allowance), and seeks in his coat pocket for an orange. He does all this very gravely without smiling, only looking depths of care and love almost paternal out of his deep-set eyes. While Leonard holds the orange he places the violin in my hands. Ah! what joy even to draw the bow across the strings, though my arms are not long enough yet to hold the instrument properly. Somehow this rugged old soldier taught me to *feel* music, and the rapture of producing music, before my fingers could handle notes or my hands could hold a bow. He leaves the orange for Leonard and myself, and disappears. Moses returns unexpectedly, and demands a share. There is a fight.

Or it is another visitor, the Captain. He wears his blue frock-coat with brass buttons and white ducks; he carries his hands beside him, and a stick in them, which drags at his heels as he walks. We do not see him till he is with us. We look up, and he beams upon us, smiling all over his rosy face.

"How is the little Pole?" asks the kindly Captain, shaking hands with us. "How is the other young rascal?"

I have a distinct recollection once of his eyes wandering in the direction of our boots, which were certainly going, if not altogether gone, both soles and heels. And I remember that he shook his head. Also that in the evening new boots came for both of us. And that Mrs. Jeram said, nodding her head, that *he*—meaning perhaps the Captain—was a good man.

Another recollection.

I am, somehow or other, in the street by myself. How I got there, what I proposed to myself when I set out on my journey, I cannot tell. But I was lost in the streets of the old seaport town. I was walking along the pavement feeling a good deal frightened, and wondering how I was to get back to Victory Row, or even to the Poles' Barrack, when I became aware of a procession. It was a long procession, consisting of sailors marching, every man with a lady on his arm, two and two, along the middle of the street, singing as they went. They wore long curls, these jolly tars, shining with grease, hanging down on either side below, or rather in front of, their hats. Curls were the fashion in those days. There were about thirty men in this rollicking train. At their head, limping along very fast, marched my poor old friend Wassielewski, his grave face and melancholy eyes a contrast to the careless and jovial crew who followed him. He was fiddling as he went one of those lively tunes that sailors love, a tune which puts their legs a dancing and pours quicksilver into their feet. Some of them, indeed, were capering along the line, unable to wait till the "crib" was reached. Also, down the street I saw another exactly similar procession. How was I to know that the *Royal Frederick* had been paid off that morning, and that a thousand Jack Tars were all together chucking away the money in a few days which it had taken them three years to earn? The old Pole would get some share of it, however, for that was the way in which he earned the money which mostly came to me.

He spied me presently standing alone on the kerbstone, and handing the fiddle to one of the men, hurried across the road, and took me in his arms.

"Ladislas!" he said, with his quaint foreign accent. "What are you doing here? Why are you not at home?"

"Bring him over, Fiddler Ben," cried one of the men. "I'll carry the little chap. Lord! what's one boy? I've had a dozen of 'em at home, somewheres. Now then, messmates——Strike up, Fiddler Ben. With a will, my lad."

"It is the son of my old master and lord," began Wassielewski, holding me in his arms helplessly.

"Bring along his lordship, then," said the man. "I'll carry the noble heart."

The Pole resumed the fiddle with a sigh, and took up his place as band and bandmaster in one.

"Uncommon light in the arms is the noble duke. Many a fo'k'sle kid 'ud weigh more. Poll, our'n 'ud weigh twice as much. Come up, yer Ryal Highness."

I suppose I must have been a very small boy, even for a five years' old child. But the man carried me tenderly, as sailors always do. We came to a public-house; that one with the picture outside it, of the Chinese War. There was a long, low sort of hall within it, at the end of which Wassielewski took his place, and began to fiddle again. Dancing then set in, though it was still early in the morning, with great severity. With dancing, drink. With both, songs; with all three, Wassielewski's fiddle. I suppose it was the commencement of a drunken orgie, and that the whole thing was disgraceful. Remember, however, that it was more than thirty years ago, when the Navy still retained its old traditions. Foremost among these was the tradition that being ashore meant drink as long as the money lasted. It sometimes lasted a week, or even a fortnight, and was sometimes got through in a day or two. There were harpies and pirates in every house which was open to Jack. Jack, indeed, was cheated wherever he went. Afloat he was robbed by the purser; he was ill-fed and ill-found, the Government paying for good food and good stores; contractors and purveyors combined with the purser to defraud him. Ashore, he was horribly, shamefully cheated and robbed, when he was paid off by a Navy bill, and fell into the hands of the pay agents. He was a rough-hided ruffian who could fight, had seen plenty of fighting, was tolerably inured to every kind of climate, and ready to laugh at any kind of danger, except, perhaps, Yellow Jack. He was also tender-hearted and sentimental. Sometimes he was away for five years at a stretch, and, if his captain chose to make it so, his life was a dog's life. Floggings were frequent; rum was the reward of good conduct; there were no Sailors' Homes, none of the many humanising influences which have made the British man-of-war's man the quiet, decorous creature, generally a teetotaller, and often inclined to a Methodist way of thinking in religion, half soldier, half sailor, that he is at present.

It was an orgie, I suppose, at which no child should have been present. Fortunately, at half-past twelve the landlord piped all hands for dinner, and Wassielewski carried me away. He would return after dinner to play on and on till night fell, and there was no one left to stand upon his legs. Then Wassielewski would put the fiddle away in its case, and go back to the barrack, where he sat in silence, and brooded. The other Poles smoked and talked, but this one held himself apart. He was an Irreconcileable, and he refused to accept defeat.

One more scene.

The Common Hard, which is still, after all the modern changes, a street with a distinct character of its own. The houses still look out upon the bright and busy harbour, though there is now a railway terminus and an ugly pier; though steam launches run across the water; and though there are telegraph posts, cabs, and omnibuses, all the outward signs of advanced civilisation. But thirty years ago it was a place which seemed to belong to the previous century. There were no great houses and handsome shops, but in their place, a picturesque row of irregular cottages, no two of which were exactly alike, but which resembled each other in certain particulars. They were two-storied houses; the upper story was very low, the ground floor was below the level of the street. I do not know why, but the fact remains that in my town the ground floors of all the old houses were below the level of the pavement. You had to stoop, if you were tall, to get into the doorway, and then, unless you were experienced, you generally fell headlong down a step of a foot or so. Unless the houses were shops they had only one window below and one above, because the tax on windows obliged people to economise their light. The roofs were of red tiles, high-pitched, and generally broken-backed; stone-crop and house-leek grew upon them. The Hard existed then only for the sailors. There were one or two jewellers who bought as well as sold; many public-houses; and a plentiful supply of rascally pay-agents. That side had little interest for boys. In old times the high tide had washed right up to the foot of these houses, which then stood upon the beach itself. But they built a stone wall, which kept back the water, and allowed a road to be made, protected by an iron railing. An open space gave access to what was called the "beach," being a narrow spit of land, along which were ranged on either side the wherries of the boatmen. A wooden bench was placed along the iron railing near the beach, on which sat every day and all day long old sailors, in a row. It was their club, their daily rendezvous, the place where they discussed old battles, smoked pipes, and lamented bygone days. They never seemed to walk about or to care much where they sat. They sat still, and sat steadily, in hot weather and in cold. The oddest thing about this line of veterans was that they all seemed to have wooden legs. There was, or there exists in my memory, which is the same thing, a row of wooden pegs which did duty for the lost legs, sticking out straight in front of the bench when they were on it. The effect of this was very remarkable. Some, of course, had lost other outlying bits of the human frame: a hand, the place supplied by a hook, like that of Cap'en Cuttle, whose acquaintance I formed later on; a whole arm, its absence marked by the empty sleeve sewn to the front of the jersey; and there were scars in plenty. Like my friends, the Poles, these heroes had gained their scars and lost their limbs in action. Thirty years ago we were only a quarter of a century or so from the long and mighty struggle which lasted for a whole generation, and filled this seaport town with prosperity, self-satisfaction, and happiness. Oh, for the brave old days when week after week French, American, Spanish, and Dutch prizes were towed into harbour by their victors, or sailed in, the Union Jack flying at the peak, the original crew safe under hatches, in command of a middy and half-a-dozen British sailors told off to take her home. They talked, these old grizzle heads, of fights and convoys, and perilous times afloat. I sat among them, or stood in front of them, and listened. Child as I was, my little heart glowed to hear how, yardarm to yardarm, they lay alongside the Frenchman; how a dozen times over the plucky little French beggars tried to board them; how she sheered off at last, and they followed, raking her fore and aft; how she suddenly broke out into flame, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," blew up with all that was left of a thousand men aboard; with merry yarns of Chinese pigtails, made to be pulled by the British sailor, and niggers of Jamaica, and Dutchmen at the Cape. Also, what stories of slavers, of catching American skippers in the very act of chucking the niggers overboard, of cutting out Arab dhows, of sailing in picturesque waters where the natives swim about in the deep like porpoises; of boat expeditions up silent rivers in search of piratical Malays; of lying frozen for months in Arctic regions, long before they thought of calling men heroes for passing a single winter on the ice with every modern appliance for making things comfortable.

Among these old salts was one—of course he had a wooden leg—with a queer, twisted up sort of face. One eye was an independent revolving light, but the other obeyed his will, and once you knew which eye that was you were pretty safe with him. He had a very profound and melodious bass voice. When I passed he used to growl a greeting which was like the thunder of a distant salute. He never went farther than the greeting, on account of certain family differences, which made us shy of becoming too intimate. I learned the fact from a curious ceremonial which happened regularly every Saturday night. At eight o'clock, or in summer at nine, Mrs. Jeram drew down her white blind, if it was not already drawn, placed one candle on the table, and herself between the candle and the window. The natural effect of this was to exhibit to the world a portrait in profile of herself. She sat bolt upright, and being a thin woman with plenty of bone—though the most kindhearted of all creatures—the portrait thus presented was angular, stiff, and uncompromising.

Meanwhile in the street outside sat my friend, "timber-toed" Jack—the ancient mariner with the deep voice and the revolving eye. He was perched comfortably on a three-legged stool lent by a friend, his remaining limb tucked away snug and ship-shape among the legs of the tripod, and the peg sticking out as usual at right angles to his body. There he sat and smoked a pipe. From time to time he raised his voice, and in an utterance which shook the windows of every house in the Row, he growled,

"Rachel! Come out and make it up."

There was no answer. Then the neighbours, who always congregated on this occasion, and took an intense interest in the progress of the family jar, murmured a soft chorus of persuasive and honeyed words, meant for Rachel too—who was Mrs. Jeram. But she never moved.

"Rachel! 'Twarn't my fault. 'Twas her as dragged me along in tow. Took prisoner I was."

"Ah! the artful thing"—this was the chorus—"which well we know them; and they'll take in tow the best, at times; and a little in drink as well."

No answer again this time, but an angry toss of the head which conveyed to the *silhouette* on the blind an expression of incredulity.

After half-an-hour's enjoyment of the pipe, the old sailor would noisily beat out the ashes. Then we inside the house would hear him once more.

"Then, Rachel, God bless you, and good night; and bless the boys. And, please the Lord, I'll be here again next Saturday. And hoping to find you in a forgivin' mood."

When he was gone Mrs. Jeram would leave her seat and come to her own chair by the fireplace. But her hands always trembled, and sometimes her eyes were wet. For it was her husband, and she could not make up her mind to forgive him the old offence.

That was why, on the Hard, the wooden-legged sailor and I had little or no conversation together.

One day—I was between eight and nine at the time—we were all four on the Logs. The Logs were, to begin with, a forbidden place, and, if only on that account, delightful. But also on other accounts. There was a floating pier there, consisting of two or three square-hewn timbers laid alongside of each other, between posts stuck at intervals in the mud. They had a tendency to turn round beneath the tread of a heavy man, and when that happened, and the heavy man's feet fell in between two logs, it was apt to be bad for those feet. Men-of-war's boats used to land their officers and crew at the end of the Logs; there was a constant running to and fro of sailors, officers, and harbour boatmen. Also, on the left-hand side as you went down this rough pile, there was a space of water some acres in extent, in which lay in orderly rows, one beside the other, a whole forest of timbers, waiting for time, the sun, and salt water together to season them. And if the logs were apt to turn under the tread of a heavy man, these timbers would turn under the foot of a light boy. Judge therefore of the joy of running backwards and forwards over their yielding and uncertain ground.

Leonard, who rejoiced beyond measure to run over the Logs himself, would seldom let me come with him even down the pier, and never over the timbers. On this day, however, we had all four gone down to the very end of the Logs, half-a-dozen ships' boats had touched, landed their men, and gone back again. Jem, the simple and foolish Jem, was gazing in admiration at the sailors, who looked picturesque in their blue shirts, straw hats, and shiny curls. I even caught Jem in the act of feeling whether his own hair behind the ear would not curl if twisted between finger and thumb. Moses was sitting straddle-legged on a projecting log, his boots in his hands, and his bare feet and legs lapped by the water. Leonard and I stood on the pier, watching. Presently there came along a man-o'-war's gig, manned by twelve sailors sitting side by side, rowing their short, deep stroke, without any feathering, but in perfect time. In the stern sat a middy, the very smallest middy I ever saw, no bigger than Leonard, dressed in the most becoming uniform in the world, and calmly conscious of his importance. He landed, gave a brief order, and strode as manfully as his years would allow down the Logs. As he passed on his eye rested on Leonard, and I saw the latter flush.

When the middy was gone I turned to Leonard, and said with the enthusiasm of admiration, "Leany, when I grow up I shall be a middy, like that."

A small thing to say, and, indeed, the grandeur of the boy and his power overwhelmed me for a moment, else I ought to have known, at eight years of age, that children living with charwomen on charity are not the stuff out of which officers of the Royal Navy are generally manufactured.

"Ah! yah!" roared Moses, tossing up his legs.

"What are you laughing at?" cried Leonard, in a rage.

"Ah! yah!" he repeated. "Hunchback! Hunchey in a uniform, with a sword at his side."

I declare that up to that moment I had no more consciousness of being deformed than I had of Hebrew. I suppose that in some dim way I knew that I was differently shaped—smaller than Leonard, that my clothes were not such as he could wear, but not a thought, not a rough suspicion that I was, by reason of this peculiarity, separated from my fellows. Then all of a sudden it burst upon me. Not in its full misery. A hunchback has to grow to manhood before he has drunk the whole of the bitter cup; he has to pass through the years of school life when he cannot play like other boys, nor run, nor jump, nor fight like them, when he is either tolerated or pitied. He has to become a young man among young men, to realise that he is not as they are; to look on envying while they rejoice in the strength and beauty of their youth; to hear their talk of girls and sweet looks and love, while all girls look down upon him, he foolishly thinks, with contempt. I did not feel the whole misery at once. I only realised, all of a sudden, that I was *disgraced*, that the grandeurs which I envied were not for me, that I was to be despised for my misfortune—and I sat down in this sudden misery and cried aloud.

A moment afterwards there was a fight. Leonard and Moses. They fought on the narrow log. Leonard was the pluckier, but Moses was the stronger. The sailors in the gig looked on and laughed, and clapped their hand. Through my shameful tears I only saw half the duel. It was terminated by the fall of both into the water, one on either side the Logs. The water was only two or three feet deep, and they came up, face to face, and driving fists at each other across the eighteen-inch plank. It was Jem who stopped the battle, stepping in between the combatants, and ordering in his rough way that both should get out of the water and fight it out on dry land.

"He called me Hunchback, Leonard," I gasped, holding his hand as he ran, wet and dripping, through the streets.

"Yes, Laddy," he replied. "Yes, Laddy, he's a cub and a cur, and a thickheaded fool. But I'll let him know to-morrow."

"And you won't let him call me Hunchey, Leonard?"

"Not if I have to fight him all day long, Laddy. So there."

But next day's fight, if it was begun, was never finished, because in the afternoon we both, Leonard and I, walked away with the Captain, each holding one hand of his, Leonard carrying his stick. And when we got to the Captain's it was explained to us that we were to stay there.

(To be continued)

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

IV.

Recruiting is limited by certain conditions of age, height, and proportions, and the recruit must not only be willing to enlist, but he must also be able to satisfy the medical authorities that he possesses the necessary physical qualifications, and is in good health. The age for cavalry, infantry, and artillery, is from eighteen to twenty-five. For the heavy cavalry, which includes the 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards and the 1st and 2nd Dragoons, the height is from 5 ft. 8 in. to 5 ft. 11 in., and the chest measurement from 34 to 35 inches. For medium cavalry, which includes the regiments of Dragoon Guards not already mentioned, the 6th Dragoons, and the Lancer regiments, the height is from 5 ft. 7 in. to 5 ft. 9 in., and the chest measurement 33 to 34 in. For the light cavalry the recruit need only reach 5 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 8 in., with a chest measurement of 33 to 34 inches.

In the Artillery, the gunners are taken from 5 ft. 7 in. and upwards, though a "short gunner" standard of 5 ft. 5½ in. was introduced some months ago as a tentative measure. A gunner should be strong, as some of his duties require the exercise of considerable muscular power. The drivers are under 5 ft. 6½ in., with a chest measurement varying according to height and age.

Men are passed for the Infantry from 5 ft. 4½ in. and upwards, with a chest measurement of from 33 to 35 inches.

For the Engineers men must be skilled tradesmen of good character, and are taken from 5 ft. 6 in. and upwards.

These are approximately the general physical requirements, and the doctor makes a careful medical examination for constitutional or physical defects. If the recruit passes he is sent to join a regiment, but he has still to be finally approved of at its headquarters. If he is accepted, he is posted to a company, his colour-sergeant places him under the care of an old soldier, and he may now be said to have commenced his career. He enters upon its actual advantages at once, and is entitled to look for greater ones in prospective, provided he conducts himself well.

In considering the pay of the soldier it must not be forgotten that it only represents part of what he receives from the State, and that subject to one or two small deductions it is practically what he has to spend upon himself—or pocket-money. We have not space, and it is not necessary, to give the pay of every rank in every branch of the service, but we may mention that in the infantry it ranges between a shilling a day for a private soldier, and 2*s.* 1*d.* for a sergeant; in the cavalry, between 1*s.* 2*d.* and 2*s.* 5*d.*; in the artillery, between 1*s.* 2½*d.* for a driver in a field battery to 2*s.* 11*d.* for a sergeant, the horse artillery receiving slightly more; and in the Royal Engineers between 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 11½*d.*, or 1*s.* 4*d.* and 3*s.* 3*d.* There are, of course, higher rates of pay and allowances for special appointments, and, besides this, additional pay of from one penny to sixpence a day is granted to soldiers for good conduct. Sergeants and corporals, too, are granted additional pay after two years' service in those ranks, and special pay is allowed to a certain number of lance-sergeants and lance-corporals. We stated that this daily pay was subject to certain deductions, and as it is impossible to give more than one instance, we may take that of the infantry soldier receiving a shilling a day. The Government give the soldier a free ration, but he has to buy for himself his "small rations," or extra messing, which may be called "groceries," and which amount to about 3*d.* a day. He has also to pay a halfpenny a day for washing, a penny a month for haircutting, a penny an article for marking. The barrack damages for which he has to pay vary from threepence to fourpence a month in barracks, but marching out barrack damages amount to more, perhaps from a shilling to eighteenpence per head.

Thus the soldier has from sixpence to eightpence a day to spend in any way which pleases himself, after providing for all necessaries. The sum may appear small, but it is probably more than nine out of ten men in the army could afford before they entered it. No doubt they did throw away more, but it was, perhaps, at the cost of the real necessaries of life, and much of the health, comfort, and accommodation which a soldier enjoys. We do not say that we do not wish to see the soldier receive more, but we think he is not very badly off, and, at any rate, quite as well off as a great many hardworking men in receipt of higher pay and in a better social position. In fact, it might be almost as well if some of the wilder characters had not quite so much to spend, as they manage to get themselves into trouble pretty frequently even upon that moderate allowance. The pay has been twice raised in the last ten years or so, and is quite enough for a man of indifferent character. We think that the money rewards offered to good men might be increased, at any rate till the day comes when, it is said, we shall offer such inducements that we shall be able to reject all doubtful characters. But as the sum now offered is practically during probation, for, as we mentioned above, the well-behaved soldier is granted additional pay, we think that a shorter probation before getting an advance would be effectual, and that the scale of this advance might be raised with advantage. Many more steady and respectable men would join if they knew that at the end of six months they would be in receipt of higher wages, whilst the knowledge that it was attainable would certainly not drive away the class that are at present driven to recruiting as a last resource. Unless we are prepared to offer such a sum as will give us the pick of the lower middle and working classes, it would seem better to raise the pay of men more promptly *after* they had entered the army, if their conduct deserved it.

There should be no stinting in this matter; if we are not yet able to bid more highly for recruits, the made soldier, who has proved himself worthy his hire, should be liberally paid. Besides, it seems that the present rate of pay is sufficient to attract the quantity, and will be ample for some years to come. What is wanted is quality. It would therefore appear unnecessary at present to raise the pay of good and bad alike, and anything which we can induce the Government to spend in excess should be devoted to rewarding the deserving. These, with better prospects, would come forward in increased numbers, and raise the total number of enlistments, if more men are wanted, whilst it would give an increased power of selection if the ranks were nearly full. If it were possible that we could ever have an army composed entirely of men of good character, by merely offering sufficient wages to attract the needful number of recruits, something might be said in favour of adopting this plan. But in every flock there will be black sheep, and surely, till the decreased value of money renders it necessary to raise the pay of young soldiers all round, it would seem better to prove them first, and then to reward them liberally and speedily; in other words, payment by results. If it were possible for the enlisting sergeant, the recruiting officer, or the colonel of a regiment to determine at a glance the character and future career of every recruit who presented himself, there could be no objection to offering high pay at once. But as it is impossible thus to discount a career in advance, it is perhaps better that an improved system of selection should prevail. You can cut a stick shorter, but we do not know that it is possible to cut it longer. It is easy to reduce a man to a lower class, and to curtail his privileges for misbehaviour; but it is not so easy to pay untried men highly and still provide adequate rewards for those whose good conduct deserves them. For it would be difficult to persuade the nation to double its expenditure at one operation, as in such a case it would be necessary to do; but the thin end of the wedge may be introduced, which may open the way to the inevitably higher expenditure which will have to be incurred. The country will scarcely object to pay a fair price for a good article; but it would like to be assured as to its excellence. If the Army contains bad characters by the thousand, it also comprises within its ranks numbers whose value to the State is not to be reckoned pecuniarily. To induce the latter to remain in the service, lending the weight of their example, a very little more encouragement would suffice, as they are not governed solely by sordid considerations. Whatever money can be spared, the larger proportion should be devoted to rewarding tried men. If once this principle is admitted and acted upon, there will be no lack of recruits.

The attraction of a race depends upon the value and number of prizes, and whereas upon the Turf the horses that have no chance of winning outright are sometimes withdrawn, it should be the object of our rulers to provide that in the Army race there shall be no "scratchings," and that all who run up well shall be certain of a prize.

New Music

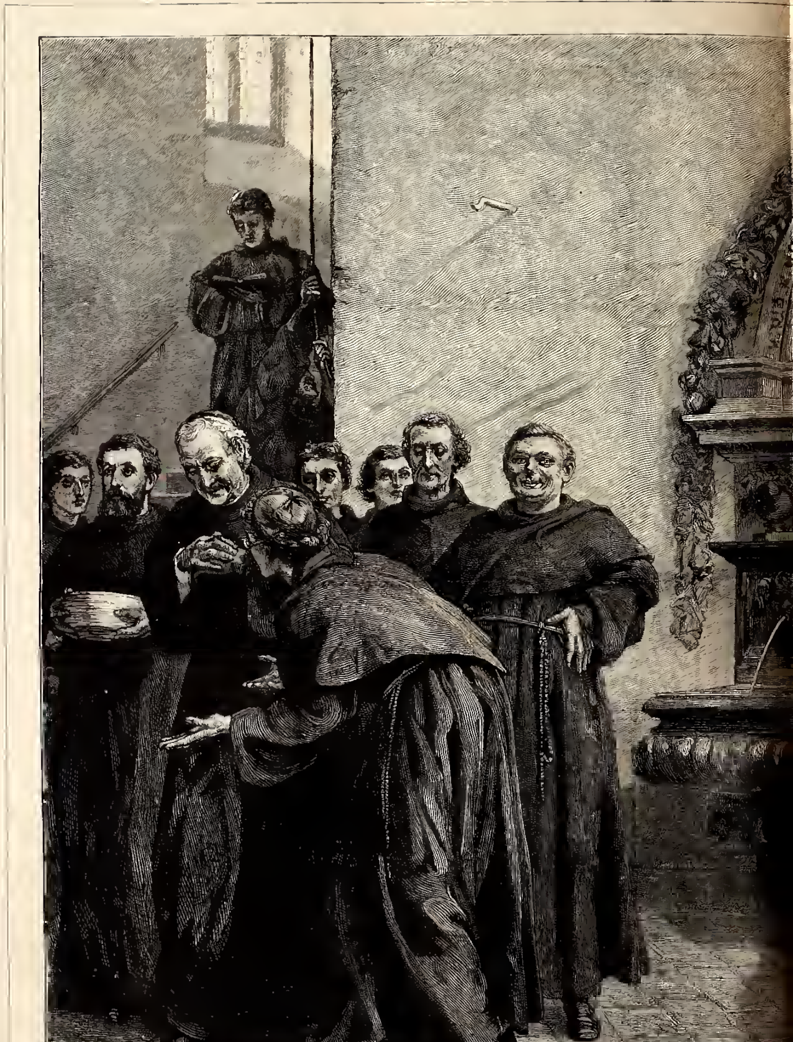
Messrs. Wood and Co.——There is no form of concerted or choral music more generally useful and satisfactory than the "solo with chorus" which enables the *prima donna* or *primo tenore* of a private circle to take the lead, supported by her or his subordinates. We recommend this branch of choral or four-part composition to the attention of our musical composers who, on their holiday tours, may hear some charming effects of simple harmony (high up on the mountains), which may be reproduced (without scenic effects) during the coming winter season at home. A pleasing illustration of the above-named useful school is "I Hear Sweet Voices," a sacred song for solo, and *ad libitum* chorus, music by H. S. Roberts, words anonymous.—Two pretty pieces for the pianoforte, to be learnt by heart and played (with applause) when occasion demands, are "Wavelets," and the "Knight Templar's March," by Karl Schröder.—As to No. 10 of "Sunbeams" (Weber's last waltz) it is the weakest of the series, and proves that F. Percival cannot write for juvenile fingers; he should try something more advanced,—the gift of simplifying great works is vouchsafed but to very few musicians.—A useful ballad for a mezzo-soprano is "The Old Cottage Door," music by Louisa Gray; words by F. H.; the compass is from E on the first line to E on the fourth space.—A very easy transcription of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," by J. T. Trekell, will be found useful for school practice, but will add nothing to his reputation as a transcriber. Far more effective is a transcription of Wagner's "Pilgrim's Chorus," by Immanuel Liebrich.—No. 8 of "Sunbeams" ("Love's Ritornella," by T. Cooke), is the most feeble of the series arranged by F. Percival, who can do his work very much better.

Messrs. Witt and Co.——One of the most prolific and diligent composers of the period is Heinrich Hofmann, from whom we have just received no less than nine songs, and some four times that number of pianoforte pieces, all more or less meritorious. Some singers will say that the accompaniments are too difficult for ordinary songs, but a little steady practice will soon overcome this difficulty, even though the singer be his or her own accompanyist. "Serenade" (*Ständchen*), "The Troubadour," and "May Time," are three really charming songs for a tenor, the compass but one octave (from G to G); "The Dawn of Spring" is a pretty song for a soprano, as is also "A Gondola Song" for a high baritone. For the above-named songs M. X. Hayes has supplied the excellent English translations from the German, whilst for the remaining four Lewis Novra has successfully fulfilled this task, more especially well with the graceful poetry of "The Lover's Garland" and "The Floweret's Love Test," the former song for a tenor, the latter for a mezzo-soprano. "Beloved" and "United" are the least satisfactory of the entire group; both are of medium compass.—"Five Characteristic Pieces" for the pianoforte are brief but clever *morceaux* quickly learnt, but not soon forgotten.—Two books of pianoforte duets, entitled "Laudler," each containing six showy and original compositions in various keys, together with "Seven Pianoforte Duets on Original Hungarian Melodies;" "Silhouettes from Hungary" (Book II.), and two books of "New Hungarian Dances" (also duets), will supply plenty of work and amusement for the autumn evenings in the home circle.—Of a more simple and facile description than the above, but pleasing in the extreme, are "Eight Characteristic Pieces for the Pianoforte," by Franz Behr; it is difficult to decide which is the prettiest of the series—"Evening Song" and "Birdie's Message" (Book II.) are little gems in their way.—Two very brilliant and somewhat difficult pieces for the pianoforte are "Gondolière" and "Scène Triomphale" from Halévy's opera, *La Juive*; the first is an original composition, the other a transcription by C. Baronius.—The most learned of *pianistes* are often at a loss when asked to play something during the many odd five minutes which occur in society, especially in the country: scores of such little "stop-gaps" (we trust that sensitive composers will not take offence at this designation) come daily under our notice, exactly suitable for these passing minutes, and calculated to linger on the ear during and long after dinner to the exclusion of more classical themes. Under this head may be classed "Tonbilder" and "Gedankenblatter," two series of pianoforte *morceaux* (in the strict sense of the term) each one more or less pleasing.—A somewhat bombastic but showy pianoforte piece is "The Hussar's Return," a Festival March by Fritz Spindler.—It is really perplexing at times under what designation to class such elaborate instrumental compositions as "A Woodland Serenade," which is really a pianoforte solo with vocal accompaniment, the poetry translated from the German by M. X. Hayes, music by C. Reinecke.

Note.——The composer of "Der Ritter und der Bodensee," noticed in our last issue, is Mr. Algernon Ashton, not Acton. The words of the song, "The Roses Weep," reviewed in the same number, are by Mr. Edward Oxenford, not by E. C. Essex, the composer of the music.

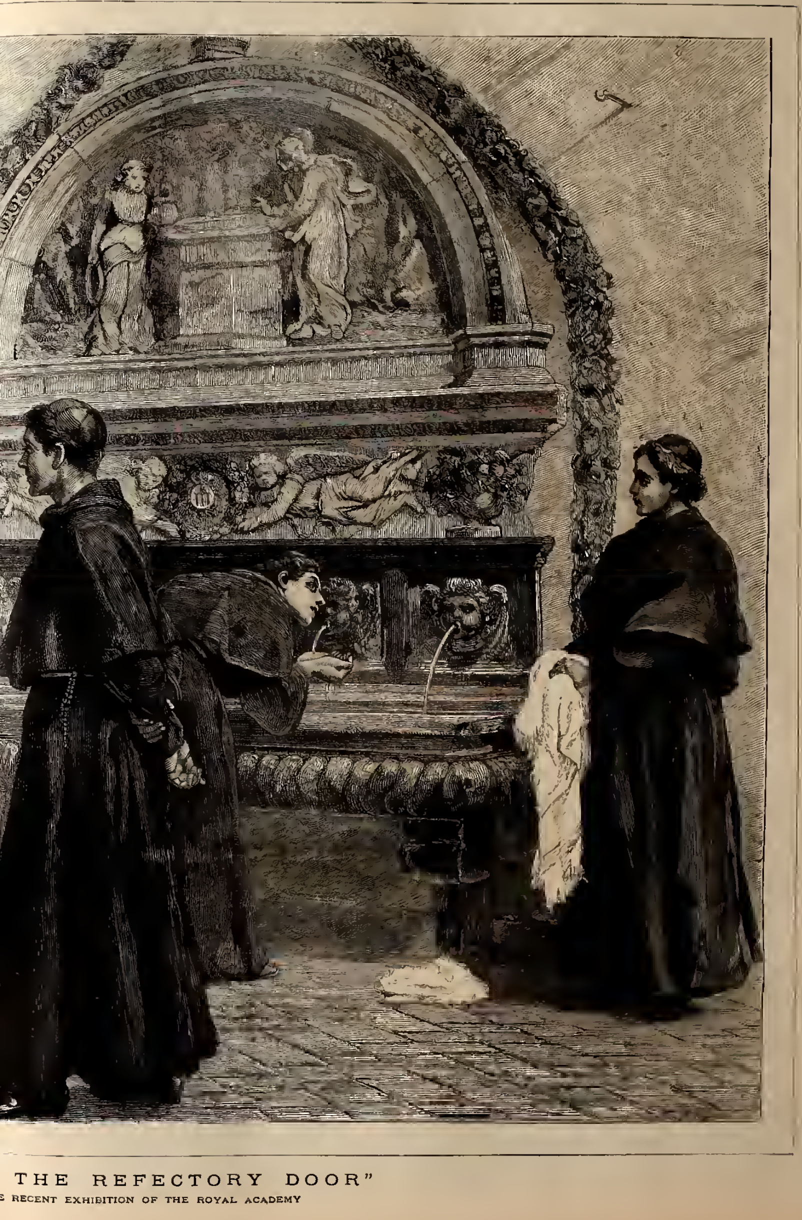
◆

The Famine in India.——On the 20th of July last there died at Ranipett, in the Madras Presidency, Mr. Ernest Edward Mason, an Old Westminster boy, the son of Mr. R. H. Mason, a gentleman well known in London, who sought employment in the Famine Relief Camp of the Madras Presidency. Mr. Mason had been English Secretary in the Imperial Treasury of Japan, and coming home at Christmas, he determined upon going to Madras, where there was work to be done. The Duke of Buckingham placed 6,000 people under Mr. Mason's charge, where he laboured with considerable zeal, and his one fear and anxiety was as to the appearance of cholera in his camp. Seventeen cases did appear, which were isolated by Mr. Mason, who unfortunately was himself seized by the destroyer, and died in a few hours.



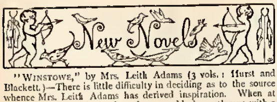
"DINNER TIME: OUTSID

FROM THE PICTURE BY F. W. W. TOPHAM IN



THE REFECTORY DOOR"

E RECENT EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"Winstowe," by Mrs. Leith Adams (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett.)—There is little difficulty in deciding as to the source whence Mrs. Leith Adams has derived inspiration. When at the second page of the book we have an elderly gentleman with a green umbrella holding a hand-to-hand encounter with the wind, which "whistled round the corner of Long Lane as if it were in a very bad temper indeed, and wrestled hard to get the green umbrella altogether, or, failing that, to turn it inside out for spite," we feel at once that the fancy has had its birth in a conscious or unconscious imitation of familiar tricks of style of Dickens. It is his influence too that is apparent enough in such characters as the cheery, benevolent, and slightly eccentric David Earle, the elderly gentleman aforesaid; Abraham Beams, the office boy; and the lame clerk, Jim Dutton, with his passionate attachment to his young master, the hero—all of them pale reflections of well-known figures in the great novelist's stories. Of "Winstowe" there is not very much to say in the way either of praise or blame. It is very fairly readable as novels go, and has some good scenes, as the fire and the escape of the two children in Vol. I.; but there is a vein of sentimentalism in it which soon becomes cloying, and it would have gained by judicious curtailment. It turns chiefly on the fortunes of one William Snow—so called from the aspect of nature when he came into the world—a little foundling whose origin is wrapped in mystery, though he is believed to be of gentle blood and born in wedlock, who is adopted by Mr. Earle and educated as his own son, and who ultimately turns out to be grandson and heir to a wealthy and tyrannical Scotch baronet, who can trace his pedigree back to the year 1104, according to the author, though perhaps Mr. Freeman might have his doubts on the point. The way in which the discovery is led up to by what seems for a long time a vexatious and purposeless digression is a rather clever piece of workmanship. Of William Snow's, or rather William Mallinger's, love troubles there is no need to say more than that the lady of his heart seems insipid, and that he is one of the most unexacting and self-sacrificing of lovers it ever entered into the heart of a lady-novelist to depict in fiction, and we are afraid it would take her a hard search to find anything to match him in fact. Here and there Mrs. Leith Adams gives us a decidedly humorous touch, as when the old butler, told by Mr. Earle that the black-edged letter, which has been noted in the hall, has brought him bad news from India, answers, "That's what we was *respectfully* afraid of, sir;" and in Martha Dutton's lament that her drunken husband had not lived to share in her prosperity. "What a natur he had—that is, out o' liquor; and even at his worst, when he'd drunk the shoes off the children's feet, and didn't know no more than the child unborn which end he stood upon, he wasn't like a many—he'd just give yer a black eye, or something simple of that sort; none of your wiciousness, none of your kickings, and stampin' on yer with his boots on." Altogether "Winstowe," though it cannot stand high as a novel, may pass muster not discreditably, and if it is a first work, as would seem the case, its author may have it in her to do better another time.

"The American," by Henry James, Junior (Boston: Osgood and Co.: Trübner).—Christopher Newman, who has made a very large fortune in the "Far West," not so much because he was particularly eager after money, as because making money seemed the natural course for his activity to take in that part of the world, comes to Paris at five-and-thirty, intent on getting all the good that Europe has to give him. An important—he comes to think in time the crowning—item in this good will be a perfect wife; and he finds a lady who, he believes, might be this in Madame de Cintré, a young widow of twenty-five, a member of one of the oldest and proudest families of the Faubourg St. Germain. He wins the lady's heart, and gains the consent—reluctantly given, it is true—of her mother and elder brother to her marriage with him, in spite of his having been defiled by trade. Then—on grounds which we imperfectly understand—this consent is revoked; and—on grounds which we understand a great deal less—Madame de Cintré holds herself bound to submit to the decision of her family; takes a broken-hearted farewell of her lover; and goes into a Carmelite Convent. Such is the story, which, as a story, cannot be pronounced very attractive. But the sketches of Parisian life are clever and well-executed, and Mr. James talks well and with insight about his characters, though he hardly makes us believe in them as real. Perhaps, artistically speaking, the best among them is the astute Mademoiselle Noémie Nioche, detestable little adventuress as she is. Madame de Cintré, we incline to think, might have been a fine conception had she been worked out, but as here shown to us she is hardly more than a shadow. Still, the book is not without power of a kind.

"The Great Gulf Fixed," by Gerald Grant, author of "Coming Home to Roost," &c. (3 vols.: Tinsley).—Having by dint of heroic efforts forced our way through the first volume of this work—arduous as the undertaking proved—we are in a position to state that the remainder of the tale is somewhat less dreary, though the improvement can hardly be called very marked. The "Great Gulf" would seem to be the gulf which—in the author's eyes—separates the "idle" class from the classes which have in one way or another to work for a living. The hero apparently belongs to the former; but is ultimately found to have been substituted at birth for the rightful heir; and losing name and fortune is consoled by the love of the heroine, who had formerly refused him, believing that he looked down on her and her family from his exalted station as a squire. The book may not be absolutely foolish, but it is hardly worth reading.

Of "The Vandeleurs of Red Tor: A Tale of South Devon," by Theodore Russell Monro (Samuel Tinsley), it seems enough to say that it is overcrowded with commonplace and indifferently-drawn characters, is of slight interest, and is largely concerned with topics of an objectionable nature.

TRAVELLING IN WALES

Most tourists in Wales confine themselves either to North or South, or the region which is now popularly called Middle or Central Wales. They take the South Wales line, now a portion of the Great Western, and go to Milford, its terminus, or, at all events, to the favourite watering-place of Tenby. For North Wales they generally make Chester the nearest point of departure, and go on to Bangor for the Menai Straits, and thence to Holyhead. Every one ought to make this journey for the sake of contemplating the great engineering triumphs of the line. It is something to pass through the tubular bridges of Conway and over the Menai water. Formerly it was a perilous journey to travel along the high road that passed over the Penmaenmawr mountain, the last spur of Snowdonia, descending sheer into the sea. In the Menai Straits, before the building of the Suspension Bridge, the mails would sometimes be lost and the passengers all drowned. It is curious that the Suspension Bridge, which was built by Government, is only used locally, and the Tubular Bridge, which is now used for imperial purposes, is the property of a private company. But one object of this paper is to recommend ingenuous readers not to confine their travels either to North or South, but to travel through and examine the Principality in its entirety. A second is to recommend them to desert the frequented iron highways as soon as may be, and strike out paths for themselves across country, and from north to south, or better, from south to north.

In this case there is an extremely interesting graduation of scenery. We pass, so to speak, through an ever-shifting diorama of scenery from one zone of view to another. In South Wales, in close neighbourhood to great industrial towns, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, we have cliffs and castles, romantic bays and valley gorges. Such a line as the Taff Vale line takes us northward through a region where great natural beauty is strongly contrasted with the pits and mines, and the colliery population, where rows of houses rise in terrace upon terrace along the hill-sides. Then we reach Central Wales, whose hills form the great watershed of the Principality. There is a whole cluster of inland watering-places, such as Llandrindod and Llangammarch, of a quaint, peculiar character, which reminds some travellers of Harrogate in scenery and Scott's representation of St. Ronan's Well in society. Aberystwith, beneath its castle and on its noble bay, is a favourite watering-place for the Welsh, and is a great outlet for the people of Birmingham, who are especially fond of resorting hither. The scenery of a great deal of this region is rather that of North than South Wales. This is especially the case if we are out salmon fishing among the upper waters of the Severn in Montgomeryshire. Then the character of the scenery quite changes when we get among the billowy ocean of mountains in North Wales. Here we find in perfection those small exquisite Welsh valleys, which poets, and painters, and philosophers—Edmund Burke is an instance of the last—have declared to be the loveliest sights in the world. Here are the huge mountains to be climbed, with their vast panoramic prospects of peaks, and passes, and lynns, and, across the waters of St. George's Channel, of the Isle of Man and the Wicklow Mountains. On the top of Snowdon you ought to have Mr. H. B. Biden's "All Round Snowdon," as a companion to "Murray" or "Black," or the "Gossiping Guide" (Roberts). For thorough change of scene and benefit to health, take the unfrequented paths, and be content to take much exercise, fare roughly, and take things as you find them. It is a real deprivation not to be able to understand Welsh, as you often find yourself in localities where nothing but Welsh is spoken. The Welsh language is full of life and energy. It is essentially the language of eloquence and music. All those names which so perplex the ordinary tourist in his travels are full of meaning and poetry. Moreover, it will be well if you can learn to understand something of the ways and mind of the people. Mr. Borrow, in his book on "Wild Wales," which is of no particular use as a guide-book, has vividly reproduced much of Welsh life and character. The religious, and even the metaphysical mental character of the people, is very noticeable. It is a pity that no native novelist has done for Wales what has been done so abundantly for Scotland and Ireland. Moreover, the tourist will be fortunate if he has some knowledge of geology, and has worked up some of the books dealing with the subject.

There is nothing like having an object in travelling. People who are ecclesiologically disposed will visit the four Welsh cathedrals. No one can visit these cathedrals without seeing a great deal of North and South Wales. All necessary information about these will be found in Murray's "Handbook" of those cathedrals, and "Essays on Cathedrals." The Popes used to reckon that two pilgrimages to St. David's were equivalent to one pilgrimage to Rome. There is no railway, there is no coach to St. David's. The visitor to Tenby gets to Haverfordwest, and gets on as he can. The cathedral lies in a depressed vale, screened by hills from the Atlantic storms. But you must face that noble sea. When you have climbed St. David's Head you say, "This is like the Logan Rock. This is like the Land's End." Then you turn to the venerable cathedral, and contrast the antiquity with the restorations. All the Welsh cathedrals have within recent years sustained partial or entire restoration. This is a proof of great ecclesiastical vitality under unfavourable conditions. Llandaff is a pre-eminent example. It is not so many years ago since the winds of heaven swept through its empty oriels. It lay unroofed and open to the sky. It has been restored in a style which makes it a model cathedral, the whole space being utilised. Llandaff is practically a suburb of Cardiff. It is to Cardiff what Clifton is to Bristol. It is to my mind exquisitely beautiful where the Taff flows almost beneath the shadow of the cathedral through wooded meadows just before it enters the gorge of hills. The two cathedrals of South Wales really are cathedrals, and are very striking in their way. But the two cathedrals of North Wales are little more than parish churches. A great deal of money has been spent on St. Asaph, with as good result as the old cathedral church could yield. It is, however, more cathedral-like than Bangor, but Bangor has very many attractions, amid which the cathedral is comparatively lost. We are close to the Menai Bridge Railway and the Tubular Bridge, and crossing the Straits by bridge or ferry we have the charming watering-place of Beaumaris. Any one who works up the cathedrals will at the same time be exploring some of the best scenery in Wales.

The last week of August this year drew an extra number of visitants to North Wales on account of the annual meeting of the Archæological Society being held at Llangollen. There is something wonderfully beautiful in this famous vale, and all visitants are told the true story of the "Ladies of Llangollen," and many are those who trace the Dee to its source in Bala Lake, which ought to be visited as the largest sheet of water in Wales. You will often hear Tennyson's lines quoted, how Enid's loving care for Geraint

> Fill'd all the genial courses of his blood
> With deeper, and with ever deeper, love,
> As the south-west that blowing Bala Lake
> Fills all the sacred Dee.

One great sight of the Archæological meeting is that of the reigning Sir Watkin Wynn, returned in better health from abroad. Sir Watkin shares with the Prince of Wales the main honours of the Principality. They say that the meaning of Wynnstay is "Wynn, stay, be satisfied;" but other derivations are also given. And, indeed, the Wynns have every reasons to rest and be thankful, if houses and lands constitute such reasons, as undoubtedly they do in their way. There is a legend about Sir Watkin which some traditions place in a coach, and others on the new railway. I do not know if the story is *vero trovato* or only *ben trovato*. The Wynn of the day is always a Watkin—"an Amurath an Amurath succeeds." A tourist entering a carriage at Bala found a gentleman asleep. When he had roused himself, the tourist asked the stranger who owned a fine farm they were passing. As a rule, in North Wales a farm does not mean the same as an English farm. It means an immense stretch of mountain, with, perhaps, a lovely bit of valley interposed. "That farm is mine," said the stranger. They entered a fertile valley. "And who owns the valley?" "I do," was the answer. By and by a big mountain comes in sight. "And who's is the mountain?" "Mine." "And that great house?" "Mine." "And this old castle?" "Mine." The tourist was greatly puzzled. The stranger seemed *splendide mendax*. The only solution occurred to him, *aut Diabolus aut* Sir Watkin Wynn. The stranger was Sir Watkin Wynn, and the whole mystery was explained. Wynnstay, it will be remembered, was burnt down some years ago, and many costly treasures of art and antiquity were lost. The cellar, with forty thousand pounds' worth of wines, was saved. The warm-hearted Welsh people, by their subscriptions, gave Lady Wynn a Bible to console her in this trouble. We need hardly say that Wynnstay has risen again refulgent from its ruins.

But however much the tourist may love to linger in the Vale of Llangollen, or such charming watering-places as Rhyl and Llandudno, he should leave the Campanian shore for the strong, rugged heart of the hills. The very *raison d'être* of a tourist in North Wales is to fling a fly, or climb a mountain. There is no one who cannot walk or go on a mule from Llanberis to Y Wyddfa, the summit of the far-stretching ranges of Snowdon. It is not a bad preparation to read Charles Kingsley's "Two Years Ago," and then his "Letters and Memoirs." He ought to visit Bettws-y-Coed, beloved of artists, and Penygwryd, the headquarters of climbers. And to give one more literary illustration, let me quote a fine passage from the letters of Erskine of Linlathen, to whom Dean Stanley eloquently drew attention a short time ago. "The affections are always new, and, to say the truth, whatever weariness my descriptions of the aforesaid mountains may produce on you, the mountains themselves, and the blue sky into which they push their pointed tops, and the rising sun, and the setting sun, and the shining hosts of heaven, and the lake in whose glossy surface all these reflect themselves, never tire me. Their silence and their simplicity, and their beauty, are never new to me; there is no over-excitement in them."

MR. DIBDIN'S SUCCESSORS

It is something to be thankful for in these times of war and rumours of war that that fine spirit by virtue of which as defenders of England, home, and beauty, we are so justly classed A. 1. by admiring nations is not in danger of dying out or even of sinking low for lack of warrior bards, with tuneful breath to fan the vital flame and witch our men of war on sea as well as shore as did Dibdin of old. It may have seemed that these nightingales of the groves of Mars were at the present crisis slow to warble forth their inspiriting strains, but we should have known had we proper faith in the doctrine that the Hour invariably produces the Man that when the moment of danger really arrived a worthy successor—nay, a good half score—of the immortal writer of "Tom Bowling" and "Poor Jack" would spring to the fore. If any one has any doubt of this let him refer to the musical columns of any daily newspaper; if he does not find sufficient there to dispel his qualms, then let him on any evening of the week look in at one of the fifteen or twenty music-halls to be found within the four mile radius from Charing Cross, and I promise that he shall be satisfied, and more. It is quite amazing how completely the spirit of war has seized on the people. To the exclusion even of such soul-stirring lays as "The Two Obadiahs" and "Don't Wake the Baby" they hail with eager delight any poetic production that bears on the Eastern Question, and reward with rapturous plaudits the singer and composer the ringing hammer of whose genius strike sparks of patriotic fire from the eyes of the sons of Britannia,—nay, the daughters as well, as they clap their hands, stamp their feet, and tingle the sugar crusher against the glass which contains alcoholic stimulant hot and strong.

There is no make-believe about these demonstrations. The penny dailies assure us—according to the side they espouse—that when Russia or Turkey is mentioned the audience rise in a body and hiss—or hurrah—as the case may be. There can be no doubt that the weapon wielded in this way is a very powerful weapon, and it is to be hoped that the giants of song will not abuse the mighty power with which they are invested. The question is whether, at this preliminary stage of the proceedings, it is judicious to put the screw on too powerfully. It is no doubt an excellent thing, should it be needed, to have in hand something that, as regards its effects on the English people, may act as does the unfurling of the Green Flag of the Prophet on the soldiers of the Sultan, but should it not be kept in reserve for an emergency, or if used now should it not be diluted, and rendered less intoxicating? It would be scarcely convenient to find the thousands that flock nightly to our music halls being driven by these potent war-songs to a sort of frenzy, and rushing to the War Office in a body, demanding swords and bayonets to go and fight the Turks or the Russians—according as they have been stirred. There was once a comic writer who killed a man by unguardedly relating to him an excruciatingly good joke, and who resolved never again to be as "funny as he could," and our modern Dibdins might take the hint. They may, perhaps, urge that what's in 'em must come out for their health's sake, and that it is no use in these days of ruthless competition to hide one's light beneath a bushel. Still it must be admitted that though talent has its privileges it should be restrained when it takes such lofty flights as that from which the subjoined is an extract. The author and composer and singer is the Great Colney Hatchington, and it is sung nightly, with ear-splitting applause (see advertisement), and is copyright:—

> Says Nick, the Russian Bear, "By great Peter, I declare,
>   The Turkey Cock to lick, oh all to fits;
> Though, John Bull, you may swear, and Gladstone tear his hair,
>   My game's to chaw up Turkey into bits."
>
> "But, stop," says old John Bull, "'ere the order out I pull
>   To bid 'em let out loose my dogs of war;
> I've an army none can beat, and a navy all complete,
>   With ironclads a half-a-dozen score."

Spoken: "Yes, that's true, old bristles and tallow! And I'll tell you something else. My army and navy are like what Tom Sayers used to say of his mauleys: 'This one is six months in the 'orsepital, and the other is sudden death.'"

But the mere words, though they may convey an idea of the grandeur of the mind that gave them birth, fall far short of doing justice to the song as sung. The Great Colney Hatchington has already made himself famous in such popular ditties as the "Girl at the Tripe-shop Bar" and the "Downy Catsmeat Cove," and it will be sufficient to say that the force and fire by means of which he made the lyrics in question standard successes, are rather enhanced than curtailed in his rendering of the "Turkey, the Bull, and the Bear." The way in which he hangs his hat on the back of his head, and with both his hands in the pockets of his trowsers, swells out his cheeks and rolls his eyes in imitation of the bragging, blustering Czar, is only excelled by the "knowing" way in which he cocks his hat and winks, and lays his forefinger along his nose, when enacting the part of John Bull delivering his spirited reply, and his happy allusion to Mr. Sayers. It is whispered in certain quarters that the great Colney Hatchington may one day be offered a distinction that was conferred on Charles Dibdin, but it is scarcely likely he would accept it. What temptation is a paltry three hundred a year to a man who already keeps his brougham and pair, and can make thirty pounds a week by singing nightly at three halls?

JAMES GREENWOOD

◆

THE GARDENS OF LES TOUCHES

DURING a recent stay in Touraine I gladly profited by an opportunity afforded me of visiting Les Touches, the delightfully situated property of the well-known and enterprising publisher, M. Alfred Mame. Every lover of handsomely printed and carefully edited works is already familiar with the magnificent productions, especially the beautifully illustrated series of French classics, issuing at frequent intervals from this important house at Tours, one of the most admirably organised establishments of the kind either in France or elsewhere. By his industry and unremitting attention to business, M. Mame has amassed a large fortune, a considerable portion of which is annually set aside for charitable purposes, and for the benefit of the many hundred workmen employed by him; for the latter model farms and lodging houses have been erected, and both in the construction of the dwellings and the cultivation of land every modern improvement has been successively and judiciously introduced.

Les Touches, the favourite residence of its owner, and one of the show-places of the *département* of Indre et Loire, is situated about six miles from Tours, on a rising slope commanding an extensive view over a wide expanse of country. Adjoining it, but separated by a road from the private grounds, are the picturesque woods, also the property of M. Mame, intersected in all directions by carriage drives for the convenience of the public, and containing the finest horse-chestnut trees I ever saw. The house occupied by the proprietor and his wife is small, and without any particular architectural pretension; but nothing could be better chosen than its position. In front of the terrace, as far as the eye can reach, extends a vast panorama of vineyards and meadowland, here and there dotted with village spires, while on the right the towers of Tours Cathedral are distinctly visible. The pleasure grounds abound in trimly-kept avenues, one of which, called l'Allée de Luynes, embraces a view of the ancient castle of Luynes of historic celebrity, proudly perched on an eminence beyond the Loire, and recalling to the memory more than one tradition connected with the valiant Connétable and the fair but unscrupulous intriguer, Marie de Rohan, Duchesse de Chevreuse. Three pieces of water, spanned by ornamental bridges, and richly stocked with rare and curious specimens, form a pleasing feature in the landscape, and in one of the shady alleys seats resembling in shape gigantic mushrooms are scattered about for the accommodation of visitors. Below, a steam engine is perpetually at work, supplying water from an artesian well for the irrigation of the turf, which thus preserves its verdure in spite of as scorching a sun as I ever remember to have felt.

The flower-beds are laid out with exquisite taste and harmony of design, and present a dazzling brilliancy of artistically variegated hues; but the main attraction of Les Touches consists in its hot-houses, filled with the scarcest tropical plants, and requiring the constant attention of no less than twenty gardeners. M. Mame himself kindly volunteered to be our cicerone during our walk, and pointed out the different objects of interest with all the enthusiasm of a collector; the majority of these rarities, comprising almost every variety of botanical marvels, have been acquired by their possessor at a considerable cost, and in many cases have turned out excellent investments. One plant, for instance, which he mentioned having purchased for seventy-five francs, had so improved under his care that he was lately offered 800 for it by a rival amateur; he also showed us several others, mostly Indian specimens, which only needed a few months' sojourn in his hot-houses to be worth more than double their original value.

The soil in this part of Touraine is light and poor, and although favourable to the culture of the vine, can only in other respects be made productive by infinite labour and incessant watering. These natural difficulties have to a great extent been overcome at Les Touches by the unwearied solicitude of its owner, who personally superintends the management of his estate, and seldom passes a day without planning some new improvement, and witnessing its being carried into execution. Though sixty-five years of age, he is hale and wiry, and endowed with remarkable activity, mental and bodily, devoting whatever time can be spared from his establishment at Tours to the embellishment of one of the most desirable and best cultivated properties in France. It is almost superfluous to add that throughout the *département* he is deservedly respected and esteemed; and if any Conservative could triumph over the Democratic prejudices of the population as a candidate for the Chamber, no one (did he so will it) ought to have a better chance of success than Monsieur Alfred Mame.

C. H.

THE READER

THE Asiatic road to India is ever a popular theme, and more particularly so at the present time, when recent events have reawakened amongst a large section of Englishmen the never completely dormant fear of a Russian invasion of our Indian dominions. Such Russophobists, therefore, will welcome "A Ride through Islam," by Captain Hippisley Cunliffe Marsh, F.R.G.S. (Tinsley Brothers), which recounts the journey of the author, a captain in the 18th Bengal Cavalry, through Persia and Afghanistan to India *viâ* Meshed, Herat, and Kandahar. Unfortunately this journey was undertaken in September, 1872, and as we are now in September, 1877, the intervening five years have probably wrought much change in the districts which Capt. Marsh visited, more particularly when we remember that the annexation of Khiva, the European tour of the Shah, and the struggle between Shere Ali, the ruler of Afghanistan, and his son, Yakoob Khan, the Governor of Herat—all events which have done something to alter the position of affairs—are now matters of long past history. Still, as a straightforward story of a difficult and dangerous journey, which very few Englishmen would care to venture upon, more especially when wholly unprovided with any species of credentials or letter of permission from the British Government, the book possesses an interest of no common order. In one way Captain Marsh was fortunate—he appears to have met with great hospitality throughout, and nowhere more so than at Herat, where Yakoob Khan showed him every possible civility and kindness, and even confided to him his family troubles and the Cabul intrigues which served so much to estrange him from his father. "I know," he remarked, "that the very fact of my speaking to you in your language will be repeated at Cabul, and will be put down to me as hatching some intrigue against my father." Indeed, the chapter on Herat and its brave ruler is one of the most interesting in the book, which, as a whole, we heartily recommend to the perusal of all interested in Indian and trans-Indian matters.

The recent visit of the Grand Sherif of Morocco to this country with his English-born wife gives a special interest to a work to which, though published some months since, we would at this time draw our readers' attention. In "Morocco and the Moors," by Arthur Leared, M.D., F.R.C.P., will be found an immense mass of highly interesting information concerning that country, which, although nearer to us than Turkey or Egypt, is, with the exception perhaps of Tangiers, almost a complete *terra incognita* to the modern traveller. In a great measure this is doubtless owing to the intense fanaticism of the Moors, as well as to the internal troubles which are constantly taking place, and which effectually prevented the author from obtaining more than the most cursory of glances at the city of Morocco. Notwithstanding that he held a special letter of recommendation from the Grand Sherif, Dr. Leared was unable to stir a step in that town without assuming a disguise, and being attended by a well-armed guard. Even then he would be constantly mobbed by the population, who were quick at penetrating his disguise, until at last he determined to retrace his steps to quarters where the hated "Kaffir" was at liberty to pursue his investigations comparatively unmolested. One of the chief objects the author had in view in visiting the country was to bring into notice the "incomparable climates" to be found in that country for persons suffering from affections of the chest, and certainly there are one or two towns, if we are to judge from his description, whose sites appear to have been specially selected with a view to benefiting consumptive subjects. Of Tangiers, where the foreign representatives reside, there is a fair sprinkling of Europeans, and there need be no fear of fanaticism, he gives a very glowing account, and when we read, in addition to its sanitary advantages, that beef and mutton can be bought for *2d.* a pound, a fowl for *9d.*, and a duck for *1s.*, while the cost of living at a hotel amounts to only from *4s.* to *7s.* per diem, we can only express our surprise that Tangiers has not long since become a fashionable sanatorium. Mogador, on the Atlantic coast, Dr. Leared considers even superior as a health resort to Tangiers, although of course its greater distance from Europe and present want of accomodation are considerable drawbacks. Sanitary subjects, however, occupy but a small portion of the work, which abounds in amusingly-told adventures encountered by the author during his journeys in the interior, and with valuable information anent the historical, geographical, and zoological features of the country and descriptions of many curious manners and customs of the Moors and the great Israelite community which forms so large a portion of the population.

Meteorology is fast becoming a popular science, and there are now few households where the inmates do not keep watch upon the barometer and the thermometer with an interest which is heightened by accumulated experience, and by the comparison of notes with similarly disposed neighbours and friends. The want of a really popular treatise on this subject has, therefore, long been felt, although it may not be generally known that Mr. Scott, of the Meteorological Office, has written a capital little work on the use of meteorological instruments which affords considerable information to intending observers. The work before us, however, "Weather Warnings for Watchers," (Houlston and Sons), by the "Clerk" himself, well supplies this want in a really popular and cheap form—all kinds of instruments and their uses are described and illustrated, tables are given by which the "watcher" may astonish his friends by the accuracy of his predictions, together with much valuable instruction which will enable a beginner in "weather wisdom" to qualify himself for a more advanced study of a science which even its proficients admit to be still only in its infancy.

While on scientific periodicals we may mention a capital issue of the Natural Science Series—the "Elements of Physiography," &c., by the Rev. Alexander Mackay, LL.D., F.R.G.S. (William Blackwood and Sons)—a compact manual for schools and students of the elements of physiography and physical geography, including chapters on mathematical geography, the solar system, the atmosphere, climates, electricity and magnetism, biology, geology, and even optical instruments—really a capital *multum in parvo* for even advanced students.

Three little works on topics of the day are "Who was Caxton?" (Hardwicke and Bogue)—a monograph detailing the chief features of the celebrated father of English printing in his various capacities of merchant, ambassador, historian, author, translator, and printer; and two works on the Colorado Beetle—"The Colorado Potato Beetle," illustrated and described by Dr. Andrew Wilson (W. and A. K. Johnston), and "The Colorado Beetle," by Charles V. Riley, M.A., Ph.D. (George Routledge and Sons). The coloured illustrations portraying the insect in all stages of its career, both in its natural size and highly magnified, render the first-mentioned work particularly valuable.

As a contribution to the already bulky literature of ferns, Mr. F. G. Heath's new volume, entitled "The Fern World" (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), will by no means be considered superfluous. The author's previous work on the subject, the "Fern Paradise," has made him well known to a large class of readers, who will welcome his more ambitious performance. No one can write a good book on such a subject unless he be an enthusiast, and this evidently Mr. Heath is; while his technical knowledge of the structure, classification, and culture of ferns has rendered his book one which will serve as a standard book of reference for all lovers and cultivators of these beautiful plants. The second part of the book is invaluable to owners or would-be owners of fern rockeries and fern-houses, or even of humble pots, wherewith to brighten their dwelling rooms. "Fern Hunting" and "Some Rambles through Fernland" (Devonshire, of course), which comprise Parts III. and IV., will recall many pleasant recollections to those who have trodden the same ground as Mr. Heath in his search for specimens, while to those who have not they will serve as an excellent guide. The concluding part, which deals with forty-five varieties of ferns best known or most sought for by fern lovers, is most judiciously written, containing all the information generally required. Every fern, too, is figured in the admirable plates which, to the number of twelve, are incorporated with the book; and it is not too much to say that they are the most admirable yet seen in any similar work, being "nature-printed" by the aid of photography, and not mere drawings from nature. These, with the full-page engravings of views in "Fernland," and the beautiful printing and general execution of the volume, make it one of the handsomest drawing-room books of the season.

A pleasant week's bicycle trip is chronicled in a miniature volume, "Bonn to Metz," by C. F. Casella (S. Low and Co.). Bicycles were little known in Germany at the time of the author's ride (April, 1872), and he and his friend with their iron steeds created considerable astonishment throughout their journey. The news of their coming often preceded them to the various towns, and brought out the inhabitants to stare at the strange arrivals. Free from the ordinary tourist worries of catching trains, finding suitable horses, or bargaining with drivers, the author's trip was thoroughly enjoyable, and entailed no further annoyance than a spill and a few wettings. Mr. Casella's bright description will probably tempt other bicyclists to go and do likewise.

◆

HER LITTLE SHOE!

LITTLE Blue Shoe—sad little shoe!
Face that was tender—heart that was true!

Full many and many a year has flown,
  Since into the sunlight she came;
And one there is left and one there is gone,
  The tender, the bright little Dame.
I see her now—with the dancing eyes,
  The sea-shell tint, the glance so sweet.
The fluttering lip and laugh of surprise,
  And the bright blue shoes on the little feet.
Little Blue Shoe! gay little shoe!
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

Full many and many a year has flown
  Since the sunny day in June
When she brightened the house that was now her own:
  Her laugh as gay as a tune.
For now up the stair, and down the stair,
  And busily through the street,
Fluttered so fast in matronly care,
  The little blue shoes and restless feet.
Little Blue Shoe! bright little shoe,
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

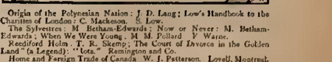
And many and many a year has flown,
  Each bringing a colder chill;
And one there is left, and one there is gone—
  The little feet are still.
All in the days of November gloom
  The house I am wandering through,
And I find in a lonely, forgotten room,
  Lost in a corner, her little shoe!
Little Blue Shoe! sad little shoe!
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

PERCY FITZGERALD

◆

WINDSOR CASTLE.—Until the return of the Court from Scotland in November the State apartments will be open to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays between the hours of eleven and four. Free tickets of admission are issued at the office of the Royal Windsor Guide, Castle Hill. The Albert Memorial Chapel is open every Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday from twelve to three. Tickets are not required.

THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON STATE MEDICINE of the British Medical and Social Science Association have recently published their memorial to the Earl of Beaconsfield. They begin by reminding Lord Beaconsfield that in 1868 a Royal Commission was appointed at their request to inquire into the administration and operation of the sanitary laws, and that the Royal Commission, as the result of the evidence then collected, recommended a consolidation of the law relating to the public health and other changes in sanitary administration, several of which have been adopted and made law by the Public Health Act of 1875. Subsequently, in 1876, a Sanitary Conference of representative local governing bodies was held under the presidency of Lord Aberdare to consider how, in any change of the existing system, greater efficiency of action could be best obtained. The Committee point out the difficulties that have arisen owing to the distinctions which exist in the powers and obligations vested in rural and urban sanitary authorities, and suggest as a remedy for these evils the establishment of County Boards for administration and finance, and state that there would be no difficulty in obtaining the services of good men to act as consultants to this Board, and to superintend the sanitary work of the whole or part of a county. Under these officers are to be district medical officers of health, while the county officers are to be under the direction of a chief attached to the central authority,—the whole staff thus constituted being presided over by a Minister of Health. The Committee are of opinion that officers of health should not be permitted to practice, and that they would therefore be in a position to obtain from medical practitioners the evidence necessary for the performance of their duties. We regret that Lord Beaconsfield has been prevented by press of public work from receiving this deputation, and would remind his Lordship that matters concerning the health of the community are the duty of a statesman who came into office with the cry of "Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas."



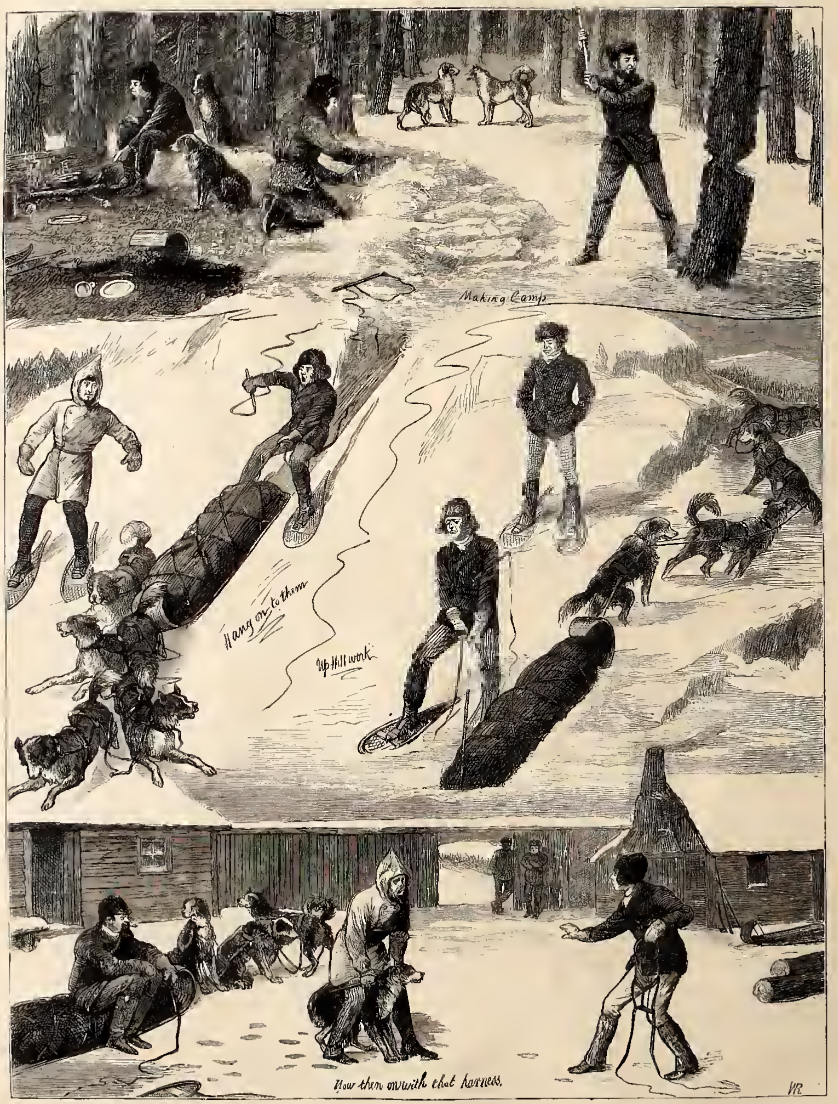
Books Received

Origin of the Polynesian Nation: J. D. Lang; Low's Handbook to the Charities of London: C. Mackeson. S. Low.

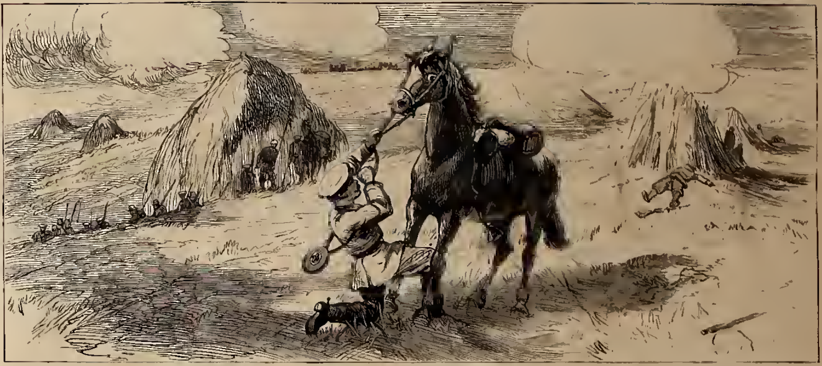
The Sylvestres: M. Betham-Edwards; Now or Never: M. Betham-Edwards; When We Were Young: M. M. Pollard. F. Warne.

Reediford Holm: T. R. Skemp; The Court of Divorce in the Golden Land" (a Legend): "Iota." Remington and Co.

Home and Foreign Trade of Canada: W. J. Patterson. Lovell, Montreal.
Painting on China: Trans. by G. A. Bouvier. Lechertier, Barbe, and Co.
Royal Guide to the London Charities: H. Fry. Hardwicke and Bogue.
Geological Survey of Victoria, Report of Progress, IV. Trübner and Co.
Law of Husband and Wife: "Philo-Familias." E. W. Allen.
Modern Birmingham, Vol. II.: J. A. Langford. Simpkin, Marshall.


Making Camp
Hang on to them
Up Hill work
Now then on with that harness.
WR

LIFE IN MANITOBA, IV.



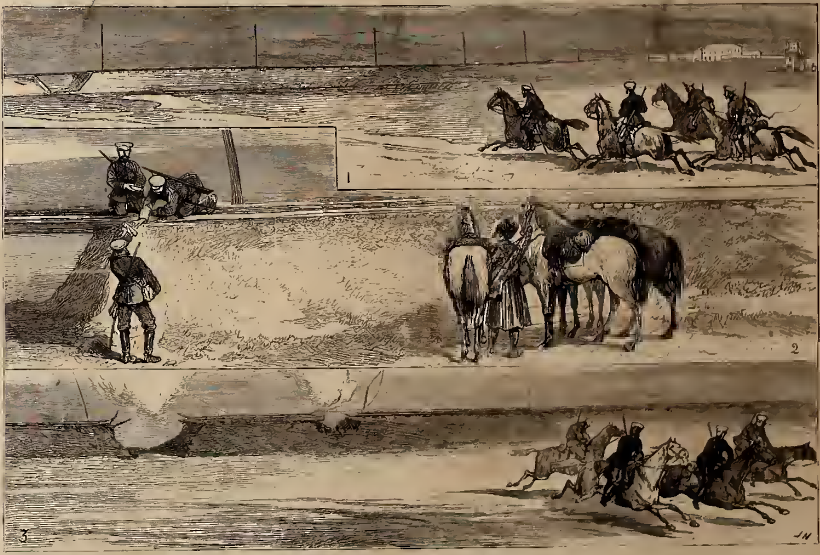
YOUR OWN ARTIST'S HORSE UNDER FIRE

DINNER TIME

THE sound of the dinner-bell is everywhere a welcome sound, and it is especially welcome when the daily round of existence is of an unvaried and monotonous character. It reverberates pleasantly in the ears of the factory-hand, weary with the eternal hum of machinery; it rejoices the heart of the passenger on board an ocean steamer, albeit he has but recently disposed of a hearty breakfast and two luncheons; and as, in spite of their seclusion from the world, monks still retain a large amount of human nature in their composition, we may justly presume that the efforts of the worthy brother who has "set the bell a-ringing" are fully appreciated by his comrades. As they troop in, the various dispositions indicated by their faces form an interesting study. The features of the veteran with his hands clasped indicate a placid benevolence, while his interlocutor is evidently of a more restless temperament. Behind him stands one who, to judge from his ascetic countenance, regards dinner rather as a necessity to be endured than as a luxury to be enjoyed. This doctrine is certainly not held by the jovial brother, whose hand gently presses that part of his person which is destined apparently to expand under the genial influence of dinner. Mr. Topham has judiciously occupied the background of his picture with a very artistic fountain, at which the brothers perform their somewhat scanty ablutions, soap being a substance which is but lightly esteemed in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

LIFE IN MANITOBA, IV.

THESE sketches, together with those which we have published in previous issues, afford a vivid representation of the sort of life which is led in those parts of North America which were formerly under the sway of the Hudson's Bay Company, and where, although the latitude is only that of Southern England and Northern France, the climate is almost Arctic in its severity. The dog plays a far more important part in these regions than in temperate countries; he supplies the place of the railway locomotive and the omnibus horse, and so he figures in every sketch. In the first, he is shown resting after his labours, quietly contemplating the glow of the fire, or holding an animated conference with a companion, while his two-legged masters are hard at work getting their camp ready, one emptying his snow-shoes, another felling a tree, and another cooking. In the next engraving the effects of uphill and downhill travelling are contrasted. In one the driver has to hang back to retard the rapidity of the descent; in the other he has to lighten the labours of the dogs by helping to drag their load. In the last sketch the team is kept waiting by one refractory steed who refuses to be harnessed, but will probably be compelled to yield to *force majeure.*—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. H. Bullock Webster.



1. The Approach.—2. Fixing the Charge.—3. After the Explosion.
COSSACKS' METHOD OF DESTROYING A RAILWAY

WITH THE RUSSIANS

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The interest of the campaign has this week been transferred from the Balkans to the Danube, and the Russians have at length resumed active operations round Plevna. Exhausted by his fruitless conflict in the Shipka Pass, Suleiman Pasha has subsided into quietude, and Mehemet Ali and Osman Pasha have taken up the struggle. In the engagements of the past fortnight the Turks have certainly shown their powers of fighting well and steadily in the open field. Thus on Thursday week Mehemet Ali attacked part of the Cesarewitch's army under General Leonoff at Karahassankoi, on the western bank of the Lom, and, after twelve hours' hard fighting, during which the village changed hands six times, drove the enemy across the river, and forced them to evacuate Haidarkoi and to fall back on Gabovo. The Russian force only numbered 3,500 men, while the Turks mustered 12,000. Next morning the Russians retreated to Popkoi, and as a strong Turkish force had concentrated on the road between Gabovo and Popkoi, the latter village was burnt and evacuated on Saturday, being subsequently occupied by the Turks. Meanwhile a detachment from Rustchuk on Friday seized Kadikoi, and was subsequently expelled by some Russian reinforcements, but on Tuesday the garrison again made a sortie, and, according to Turkish sources, defeated the Russians. By the victory of Karahassankoi the Turks are masters of the tract between the two branches of the Lom, while should the advance of the Rustchuk garrison prove successful the Russian bridge at Pyrgos will be seriously endangered, and the Turkish lines brought unpleasantly near to Sistova.

Following up the movements of his colleague, Osman Pasha on Friday advanced on the villages of Pelisat and Zgalince, about five miles from Poredin, where he captured the Russian redoubt, only to be driven out with considerable loss. Some slight advantage must have been gained by the Turks, however, as the Russians are said to have been unable to recover their forepost line. Osman's advance was soon checked, for on Tuesday Gens. Skobeleff and Meretinsky captured Loftcha, which had been seized by the Turks soon after the Plevna affair, and which, as it commands the line of retreat to Sofia, is a most important position. Skobeleff had been before Loftcha for a fortnight, and the permission to attack was probably given in consequence of the fear lest Suleiman should steal round and unite with Osman Pasha, small parties of his army having been seen in the neighbourhood. Reports are also current of a battle before Plevna on Wednesday. The Russians have thus at last abandoned their waiting tactics, and Osman Pasha is now also threatened by 40,000 Roumanian troops who have crossed the Danube, and are to be stationed at Poredin, leaving the Grand Duke free to act on the south of Plevna. Prince Charles has been appointed Commander of the "United Russo-Roumanian Army," with Gen. Zatoff as chief of his staff, and General Cerner as head of the Roumanian detachment, and has issued an order of the day. Great discontent is expressed in Roumania at the departure of the soldiers, who were intended to defend their homes and not to serve the purpose of Russia. The Roumanians also are in dread of a Turkish invasion, as a bridge has been made to an island opposite Kalarash, from whence the Turks can advance from Silistria. The Grand Duke Nicholas is still patiently awaiting his reinforcements, which come up very slowly, no fresh troops having arrived until the middle of last month. This delay is all the more serious as the season is advancing, and the climate of the Lower Danube does not favour an autumn campaign. The river has remained open all the winter only eight times out of thirty-seven years, and the ice is generally so thick as to imperil the strongest vessels. The pontoon bridges at Simnitza must be taken up for the winter, and the difficulty of communication will thus be very great.

In the Shipka Pass the continuous fighting has relapsed into occasional reconnaissances, the most important being on Monday at Yechilagatch. The Russians hold their ground, and Suleiman's movements are shrouded in some mystery, it not being clearly known whether he is reorganising his shattered troops or whether he is moving round by another pass to join the forces on the Danube. General Radetzky has been presented by the Czar with a sword set with diamonds for his gallant defence of the Pass, and has been strongly reinforced. Official Russian sources fix the number of killed and wounded at 4,200, while the Turks estimate their own loss at 7,000. The operations in ASIA have been unimportant, consisting of numerous minor engagements. The Grand Duke Michael has assumed the command of the army, *vice* General Loris Melikoff, and the Russian camp has been advanced from Kuruk Dara to the Karajal hills, while the Turks are reported to be moving towards Alexandropol. Soukhoum Kaleh was definitively abandoned by the Turks on Saturday, after repeated skirmishes, and the Abkhasian insurrection has thus been successfully repressed.

CONSTANTINOPLE is busy succouring the refugees, who are pouring in by thousands. The Sultan has given up his palace of Beglerbeg for their use, and many have been received into private houses. Parliament meets on November 1st., and the financial estimates for 1877—8, have been published, showing a large deficit. Abdul Kerim, Redif Pasha, and several other ex-officials, have been sent temporarily to the island of Lemnos, their trial being deferred till a more leisure season. ST. PETERSBURG is delighted with Germany for protesting against the Turkish cruelties, and equally disgusted with England for not taking the initiative. The money difficulties in Russia are growing worse, and people are beginning to assert that had they known six months ago as much as they know now they would never have gone to war. Blame of their generals is pretty freely expressed, and has fallen heavily upon Baron Krüdener, who has implored the various correspondents to publish that he attacked Plevna against his wish, and under the strict orders of the Grand Duke.

SERVIA has as yet taken no active part, and her delay is credited to the remonstrances of the German and English Representatives. Nevertheless, war preparations continue, the Skuptschina is said to be convoked for the 11th inst., the plan of campaign has been decided, and all officers are to rejoin by the 13th inst. It is asserted that in the event of a Servian defeat the Czar has offered Prince Milan a home at St. Petersburg, general's rank in the service, and social precedence immediately after the Grand Dukes. In MONTENEGRO it is reported that the bulk of the army have abandoned the siege of Nicksics, and are marching on the Duga Pass and on Drobniak. AUSTRIA continues to look on calmly, and the Magyar party are highly indignant with the Government for joining in the German protest.

FRANCE.——The sudden death of M. Thiers at St. Germain has been a shock to the whole of France, and party differences have been merged in the general regret for the "Libérateur de la Territoire." M. Thiers fairly died in harness. He was in good health to the last, was at work on his electoral manifesto, and was to have gone to Paris in the afternoon to meet some of his friends, M. Gambetta amongst the number. On returning from his walk on Monday morning, however, M. Thiers complained of a chill, grew worse after breakfast, and then sank into a condition of coma, from which he never recovered. The cold weather at St. Germain is said to have hastened his end, which, in spite of his eighty years, was totally unexpected, the only bad symptoms of late having been restlessness and drowsiness. On the previous day he had been discussing the merits of Delacroix with M. Meissonier, who was engaged on his portrait, while only a short time ago, when reports of his death were current, and some *Boursiers* besieged his house to learn the truth, he bade his secretary tell them that "Petit bonhomme vit encore." Marshal MacMahon, then at the Loire manœuvres, at once telegraphed his intended return to Paris, and requested that a State funeral should be held at the Invalides, as it "must be a national demonstration, and not one of a party." The ex-President will afterwards be buried in Père La Chaise. The body was brought back to Paris on Wednesday, when it lay in State in the Place St. Georges, until the funeral, which was to take place to-day (Saturday), and will be a most imposing ceremony, as full military honours will be paid to the late statesman, in consequence of his eminent services. The Minister of the Interior has issued an official eulogium of M. Thiers, and the members of the Left have published a manifesto. The importance of this loss to the Republican party at the present moment can scarcely be over estimated. Many timid Liberals who rallied to M. Thiers' prudent Republic will fight shy of M. Gambetta, notwithstanding his recent moderation, although the latter is doing his best to prevent this feeling, as he is reported to have put forward M. Grévy as the head of the Republicans, while his journal, the *République Française*, earnestly advocates the maintenance of M. Thiers' plans and spirit. The Press is almost unanimous in praise of the ex-President, the Government organs being nearly as laudatory as the Republican sheets, and only a few ultra-Bonapartist and Legitimist journals have the bad taste to sneer at the dead. In Paris the topic has absorbed all others, and crowds have visited the Place St. Georges. M. Thiers has left two wills, one relating to his fortune, which is bequeathed to his wife and sister-in-law, and the other, a political testament, in the keeping of M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire, his faithful friend.

M. Gambetta's trial has, of course, been thrown into the shade. He was examined by the Juge d'Instruction on Friday, when he assumed the responsibility of publishing the Lille speech, although he denied the accusation of libelling the Marshal and insulting his Ministers. He received a hearty ovation from the crowd outside the Palais de Justice. The trial has been fixed for next Tuesday, and the summons was served on M. Gambetta on Wednesday. Much discussion is going on as to the suppression of the reports of the trial—a measure vigorously advocated by M. de Broglie's *Français*, which points out that this step is legal according to a Republican statute of 1849—while the *Débats* declares that if M. Gambetta were condemned to lose his civil rights the Chamber would be justified in validating his election.

The elections are to be fixed for the 14th prox.—a date twenty days beyond the legal limit of three months after the dissolution, and the Marshal is expected to issue a manifesto on the eve of the voting. M. Paul de Cassagnac has been speechifying in the Gers, when he besought Imperialists and Royalists to forget their opinions and unite at the ballot-box. Marshal MacMahon's tour came to an untimely end by the death of M. Thiers. He went to La Forêt for the opening of the shooting, and on Monday started for the Loire manœuvres, whence he returned to Paris instead of going on to Bordeaux. He leaves again for the South on Sunday.

In Paris the Marshal has received the new American Minister, General Noyes, and has bidden farewell to Mr. Washburne.—The Parisians have been laughing at a caricature in the *Eclair* of M. Gambetta holding his sides at the idea of his prosecution, which was speedily confiscated by the police, in company with a pile of ribbons worked with the portraits of MM. Thiers and Gambetta.—There have been two first representations—a comedy, *Pierre*, by MM. Cormon and Beauplan, at the Vaudeville, and *Chanteuse par Amour*, a charming monologue for Madame Judic, at the Variétés.—A serious railway collision occurred to the Boulogne train on Saturday night at Noyelles, when nine persons, several of whom were English, were badly hurt.

GERMANY.——The anniversary of Sedan was kept at Berlin on Sunday with great rejoicings, and a monument to Carl Wilhelm, the composer of the "Wacht am Rhein," was unveiled at his native town, Crefeld; but the Germans are anxious to assure France that the celebration was in memory of their national unity, not of their neighbour's defeat. Indeed, their sentiments towards France are very friendly just now, and much regret is felt for M. Thiers, who was sincerely admired by Prince Bismarck. The result of the elections is also looked for with considerable anxiety.—Emperor William was to visit Herr Krupp at Essen on Monday, and on Wednesday would receive, at Castle Benrath, a deputation from the Protestant clergy.—The Imperial Prince has been superintending the military manœuvres in Bavaria, where he was warmly received, while King Louis sulked in his Alpine castle. During the coming manœuvres at Metz a sham siege will be undertaken.—The Colorado Beetle has been successfully eradicated from Mulheim.

UNITED STATES.——Brigham Young, the Mormon "Prophet," died last week at Salt Lake City, at the age of seventy-six, having been head of the Mormon Church since the death of Joseph Smith in 1844. His death will probably contribute to the downfall of Mormonism, already tottering, and no successor is likely to be chosen just at present, although his son, John Young, is put forward for the office. Meanwhile the government of the Church is carried on by twelve apostles.

The state of trade in America is reported to be rapidly improving. Railway traffic is on the increase, the exports are favourable, and the mills in full work, while the only depression is in the iron trade. The Working Men's Party, though only of recent formation, is becoming a formidable movement, and will warmly contest the election of the State officers in Ohio in November.—Three serious accidents are reported this week. In New York a piano factory has been burnt down with a loss of some fifty lives, and has inflicted damage to the value of 200,000*l*., forty other houses being injured; an incendiary fire has occurred at Paris, in Texas, when there was considerable loss of life; and a train on the Rock Island Railway fell into a river near Desmoines, the bridge having been washed away in a storm. Twenty persons were killed and forty injured.—The Indian Chief, Sitting Bull, is said to have re-entered the States and joined the Nez Percés, and 700 troops have accordingly been sent to the Upper Missouri.

INDIA.——Little change in the Famine reports. Distress and mortality continue to increase in Mysore and Madras, affairs are critical in the North-West Provinces, and scarcity is imminent in Rajpootana, but in Bombay the prospects are slightly bettered by the rain. The Viceroy is still in Madras, and has requested that no subscriptions may be organised until the Government has decided on a regular system of relief, as difficulties might otherwise arise. It is suggested, however, that private charity might care for orphans, and establish relief camps.—There has been a small difficulty on the Punjab frontier with the Jowakis—a branch of the Afridis—who had made a raid on British territory, but the disturbance has been suppressed.—Affairs are very unsettled in Cabul, and the death of Yakoob Khan of Kashgar is confirmed. His eldest son was also killed, and Hakim Tomb, the son of the deposed ruler of Yarkand, has been recognised as Ameer.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In ITALY the Pope has dismissed his physician, Dr. Pellegallo, in consequence of reports having leaked out of His Holiness's bad health.—SWEDEN is celebrating the quatercentenary of the University of Upsala.—In EGYPT the Nile is still below the minimum height for the last eight years, and is now falling.—The CAPE Parliament has been prorogued, and Sir Bartle Frere in the closing speech said that the annexation of the Transvaal had been welcomed by a great majority.—In AUSTRALIA the Chinese question grows more serious, the Bill of the Queensland Legislature taxing each Chinese immigrant 10*l.* has been sanctioned by Lord Carnarvon, but the proposed miner's right of 3*l.* per annum on each Celestial gold-digger is not yet decided. The nuisance is little felt in other Colonies, where the Chinese are few and only take up despised work, but the Queensland goldfields are literally overrun. The fortifications of Sydney and Newcastle are being actively considered, and it is proposed to build an ironclad to cruise round the coast.

THE COURT

The Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold have been taking their usual walks and drives in the Highlands this week, and there is little to chronicle beyond that on Sunday Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold were present at Divine Service at the parish church of Crathie, attended by the Duchess of Roxburghe and Viscount Bridport, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating, and that Mr. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forbes of Newe, and Lieut.-Colonel Farquharson dined with Her Majesty on Tuesday.

The Prince of Wales has gone to Trouville. The Princess remains at Cowes with her children, the health of young Prince Albert Victor now improving daily. It is authoritatively contradicted that the Princess of Wales intends to pay a lengthened visit to Denmark.—Prince and Princess Christian have been staying at Jervaux Abbey with the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailesbury, and have visited the Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon.—The Duke of Cambridge has had a severe attack of gout at Homburg, but has now recovered.—It is stated that the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to Athens was curtailed by a telegram from the Home Government requesting him to leave immediately, as his presence there might be misconstrued at the present time.

CHURCH NEWS

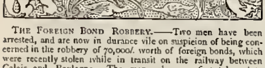
THE "PROTESTANT" CHURCH.——Mr. William Grant, of Peckham, has written to the Bishop of Rochester with reference to his lordship's late sermon at Hatcham, in which he stated that "if the Church of England was not a Protestant Reformed Church she was a shameful schism, and ought not to have an existence." Mr. Grant says that as an English Churchman he has been required all his life to profess his faith in "the Catholic Church," but has never been required to profess himself a "Protestant," nor to acknowledge himself a member of a "Protestant Church." He asks the Bishop to give him some authority for his being, as an English Churchman, a Protestant, and "that the Church of England in any official Church document calls herself a 'Protestant Reformed Church.'" The Bishop replies, expressing his regret at having pained his correspondent by the use of the word "Protestant," but declares that it was chosen deliberately, and that he inflexibly abides by it. His lordship points out that it would be as reasonable to object to the doctrine of the Trinity because the word does not occur in Scripture as to deny that the Church is Protestant merely because that term is not to be found in the authorised formularies. "Of the Thirty-nine Articles no less than seventeen are directly or indirectly in controversy with Roman error; and so long as the clergy and laity of the Church of England accept the substance of our Articles just so long do they protest against the errors they expose." Mr. Grant in a second letter agrees that the Church of England is a "Reformed" Church, but contends that since the Council of Trent the Catholic and Roman Church may also be so termed. He also admits that the English Church protests against the errors of Rome, but not more than against those of the Anabaptists; and, further, urges that Dr. Thorold's idea of the term, Protestant would probably mean protest against doctrines which are held in common by the Eastern and Roman communions, and which, he asserts are also held by the Anglican Church. To this second letter the Bishop merely replies that he has not time for further discussion of the matter.

THE BURIALS QUESTION.——Canon Ridley's recent letter telling the clergy that they have been hopelessly beaten in the House of Lords, and advising them gracefully to accept the inevitable, has been followed by quite a number of declarations of a similar character. The Ven. Sir S. L. Stamer, Archdeacon of Stoke-on-Trent, in his Visitation Charge delivered last week says that he is unable to see any logical connection between the admission of Dissenters to the churchyards and their admission to the church, which is what so many declare must follow. Nor does he believe that Disestablishment would be one day nearer for the concession.

The Rev. H. C. Calverley, Rector of Bassingham, in a letter to the *Daily News*, takes the same view, and specially deprecates the demand for a discretionary power of reading the Burial Service—a relief which he thinks might prove a heavier burden to their conscience than the grievance which they now feel.

"A London Clergyman," writing to *The Times*, denies the dictum of the Attorney-General that there is anything in the Public Worship Act affecting the incumbent of a parish in respect to the churchyard, and urges that the clergy should endeavour to solve the difficulty without the aid of the law, and should also refrain from asking for the freedom of action as to interments which Canon Ridley and others desire. *The Times* has a leading article founded upon this letter, in which it says that the suggested freedom of the choice as to the reading of the burial service by the clergy would create a greater evil than it would remedy. The *Nonconformist* anticipates that as the autumnal Diocesan Conferences come on we shall have expressions of opinion on the other side, but thinks it evident that the "no surrender" party will be less confident than usual; and considers it a good sign that the first public expression of opinion since the rising of Parliament should have come from clergymen who see the uselessness of further resistance, and are anxious to put an end in the best way to a long-standing and bitter controversy.

VARIOUS.——The opening service of the Festival of the Three Choirs on Tuesday in Gloucester Cathedral was attended in State by the Corporations of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford. There was a large congregation, and the stewards were very active in preventing any confusion or breach of decorum. A notice on the walls called upon all persons to "observe the reverence due to the House of God." Bishop Ellicott preached the sermon, remarking that the reason of his presence was the grave fact that the permanent interests of the charity for the relief of the widow and orphans of the clergy, in whose behalf the Festival was established, were in some degree endangered. The service was followed by a luncheon in the Corn Exchange, and the Festival itself commenced with the performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* in the Cathedral, where on Wednesday Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music and Beethoven's *Engedi* (the Mount of Olives) were performed.—A rather noisy meeting was held last week in Southwark to protest against the Ritualistic practices and preaching of the Rev. G. W. Berkeley, the new Vicar of All Hallows, St. Saviour's. An address to the Bishop of Rochester was adopted, asking his lordship to remove "this Romanist" from the district.—On Sunday last the chapel of the Latter Day Saints in Birmingham was draped in black, and the services were of a mournful description. The speakers deplored the death of Brigham Young, and unanimously declared him to be a slandered man. Polygamy was stated to be a hindrance to the spread of the faith, and the rather superfluous announcement was made that so long as one Mormon lived "the Church" would never die.—The Rev. H. S. Syers of Peterborough informs us that the statement made in our issue of the 11th ult., referring to a "Raffle for Bibles," was erroneous, the event having taken place, not in the parish church, of which he is vicar, but in the church of St. Ives.



LEGAL

THE FOREIGN BOND ROBBERY.——Two men have been arrested, and are now in durance vile on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery of 70,000*l.* worth of foreign bonds, which were recently stolen while in transit on the railway between Calais and Boulogne. The man, who was first taken into custody, is a Frenchman, who seems to have attempted to negotiate two Russian Bonds of the respective value of 100*l.* and 50*l.*, which formed part of the stolen property. He, however, denies all knowledge of the robbery. The other prisoner, who gives the name of Carr, was apprehended on Tuesday by a detective, who led him into a trap by offering to purchase some Peruvian bonds which he had for sale. They met in the Euston Road, an introduction being effected by a third person, who afterwards mysteriously vanished from the scene. After some cautious talk as to whether the detective was a "square" man, the two adjourned to the Great Northern Hotel, where, after the door had been locked and bolted, the bonds were produced, and the officer, declaring himself, told Carr to consider himself his prisoner. *Tableau!* The case stood for next hearing yesterday (Friday).

THE ACCUSED DETECTIVES.——Another three days' wearisome talk has been got through, and yet another remand ordered. On Thursday last week Mr. Williams occupied nearly the whole day in cross-examining the witness Benson, whose retorts on the learned counsel were often received with laughter and applause by the crowd in court. Mr. Williams got a rebuke from Sir James Ingham for telling the witness that "his impudence was equal to his villainy." Mr. Besley and Mr. Wontner put a few questions to him, and on Friday Mr. Lewis followed on behalf of Froggatt, the immediate result of his cross-examination being that his client's bail was altered from two sureties of 250*l.* each to one of 500*l.* Three other of the convicts—Bale, Frederick Kurr, and Murray—were called after Benson left the witness-box; and on Saturday Murray's examination was completed, he was succeeded by Stenning, who is undergoing twelve months' imprisonment for his attempt to rescue the convict Kurr. His statements applied chiefly to the case as against Mr. Froggatt, who during the day was allowed by Sir James Ingham to leave the dock and sit beside his legal advisers at the solicitor's table. The hearing was resumed on Thursday.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——The married members of the City Police, who have for some months been complaining of the hardship of being compelled to live within the City have at last obtained permission to reside anywhere with a mile radius of the City boundaries.—Two Glasgow constables have been placed under arrest on the charge of causing the death of a man by pushing him down a flight of stairs.—An extraordinary duel is reported to have taken place last Sunday night on some housetops at Hull between a German immigrant named Lowan and one of the local police. It seems that Lowan got upon the roof of the house in which he lodged in order to look about him, and when the constable challenged him to come down he mistook him for a thief and fired at him with a revolver. The officer, nothing daunted, made his way to the roof of the adjoining house and pelted the German with bricks and chimneypots until he was glad to surrender. Five shots were fired from the revolver, but it is singular that although three of these struck the policeman's belt the wearer escaped uninjured.—Now that the Detective Force is in such bad odour it is rather surprising that any one not belonging to it should desire to pass as a member. This, however, was the case last week with one William Jones, who called at a shop kept by a Jewish lady to inquire about a stolen watch worth 85*l.*, and declaring that he was an officer from Scotland Yard offered 15*l.* if she delivered it up, otherwise he must search her premises. He had, however, reckoned without his host, for he soon found himself in the hands of a real policeman, and has since been fined 10*l.* or two months' imprisonment for his false assumption of the character.—A constable of the X Division stationed at Hanwell is now in custody at Brentford charged with having committed a burglary at a public-house. He seems to have been taken almost red-handed by the police-sergeant on the beat, and at his house a large quantity of stolen property was discovered, besides pawnbrokers' duplicates, skeleton keys, and a number of unused railway tickets.—The Maidstone magistrates do not apparently see their way to acting on the excellent instructions recently issued by Mr. Cross with regard to Italian vagrants. Two men and three children were the other day taken before them, and though 25*l.* was found upon the elder prisoner, they were dismissed with a caution only, the bench being of opinion that a conviction under the Vagrancy Act would not stand. We are glad to see that the case is to be reported to the Home Office, whence probably more precise instructions will now issue.—An odd instance of mistaken identity occurred last week at Grantchester, near Cambridge. An inquest was held upon a body supposed to be that of James Dazeley, which was found drowned; but two witnesses identified the body as that of John Adams, of Chesterton, and the jury so returned. Subsequent inquiry, however, proved that both Dazeley and Adams were still alive, and the question as to the identity of the dead man remains a mystery.—"Castor Oil Pills" it appears are not always made of castor oil, the term being applied indifferently to any "harmless aperient." A Staffordshire grocer has, however, been fined for this misuse of language, and it certainly is as well that people who pay for any particular medicine should not be surreptitiously supplied with another.—Some soldiers of the Coldstream Guards and the 10th Regiment, stationed at Brentwood, have been indulging in a series of street skirmishes on their own account during the last few days. The quarrel originated in an encounter between two men, one from each regiment, in a music hall, on Friday last. Several arrests have been made and some of the injured men are in the hospital.—One of the garrison military policemen at Woolwich has been arrested on a charge of committing a murderous assault upon a young woman as she was crossing the Common.—A dresser employed at the Princess's Theatre was the other day taken before the magistrate on the singular charge of having stolen some fragments of soap, value eightpence. The defence was that such things were rightful perquisites, and the accused was liberated on bail pending a remand.

◆

THE HADJILIK, OR PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA

"PERFORM the pilgrimage to Mecca!" is one of the solemn commands of Mohammed in the Koran, and its observance is held to be binding on all the millions of the human race who practice the faith of Islam. The great object sought in making the pilgrimage is to "ask pardon of God" in the "first house appointed unto men to worship in," where Abraham and Mohammed received revelations from heaven, and where "whoever entereth therein" shall, for this life, and for that which is about to come, "be safe." In issuing this paramount injunction Mohammed appears to have been governed by political and commercial motives, in combination with those of a religious nature. He was evidently desirous of making Mecca a central point of union in which all Mohammedans might congregate for the subjugation of the world, and for the acquisition of its material wealth.

Mecca, the seat of the Mohammedan theocracy, is a Turkish city on the western coast of Arabia, about halfway down the Red Sea, from which it is reached through the port of Jeddah. It is venerated as the spot on which Abraham and Ishmael are said to have erected the "Caaba," or the "First House of God," and which Mohammed adopted as the Temple of all True Believers. The Great Court of the Temple is a large open area in the midst of the city, surrounded by piazzas, enclosed by massive walls, adorned by lofty minarets, and approached by nineteen sacred gates. In the centre stands the "Beit Allah," the Holy of Holies, covered with rich black damask, embroidered with gold, formerly presented new every year by the Khalifs, afterwards by the Sultans of Egypt, and now by the Sultan of Turkey. After the "Caaba," the chief objects of religious regard are the "Stones of Abraham," on which he is recorded to have stood during the building of the "Caabo," and on one of which his footprints are stated to be still visible. Others within the sacred precincts are the "Well of Hagar" and the "Tombs of Ishmael and Hagar." In the neighbourhood of the city are Mount Saffâ and Mount Merwâ, between which Hagar and her son are supposed to have suffered want of water; the Valley of Mina, in which Abraham's faith overcame temptation; and Mount Arafat, where, according to Arabic tradition, Adam repented of his transgression.

Memorials of this character are held to be of such infinite value, that visits to them are not only regarded as acts of filial reverence, but as certain means for obtaining, as declared in the Koran, "visitation of God." Hence every Mussulman longs for the beatific visions which Mecca is believed by him to afford. "See Damascus, the beautiful," cried Mohammed, "and die!" "See Mecca, the heavenly," he cries again, "and live: for it is the 'Gate of Paradise!'" In fulfilment of this mandate, multitudes of devotees from all the more southern regions of the Old World seek, every year, the promised blessings of Mecca, and multitudes perish from the hardship of the ways that lead to them.

The great routes by which the pilgrims reach Mecca are by land or sea, or by a combination of both.

The Egyptian route is from Cairo, on the track taken by the ancient Israelites, across the Desert to Suez, and from thence across the "great and terrible wilderness" of North Arabia to Akaba, at the head of the eastern branch of the Red Sea. Striking southward, it proceeds through the desolate and dangerous regions of West Arabia, until at length, after a journey of 1,000 miles, the sight of Mecca, "the inviolable," gives to the pilgrims hope of rest and safety. The trials to which "faith" is exposed on the journey are almost beyond endurance. Fatigue kills many. Thirst destroys many more. Ablution and cleanliness are impracticable. The caravan as it toils its slow length along, scorched by the sun, suffocated by the dust, and followed by the famished vulture, is a moving miasma. But the caravan, while it parts with its living load, gets richer as it goes. The treasures of the dead pilgrims swell the money bags and distend the wallets of survivors to an extent which enables the stronger members of the diminished host to devote larger funds to the service of alms, feasts, and sacrifices in Mecca, than would, in weaker hands, have been regarded as prudent or possible.

The Syrian route is from Damascus, running in its course along the range of mountains which forms the eastern side of the valley of the Jordan, and passing through the old countries of Moab, Ammon, and Midian.

Leaving the trans-Jordanic regions, it traverses Arabia Provincia, and the great central Desert of Arabia, proceeding to Dar Ayyah, and thence, after a journey of nearly 1,500 miles, to Mecca. This extraordinary journey, which, for the greater part, passes between sterile mountain ranges and over immense sandy wastes, is not less perilous or less fatal in character than that which sadly distinguishes the Egyptian route. The sufferings and mortality of the pilgrims exceed in degree those of the average calamities of war, and are only to be matched in the records of famine and pestilence. The wearied caravan arrives at Mecca despoiled of much of its living freight; and, of the victims who have survived, numbers, weakened by disease, fail to obtain strength for the due observance of the exhausting ceremonies of the holy festival, which consist in rapid marches round the Caaba, runnings between Safâ and Merwâ, throwing stones at evil spirits, ascents of Mount Arafat, and tumultuous sacrifices of sheep, goats, kine, or camels in the valley of Mina.

The principal marine routes are those followed in the voyages from the North African ports of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli to Egypt; the voyages from Constantinople, the ports of Turkey; and the voyages from India, Persia, and the East Coast of Africa. The passages by these routes, being mostly undertaken in sailing vessels, ill-appointed and of small capacity, are tedious, dangerous, and in all respects most unsatisfactory.

To remedy the evils which at present attend the pilgrimage to Mecca, and to promote the good which it is capable of effecting, are not only humane objects, but they are of much commercial value and importance. The saving of human life is the first instinct of civilisation, and the promotion of its well-being is successfully sought through the instrumentality of commercial intercourse. The pilgrims trade as they travel. Mohammed says to them, "It shall be no crime in you to seek an income by trading during your pilgrimage." It is true that comparatively little trade is done, but to the amount effected it is of considerable importance, leading as it does to an extension of the community of nations, and to a profitable exchange of their respective products.

The solution of the difficulties which beset the pilgrimage will be found in an abolition of the great land routes, and in the main a restriction of the passage to marine transit. The completion of the Suez Canal renders the "solution" easy by uniting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and giving for the first time to the vast "midland" populations of the Mohammedan countries a ready, healthful, and economic approach to Mecca.

It is ascertained that out of about one million or more who annually contemplate making the pilgrimage to Mecca, but half of whom are deterred from attempting it by the perils of the journey, about 300,000 are prepared to accept the advantages of a direct sea route. The number of pilgrims who visit Mecca annually is estimated at not less than 150,000 to 180,000. The day of the "Courban Bairam," or Great Feast, on which the pilgrims must be present in Mecca, is the ninth of Dhul'hajja, which corresponds with our 14th of December; and as it falls this year on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, the coincidence is regarded as an omen of so much good that the approaching assemblage is expected to be one of great magnitude and splendour.

On reaching the Meccan coast the pilgrims will disembark either at Jambo, or at the flourishing town of Jeddah, the port of Mecca. Jeddah is also the principal port of both sides of the Red Sea. Besides the extra steamers which touch at it during the pilgrimage-to-Mecca season, the steamers of the British India, the Austrian Lloyd's, the Russia (Odessa), the Turkish "Azizie," and the Egyptian "Khédivie" companies call regularly at Jeddah. The towns of Suakim, Hodeida, Mocha, and Massowah (for Abyssinia), as well as the caravans for the interior of Arabia, and those for the interior of Abyssinia and Upper Egypt (Dongola, Darfour, Sennaar, and Central Africa), take their supply of stocks from Jeddah, and bring their supplies of produce for sale to Jeddah. The exports consist chiefly of Mocha coffee, hides and skins, wool, ivory, camel's hair, wax, gums, tortoiseshell, mother-o'-pearl, ostrich feathers, senna, grey amber, coral, aloes, spices, balsam, drugs, incense, myrrh, &c. The imports are Manchester manufactures, Madapollams, grey shirtings, Turkey red yarn, American petroleum, tin-plates, candles, biscuits, hardware, knives, razors, scissors, locks, bolts, hinges, screws, nails, white metal spoons, petroleum lamps, leather travelling bags, crockeryware, jewellery, chains and watches, &c., &c.

The numbers of the "Faithful" prevented by the war from going to Mecca will be more than compensated by the greater numbers of those who will this year seek the "First Temple" not so much for individual advantage as for the purpose of praying for the safety of the Ottoman Dominions.

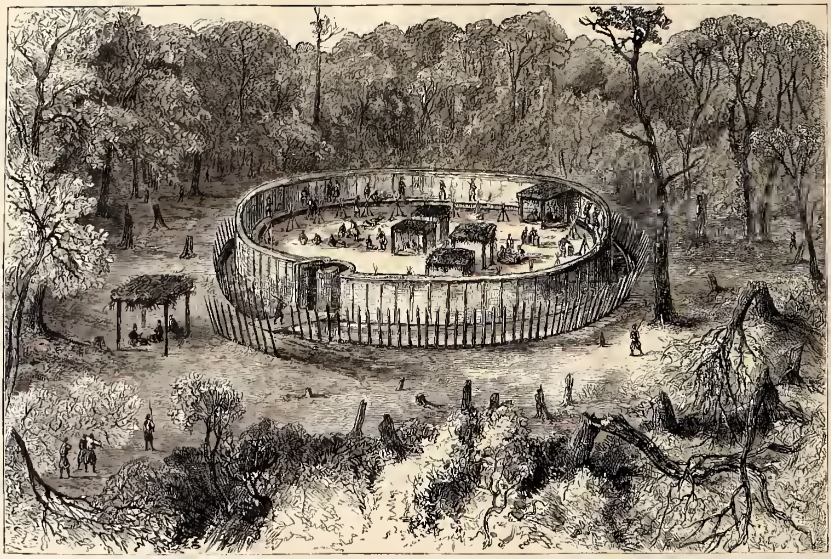
E. ST. J. FAIRMAN

◆

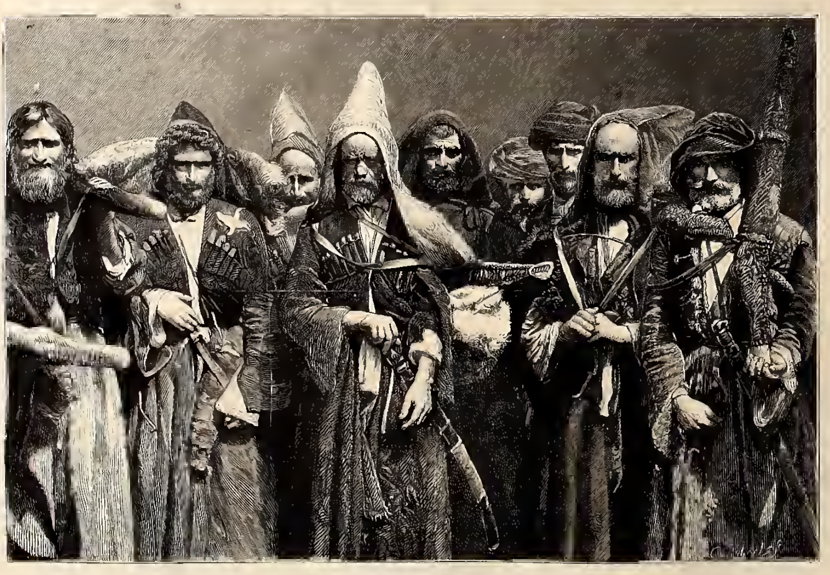
RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE may be differences of opinion as to the advisability of attempting to render the Psalms into English verse; and byegone experiments of the kind have not been so uniformly successful as to preclude an unfavourable decision on that point. But if it is to be done at all, the work is such as might fittingly be entrusted to such a man as Lord Lorne, since the chief requirement is that the adapter should be a cultivated man, with a genuine musical ear, and a sincere appreciation of the original. Both these requisites are apparent in "The Book of Psalms, literally rendered in Verse," by the Marquis of Lorne (Macmillan); and, consequently, the attempt has resulted, if not exactly in a great success, in something very far removed from failure. Great praise is due both to the scrupulous following of the original text, and to the courageous modesty which impelled the author to give, in places, the received Scottish version of some of the best known Psalms side by side with his own attempt. Very often the comparison is decidedly in favour of the modern rendering, although in one or two instances, *e.g.* Nos. 23 and 121, Rous still holds his own. Amongst the best is the third version of No. 77, which is extremely musical, though possibly not so well adapted for congregational use as some of the simpler measures.

The author of "Carnal Christmas," by T. Smith (Belfast), means well, but seems to profess a rather gloomy sort of religion. He objects to family dinners, dances, and such "sinful levities," on the second great feast of the year, he likes long sermons, and has the hitherto unknown experience of so-called "Ritualist" churches in which the congregation do not join in the singing! Also, he appears to have ascended Mont Blanc.—"Pictures in Verse," by Thomas J. May (Remington and Co.), attracts by the elegance of its get-up; but the beautifully printed pages contain

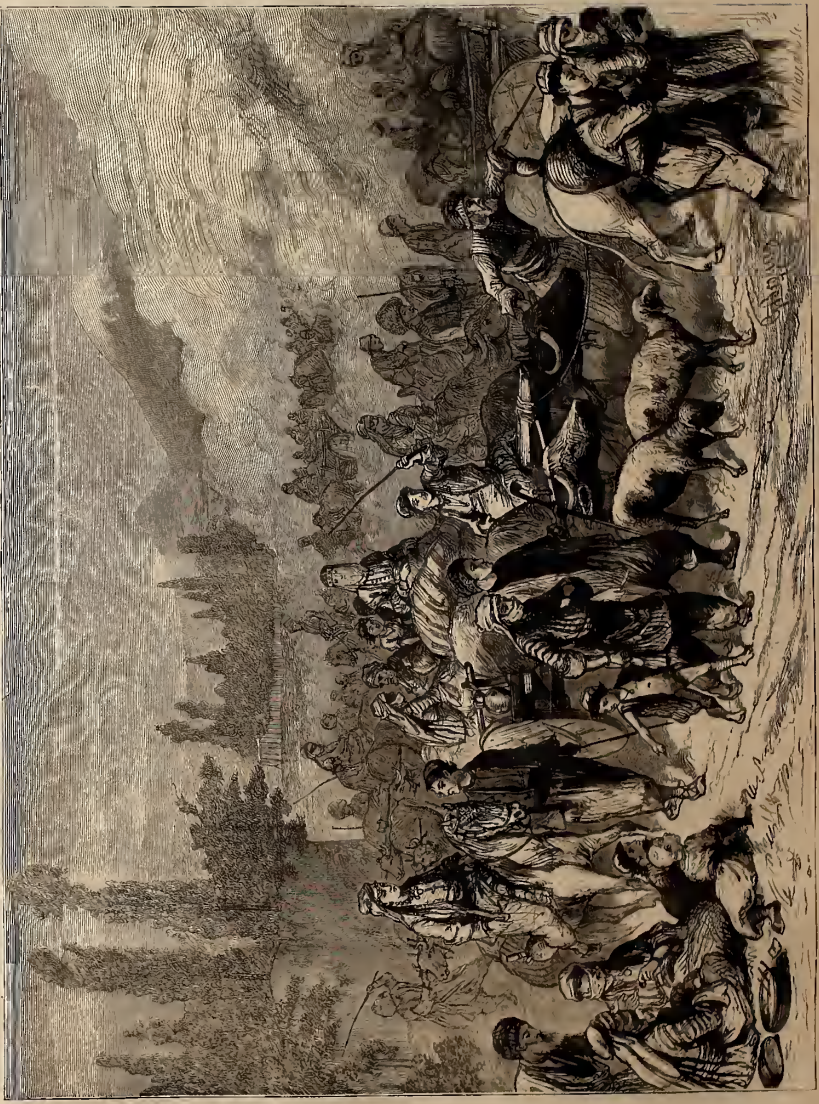


A TURKISH OUTPOST IN A FOREST OF GEORGIA



ABKHASIAN MOUNTAINEERS

THE CAMPAIGN IN ASIA—WITH THE TURKS



THE CAMPAIGN IN ASIA: WITH THE RUSSIANS—FUGITIVE TURCO-ARMENIANS ON THE ROAD BETWEEN ALAVAL AND ERIVAN only the most abject rubbish. Prose is not necessarily poetry because it has been divided into short sentences containing ten syllables more or less.—"Watching for the Dead, and Other Poems," by Faith Chiltern (Provost), is one of those little collections of ephemeral religious verse so common nowadays. It is obviously from the pen of a pious and thoughtful woman, of rather a morbid turn of mind, and with somewhat untutored views as regards her beliefs. At the same time the verses are fairly musical, and need not be criticised from a severe standpoint.

It will be easily understood by their readers that "Poems, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets," by Francis Bennoch, F.S.A. (Hardwicke and Bogue), attracted no little attention on the occasion of their first appearance nearly forty years ago; but it is another question whether they will command equal appreciation upon their republication at the present day. Without wishing to detract from the author's undoubted merit, it must be said that the volume contains little more than echoes of greater men, and it is only the originators in any age who can hope for permanent influence. It is the lack of originality which must be fatal to poems such as these. In reading "The Storm" one can at most say, "Almost as good as some parts of Scott;" the Scotch songs, charming, musical, and humorous as some of them are, only suggest that Mr. Bennoch thoroughly understood such men as Motherwell and Tannahill; whilst the sonnets do not rise above the average. Still, many may linger with pleasure over such ditties as "The auld auld story" and "Pride maun learn to fa'" for the sake of that genuine humour which is a *spécialité* of Scottish song writers, and passages like

> The Spirit of Winter arose on the air

effectually redeem the verses from the charge of commonplace. The author has been known and appreciated by some of the greatest literary minds of his day, and the esteem of Mary Russell Mitford and Nathaniel Hawthorne would alone suffice to prove that his intellect was one of no common order; but, as regards his poetry, he can aspire to shine only with borrowed light.

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BRADDON'S NOVELS.
Now ready, price 2s. boards, 2s. 6d. cloth gilt.
WEAVERS AND WEFT: a Novel.
By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. No. 215.
For SEPTEMBER. Price 1s.
Contents of the Number.—
1. Prussian History. By Professor Seeley.
2. Love's Arrows. By St. Loe Strachey.
3. Young Musgrave. By Mrs. Oliphant. Chaps. XXVI.—XXVIII.
4. The Italian Drama. By Catherine Mary Phillimore. Part V.
5. The Colours of Animals and Plants. By A. R. Wallace.
6. The Smile and the Sigh.
7. German Society Forty Years Since. By Lady Duff Gordon.
MACMILLAN and CO., London.

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The Model Magazine of the World. The Attractive Novelties, Entertaining Matter, Household Utilities, Exquisite Engravings, Fancy Work, Music, and numerous other valuable features, including the latest and most reliable Fashions, with full-size Patterns, furnished in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, make it the Largest, Cheapest, and Best Magazine ever published. Do not fail to see the splendid SEPTEMBER Number. Now Ready, price 1s., or by post, 1s. 2d.—The WILLMER and ROGERS NEWS COMPANY, 31, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London, and sold by Booksellers and Newsagents everywhere.

THE GOLDEN PATH TO FRENCH. A Superior Introduction and Guide to the French Language. By A. F. GEULAIN.—Messrs. HACHETTE and CO., 18, King William Street, Strand; Central School Depôt, 22, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps.
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY.
"A clever *exposé* of the system."—*Medical Circular.*
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

24th Edition, 8vo, cloth, pp. 1,102, price 16s.
HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. LAURIE, M.D. Completely re-arranged and revised, by R. S. GUTTERIDGE, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eyes and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 29th Edition, price 5s.
LEITH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.
DRAWINGS BY THE ITALIAN MASTERS:
REPRODUCED BY THE
AUTOTYPE PROCESS
FROM THE
ORIGINALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
With Notes, Biographical and Artistic, by J. COMYNS CARR.

"This splendid volume. . . . Mr. Carr's choice of examples has been dictated by wide knowledge and fine tact. . . . The majority have been reproduced with remarkable accuracy. In two cases, minute gradations of light and shade are so well rendered that most people would pronounce the photographs hardly inferior to the originals. Of the criticism which accompanies the drawings we have not hitherto spoken, but it is this which gives the book its special value. Such criticism is rare in any country, but it is particularly uncommon in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS. New Library Edition, crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth, 6s.
SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.
SONGS FOR SAILORS.
Cloth gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.
Paper wrapper, 1s.
HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill; and 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

CLARKE'S LITTLE MODELLER.—How to make a Model Village, Railway Farm, Poultry Yard, and eight others. 250 Engravings. Post free for 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH.—A new Parlour Pastime, 50,000 comical transformations for Evening Parties. Post free for 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

SELLING OFF!
SPLENDID DIAMONDS!
SPECIAL BARGAINS!
REAL DIAMOND SINGLE STONE RINGS, from 35s. each; Ditto, Lady's Half-Hoop Rings, from 63s. each; Diamond Earrings, from £6 6s.; Diamond Lockets, from £8 8s. each. Loose Diamonds by weight. DYER, 51, Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, W.; 90, Regent St.

CHUBB'S SAFES and LOCKS.—CHUBB and SON HAVE REMOVED from 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, to 128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, ST. PAUL'S. Communication by Special Private Wire with their West End Branch at 68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall; and Safe Factory, Old Kent Road, S.E. Lock Factory, Wolverhampton. Depots at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Price List sent free.

UNION OF FRENCH WINE GROWERS, an association of some of the chief Vineyard proprietors to sell direct from the grower to the consumer.

PURE AND CHEAP WINES direct from the Vineyard at the following prices:—
CLARET, at 14s., 16s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 60s.
BURGUNDIES, 14s., 18s., 21s., 30s., to 150s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.
Catalogues on application to the Manager at the Warehouse, 51, Long Acre, London, W.C.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY" UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."**
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS., 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.
TAYLOR ART SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.
The Trustees and Judges appointed for carrying into effect the Trusts of the Will of the late George Archibald Taylor, Esq., in reference to the income arising from the sum bequeathed by him for the promotion of Art in Ireland, have settled the terms upon which £100 a year will be awarded (in 1878) in Two Scholarships, and One Prize to Irish Art Students.
Particulars will be furnished on application to
WM. EDWARD STEELE, M.D., Regr.
Kildare Street, August, 1877.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 197, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 2 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 25, Welbeck St., London.

LONDON HOSPITAL, Whitechapel ROAD, E.
FUNDS are GREATLY NEEDED, and Subscriptions or Donations will be thankfully received.
Nearly 800 Beds maintained. Fixed Income, about £14,000. Unavoidable Expenditure, about £40,000 yearly.
Wards and other parts of the Institution always open to the Inspection of Visitors.
Reports, with full information as to privileges of Subscribers and of the work effected by this Hospital, sent (free) on application.
A. G. SNELGROVE, Secretary.
Bankers—Robarts, Lubbock, and Co., and Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, Gray's Inn Road.
Established 1864.
PHYSICIAN—Dr. BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.
Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which gives a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Price lists post free.

MITCHAM LAVENDER.—**PIESSE** and LUBIN are now distilling, at their Flower Farm, the famed MITCHAM LAVENDER. Samples may be had either at the Stillery, Mitcham Road, Surrey, or at the Laboratory, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

GOLDEN HAIR.—**Robare's Aureoline** produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted not to destroy the hair. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

WHAT IS DETERGENT?—Detergent is a powder so called for its efficacy in cleansing Sponges and Hair Brushes without injury, and causing them to last six times as long as by ordinary means. Prepared by SAMUEL CANTOR, Sponge Merchant, 40, Southampton Row, W.C. Sold by Perfumers, Hair Dressers, Chemists, and Brush Makers, in Boxes, at 6d. each. A liberal discount to the trade and wholesale buyers.

MORSON'S
PEPSINE,
AND ITS PREPARATIONS
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE NAME ON LABEL.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
As WINE, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 9s.
LOZENGES, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.
GLOBULES, at 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.
And as POWDER, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, AND THE MANUFACTURERS,
MORSON and SON,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON, upon the most advantageous terms, to Families. The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
A Large Consignment
from a Lyons Manufacturer,
the best makes,
will be sold considerably under value.
370 pieces at 6s. . . . . . . formerly 8s. 9d.
220 pieces at 3s. 9½d. . . . . . . formerly 5s. 11d.
Also the following,
which are remarkably cheap:—
2s. 11½d. . . . . . . formerly 3s. 9½d.
3s. 3d. . . . . . . formerly 4s. 6d.
4s. . . . . . . formerly 5s. 6d.
5s. . . . . . . formerly 6s. 6d.
6s. . . . . . . formerly 8s. 9d.
Patterns free.
AT PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
PRETTY GRISAILLE SILKS,
2s. 6½d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d.
Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
COSTUMES, beautifully Cut and Fashioned,
in the new Grisaille Silks,
at 4 and 4½ gs.
5 yards for Bodice.
AT PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.
For 5 Guineas . . . . formerly 6½ Guineas.
For 7 Guineas . . . . formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas . . . . formerly 14 Guineas.
Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.
SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

GASK and GASK'S New TRAVELLING, YACHTING, and SEASIDE COSTUMES, made of the new Vigona Cloths, Autumn Serges, &c., from quite new and elegant Paris Models, from 21s. to 5½ gs. Fur-lined Cloaks and Sealskins are being sold at the
LOWEST SUMMER PRICES.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are invited to inspect, at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.
These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.
Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS. Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear. C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse, 111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

HENRY GLAVE'S "NOTICE"
of the SALE of
HENDERSON and LANYON'S STOCK.
Ladies and Children's Felt Skirts.
Cambric, Satin, and Velvet Skirts.
Ladies' Outfitting and Underclothing.
A variety of Children's Underclothing.
Children's Frocks and Dresses.
Rich Needle Worked Robes.
Ribbons, Fancy Bags, Baskets.
Berlin Wool, Scotch Yarn.
Worked Cushions, Slippers.
Screens, Stools, Smoking Caps.
Cosies, Silk and other Trimmings.
Dress Ornaments, Rich Fringes.
All kinds of Furniture Trimmings.
Plain and Fancy Haberdashery,
With various other Cheap Lots.
And having purchased the Stock by Public Tender at the large discount of 78¾ per cent., we have determined to give our customers all the advantages.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NOVELTIES IN DRESS GOODS.
Autumn Shades of Colour.
Patterns post free.
Yachting Serges, 7¾d. and 10¾d. the yard.
Autumn Serges, 10¾d. a yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
Estamene Serges, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. a yard.
French Wool Estamene, 1s. 3½d.
Yachting Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½, in fine colours.
Diagonal Woven Texture, 6¾d. Figured Poplins, 7¾d.
Autumn Matelasse, 10¾d., special shades.
The "Scarboro" Twill, 1s. 0½d.
"Snow-flake" Materials, Autumn Shades, 8¾d., 10¾d., 1s. 2d., and 2s. 6½d. a yard. The "Derby" Matelassé, 2s. 2d. The "Swiss" Matelasse, 2s. 3½d. New Autumn Rink Skirting, 2s. 11½d. a yard.
French Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11d. a yard.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of Black and Coloured Silks, at Reduced Prices.
The New Figured Micado or Japanese Silks, 4¾d. to 1s. 11½d. the yard.
Yokohama Silks, 1s. 6½d.; former price, 2s. 11½d.
7,500 yards Coloured Damasseen, 3s. 9½d. a yard.
50,000 yards of Coloured Dress Silks, in all the Newest Shades, 2s. 11½d. to 10s. the yard.
The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d. } A New Make of
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d. } Extreme Richness.
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.
Superb Black Silks, at 7s. 11d. and 8s. 11d.
5,000 yards Rich Lyons Black Silk, in three qualities:
No. 1 Quality Black Silk, 2s. 11½d. a yard.
No. 2 Quality Black Silk, at 3s. 11½d.
No. 3 Quality Black Silk, at 4s. 11d.
A job lot of Black Silks in three prices wonderfully cheap, 1s. 0½d., 2s., and 2s. 6½d. the yard.
Black and Coloured Velvets and Velveteens.
Any Silk Patterns free on application.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
COSTUME AND UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT.
Handsome Black Silk "Princess" Costumes, 4 gs.
Japanese Costumes, various colours, 3½ gs.
Brown and Grey Snowflake Costumes, new styles, 29s. 6d.
Black Alpaca Costumes, fashionably made, 18s. 9d. to 31s. 6d.
Useful Serge Costumes, for Travelling or the Seaside, 21s. 6d. to 2 gs.
Black Velveteen Costumes, 2 to 4 gs.
A variety of Useful Costumes in Mixed Fabrics, from 18s. 9d. to 25s. 6d. each.
A serviceable Servant's Costume, at 14s. 9d.
Morning Wrappers, in Coloured Flannel, 18s. 9d.
Printed Cambric Morning Wrappers, 7s. 11d. each.
A New Underclothing and Outfitting List for Ladies and Children, with Illustrations, sent post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
Galatea Stripes, with plain to match, at 6¾d. and 11¾d. a yard; Cambric Matelasse, in Brown, Blue, and Black, at 6¾d.
Fine Checked Lawns, at 6¾d.; Stylish Linen in Checks, at 6¾d.
Soiled Lace Curtains, handsome patterns, 9s. 11d. to 25s. the pair; very handsome.
Silk Embroidered Cloth Covers, 2 yards square, in Green, Crimson, and Maroon, 9s. 11d.
Double Width Costume Serge Blue, only 54 in. wide 1s. 0½d. a yard.
Double Width Costume Serge, in all colours, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 11½d.
Double Width Costume Meltons, 2s. 6½d. and 2s. 11½d. a yard.
Double Width Costume Cloths, 2s. 11½d. and 3s. 11½d.
Double Width Twilled Venetian Cloth, 4s. 11d.
All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

SILKS—SILKS—SILKS. The cheapest and best Black, Coloured, Fancy, and Japanese Plain and Figured Silks, from 21s. full dress. Patterns free. BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

SERGES—SERGES—SERGES. The new Estrmene, Devonshire, Somerset, Wellington, Trouville, Scarborough, Plimsoll, stout, medium, and fine hand-made Wool Serges of every colour and description, from 8¾d. to 2s. 6d. yard. BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

EARLY AUTUMN DRESS FABRICS.
From 8¾d. yard. { All the new Snowflake Tweeds, Camel-hair Cloths, Foule Serges, Cashmere, Vicughn, Twilled Flannels, Balcan and Molleton Serges, Fancy Materials, Repps, Satin Cloths, Saxony Wools (very soft), Satin Cloth Skirtings, and 100 other New Costume Cloths, from 8¾d. to 2s. 6d. yard. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, Regent Street.

HIMALAYAN and FRENCH CASHMERES and MERINOS. 2,000 pieces, consisting of all the new and useful for autumn wear; also all the fine light colours for walking, dinner, or wedding costumes, from 15s. 6d. full dress. Patterns free. 198, Regent Street.

NOTICE TO LADIES.
From 8s. 6d. Dress. { All the New Autumn Dress Fabrics, from 8¾d. yard, now ready at BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent St., London.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 2s. each. Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

BENNETT. 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

WATCHES. BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTATION WATCHES, FROM £10 TO £100.

CLOCKS. TO CLOCK PURCHASERS. JOHN BENNETT having just completed great alterations in his Clock Show-Rooms, is enabled to offer to purchasers the most extensive Stock in London, comprising Clocks for the Drawing, Dining Rooms, and Presentation, of the highest quality and newest designs, at the lowest prices.

JOHN BENNETT, WATCH and CLOCK MANUFACTORY, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE.

CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS
OF THE NEWEST DESIGNS.
ASTRONOMICAL, TURRET, and OTHER CLOCKS,
Made to Order.

BENNETT'S DINING, DRAWING-ROOM, and HALL CLOCKS.

MARBLE CLOCKS	from	£2 2 0
DITTO, STRIKING HOURS and HALF HOURS	from	3 3 0
DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS of the NEWEST DESIGNS	from	4 4 0
HALL CLOCKS, in MAHOGANY, OAK, or WALNUT CASES	from	12 12 0
CHIME CLOCKS, in HANDSOMELY CARVED CASES	from	28 0 0

Estimates on Application.
MANUFACTORY, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTATION WATCHES, For India, 10 gs., 20 gs., 30 gs., 40 gs.

BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES, For India, from 10 guineas.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS, compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, with improved keyle action.
Specially fitted for India.

In Gold	30 to 40 Guineas
In Silver	16 to 25 Guineas
Ditto for Ladies, with richly Engraved Gold Cases and Dials,	from 20 to 30 Guineas

BENNETT'S KEYLESS SILVER WATCHES, For India, from 6 guineas.

BENNETT'S 18-CARAT HALL-MARKED CHAINS and choice JEWELLERY Free and safe for Post-office Order.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS WATCHES.
NO KEY REQUIRED.
AIR-TIGHT, DAMP-TIGHT, DUST-TIGHT.

Silver	6 Guineas	8 Guineas	10 Guineas
Gold	10 Guineas	12 Guineas	14 Guineas

Every Watch skilfully Examined, Timed, and its performance Guaranteed.
SAFE AND FREE BY POST.

JOHN BENNETT'S WATCHES.
65, Cheapside.
PRESENTATION GOLD WATCHES, 20 to 40 guineas.
LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS ACTION WATCHES, from 10 guineas.
SILVER WATCHES, with Keyless Action, from 6 guineas.
GOLD KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 30 to 40 guineas.
SILVER HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 16 to 25 guineas.
HALF CHRONOMETERS are compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, and Wind and Set Hands without Keys.
ENGLISH HALL CLOCKS, chiming the quarters, from 30 guineas.
RICHLY-GILT DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS, with classic designs.
MARBLE DINING-ROOM CLOCKS, with Antique Bronzes.
18-CARAT HALL-MARKED CHAINS and CHOICE JEWELLERY.
JOHN BENNETT'S
CLOCK and WATCH MANUFACTORY,
65 and 64, Cheapside.

COUNTRY ORDERS attended to with the utmost care. Post-office Orders, or Cheques, crossed London and Westminster Bank, to JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside.

INDIAN ORDERS should be accompanied by remittances or London references.

SHIPPERS, CAPTAINS, and WHOLESALE BUYERS LIBERALLY TREATED.

INDIAN and ENGLISH RAILWAYS CONTRACTED WITH on the BEST TERMS.

BENNETT'S HOUSE, OFFICE, and SHOP DIALS EIGHT DAY PIECES.
In Mahogany, Oak, or Rosewood Cases, warranted for perfect time.
CASH PRICES.

12-in.	£3 3	16-in.	£7 10
14 "	4 4	20 "	10 15
15 "	5 5	24 "	15 10

Price Lists post free on application.

JOHN BENNETT'S WATCH and CLOCK MANUFACTORY,
65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.
ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF
RICH COLOURED SILKS,
at unexampled prices.
The shades are of the most distingue character, and this purchase is specially recommended as being by far the Cheapest Stock of silks ever submitted.
Prices 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d. per yard. Patterns free.

ALSO A LARGE PURCHASE OF THE
RICHEST FIGURED SILKS
is now being offered at 5s. 6d. per yard, amongst which will be found the most choice shades of White, Bronze, Tilleul, Vert, and every fashionable colour.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
EARLY AUTUMN DRESSES,
In every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour, From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 60 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.
CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.
SCARBOROUGH SERGES (all wool),
at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d the full Dress. Patterns free.
In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS
VELVET-FINISH'D VELVETEENS,
beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black, from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades of colour, at 3s. 9d per yard. Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES,
45 inches wide, 17s. 6d the Dress. Patterns free.
The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.
New Designs in
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Travelling Costumes, 38s. 6d to 7 guineas.
Mikado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT PURCHASES OF
MANTLES AND JACKETS,
in Matalasse, Cashmere, Silk, and Velvet, at very low prices. Also a large Stock of Cashmere and Silk Mantles, lined fur, from 2 to 8 guineas.
Ladies' Dust Cloaks, 9s. 6d.
Waterproof Tweed Cloaks, from 17s. 6d.
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.
Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says: "Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."
C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS give instant relief to Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Rheumatic and Hysterical Complaints. Price 1s. 1½d. per box, of all Druggists.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

TOOTH-ACHE.—INSTANT CURE.
Forms a stopping, cures the tooth.
J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief. Of all chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per packet.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO, 82, Southwark St., London.

"FER BRAVAIS."
BRAVAIS' DIALYSED IRON.
THE ONLY PURE SOLUTION OF IRON WITHOUT ACID.
"IRON and OXYGEN combined, to the exclusion of all Acids, or Soluble Hydrate of Peroxide of Iron."
Vide Dr. J. RENGADE'S Report.
Prepared by RAOUL, BRAVAIS, and CO., 13, Rue Lafayette, Paris; London Office: 8, Idol Lane, Tower Street, E.C.
FIRST BRONZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875.
SOLE PRIZE, PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION, 1876.
This admirable Preparation does not CONSTIPATE, or disturb the digestive organs, and neither injures nor blackens the teeth. Its effect as a reconstituent are rapid and certain. IT HAS NO STYPTIC TASTE, and it is admirably adapted for all continuous treatment by Iron, possessing all the advantages of this MOST APPROVED TONIC in the highest degree. N.B. A LONDON PHYSICIAN WRITES: "I have given it to patients who have been unable to take Iron in any other form." PRICES: Bottle, full size, 4s. 6d.; small ditto, 3s.; in Card Box with drop measure complete. N.B. The full size bottles contain sufficient for about two months' regular treatment.
To be had of all leading Chemists and Druggists.

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES
OF
VICHY.
Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the Mineral Waters.
The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.
In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.
The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or anisette.
In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each.
VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.
In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each.
VICHY BARLEY SUGAR.
An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.
All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser ills that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.
TALON ROUGE,
Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877.

GLYKALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE O
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS MEMBRANE.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes.

GLYKALINE is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF to
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Toothache: its timely use frequently obviates the necessity of having a tooth extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia or Tic Douloureux.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov, 21th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and, in some cases, is successful by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agreeably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation or Excoriation of the Skin

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of vegetable origin (without mineral admixture), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,
THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses the Teeth from Tartar and all Incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases the whiteness of the Teeth, brightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in conformity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invaluable to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the cohesive, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the external smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared in bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S
PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES
Gratis and Post Free.

MERCHANT SHIPPERS and the TRADE supplied on the most LIBERAL TERMS with all HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, both MEDICINAL and DIETETIC.

AUTOMATIC ACTION

A
SPECIALITY

of the
NEW WILLCOX AND GIBBS
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE.

ALL
DIFFICULTIES are removed by means of
SELF-ACTING DEVICES.

PERFECT WORK is secured, even at the hands of Beginners

AUTOMATIC TENSION.
THIS
WONDERFUL INVENTION requires no care from the operator,
IS ALWAYS IN ORDER,
IS PERFECT IN ACTION,
IS STRICTLY SELF-REGULATING,
GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

THE
NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS has many other Automatic Features, viz —
SELF-ACTING THREAD PULL-OFF,
SELF-REGISTERING STITCH-INDICATOR,
SELF-HELPING FEED,
SELF-DETERMINING GUIDE TABLE (for Needle, Thread, and Stitch),
SELF-ADJUSTING NEEDLE,
SELF-CONTROLLING WHEEL-BRAKE.

BOBBIN and SHUTTLE are Obsolete, for the
NEW AUTOMATIC makes the
ONLY TRUE LOCK-STITCH. Its Work
ALONE has ALL the characteristics of the COMPLETE LOCK. Its Seam is self-fastening, both at the beginning and end, and every stitch is securely locked; yet it can be unlocked and removed when necessary—a great advantage in the alteration and remaking of wearing apparel.

THE
NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS is
PEERLESS IN
ITS SIMPLICITY,
ITS ELEGANCE,
ITS LIGHTNESS,
ITS CLEANLINESS,
ITS SPEED,
ITS SILENCE,
ITS DURABILITY.
IT is the most Elegant, Appropriate, and Useful of Presents.

FREE TRIAL for One Month in
YOUR OWN HOME. Carriage paid. Price Lists post free.

WILLCOX and GIBBS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, New York

CHIEF OFFICE for EUROPE, 150, Cheapside, E.C., London.

WEST-END BRANCH, 135, Regent Street, W.

MANCHESTER, 16, Cross Street (Royal Exchange).

GLASGOW, 113, Union Street.

BRIGHTON, 32, New Road (facing North street).

CANTERBURY, 15, Mercery Lane.

CERTIFIED AGENTS in all TOWNS.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	4 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	4 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	4 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	4 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	4 0
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	4 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	4 0
SULTAN'S POLKA (New Edition)	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 2 vols., price 6s each net, or in eight parts, each 2s net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss), the New Waltz by OTTO MULLER, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half-price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

RÊVE D'AMOUR. — LAMOTHE'S Charming Waltz, performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre, may be had, price 2s. net, solo or duet, of all musicsellers.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

FONTAINEBLEAU. — LAMOTHE'S New Waltz, performed at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre. Now ready, price 2s. net. Orchestra Parts may be had.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

LOVED AND LOST (Geliebt und Verloren) WALTZES, by OTTO MULLER (performed at the Promenade Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden). These Celebrated WALTZES, the most enchanting and fascinating that have been published for many years, may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or Duet, 2s. net.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MULLER's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

MUSIC FOR THE SEASIDE

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. New Numbers. Price 1s each, post free, 1s. 1d.

Arthur Sullivan's 10 Songs.
Santley's 12 New Songs.
Virginia Gabriel's 10 Songs.
A. S. Gatty's 12 Ballads.
Longfellow & Hallé's 10 Songs.
Raff's Piano Album.
Rubinstein's Piano Album.
Brahm's Piano Album.
Lamothe's Waltz Album.
Waldteufel's Waltz Album.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London, W.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Celebrated Song. The Waltz of the Season.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.

THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.

THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.

THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

DRUMMER-BOY'S POLKA. By ARDITI. Great success. Re-demanded nightly with acclamation. "'The Drummer Boy's Polka,' by the same composer, introducing the drummers of the Coldstreams, was likewise uproariously re-demanded."—*Daily Telegraph*. Price 3s.—A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

LE TORTORELLE VALSE. By ARDITI. Also encored nightly. "A delightfully flowing and melodious valse, from the pen of Signor Arditi. 'Le Tortorelle' obtained a hearty encore."—*Daily Telegraph*. Price 4s.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte SCHOOL.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price) — Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE METHOD.

Price Five Shillings.

This unrivalled work is now firmly established as the Pianoforte Instruction-Book in nearly all the principal educational establishments in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States of America, India, Australia, New Zealand, &c. It is supplied direct by the Publishers, or may be had of any Musicseller in the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

	s.	d.
Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

GAVOTTE, in E Minor. By Silas. Played by Madame Essipoff at her Concerts in England and America with immense success. A new edition of this celebrated Gavotte is now ready. Price 3s.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 12. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GALOP OF THE SEASON.

GO BANG! New Galop by Charles Coote, Jun. Equal in every way to the well known "Roulette," "Archery," and "Croquet" Galops by the same popular Composer. Price 3s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

	s.	d.
Piano Solo	3	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	2	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	2	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Hoire du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant de Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song Transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	1	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	6
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

MAPPIN and WEBB, MANUFACTURERS,

Mansion House Buildings, City, London.

The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S SPOONS AND FORKS

Electro Silver Plate on Nickel.	Fiddle or Plain	Rei. Qual.
12 Tablespoons or Forks, per doz.	£1 10 0	£2 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0
12 Teaspoons	0 12 0	0 16 0
Salt, Mustard, or Egg Spoons	0 5 0	0 8 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6

MAPPIN and WEBB, MANUFACTURERS,

76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.

The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.

ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.

LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S NEW VOCAL MUSIC. All post free at half price.

I Awake and Dream. Song. J. Blumenthal. 3s.
Summer Rain. Vocal Duet. F. Abt. 4s.
The Village Queen. Song. Ch. Schreiber. 3s.
The City Bells. Vocal Duet. F. Abt. 4s.
The Cuckoo's Concert. Song. H. P. Danks. 3s.
Spring Morning. Song. F. Abt. 3s.
Biddy Malone. Irish Ballad. W. C. Russell. 3s.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

MY LADDIE FAR AWAY and WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME. Two excellent Songs. By Miss M. LINDSAY. Post free for 24 stamps each.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

L'ECLAIR, New Galop for the Pianoforte, by COTSFORD DICK. Illustrated Title. 3s. Post free for 18 stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE ENGLISH FLEET, New Quadrille on Popular Melodies. Illustrated. Composed for the Piano by J. PRIDHAM. Post free for 24 stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

A SINGING QUADRILLE. Illustrated. Composed for the Pianoforte by COTSFORD DICK. Post free for 24 stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE THEORY OF MUSIC, pp. 123, especially adapted for use in training colleges and schools. By R. SUTTON. In cloth, price 2s.

Art of Singing. By Rohner. 4s.

Hamilton's Piano Tutor. New edition. 4s.

Appendix to Hamilton's Piano Tutor. By G. F. West. 5s.

Hamilton's Tutor for Singing. 5s. Appendix to ditto, by Franz Abt. 5s.

Questions on the Theory of Music (cloth). 18th edition. By G. F. West. 1s. 6d.; in paper covers, 1s.

Clarke's Catechism of Music. 1s.; in cloth, 1s. 6d.

London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street. Order of all musicsellers and booksellers.

NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Finest Meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Caution—Genuine ONLY with facsimile of Baron Liebig's Signature across Label.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.— In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

COCK'S READING SAUCE

Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured

FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.

It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.

CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 8d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; Indian corn, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 2s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 3s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; barley meal, 4s. 6d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

Established 1837.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.

ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble. Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers.—Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.

In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.

Manufactory—60, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO., IMPORTERS.

TURKEY CARPETS.

PERSIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS.

35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

SANGSTER and CO., UMBRELLA MAKERS.

Six Prize Medals Awarded.

SANGSTER'S SILK and ALPACA UMBRELLAS, upon Fox's Celebrated Paragon Frames, all bearing Trade Mark, and fitted with the new AUTOMATIC RUNNER, are the Cheapest, Smallest, Lightest, and Best in the world.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THE AUTOMATIC.

This invention has been long sought after.

THE PATENT AUTOMATIC RUNNER

Is Self-opening—Self-closing. Always ready.

140, Regent Street, W.
10, Royal Exchange, E.C.
*75, Cheapside, E.C.
74, Fleet Street, E.C.

* Also Wholesale and Shipping Depôt.

Philadelphia Exhibition, Prize Medal and Diploma awarded.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH

SEE THAT YOU GET IT,

As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"

MILD AND FRAGRANT

WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"

A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."

Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CRETONNES. —OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received all their New Designs in FRENCH CRETONNES for the present Season, amongst which are some beautiful specimens of artistic design and colourings. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77, and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

PAINTINGS, OLEOS, CHROMOS, PHOTOS, and Engravings; a choice assortment in handsome frames. The paintings are by well-known artists, and the name guaranteed. Also, a large assortment of Bronzes, Statuettes, Vases, Clocks, Antique Furniture, and Artistic Furnishing Items. A catalogue of this department post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Best Plate Chimney Glasses, in double gilt frames, elegant pattern, large size, 2 guineas; magnificent ditto, from 5 to 20 guineas; handsome Walnut Chiffonieres, shaped front, and richly carved mountings, 4ft., 3½ guineas; noble Mahogany Sideboards, 5ft., 6 guineas; 6ft., from 8 guineas upwards; Easy Chairs, from 14s. 9d. upwards; Drawing and Dining Room Chairs, from 10s 6d. each.—OETZMANN and CO.

STANLEY DINING-ROOM SUITE in solid carved Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best marone leather, comprising a noble couch, two easy chairs, and six chairs. Price 14 guineas. Quality guaranteed. A variety of other patterns on show, from 8 guineas upwards. Massive mahogany telescope dining tables, 8 ft. by 4 ft., patent metallic screw, £6 15s.—OETZMANN and CO.

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZMANN and CO.—Elegant Drawing Room Suite, richly carved Italian walnut-wood, upholstered very soft and comfortable, in best rep, consisting of a Couch, two Easy Chairs, and six Chairs, price 15 guineas; ditto, very handsome design, upholstered in rich Pekinade, made and finished in superior style, 20 guineas; ditto, very elegant design, richly upholstered in finest satin, and finished in the best possible manner, 33 guineas; also a variety of other Drawing-Room Suites, in Black and Gold, Early English, and other designs.

BEDDING DEPARTMENT.—Handsome 3ft. 6in. Mahogany Chest of Drawers, with deep bottom drawer, 2 guineas; Spanish Mahogany Wardrobes from 5 guineas upwards; Bedroom Suites, enamelled imitation of amboyna, satinwood, and other handsome woods, consisting of wardrobe, chest of drawers, washstand, toilet table, toilet glass (best plate, 16 in. by 12 in.), towel airer, 3 chairs, and pedestal toilet cupboard—all complete for 6½ gs.

LODGINGS.—Extra Bed to accommodate Visitors. A strong IRON FOLDING BEDSTEAD, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, with a wool mattress, bolster, and pillow, complete for 21s. Same items, 3 ft. wide, 25s. complete. Sent carefully packed; forms a portable package. Also, to suit the above, 2 white calico sheets, 1 ditto bolster case, 1 pillow-case, 3 white Witney blankets, and 1 counterpane, for 18s 6d. the set. Iron Easy-Chair Bedstead, 6 ft. by 2 ft., with cushions forming the mattress, price complete, 21s.—Address order to OETZMANN and CO.

BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.

BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.

BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.

LINOLEUM.—OETZMANN and CO. —LINOLEUM.—Warm, soft, carpet-like in appearance, and very desirable. ALL the NEW PRIZE DESIGNS are NOW in STOCK. A visit of inspection solicited. Prices below those usually charged for this favourite floor covering. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO.

TURKEY CARPETS.—CLEARANCE SALE.—OETZMANN and CO.—A quantity of Turkey, Indian, Persian, Jubbalpore, Massulipatam, Farahan, Khorassan, Serabend, Koula, Ghiordes, and Kelim Carpets and Rugs, clearing out at greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 9d. to 60 guineas. A reduced Price List, with sizes and description, sent post free on application. Prices will be found much below those usually charged. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 15s. 9d. each; some very handsome ditto, at 35s. to 45s.

OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.

OETZMANN and CO.

CRETONNES.—OETZMANN & CO. CRETONNES.—An immense assortment of all the choicest designs in this fashionable material, in every variety of style and colourings: excellent imitations of rare Tapestries, some being exact copies of the finest GOBELIN Tapestry. Prices varying from 9¾d. to 4s. 11d. per yard. Patterns sent into the country by stating kind required.

BOMBAY STRIPED CURTAINS.— The cheapest Curtains extant. Effective style, 3 yards long by 46 inches wide, 9s. 9d. per pair; 3½ yards, 11s. 9d.; 4 yards, 13s. 9d. Patterns on application.

KITCHEN REQUISITES.—OETZMANN and CO.'S TEN POUND SET (List No. 1A, page 231, in their "GUIDE TO HOUSE FURNISHING," sent post free on application), includes Tables, Chairs, Clock, &c., with the various culinary utensils and requisites, contains all the most useful articles required in every kitchen, each being of superior quality, and is the most practical selection extant.—OETZMANN and CO.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77, and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

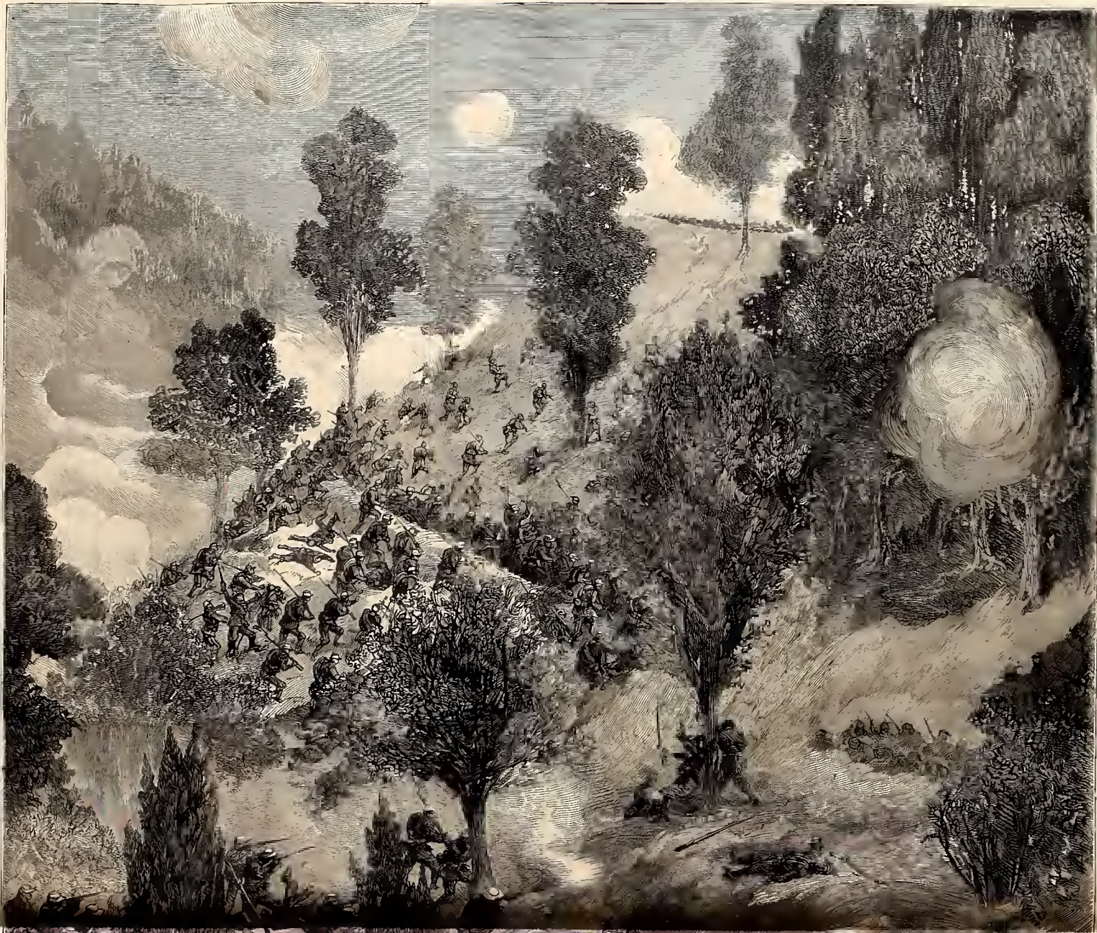
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE

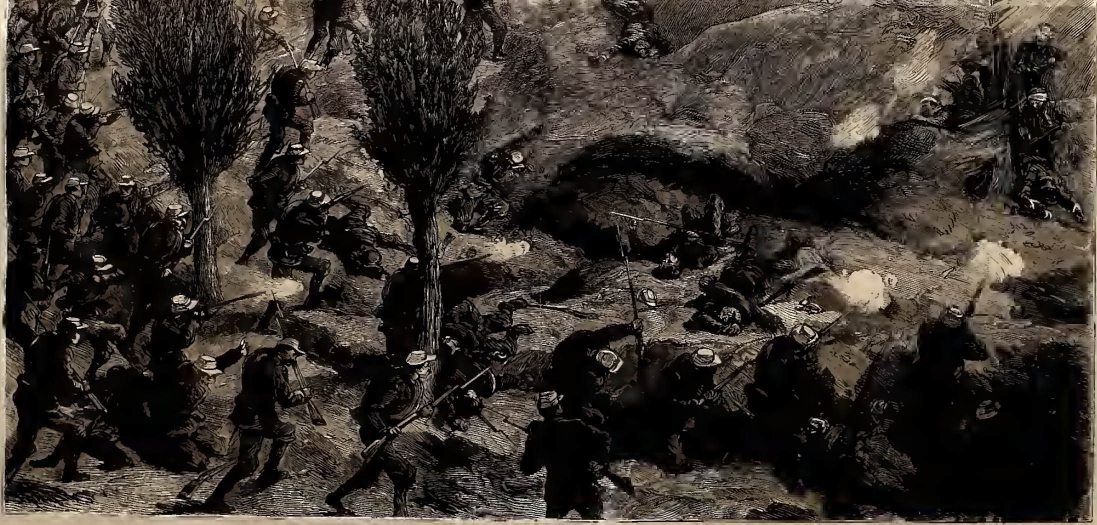
OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

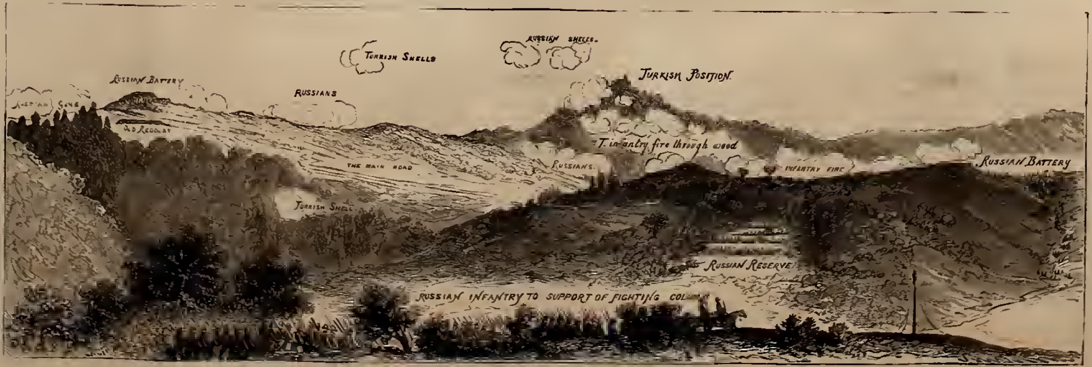
Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—SEPTEMBER 8, 1877.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS





RUSSIANS TAKING A HEIGHT IN THE PASS


Turkish Shells
Russian Shells.
Turkish Position.
Russian Battery
Russian Guns
Old Redoubt
Russians
T. infantry fire through wood
The main road
Russians.
Infantry fire
Russian Battery
Turkish Shell
Russian Reserve
Russian infantry to support of fighting col

GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN AND TURKISH POSITIONS

THE SEVEN DAYS' FIGHTING IN THE SHIPKA PASS

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

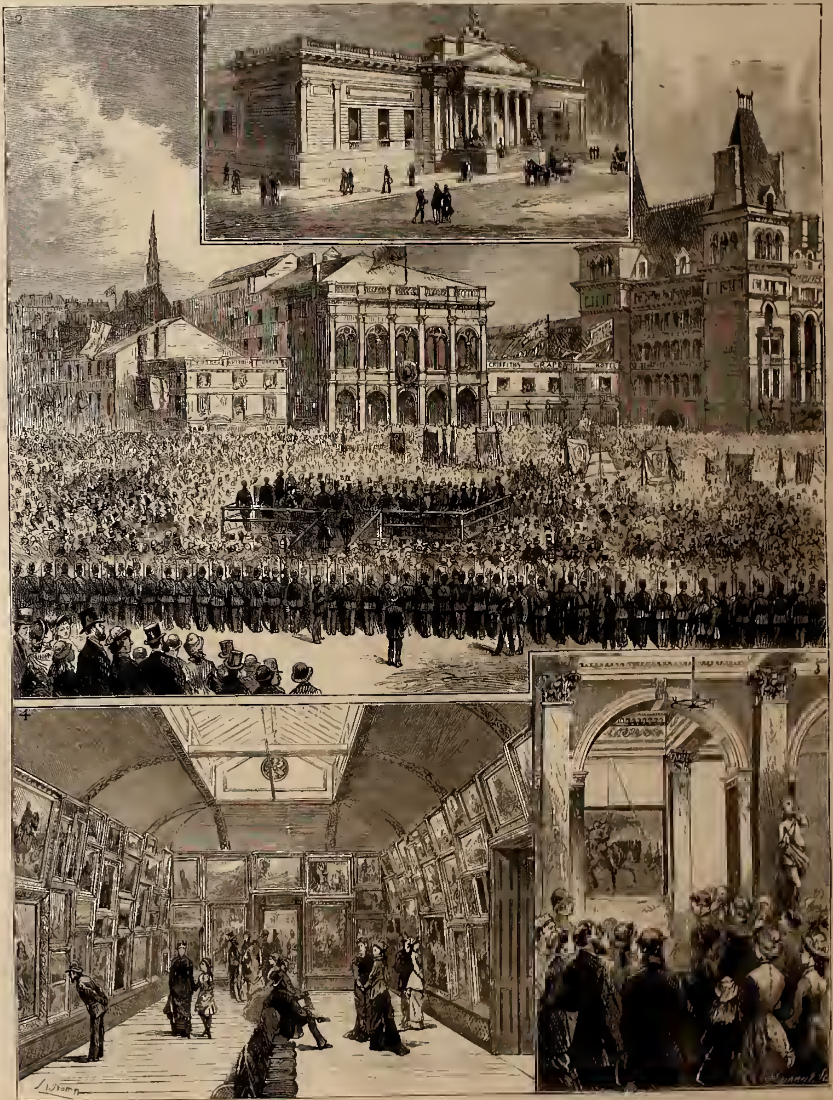
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 407
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877

Price Sixpence
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



1. Exterior of the Building.—2. The Opening Ceremony.—3. Lord Derby Unveiling the First Picture.—4. View in One of the Galleries.

OPENING OF THE NEW WALKER ART GALLERY AT LIVERPOOL

Topics of the Week

THE TALK OF PEACE.——There is a general disposition to believe that peace may not now be very far off. Let Russia, it is said, achieve a single splendid victory, and there is no reason why she should not bring the struggle to an end. On the other hand, since the Porte has given such very unexpected proof of military strength, she might, we hear, safely ask for fair terms. We have no doubt that if Turkey were prudent she would take the earliest opportunity of closing the war, since it is incredible that in the long run she should not be overcome. But we must not forget that the Turks look at the matter differently. They have full confidence in their power; and it seems probable that they are resolved to make a vigorous attempt not only to drive the Russians from their soil but to deliver themselves permanently from the European tutelage which they have long found so galling. While they hold out, Russia cannot think of peace. It is true that among a large class of Russian society there is a distinct reaction of feeling in regard to the war. The nation has been surprised to find that the task it undertook is so difficult; and it is now well known that the Bulgarians, who were the objects of so much compassion, are neither such good Christians nor so oppressed a people as they were supposed to be. They cheat their deliverers on every possible occasion, and are guilty of outrages as bad as those of the Bashi-Bazouks on the unfortunate Mohammedans who fall into their hands. Still, Russia has committed herself; and she cannot draw back in disgrace, or even with moderate laurels. If she were to retire at the present moment, she would for a generation be a cipher in European politics. We cannot, then, believe that there is the least hope of immediate peace. All the conditions are unfavourable to it; and any Power that ventured to offer serious mediation would be told to mind its own business. The prospect is a dismal one; but there is no use in shutting our eyes to plain facts.

THE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.——We should be loth in any way to prejudge the official opinion which will shortly be expressed concerning the loss of the *Avalanche* and the *Forest*, at the same time some general observations may not be out of place. Sailors are well aware that a sound ship when fairly out at sea runs little risk of injury, and that the chief perils of a voyage are to be found when a vessel is leaving or nearing port. These perils are especially great in the narrow seas which bound this island on the west and south. Lying as they do in a high latitude, the weather is often rough, and the nights for many months of the year are long, and intensely dark. Moreover, these seas are the most crowded maritime thoroughfares in the world. Compared with most other tracts of salt water on the earth's surface, they are, in point of traffic, as Fleet Street is to a country lane. The inevitable inference is that the utmost care ought to be taken in navigating vessels in a region beset with so many dangers. Yet what is the ordinary practice? If a Lancashire millowner were to start his factory some Monday morning with a number of new hands, picked up chance fashion, unaccustomed to the ways of the building and the machinery, and many of them stupefied by the effects of a previous Saturday night's spree, we should not be surprised if some serious accident followed. Yet this parallel rather understates the case, because there is no more risk of accident in working a cotton-mill at one time than at another, whereas a sea-captain enters on the most perilous part of his voyage with a crew who are strangers to each other, and some of whom often come on board incapacitated by drink. To turn to another point. In these days of advanced chemical science, why should not ships, so long as they are within a certain distance of the United Kingdom, be compelled to burn far brighter lights than they now do? What is now styled a "bright light" looks, no doubt, brilliant enough to the people who are within half-a-dozen yards of it, but it is a poor, dim affair to people at a distance. Compare the size of a hansom cab with an ordinary merchantman, and then compare the size of the lights they respectively carry. A really brilliant light, such as would cast a distinct reflection on the water, would not cost much for the few days during which a ship was within Channel limits, and it would enable vessels to give one another a wide berth long before there was any risk of collision.

M. GAMBETTA AND THE DUC DE BROGLIE.——There can be little doubt that the Duc de Broglie bitterly regrets the course he rashly adopted in regard to M. Gambetta. He intended either to silence his most formidable opponent during the time of tne elections or permanently to disgrace him; and now it seems very doubtful whether he will be able to inflict upon him the smallest punishment. On Tuesday judgment went by default; and although, when the case is tried, the sentence will probably be sustained, it will still be open to M. Gambetta to appeal. And in appealing he may cause delay by again declining to appear in the first instance. Thus he will be a free man until the elections are over; and when they are past he will be beyond the reach of his enemies. It is singular that the Premier did not perceive that he could be so easily thwarted. He will, we may hope, find that the blow which he rashly aimed at the leader of the Opposition recoils upon himself. M. Gambetta has hitherto displayed admirable temper. He has not allowed himself to be provoked into a single utterance he could not justify before the world; he has acted with the calm prudence of a man who knows that he has a good cause, and that he can confidently anticipate its ultimate triumph. The Duc de Broglie, on the contrary, has gone from one act of violence to another. Every form of the Constitution has been strained for the benefit of his party; and he has not even had the skill to unite those who nominally follow him. The so-called Conservatives form a heterogeneous mass, the various members of which still hate each other almost as heartily as they detest the Republicans. It would be an insult to France to suppose that she can hesitate between two such men and two such policies. If she gives up the Republic for the sake of an intriguer like the Duc de Broglie, she will prove to all the world that the simple reason why she does not possess freedom is that she does not deserve it.

PRISON REFORM.——The Prisons Act—one of the few Ministerial sheaves successfully garnered at the close of a singularly unfruitful Parliamentary harvest—would be a bad bargain if its undoubted conveniences were purchased with the ill-will of the country gentlemen. Goldsmith's remark about "a bold peasantry" applies with equal force to a resident landed gentry. They can be destroyed, but they cannot be easily supplied, and nothing has so much tended to the conservation of our English landowners as the fact that from ancient times they have not been mere rent collectors, but men engaged in the performance of various useful and honourable public duties in their respective neighbourhoods. It was not unnatural, then, that some feeling of jealousy should be aroused when it was announced that the Government—a Tory Government, too—was about to deprive rural magnates of one of their most cherished privileges, the control of the local gaols, and place these establishments under the immediate superintendence of the State. An examination, however, of the provisions of the measure which has recently become law will show that the susceptibilities of local authorities have been tenderly treated, and that, in the matter of prison management, a substantial share of influence, if not of absolute power, is still conceded to them. As regards the necessity of the change which has been made, it may be attributed almost entirely to the revolution effected by steam and electricity. When communication was slow and difficult, every town, as a matter of course, had its receptacle for prisoners. Now, when a prisoner can be carried with ease and safety in a few hours from one end of the country to another, such a number of separate establishments has become unnecessary, and concentration, involving greater economy and greater uniformity of discipline, becomes advisable. And it should be remembered that the principle of Government control over prisoners has been established for many years. The convicts sent to Australia passed into the hands of the State, and, as transportation was gradually abolished, large State establishments for convicts arose in various parts of the country. So that for a long time past it is only the comparatively petty offenders who have been under local control; and, if the new system conduces to the better discipline of the prisoners and to the saving of public money, country gentlemen will, we feel sure, endure with cheerfulness some curtailment of their time-honoured privileges.

HERESY IN SCOTLAND.——A Glasgow Presbytery has been engaged this week in discussing another case of heresy. Instances of this kind have become so common among our Northern neighbours that they are now regarded with comparative indifference. The only feeling they seem to excite is a little indignation at the "heresy hunters." It must be admitted that the genuine heresy hunter is not a pleasant specimen of humanity; charity, to say the least, is not his strong point. On the other hand, we do not think he quite receives justice at the hands of those who are fond of making him the object of cheap satire. In the first place, he is a thoroughly logical man. Having accepted certain premisses, he advances boldly to the conclusions, not shrinking from them because they are attended by some difficulties and are capable of being disagreeably stated. Now, it is precisely here that the persons he hunts down are usually weakest. They are kind-hearted men, with fine sympathies; but they are not logical. There is nothing they dislike so much as clear statement and frank reasoning; they prefer to dwell in an atmosphere of mild sentiment and gentle platitude. How can we wonder that the robust orthodox theologian has an instinctive dislike of thinkers of so very weak a type? And after all, has he not some reason for his dislike? The heretics of the Scotch Churches seem to forget that by associating themselves with a particular communion they come under certain obligations which they have no right to shirk. Many of them have altogether departed both from the spirit and letter of the dogmas they nominally undertook to teach. It is rather hard to tell them that in these circumstances they ought to resign positions which they no longer find congenial; for they naturally object to beginning the world all over again. But they should not expect to enjoy the advantages of freedom and of bondage at the same time. They should have the courage of their opinions, and either secure complete liberty by the sacrifice of worldly comfort, or submit with good humour to opposition which they themselves provoke.

ALPINE ACCIDENTS.——Some persons may take advantage of the sad disaster on the Lyskamm to inveigh against the foolishness of Alpine climbing. We shall not follow their example. All active amusements are attended with a certain amount of risk, and considering the number of persons who now every year scale snowy peaks which their ancestors were content to admire from the valleys below, serious accidents are rare, and mountain-climbing may be pronounced to be quite as safe as bicycling or cricket, and decidedly safer than fox-hunting, roller-skating, or polo-playing. Moreover, it is just because Englishmen love these somewhat hazardous pastimes that they are such an enterprising race, who have carried their flag into every corner of the world, temperate, tropical, or arctic. Everybody remembers the Iron Duke's saying that Waterloo was won on the Eton playing fields, and it is worth, too, noting that a nation fond of open-air sports is usually a peaceable nation. Our Continental neighbours, who are more sedentary in their pleasures, are too apt to seek for excitement in war or revolution. An international cricket match or regatta against an Australian or American cousin provides for John Bull an excellent substitute for military glory, without the blood and tears which are the invariable accompaniments of the latter. At present the nations of the Continent are sadly behindhand in these matters, but we do not despair of a time coming (say some fifty years hence) when France and Germany will play international cricket matches, and when the mutual rivalry of Turk and Muscovite will be satisfied by a grand international polo-match between Bashi-Bazouks and Cossacks. It is for these weighty reasons that, though we regret the death of the poor fellows on the Lyskamm, we do not desire to discourage Alpine adventure.

THE INTERNATIONAL.——A few years ago the International Association was an object of dread to every Government in Europe It seemed to have sprung suddenly, full armed, into existence; and as nobody quite knew what force was behind it, timid citizens regarded it with horror. The general indifference to the Society is now so great that probably few people are aware that the annual Congress has been sitting this week in Ghent. It is possible that, so far as this particular body is concerned, not much danger is to be apprehended; but, whether people realise the fact or not, the International is still unquestionably associated with one of the most powerful social forces of the present era. The ordinary subjects of political discussion occupy from day to day the minds of the middle class all over the Western World; but beneath that class are vast numbers of men who care nothing whatever for ordinary politics, but are very deeply interested in the question how wealth is to be more evenly distributed. In every European country Socialism—less as a system of beliefs than as a tendency—exercises a potent influence. Even the Eastern Question is of comparatively slight moment to those who are under the spell; they think only of the welfare of their class, not of the supposed interests of nations. We in England come less in contact with the movement than any of our Continental neighbours; but even here there are elements which may some day assume a form our statesmen will not at all like. In the United States the demands of the men in the late strike had a decidedly Socialistic character; and we observe that a working man has been allowed to express in the *North American Review* opinions which, if logically carried out, would result in transforming the State into an enormous industrial organisation for the benefit of the labourers. The writer is singularly moderate in tone; but his principles are sufficiently drastic, and the well informed correspondent of the *Daily News* considers him a fair representative of his class. It is in this direction, we believe, that the real fight of the future lies; and Governments would act wisely by preparing for it—not by acts of suppression, but by promoting popular education, and allying themselves heartily with every true effort to elevate the mass of mankind.

Gas Meters.——A correspondence, highly interesting to gas consumers, has lately appeared in the columns of the *Standard*. The point raised is, Are the meters infallible?—and the evidence brought forward seems to show that these ingenious pieces of mechanism are, like other works of human construction, liable to go wrong occasionally. Now comes a question which we ask with some diffidence. If a meter registers less gas than is actually being consumed, no doubt the Company's inspector pounces down on the offender and replaces it by a more trustworthy tell-tale. But imagine the converse phenomenon. Suppose that the index of the meter is travelling quicker than it righteously ought to travel. Is the Company's inspector equally keen to point out its defectiveness? We do not say he is not, but we do say that this correspondence has made us feel uncomfortable. We have had a meter hidden away for years in a dark corner under the stairs. We don't feel, however, that we have any personal acquaintance with him, as we have with the clock which we wind up every Sunday morning. The meter is a mystery to us. We see his face, but his works are jealously hidden from us. How can we feel sure that during the lapse of years he may not be another good meter gone wrong? And yet it is he, this inscrutable Mystery, and the Gas Company who, between them, settle the amount of our quarterly bill for gas. We should like an occasional visit from an independent inspector, unconnected with the Company, who would look into our Meter's inside and make sure that he is telling the truth.

Notice.——*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 252 and 261.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply The Graphic.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of The Graphic (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia } *Via* Brindisi, { India
Ceylon } 36s. thin edition. { Japan
China } 45s. thick edition. { New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. Mansfield, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of The Graphic can be obtained on application to the publisher.

AMUSEMENTS

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1877, TOWN HALL, LEEDS.
WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY,
September 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd, 1877.
Conductor . . . . SIR MICHAEL COSTA.
Principal Vocalists:—
MDLLE. ALBANI, MDME. SINICO,
MDME. EDITH WYNNE, MRS. OSGOOD,
MDME. PATEY.
MDLLE. REDEKER, MRS. MUDIE-BOLINGBROKE,
MR. EDWARD LLOYD, MR. WM. SHAKESPEARE,
MR. SANTLEY,
MR. CECIL TOVEY, and SIGNOR FOLI.
BAND AND CHORUS OF 400 PERFORMERS.
Organist: DR. SPARK. Chorus Master: MR. BROUGHTON.

OUTLINE PROGRAMMES—Wednesday: "Elijah." Evening: "The Fire King" (New Cantata), by Walter Austin, and Miscellaneous Selection. Thursday: Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Nacht," Beethoven's Symphony (No. 8), and Miscellaneous. Evening: "Solomon." Friday: "Joseph," by G. A. Macfarren (written for this Festival). Evening: Raff's Symphony in G Minor, and Miscellaneous. Saturday: Bach's "Magnificat" in D, Mozart's "Requiem," and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives."

FRONT SEATS AND GALLERY TICKETS (Reserved) at the FESTIVAL OFFICES.
Serial Ticket for the Seven Performances (Transferable) . . . £5 0s.
Single Ticket, Morning . . . . £1 1s.
Ditto Evening . . . . 15s.

SECOND RESERVED SEAT TICKETS only at HOPKINSON BROTHERS and CO., Commercial Street.
Morning . . . . 10s. 6d.
Evening . . . . 7s. 6d.

Morning Performances begin at 11.30; doors open at 10.30. Evening Performances begin at 7.30; doors open at 6.30.

FESTIVAL TICKET HOLDERS will be permitted to travel by ordinary trains at reduced fares.

FULL FESTIVAL PROGRAMMES may be had gratis at the FESTIVAL OFFICES, and at the MUSIC WAREHOUSES.

Cheap Editions of the Oratorios and Cantatas can be purchased at the Festival Offices.

JOHN WM. ATKINSON, } Hon. Secs.
FRED. R. SPARK, }

Festival Offices, Great George Street (Town Hall), Leeds.

THE MOONSTONE. By Wilkie Collins. A New Drama EVERY EVENING, at 8.15—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. Edward Righton.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, Leathes, Garner, E. F. Edgar, Bradbury, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames E. Brita Stevens, C. Jecks, I. Clifton, and Rachel Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. Lane.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, MONTFORT. Followed by (Every Evening) J. E. Nolan's Glee Singers and Albert and Edmond's Comic Troupe. Concluding with (Wednesday excepted) HOGARTH'S APPRENTICES. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Miss Bertha Adams.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven, GARRY OWEN; OR, THE BELLES OF THE SHANNON, by J. Levy, Esq. Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Syms, George Conquest, jun., Nicholls, Gillett, Grant, Inch, &c. Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with BLACK EYED SUSAN. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Messrs. Clifford Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, &c. Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K. Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons.

TUESDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 18.
INAUGURATION OF THE
THIRTEENTH YEAR
of the
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
UNINTERRUPTED SEASON
at the
ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY,
Which commenced on September 18, 1865,
Since which period there
HAS NOT BEEN A BREAK OF A SINGLE
LAWFUL DAY.

ON TUESDAY NEXT THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
WILL GIVE THEIR
FIVE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED
AND SEVENTY-THIRD
CONSECUTIVE PERFORMANCE
at this Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.25 for the Evening ditto.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—GREAT SUCCESS.—HAMILTON'S RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. Vivid Representations of the most Important Events of the Campaign. Magnificent Scenes of Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Belgrade, &c. Every evening at 8, Wednesday and Saturday at 3 and 8.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

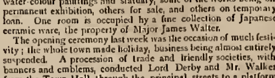
THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. Nye Chart.—Last Six Nights of the Engagement of Mr. H. M. PITT'S Celebrated COMEDY-DRAMA COMPANY, commencing MONDAY, Sept. 17, 1877. The Company comprises the Following Ladies and Gentlemen: Miss Fanny Addison, Miss Kate Lawler, Miss Florence Brunel, Miss Blain, and Miss George Canninge; Mr. H. Hamilton, Mr. J. Watkins, Mr. John Britton, Mr. Edward Fowler, Mr. Richard Cowell, Mr. George Crofton, Mr. Leonard Grayson, Mr. C. Thorne, Mr. George Canninge, and Mr. H. M. Pitt.

THE CONTINENT.—The Shortest, Cheapest, and Pleasantest Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is via the Great Eastern Railway and Harwich.
An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m., in connection with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4.45 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.
The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.
Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low through rates.
For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.
S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route *via* Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.



Our Illustrations

THE NEW ART GALLERY AT LIVERPOOL

This splendid building, which is the gift of Mr. A. B. Walker, the Mayor of Liverpool, and which has cost more than 30,000*l.*, is in the Grecian style of architecture, from the designs of two local architects, Mr. C. Sherlock and the late Mr. H. H. Vale, and it consists of two floors, on each of which are four large well-lighted rooms. The lower floor will be used as a Permanent Gallery of paintings, whilst the upper will be available for an annual exhibition for new works, and for occasional Loan Exhibitions. The building is now fully stocked with oil and water-colour paintings and statuary, some of the works being on permanent exhibition, others for sale, and others on temporary loan. One room is occupied by a fine collection of Japanese ceramic ware, the property of Major James Walter.

The opening ceremony last week was the occasion of much festivity; the whole town made holiday, business being almost entirely suspended. A procession of trade and friendly societies, with banners and emblems, conducted Lord Derby and Mr. Walker from the Town Hall through the principal streets to a platform in front of the building, around which a large crowd had assembled. Here Mr. Walker, as the donor, presented the key of the building to Mr. Alderman Weightman, who accepted the gift on behalf of the townsfolk. Then addresses of thanks, one from the Town Council, signed with its official seal, and another from the public, contained in a silver casket, were presented to Mr. Walker, who made a short and modest speech in reply, concluding by calling on Lord Derby to declare the building open. This his Lordship did, amidst the cheers of the crowd, speaking of the munificence and usefulness of the gift. The Vocalists' Union then sang a part of the 100th Psalm, and afterwards, while the band played the National Anthem, Mr. Walker and Lord Derby, with the chief member of the party, walked from the platform to the Gallery, which was thrown open with a blare of trumpets. An inspection of the building was afterwards made, and later in the day the public were admitted to the full capacity of the rooms. In the evening there was a display of fireworks in Wavertree Park, and other popular amusements, and Mr. Walker was entertained at a banquet in St. George's Hall, the Earl of Derby presiding.

Mr. Andrew Barclay Walker, the donor of the Art Gallery, is a Scotchman by birth and parentage. He is the second son of Mr. Peter Walker, formerly of the Fort Brewery, Ayr, who removed his business to Liverpool while young Andrew was still at school. When his education was completed, he was taken into partnership by his father, and the prosperity of the firm was such as to enable him to amass great wealth. The brewing business is now greatly extended, and to it is added a large trade in wine and spirits, and Mr. Walker has also become owner of large collieries in South Wales. He was for four years major of the 1st Lancashire Rifle Volunteers, of which corps Lord Derby is Hon. Colonel. He became a member of the Town Council in 1867, and some years afterwards, on the death of the late Mr. R. W. Houghton, he succeeded to the vacant aldermanic chair. In 1874 he was elected Mayor of Liverpool, and it was on his assumption of that office that he made the splendid offer of building this Art Gallery. This year he is again mayor of the town, his re-election being doubtless intended as some slight acknowledgement of his munificence.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE TURKS—RASGRAD

Rasgrad, where the headquarters of Mehemet Ali Pasha were shifted after his departure from Shumla, is a town on the Ak-Lour, on the road between Shumla and Rustchuk. It lies in an elevated position above a ravine, and consequently affords great facilities for defence, as may be seen by our sketch.

EXECUTION OF BULGARIAN SPIES

"The number of Bulgarian spies who infest our camp," writes our artist, "is indescribable, several are arrested daily, so that they now excite little or no comment. The courts appointed to try them, in order that they may not be taxed with partiality, ordinarily release them, as their status as spy cannot be mathematically proved. A terrible exception, however, has just proved the rule. Two spies, dressed as Bulgarians, were arrested, and on being searched were found to possess such condemnatory documents that the Court sentenced them to be shot within twenty-four hours. The execution took place in the European manner, and need not be described; but I may here remark that shouting a soldier is altogether a new custom for the Ottoman army; formerly the Commander, or even the Sultan himself, would strike the head off an offending soldier. At present, however, the criminal is methodically tried and executed as in Europe."

A PASS IN THE BALKANS

The range of the Balkans, as is well known, is a singularly irregular chain of mountains, which are pierced by passes so narrow and overshadowed by such huge heights that the light from beneath appears almost excluded. One of these is represented in our sketch—the beautiful Gorge in the Derbend Balkans, an outlying spur of the range, between Osman Bazar and Eski-Djuma.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—BIELA

Biela, which was taken by General Arnoldi on the 5th ult., was shortly afterwards made the headquarters of the Czar and his staff. We recently depicted the residence there of our military *attaché*, Colonel Wellesley, and now portray the headquarters which the Czar occupied during his stay, and which until lately formed the palace of the Turkish Bey or governor. Now that the Czar has gone further westward to the battle-field of Plevna, the town has become the headquarters of the Czarevitch.

CONSTANTINOPLE—THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

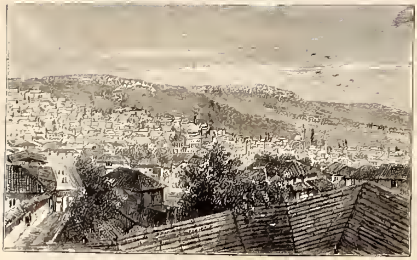
An ancient Oriental legend states that the shadow which veils the moon during an eclipse is a huge dragon trying to devour our valuable satellite. As such a deed, if accomplished, would prove exceedingly awkward to the world in general, Mussulmans from time immemorial have been in the habit, when this monster makes his appearance, of firing at him with muskets loaded with ball. Taking advantage of this custom, practical jokers and street arabs frequently amuse themselves with discharging innumerable fire-arms, while assassins are by no means slow to utilise the occasion. Since the declaration of war, however, the Turkish authorities determined to put a stop to a custom which gave rise to serious troubles, and accordingly previous to the recent eclipse criers were sent round the streets of Constantinople announcing that no gun was to be fired at the moon under the penalty of a fine of 6*l.*, confiscation of the weapon, and several days' imprisonment. This order was obeyed throughout the capital, and the eclipse of the 23rd ult. was probably the first which has not been saluted with salvoes of small arms for some centuries past. One of the most curious features of the affair was the phraseology of the crier, who loudly averred that the sun was about to intervene between the earth and the moon, and accordingly would overshadow the latter for some hours.

A RUSSIAN FLAG OF TRUCE

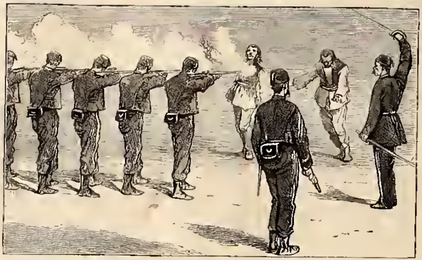
This is a sketch in the camp of Fuad Pasha, one of the subordinates of Mehemet Ali Pasha, who upon entering upon his command paid considerable attention to the organisation of the ambulances. In order the better to effect this he sent a messenger to the Grand Duke Nicholas asking for a definitive answer as to whether Russia would respect the "Red Crescent" in the same manner as the "Red Cross" is recognised by the Ottoman forces. In answer to this request the Grand Duke sent the emissaries in our sketch under a flag of truce to Fuad Pasha's quarters. Upon their arrival they were blindfolded, and led to the Commander's tent. The chief of the party, a lieutenant-colonel, after complimenting Fuad Pasha on the Turkish artillery, complained that the Circassians decapitated the Cossack wounded. To this Fuad Pasha replied that he could in no way excuse such barbarity, but retorted that the Cossacks themselves frequently committed great cruelties on the Turkish women and children. "I was not aware of that," answered the officer; "I will inform the Grand Duke of it." The eyes of the Russians were again bandaged, and they were reconducted outside the limits of the camp by Captain Annesley, an Englishman serving with the Turks.

IN THE SHIPKA PASS—GENERAL DRAGIMIROFF WOUNDED

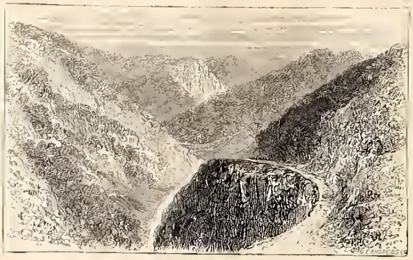
On the 24th ult., during the fighting in the Shipka Pass, the Russian General Dragimiroff, after bringing the reinforcements from his own division, the Podolsk regiment, to General Radetsky, joined that officer and his staff, who were surveying the battle from the slope of a peak. "The bullets here," writes Mr. Forbes, who, together with our artist, was present at the time, "are singing like a nest of angry wasps. One bullet strikes on the left knee General Dragimiroff, who has been standing calmly in the face of the fire looking down upon the battle. One of the best generals in the Russian army is *hors de combat*. He is as brave as he is skilful; he never so much as takes his spectacles off, but gently sits down, and ripping up his trowser-leg binds a handkerchief round the wound. Surgeons



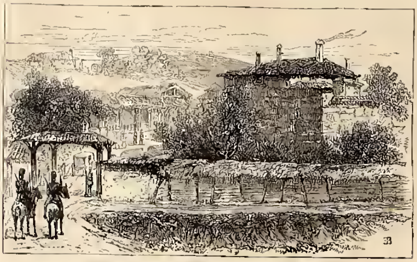
WITH THE TURKS—TOWN OF RASGRAD AND THE TURKISH ENCAMPMENT



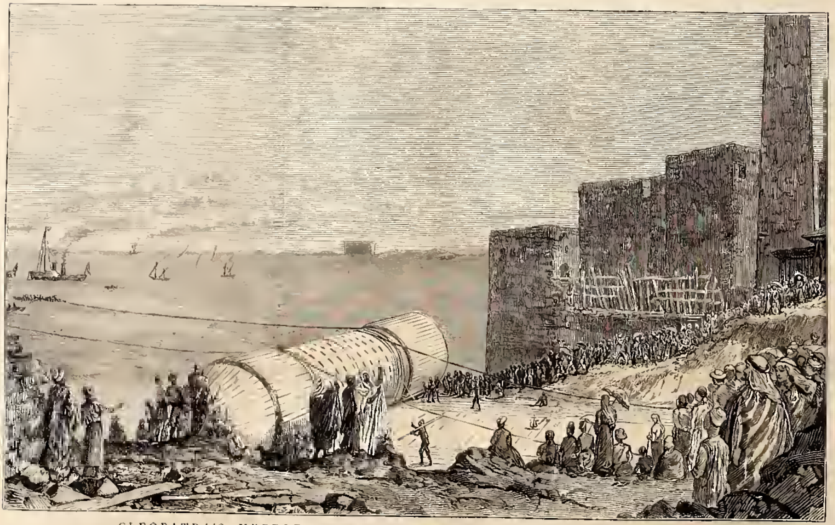
WITH THE TURKS—SUMMARY EXECUTION OF TWO BULGARIAN SPIES



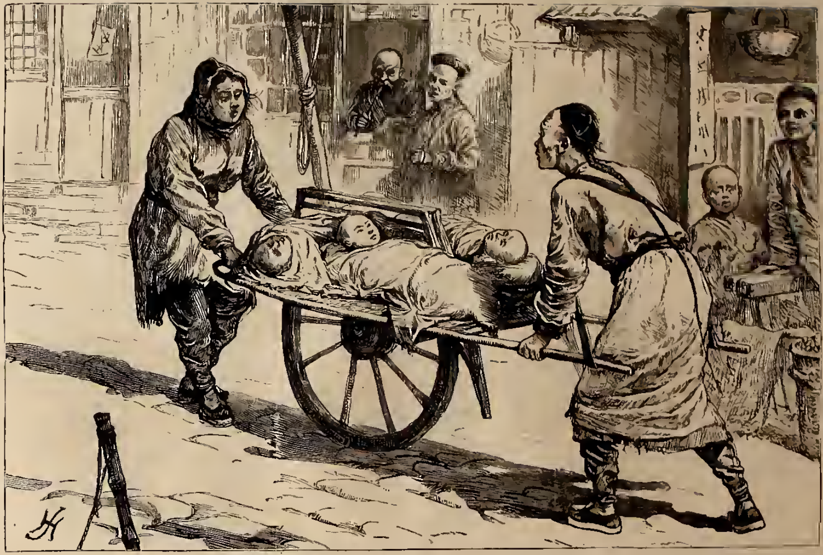
WITH THE TURKS—GORGE IN THE DERBEND BALKANS, BETWEEN ESKI DJUMA AND OSMAN BAZAR



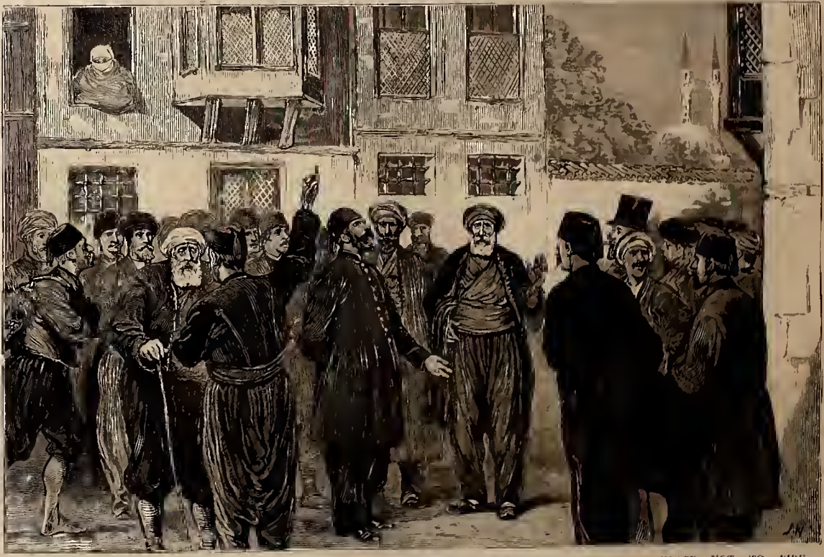
WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE CZAR'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT BIELA, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF THE TURKISH BEY



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE—LAUNCH OF THE OBELISK AT ALEXANDRIA



THE FAMINE IN CHINA—CHILDREN FOR SALE AT SHANTUNG



THE WAR AND THE ECLIPSE—THE PUBLIC CRIER OF CONSTANTINOPLE WARNING THE POPULACE NOT TO FIRE AT THE MOON DURING THE ECLIPSE gather round him, but, like the true soldier he is, he says he will take his turn when it comes. He is carried out of the line of fire somewhat, his boot removed, and the limb bandaged; then he is placed on a stretcher and is borne away. The last words on the noble soldier's lips are a fervent wish for good fortune to the arms of the Czar."

BULGARIAN PEASANTS FLYING FROM THE CIRCASSIANS

"When the Turks," writes our artist, "evacuated the Dobrudscha they left behind the Circassian irregulars, who entirely depopulated the country, driving the inhabitants before them in the direction of Varna. Now these people are escaping and coming back by thousands—mostly on foot, for the Circassians have robbed them of cattle; some naked, for they have been despoiled of their clothes, so much so that men often wear only one woman's petticoat for their entire costume. The scene I have hastily sketched I came across near Kustendje, where the cavalcade was passing the line of mounds known as Trajan's Wall. Tumuli are seen on every hill, and these mark old battle-grounds, being filled with bones of dead men. Two walls (the inner one of stone) extend from Kustendje to Tchernavoda, and for six miles from Kustendje there are three walls. At frequent intervals are fortified camps. Except at Medjidie, Kustendje, and Tchernavoda there isn't a tree to be found in this part of the Dobrudscha; indeed the whole country may be said to be treeless, exhibiting a most perfect theatre to observe military movements."

LAUNCHING CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

This operation, entrusted to Messrs. John and Wayman Dixon, C.E., began on the 28th August, and two days' later, the obelisk, enclosed in the iron cylinder which had been prepared for its reception, had been successfully launched into seven feet of water. The work was temporarily delayed, owing to water having leaked in through a man-hole, and to the insufficient power of the tugs, but the launch was successfully accomplished on Friday morning, the 7th inst. The needle in its iron case was towed round to the harbour for the fittings to be completed, and proved very steady at sea. Our engraving, which is from a sketch by Mr. Charles Royle, of Alexandria, represents the first day's proceedings, when the rolling of the huge monster into the sea was begun. The length of the cylinder is 92 ft., and its diameter 15 ft. The iron ship when afloat has a draught of 9 ft., and a displacement of 280 tons.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA

The crops having failed in the Province of Shantung, great distress has prevailed amongst the people there for the last few months. But in addition to hunger they have suffered intensely from the cold, the winter being always severe in that part of China. Immense numbers of refugees have been flocking southward—this place (Chinkiang) attracting a good many. They have erected straw huts around about here in every sheltered spot, and live in the most wretched manner. Many of them are only too ready to part with their little ones to procure sustenance. The sketch "For Sale," represents what the artist actually was at Chinkiang, a mother conveying her children to town to be sold. They were all fine healthy looking little things.

In corroboration of the above, a Roman Catholic missionary, Père Marchi, thus describes, in the *Tablet* of the 8th inst., the distress prevailing in the district of Lin Kin:—"Fancy a vast tract of land, as it were, devastated by brigands; fields uncultivated, either for want of hands, or because the famished peasants have not the necessary strength to bear the fatigues of husbandry, and the houses destroyed in order to sell the timber; in many houses there remains only one room where the wretched family shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather. In the almost deserted villages you see but exhausted, cadaverous faces. How many families have become totally extinct through starvation; how many have gone elsewhere, after having sold their all at any price, without hope of return? But there is something worse. How many fathers of families who once lived honourably have committed suicide in order to avoid the ignominy of begging, all their family following the dreadful example! How many woe-stricken women—wives, sisters, daughters—have been sold by their fathers, brothers, and husbands to unknown people, till in some places you hardly see any females left! A Christian literate of this district assured me that in Lin Kin-hsien alone more than 100,000 women and children have been sold, which is shown by a register kept at the Yamen. . . . In several places of this district they were able to sow wheat, and it promises well, especially after the last rain, but to the south-east, in the midst of the hills where I now am, and where hardly any foreigner has penetrated, the land looks like a wilderness; there is neither wheat nor millet, and if ever they sow any late crop they must wait till the autumn for the harvest."—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. E. H. Grimani.

THE FUNERAL OF M. THIERS

It is difficult for us in this fortunate island to realise the bitterness of party spirit in France. For a parallel we must go back to the days of Charles the Second, when Whigs and Tories alternately proscribed and persecuted each other. This unresting animosity has been the means of depriving him who was at the time of his death the foremost man in France of the honour of a State funeral. It is needless to inquire who were most to blame. Each party thoroughly distrusted its opponent. The Government feared that if Madame Thiers' conditions were complied with the ceremony would be turned into an ultra-Radical demonstration; the Republicans feared that if the Government took the matter into its own hands, they, the Republicans, would be practically excluded from any participation in it. Nevertheless, though the original intention of a State funeral was abandoned, the ceremonial of Saturday last was of a very imposing, and thoroughly national, character.

Many a lover of true freedom must have gone to bed on Saturday night with a lighter heart on learning that all had passed off quietly. The Parisians are fond of "demonstrating," especially at funerals, and anything like a "row" would have been made an excuse by the present reactionary Government for proclaiming a state of siege, and withdrawing the small amount of individual liberty which now exists.

The Parisians, however, on this occasion exercised an admirable self-restraint. They "demonstrated," it is true, but it was a demonstration of silence, the few cries raised were promptly suppressed, and so the army of soldiers and policemen with whom the Government (conscious of its own unpopularity) had filled the streets had nothing to do but to stand and get wet.

All Saturday forenoon the rain came down in torrents. The corpse may be happy, according to the popular saying, "which the rain rains on," but the living men and women who come to gaze on the spectacle are made decidedly uncomfortable by an excess of moisture on such occasions, and as Frenchmen, like cats, are particularly averse to getting wet, the fortitude with which tens of thousands of them endured the bad weather of Saturday proves the earnestness of their desire to honour the memory of M. Thiers.

The hearse, which appeared before M. Thiers' mansion about 10.30 A.M. to carry away the mortal remains of the deceased, bore testimony to his popularity, for it was literally buried in flowers, wreaths, and bouquets sent from different parts of France, besides which eight porters had to carry a number of other floral decorations for which there was no room on the car. The six horses which drew the vehicle were richly caparisoned, and were led by pikemen wearing black and silver liveries and cocked hats. Messrs. Mignet, Vuitry, Grévy, Jules Simon, De Sacy, Jules Favre, and Admiral Pothuau were the pall-bearers. The police would not allow the banners of trade corporations and of towns to be unfurled except those of Belfort, Marseilles, Versailles, and St. Germain-en-Laye; but this order was evaded to a great extent by the use of armlets bearing suitable inscriptions. The procession contained representatives of interests of the most varied character. Of course there were Parliament men, Senators and Deputies; there was the Diplomatic Body, less the Papal Nuncio; there were delegates of provincial towns and municipal councils, and of miners and other industrial pursuits.

The funeral service took place in the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, the Archbishop of Paris, probably acting under orders from the intolerant *camarilla* which rules at the Vatican, having refused the use of the Madeleine. Messrs. Gambetta, Victor Hugo, and Louis Blanc heard the Mass; but at least a third of those who had invitations did not follow the coffin into the church, their anti-clerical feelings being revived by Mgr. Guibert's small-mindedness. When the procession quitted the church at 1 P.M. for the cemetery of Père de la Chaise the rain had ceased. The roads were lined by an infinite multitude of people, in which the procession, grand and numerous as it was, was lost. On turning the angle of any boulevard one beheld a sea of people, nothing of them visible but their faces, and those turned towards the procession. The cemetery having been reached, the coffin was taken from the hearse and followed by the family on foot to the vault, an unpretending structure near Lafitte's tomb, inscribed "Famille Dosne-Thiers." All the floral crowns and bouquets were placed upon it, and after the last prayers had been recited, five speeches were delivered, the most important of which were by Messrs. Grévy and Jules Simon. These speeches were marked by the same self-restraint which had characterised the behaviour of the multitude; but nevertheless they could scarcely praise M. Thiers' conduct towards the Assembly without blaming by implication the present Executive, which assuredly does not in any way represent the will of the nation. Altogether, the 8th September was a day of no small note in the annals of France, and the *Assemblée Nationale* (a Government print) is perhaps not far wrong when it speaks of the demonstration as "an insurrection, but a dumb insurrection."

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A New Story, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," &c., is continued on page 225.

"THE CAPTURE OF A 32-POUNDER"

Just now, when men's minds are saturated with descriptions of bloodshed and destruction, this picture comes as an agreeable relief. As in Sir Edwin Landseer's well-known picture of "Peace," where a lamb is nibbling the grass which has grown in the mouth of a long-disused cannon, so here we are transplanted to an atmosphere of quiet and contentment. The muzzle of the gun—one of the old orthodox pattern, made before men of science had revolutionised artillery—points toward the sea, aiming at an enemy who has long since ceased to exist. It has now become the plaything of a party of children, who love nothing better than to sit astride of the trunnions, and fancy themselves soldiers. A little one, whose activities are less fully developed, is endeavouring to imitate the example of her seniors, and climb up from behind; while even the dog would fain join in the fun. Mr. Birket Foster informs us that he saw the incident which he has sketched at Margate, and thought it would make a good picture.—Our engraving is published by permission of the owner of the picture, Mr. Sharpley Bainbridge, of Lincoln.

SKETCHES IN KAFFRARIA

"These sketches are all studies from life taken during a journey I lately made through Kaffraria. The first represents a Dutch boer leaving his farm with his family, goods, and chattels on account of a native outbreak. It also conveys a good idea of the mode of travelling in the interior. The second, which was taken on a Kaffir location, is a sketch of a 'nongololo,' or native war dance, the men 'gyre and gimble on the wabe' as 'Alice' has it) to the monotonous, but not unmusical, chants of the women, who mark time by clapping of hands. On special occasions the natives meet together on certain locations by hundreds, even to a couple of thousand or so, when the effect is singularly wild and weird. After keeping the dancing up for a day and night, or even more, they set to and demolish an ox or two by way of refreshment. No. 3 is a portrait taken from life of a Kaffir belle. She is costumed *de rigueur* for some state occasion such as I have alluded to, her face is besmeared most artistically with a mixture of red clay and oil, which to the native mind considerably enhances the natural beauty and charm of the countenance. The last sketch is one of melancholy interest, for it shows the burial place of some officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the 74th Regiment, who fell victims during the last Kaffir War. By yonder mountains they were surprised and massacred most cruelly, and on this occasion it was that their Colonel (Colonel Fordyce) was killed. But scant traces now remain even of their graves. This sketch was taken near Fort Hadden, whereabouts some of the more terrible sufferings were undergone by the troops engaged in that campaign."—We are indebted to U. G. Doyle Glanville, of Adelaide, South Africa, for the drawings and for these above details.

THEATRES

Mr. Byron's new romantic drama, entitled *Guinea Gold; or, Lights and Shadows of London Life*, produced at the Princess's Theatre on Monday evening, belongs to a class of pieces in which nearly everything is subordinated to the main object of introducing elaborate mechanical contrivances in connection with incidents of an exciting and terrifying character. The unquestionable success which has attended Mr. Boucicault's efforts in this way has not unnaturally inspired managers with faith in the attractions of these incidental features of melodrama though it is not easy to cite instances of plays which can in strictness be said to have enjoyed great favour on the strength of these contrivances alone. The *Colleen Bawn*, for example, was essentially what is known as a "sensation" piece; but its story, apart from its stage carpentry and lime-light effects, happened to possess considerable interest. The same may be said of Mr. Falconer's *Peep o' Day*, and Mr. Boucicault's *Arrah na Pogue* and *The Shaughraun*, the latter play having the additional advantage of some excellent character sketches. Most frequenters of the theatres, moreover, can recall examples of plays which have fulfilled all the conditions of the "sensation" drama, and yet have failed to prove attractive; and, on the other hand, we have only to mention Mr. Tom Taylor's *Ticket of Leave Man* to show how possible it is for a piece of the romantic school to achieve an immense popularity without a scene in it dependent on mechanism or vulgar terrors. Mr. Byron would do well to give to these facts his serious consideration. His latest piece is an outrage upon common sense and an insult to audiences. No one, we suspect, is better aware than Mr. Byron himself of the worthless character of this production which he has attempted to palm upon the public; but the simple truth is that he believes it to be quite good enough to fill pit and gallery, and a fair proportion of seats in stalls and boxes. To say that he is mistaken in this view would involve us in the perilous ways of prophecy; but we can with perfect safety, and with a good conscience, affirm that it would be a circumstance of evil augury for the welfare of our stage if such a drama as *Guinea Gold* should prove remunerative to the manager who has placed it on the stage. The mechanical scenes on which the piece relies are not new inventions. Peril from a sudden inundation, it is true, is not quite so familiar as a house on fire, or a fall from a precipice or a castle keep; and possibly Mr. Byron is the first playwright who has turned to account the comparatively mild phenomenon of a high tide in Rotherhithe; but hairbreadth escapes from rising waters are an old source of excitement both on the French and English stage. Yet this, and an escape from a high window by clinging to ivy growing up the walls—an incident copied exactly from one of Mr. Boucicault's dramas, even to the peculiar machinery for turning the building inside out—are the cardinal points of Mr. Byron's play; and for the sake of these any attempt at truth, probability, or consistency has evidently been deemed altogether superfluous. As regards the story of the play we have little to say. The problem has been to get the heroine into the dreadful underground Rotherhithe cellar just in time to be nearly drowned by the flood, and rescued by her lover; and again to furnish her with a plausible motive for jumping out of window in the manner described. This is accomplished by representing her as persecuted by a fellow who, being a curious compound of hardened villainy and romantic love, decoys her into the cellar in one act and frightens her out of window in another. Having told this, what need to explain the function of the foolish old lady who adopts the friendless heroine, the still more foolish detective who never detects anything wrong till it is too late, of the maudlin old gambler and forger who discovers in the portrait of the heroine the features of his lost child, of the stage-struck young man and his vulgar sweetheart who are always retarding the progress of the story by irrelevant buffoonery, of the page-boy whose impertinences contribute so large a proportion of the dialogue, or of any other of the personages with which the author has encumbered his play?

Mr. Irving has been performing in Liverpool to the great satisfaction of large audiences. The Liverpool critics, however, seem rather at a loss for apt expressions to convey their feelings on the occasion. The critic of the *Liverpool Post*, for example, speaks of the actor's "celebrated flashes of contagious inspiration," and declares that Mr. Irving has "accomplished the revelation of Hamlet's idiosyncrasy with unprecedented insight and potency of interpretation." Further, this writer begs leave to "direct the attention of the public to the masterly manner in which the fine and patient play of the histrionic sculptor's most delicate chisel has brought to the very suppleness and subtlety of life what once were comparatively speaking rough-hewn masses of intellectual creation." All this is rather vague, but it shows that the critic was greatly delighted.

The Folly Theatre will reopen this evening with comic operas entitled *The Sea Nymphs* and *La Créole*.—Mr. Rowe's comedy entitled *Brass* has been withdrawn at the Haymarket, where Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, will reappear this evening in *Paul Pry*.—On Monday the Olympic will reopen with a dramatic version of Mr. Collins's story, *The Moonstone*, which has been prepared for the stage by Mr. Collins himself.—A version of *Le Homard*, by Mr. Burnand, is to be produced at the Gaiety. The popular Gaiety Saturday *matinées* will shortly be resumed at Mr. Hollingshead's theatre.—The late Lord Lytton's posthumous play, entitled the *House of Darnley*, is to be produced in New York.

The Mohawk Minstrels.——Mr. Edgar Mowbray had a full house for his benefit on Wednesday, and he fully deserved it, for the curious quaint and beautiful Old Ballads which had been rummaged out for the occasion were sung in a delightful manner by the members of the *troupe*. The programme included "Barbara Allen," "The Vicar of Bray," "Black-eyed Susan," "Sally in our Alley," and "Down among the Dead Men." There was also a musical representation of "Merrie Islington in the Olden Time," and "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" was given in the costume of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Messrs. Hamilton's new Panorama now exhibiting at the Agricultural Hall is well worthy of a visit from all who feel interested in the War (and who do not). Starting from London, the spectator is taken on an imaginary Continental tour, the various places and scenes being most vividly portrayed from sketches taken on the spot. An explanatory lecture accompanies the display of the pictures, and adds greatly to their charm and value.

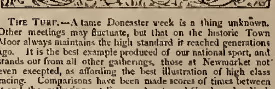
HOME.

Political Affairs.——The chief political speeches since our last issue have been those of Lord Derby at Liverpool and Mr. Roebuck at Sheffield, both delivered on the same day. Lord Derby in allusion to the war said: "If I were to describe in one sentence the attitude and feeling of the Government I would say that we shall do what we can to pull our neighbours out of the ditch, but that in doing so we shall be very careful that they don't pull us in." He added that the Indian Famine was even graver, in his mind, than the Eastern Question, and that it was engaging the utmost care and thought of the Government. Mr. Roebuck spoke emphatically on the subject of the war, declaring that both the Turkish and Russian Governments were a disgrace to humanity. He praised the conduct of the Ministry, and wound up with the words, "Peace, peace, my countrymen, but don't be afraid of war."—Mr. Butt has written a letter to an Irish clergyman denouncing the policy of obstruction in Parliament as being more disastrous and less dignified than rebellion in the field, and as calculated to make constitutional action hopeless, alienating the English Democracy, causing Ireland to be despised abroad as unfit for representative institutions, and giving an impetus to passions which should be assuaged. He declares that he will forfeit popularity and his seat in Parliament rather than sanction for an hour the resort to an unconstitutional course of conduct that can bring to the cause of Ireland nothing but disaster and disgrace.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson made one of his amusing speeches the other day at an agricultural dinner at Carlisle. He said that in Parliament each party had a "whip," who called his political hounds together by means of a little circular earnestly requesting their attendance. If the circular came without a dash or stroke under the word "earnestly" it meant there was some business that night coming on; if there was one dash it meant you ought to come; if two dashes it meant you should come; if three you must come; and if four it meant stay away at your peril.—Dr. Kenealy must really be a very ill-used man. During the last few days he has it seems been making a sort of political triumphant progress through Stoke, Burslem, Hanley, and other contiguous places, but the local reporters have tried to pluck the laurels from his brow by sending lying reports to the newspapers recounting how he had been everywhere hissed, hooted, and mobbed, so that he had to seek the protection of the police. This at all events is what the doctor said at Hanley on Saturday, but on Monday his recollection of the facts seems to have been somewhat different, for he then issued an address to his constituents bitterly complaining of "the savage hate and cruel fury of local Tories and Liberals, who have shown the fury of wild beasts, and would murder him if they could. Wherever he goes he is assailed by these villains, who have conspired to annihilate him. Obeying a sense of public duty, however, he has determined to remain at his post, and disappoint the powers of darkness."

Fatal Collision in the Channel.——A terrible collision took place on Tuesday night off Portland between the *Avalanche*, an emigrant ship from London to New Zealand, with about 100 persons on board, passengers and crew, and the *Forest*, a ballast-laden ship, belonging to Windsor, Nova Scotia. The *Avalanche*, an iron vessel, foundered immediately, and it is thought that all her passengers and crew except three are drowned. The *Forest* was so badly damaged that she was abandoned, the captain and crew getting away in three boats, in which they beat about all night. In the morning one of these boats was descried by some fishermen on the beach, who at once bravely put off to its aid, and succeeded in bringing the occupants safely to shore. The other boats are supposed to have been lost, and the ship *Forest* is also thought to have gone down. Out of a total of 118 souls on board both vessels, only twelve persons appear to have been saved, viz., three of the crew of the *Avalanche*, and nine of that of the *Forest*. The captain of the *Forest* says that about 9 P.M. on Tuesday he was on deck, and saw a ship bearing down upon him, he had the helm "luffed," and ordered a "flare up" to be lit. Before that could be done the ships were in collision, and the *Avalanche* went down within two minutes. He afterwards found that his own vessel was in a sinking state, and told his men to save themselves as best they could. It is said that the *Avalanche* when off Sheerness on the previous Sunday, ran into a foreign vessel, but received no material damage.

London Mortality further declined last week, and 1,180 deaths were registered against 1,238 during the previous seven days, a decline of 58, being 257 below the average, and at the rate of 17·4 per 1,000. There were 8 deaths from small-pox (the lowest number registered in any week since September, 1876), 23 from measles (an increase of 5), 17 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 9), 7 from diphtheria, 19 from whooping-cough, 21 from different forms of fever (an increase of 3, but being 14 below the average), and 87 from diarrhœa (a decline of 67, and being 96 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 48 deaths; 39 were the result of negligence or accident, of which 9 were caused by drowning. There were 2,356 births registered, a decline of 113, and exceeding the average by 64. The duration of sunshine was 37·7 hours out of the 92·6 hours that the sun was above the horizon, and the mean temperature was 53°·5, or 5°·2 below the average.

Miscellaneous.——The New Town Hall of Manchester, erected at a cost of 800,000*l.*, is to be opened to-day (Saturday). The Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Bright, and the Bishop of the diocese have accepted invitations.—The Social Science Congress commences its sittings at Aberdeen on Wednesday next, when the Earl of Aberdeen will deliver his inaugural address.—A Fine Art Exhibition, supplemented by a valuable loan from South Kensington, was opened on Monday at Penzance.—An important use has already been found for the Telephone. Some experiments have just been made in a Cornish mine, and it is found that by the aid of the instrument communication can easily be carried on between those above and below ground.—Thanks to the precautions taken by some of the local authorities, the high tide in the Thames has come and gone without doing so much damage as that of last year. There were, however, overflows in various places, which distinctly show the necessity for a more complete provision against the danger, especially when we take into account the fact that, owing to the absence of wind, the tide did not rise so high as was expected.—A mutiny is reported from the Curragh Camp. It seems that a number of extra drills and parades have recently been imposed upon the men of the 19th Hussars, some of whom deliberately marched out of camp on Saturday, instead of attending a foot parade. Infantry picquets and police were sent after them, and they returned quietly, and seventy-five men, who have been placed under arrest, will probably be tried by court martial.—A stray torpedo was picked up on Tuesday in Portsmouth Harbour, where it had lain long enough to get rusty. It was taken to the *Vernon* torpedo ship, the officers of which knew nothing about it.—On Tuesday an engine driver in the employ of the Great Western Railway Company was killed by the explosion of a boiler of the locomotive which had just reached the Shrewsbury station with a train. The stoker also was very dangerously injured.—A determined attempt to upset a train on the Great Northern line was made on Friday near Bawtry, where a piece of timber was placed across the rails, and fastened with screws ten inches long driven into the ballast. Fortunately the obstruction was discovered before any accident resulted.—News comes from Greenock that the sea serpent is in the Channel of Clyde doing great damage to the fishing nets. Several glimpses of the monster have been obtained by some fortunate excursionists on board Lord Glasgow's screw yacht *Valetta*.—On Wednesday last the Mansion House Indian Famine Fund had reached the sum of 145,000*l.*, of which 115,000*l.* had been sent to Madras.—The names of Louisa Catherine Fanny Atkins, of St. John's Wood; Sophia Jex Blake, of Bernard Street; Eliza Louisa Walker Dunbar, Clifton, Bristol; and Frances Elizabeth Hoggan, of Rutland Gate, have been added to the Medical Register, and those of some other lady doctors, it is stated, will soon follow.



SPORTING

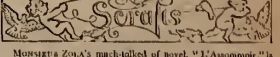
The Turf.—A tame Doncaster week is a thing unknown. Other meetings may fluctuate, but that on the historic Town Moor always maintains the high standard it reached generations ago. It is the best example produced of our national sport, and stands out from all other gatherings, those at Newmarket not even excepted, as affording the best illustration of high class racing. Comparisons have been made scores of times between it and the gatherings at Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood. Each have their distinctive features, but in all except that at Doncaster there is a very considerable holiday element, and the fair sex play a special part in them. Not so at Doncaster. The meeting does not attract many ladies, and mere holiday-makers are at a discount. It is a serious business; and the Yorkshire "tykes," who to a man love racehorses, and are good judges of racing, resent anything like levity in connection with their honoured *reunion*. Hence racing pure and simple is the order of the day, combined with critical inspection of the horses at their morning gallops, and attending the yearling sales before the racing commences. The weather has not been all that could be desired for the occasion, the opening day especially being miserably wet and cold. The rain made the course very holding in places, and hence, probably, the upsetting of many favourites on the Tuesday. The Fitzwilliam Stakes—weight for age—as usual opened the ball, and for this Trappist was made favourite; but he was beaten easily enough by Lord Lascelles's Mousquetaire, who carried within one pound of Captain Prime's horse. If other proof were wanting, this performance shows that Mousquetaire, had he been started, could have taken the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood with at least half a stone more on his back than he had been handicapped for. Some of his Goodwood supporters who saw him cut down his opponents on Tuesday, like Thomson's young lovers, "looked unutterable things." A very respectable field of thirteen contested the Great Yorkshire Handicap; and here again the backers were at fault, for Hilarious and Mrs. Pond, the two first favourites, had to put up with second and third places, Albert Edward taking the first, and thus showing that the estimate long ago formed of him was not far from the truth. But still worse luck was in store for "the talent" in the Champagne Stakes for two-year-olds. As only six animals composed the field, and Childeric's recent performances made him out to be the best two-year-old of the season, there was ample justification, as far as Turf wagering goes, for laying 2 to 1 on Lord Falmouth's colt; but he could not get even with the first three, being hopelessly beaten in the heavy ground some way from home. The winner, Count Lagrange's Clementine, had hitherto shown to disadvantage this year, and as much as 10 to 1 was procurable against her. It can hardly be supposed that the Champagne running will not be reversed before long. On the Leger Day large fields contested several of the stakes, and backers of favourites had again cause for lamentation, except in reference to the great race itself. The St. Leger on Wednesday entered into its second century, having been established in 1776, and few previous anniversaries have contained greater elements of interest. Lord Falmouth's pair, Silvio, the Derby winner, and Lady Golightly, were to antagonise each other. Plunger, a better animal than Silvio last autumn, was pronounced sound and perfectly trained. An illustrious foreigner in Fontainebleau had come to try conclusions with the pick of our three-year-olds, and his party was more than confident; while Brown Prince, the American colt, who ran well in the Two Thousand, was in the sport to carry the great Northern prize across the "herring pond." Thus the contest assumed an international character; and had a foreigner been successful, thousands of lusty lungs would have cheered the victory. As it was, the English horses fully maintained our equine *prestige*. The story of the race is soon told. Plunger was the animal most conspicuous in the race for the greater part of the journey, but her bolt was shot two furlongs from home, when Manœuvre, who had also been in front all the journey, assumed the lead. But Lord Falmouth's pair soon challenged Lord Bradford's filly, and Silvio, who evidently had the race in hand some distance from home, came away easily enough, and won by three lengths, her stable companion beating Manœuvre by a head. Strachino, a foreigner, was fifth, but the other strangers above mentioned were nowhere, or, to speak more definitely, tenth and eleventh. Lord Falmouth has thus won his first Leger; and if only the positions of his two animals had been reversed, he would have followed Mr. Merry's suite, who, in 1873 ran first and second with Marie Stuart and Doncaster. It may be remembered that in 1870 Lord Falmouth's Derby winner Kingcraft could only get second, and was followed home by his lordship's filly Wheatear.—The acceptances for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire gave rise to considerable "fancy" speculation at Doncaster. The former race has 68 subscribers, while for the latter 70 out of the 185 subscribers have paid forfeit.

Cricket is not yet quite played out for the season. At Huddersfield the Professionals of the North have beaten the Gentlemen (with three professionals); but it must be noted that in the second innings no less than four Gentlemen absconded.—The Yorkshire Gentlemen made short work of Durham County at Darlington, beating their antagonists by an innings and 65 runs.—A match between a miscellaneous eleven, with a strong Surrey element in it, and Twenty-two members of the Vincent Square Clubs, drew a large number of persons together in the green square frequented by the Westminster boys. In the first innings the Twenty-two made 79, and the Eleven, with two wickets to spare, 92—and this decided the game, in which, it may be noted, that G. Hearne, sen., for the Eleven, took twelve wickets in 28 overs (five balls to the over), at a cost of only 26 runs.—Cricketers far and wide will regret to hear that the "champion" W. G. Grace has met with an accident when shooting on Monday last. He was hit about the face and eyes; but there is a good hope that his sight will not be impaired.

Coursing.——The public season opened with the Avebury Meeting on Tuesday last, but the backwardness of the harvest and the unfavourable weather militated against success. The former impediment will probably interfere with some other meetings. A good season is anticipated, as hares are reported as very plentiful, the entries for the chief stakes at the great meetings are above the average, and there were never so many good dogs in the country as at the present time.

Pedestrianism.——Gale is still walking strong at Lillie Bridge, and seems likely to do the 1,500 miles in the 1,000 hours, and thus eclipse Captain Barclay's feat of 1,000.

Swimming.—Swimmers seem to be attracting revived attention just now. Jones of Leeds has again beaten J. B. Johnson for the Championship, and the Cup now becomes his own property; J. B., however, received consolation by winning the 500 Yards Championship at the Wenlock Baths.—F. Cavill, naturally enough, does not like the hints thrown out as to the genuineness of his recent great swim, and is anxious to make a match with Captain Webb to swim the Channel.



Scraps

Monsieur Zola's much-talked of novel, "L'Assommoir," is to be dramatised by M. Busnach.

A Daughter of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne, Miss Una Hawthorne, herself an authoress, died on Monday at Clewer.

The Excavations at Nineveh have at length been authorised by the Sultan, who has given the necessary firman to Mr. Layard.

Big Ben began work again on Friday night, although the striking apparatus would not be in working order until the middle of this week.

The Story of the "Arabian Nights" has been translated into Bengalee, and is being printed by natives. The edition will be in eight volumes, and will be the longest work ever issued by the native press.

Turquoise Rings are much worn by the Russian officers, declares a war correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, as a talisman against danger, the turquoise being supposed to preserve the wearer from a violent death.

The Early Marriages in India are being much discouraged in the Bombay Presidency, and Government is to be petitioned to fix 20 as the minimum age at which young men may marry.

The first Belgian Expedition to explore Central Africa sent by the International Association will start for Natal on the 18th prox. After making their arrangements at Natal the expedition will go on to Zanzibar and to Lake Tanganyika, and from thence will journey into the interior to establish the first station.

A Number of Arctic Relics have been presented to the Royal Artillery Institution, Woolwich, by Captain Feilden, who accompanied the recent Polar Expedition as naturalist. The collection contains reindeer skulls and antlers, a Greenlander's harpoon, and a pair of snowshoes which belonged to the late Dr. Rae.

Marat's private Collection of his own Writings, classified by himself, and bearing annotations in his own handwriting, will shortly be sold in Paris. There are twelve volumes which were given by Mdlle. Albertine Marat to M. Vuillaume, the historian, from whom they have come into the possession of Prince Jérome Napoleon, their present owner.

Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society Schools.——From the lists which have just been issued by the delegates of the University of Oxford, it will be seen that no less than fifty-one candidates from these schools have passed the examination. Of those successful there are three senior girls and thirteen senior boys; six junior girls and nineteen junior boys.

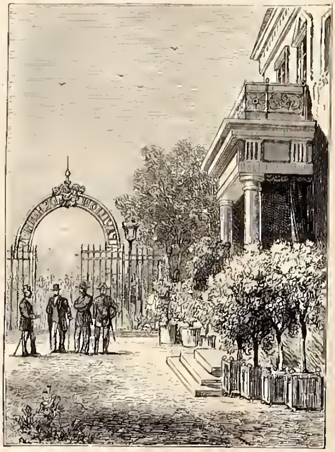
A Falstaffian Feast was recently held across the Atlantic, when the fat men of the United States met together for their annual dinner at Gregory's Point, Norwalk, Connecticut. The society boasted 467 members, of whom 291 were of the 200 lbs. standard weight or upwards. A New York reporter weighed 288 lbs.; but the palm was awarded to a young man of twenty-five, who attained 399 lbs.

Romeo and Juliet are again to figure on the stage, this time in a French opera, *Les Amants de Vérone*, by the Marquis d'Ivry, which is to be played this winter at the Paris Lyrique. Twelve composers have already set the Shakespearian libretto, beginning with Benda in 1772, and ending with Gounod in 1867; but not one of the operas has been a lasting success. Will the unfortunate "thirteenth" belie its character?

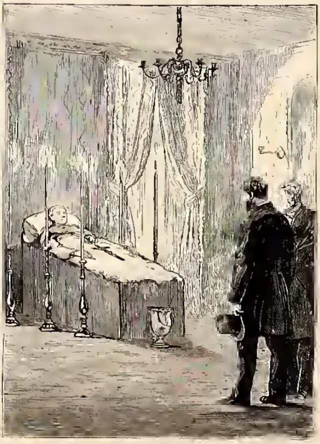
Monsieur Thiers is said to have left various posthumous works, which are to be published under the editorship of MM. Mignet, and Barthélemy St. Hilaire. Amongst other works there are his personal memoirs, on which he has been engaged for years, a treatise on the distinction between Grecian and Roman art, a portion of a history of the Renaissance, and his long-looked for work on polemic and religious philosophy in which, on the authority of history, he refutes the doctrines of Darwin, Comte, Littré, Renan, and Spinoza, and which, it is said, is to afford a final answer to those who have termed him a "free-thinker, or at least a Voltairian."

The Wholesale Destruction of Game in India has reached such a pitch that many districts are now perfectly barren of sport. The Cawnpore district, hitherto famous for pig-sticking and black-buck shooting, has been so cleared that there is hardly an antelope to be seen within miles of the station. In one regiment the soldiers are allowed to go out shooting in gangs, and as the failure of the crops has robbed the deer of any shelter, and the animals are also suffering from heat and want of water, they are easily surrounded and shot down in herds. The villagers, too, are allowed to carry arms to frighten the birds from their crops, and are thus tempted to poach.

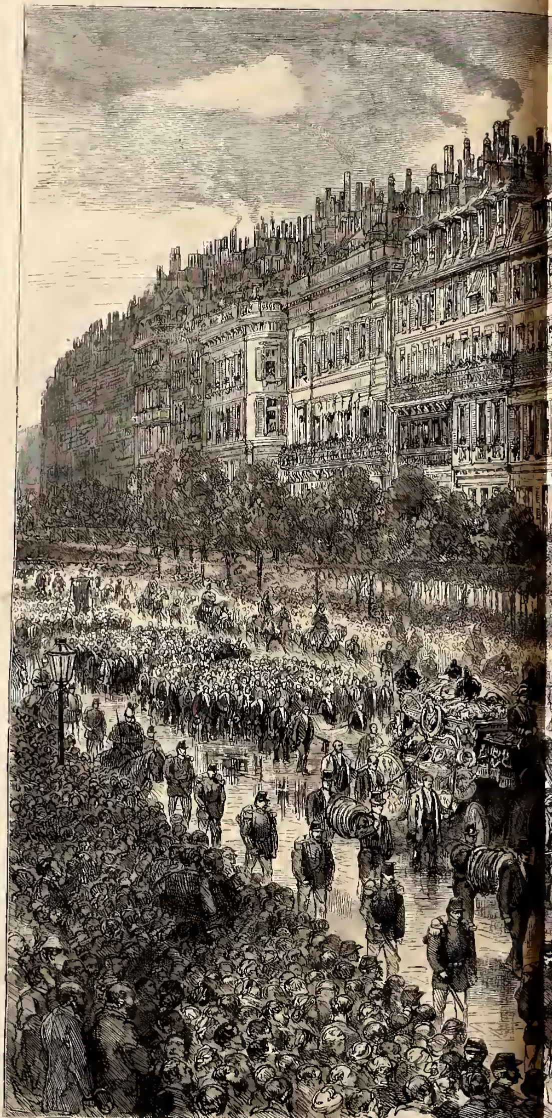
A fatal Alpine Accident occurred last Thursday, near Zermatt. Two London barristers, Messrs. W. A. Lewis and N. Paterson, with three guides, the brothers Knubel, ascended the Lyskamm, and as they did not return a search party was despatched next morning, when the bodies of the unfortunate travellers were found at the bottom of a precipice, where they had evidently been thrown by the giving way of an overhanging ledge of snow. Death must have been instantaneous. The bodies were recovered, and were buried at Zermatt on Monday. Anent mountain disasters, the body of Mr. W. W. Barry, who was lost in the snow whilst on a tour in the Austrian Tyrol, in 1875, has just been found on the Krimmler Tauern. It was in a sitting posture, death having evidently resulted from exhaustion, and was discovered by a shepherd on the highest point of the mountain. In No. 368, Dec. 16, 1876, we gave an illustration of the Krimler Ache Waterfalls, near which he was lost.



ENTRANCE TO THE PAVILION OF HENRY IV. AT ST. GERMAIN.

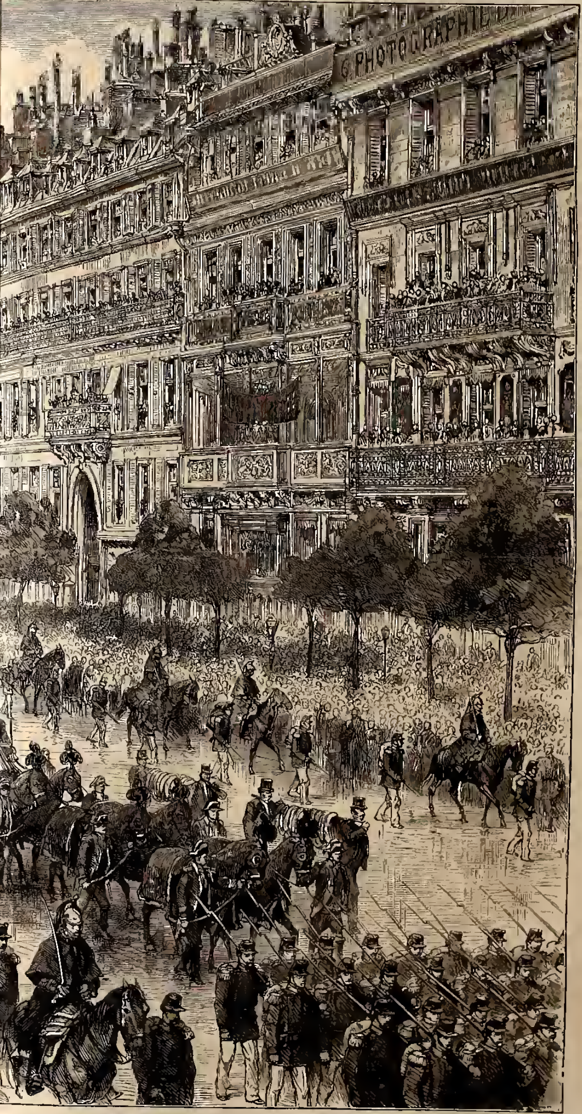


THE MORTUARY CHAMBER.

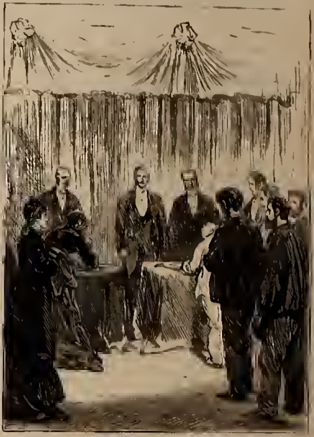


THE PROCESSION IN TH

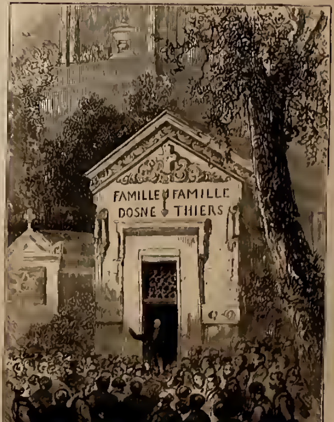
THE FUNERAL OF THE LA


6 PHOTOGRAPHIE

HE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.



VISITORS SIGNING THEIR NAMES AT M. THIERS' HOUSE.


FAMILLE DOSNE
FAMILLE THIERS

THE FAMILY TOMB, PERE LA CHAISE.

TE M. THIERS AT PARIS

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The attack upon Plevna has at length been begun, and while displaying far more caution than formerly, and evincing none of that rashness to which their recent disastrous defeat was mainly due, the Russians have spared no efforts to make the battle a "Turkish Sedan," by not only attempting to gain possession of Plevna, but to completely surround Osman Pasha and his army. Instead of waiting for the Imperial Guard, as at first intended, the Grand Duke Nicholas determined immediately to resume the contest, aided by his Roumanian allies, his decision probably being hastened by the successful advance of the Turks along the Lom, where the Czarevitch has been forced back upon the Jantra by Mehemet Ali. If promptitude and unanimity had characterised the Turkish commanders, if Mehemet Ali had hurried forward to Sistova, and if Suleiman had rejoined his colleagues instead of lurking in the Balkans, the Russians would have found considerable difficulty in dealing with Osman Pasha, but, as usual, Turkish official sluggishness has proved the best ally of the Muscovites.

The struggle round Plevna was virtually opened by the capture of Loftcha, last week, and which cost the victors 1,000 men, the loss of the Turks exceeding 2,200. On Wednesday week the Grand Duke Nicholas pushed forward his headquarters to Radenica, between Bulgareni and Poredin, Prince Charles of Roumania was posted at Verbitza, to the east of Plevna, while the Loftcha force guarded the southern approach. Next day the Russians, unobserved by the Turks, brought up heavy siege guns, which were placed in position during the night, so that early on Friday morning a vigorous bombardment was begun, the Czar himself being on the field. The Russian forces amounted to 80,000 men—of whom 32,000 were Roumanians—and 356 guns, while Osman Pasha had at most 60,000 men and 220 guns. Heavy firing continued all day, and was resumed on Saturday, when the Russians secured the heights to the south of the town, and occupied the village of Uschitza. On Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday the bombardment continued, and the assailants gradually and cautiously closed in round Plevna, General Skobeloff, the hero of Lovatz, capturing another height on Monday. The Roumanian troops have behaved with great bravery, and have been highly complimented and bountifully decorated by the Czar.

On the Lom the Czarevitch is by no means so successful as his uncle Nicholas. The Rustchuk garrison having made a sortie to Kadikoi, to divert the Czarevitch's attention, the Turks under Ahmed Eyoub on Wednesday week attacked Kuzelevo and Oblava, and at the former village forced the Russians across the Lom. They were repulsed at Oblava, but the Russians found the position untenable, and next day fell back on Banicka, whence on Friday they further retreated to Biela. Here the division from Metchka shortly arrived, and the Czarevitch also came from Koprivca, and made his headquarters at Biela, finding it necessary to concentrate his troops and abandon his tactics of weak extended lines. It is reported that the bridge at Pyrgos has fallen into the hands of the Turks, whose outposts would thus be in dangerous proximity to the Czarevitch and the main communications at Sistova, but a telegram from Bucharest asserts that the Russians removed the bridge to Petroscan, higher up the river. According to a Turkish source Nedjib Pasha gained a victory on Saturday at Popkoi, while Mehemet Ali was reported to be fortifying the line of the Black Lom, and to be advancing on Biela, where the Czarevitch, having evacuated the positions on the Lom, is preparing for a decisive battle. Mehemet Ali is now in a position to strike a vigorous blow, and by prompt action might speedily be able to come to the assistance of Osman Pasha, but his recent energy has apparently exhausted him, and he does not seem to have followed up his advantage. Suleiman's help is sorely needed just now, and reports are abroad of his unwillingness to join Mehemet Ali, lest he should be thrown into the background. This clearly proves the mistaken policy of promising the post of Commander-in-Chief to the most distinguished general, thus instigating each commander to independent action. Suleiman may yet, however, sink ambition in patriotism, and rumour states that he has crossed the Balkans by the Triavna Pass. All is quiet in the Shipka Pass, where, by the bye, the Turks have sacrificed 12,000 lives. The bombardment of Rustchuk continues at intervals, and an unsuccessful sortie was made last week from Widdin, where the garrison has been increased to 8,000 men, and which on Wednesday, was being vigorously bombarded by the Kalafat batteries. The Russian Imperial Guard are now passing through Bucharest at the rate of 4,000 men per diem, and may speedily be expected on the field, while General Gourko, who has been resting at Bucharest, is said to have left to rejoin the Emperor. Meanwhile General Zimmerman and his Dobrudscha force remain apparently doing nothing, although they may perhaps be moving on the Sulina mouth of the Danube, where the Russians are threatening an attack, and where Hobart Pasha and his squadron have arrived to defend the place.

In ASIA, the cold weather will probably soon prevent active operations, and both armies are preparing their winter quarters. Siege guns from Alexandropol are, however, being brought up to the Russian camp at Kuruk Dara, a skirmish took place on Friday at Kizil Tepe with no decided result, a murderous raid of Turkish irregulars has been made on Armenians at Gulvedscha, and a minor engagement has occurred near Batoum.—The Turks in MONTENEGRO have suffered a serious reverse, Nicksics having surrendered unconditionally. The fortress had suffered considerably from the bombardment, and, the ammunition growing short, the populace refused to fight, so that on Saturday the garrison surrendered, and was allowed to march out with its arms and retire to Gatzko, Prince Nikita not wishing to feed a large number of prisoners. The Montenegrins have thus secured a fine battery of 12-pounders and plenty of provisions, while the capture of the fortress, which has been besieged by them at least five times previously, is one of the greatest events in their history. The inhabitants and their victors fraternised heartily. The whole Turkish loss during the siege was 200 men.

Such is a brief chronicle of the week's fighting, from which it will be seen that a great and decisive battle may be now daily expected, the result of which will not only affect the combatants, but will also have powerful influence upon those idle waiters of the campaign, Greece and Servia. If the Russians are successful there is little doubt but that both these States will join the Russians and declare war—indeed it is said that Servia has only been restrained from joining the conflict by the councils of England. These, however, are being rapidly outweighed by the urgent advice of Russia, to which Prince Milan is represented as lending an only too willing ear. The Servian people as a whole greatly dislike the notion of another war, but their ruler and his Government are anxious to wipe out the memory of their disgrace last year, and to follow the example of the Roumanians by sending a contingent to the Russian army, which will afford them some claim to consideration in the grand settlement which is expected to take place at the end of the campaign—when the Russians shall have completely discomfited the Turks, and compelled them to cry "Hold, enough."—In ROUMANIA Prince Charles has issued a manifesto—a species of apology to Europe for attacking his suzerain. Touching upon the unexpected protraction of the war, he draws a vivid picture of what would happen in Roumania if the Turks were to cross the Danube. It is the "feeling of self-preservation and not the desire of conquest which draws us from the defensive," he cries, but he does not forget to wind up by reminding his people that the flag he raises bears the inscription, "Independence of the State of Roumania."

At CONSTANTINOPLE the trial of Abd-ul-Kerim and Redif Pashas has been postponed until the end of the war, owing, it is said, to the still powerful influence of Mahmoud Damad Pasha, and the determination to fight out the war to the end has been in no way lessened by the recent reverses in the Shipka Pass and before Plevna, while the Sultan is stated to have been completely gained over to the party who wish to secure the complete independence of Turkey by freeing her from the tutelage of Europe. Nevertheless, Europe does not appear in the least inclined to abandon that privilege which she has now so long enjoyed, and during the past week there have been endless rumours about mediation, in which England and Germany appear ultimately as the prime movers. Notwithstanding the continual contradiction of these reports, they probably have some foundation of truth, and it is expected that after the next great battle some steps towards a pacific solution of the whole question may be taken by one or other of the great Powers.

FRANCE.——The funeral of M. Thiers on Saturday is described and commented upon in another column, so we need not here say more than that while the most intense sympathy was shown by the whole population, no political demonstration was attempted, the slightest tendency towards any species of manifestation being promptly checked by the Republican leaders. Universal sympathy continues to be manifested with Madame Thiers, and amongst others Queen Victoria has sent her a letter of condolence. As for the effect of M. Thiers' death upon the political situation in France, it is yet too early to judge. The Monarchical organs are loud in their assertions that Conservative Republicanism has died with the ex-Premier, while the Republicans exhort their party to follow out his principles, and to remember that if dead in the flesh, in the spirit "Petit Bonhomme vit encore." They point with pardonable pride that the peaceful manner in which the funeral was carried out is an answer to the arguments of their adversaries that now M. Thiers is gone there will be no limit to Radical excesses, and while the Conservative Press indulges in pæans of triumph upon the removal of the chief prop of Republicanism, and such extremists as MM. Veuillot and Paul de Cassagnac give vent to the most abusive language with regard to the ex-President, the Republican journals are strikingly calm, moderate, and confident. Thus it is scarcely likely that the great mass of the *bourgeoisie* will abandon the Republican cause during the coming electoral struggle, as many of the Conservatives joyfully prophecy; if anything, the arrogant language of the latter, when compared with the studied moderation of the former, will only strengthen their determination to send a Republican majority to Versailles.

That the Marshal himself is not unaware of this feeling has been manifested by the very modified tone of his speech at Bordeaux, which he visited on Monday and Tuesday on his way from the Château of the Duc Decazes to Arcachon. At Bordeaux he has received a very warm welcome, but in every case the cry of "*Vive le Président!*" or "*Vive le Maréchal!*" has been accompanied by "*Vive la République!*" the worthy Bordelais being bent upon showing that their greeting was accorded not so much to Marshal MacMahon individually as to the President of the established Republic. The same spirit pervaded the Maire's speech, who welcomed the Marshal in "the name of the great Republican city which in 1870 became the seat of government," and stated that the municipal councillors who accompanied him were the "elect of a population, Republican—that is to say, laborious, firmly attached to order, and respectful to the law." He concluded by expressing his confidence that Universal Suffrage having spoken, the Constitution will have acquired a fresh guarantee "in the word of an honest man—yours, M. le President—that of a loyal soldier gloriously made Marshal of France." To this the Marshal replied by complimenting the city by expressing an assurance that "Peace, the first of your needs, will not be disturbed;" and that "when the country shall have answered my appeal, the Constitution to which you are attached, and of which I will be the faithful guardian, will work without obstruction." Other noteworthy speeches were made by the Presidents of the Council General and of the Chamber of Commerce on the importance of free trade, which the Marshal fully acknowledged in a few words, stating that the prosperous state of the finances afforded a hope for the reduction of taxes in the next Budget. From Bordeaux the Marshal on Wednesday went to Perigueux.

On the whole, the Marshal's visit to Bordeaux (of which the details, as they resemble those of all other visits to a provincial capital by the Chief of the State, we need not recount) has been a success, and his words will go far to calm the alarm which has been excited as to the Marshal's post-electoral intentions; but this good impression has been considerably qualified by the result of the prosecution of M. Gambetta. The trial had been fixed for Tuesday; but on that day M. Gambetta did not appear, and applied for an adjournment on the plea of his counsel's ill-health. This was refused, and judgment was pronounced by default in a lengthy sentence, which bears more the character of a political manifesto than of a judicial decision. M. Gambetta and M. Murat were found guilty of writing and publishing "insults" on the President and "outrages" on his Ministers—the insult reaching its "highest degree of gravity" in the now famous assertion that if France gave her verdict against the Marshal he "must submit or resign." Accordingly, M. Murat and his "accomplice," M. Gambetta, are each condemned to three months' imprisonment and 80*l.* fine. Of course they will appeal, and then will come the real hearing of the case, though it is highly doubtful whether the result will be different.

The autumn season at Paris began on Monday with the first races in the Bois de Boulogne; but there is little other "gossip" beyond a first representation of a five-act melodrama at the Théâtre Historique, *Le Régiment de Champagne*, by M. Jules Claretie. There has been a disastrous fire at Dieppe, where extensive saw-mills and five houses were destroyed, the damage amounting to 40,000*l.*

ITALY.——The Pope's health is said to be better, but there is evidently considerable anxiety abroad concerning his state, and Cardinal Simeoni, who has been asked by various Governments as to the true state of the case, has instructed the Nuncios to assure the Governments to which they are accredited that the moment there is any positive grounds for alarm the intelligence will be at once imparted to them, without regard for political considerations. All the cardinals abroad have been requested to visit Rome next winter to give their opinion on the arrangements for "future events."

UNITED STATES.——President Hayes is making a tour through the Western and Southern States, and on Saturday was warmly welcomed at Marietta, Ohio, by an enthusiastic assemblage of 15,000 persons; thence he went on to Dayton.—The Republican candidates have again been successful in Wisconsin and Maine, in the latter State, however, the party majority has decreased by 7,000.—Yellow fever has broken out at Fernandina, Florida.—On Saturday, the day of M. Thiers' funeral, the National flag at Washington was hoisted half-mast high, out of respect to the late ex-President of France.—The Mormon Elders have nominated John Taylor, the Senior Elder, as acting President until an election can be held.—Admiral Semmes of the famous *Alabama*, is dead.

INDIA.——Rain has fallen copiously in Madras, and the weather reports for last week are decidedly more hopeful. In Bombay, Hyderabad, Mysore, and the North-Western Provinces there has also been rain, and although in the last named district the situation is still critical the general prospects throughout the country have improved. The Government is as busy as ever organising the relief meaures, and the Viceroy has explained his opinion with respect to private subscriptions, stating that while it is undesirable for the Government to ask for funds from those who hereafter will have to bear the burden of the taxation, every encouragement should be given to any spontaneous efforts which may be made in that direction. The crisis, it is now expected, will be over in four months.

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice are visiting Ross-shire this week. Her Majesty and the Princess left Balmoral on Wednesday for Loch Maree, where a hotel on the shore has been secured for the Royal party, and after some days' stay the Queen will probably take a trip to the Isle of Skye. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice last week drove to the Glassalt Shiel, called on Mrs. Campbell, and on Saturday visited Glen Gelder Shiel. On Sunday service was held at the Castle, the Rev. Dr. Donald M'Leod officiating, and in the evening Mr. Hardy, the Rev. Dr. M'Leod, and the Rev. A. Campbell dined with the Queen. Her Majesty has also entertained Mr. and Mrs. Hutchings and Mr. George Farquharson of Invercauld.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children remain at Cowes in the *Osborne*, the Prince having returned from France in the *Hildegarde* at the end of last week. On Monday afternoon the Prince and Princess with the ex-Empress Eugénie and Prince Louis Napoleon sailed round the island. Next week the Prince will visit Sir George Wombwell at Newburgh Park Yorkshire. He will arrive on Monday, and will shoot over the estate.—Princes Albert Victor and George were to have joined the *Britannia* to day (Saturday), as the term began on Monday, but their arrival has been postponed till the elder Prince is quite restored to health.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne go on Wednesday next to Isell Park, to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham. Next day the Princess will visit Carlisle to open the Bazaar in aid of the Infirmary, and on the following Monday the Princess and her husband are expected at Muncaster Castle.—The Duke of Connaught has returned to London from Killarney, and on Wednesday went to the Gaiety Theatre.—Prince Leopold was expected to-day to stay with the Earl and Countess of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle, but his visit was postponed. Great preparations had been made for his reception, triumphal arches had been erected, and an address prepared.

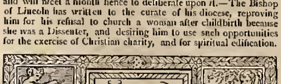
The Emperor and Empress of Brazil have left Europe on their return to their own country after an absence of eighteen months. They left Lisbon in the *Orénoque* on Sunday for Rio Janeiro, the vessels in the Tagus firing farewell salutes.—The ex-Empress Eugénie and Prince Louis Napoleon on Monday attended a special service at Cowes held in memory of Napoleon III.—The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain was to return to Paris this week for the winter. King Alphonso bade her adieu at the Escurial on Tuesday.

CHURCH NEWS

A NEW CLERICAL ORDER.——A curious and lengthy document has just been issued by the "Order of Corporate Reunion." It is headed with the motto "Pro Deo, pro Ecclesia, pro Patria," and bears the names of Thomas, by favour of God, Rector of the Order, and Pro-Provincial of Canterbury; Joseph, by favour of God, Provincial of York; and Laurence, by favour of God, Provincial of Caerleon, who with "the provosts and members of the Synod of the Order," addressing the "faithful in Christ Jesus," begin by pointing out the "state of degradation and confusion which has overtaken the Established Church." Then comes a lengthy historic sketch of the Church of England from the time of St. Augustine until now, followed by a formal and solemn protest, "in the name of the Living and True God," against all and every intrusion and interference of the Civil Power in Spiritual things, whether past or present; and another against the "anti-Christian character of Board Schools." The authors of the "Pastoral" then declare that they desire to avoid all violence, schism, and disobedience to Constituted Authority in things secular; regarding it as their duty rather to support and restore, as Almighty God may permit, the ancient constitution of their country in Church and State, than to co-operate in any rash and dangerous work of demolition and destruction "the consequences and end of which none can foresee." They express their frank and unreserved acceptance of the Faith and Teaching of the Undivided Church, and appeal to a free General Council to bring about Corporate Reunion. They then go on to describe how the Order has been founded and the conditions of membership, and the latter part of the address consists of a number of paragraphs referring to Dissent, Monasticism, Secular Courts, Convocation, and other subjects. The document bears but one signature, that of "The Right Rev. Adrian de Helte," who testifies that it is "a true copy of the original. Drawn up, approved, ratified, confirmed, and solemnly promulgated, in the divinely-protected City of London (which God pardon for its sins, and still mercifully protect), on the 8th of September, being the Feast of the Nativity of Our Lady Saint Mary, the Blessed Mother of God, in the year of our Lord and of the World's Redemption, 1877."

THE JEWISH YEAR.——Last Saturday, the first day of the Jewish New Year, was observed as a Holy Convocation, and next Monday, the "Day of Atonement," will be a strict fast day. Three other sacred days will quickly follow—viz., the "Feast of Tabernacles" on the 22nd, the festival of the "Eighth Day of Solemn Assembly" on the 29th, and the "Rejoicing of the Law" on the 30th. The Civil Year, which began on Monday last, with the first year of the seventh month, is A.M. 5638. It is the fourteenth year of the 297th lunar cycle, and therefore it will be a leap year of 385 days, 55 weeks, or 13 months. The Jewish year is commonly composed of 12 lunar months, consisting of 29 or 30 days each, and is adapted from time to time to the course of the solar year by the use, not of intercalary days, as in the Gregorian calendar, but by the more ancient device of intercalary months.

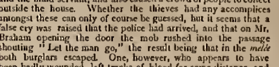
VARIOUS.——The *Tablet* referring to Dr. Thorold's correspondence with Mr. Grant says that the Bishop has administered a knockdown blow to the non-Protestant members of his flock, or rather to those who imagine themselves not to be Protestants, and that his lordship's letter is "merely an explosion of common sense, which is revolted at seeing people who shrink in horror from the name of Protestant continuing to adhure to such a thoroughly 'protesting' and anti-catholic communion" as the Church of England.—The Rev. Arthur Tooth has resigned the vicarage of St. James's, Hatcham, and it is said that he has just received a legacy of 10,000*l.*, with which he intends to set up a Proprietary Chapel and Orphanage at Croydon, near the residence of the Primate.—The Glasgow United Presbyterian Presbytery seem to have caught a Tartar in the new heretic, the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, who being invited to answer questions as to his soundness of faith, has turned upon his accusers with a bold impeachment of the Confession itself, affirming that it is heretical, inasmuch as it is not in harmony with the Divine Order of the Universe, and is an exhibition to some extent of the disorder of the human intellect. The Presbytery are reported to have considered the speech unsatisfactory, but they have ordered it to be printed, and will meet a month hence to deliberate upon it.—The Bishop of Lincoln has written to the curate of his diocese, reproving him for his refusal to church a woman after childbirth because she was a Dissenter, and desiring him to use such opportunities for the exercise of Christian charity, and for spiritual edification.



MUSIC

GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.——The 154th meeting of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, held last week in the first-named city, was a success that surpassed expectation—a triumph, in short, gained for a worthy cause. The reasons that led to an unexampled manifestation on the part of the Gloucester people, the large majority of whom uncompromisingly uphold the Festival, are familiar to our readers, who are not likely to have forgotten the turmoil created two years ago, in the city of Worcester, by the Dean and Chapter's refusal to allow the use of the Cathedral for oratorios, and the substitution of a series of lengthy Church services for the music of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. Nor can they have forgotten the stand made by Hereford, in 1876, when the Mayors and Corporations of Gloucester and Worcester accepted an invitation from the Mayor of Hereford, to co-operate and sympathise; for Worcester is not a bit less disposed to maintain the Festivals as long established than its sister towns. The success of the 153rd meeting of the Choirs—thanks to the determined resolution of clergy no less than of laity, added to the indefatigable exertions of the late regretted Mr. Townshend Smith, organist of the Cathedral, and conductor of the Festivals—was an emphatic proof of how little the scruples of the Worcester Dean and Chapter were shared by the clerical authorities of Hereford. It was, in fact, a protest of marked significance. All eyes were then turned towards Gloucester; because if the Dean and Chapter followed in the footsteps of their brethren at Worcester and forbade the use of the Cathedral for oratorios, there must inevitably be an end of the Gloucester meetings, and unless Hereford could stand alone, which was out of all likelihood, an end of the Three Choir gatherings altogether. The forebodings were the gloomier, inasmuch as the Bishop of the Diocese, since his appointment, had never given any encouragement to the Festivals, invariably choosing the period of their occurrence for his annual trip to Switzerland. This was avowed by Bishop Ellicott himself, in his gracious speech at the Mayor's lunch, during which he good-naturedly alluded to the fact of his having been christened, by some facetious writer, "the episcopal mountaineer." The death of that eminent musician, Dr. S. S. Wesley, who, in his capacity of cathedral organist, was also conductor of the Festivals, which he stoutly advocated on all occasions, would, according to the opinion of many, place another obstacle in the way—the more so as very little was known about his successor, Mr. Charles Harford Lloyd. Nevertheless, as time flew on, matters gradually brightened up. Not only was the use of the Cathedral granted, but the Bishop cheerfully consented to deliver the sermon for the widows and orphans. The main difficulties being thus overcome, preliminary arrangements were sufficiently easy, the programme ultimately decided upon showing that Mr. Harford Lloyd, the new conductor, was thoroughly competent for the task devolving on him. Nothing, under the circumstances, could have been in better taste than his selection of music, the preponderance of "sacred" over "secular" being marked. Instead of three miscellaneous concerts at the Shire Hall "for the operatic singing birds" (to quote Richard Wagner), there were only two, a "a special free service" in the nave of the church, with full chorus and orchestra, being substituted for the third. Some 3,000 persons assisted at this service; and the music, by Dr. Wesley, Dr. Goss, Mr. Henry Gadsby, Purcell, and Handel, allowing for a few shortcomings in the execution, was all that could be desired. There was no sermon; but the Bishop himself pronounced the blessing. A choral service, with organ accompaniment only, preceded the oratorio on the opening day. At this, as at the services on the three following mornings, Mr. S. G. Hayward was organist, and the music was judiciously chosen from Croft, Ouseley, Hopkins, Boyce, Greene, Mendelssohn, and Wesley—due respect being paid, as was but just, to the last named illustrious English composer. With the general programme of the week our readers have been made acquainted; a mere recapitulation will therefore suffice. On Tuesday Mendelssohn's *Elijah* took up the entire afternoon. On Wednesday a lengthy selection from J. S. Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, followed by Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, according to the unwarrantable English version which the Sacred Harmonic Society first taught us *not* to admire, under the title of *Engedi*; in the evening the Cathedral was lighted up for a performance of the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and the second part of Haydn's *Creation*. On Thursday there was a programme comprising various materials—Dr. Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam," a "Kyrie Eleison" by Mr. B. Luard-Selby (from a projected Mass, it may be presumed), the "German Requiem" of Brahms, Gounod's sacred air, "There is a green hill" (which has very little of sacred in it), Dr. Wesley's most popular and well-known anthem, "The Wilderness," and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise." On Friday morning the imperishable *Messiah* was a matter of course; followed in the evening by the "Special Free Service" already referred to. Thus as against two performances in the Shire Hall we had six in the Cathedral. At the two secular concerts the features of consequence were a goodly selection from Schumann's *Paradise and Peri*, and Niels Gade's cantata, *The Crusaders*—which last by no means created an impression as lively as at the Birmingham Festival a year ago, when it was originally produced in England. Two new orchestral pieces were introduced—a "Concert Overture," in E flat, for orchestra, by Mr. Montague Smith, and a "Festival Overture," in B flat, written expressly for the occasion, by Mr. C. V. Stanford of Trinity College. The performance of each was directed by its composer; but though well constructed, sufficiently tuneful and scored for the instruments' excellent effect, neither overture offers any evident traits of original thought, and both may on that account be classed with the "Kyrie" of Mr. Luard-Selby. The one symphony included in the programmes was the familiar (somewhat too familiar) "C minor" of Beethoven, the remaining overtures being Wagner's almost used-up *Tannhäuser* and the *Jubilee* of Weber—which, placed at the end of the final concert, served appropriately enough for "God Save the Queen," its peroration being a brilliant setting forth of the same tune as that of our own National Anthem. Mendelssohn's concerto for violin, played by M. Sainton, and Weber's *Concertstück* for pianoforte, played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, were likewise features—welcome as always. Space for any description of the vocal exhibitions in detail is not available, nor is it called for. Mdlle. Albani, engaged to replace Mdlle. Titiens, proved a worthy substitute for that great artist. When it is added that the other leading singers were Madame Patey, our chief contralto; Miss Adela Vernon, a promising young soprano; Madame Sophie Löwe, Miss Bertha Griffiths, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Cummings, Maybrick, and Santley, enough has been said to show that very little was wanting in this essential department. The chorus and orchestra, nearly three hundred strong, were thoroughly up to the Gloucester mark; and the performances, in the majority of instances, were remarkably effective, those of the exceptionally difficult pieces—Bach's *Passion* and the *Requiem* of Brahm, for example—being among the most satisfactory of all. Mr. Lloyd may, therefore, be fairly complimented on his maiden essay, we believe, as orchestral conductor, and the inhabitants of Gloucester on a Festival the success of which has dispersed all fears, and promises to restore, with certain advisable modifications, the meetings of the choirs on their long-established basis.

WAIFS.——It is now generally known that Madame Adelina Patti has signed a new engagement with Mr. Gye for the season of 1878, so that it is to be hoped no more absurd rumours may be circulated to her disadvantage.—The grand Musical Festival at Leeds, with the programme of which our readers have been made acquainted, begins on Wednesday. High hopes are entertained of Professor Macfarren's new oratorio, *Joseph*.



LEGAL

A FIGHT WITH A BURGLAR.——Last Saturday, just before midnight, a house in the City Road occupied by Mr. Braham, a diamond merchant, was the scene of a very serious affray with burglars. One of Mr. Braham's sons, hearing a noise, went down stairs with a light, which was immediately blown out, and he was attacked by two men, with whom he struggled for some time, receiving severe wounds from a knife with which one of them was armed. His cries for help aroused his father, brother, and the maid-servant, and also caused a crowd of people to collect outside the house. Whether the thieves had any accomplices amongst these can only of course be guessed, but it seems that a false cry was raised that the police had arrived, and that on Mr. Braham opening the door the mob rushed into the passage shouting "Let the man go," the result being that in the *mêlée* both burglars escaped. One, however, who appears to have been badly wounded, left tracks of blood for some distance, and a young man who was admitted to St. Bartholomew's Hospital at 1.30 A.M. on Sunday morning was arrested on suspicion, and was on Monday positively identified by Mr. Braham's second son. He, however, declares his innocence, and accounts for his wounds by saying that, in a fit of drunken bravado, he jumped over a wall and fell a depth of some twenty-five feet upon a heap of loose bricks. It is also said that he has been in respectable employment as a printer for four years at least. Mr. Hosack, the Clerkenwell magistrate, however, declined either to hear the witnesses for the defence or to admit the accused to bail.

THE BLACKHEATH HIGHWAYMEN.——Two young men, aged respectively eighteen and nineteen, are now in custody on suspicion of being the perpetrators of the outrages which caused so much alarm at Blackheath in May last. They are bakers by trade, and have been working at Portsmouth, where they were arrested a few days ago on another charge of robbery. Their boxes were searched, and amongst the things found were two revolvers and many copies of the *Young Briton*, the *Boys' Standard*, *Nightshade*, and *Claude Duval*. It was also discovered that they had been in possession of two 5*l.* notes which formed part of the contents of the purse which Mr. Hodgson gave up to his assailants on Blackheath; and it has since been proved that at the time of the scare they, in company with a young woman, took lodgings at a house in Greenwich, which after a month's occupancy they left without notice, although they paid the rent. One of the notes seems to have been cashed in London and the other in Portsmouth, but as yet no distinct evidence respecting them has been given. The case was to come again before the Greenwich magistrate to-day (Saturday).

THE GREAT ROBBERY OF BONDS.——The two men suspected of being concerned in the theft of 70,000*l.* worth of foreign bonds while in transit from London to Paris were taken before Alderman Sir R. Carden on Friday, when it was announced that the Solicitor of the Treasury had been instructed to take the case in hand. Mr. B. Wontner, who defended Carr, objected to the magistrate's jurisdiction, arguing that as the theft was committed in France, and the Extradition Treaty did not apply to cases of larceny, both prisoners were entitled to be discharged without going into the merits of the case. Mr. G. Lewis, the prosecuting counsel, contended, on the other hand, that the offence was a "continuing larceny," and was completed the moment the thieves returned to this country; and the magistrate, declaring that all the arguments in the world would not induce him to discharge the prisoners, ordered another remand, refusing bail.

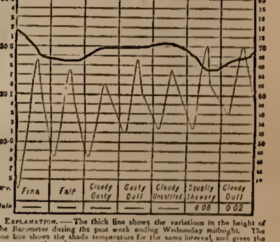
THE DETECTIVE CONSPIRACY.——A distinct step has at last been made in this case, Sir J. Ingham having committed Mr. Froggatt for trial, and declared his intention of doing the same by Meiklejohn and Druscovich, remarking that he proposed to keep Palmer's case entirely distinct. On Saturday a great sensation was created in court by the arrest of Chief Inspector Clarke, whose appearance in the dock so affected the other prisoners that Meiklejohn and Palmer shed tears, and Druscovich evidently had great difficulty in preserving an outward show of composure. An interesting item of evidence on Saturday was that which related to the salaries received by the accused detectives. Those of Clark, Palmer, and Druscovich were stated as 276*l.* a year each, whilst Meiklejohn's was 225*l.*, made up to 300*l.* by an allowance from the Midland Railway. A further remand has been ordered, and Froggatt, Palmer, and Clarke are all admitted to bail. Clarke's statement of his connection with the case, sent to the Treasury before his arrest, has been since published. In it he alleges that his intercourse with Benson (under the name of Yongo) was of a perfectly legitimate character, that he had some suspicion of him, and that he personally arrested Murray, the first man taken into custody on the de Goncourt charge, which initial step led to the apprehension and conviction of the rest. He denies the statements about his receiving bribes from Kurr and Benson, and says that they can only have been made from motives of revenge.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——*Coming Events* says that Colonel Henderson has sent in his resignation of the office of Chief Commissioner of Police, but as yet he has merely received the ordinary official acknowledgement of his letter. According to the same authority Scotland Yard is flooded with applications—many from retired officers of both Services, for employment as "police agents."—Burglary with violence seems to be growing into fashion. Besides the City Road affair reported in another paragraph, two other cases have recently occurred. At Burntwood Hall, Barnsley, last week, a thief on being discovered in the house shammed insanity, striking and biting the people of the house, and declaring that he was an "elephant commander from another world." He kept up the *rôle* at the police court, but the magistrates were not to be deceived, and he was sent to prison for five months. The other case happened on Sunday night at Enfield, where a police-constable was brutally maltreated by two ruffians whom he met coming away from a house which they had robbed. Having told him that they lived there he had requested them to return with him, and they apparently consented, but struck him when off his guard with a "jemmy," and left him insensible on the road.—At Rochdale, a young man, who alleges that he was actuated by "insane impulse," has been committed for trial for turning out a signal light at an important junction on the Yorkshire and Lancashire Railway.—Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson was last Friday summoned as a juryman at the Inverness Circuit Court, but was excused from serving by the judges, who however declined to give any opinion as to whether his seat in Parliament or his position at the Home Office entitled him to exemption.—Some rioting has arisen out of the trade dispute at Burnley. The operatives having struck work last week, some new hands from Stockport were employed. On Monday these "knobsticks" were mobbed, and a policeman is said to have struck a woman with his truncheon. This exasperated the crowd, who set upon the officers and kicked them, and one had his head "bruised in with a brick."—A relieving officer of the parish of Clapham is in custody on a charge of embezzlement. During his absence on sick leave it was discovered that for about four months he had been drawing about 5*l.* per week by entering spurious and fictitious names on the relief list.

◆

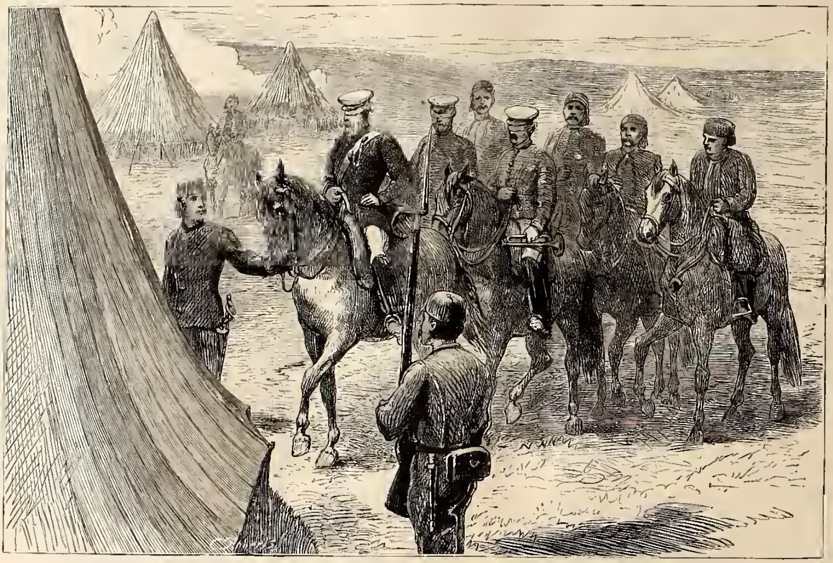
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 6TH TO SEPTEMBER 12TH (INCLUSIVE)

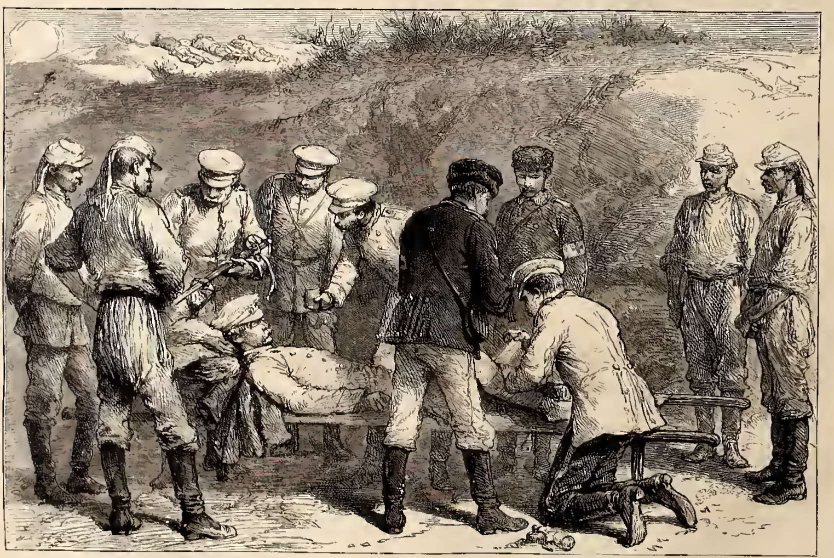


EXPLANATION.——The thick line shows the variation in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——During this week the movement of the barometer has been very slight in London; but in the west and north of our islands a very considerable fall has occurred, and south westerly breezes have taken the place of the squally easterly winds which prevailed all over the country before Monday, the 10th instant. Temperature has risen as the change has occurred, and soft damp air is being experienced in lieu of the harsh easterly wind previously experienced. The barometer was highest (30·16 inches) early on the 6th instant; lowest (29·75 inches) on the 11th instant; range only 0·41 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (70°) on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 11th and 12th; lowest (41°) on Thursday, the 6th instant; range, 29°. Rainfall. Total fall, 0·10 inches, on two days. greatest fall, 0·08 inches, on Tuesday, the 11th instant.



WITH THE TURKS — HEAD-QUARTERS OF FUAD PASHA: ARRIVAL OF A RUSSIAN FLAG OF TRUCE



WITH THE RUSSIANS — GENERAL DRAGIMIROFF WOUNDED DURING THE FIGHTING AT THE SHIPKA PASS

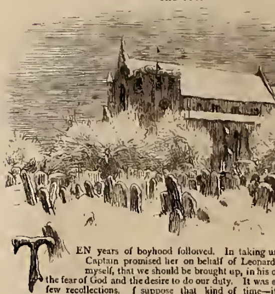
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

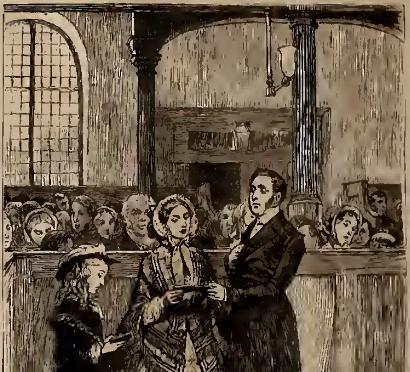
"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG PRINCE



TEN years of boyhood followed. In taking us both away from Mrs. Jeram the Captain promised her on behalf of Leonard, and Wassielewski on behalf of myself, that we should be brought up, in his old-fashioned way of putting it, in the fear of God and the desire to do our duty. It was an uneventful time, which has left few recollections. I suppose that kind of time—it has been always mine—is the happiest which leaves the fewest memories. Yet its happiness for the want of contrast is not felt. Perhaps it is better not to be happy, and to lead the life of action and peril such as has been granted to Leonard and denied to me. When the time arrives to lie down and go to sleep it must be good to leave behind the memory of bygone great days big with issues dependent on your courage and self-possession. My life has but one episode, and because it is not likely to have another I have sat down to tell it. In the' end I am like any rustic on a farm, any secluded dweller on a remote island, inasmuch as one day has followed and will follow another, marked with no other change than from sunshine to rain, from summer to winter.



Celia and her parents in the square pew at St. Faith's Church.

Of course we were soon sent to school. The fact that I was a Pole, coupled with my deformity, produced in my favour the mingled feeling of respect and curiosity with hardly disguised contempt which boys always feel for a foreigner or a cripple. Of course, too, it immediately became known that we had been living in Victory Row, under the care of a charwoman. Contumely was the first result of the knowledge. Leonard, however, then about eleven, showed himself so handy with his fists—one consequence of his many combats with Moses—with a disregard of superior weight and strength as complete as any one of Nelson's captains might have shown—that any further reference to charwomen or accidents of birth had to be made with bated breath and went out of fashion in the school. New boys, it is true, were instigated, as if it was a joke, to ask Leonard for information as to the price of soap and the interests of washing. The miserable victim introduced the subject generally with a grin of superiority, as became a boy who had a father living in the flesh. It was very beautiful, then, to observe how that new boy, after the short fight which followed, became anxious ever after to avoid the subject of charing and charwomen; for however big that boy was Leonard went for him, and however often Leonard was knocked down he arose from Mother Earth bruised and bleeding, but fresh. The bigger the new boy, the more prolonged was the fight. The more resolute the new boy, the more delightful to spectators was Leonard's bull-dog tenacity. Once or twice the battle was drawn by foreign intervention. Never once was Leonard defeated.

After each battle we walked home proudly certain of receiving the Captain's approbation when he learned the *casus belli*; for he always insisted on hearing the full details, and gloried in the prowess and pluck of the boy.

We led a frugal life, because the Captain had little besides his half-pay and the house we lived in, which was his own, and had been his father's before him. Sunday was the day of the weekly feast. On that day the Captain wore his undress uniform, and we went to church in the morning. After church we walked round the walls, and at half-past one we came home to dinner. It was Leonard's privilege to pipe hands for the meal, which always consisted of roast beef and plum duff, brought in by the Captain's one servant, while Leonard played on the fife the "Roast Beef of Old England." After dinner there was a glass of port all round, with a double ration for the chief, and fruit for the boys. In the evening we read aloud, the Captain acting as expositor and commenting as we went; we did not go to church because the Captain said it was ridiculous to suppose there was any necessity for church oftener ashore than afloat. But after I got a piano I used to play and sing hymns till supper, when the Captain told us yarns.

When Leonard was fourteen another change was made. We left the school, and went, he and I together, to the Rev. Mr. Verney Broughton, as his private pupils. Mr. Broughton, the perpetual curate of St. Faith's, gave us, as I have since learned, these lessons at his own request, and gratuitously, though he was far from being a rich man.

Our tutor was a scholar of the old-fashioned school; he was an ex-fellow of Oriel, and openly held the opinion that nothing new had been written for about eighteen hundred years: he considered science, especially mechanical science, as unworthy the study of a scholar: he looked on Latin and Greek verse as the only safe means of educating the higher faculties: and he regarded the great writers of Rome and Athens as the only safe models of style, thought, and taste.

He was a stout, short man, with a red face, due, perhaps, to his fondness for port, his repugnance to physical exercise, and his habit of spending all the money he could spare on his dinners. A kind-hearted man, and a Christian up to his lights. His method of "working" his parish would hardly find favour in these days of activity, consisting, as it did, in nothing whatever except three services on Sunday and one on Wednesday and Friday evenings. No mothers' meetings, no prayer meetings, no societies, no early celebrations, no guilds. His sermons were learned and scholarly, with a leaning towards morality, and they inculcated the importance of holding Church doctrines. He was a Churchman high and dry, of a kind now nearly extinct. Those who wanted emotional religion went to other places of worship; those who were content with the old paths sat in their square pews every Sunday, and "assisted" in silence at a service which was a comfortable duet between parson and clerk.

We were put through the classical mill by Mr. Broughton. The course made me, in a way, a scholar. It made Leonard a man of action. He read the Homeric battles, and rejoiced to follow the conquering Diomede in the "way of war." He read the tragedies of Euripides, and, like all boys, espoused the cause of Troy the conquered.

He had, however, no inclination in the direction of scholarship, and persisted in looking on books as, on the whole, a rather disagreeable necessity in the training for after life. For, with the knowledge of his first beginnings ever present in his mind, there grew up in him more and more strongly a resolution that he would make himself a gentleman. Somehow—he did not at all know how—but by some path or other open to lads who are penniless, alone in the world, and almost friendless, he would become a gentleman. Thus, when the Captain proposed that he should enter the Navy as a master's assistant, Leonard scornfully refused on the ground that he could be nothing under the rank of combatant officer. Mr. Broughton suggested that the two Universities are rich with endowments, and that fellowships await those who are strong enough to win them; but Leonard would not hear of the years of study before the prize was reached.

"In the old days, Laddy," he said, "I should have been put into a monastery, I suppose, and made my way by clinging to the skirts of a great ecclesiastical minister, like Richelieu and Mazarin. But I cannot go in for the modern substitute of university and fellowship. Fancy me in a black gown, when I should like to be in a uniform!"

"In the old days," I said, "men sometimes forced their way by joining the Free Companies."

"Ay," he replied, "that was a life worth having. Fancy riding through the country at the head of a thousand lances, gentleman adventurers every one, a battle every other day, and an adventure the day between. What a pity the time is past for Free Companies! Let us go on the Common and see the soldiers."

That was his favourite resort. The march and movement of troops, the splendour of the array, the regimental bands, the drill of the awkward squad, delighted his soul. And here he would stand contentedly for half a day, watching the soldiers at their exercises.

"If one could only be a soldier, Laddy," he would say, "if there was any chance of rising, as there used to be in the French army! Every drummer boy with a marshal's baton in his pocket."

"And how many were able to take it out of their pocket?"

"One here and there. I should have tried to be that one."

One day, as he was talking in this strain, a soldier's funeral passed us—his comrades carried the coffin. Before it marched the fifes and muffled drums playing the Dead March, behind it a file of men with arms reversed. We followed. After the short service the men fired a round over the nameless grave, and all marched off at quick step.

"That one has failed, Leonard," I said.

"Ay, he has failed. Poor common soldier! He had but a slender chance. None of them have any real chance."

He was dejected for a few minutes. Then a thought struck him, and he brightened up.

"Perhaps he was only an ignorant, beer-drinking clod. No doubt that was all. Fah! What chance could he have? Such a soldier was not a failure, Laddy. He rose in the world. He became drilled, civilised, and useful. And when he died he was buried with military honours."

At sixteen he gave up his classical work altogether, arriving at the conclusion that it was not by Latin and Greek he would reach his aim. Other things, he discovered, would be of more use to him. Among them was French. He found in the Polish Barrack two or three men who knew French as well as their own language, one of whom undertook for a very small fee to teach him. He worked at the new study almost feverishly, learning the language after his own way, by reading French books all day, by talking with his tutor as much as possible, and by learning whole pages of the dictionary. As we had no French books in our little library, we picked up for a trifle at a bookstall a packet of old French newspapers and pamphlets dated about the year 1809, which probably once belonged to some French prisoner in the long wars, and these formed Leonard's introduction to the French language. His spare time he devoted to mathematics and to drawing. Here the Poles helped him again, many of the poor fellows being full of accomplishments and knowledge, so that, for the last year of his home life, Leonard was almost wholly in the Polish Barrack. The exiles, to whom this bright and handsome lad was a godsend of sunshine, rejoiced to teach him what they could, if only as a break in the monotony of their idle lives. And while I was welcome among them for my name's sake, Leonard was welcome for his own sake. They taught him, besides French, mathematics and drawing, how to speak Russian, how to ride, with the aid of borrowed steeds, how to fence, and what was the meaning of fortification.

As Leonard approached manhood he assumed a prouder carriage, due partly to the resolution within his heart, and partly to the defiance natural to his position. Mrs. Jeram said he was a prince born. Certainly no one acted the character better. Everything that he did was princely: he spoke as one born to command: with his quick keen eye, his curly locks, his head flung back, his tall and slender figure, full of grace and activity, he was my hero as well as my leader and protector.

He would not associate with any boys in the town—those boys whose society was open to him—nor would he suffer me to know them. "You are a gentleman of Poland," he said, grandly. "You may call yourself a Count if that would help you. I am going to make myself a gentleman, whatever my father was. We must not hamper ourselves by early friendships which might afterwards prove annoying."

It was not altogether boyish bounce, nor altogether self-conceit, because, full of sympathy in other things, in this he was inexorable, that nothing whatever should interfere with his determination to lift himself out of the ranks. And almost the only reading he permitted himself lay in any books he could find which showed how men have risen from small beginnings to great things. Not greatness in the way of authorship. He had no feeling for literary success. "I would like," he said, "to have my share in making history, let who will write it. Who would not rather be Hannibal than Livy, or Hector than Homer? If you were to offer me the choice between Sir Philip Sydney and Shakespeare I would rather be Sydney. All the greatest men have been soldiers and sailors—fighting men."

Then he would dilate on the lives of the French generals, and tell how Murat, Lannes, Kleber, Hoche, Augereau, and Marmont, fought their way valiantly up the ladder from the very lowest round.

How his purpose was to be accomplished, by what means he was to rise, he never explained. Nor did he, I think, ever seriously consider. But we all believed in him. The Captain, Celia, Mrs. Jeram, and I looked forward confidently to the time when Leonard should rise, superior to all disadvantages, a leader of men. If he had told us that he was going to become Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Chancellor, or even H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, we should have believed that with the same confidence.

One day—it was Saturday, about Christmas time—Leonard did not come home to dinner. The Captain waited for no one, and we sat down without him. It was three o'clock when he returned, and it was evident that something had happened, for his face was flushed and his hands trembled.

"I have been with Mrs. Jeram, sir," he said, in reply to the Captain's look of inquiry. "She has told me about my mother," his voice breaking into a sob, "about my poor mother."

He buried his face in his hands.

"Ay, ay. Poor boy. Natural to ask." The Captain put out his hand and stroked Leonard's curls.

"Mrs. Jeram," Leonard lifted his head and went on, "gave me all she left. Only a wedding-ring. Nothing but a wedding-ring. See, and a message. A strange message. 'Tell my boy,' she said, when she died, 'that if ever he finds his father he must forgive him; but he had better not seek for him. And tell him, but not till he grows up, that his father is a gentleman and his mother was a lady.' That was the message, sir."

"Ay!" said the Captain, clearing his throat. "I knew it long ago, Leonard. Mrs. Jeram told me, when you came here, you and Laddy—you were both alike—gentlemen born——"

"How shall I forgive him?" asked Leonard, springing to his feet, panting and trembling. "How shall I forgive the man who let my mother—his wife—die deserted and alone?"

"The Rules are laid down," said the Captain, gravely, "clear and distinct. 'Forgive us as we forgive.' Likewise 'Honour thy father.'"

Leonard was silent.

"And as for this wedding ring," said the Captain, taking it from the boy's hand, "I think, if I were you, I would wear it always." He opened a drawer and found a piece of black ribbon. "Uniforms," he went on, without my seeing the connection, at first, "uniforms and badges are useful things. You *can't* do anything disgraceful in the Queen's uniform. Clergymen wear black to show they are in mourning for the world's sins. Do you wear this ring as a badge only known to yourself, my boy. A wedding ring—it's a pretty thing," looking at the symbol lying in his hand—"it means Purity and Faith. If you wear it, boy, in that sense, your mother's memory will be honoured. Purity and Faith. Perhaps we've given the ring to the wrong sex."

The Captain turned in his chair, and took up a book. It was his sign that he had no more to say on the subject.

Leonard touched my arm, and we stole out together. Then we took our hats, and went into the street.

"I cannot bear myself, Laddy," he burst out. "I am half mad to think of it. She was deserted; she wandered about, and came here. Mrs. Jeram picked her up, houseless and crying in the street. She had a little money then, but the Doctor took it all, because next day, before she could say who she was, or where she came from, I was born, and my mother died. Not a line, not a letter, to say who she was; Mrs. Jeram took me, and promised her whose life—Oh! my mother—was passing swiftly from her—that she would bring me up"—he stopped her for a moment—"And then she died, and they buried her. . . . Do you know where the paupers are buried, Laddy? They buried my mother there."

Yes, I knew. Some of the Poles were buried there. The old parish church, with its broad churchyard, stood a mile and a half from the town. The God's Acre was so crowded with graves that its surface was raised six feet above the level of the road, and the tombstones stood side by side, almost touching each other. But in one corner there was a large open space on which there where no stones, where the grass grew thinly, and where the newly-turned clay, if you looked closely, was full of bits of wood, remains of old coffins. There was no shape to the graves in this corner; only rows of shapeless mounds and irregular unevenness in the ground. This was the paupers' corner, the place where they bestowed those for whose funeral the parish had to pay, so that the contempt of poverty followed after them, and rested on their very graves. I knew the place well, and shuddered when Leonard turned his steps to the road which led to the church. It was nearly four, and the early winter's day was drawing to a close. From a sky almost black poured down great flakes of snow, silently falling and giving an appearance of light after the hidden sun had gone down. As our heels echoed on the iron bridges beyond the Gate, I looked round and saw the ramparts standing up white and smooth, like a great wedding cake against the gloomy heavens. Down in the moat, the sluggish water lay between two banks of dazzling white, flanked with scarp and counterscarp. Leonard hurried on, and we passed in silence along the streets of the suburb, and so into the fields beyond, till we came to the church standing with its old tower among the dead.

It was growing dark now, in spite of the snow.

The iron gates of the churchyard were open, and the church, where the choir were practising for next day's service, was partially lighted up. Leonard led the way to the far-off paupers' quarter.

It lay, a quarter of an acre in extent, quiet and peaceful, wrapped in the pall of the soft white snow. About the rest of the crowded churchyard there were paths among the graves, up and down which were the footsteps in the snow of those who came to visit the dead. Here there were no paths and no footsteps. In the rest of the churchyard there was always some one to be seen—a widow leading her child to see the father's grave, an old man wandering among the monuments of those he had known in their youth, a sister weeping over a brother's grave, a mother over her son—always some one to connect the world of the dead with the world of the living. Here no one came to break the lonely silence of the forgotten graves. Elsewhere there were flowers in spring, cypresses and evergreens in and among the graves. Here there was nothing, not even a struggling briar, and even the grass was so often disturbed that it had not time to grow. For these were the graves, not of the poor, but of the very poor, of those hapless mortals who die in the misery of destitution, and have not even money enough left to buy them a separate resting-place. They lay there, thickly crowded, and every one forgotten. For among their own class Death speedily brings oblivion. Who can remember those that are gone before when from hour to hour one has to think about the next meal? Whether they were buried ten years before or only yesterday, the hundreds who lay before us in that corner, covered over with a thin layer of mould and the sheet of snow, were everywhere as absolutely forgotten as if they had never even lived. Was it to rescue the dead from this ignoble oblivion that people once worshipped their ancestors?

And amongst them, somewhere, was Leonard's mother.

"Where is she?" he whispered. "Oh! in what spot did they lay her? A lady, born of gentle parents, the wife of a gentleman, to die neglected and be buried like a pauper! And not to know even where she is laid!"

"That does not matter, Leonard," I said weakly. "Her spirit is not in her grave."

He made no answer, but flung his arms above his head.

"My poor dead mother," he prayed, "my poor lost mother. I believe that you can see and hear me, though you cannot come to me. If you can help me where you are, help me. If you can pray for your son, pray for me. If you can lift me upwards, lift me. But how can I forgive my father?"

Within the church, close by, they were practising the responses to the Commandments. And as Leonard concluded they sang,

"Incline our hearts to keep this law."

He heard the words and applied them, for he turned to me in that quick way of his,

"How can I honour my father, Laddy, when I don't know where he is, or what he is, and when my mother's last words were that I should forgive him?"

But his passion was over, and we walked away from the old churchyard.

CHAPTER VI.

CELIA

I CAN hardly remember a time when I did not know Celia, but, as my memory of the life with Mrs. Jeram does not include her, our acquaintance must have sprung up some time after we went to the Captain. It was formed, I suspect, upon the walls where we were sent to play, and was allowed, or encouraged by Mrs. Tyrrell, Celia's mother, one of the Captain's friends. Our playground was a quiet place, especially at our end, where the town children, to whom the ramparts elsewhere were the chief place of recreation, seldom resorted. There were earthworks planted with trees and grass, and the meadows beneath were bright with buttercups and daisies. We were privileged children; we might run up and down the slopes or on the ramparts, or through the embrasures, or even clamber about the outer scarp down to the very edge of the moat, without rebuke from the "Johnnies," the official guardians of the walls, who went about all day armed with canes to keep boys from tearing down the earthworks. It was this privilege, as well as the general convenience of the place for children to play in, which took us nearly every day to the Queen's Bastion. There never was a more delightful retreat. In summer the trees afforded shade and in winter the rampart gave shelter. You were in a solitude almost unbroken, close to a great centre of life and busy work; you looked out upon the world beyond, where there were fields, gardens, and trees; there was our own round corner, with the stately elms above us; the banks of grass, all sorts of grass, as one finds where there is no cultivation, trembling grass, foxtail grass, and that soft, bushy grass for which we had no name; there was the gun mounted on its high carriage, gazing out upon the harbour, a one-eyed Polyphemus longing for human food.

We walked and ran about the walls, we sat, read, and talked in Celia's Arbour. I was the principal reader, because Leonard used to act what I read, and Cis always wanted to do what Leonard did.

My usual seat was on the wheel of the gun-carriage, or in warm weather I would lie extended full length on the grass, while I read, in the high-pitched voice which Nature or my rounded back had given me, the narrative which stole us from ourselves. Why does no one write such books now? We were Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; we were Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday, that is, Leonard was Don Quixote or Robinson, while Celia was Sancho or Man Friday. Up the harbour was a flat little island, a peninsula at low tide, on which was a farmhouse. I dare say it must have been a dismal place to live upon, and by no means free from rats. But to us it was charming, for it was Robinson's Island. To this day I cannot look at the book without seeing the island again, and peopling it once more with the Solitary and his faithful Indian. When we read the "Pilgrim's Progress" Leonard with a stick personated Christian's terrific combat with Apollyon. Or, if we chanced upon the second part, Celia was Mercy, and knocked very prettily at the gate while Leonard multiplied himself, and became in turns, or at the same time, the Dog, Beelzebub, and the Interpreter.

It was Leonard who called this place Celia's Arbour, after a glee which I found among Mrs. Tyrrell's music. The harmonies of the old four-part song lie in my heart associated with those early days, and with our own retreat. It is a tender glee, whose notes are yearnings and sighs, whose cadences are love's hypocrisies, breathing an almost arrogant confidence; while veiled behind a mask of pretended fear, assumed out of good manners, and certain to deceive no Celia that ever lived. We breathed no sighs, we hung no humid wreath by our Celia's Arbour, but it was a place where two boys learned to love one girl.

She was at first a wilful and uncertain little maid, her moods like the April sky for fitfulness, her way for the moment the one right way; her will law. She would have been a despot of the fiercest kind, but for one thing which saved her. It was her gift of reading the hearts of those she knew. If by that power of hers she read mine, and so could say with unerring instinct the thing she had to say, always in the way it should be said, then, I suppose, she could read others. That wilfulness wore off as she grew up, but the mysterious power remained. She felt, or seemed to feel, what others thought. It is quite certain that this power can belong to those who think little about themselves, and comes from long watchfulness in observing the connection between thought and expression, and learning how to read the lightest flash of the eye. She was an only child, and her father was the very greatest man in all the town. Not that he was greater than the Governor Commandant of the Forces, or than the Port Admiral, but he was the greatest man of the municipality. He held, or had held, all the offices. He was a borough magistrate, ex-Mayor, chairman of everything, churchwarden, Past Master of the Masons' Lodge, and leader in everything. In person he was tall and portly, bearing himself with an upright and solid carriage. When he passed down the street the shopkeepers came to their doors and bowed; mothers pointed him out to their boys as an object of emulation; all the town respected him. He deserved their respect for showing them what Leonard was so anxious to find out for himself, how a man may rise in the world. He had been errand-boy in a lawyer's office; he worked every evening, and so got learning, and he finally found himself at forty the leading solicitor and the most "prominent citizen" of the town.

He lived, after the fashion of the time, in the same house where he had his offices. It was a large red brick house, the very last in Castle Street before you came to the town wall. It had the door in the middle opening into a broad hall with a large room on either side. These were the offices, and in addition to them was a certain structure built out at the side devoted to the clerks. The dining rooms and Mrs. Tyrrell's habitual sitting-room, called the parlour, were at the back, overlooking a garden, large for a town house, planted with standard apples and pears, and standing behind borders in which flourished the common old-fashioned flowers, Virginia stocks, candy tuft, mouse-ear, London pride, double stocks, wallflowers, gillyflowers, and the rest, including big hollyhocks, round which bees swarmed all the summer, planted in the corners. A gate at the end of the wall was unlocked all day, so that Celia and I could pass in and out without seeing or disturbing the clients. On the first floor was Mrs. Tyrrell's drawing-room, a *salon* which impresssed the visitor with a sense of really aristocratic magnificence, so cold, so prim, and so very comfortless was it. It was never used, except for a dinner party, that is, once or twice in the year. For lighter entertainments, such as "a few friends to tea," the parlour was thought quite good enough. Celia's piano was in the parlour; there was a grand in the drawing-room; downstairs you found comfort and ease; upstairs splendour and cold.

The daily life of a professional man, thirty years ago, was a good deal simpler, though in many ways more conventional, than at present. He lived almost always, like Mr. Tyrrell, in the house where he had his office; he dined at one o'clock, and his dinners were extremely plain. At five he took tea, with bread and butter; at eight he finished work for the day, dismissed his clerks, and sat down at nine with his family to supper, the most cheerful meal of the day, going to bed at half-past ten.

There was no talk in those days of a month on the Continent, of the necessity for change, or an autumnal holiday; a dance for the young people might be looked for, in some quarter or other, three or four times in the year; to dance in the summer was unheard of; garden parties were never dreamed of; lawn-tennis—even croquet—not yet invented; picnics things to imagine. There was a large garrison in the town, but the officers rarely appeared at the houses of the lawyers, and kept in their own sets; the best available society consisted of the numerous half-pay and retired naval officers, with the clergy and the professional men, and the maidens, who were far more "proper" than are their daughters of rinks and Badminton, looked on a friendly gathering to tea, with a little music afterwards, or a round game, as the highest dissipation consistent with properly brought up young ladyhood. Yet they were perfectly happy. They did not read so much; they did not know so much as their successors; their taste in Art, Dress, Furniture, and Decoration had not been developed; they had not, like Ulysses, seen many men and many manners; they had no doubts on religion; they had not become strong-minded; they did not sit on School Boards, nor sigh for Female Suffrage; they had never heard of the Subjection of the Sex; they did not envy the wild delights open to rich young persons of their own sex in London, because they did not know them, except in terms too vague to be harmful. Yet they were, I should think, happier than the girl of the present day, because their hearts were set on simpler things. They dressed themselves as prettily as they knew how and could afford. I looked the other day in an old illustrated paper, and saw with a shudder the dresses of the girls whom I knew as a boy; the picture of female beauty adorned in the fashion of the day seemed a horrid caricature; but then the artist had not caught the sweet look of faces which not even a hairdresser can disfigure; and failed in showing the graceful lines which no foolish fashion-copyist can wholly conceal. Pass over the dress. They flirted a little, in their quiet way, after church on Sunday morning, and over the tea things in the evening. They read novels, of a decorous order, and not in the least like certain romances now in vogue, written "by ladies for ladies." In the course of time, one by one, they got married, and became good wives and good mothers with old-fashioned notions. It was peaceful, this *vie de province*, and would have been virtuous, but for the sin of gossip; it was calm, and might have been happy, but for the misfortune of monotony.

A certain conventionality hung about every act of family life which was, or might be, public. People pretended a great deal. If a visitor called—I speak from information received, and not from my own experience—the work which the young ladies were engaged upon was put aside hastily, and they were presented, on the rising of the curtain, so to speak, reading in graceful attitudes. There was a fiction that callers required refreshment, and the decanters were placed upon the table, with the choice of "red or white." I observed, at an early age, that Mr. Tyrrell, when he took wine, which was not every day, abstained from the decanters reserved for the use of visitors, and opened a fresh bottle for himself. I thought, in those days, that it was disinterested generosity on his part, so as to give his visitors the best, but I know better now. The duration of a visit was inversely proportionate to the rank of the caller. In the case of "carriage company," a quarter of an hour at the outside was granted, so much at least being needed to impress the street. Humbler friends, in whose case the decanters might be speedily put away, and the needlework resumed, could stay a whole afternoon, if they pleased. On Wednesday and Friday evenings those ladies who could boast of having "experienced" religion went to church, and gave themselves little airs on account of superior spirituality. No one ever dreamed of inviting himself to any meal whatever, and if anybody was invited, he was made to feel that he was the guest, being pressed to eat of things provided in his honour, and becoming, whether he liked it or not, the centre of conversation. There was, therefore, a good deal of ceremony in our social festivities. The handing of the muffins, the dexterous use of the kettle, the division of the cake at tea, the invitation to hot spirits and water after supper, the request to sing, the management of the album: all these things required grace and deportment; quite young men went through the prescribed duties with manifest anxiety; young ladies were careful not to allow their natural happiness over a little social excitement to interfere with the exigencies of propriety; middle-aged men took a pride in saying and doing exactly the right thing in the right way. Everything in *bourgeois* society of that time had a right way. It is true that this anxiety to keep in the groove prevented originality of conversation; but then we all knew what to expect, were able to criticise the performances, afterwards, of a well-known *rôle*, and to congratulate ourselves on the very proper way in which everybody had behaved.

Pretence is vulgar, but when it is custom it somehow ceases to vulgarise. We have our customs still, but they are not quite so binding on us. There were plenty of vulgar people among us, but we were not necessarily vulgar because we dined at one, supped at nine, gave few parties, never went abroad, and observed little fashions, with little pretences which deceived nobody. So far we were only simple. Celia at least, who was brought up in the lap of this conventionality, could not, could never have been vulgar.

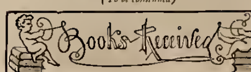
On Sunday we went to St. Faith's Church, which stands in St. Faith's Square. The building belonged to the reign of the Third George, and was, externally, a great barn of red brick, set in a courtyard, surrounded by a red brick wall, and with a roof of red tiles. Inside it was a large white-painted edifice, resting on four pillars. There was a great gallery running all round, and, because the church was crowded, a second gallery higher up at the west end contained the organ and choir. The pulpit, reading desk, and clerk's desk, forming between them a giant staircase, stood in the middle of the church; all three were broad and roomy; round the altar rails sat a school of charity children, who pinched each other during the service. In the aisles were placed, between the pew doors, little triangular brackets, on each of which sat, in evident discomfort, an aged lady, clad in black. They used to rise, curtsey, and open the doors for the gentlefolk when they came and when they went away. I used to wonder why these ancient dames came to church at all, considering the profound misery of those three-cornered brackets. But I believe there was a dole of some kind for them, and once a month they had the satisfaction of finishing the sacramental wine. The arrangement of the pews was irregular, the better sort among them being square. In those you sat upon high narrow seats of rough baize, with your feet on large hassocks, which made your flesh creep to touch. The square pews were a great stumbling-block to children because they were convenient for making faces at each other, and this often led to subsequent tears. The Tyrrells had a square pew, in which little Celia sat always as demure as a nun. During the Communion Service, while the Epistle and Gospel were read, we all faced to the east out of politeness to the clergyman. Social distinctions were observed in getting up and sitting down. Poor people obeyed the summons of the organ promptly; those who had a position to illustrate got up in the Grand style, that is, slowly, and with deliberation. They were well on their feet at about the middle of the second line in the hymn, and they held their hymn books with an air of condescending criticism, as if there might, after all, be something in the words of the poet. At the close of the hymn they sat down as slowly as they had got up, long after the organ had finished, even some moments after the last of the old ladies in the triangular seats had ended her final squawk. And as they sat down they looked about the church as if to see that everybody was behaving properly. The Captain's pew, a long one, was behind Mr. Tyrrell's. Leonard often tried, but never succeeded in making Celia laugh. Not a single glance of her eye did she permit towards the pew where her two friends sat. Not a single smile when, Sunday after Sunday, the Captain lugged a key out of his pocket when the hymn was given out, and audibly instructed Leonard to "get out the tools," meaning the hymn books. During the sermon, the seats were so high that there was no one to be seen except the preacher and the clerk; the latter was always asleep. And when we came out, we walked away with much solemnity, the elders discussing the sermon.

Time that is long past appears to have been so much longer than any period of the present. In twenty years or so, I suppose I, for one, shall have finished my earthly career—perhaps before then. But it does not seem so long to me now, looking forward to the end, as it does looking back on those years of school and early life, on which I have dwelt, perhaps, at too great length. Being a lonely man, without wife, kith, or kin, I like to think of the days when I had a brother and a sister. To be sure, I have them still, unaltered in affection, but they are not here. In the long winter evenings, when I am tired of pupils and melancholy, so tired sometimes that even Mendelssohn cannot bring me comfort, I sit by the fire and see little Celia once more, as she was, wayward and fitful, restless as a sprite, bright as a sunbeam, rosy fingered as Aurora, dancing in and out among our hours, making them gay as a bright June morning; or standing as Minerva might have done, had that most unfortunate goddess ever known childhood, pensively looking out on the sunlit harbour; or, when she grew older, declaiming with passion against the wrongs she read of and the miseries she saw. For, as in every town where soldiers and sailors congregate, and drink is provided, there were many wrongs and much misery; wicked things which obtruded themselves upon even childish eyes. All evil seems to the young so easy to prevent and cure.

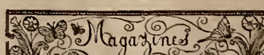
Sitting now by the winter fire, and gazing into the coals, it is always Celia that I see. She runs through my life like a scarlet thread in silk. And for five years—the five years of Leonard's "Wander Time," we were always together, for I was her tutor.

I forgot to mention that I was a musician. Music is my profession. I am a music master—"Mr. L. Pulaski" is on the brass door-plate, with underneath, "Lessons in Music and Singing." Music has been my joy and solace, as well as my profession. I believe I could play as soon as I was born; at all events I had no difficulty in learning; and when Mr. Tyrrell heard of my great gift, and generously presented me with a piano, I made myself, almost unassisted, a musician of skill as well as of feeling. For I played at every spare moment, and therefore I learned to play well. It was natural that I should help Cis in her music, and when I left school it was natural also that I should become not only her music master, but her tutor in other things, and her companion. It was good of Mrs. Tyrrell to trust her to me; it was an education for me to have the change. No brother and sister could have been drawn more closely together than we two. And I am quite sure that no man could love a girl more than I at all times loved Celia.

(To be continued)



Brazil and the River Plate, 1870—6: W. Hadfield. E. Stanford.
Figaro at Hastings: Cuthbert Bede. A. Heywood and Sons.
For This Cause (3 vols.): R. Thynne. S. Low.
Shakespeare (Literature Primers): E. Dowden. Macmillan.
Life and Times of Sir Ralph Sadleir: F. S. Stoney. Longmans.
The Madras Famine: Sir A. Cotton. Simpkin and Co.
Self-Examination Questions: Rev. G. H. Wilkinson; Aids to the Study of the Books of Samuel II.: E. Hobson. W. Wells Gardner.



THE supposition that, in the event of the disruption of the Ottoman Empire, and the aggrandisement of Russia in the regions adjacent to the Mediterranean, England will endeavour to protect her main road to India by acquiring possession of Egypt, has been warmly discussed of late, and forms the subject of several articles in the leading magazines. In the *Nineteenth Century*, for example, Mr. Edward Dicey replies to Mr. Gladstone's remarks on this topic, and Herr von Bunsen, a member of the German Reichstag, contributes a sensible and statesmanlike paper on the same subject; while in the *Fortnightly* Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is always ready to scold his countrymen, furnishes a severe, but somewhat discursive, lecture on the aggrandising propensities of Englishmen. Of these three papers that by Herr von Bunsen is unquestionably the most interesting, because when dealing with such topics an intelligent foreigner takes a wider view than a native possibly can. Herr von Bunsen declares that if we determine to take Egypt Germany will not interfere with us, because she has little or no interest in the East, but he warns us that other Powers, France especially, may not be so amiable, and he also thinks that the loss of Egypt will be a more serious blow to the Sultan's sovereignty than the curtailment of his dominions on the Danube.—Sir Fitzjames Stephen writes an interesting paper on a subject which he has fully mastered, and which ought to be attractive to laymen as well as to lawyers—namely, the possibility of improving the law by private enterprise. He shows how the Statute Book, which has been already condensed from fifty or sixty volumes to twelve, might be still further boiled down; and gives other practical examples from the laws relating to land, contracts, &c. In fact, the article pleases us so much that we wish the Government would place the task of simplification in Sir F. Stephen's hands, giving him leave to select a dozen subordinates to help him. A few thousand pounds would be cheaply spent in this way.—Those who wish for a clear, summarised history of the Cape Colony and its offshoots from the first settlement of the Dutch, cannot do better than read Mr. E. D. Wilson's article on "South Africa." In his "Is Life Worth Living?" Mr. W. H. Mallock, a writer who has shown himself already as a formidable opponent of the Atheistical party, instead of attempting to confute their negative beliefs, asks what consolation for this life the man who believes neither in God nor a future life has to offer. The Atheistical gospel, he says, is very faithfully epitomised in one of George Eliot's poems, and he pronounces its reward to be utterly vague and unsatisfactory. This subject, "The Soul and Future Life," is further discussed in the "Symposium," which forms the concluding article.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. Goldwin Smith discusses the late railway riots in the United States, and takes a hopeful view of the situation. So far from Republicanism being in any way to blame in the matter, he points out that the most thoroughly Republican section of the States, namely, New England, escaped almost unscathed, and that most of the mischief was caused by foreigners, bred under repressive Continental monarchies. The worst rock ahead which America has at present to fear is, he thinks, the "heathen Chinee."—Mr. Howell, writing naturally from a Trades' Union point of view, gives some particulars concerning Intimidation and Picketing which are worth reading, although he softens down their repulsive features as much as possible. To our ignorant minds Picketing seems the very twin brother of Intimidation, and we fancy that a jury of non-unionist working-men's wives would say that there was no difference between them.—In his examination of "The Gospel according to St. John," M. Ernest Rénan refuses to admit, as may be expected, that it is the work of the Apostle himself. He places its date about the year 125, and though regarding it as "a writing of no value as affording a knowledge of how Jesus Himself spoke," considers that it is superior to the Synoptic Gospels as regards the order of facts, and that it embodies many genuine and valuable traditions unrecorded elsewhere.—"The Newest Thing in Journalism" attacks with a sharpness which is not always undeserved the swarm of newspapers which have appeared during the last few years, whose principal aim is to supply the public with frivolous and occasionally ill-natured gossip. Season ticket holders are, we imagine, the chief patrons of this branch of literature. In a railway carriage one needs big type, and topics which do not tax the brain very severely.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Montefiore writes a delightful article on Heine, whose prose writings deserve to be better known in this country. In spite of his Broad Churchmanship, the late Charles Kingsley had a horror of Heine, and curtly described him, in answer to a question from one of his children, as "a wicked man." To our thinking, however, Heine, compared to some of our modern sceptics, seems quite a light of orthodoxy; and it will generally be observed that his gibes were directed not at religion itself, but at something pretending to be religion. His remarks on the professional familiarity with which the clergy regard the Deity have a strong spice of truth in them; and the victory of Christianity over Paganism is most poetically rendered in his little apologue of the merry gods growing pale with terror when a bleeding Jew comes by and flings his cross with a terrible crash on their banqueting table.—Mr. Anthony Trollope carries his craft as a novelist into his paper on "Cicero as a Man of Letters," placing him before us not as the abstraction he is apt to seem to schoolboys, but as a real man like ourselves.

In *Blackwood* we have a pleasant paper on two recently-deceased Scotchmen of somewhat kindred tendencies, namely, Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, and Dr. J. M. Campbell. Both were deeply religious men, though differing somewhat from the Church in which they were bred. In fact, Dr. Campbell was ejected on account of his adhesion to the views of Edward Irving, while the cardinal point of Mr. Erskine's teaching was "the fatherhood of God" towards His creatures. Christ, he held, as our elder brother, voluntarily took on him the penalty of sin, in order that the adopted children of the family of God might be conformed to His likeness.—"Tramps and Pedestrians" is a very agreeable and seasonable paper. After showing how much there is to be seen by those who go forth afoot in the home counties, Kent, Middlesex, Surrey, and even despised Essex, the author takes us further afield to Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain, and everywhere finds something worth telling.

"Modern Prophets" in *Fraser*, though modestly signed "Unus de Multis," is, we shrewdly suspect, by Mr. F. W. Newman, who has, in his old age, abandoned some of the scepticism of his earlier years, and enlisted under the Unitarian banner. He is very severe on Messrs. Huxley, Tyndall, and other agnostic luminaries of the day. The chief aim of his paper is to show that if the Atheists prevail morality is in serious danger. Men who ignore God, who hold that existence ends with the grave, and that the lower animals are merely machines, destitute of feeling, at present exhibit no violent aberrations from the code of morals ordinarily received, because they are unconsciously influenced by their own early training, and by the general current of public opinion which flows from Christian tradition; but should a generation of atheists arise, who are the majority of the nation, and who have learnt their doctrines from infancy, they may carry these doctrines into practice in a very astonishing fashion. It is startling to note that if we eliminate the belief in God, and in personal responsibility, the very grossest breaches of morality become debateable matters.—One who has lived long in India gives an interesting though discouraging account of the progress of Christianity in that country. Christianity seems able to prevail against the child-like creed of savages, but makes little impression on such elaborate religions as Hindooism or Mahomedanism. Indeed, in India the influence of the English has been to make the natives freethinkers rather than Christians.—The able series of papers on "British Trade" are concluded in this number. The writer's general survey of the situation is very interesting, not the less so, perhaps, because he writes somewhat despondingly of the future prospects of our Empire. He thinks we made a great blunder in quarrelling with Russia in 1854; he foresees formidable commercial rivalry from the United States; he doubts our ability, in case of war with a first-rate Power, to protect our colonies; and he believes that Germany will ere long swallow Holland, and develop into a great naval and colonial Power.—Railway traffic managers will probably contest the soundness of Mr. Conder's statistics in his article on "Third Class Passengers." His conclusions are somewhat startling, for while declaring that passengers, especially third-class passengers, form the sheet-anchor of a railway revenue, he asserts that minerals are carried at a loss, and that the railway companies would act wisely if they left the carriage of coal to the canals and the steam colliers.

In the *Cornhill* we note the beginning of a new serial story entitled "For Percival." Mr. Dowden contributes a paper on some modern French poets in which he shows a good deal of critical discrimination; the praises of September as the pleasantest month of the twelve are sung by another writer (September, by the way, has hardly maintained his character during the last two or three seasons); while we have a very lively and readable essay on Lucian by one who thoroughly appreciates the gossiping old philosopher, who is probably far less read now than he was in the time of Erasmus.

Temple Bar is now strengthened by a story from the pen of Mrs. Edwardes, whom we naturally associate with a periodical in which some of her best work has appeared.—The sketch of "Life at Bucharest" is very *àpropos*, and gives a lively view of the gay Roumanian capital, which seems to be an attractive place in spite of bad drinking-water, and a climate as extreme as that of New York.—The sketches of Spanish barracks and hospitals are also very life-like, and as they add to the reader's knowledge of the people of the Peninsula, they add also to his interest in them.—"Chic," a word untranslatable into English, forms the subject of an amusing little essay.

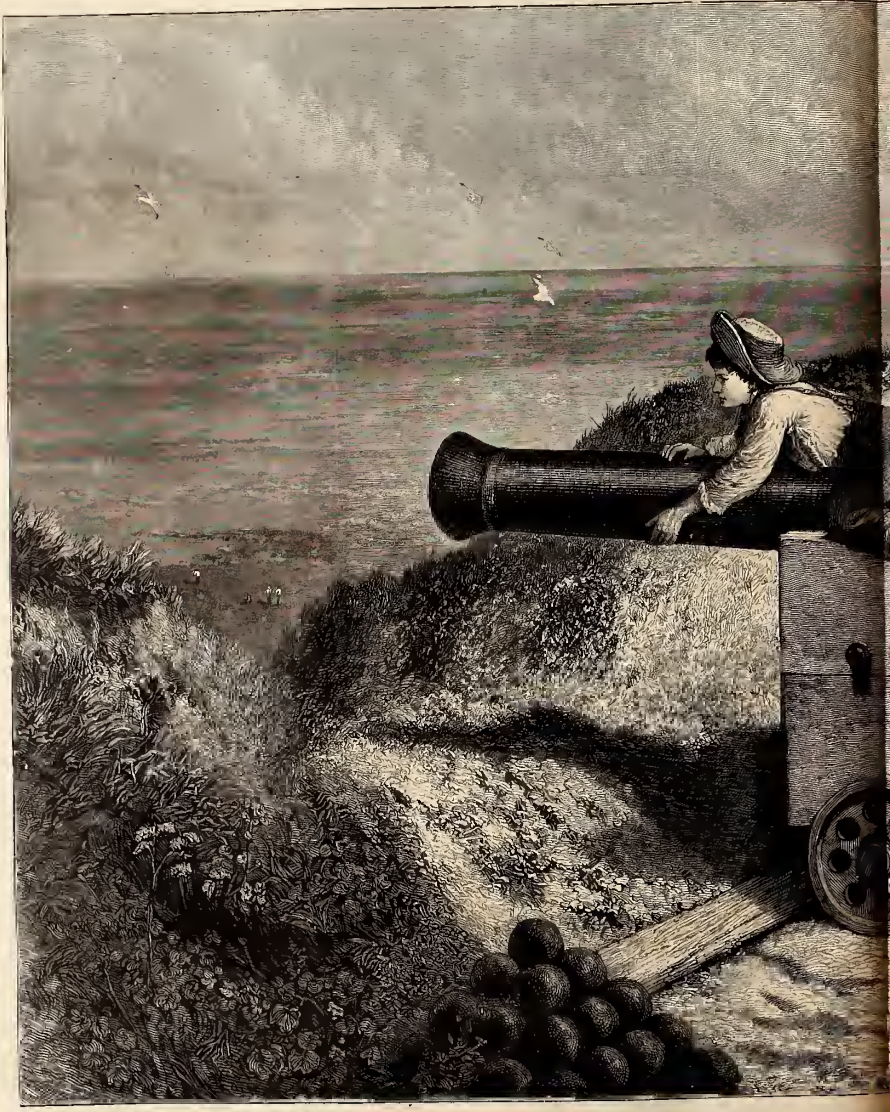
The enthusiasm with which our American cousins pursue the study of English history is illustrated by two articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, namely, Mr. Lounsbury's "Fictitious Lives of Chaucer," and Mr. Whipple's analysis of Dickens's "Great Expectations." As in another passage in this magazine, a writer, speaking of Mrs. Burnett's "That Lass of Lowrie's," complains of the difficulty which Americans experience in reading books written in provincial English dialects, we may feel some surprise that Dickens is so popular in the States, as many of his conversations and allusions must be beyond the range of ordinary Transatlantic experience. We observe that a Mr. Gill has written a new life of Poe, but he does not throw much fresh light on the complex character of that unfortunate genius.

Many persons will be surprised to learn from the trustworthy pages of the *Geographical Magazine* that the winter climate of Greenland, instead of being of a uniform severity, is remarkably changeable. For instance, while the mean temperature of February, 1863, at Jacobshavn was 24 deg., that of 1872 was + 16 deg., a difference of 41 deg., and the daily changes are equally great. These changes are due to the direction of the wind, which, if between S. and E. invariably raises the temperature, sometimes 40 deg. in a few hours.

We have also to acknowledge, among other periodicals, *Macmillan, Charing Cross, Gentleman's, St. James's, Month, Good Things, Day of Rest, Leisure Hour, Sunday at Home, Weekly Welcome, Garden, Belgravia, London Society, Good Words, Lady's Treasury, Argosy, Science Gossip, Englishwoman's Domestic, Young Englishwoman, Chambers', Gardeners', Tinsley's, All the Year Round, St. James's*, and Messrs. Cassell's usual serial publications.

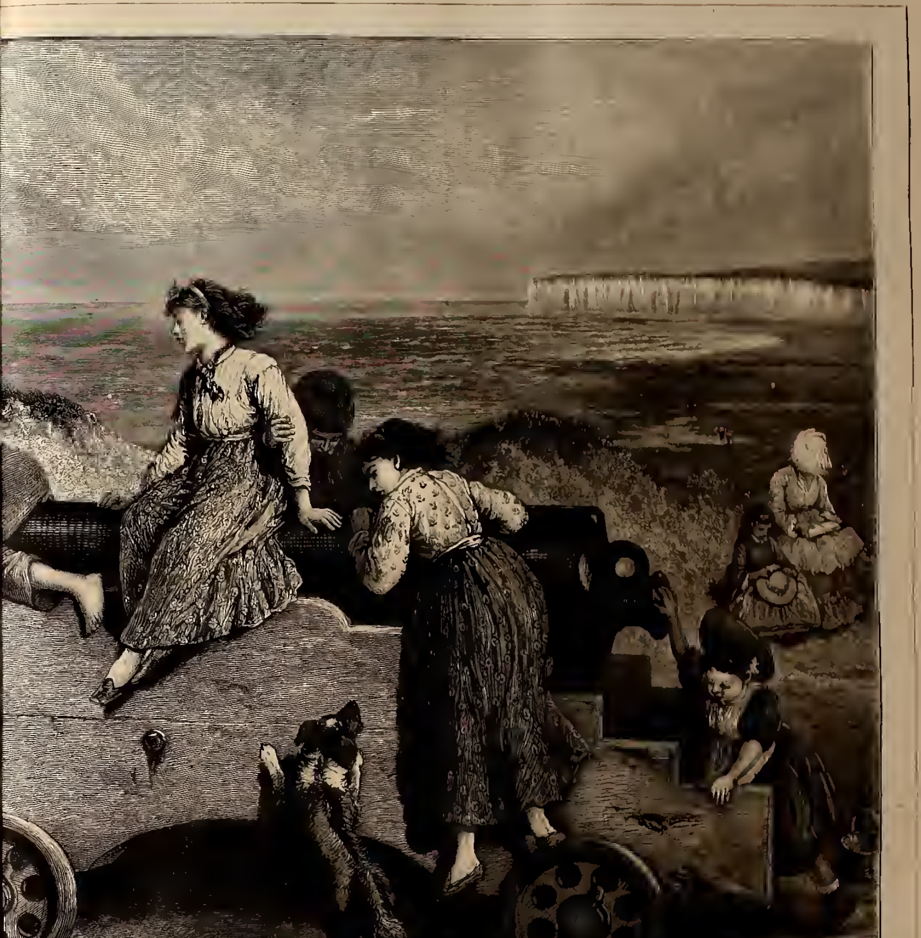
◆

THOSE serio-comic war-maps, the octopus map and its rival, are not much to boast of as works of art, and they have not even the merit of originality. The idea came from France, where during the siege of Paris in 1871 the Parisians got what comfort they could from the *carte psychologique, dressée par Hadol.* Here Russia is a huge giant, a *croquemitaine*, who, with three or four young bears playing about him like dogs, landing net in hand, watches what he can catch in the *mêlée*. France, brought to her knees and weeping, keeps one arm round her babes, Alsace and Lorraine, on whom the big, heavily-booted, spike-helmeted, cloak-laden Prussian has already laid his fingers; the Gallic cock, looking rather aghast, but still keeping his comb erect, forming the uninvaded province of Brittany. Ireland is a large basket full of gin bottles; and Great Britain, an old woman, irreverently like Her Majesty, the head being that part of the island which she chiefly inhabits, is tossing off a dram, the explanatory note being, "L'Angleterre s'oublie le gin." Austria and Hungary are shaking themselves out of the bed-clothes, and looking round scared at what Prussia is doing. Montenegro is making eyes at her neighbours, and hinting that she would like to be run away with; while Turkey in Asia is dozing over her hookah, forgetting the bear, who has already planted both his hind feet on her divan. There are too many clocks. The French joke just then was that the honestest Prussian, even he who was proof against very choice cigars and the best Burgundy, could not resist making off with a handsome timepiece if he had the chance. But in its effective drawing, no less than in its subdued colouring, it contrasts favourably with the garish octopus map, which, weak in other respects, fails so lamentably in its British Isles. Its Scot, for instance, is more like a stage Greek; and why should John Bull have a red umbrella? Of course Hadol did not originate the idea; the French had often indulged in such mild pleasantry before. Indeed, Lamartine's reconstitution of Europe in 1848, though he meant it *au grand sérieux*, was really a good joke; and several of the ex-Emperor's attempts at the same kind of thing certainly deserved to be called serio-comic.



"THE CAPTURE

FROM THE PICTURE BY BIRKET FOSTER IN THE EXHI



F A 32-POUNDER"

BITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER

V.

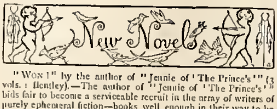
Not the least important of the changes introduced into the army of late years was the substitution of a system of "deferred pay" for the old plan of offering a bounty. The latter had few advocates; in time of war, when there was a great and sudden demand for men, the bounty money rose to a very large sum, and, perhaps, served its purpose for the time in attracting recruits. But it seemed to be generally admitted that it was an unsatisfactory way of obtaining them at best, and that it would sooner or later have to give place to some less rough and ready system. The evils which attended it were palpable, whilst its advantages were very dubious. The recruit upon joining received a (for him) very large sum of money, and found not the least difficulty in discovering disinterested friends who, so long as coin lasted, helped him to spend it very pleasantly, perhaps, but not very judiciously. It was in all likelihood not until his last penny had disappeared, and with it the last of his friends, that he began to realise that he had been making a very bad beginning. Hard as it might be to regain a character for steadiness, it is to be expected that many found it harder still to make the first attempt. The system of deferred pay was intended to deal with another evil also. Many soldiers received their discharge who had no means of subsistence, and who found it difficult to obtain immediate occupation. It was thought a great point that no ordinarily well-behaved man should be without something to fall back upon, and it was also believed that the fear of forfeiting the money which Government proposed to lay by for them would prove a strong incentive to good conduct, and a safeguard against desertion. In this hope, and in pursuance of this design, it was determined that an addition of twopence a day should be made to the daily pay of a soldier, during the first twelve years of his army service, but that the issue of this pay should be deferred until he had completed his army service, whether on final discharge or on entering the first class of the Army Reserve. Under these arrangements it has been calculated that a soldier who engages for short service will receive after three years' army service 9*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, though this sum is only payable after three years' service in the reserve, as this is the modification of the principle of short service, extending to six years, which we alluded to above. By it we understand that soldiers of good character who are in possession of a good conduct badge, and men who are likely to be able to obtain a livelihood, may be transferred to the Army Reserve before the expiration of their six years with the colours; in this case they would receive deferred pay for three years after they had made up the balance of six with the Reserve. A soldier who served six years with the colours would be entitled to 18*l.* 5*s.* as deferred pay; one who served twelve to 39*l.* 4*s.*; whilst those who complete twenty-one years' service would receive either 44*l.* 12*s.* or 47*l.* 6*s.*, according to the periods into which their total service was divided. Soldiers when transferred to the Army Reserve for the concluding period of their engagement receive fourpence a day. They are liable to be called out for drill occasionally, when they receive pay in addition at the rate of two shillings a day. An addition of twopence a day is also made as deferred pay to the pay of men of the first class Army Reserve.

The system of deferred pay seems to present such obvious advantages that it is not necessary to dilate upon them at length, and though many men may find the possession of a large sum of money a temptation to squander it, a system of payment by instalments is calculated to repress this. At all events, they will no longer be without means to tide over any reasonable lapse of time between leaving the army and obtaining fresh employment, and the matter will be very much in their own hands. Amongst other advantages which Government offers, and bearing upon the question of subsequent employment, are, the opportunities to learn a trade, by which money may be made while in the army, and a livelihood may be secured on discharge, and the benefit of a regimental school. Thus there appears nothing to prevent any soldier attaining at least a fair education in essentials, and one which cannot fail to advance his prospects in whatever employment he may ultimately find himself. The difficulty of a soldier discharged with a good character, and who can read, write well, and keep accounts, ought not to be so very great. We have not forgotten that we have before this suggested enlistment as a means of relieving the overcrowded ranks of applicants for work in both business and professions. But it was the enlistment of a distinct class, a class already well educated, and which might hope to find in the army a field for their energies. In the case of men, however, who entered the army almost, if not quite, uneducated, it would be very different, for though a few might show great talent and adaptability, and even obtain commissions, the majority would be quite content with positions which would only be accepted by the former class as a last resource, but of which there are not a few open to old soldiers. Nor can it be said that men discharged between the ages of twenty-four and thirty-seven are old in any sense of the term, or that it is hopeless for them to expect employment. For those who enlist for the full period of twenty-one years again there is the prospect of a pension for life varying from 8*d.* to 3*s.* a day, according to their rank and service. The former of these two sums is not imposing, but we may hope that ere long it will be increased, so that no soldier of twenty-one years' service entitled to pension shall receive less than a shilling a day. The ages of pensioners who had served their full period of twenty-one years would range from thirty-nine to forty-six at the time of discharge. Men of this age, with good characters, would have no difficulty in finding employment, and their pensions would be a useful assistance, as well as something to fall back upon in case of sickness. If they know a trade, they are, of course, in a better position, and as facilities are given to learn one in the army there can be no reason that any soldier should suffer from want upon his discharge. His deferred pay will now prove serviceable, enabling him to purchase tools and materials, and with his pension and superior knowledge of the world he will probably find himself in a better position than if he had continued to work as a labourer or artisan for the past twenty-one years of his life. He has also acquired, it is to be presumed, habits of discipline and self-restraint, and perhaps those of command, as a non-commissioned officer. In the latter case his prospects are still brighter, as he has, of course, a better pension, and the fact of his having been a "non-com." argues at least a fair education and a good character, and with these advantages at his back, and a round sum of money in his pocket, a man in the prime of life can scarcely fail to prosper, and at least need not despair of being able to earn a respectable livelihood. Too much importance cannot be attached to the facts that an education can be gained and a trade learned in the army. Enlistment means—looked at from a dispassionate point of view, and divested of the glories and pleasures of ribbons, unlimited beer, and a red coat to follow—going to school again. That is to say, a youth who may have neglected his opportunities, to use a cant phrase, and who finds himself stranded, need not wait for the tide of fortune; he can enter the army, and if he is undisciplined, he will find, as a rule, careful and earnest guides. If he is oppressed with a sense of ignorance, and experiences a desire for knowledge, he can pass through a course of sound instruction. The highest honours at a recent competition were gained by a non-commissioned officer who had devoted his leisure hours for three or four years to study. *Apropos* of this, we are glad to hear that shorthand is being studied by many soldiers. Its value can hardly be estimated, and every facility should be given to those willing to learn to acquire a knowledge of a sound system. When it is considered that a thorough knowledge of the art implies that by that alone a man can earn his living, and that, according to his experience and general aptitude for business, it adds to his value, it will be seen what an opening is afforded to those whose *physique* or previous training debars them from manual labour, or renders them unfit for menial employment. Opportunities should be given to learn at least one or other of two systems; that is to say, an elaborate one and a tolerably easy one which will answer all ordinary purposes. Reading, writing, and ciphering are the bases upon which many a man has built up a name and a fortune; they are the foundations of success. Shorthand may be called an accomplishment; but it is one which is daily being more and more called into requisition as an essential, and we need scarcely apologise for dwelling upon its value to those who will have eventually to seek employment as civilians.

Before leaving this subject it may be as well to state that soldiers wounded in action, or in any way maimed in the performance of their duty, are also entitled to a pension. To whom could a knowledge of an art, which is in itself not without its attractions to a man with spare time upon his hands, be more valuable than to one who has been unfitted for bodily labour by the chances of his profession of arms?

On first joining soldiers are supplied with clothing and a free kit, and whilst in performance of their duty receive a daily free ration of bread and meat, lodging, bedding, fuel, and light, medical attendance, and education. The food is ample, the lodging cleanly, the bed comfortable. Warmth and light, a doctor in sickness, with the medical comforts the case may require, honourable employment; what more can a reasonable man desire, unless by his own energies he can earn all these and superfluities to boot as a civilian? Only one thing is wanting, food for the mind, and that is now within the reach of every soldier. Regimental schools are provided, libraries, and recreation rooms are to be found at every station, amusements are promoted in every possible way; soldiers who excel as marksmen obtain valuable money prizes, and perhaps nearly as much is done in this direction as is good for the main body. It rests with individuals to avail themselves of their privileges, and to make the best of their opportunities.

When absent from their regiments upon furlough, soldiers may be granted an advance of full pay, and of whatever good conduct pay they may be receiving, together with sixpence a day in lieu of the rations that they cannot draw. Finally, deserving and educated soldiers have a prospect of speedy promotion to the various ranks of non-commissioned officers, with increased pay; and non-commissioned officers are eligible for commissions, provided they are recommended, and can pass the necessary examination. It may be said that in no other walk of life can a man who is willing to be disciplined, anxious to learn to do his duty, not too proud to obey peremptory commands, or to be "ordered about," as the phrase goes, knowing that it is necessary, can do as well with small beginnings as in the army. Who is not commanded either by superiors, necessity, or conscience? And the happiest are those who are led by the last-named general officer, who is rarely at fault. Let every soldier, young or old, remember that the aim of those who know and esteem the army most is to look upon him as a citizen bearing his share of the general burden, not as a mere machine. Let him remember that there are keen and studious minds by whom he is not forgotten, and that the appreciation of those whose opinion is worth having can be secured, and is freely given. Let him remember that the fortunes and chances of the daily battle of life, its apparent unfairness, the hardships and slights to be borne are not peculiar to soldiers any more than are the valour, patience, self-denial, and endurance necessary to combat them successfully. If he does this, and serves faithfully and courageously, it may be predicted that he will not ultimately have to complain of his lot. We may suggest, in conclusion, three mottoes, either or all of which can be applied by the recruit, the soldier, or the pensioner:—"Excelsior," as more peculiarly suited to the recruit; "Quo fata vocant," for the soldier; and for the veteran, "Finis coronat opus."



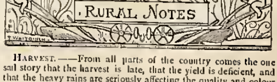
New Novels

"Won!" by the author of "Jennie of 'The Prince's'" (3 vols.: Bentley).—The author of "Jennie of 'The Prince's'" bids fair to become a serviceable recruit in the army of writers of purely ephemeral fiction—books well enough in their way to be read once with such qualified satisfaction as they are calculated to inspire, but which hardly any human being would dream of glancing at a second time. We cannot profess to rejoice in the appearance of another recruit to a body we hold already far too large, but it is only fair to the author to admit that her work is of quite as good a quality as that of the bulk of the novelists with whom she must be classed, and we see no reason why this second venture of hers should not receive as large a measure of popular favour as undoubtedly fell to the lot of her first. To try such a tale by any high critical standard would be out of place, and, indeed, absurd; still, we may suggest to the author that it might be well, at least for the present, not to attempt too bold a flight into what to her is the unknown. She has obviously no sort of personal experience of morbid psychology, and we very much doubt if she at all adequately realised what an absolute monster of iniquity she was presenting to our notice in the person of Sibyl Moreton, the mysterious beauty of an unearthly pallor, whose eyes are always veiled beneath the long-fringed eyelids—the reason being, as we ultimately learn, that they are of different colours, one blue, the other brown. No doubt a thoroughly bad woman is apt to be very bad indeed; but a creature of such unredeemed wickedness, as we in the end discover Sibyl to be, seems out of place in a story of everyday life, peopled otherwise by quite ordinary and commonplace characters. Moreover, a monster of iniquity, if introduced on the stage, ought to be made intelligible, and much of Sibyl Moreton's action strikes us as very far from being so. Why should she have set herself to acquire ascendancy over Hubert Carlton's fickle fancy, and so bring about an estrangement between him and his wife? She did not value the husband's devotion, and at first, at any rate, had no cause of quarrel against the wife. But, as we have already said, there is no occasion to inquire too closely into consistency and *vraisemblance* in estimating a book of this kind. Perhaps the sketches of Hamburg life—such as the bridal *fête* and the ice picnic—which we have in the first volume, are among the best scenes in the story. The visit to "Teak and Brine's" ship-breaking establishment is also very well told. In fact "Won!" is decidedly readable throughout, and, considering what it is, we do not know that we have a right to expect more of it. Its author, however, might remember that "to intrigue" is not in English a verb transitive.

"The Chickenborough Chit-Chat Club," by Kamouraska (3 vols.: Tinsley).—It is certain that in these three volumes we get very low down indeed in the depths of folly. The book is in truth so utterly and absurdly silly that it becomes at times almost amusing. The author is one of those persons known in certain circles as "a funny fellow," one "who will have his joke." The chief triumph of his humour seems to consist in contriving that every chapter of his work shall end with the four capitals "C. C. C. C.," generally standing for "Chickenborough Chit-Chat Club," but sometimes for "Corpus Christi College, Cambridge," and sometimes, we think, for something else. Another stroke of wit is the following:—There figures in the piece a Mrs. Potecary, who has three daughters—Maria, Meta, and Mina. By taking the first two letters of the Christian name of each, and adding to them the initial "P" of the surname, you produce "Map," "Mep," and "Mip," by which names the young ladies are facetiously designated throughout the story. Such are the "happy thoughts" which, with some broad farce and practical joking, make up one of the most nonsensical apologies for a novel it has yet been our fate to meet with.

"Edgar and I: The Story of a Home," by Jessie P. Moncrieff (Remington and Co.).—Ladies whose thoughts incline towards matrimony with High Church and ascetic rectors or curates may read this book with advantage, as giving them a glimpse of what may be in store for them. To most people Agnes, the wife of the Rev. Edgar Seymour, rector of a large parish in the East of London, will seem in this story to have a hard time of it. Her husband's love for her was, she says, "of that sort that he could bear to distress me if needful for my ultimate good; and the view he took of the tie between us was that I was a Christian soul more completely his charge than any other could be." Even before marriage Edgar warns his wife that they are "to love each other without self-indulgence as to mere feeling," and after they are married both Edgar and Agnes are so absorbed in "Church work" that they hardly really meet for more than half-an-hour each day, when, says the wife, "I don't mean to say our conversation was, even chiefly, confined to my faults." Still, though we are tempted to smile at the extreme asceticism of the book—an asceticism, we cannot help thinking, a little overdone and unreal—we fully recognise the purity and loftiness of thought and tone that characterise it. The actors in Miss Moncrieff's story are but striving after perfection as it has been conceived by the great saints of the Catholic Church, and their ideal is one that must command respect, however mistaken we may think it. We may add that most of the characters in the tale—which, somewhat to our surprise, is allowed a "happy ending"—are carefully and vigorously drawn.

We have also received "Lady Helena," by S. Vere (Remington and Co.), a slight tale, with which no fault in particular need be found, but which does not call for notice here; and a new edition, in one volume, of "For the Old Love's Sake," by Miss Iza Duffus Hardy (Moxon), forming one of "Moxon's Popular Novels."



RURAL NOTES

Harvest.——From all parts of the country comes the one sad story that the harvest is late, that the yield is deficient, and that the heavy rains are seriously affecting the quality and colour of the grain cut and uncut. A run down the other day into Westmoreland and Cumberland proved that those who have written about the unfavourable character of the harvest since the corn was in the ear have been promulgating no Cassandra stories. The rivers have overflowed their banks, and a week ago, in the Vale of Trent, many fields, with the corn standing and cut, were submerged, and from others it was evident that the waters had but recently receded after doing much damage. On the whole, however, the turnip crops look well, which is some consolation, and pasture fields are flourishing. The Colorado beetle has not arrived, except in specimen boxes, but over a wide tract of country the old insidious and mysterious blight is prevalent. Mr. Caird, who takes a favourable view of the harvest, estimates that our wheat crop will not be more than nine or ten million quarters this year, but calculations made before the corn is on the threshing-floor are often very fallacious. Our imports of wheat in the eight months of this year which have past have already cost us 20,459,395*l.*, and well on to 4,000,000*l.* more than in the corresponding term of last year. For other grains and flour we had paid up until the end of August no less than 18,741,937*l.*, in all for bread-stuffs 38,201,332*l.*, a large portion of which sum might be saved if better security of tenure were given in this country, and land better cultivated.

Foreign Meat.——Last month we had a larger supply of foreign animals, chiefly owing to increased importations from America, than we had in the corresponding month of 1876. Notwithstanding, the prices per head were 2*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* higher, being 22*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* against 20*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.* Foreign sheep were much fewer in numbers, owing no doubt to some extent to the restrictions which compel German and Dutch sheep to be slaughtered at Deptford. The average price per head last month was 2*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, which is 8*s.* 6*d.* more than in August, 1876. For live stock the sum we paid in the first eight months of the year was 3,922,691*l.* Judging from the great falling-off in the imports of foreign bacon, our own agriculturists would appear to be paying more attention to the rearing of pigs than they were wont to do, although this is not made plain by the appearance of the Copenhagen Fields Market, where there are now very few specimens of the porcine breed to be seen. 4,020,525*l.* was the sum paid in the first three quarters of this year for bacon; in the corresponding period of last year it was 5,195,526*l.* The price per cwt. was 5*s.* 5*d.* higher than last year. The importation of fresh meat from America has reduced prices to the extent of 2*s.* 8*d.* per cwt., little more than a farthing per pound to the consumer, and it may well be doubted whether he derives the advantage. 11,370,930*l.* is the sum we paid for meat dead and alive during the eight months, and for butter, cheese, and eggs, 11,099,356*l.* The grand total of our bill to foreign agriculturists for farm produce we may mention was, exclusive of wool, 60,671,618*l.*, which is surely far too much. If our own cultivators cherished and cheered Mother Earth as she deserves, there would be a very different balance sheet in favour of this country.

SHORTHORNS.——Wonderful prices were realised, as we had anticipated in our last "Notes," for the shorthorns in the Lake district. From Mr. Loder and Lord Bective, Mr. Thornton, ere his sand-glass ran dry, secured from the former 4,100 guineas for one of the Bates tribe, Third Duchess of Hillhurst, and from the latter 4,300 guineas for another duchess of the same strain. These were imported animals from America, the sires and dams of which had been taken from this country. We have been stupidly silly in the case of shorthorns—the geese which were laying the golden eggs. It is expected that high prices will be made at forthcoming sales, as shorthorns are certainly the most "aristocratic breed" of cattle, and they are likewise plebeian enough to adapt themselves to nearly all countries and climates.

UNITED KINGDOM DAIRY SHOW.——This exhibition opens on the 3rd of October, and continues over five days. The prizes are very liberal. For Jerseys, those beautiful animals whose udders are so full of rich milk, 40*l.* is offered, the first prize being 25*l.*, besides a silver medal; the second prize is 10*l.*, and the third 5*l.* Guernseys come in for a like sum, and so also shorthorns in the same proportion. The shorthorns not eligible for the "Herd Book" are allotted 30*l.*, the first prize with a silver medal, which it may be mentioned is presented to first favourites in all the classes. For Ayrshires 40*l.* is offered for the Kerry breed, 15*l.* is offered in two prizes; and in another breed, pure or crossed, 35*l.* There is a champion subscription prize of 50 guineas to the exhibitor making the best entry in the above classes. For heifers, Channel Island shorthorns and any other pure breed there is respectively offered 21*l.* in these prizes, and a champion prize of plate valued at 20 guineas. For donkeys the prizes range from 10*l.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*; mules, from 10*l.* to 2*l.* In the class "for any variety used by their owners in business as a means of gaining a livelihood" the Baroness Burdett Coutts presents, with her usual generosity, 10*l.* to the costermonger showing the best groomed donkey whose appearance indicates receipt of kindly treatment daily.

MISCELLANEOUS.——M. Auguste Lippens, President of the Belgian Agricultural Society, with a number of agriculturists, is now in this country with the view of inspecting some of the noted shorthorn breeds. They have already inspected a few, and are impressed with their dairy qualifications.—The Porte has prohibited the exportation of cereals from Crete. The decree will not apparently affect this country.—In fear of the Colorado beetle the importation of potatoes from Germany to France has been prohibited. What a scare that wicked little bugbear is causing to postmen and potato-growers!

◆

WIESBADEN UNDER A CLOUD

DURING the latter days of the Second Empire, Wiesbaden was in Paris considered to be one of the very choicest spots in the great world of fashion. Baden came to be under-estimated; every-one went to Baden, it was said, but only a select few penetrated to Wiesbaden. The Metternichs, the Gallifets, the Pourtalès, at last disdained the picturesque village in the valley, and turned their attention to the open plain of Wiesbaden. And for a time money poured into the Wiesbaden coffers. French, English, American, and Russian invaders thronged the place, hotels were full, shops throve, the Kursaal numbered thousands of elegant subscribers. The young lady who waited at the counter where the chicken-broth, flavoured with carbonate of soda dispensed by Dame Nature, was administered to the greedy followers of the "cure," had her hands so full that it was hard for her to be able to satisfy all the demands; the streets were crowded with private carriages; the theatre was packed night after night; and, in short, the cream of Paris, wit and elegance and vice, gathered in the exquisite gardens of the Kursaal in the light of the brilliant illuminations every evening during the short season to listen to Béla's incomparable orchestra. The most magnificent of magnificent dresses were displayed on the broad terrace giving on to the lake; beautiful faces shone in the dazzling glare of the gilded saloons, where all that was innocent, modest, and serious was certainly at a discount; and who shall say what sum of human misery was represented at those terrible tables, the green cloth of which ought have been black cloth, and the markers, skulls and crossbones. It is impossible to form an estimate of the tears and groans, the fruitless hopes, the unholy exultation, the greed, the absorbing avarice, the feverish excitement, the awful persistence, that were the usual appurtenances of the gaming-table. If tables could rap out their experiences, all Wilkie Collins's weird stories would sink into mere commonplace in comparison with the romances revealed by the four-legged implements of torture at Wiesbaden and Baden. Few persons, however, care to probe their pleasures to discover whether they are beneficial or prejudicial to the people at large, and in the excitement of the race for money, it was hardly to be expected that the butterflies and moths, that buzzed about MM. Benazet and Blanc's luring light, should stop in their whirl to consider the fearful example they were giving to the rest of the world. While the light shone, the butterflies buzzed—but presently the fiercer fire of civilisation extinguished the one—and the others collapsed, and their old haunts know them no more.

Wiesbaden is now deserted by its whilom *habitués*; with the gambling element, the elegance, the *chic*, the fashion has also departed; nurses and children are installed in the leafy green alleys where only the most favoured of Fortune's children once penetrated; German shop-girls with their crowns of plaits and simple dresses parade the gardens in the evening to the music of a very inferior band, in place of the magnificently robed queens of fashion who laughed and flirted, and talked epigrammatic nothings to the music of Béla or Strauss. The gorgeous ball-room of the Kursaal is empty night after night; the young ladies who preside at the elaborate stalls of the bazaar-arcades leading to the Wilhelmstrasse are busy at their knitting, and are rarely called upon to put their work aside and display their wares; groups of waiters stand about the hotel doors; there are no horses or carriages to be seen, with the exception of the plebeian tram, in the broad boulevard-like alleys; the distributor of the before-mentioned natural chicken-broth and soda sits by the hour together reading her newspaper as she knits; German merchant princes occupy the seats on which princes of the blood have lounged; and German motherhood and daughterhood sit in the shade of the trees that have sheltered the painted and powdered cheeks of aristocratic cosmopolitan beauty from the sun and the wind.

Undoubtedly, Wiesbaden is in its decadence. As a thoroughly artificial place—artificial from its gardens and lake to the lilies in its fountains!—it depended entirely on what may be termed an artificial public. Directly the bait that drew the public was gone, visitors ceased. When once the gaming table was suppressed, there was nothing to attract the great international world of fashion. No one dreamed of visiting Wiesbaden for its scenery, and the waters that drew the greatest number of so-called invalids were far more tempting yet far more bitter to the taste and powerful in effect than the chicken-broth mixture. The short Wiesbaden season used to attract over 40,000 foreigners to the town; and the list of arrivals registered in the *Wiesbadener-Baden-Blatt* for the last week in August of the present year numbered 1,396 persons, of whom only 166 were foreigners—that is, 116 English people, 33 Americans, 15 Prussians, and 2 French people! Who would have believed ten years ago that the time would come when only two French persons should arrive in Wiesbaden in the course of one week in the height of the season! Many people argue that the change is an improvement, that the Germans can now enjoy their own town without dread of ruin by extortion, that German mothers can bring their daughters to hear the music at the Kursaal without fear of contamination to the minds of the budding Charlottes who are knitting innumerable socks preparatory to the cutting of unlimited bread and butter; but however admirable the modern change may be, it cannot be considered a commercial improvement. The Germans will not pay high prices, and will have the very utmost that can be obtained for their money; so the German era in Wiesbaden means the reign of bankruptcy. When the Americans, the Russians, and the English desert a pleasant resort, it is doomed commercially. The cry of "Hard Times" is on every lip in Wiesbaden—you can hardly look into a shop the master of which does not come to the door to tell you how bad business is; the man who sells you a three days' old newspaper implies that your purchase is a sheer stroke of luck; and the faces brighten all down the bazaar-arcade as the Englishman, with the omnipresent red Baedeker in hand, appears. German visitors may bring respectability, and they undoubtedly bring noise and smoke,—but they do not bring trade. They do not want the thousand and one inutilities which the foreigners purchase readily—they are not particular or elegant as to costume, and would not dream of buying the airy nothings in lace and gauze displayed in shop windows; they do not require photographs of celebrated spots in their own country—just conceive an Englishman at Scarborough buying a view of St. Paul's Cathedral!—in short, they want nothing more than a cheap hotel or lodging, a chair for their afternoon lounge, which they get without payment, and at the worst, for refreshment in the Kursaal gardens, a glass of beer, for which they will be charged one penny or twopence. It is not strange therefore that "business" is at a low ebb in this once the most fashionable and prosperous town on the Continent. A cloud undoubtedly hangs over Wiesbaden; let us hope that it has at least a silver lining!

◆

AN IRISH WATERING PLACE

"THE 'OWLISHER"

ON the south coast of Ireland stands a small seaport called Youghal, which was made famous by Sir Walter Raleigh when he planted the potato there, and introduced for the first time that delicate succulent to the people of Great Britain. I fear, however, that this fact; so intimately connected with the historic importance of Youghal, has been lost sight of by the world, and people are nowadays content to eat the potato without inquiring into its history.

Youghal is a very old town, and is situated near the mouth of the River Blackwater, which empties itself into the harbour, and flows onward to the sea. It is a quaint, ramshackle place, with long narrow streets full of tumble-down houses, and here and there the rugged remains of some ancient castle still slowly crumbling away and contesting inch by inch against the destroying hand of Time.

A little way outside the town there is a splendid beach running for miles by the sea, and a line of hills runs parallel with the beach, and affords a magnificent view of the neighbouring coast, and a broad stretch of the Atlantic Ocean. At the period in which I visited Youghal I found it full of visitors from the country, who had come there in order to "take the salt water," as they expressed it. They were, for the most part, small farmers with very large families, and from the style and mode of living they adopted it was clear that they were not overburdened with money: but Irish people can enjoy themselves on very little. They mostly "put up" at small houses in the outskirts of the town, where they were accommodated at a very cheap rate; and I was given to understand that a large party would hire one small room, and so arrange their plans that whilst half of them went to bed for the first portion of the night the other half wandered about in the open air, coming in at say, twelve o'clock and taking possession of the apartment until the morning. This was economy with a vengeance, but it was a matter of simple necessity with them. They spent the days lolling about the beach and the cliffs, staring at the sea when they were not bathing in or drinking it. These summer visitors were called "'Owlishers" by the inhabitants of Youghal, which is equivalent to that employed on this side of the water to characterise country people—viz., "Greenhorn," though of the two, perhaps the former is the least complimentary. But the "'Owlishers" cared very little indeed about the chaff or cajolery indulged in by the townspeople; they were proof against "the shrilling shafts of subtle wit" which were shot at them, and gave their whole attention to the restoration of their health, and the quiet enjoyment of their stay at the seaside.

Now it is a common belief among these "'Owlishers" that the salt water is a sovereign remedy for almost every disease and complaint, and during their stay by the sea they spend many hours each day applying it inwardly and outwardly with a patience and industry that show the force and strength of their faith in its curative properties.

I can recollect one morning, at a very early hour, seeing two "'Owlishers," or countrymen, walking gravely, with their hands tucked under their coat-tails, towards a large pool among the rocks, from which the tide had receded. They seated themselves by this pool, and as one of them took a tin mug from his pocket he said:—"I mane to have a few pints this mornin', Pat, seein' we must be goin' home before Thursday next," and filling the mug, he drank off its contents, and then handed it to his companion. They continued drinking until the pool had visibly grown smaller, when the gentleman addressed as Pat said, "Well, it's a wonderful stuff, no doubt, Tim, but you can't help feeling quare after six mugfulls."

"Well, the more you take, the longer you'll live," answered his companion, "an' if I wasn't goin' to have a few pints more, please God, later on, I'd finish this pool before breakfast. You know little Patsy, my boy," he continued; "well, when that child came here first I made him take near a pint for a dose,—but here's a gintleman wants a sup perhaps. You can have the mug, sir, wid pleasure."

I declined this offer with thanks, and resumed my walk. I didn't go far, being anxious to watch these "'Owlishers" taking a dip, and to observe how they behaved in front of the waves. I had reason to suspect that they were not good swimmers, and I determined to warn them against going too far if I saw any recklessness in their conduct. Before long the eldest, who was a bald-headed man of perhaps sixty years of age, approached "the sad sea waves," quite prepared for his dip. The waves rolled in in huge volumes, and fell crashing on the sand with thunderous roar, but one might walk out for half a mile nearly without danger, and enjoy being knocked about by those "wild sea horses." The aged "'Owlisher" had several holy "orders" dangling about his neck, besides a large brass crucifix that would certainly have handicapped him in a serious manner if he were engaged in a swimming match. When he reached the verge of the sea he stooped forward, and, without wetting his feet, dipped his hand into the surf, and made the sign of the cross upon his forehead several times in rapid succession. This is a common custom in Ireland with Roman Catholics before entering the water. Well, to return to our venerable friend. Having finished his religious ceremonies, he cautiously put out his leg, and touched the ocean with his big toe, drawing it back again rapidly as if it had been bitten. Gradually, however, after feeling the Atlantic several times in the manner I have described, he boldly advanced, sideways, until his knees were almost covered, and then commenced to kick about with wonderful vigour and pluck. Meanwhile his friend, a much younger man, came bounding like an Arab over the sand with every appearance of daring and spirit. I expected to see him plunge boldly in, but he stopped suddenly, and called out to his friend who was showing off by lying face downwards in the water, and feigning to be out of depth. "Is there any ground there, Pat, me boy?" The bald-headed juvenile spluttered out, "Come in, don't be afraid. I'll take care of ye, Tim, if ye can't swim." I was greatly astonished with Tim, who looked at the commencement as if he were going to swim to America, but who was evidently even a greater coward than Pat. He, however, after shivering for a few minutes, and scratching his head in a troubled fashion, entered the water in the following extraordinary manner. At each step he jerked his foot up as if he were treading on nettles; and when a wave came he jumped over it, with a loud yell of defiance at the ocean, as much as to say, "I'm the boy to jump the waves for ye!" At length they stood together and splashed one another like children—never going beyond their knees, and frequently casting suspicious glances at the horizon, as if they suspected the Atlantic had sinister designs, and ought to be closely watched. I went away feeling perfectly sure that these bathers were in no danger, and that they were not likely to be guilty of any daring or reckless conduct.

The innocence and ingenuousness of these 'Owlishers afford certain sea-faring characters about Youghal with good opportunities for imposition; and I was much amused by a pilot, named "Darby," who was a splendid hand at galling these poor people. Darby was a stout squat man, with a tough-looking bronzed face and a small pair of merry brown eyes, peering from under the shaggiest of eyebrows. He spent the days wandering about the hills facing the sea with an enormous telescope under his arm with which to descry the ships bound for Youghal. As the Youghal shipping trade is by no means extensive or important, Darby had an easy time of it, which he spent in the easiest possible manner, viz., he slept—only waking to tell lies or yarns to the 'Owlishers. I had the good fortune to meet Darby one lovely day on the hills, and spent some time in his company.

"You see, sur," he said, in reply to an inquiry, "dere ain't many ships wants pilots 'bout here; so I finds it difficult to pick up a livin'. De only ting I misses is de piece of baccy. Tank 'e, sur. I likes stronger stuff den dat. I'd as soon smoke hay as grass-cut or birds'-eye—'tisn't fit for a man, and dere's many a woman I knows in de town would turn up dere nose at it. Yes, dem 'Owlishers are queer people; dey know nothing at all—de're as ignorant as children. Dey've got no eddication whatever, an' lookin' at dere solemn faces you'd think dey were as wise as de priest. Dere's wan of dem on da strand dis moment—just look."

I looked through the glass, and saw a man standing on the shore *in puris naturalibus*. He had a large sponge attached to a piece of string, which he flung into the tide, drawing it in again, and sponging himself; thus avoiding the dangers of the deep and having all the advantage of a dip in the salt water.

"Here's some of dem comin' up de hill, sur. I declare dey'll believe anyting a man tells 'em. Just see.—'Good mornin', gentlemen,'" said Darby, turning to three countrymen who approached us.

"Good mornin', an' God save ye kindly, gentlemen," replied the 'Owlishers, seating themselves beside Darby.

"Is that a spy-glass?" asked one, pointing to the telescope.

"'Tis—an' wan of de best in de world—barrin' none," replied Darby, proudly.

"Will ye let us have a 'spy,' sur?" asked the youngest of the party.

"Wid all de pleasure in life," replied Darby. "But as it belongs to a company, I has to charge a trifle for looking tru' it."

There was a short pause, during which the 'Owlishers exchanged several nudges and winks. At length one said:

"Is it the same price for wan as two or three?"

"Dear me, no, sur. I makes a reduction when der's a party."

"What will ye give us a spy 'ach for?" asked the spokesman of the 'Owlishers.

"Well, if ye promises not to look *very* hard, I'll charge only a penny a head. Of course ye must only look wid wan eye at a time, an' den please don't scratch de glass wid yer eyelash."

The money was paid to Darby. He then in a very solemn and grave manner unscrewed the glass, and commenced brushing and rubbing the various parts with much ceremony.

"Dis was de glass dat discovered America," he said. "Christopher Columbus couldn't see land till he looked tru' it. De company dat it belongs to now paid tree tousand pounds for it; so you're in luck's way dis mornin', gentlemen," he said, turning to one of the countrymen, and handing him the glass.

The man after several trials got the right focus, and carefully shutting one eye, he looked through with the other.

"What's them black things rowling about the say?" he asked Darby, with reference to a number of porpoises which were gamboling at the mouth of the harbour.

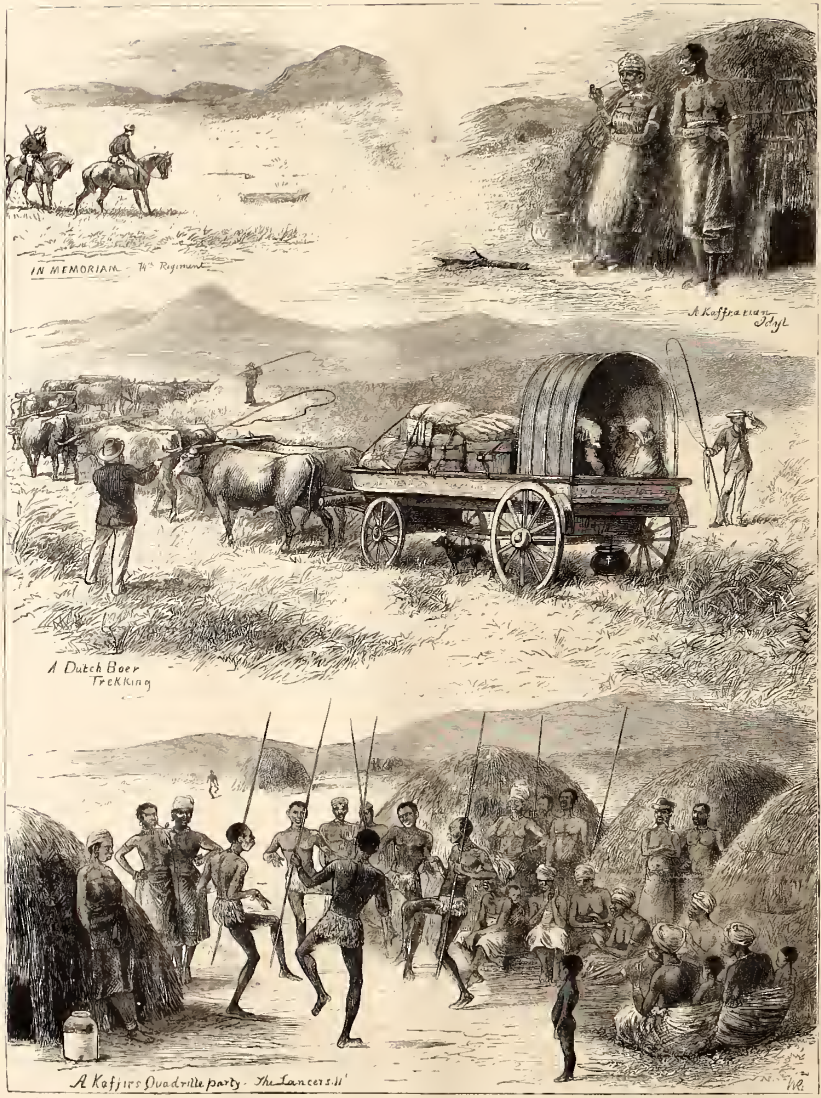
"Can ye see dere legs, sur?" asked Darby, innocently.

"No," replied the countryman.

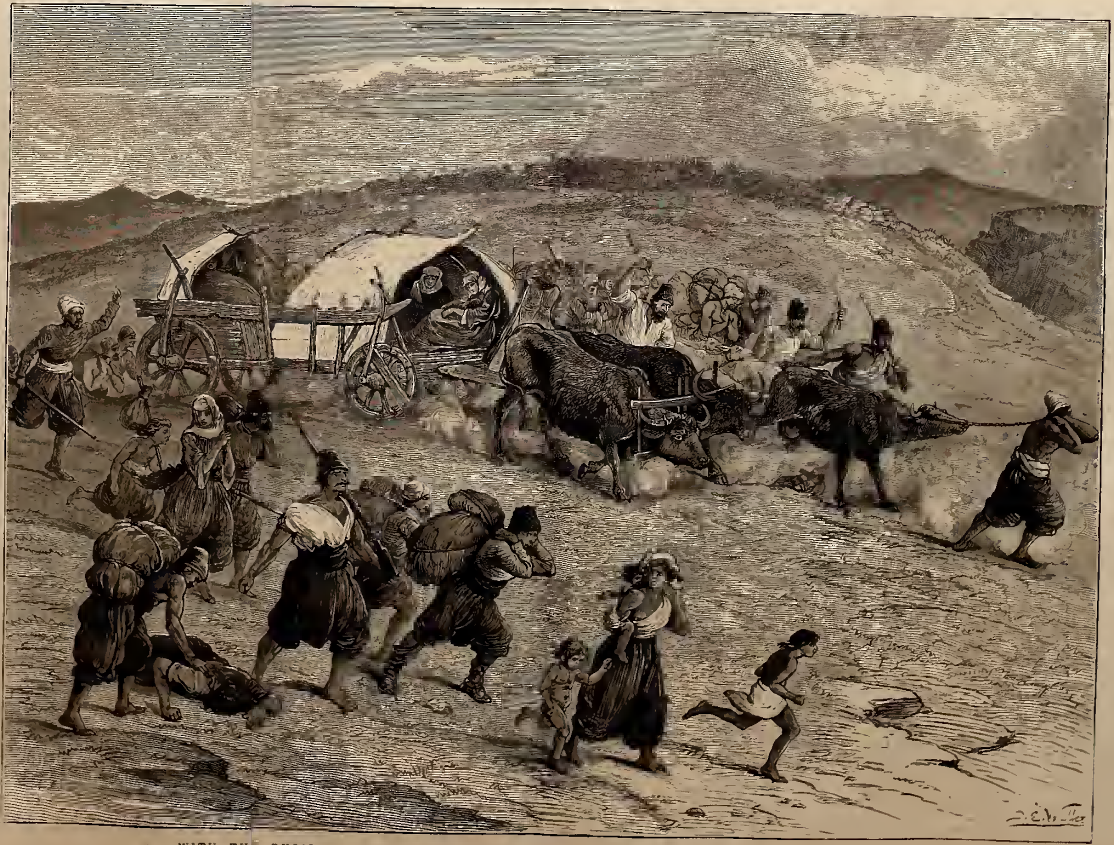
"Den dere only torpedoes placed dere by de Protestants."

"O i my!" exclaimed the 'Owlisher, as he caught sight of a

(Continued on page 262)


IN MEMORIAM - 14th Regiment
A Kaffrarian Idyl
A Dutch Boer Trekking
A Kaffirs Quadrille party - The Lancers. II
W.

THE ANNEXATION OF THE TRANSVAAL — SKETCHES IN KAFFRARIA



WITH THE RUSSIANS—BULGARIAN PEASANTRY FLEEING FROM CIRCASSIAN IRREGULARS

(Continued from page 259)

large steamer that was passing. "There's a mighty big ship, with chimneys out of her like a house."

"Dat's a Fenian cruiser, sur," said Darby, "looking out for de English Fleet. God help de English Admiral if dey catch him." And so on, with each of the countrymen, who seemed to believe every word that Darby uttered. I moved away, having had sufficient evidence of Darby's capacity to impose in the most glaring manner on the credulity of his countrymen.

I spent some days roaming about the neighbourhood of Youghal, and was delighted with the scenery and the various interesting localities which lie near the old town. The River Blackwater—called the Irish Rhine—is one of the most picturesque rivers in Europe; and a trip from Youghal to Cappoquin would well repay the most exacting tourist for his trouble. Then the cliffs around Ardmore afford an opportunity of seeing rock scenery that cannot be surpassed. To any one who has been in the habit of visiting Ramsgate, Margate, and those other noisy sea-side resorts, a visit to Youghal during the summer months would form a most beneficent change. There you can enjoy the quiet and repose of the country, with all the advantages of an excellent watering-place.

MICHAEL BARRY

SEAMEN AT CHURCH.——The Convocation of Canterbury, reporting upon the spiritual provision of English seamen, states that "perhaps the greatest present need of our men-of-war's men is on shore, rather than at sea. Much is done in seaboard parishes to counteract the good influence operating amongst men-of-war's men when on shipboard; and on the other hand much might be done in seaboard parishes to carry on the good work of the Church afloat by inviting seamen when on shore to participate in the ordinary ministrations of the Church. This is already done with good effect where the men are able to reside with their families on shore; but there does not appear to be any system prevalent of bringing to church men-of-war's men temporarily resident at sailors' homes and lodging-houses, and ports where they are strangers. For lack of such welcome by the Church, the more serious men often resort to Nonconformist places of worship, whilst too many give up on shore the worship they are wont to offer when at sea.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries, in 3 vols.
TWO TALES OF MARRIED LIFE:
HARD TO BEAR. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK; and
A TRUE MAN. By MR. C. STIRLING.
GLORY. By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS.
ONLY A LOVE STORY. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY.
A THING OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. FRASER.
ANNETTE. By the Author of "St. Olave's." 2 vols. 21s.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

THE TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE
ABBEYS, CASTLES, and ANCIENT HALLS of ENGLAND and WALES; their Legendary Lore and Popular History. By JOHN TIMBS and ALEXANDER GUNN. 3 vols. Each Volume complete in itself.
Vol. I. SOUTH. Vol. II. MIDLAND. Vol. III. NORTH.
Price 3s. 6d. each; post free, 3s. 10d.
F. WARNE and CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

THE GOLDEN PATH TO FRENCH. A Superior Introduction and Guide to the French Language. By A. F. GEULAIN.—Messrs. HACHETTE and CO., 18, King William Street, Strand; Central School Depôt, 21, Paternoster Row, E.C.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY.
"A clever *expose* of the system."—*Medical Circular.*
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES upon the Principles of Stoechiological Medicine, by JOHN FRANCIS CHURCHILL, M.D., With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stoechiological Inhalants. And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Harlop, Sterling, Bini, Santa Maria, Gonret, Mersier, Porigot, Keleriller, Galier, Trelvrient, Henobele, Feldman, Pfeiffer, Viotrai, Rougaud, Tirlaity, Lanri, Fabbri, Penegrotti, Cerari, Gualdi, Todini, Ascenzi, Regnoli, Valenlini, Casati, Birri, Borromeo, Fiorelli, and Pedeli.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 21s.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED
THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. R. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of E. Werner by Mrs. Parker. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and useful information. The gloomiest reader will find some parts of it hearty enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUNTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilised world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere for one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN discusses men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace; it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 125, FLEET STREET; 20 and 54, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

W. F. TAYLOR'S VOCAL WALTZ, IO SOGNERO D'AMOR (I'll Dream of Love to Night). Dedicated to, by permission, and sung by Madame Adelina Patti. Also, as above, "Dreamings of Love" Waltzes. 2s. post free.—SIMPSON and CO., 33, Argyll St., Regent St.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS. New Library Edition, crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth, 6s.
SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.
SONGS FOR SAILORS.
Cloth gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.
Paper wrapper, 1s.
HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill; and 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

CHUBB'S FIRE AND THIEF- RESISTING SAFES, steel-plated, and with their patent diagonal bolts, are the most secure. Chubb's Patent Latches and Locks for all purposes. Cash and Deed Boxes. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria St., St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SER- VICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£[illegible] 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

WHAT IS DETERGENT?—Deter- gent is a powder so called for its efficacy in cleansing Sponges and Hair Brushes without injury, and causing them to last six times as long as by ordinary means. Prepared by SAMUEL CANTOR, Sponge Merchant, 40, Southampton Row, W.C. Sold by Perfumers, Hair Dressers, Chemists, and Brush Makers, in Boxes, at 6d. each. A liberal discount to the trade and wholesale buyers.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturers' prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

SELLING OFF!
SPLENDID DIAMONDS!
SPECIAL BARGAINS!
REAL DIAMOND SINGLE STONE RINGS, from 35s. each; Ditto, Lady's Half-Hoop Rings, from 63s. each; Diamond Earrings, from £6 6s.; Diamond Lockets, from £8 8s. each. Loose Diamonds by weight. DYER, 51, Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, W.; 90, Regent St.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.
TAYLOR ART SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.
The Trustees and Judges appointed for carrying into effect the Trusts of the Will of the late George Archibald Taylor, Esq., in reference to the income arising from the sum bequeathed by him for the promotion of Art in Ireland, have settled the terms upon which £90 a year will be awarded (in 1878) in Two Scholarships, and One Prize to Irish Art Students.
Particulars will be furnished on application to
WM. EDWARD STEELE, M.D., Regr.
Kildare Street, August, 1877.

THE GROSVENOR SCHOOL OF ART, 16, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, W. Conducted by Miss E. BIGGY WILLIAMS. Students prepared to pass the South Kensington and Royal Academy Examinations. Classes reopen in September. Life Model and Antique, &c.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shil- ling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte- de-Visite Size, 1s. each.
Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

THE WANDERERS' CLUB, Pall Mall. The repairs to this Club being completed, it is again ready for the use of the Members.
The Club having now reached 1,378 Members, there remain only 200 VACANCIES. Annual Subscription: Town Members, 8 guineas; Country Members, 4 guineas. Entrance Fee, 10 guineas. For all particulars apply to
Major T. H. P. RENNA,
Secretary.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 197, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, Gray's Inn Road.
Established 1864.
PHYSICIAN—Dr. BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W. Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD. —Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Price lists post free.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO.
Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

MITCHAM LAVENDER.—PIESSE and LUBIN are now distilling, at their Flower Farm, the famed MITCHAM LAVENDER. Samples may be had either at the Distillery, Mitcham Road, Surrey, or at the Laboratory, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, lilac rose soap, and others, in cakes, at 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

NO MORE COSMETICS.—Dr. OU- RANIUS HEALTH SOAP removes all freckles, blotches, pimples, &c., and renders the skin beautifully white and soft. 6d. per tablet, 5s. per box of 12.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, London, S.W., or through any Chemist.

HEALTHY SKIN AND GOOD COM- PLEXION.
PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,
PURE, FRAGRANT, AND DURABLE.
THE BEST FOR TOILET, NURSERY, OR FOR SHAVING.
Recommended as "The most refreshing and agreeable balm for the Skin" by
MR. ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.
(*Journal of Cutaneous Medicine.*)
And invariably used by the PRINCE & PRINCESS of WALES and their Children. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
A Large Consignment
from a Lyons Manufacturer,
the best makes,
will be sold considerably under value.

370 pieces at 6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.
220 pieces at 3s. 9½d.	formerly 4s. 11d.

Also the following,
which are remarkably cheap:—

2s. 11½d.	formerly 3s. 9½d.
3s. 3d.	formerly 4s. 6d.
4s.	formerly 5s. 6d.
5s.	formerly 6s. 6d.
6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.

Patterns free.
AT PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES
PRETTY GRISAILLE SILKS,
2s. 6½d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d.
Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
COSTUMES, beautifully Cut
and Fashioned,
in the new Grisaille Silks,
at 4 and 4½ gs.
5 yards for Bodice.
AT PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.

For 5 Guineas	formerly 6½ Guineas.
For 7 Guineas	formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas	formerly 14 Guineas.

Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Speciality,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

BLACK SILKS.—Purchasers will find at all seasons of the year the greatest possible advantage in buying Black Silks at
JAY'S, Regent Street.

BLACK SILKS, manufactured by Messrs. Bonnet, of Lyons.—These Silks are SOLD on most advantageous terms by Messrs. JAY, and Silks manufactured by Messrs. Bonnet can be more fully relied upon for wear than any other description of Black Silks.
JAY'S, Regent Street.

SEALSKIN and FUR-LINED MAN- TLES.—There may seem out of place at this season of the year, but purchasers may rest assured that they have, by buying early, the first choice of the best furs and patterns, and can now get them at a Cheaper Cost at
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

GASK and GASK'S New TRAVELLING, YACHTING, and SEASIDE COSTUMES, made of the new Vigona Cloths, Autumn Serges, &c., from quite new and elegant Paris Models, from 2½ to 5½ gs. Fur-lined Cloaks and Sealskins are being sold at the
LOWEST SUMMER PRICES.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are
invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.
These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.
Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

A WIDOW LADY, who has many little Children entirely dependent on her, earnestly begs for orders for most exquisite etchings of animals. A beautiful specimen etching sent, with particulars of her case and references (if desired) on receipt of 5s. in stamps.—Address IDA, Ruan High Lanes, Grampound, Cornwall.

HENRY GLAVE'S "NOTICE"
of the SALE of
HENDERSON and LANYON'S STOCK.
Ladies and Children's Felt Skirts.
Cambric, Satin, and Velvet Skirts.
Ladies' Outfitting and Underclothing.
A variety of Children's Underclothing.
Children's Frocks and Dresses.
Rich Needle Worked Robes.
Ribbons, Fancy Bags, Baskets.
Berlin Wool, Scotch Yarn.
Worked Cushions, Slippers.
Screens, Stools, Smoking Caps.
Cosies, Silk and other Trimmings.
Dress Ornaments, Rich Fringes.
All kinds of Furniture Trimmings.
Plain and Fancy Haberdashery,
With various other Cheap Lots.
And having purchased the Stock by Public Tender at the large discount of 78½ per cent., we have determined to give our customers all the advantages.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NOVELTIES IN DRESS GOODS.
Autumn Shades of Colour.
Patterns post free.
Yachting Serges, 7¾d. and 10¾d. the yard.
Autumn Serges, 10¾d. a yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
Estamene Serges, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
The "Indelible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. a yard.
French Wool Estamene, 1s. 3½d.
Yachting Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d., in fine colours.
Diagonal Woven Texture, 6¾d. Figured Poplins, 7¾d.
Autumn Matelasse, 10¾d., special shades.
The "Scarboro" Twill, 1s. 0½d.
"Snow-flake" Materials, Autumn Shades, 8¾d., 10¾d., 1s. 1d., and 1s. 6½d. a yard. The "Derby" Matelasse, 1s. 2d. The "Swiss" Matelasse, 1s. 3½d. New Autumn Rink Skirting, 1s. 11½d. a yard.
French Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11d. a yard.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of Black and Coloured Silks, at Reduced Prices.
The New Figured Micado or Japanese Silks, 4¾d. to 1s. 11½d. the yard.
Yokohama Silks, 1s. 6½d.; former price, 1s. 11½d.
7,500 yards Coloured Damreen, 3s. 9½d. a yard.
50,000 yards of Coloured Dress Silks, in all the Newest Shades, 2s. 11½d. to 10s. the yard.
The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d. } A New Make of
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d. } Extreme Richness
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.
Superb Black Silks, at 7s. 11d. and 8s. 11d.
5,000 yards Rich Lyons Black Silk, in three qualities:
No. 1 Quality Black Silk, 2s. 11½d. a yard.
No. 2 Quality Black Silk, at 3s. 11½d.
No. 3 Quality Black Silk, at 4s. 11d.
A job lot of Black Silks in three prices wonderfully cheap, 1s. 9½d., 2s., and 2s. 6½d. the yard.
Black and Coloured Velvets and Velveteens.
Any Silk Patterns free on application.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
COSTUME AND UNDERCLOTHING
DEPARTMENT.
Handsome Black Silk "Princess" Costumes, 4 gs.
Japanese Costumes, various colours, 3½ gs.
Brown and Grey Snowflake Costumes, new styles, 29s. 6d.
Black Alpaca Costumes, fashionably made, 18s. 9d. to 31s. 6d.
Useful Serge Costumes, for Travelling or the Seaside, 21s. 6d. to 2 gs.
Black Velveteen Costumes, 2 to 4 gs.
A variety of Useful Costumes in Mixed Fabrics, from 18s. 9d. to 25s. 6d. each.
A serviceable Servant's Costume, at 14s. 9d.
Morning Wrappers, in Coloured Flannel, 18s. 9d.
Printed Cambric Morning Wrappers, 7s. 11d. each.
A New Underclothing and Outfitting List for Ladies and Children, with Illustrations, sent post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
Galatea Stripes, with plain to match, at 6¾d. and 11½d. a yard; Cambric Matelasse, in Brown, Blue, and Black, at 6¾d.
Fine Checked Lawns, at 6¾d.; Stylish Linen in Checks, at 6¾d.
Soiled Lace Curtains, handsome patterns, 9s. 11d. to 25s. the pair; very handsome.
Silk Embroidered Cloth Covers, 2 yards square, in Green, Crimson, and Maroon, 9s. 11d.
Double Width Costume Serge Blue, only 54 in. wide, 1s. 0½d. a yard.
Double Width Costume Serge, in all colours, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 11½d.
Double Width Costume Meltons, 2s. 6½d. and 2s. 11½d. a yard.
Double Width Costume Cloths, 2s. 11½d. and 3s. 11½d.
Double Width Twilled Venetian Cloth, 4s. 11d.
All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
VELVET CARPETS, &c.
EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862; DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

DEANE'S TABLE CUTLERY, celebrated for more than 150 years, remains unrivalled for quality and cheapness. The stock is extensive and complete, affording a choice suited to every purchaser.

Ivory Handles.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Table Knives, doz.	16 0	19 0	22 0	25 0	30 0	35 0	40 0
Dessert ditto „	14 0	16 0	19 0	21 0	27 0	30 0	34 0
Carvers, pair	6 0	6 6	7 0	8 0	9 0	10 6	13 0

DEANE'S FENDERS & FIREIRONS. DEANE and CO.'s Show Rooms for these goods contain a large, cheap, and choice variety of patterns.

Fenders, Drawing Room	£2 5	£3 3	£6 6	£11 11	£15 0
Fire Irons ditto	1 5	1 15	2 2	4 10	5 10
Fenders, Dining Room	0 17	1 4	1 10	2 5	4 4
Fire Irons ditto	0 10	0 15	1 1	1 10	2 5

Bed Room Fenders, 3s. to 18s.; Fire Irons, 3s. to 12s.
Deane and Co.'s Catalogue, with furnishing Estimates post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

AUTUMN SEASON, 1877.

AS A CATERER for Public Patronage, I again beg to announce that my List for the Autumn Season is now complete. Few London Traders are in a position to submit the selection I offer to the Public, and no one surpasses me for variety, good taste, and excellent value. I have a splendid selection of Dress Materials, suitable for all purposes and any position in life. It would be quite impossible to enumerate the mass of patterns that represent my stock; I will content myself by mentioning just a few of the most notable goods and the regulation dress fabrics, such as Merinos, Cashmeres, Velveteens, &c., of which every lady knows the intrinsic value. In these goods I claim Cashmeres and Merinos as my Speciality, and feel justified in saying I can defy every Trader in England to touch me either for Quality, Colour, or Value.

JAMES CHAPMAN, Notting Hill.

Sept. 15, 1877.

CONTINUED DEPRESSION IN THE LYONS SILK MARKETS.

BLACK SILKS.

RICH THICK CORDED Gros Grains, 4s. 11d. per yard, superb in colour and finish, equal in value to those usually sold at 7s. 11d. with as much appearance as Messrs. BONNETS' at 15s. per Yard. WILL WEAR as well as any Silk than can be bought at the same price in England, but Ladies must not confound them with my celebrated IMPERIAL Silks, which are altogether a different manufacture.

JAPANESE SILKS.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT IN LONDON TO SELECT FROM.

In consequence of the depreciation in the value of silk, I am compelled to reduce the whole of my Japanese Stock very nearly to what they cost me. The new tariff is as under:

Brilliant quality . . . 1s. 11½d. per yard.
The richest quality made . . 2s. 3½d. "

VELVETEENS.

The great favour already accorded to Velveteens this season is a sufficient indication of their popularity, and no wonder! For what with their extreme usefulness combined with the handsome and rich appearance which is the distinguishing feature of these highly finished goods, they form a costume which is matchless at the price. In Coloured Velveteens the new winter shades look most superb, and in Blacks. This beautiful fabric is better than ever, having quite a regal effect. Prices 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d. per yard.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES'

DANISH SILK-FINISHED TINTED ALPACAS

(AS WORN BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES).

Alpaca has always been a favourite dress material, and it certainly has not lost its popularity during the last few years. Since I had the good fortune to introduce the celebrated Danish Silk-Finished Tinted Alpacas to the public, the annual sale has more than trebled. The manufacture is brought to such perfection that for many purposes Alpaca is used in place of Silk. Imitations of it are numerous, but not one has ever been made to compare with the genuine article for brilliancy and lightness. The most perfect and by far the largest assortment to select from in the metropolis. Over fifty new tinted shades, any length cut, 1s. 11½d. per yard, 28 inches wide.

FRENCH CASHMERE.

It is legitimate to suppose when so many imitations are produced of one special fabric, that the material itself should be perfection; and, correctly speaking, that is the only word that will convey an idea of the French Cashmere I now advertise. It is really quite perfect—in colour, in quality, in value, in effect—in everything that goes to make up a beautiful dress. They are specially dyed to match my silks, and cannot fail to elicit unqualified admiration. 46 in. wide, 3s. 3d. per yard.

FINEST FRENCH MERINOS

(INDIA CASHMERE FINISH).

Are better than ever, finer, purer. The dyes, if possible, are more perfect. In one colour I have no less than eleven shades, all clear, distinct tones. The patterns of these highly finished goods are alone sufficient to tempt one to buy. They convey the idea of a pretty dress immediately you see them. The sale I had for these goods last season was so immense that, anticipating an equally large, if not larger, demand this year, I have secured an unlimited supply from the chief French houses in Roubaix, covering the whole winter season, which will, I think, enable me to execute every order I receive, so that I shall not have the annoyance of being compelled to decline the patronage of any lady. 44 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. per yard.

ALBATROSS CLOTH.

These truly exquisite cloths, "having no admixture of Cotton or Silk, thereby rendering them quite impervious to rain, sun, or sea-water," are the most stylish plain woollen fabrics it has ever been my fortune to buy. I recommend them with great confidence, feeling certain that they will give unlimited satisfaction. 30 in. wide, 1s. 11d. per yard.

CAMEL HAIR CLOTH.

A most notable looking Fabric. One of the charms of this novelty is the weight; for though its appearance would suggest it being excessively thick and heavy, it is so light that a length of 20 yards weighs less than 6 lb. For promenade and out-door Costumes it will be a leading favourite. 26 in. wide, 2s. 9d. per yard.

SNOWFLAKE TWEED.

The white thread that is woven in little uneven patches across the Tweed is the origin of its name, and will convey some idea of its appearance. When judiciously combined with the plain cloth, this Tweed makes up most effectively; and being very inexpensive, it will undoubtedly prove a most desirable dress to ladies who are not disposed to give much money for their requirements. 26 in. wide, 1s. 6½d. per yard.

SERGES.

If anything new could be said respecting Serges, the set of patterns now before me would most certainly enable me to do so. The variety seems unlimited, and the various prices, ranging from 6¾d. to 3s. 11d. per yard, will meet the requirements of all classes. Twelve yards of Serge, costing 6s. 9d., is a marvel of cheapness and durability, and, if space permitted, I could eulogize each quality on its merits, until I am afraid my readers would get tired of reading them.

SAXONY WOOL.

No Costume could be prettier than one made of fine closely-woven Saxony wool. It is highly dressed, and looks like a faced cloth, and when trimmed with the arabesque galloons that are now so fashionable, is in perfect taste. Some beautiful shades in light browns will be found in this range of patterns. 26 in. wide, 1s. 6½d. per yard.

FRENCH TWILLED FLANNELS.

Twilled Flannels is now a recognised Material for Dresses, and very pretty and useful they are. For Winter Wear, the Double Milled Goods are recommended as being extra warm, particularly for children. The novel tones of colour that are fashionable this season have all been produced in these beautiful goods, the rich shades of orange and the favourite Mandarin being conspicuously noticeable. Some exquisite shades of Drab will merit attention. All are perfectly fast colours. 30 in. wide, 1s. 11½d. per yard.

THE GEM.

"I was quite surprised to find it was only 1s. per yard, it really looks worth 2s." was a remark passed upon this very cloth the other day by a lady; and in my experience I have always found ladies very keen judges of dress goods. I don't doubt but it will be the verdict of the general public, for it is very neat and very good.

HALF-A-SOVEREIGN FOR A FRENCH-WOVE CORSET.

Richly embroidered in every gore, also entirely down front. A beautiful specimen of French workmanship. Admirably suited for the present cuirasse bodices, being a deep corset with spoon busk. Size of waist only requisite. Forwarded to any part of the Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O.

SKIRTINGS.

Now that every dress is made of a plain material, and more or less looped up, the under skirt becomes as much a matter of consideration and importance as the outer dress. To meet this necessity, manufacturers have produced some most striking and effective materials for the purpose. Some have a multiplicity of fine lines, making a complete and pleasing whole, while others are quite simple, with broad black stripes a couple of inches or more wide. There are many styles, suitable for all tastes. The patterns, unfortunately, fail to convey an adequate idea of these goods, but my customers will allow for that. In all cases it must be remembered the stripes go longitudinally; 45 in. wide. Prices 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11½d., 3s. 11½d., and 4s. 11½d. per yard.

COMPLETE SETS OF PATTERNS FORWARDED TO ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE SAME DAY AS RECEIPT OF ORDER.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

First Show of
AUTUMN GOODS.
We are now offering a special purchase of

PARISIENNE SILKS

of extreme richness in new shades,
at 5s. 6d. per yard.
Usual price for this quality, 8s. 6d. Patterns free.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF

BLACK SILKS (extra width),

at 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yd. Patterns free.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS

to match every Silk.
Short pile, well covered, suitable for Gowns,
6s. 11d. per yard, any length cut. Patterns free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,

having concluded the purchase of large quantities of

SEAL FUR SKINS

and Squirrel Furs, they are now on sale as quoted below.
Russian Seal Fur Jackets, loose shapes,
24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Ditto fitting shapes, 30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 20 guineas.
South Sea Seals, loose shapes, 2 to 4 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN

MANTLES AND PALETOTS,

Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 8 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL

CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.

The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

NEW AUTUMN GOODS.

SILK COSTUMES

of the most fashionable description, in all the new colours from Paris Models, commencing at 5½ guineas.

THREE HUNDRED

BLACK SILK COSTUMES,

at 4½ guineas. These Dresses are made from good Lyons Silk, and are specially recommended.
5 yards Silk given for bodice.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR

EARLY AUTUMN DRESSES,

In every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour,
From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.

This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.

SCARBOROUGH SERGES (all wool),

at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free.
In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS

VELVET-FINISHED VELVETEENS,

beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black,
from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades
of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES,

45 inches wide, 17s. 6d. the Dress. Patterns free.
The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

New Designs in
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Travelling Costumes, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Mikado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing,

and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d.
E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S

EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.—

This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER

PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest

purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.

Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who

suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of Imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says:

"Laxora Lozenges, P. Gugot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

TOOTH-ACHE.—INSTANT CURE.

Forms a stopping, saves the tooth.
J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief. Of chemists, 1s. 1½d. per packet.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS

POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale, RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,
CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR
UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL PRIZE MEDAL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.

Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL
awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeck, Park Place.

PARIS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.
Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.

The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful to Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN

COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 8d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; Indian corn, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; barley meal, 4s. 8d. per bushel, or 17s. 6d. per sack; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

JOHNSTON'S (THE OLD HOUSE) CORN FLOUR IS THE BEST.

"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, in packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street,

London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their

CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—

Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | "THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."

Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS., 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES

Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES."

Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

PURE AERATED WATERS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—

Crystal Springs. Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and for Gout, Lithia and Potass. Corks branded "R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN," and every Label bears their Trade Mark. Sold everywhere, and wholesale of R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales. LONDON AGENTS: W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY.

Property of the French Government.

CELESTINS.—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.

HAUTERIVE.—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.

GRANDE-GRILLE.—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.

HOPITAL.—For Stomach complaints, &c.

VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.

CAUTION.—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

"FER BRAVAIS."

BRAVAIS' DIALYSED IRON.

THE ONLY PURE SOLUTION OF IRON WITHOUT ACID.

"IRON and OXYGEN combined, to the exclusion of all Acids, or soluble Hydrate of Peroxide of Iron."
Vide Dr. J. RENGADE'S Report.

Prepared by RAOUL, BRAVAIS, and CO., 13, Rue Lafayette, Paris; London Office, 8, Idol Lane, Tower Street, E.C.
FIRST BRONZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875.
SOLE PRIZE, PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION, 1876.

This admirable Preparation does not CONSTIPATE, or disturb the digestive organs, and neither injures nor blackens the teeth. Its effects as a reconstituent are rapid and certain. IT HAS NO STYPTIC TASTE, and it is admirably adapted for all continuous treatment by Iron, possessing all the advantages of this MOST APPROVED TONIC in the highest degree. N.B. A LONDON PHYSICIAN WRITES: "I have given it to patients who have been unable to take Iron in any other form." PRICES: Bottle, full size, 4s. 6d.; small ditto, 3s.; in Card Box with drop measure complete. N.B. The full size bottles contain sufficient for about two months' regular treatment.

To be had of all leading Chemists and Druggists.

DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my

letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will entirely do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.

JASON ROTHA,
Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877.

GLYKALINE,

THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS MEMBRANE.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy

Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in

Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes.

GLYKALINE is prepared by LEATH

and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE,

THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF in
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Tooth-

ache; its timely use frequently obviates the necessity of having a tooth extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all

cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloureux.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse,

Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 29th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all

parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and, in some cases, is successful by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,

THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agree-

ably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation

for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all

whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation

or Excoriation of the Skin.

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of

vegetable origin (without mineral admixture), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful

and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,

THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses

the Teeth from Tartar and all incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases

the whiteness of the Teeth, heightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in con-

formity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invalu-

able to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the substance, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the

external smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens

the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in

use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared

in bottles, 1s. 1½d.; by post, 1s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W.; and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S

PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES
Gratis and Post Free.

MERCHANT SHIPPERS and the

TRADE supplied on the most LIBERAL TERMS with all HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, both MEDICINAL and DIETETIC.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE.

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter.

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at Immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	[illegible]
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA (New Edition)	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s; Septet, 2s each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 3 vols., price 6s each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

HENRY F. LIMPUS'S NEWEST SONGS.

Eremmote. 3s.	Slumber Song. 3s.
The Skylark. 3s.	The Lifeboat. 3s.

Free for 18 stamps each.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

NELSON'S VICTORY.—A happy transcription for the Piano of Braham's fine old Song, "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," by GEORGE FRED. WEST. Post free for 24 stamps.

THE ENGLISH FLEET. Quadrille on Popular Melodies. Illustrated. Composed for the Piano by J. PRIDHAM. Post free for 24 stamps.

A SINGING QUADRILLE. Illustrated. Composed for the Pianoforte by COTSFORD DICK. Post free for 24 stamps.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

DON'T FORGET ME: a new and very sweet Song. By CIRO PINSUTI. Haunts the Memory. Compass C to D. Also, by same composer, "In Shadow Land." The same arranged as piano solos by BRINLEY RICHARDS. All post free for 18 stamps each.

WHAT SHALL I SING TO THEE? For soprano or tenor. The favourite song of the day. Words by REA. Music by CIRO PINSUTI. 3s.; post free at half-price.

London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE LAND OF LOVE. New Song. Written by the Rev. E. DUDLEY JACKSON. Music by CIRO PINSUTI. 3s. "Very sweet and impressive."—*Liverpool Journal.* "The melody is one that lingers on the ear."—*Norwich Mercury.* "Charming music."—*Orchestra.*

CIRO'S PINSUTI'S NEW VOCAL DUETS, for Soprano and Contralto, 4s. each, post free at half-price—*i.e.*, "Sunrise," "Sunset," "When Life is Brightest," and "The Time of Youth."—London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street. Order everywhere.

MUSIC FOR THE SEASIDE.

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. New Numbers. Price 1s each, post free, 1s 2d.

Arthur Sullivan's 10 Songs.	Raff's Piano Album.
Santley's 10 New Songs.	Rubinstein's Piano Album.
Virginia Gabriel's 10 Songs.	Brahm's Piano Album.
A. S. Gatty's 10 Ballads.	Lamothe's Waltz Album.
Longfellow & Balfe's 10 Songs.	Waldteufel's Waltz Album.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London, W.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Celebrated Song. The Waltz of the Season.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.

THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.

THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.

THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.

THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above Instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also Illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

DRUMMER-BOY'S POLKA. By ARDITI. Great success. Re-demanded nightly with acclamation. "'The Drummer Boy's Polka,' by the same composer, introducing the drummers of the Coldstreams, was likewise uproariously re-demanded."—*Daily Telegraph.* Price 3s.—A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

LE TORTORELLE VALSE. By ARDITI. Also encored nightly. "A delightfully flowing and melodious valse, from the pen of Signor Arditi. 'Le Tortorelle' obtained a hearty encore."—*Daily Telegraph.* Price 4s.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Piano-FORTE SCHOOL.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).— Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.

Part 2. VOCAL.

Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.

Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.

Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE METHOD.

Price Five Shillings.

This unrivalled work is now firmly established as *the* Pianoforte Instruction-Book in nearly all the principal educational establishments in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States of America, India, Australia, New Zealand, &c. It is supplied direct by the Publishers, or may be had of any Music-seller in the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

GAVOTTE, in E Minor. By Silas. Played by Madame Essipoff at her Concerts in England and America with immense success. A new edition of this celebrated Gavotte is now ready. Price 3s.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GALOP OF THE SEASON.

GO BANG! New Galop by Charles COOTE, Jun. Equal in every way to the well-known "Roulette," "Archery," and "Croquet" Galops by the same popular Composer. Price 3s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BEN-NETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s	d
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Inquiétude (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liederlein (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	1	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 148, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

HENRY KETTEN'S PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS.—Berceuse, 4s.; Ronde des Djinns, 4s.; Souvenir de Naples, 4s.; La Douleur, 4s.; Sarabande, 4s.; Petite Valse, 3s.; Serenade Espagnole, 7s. 6d., &c.—Published by W. CZERNY, 349, Oxford Street. Sent post free at half-price.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,

Mansion House Buildings, City, London.

The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
3¼ inch ivory, per doz.	15s. od.	11s. od.	7s. od.
3½ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. od.	15s. od.	7s. od.
3½ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. od.	16s. od.	7s. 6d.
3¾ inch ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. od.	22s. od.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine ivory, per doz.	34s. od.	24s. od.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.

Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,

76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.

The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.

ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.

LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST.

All Music post free at half-price.

I'D RATHER BE AN ENGLISHMAN. National and Patriotic Song by JOHN HART. "This song cannot fail to awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of all who hear it. The words are excellent, and the music is bold and stirring." Published in G for baritone or bass, and in C for tenor. Post free, 18 stamps.

WE ROAM AND RULE THE SEA. New Song. Words by Dr. W. C. BENNETT. Music by J. B. WALDECK, for baritone or bass. "At the present moment it would be difficult to meet with a song more worthy of a hearty reception, or more likely to prove acceptable to a British audience." Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONG by FLORIAN PASCAL. —DAWN-SONG (Aubade), with English and Italian Words. Sung with the greatest success by Signor Giannini at Arditi's Concerts. Post free, 24 stamps. The special attention of Tenors is invited to this most artistic and effective song.

PINSUTI'S POPULAR SONGS.

The Rose. Descriptive Song. Sung by Signor Foli. In E and G. 4s.

I Love My Love. Soprano, B flat, or Contralto, A flat. 4s.

What We Have Loved We Love For Ever. 4s.

Wilt Thou Be Mine. 3s.

The Maiden's Flower Song. 3s.

Love Will Shine All Through. 4s.

The Owl (Baritone or Bass). 4s.

"The above songs are universally acknowledged to be the finest productions of this most talented composer."

CAMPANA'S FAVOURITE SONGS.

Hertie's Mistake. 4s.	Why Blooms the Rose. 3s.
Loving and Beloved. 3s.	Far from My Eyes. 3s.

From Distant Lands. Sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling.

Also his very popular Duet—

Children's Voices. 3s.

SHALL I WEAR A WHITE ROSE? New Song. By EMILY FARMER. Poetry by SAVILLE CLARK. This charming Song is now being sung by Madame Trebelli at her Provincial Concerts with perfect success. Published in E flat and G, for Soprano or Contralto. Post free, 24 stamps.

VERY SUSPICIOUS! H. Clifton's renowned Serio-Comic Duet for Lady and Gentleman, introducing popular songs. Also, the Medley Duet, "Love and Pride." "Just the thing for penny readings and amateur concerts." Either sent free, 24 stamps.

ROBINSON CRUSOE! H. Clifton's enormously popular Comic Medley. Humorously Illustrated. "His songs are always free from the vulgarity which is unfortunately characteristic of some modern comic songs." Lists of Clifton's Comic and Motto Songs gratis.

EDWARD TERRY'S COMPLAINTS, or, THE ILLS OF LIFE AND THEIR REMEDIES. By E. TERRY. "This song, without doubt, is one of the funniest of modern comic songs, and cannot fail to elicit the most hearty applause wherever sung." The recital of his complaints by the author is always well received and encored thrice. A New Edition now ready, with Comic Illustration of the Author, sent post free for 18 stamps.

POPULAR COMIC SONGS.

The Agreeable Young Man	Harry Clifton.
Don't Be After Ten	Do.
Artful Joe	Geo. Leybourne.
Captain De Wellington Boots	Do.
The Fairy Queen	Do.
Father Says I May	Do.
Ephriam Fox	Henry Clark.
Glycerina	Walter Howard.
It's Very Aggravating	G. Hunt.
Keep It a Secret	G. W. Moore.
Oh Nicodemus	Fred Coyne.
Paddy's Dream	G. Ware.

All the above are illustrated; may be sung anywhere by anybody, and sent post free, 18 stamps each.

POPULAR MOTTO SONGS.

Broken Down	Harry Clifton.
Pulling Hard Against the Stream	Do.
Seventy-two and as Hard as Steel	Do.
Shabby Genteel	Do.
Wait for the Turn of the Tide	Do.
Pull Slow and Steady	Harry Lynn.
Out in the Green Field	Walter Field.
Shew the Thing That's Wrong, Friend	

All the above are specially recommended, being full of point and entirely free from all vulgarity. Post free, 18 stamps each.

HARRY HUNTER'S MOTTO SONGS.

Cheerily Ever.	Nulli Secundus.
Keep a Good Heart.	Take Things as They Are.
There's Danger in Delay.	Jolly Good Humour.

Post free, 18 stamps each.

HARRY HUNTER'S COMIC SONGS.

It Hasn't Happened Yet.	Kiss and be Friends.
Lodging I Roam.	The Fancy Fair.
I Saw Esau.	Peter Perfect.

I'm Sorry I Made the Remark.

Doctor Says I'm Not to Be Worried.

Post free, 18 stamps each. A List of 60 Songs by Harry Hunter sent free on application.

HARRY HUNTER'S BANJO SONGS, as sung by Walter Howard with the greatest success at St. James's Hall.

Get Out.	Poor Thing.

His Name was JoshuA.

Post free, 18 stamps each.—Note. There is no restriction on these songs.

HOW THAT POOR GIRL SUF-FERED FOR ME. New Song by HARRY HUNTER. Sung Nightly by Walter Howard, and always encored. Illustrated with portrait of the singer in character. Post free, 18 stamps.

HOBART PASHA MARCH. By MICHAEL WATSON. Just issued. With splendid portrait in colours of this celebrity. Price 3s.

H. WEIST HILL'S COMPOSI-TIONS, performed with great success at the Alexandra Palace.

VALSES.	POLKAS.
Alma. 4s.	Gertrude. 1s. 6d.
Son Image. 2s.	Belle of the Promenade. 1s. 6d.
True Love. 2s.	

Gavotte, Madame de Pompadour (Beautifully Illustrated). 2s.

Bashi Bazouk Galop. 1s. 6d. Osmanli March. 1s. 6d.

To Paris in 10 Hours Galop. 1s. 6d.

Review—"Marked by far more thought and musical ability than dance music usually is."

ARDITI'S L'INGÉNUE. Morceau a la Gavotte. 3s. Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.

Berceuse. 3s. Also for Small Band, 1s. net.

La Princesse. 3s. (Gavotte). Also for Small Band, 1s. net.

Performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts.

Per le Lac, Barcarolle Meditation. 3s.

Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.

Pavane Royale de Louis XIV. 3s.

Air de Ballet. New Simplified Edition by Arthur Grenville. 3s.

Thematic lists of this favourite composer's sent free on application.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—AUTREFOIS (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). This charming little morceaux has already run through several editions, and seems likely to rival the ever popular "Danse Favorite" of the same composer. Post free, 18 stamps.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—UN BIJOU PERDU.—"M. Pascal is to be congratulated upon having rescued from oblivion this really exquisite little gem, the melody of which is so captivating that we venture to predict for it great popularity." As piano solo, now ready, 18 stamps.

CATALOGUES GRATIS AND POST FREE.

Shipping Orders on most favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ROYAL WORCESTER CHINA, from the celebrated ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS, can be obtained from OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, who are also SOLE VENDORS of the CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICES (ewer, basin, &c., complete—9 pieces), from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive price lists of the same can be had post free on application.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

DINING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZMANN and CO.—Handsome Mahogany Dining-Room Suite, consisting of a Couch, Six Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, well upholstered in best leather, price 20 guineas; Superior ditto in Oak or Spanish Mahogany, with handsome Lounge, Six Stuffed Back Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, upholstered in best leather, and finished in a superior manner, price 28 guineas; Handsome Early English and Mediæval Dining-room Suites, in Oak, consisting of a large Divan Lounge, Six Chairs, and Two Noble Easy Chairs, upholstered in best leather and finished in the best possible manner, price 35 gs.

THE SANDRINGHAM EASY CHAIR, full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable for any room, price 35s.; lady's ditto, smaller size, 25s. Also the Sandringham Couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable, price 2 guineas. Every one about to furnish should see these marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and despatched same day on receipt of order per post.

THE "NONPAREIL" Bedroom Suite, complete, 6½ guineas, superior to any hitherto produced at the price, in enamelled imitation of Amboyna, Satinwood, or any other handsome Woods—also enamelled in Drab or White ground, decorated with fine lines—any colour. Ditto, but having a larger Wardrobe with Silvered Plate Glass in door, and a marble top to washstand complete, 9 guineas.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW BLINDS and SCREENS.—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.

CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.

CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 3 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.—A quantity of ready-made carpets will be cleared out a bargain. Quotations forwarded per post upon receiving size and description required. Large-size Hearthrugs, 4s. 9d. each; super ditto, 8s. 11d.; Axminster ditto, 12s. 9d.; best Axminster ditto, 15s. 6d.—usual price, 21s.; stout Floor Cloth at 9d. per yard; Patent Linoleum Floor Cloth and Stair Cloth, from 10d. per yard; Hemp Dutch Carpet, yard wide, 8d. per yard; large Kitchen Hearth Rug, 3s. 9d.; Sheepskin Hearthrugs, from 15s. 9d. upwards; ditto mats, from 2s.

TABLE LINEN. OETZMANN & CO.

SHEETINGS. OETZMANN & CO.

QUILTS, &c. OETZMANN & CO.

CURTAIN DEPARTMENT.—Handsome Damask and Rep Curtains, from 25s. per pair, the largest, cheapest, and best assortment in London; Cretonne ditto, from 15s. per pair; Madrid stripe ditto, all wool, 15s. per pair; Muslin and Lace Curtains, elegant designs, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 to 64 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Guipure Lace Curtains, 4 yards long by 60 inches wide, 14s. 9d. per pair.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY DE-PARTMENT.—Strong bronzed Fenders, from 1s. 6d. each; super ditto, 3s 9d.; handsome drawing-room fenders, steel top, 8s. 9d.; ditto, with polished steel mouldings, new design, from 12s. 9d. to 5 guineas; fire-irons, from 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, 4s. 9d.; burnished steel ditto, from 7s. 6d. to 2 guineas per set; Japanned Oval Tea Trays, from 3s. 11d. per set of three—16, 24, and 30 inches; handsome ditto, chaste pattern, gilt and enamelled, 7s. 6d. per set; elegant ditto, from 12s. 6d. to 5 guineas per set.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adopted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

WEDDING PRESENTS, USEFUL and ARTISTIC.—Intending Purchasers should inspect OETZMANN and CO.'S vast Display of ELEGANT VASES, Lustres, Figures, Clocks, Bronzes, Pictures, Cut-Glass Decanters, Wines, Tumblers, &c.; Electro Silver Plate and Table Cutlery, best quality, at lowest possible prices. A Descriptive Catalogue post-free. Country orders taken from the Catalogue receive prompt and careful attention.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE,

THE BEST FURNISHING GUIDE

EXTANT,

POST FREE.

OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

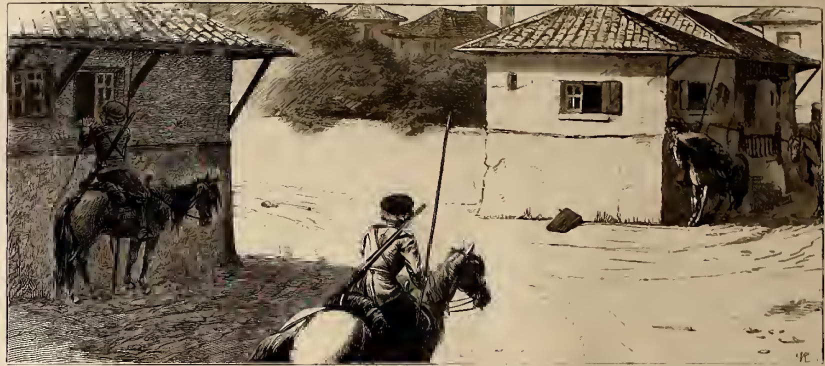
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

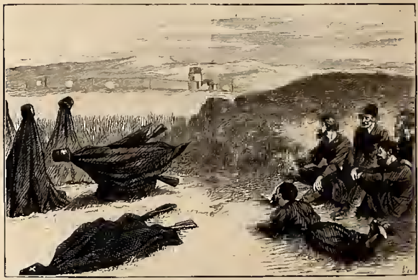
VOL. XVI.—No. 408
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1877

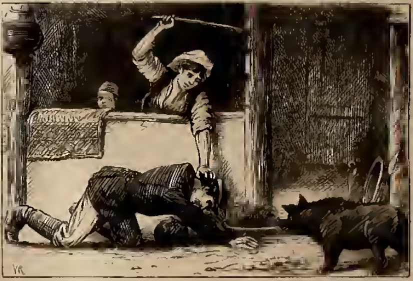
PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



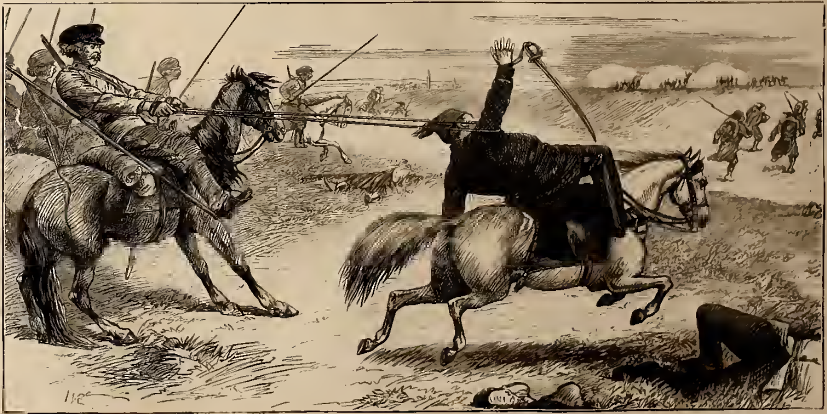
A CAUTIOUS MOVEMENT



A DUMMY COSSACK REGIMENT DRAWING THE TURKISH FIRE



"ANOTHER BULGARIAN ATROCITY"



A COSSACK CAPTURING A TURKISH MAJOR WITH A LASSO

WITH THE RUSSIANS

Topics of the Week

MARSHAL MACMAHON'S MANIFESTO.——It is difficult to believe that there are many Frenchmen who approve the manifesto Marshal MacMahon has just addressed to the nation. A more insolent and foolish document has rarely been written. It was of course to be expected that he would defend the policy he has pursued, and exalt his services to France. But he has gone far beyond this. He has had the audacity to tell the electors the precise character of the representatives whom they must send to Versailles. They are free, he assures them, to do as they like; but at the same time they must do exactly what he tells them. Only good Conservatives must be chosen to aid him in the task of governing France. If France replies by choosing Radicals, the Marshal will not resign his office, nor will he submit to the dictation of the majority; he will continue his present policy, maintaining in this singular manner the Constitution he was appointed to defend. The most curious element of the Manifesto is the anxiety he professes respecting the Constitution. As if the object of the Constitution were not to secure that the nation shall decide its own destinies! The Marshal makes the most extraordinary fuss about upholding a system through which he is in the very act of driving a coach-and-six. Who, then, is the man that thus ventures to defy a great people? The contrast between his pretensions and his merits would be highly comic if he were not unfortunately the master of many legions, and therefore able to do an incalculable amount of mischief. The temptation to the Republicans to resent violently his despotic temper will be very great; but it is to be hoped they will have the courage to act with even more moderation than they have lately displayed. We cannot believe that France will allow herself to be made the sport of a soldier who is controlled by a set of selfish intriguers. She will answer his impertinent appeal, it is to be hoped, with a decision that will make him hesitate to enter upon the conflict for which he declares himself prepared. Should she submit to his dictation, she will forfeit the sympathy of nearly the whole of cultivated Europe.

EXPLOSIVES ON BOARD SHIP.——Most of our readers will recollect the case of the *Great Queensland.* This vessel sailed for Melbourne on the 5th August last year, with sixty-nine persons on board. She was spoken in the mouth of the Channel on the 12th August, since which time nothing has been heard of her. Some wreckage, however, drifted ashore shortly afterwards, and there can be little doubt that she was lost in the neighbourhood of Cape Finisterre. She was a sound ship, well found, well manned, and in good trim; there is no reason to suppose that she met with any bad weather, but she had on board as part of her cargo thirty tons of ordinary black gunpowder, and two tons of what is known as "patent safety blasting powder." After a prolonged inquiry, aided by the evidence of skilled witnesses, the Wreck Commissioner has come to the conclusion that this latter description of powder was of very dangerous quality, exceedingly liable to self-combustion, and that, in all probability, the loss of the *Great Queensland* was due to its explosion. The question then arises—who was responsible for this dreadful disaster? Mr. Rothery exonerates the Patent Gunpowder Company, because he holds that they adequately described the nature of the goods which they shipped, while he refrains from passing any opinion on the conduct of the owners of the *Great Queensland* in taking such hazardous goods on board their vessel. It is plain, from this decision, that the whole subject of the carriage of explosive substances by sea demands special investigation. Already, such merchandise is liable to certain restrictions of transit, for Government forbids the shipment of gunpowder or similar hazardous materials on board vessels technically described as emigrant ships. Would it not be possible to go further, and, at all events as far as our colonies are concerned, confine the carriage of such goods to a special service of vessels expressly fitted for the purpose? The cargo on board these vessels would necessarily be stowed under special inspection, and in this manner liability to accidents might be greatly diminished.

THE TWO CHANCELLORS.——Considerable interest has been aroused by the meeting of Count Andrassy and Prince Bismarck. There are not two men on the Continent who, if they chose, might exercise so powerful an influence on the progress of events, and there was something dramatic in the contrast between the circumstances in which they came together and those by which it was some time ago believed they would now be surrounded. It may, however, be doubted whether the conference resulted in anything beyond the confirmation of the policy on which both statesmen had already resolved. The broad outlines of that policy are pretty well understood. Both will be perfectly willing to help the restoration of peace when the proper moment arrives, but in the meantime they will content themselves with the *rôle* of spectators. There are politicians who still suppose that the Triple Alliance represented a genuine combination of the three Empires for certain great purposes. If this view was right, we might expect to see some intervention on the part both of Austria and Germany in favour of Russia. But, as a matter of fact, the Germans as a nation have no sympathy with Russian aims. Like the rest of the world they detest Turkish tyranny, but they do not think that the remedy for that is to set up another tyranny in its place. And they have so long been in the habit of dreading a future alliance of Russia with France that they have felt no very profound sorrow at the blows so unexpectedly dealt by the Turks at their invaders. The plain truth is that the more Russia is weakened the more confident Germany may be in regard to her own future. The majority of the Austrians have even stronger reason to be gratified at the undermining of Russian influence, for the success of Russia in South-Eastern Europe would probably mean the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Hence the rejoicings of the Magyars at the triumphs of the Turks. We may, therefore, be tolerably sure that, however the war may go, Russia will receive no effective aid from either Austria or Germany. She may be condoled with, and there may be a plentiful supply of pious ejaculations respecting Ottoman wickedness; but no practical help will be rendered. Probably the utmost that Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy did was to assure each other that, although the Triple Alliance is all very well in its way, it must not be supposed to have any particular meaning, or to involve a single definite obligation.

THE AMERICAN RAILWAY RIOTS.——Colonel Scott, a railway official of long experience, and at present the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, has done good service in calling the attention of his countrymen to the recent railway disturbances, and in suggesting practical safeguards against their repetition. Like ourselves, the Americans dislike the interference of the Central Government in local matters, and this anti-centralisation sentiment is all the more strongly felt on the other side of the Atlantic, because each State, unlike our counties, constitutes a real sovereignty in itself. Had the Fathers of the Republic, however, when framing the Constitution, foreseen that their country would be covered by a network of iron highways, traversed by steam-horses, and that obstruction or damage to any part of this system would tend to the disorganisation of the remainder, they would probably have regarded railways as an exceptional kind of property, and have placed them under the special protection of Uncle Sam. This is just what Colonel Scott demands. Piracy by sea, he says, or on the lakes, would be speedily taken in hand by the authorities at Washington; but piracy, or what amounts to piracy, by land is left to local management; and so, while the Mayor of the City was waiting for the Sheriff of the County, and the Sheriff of the County was appealing to the Governor of the State, the sky of Pittsburg was lurid with rebellious fires, many lives were sacrificed, trade was paralysed, and millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed. The most fortunate railways during this terrible crisis were those which were bankrupt, for they, being already under Government control, were efficiently guarded by the Federal authorities. And now a word on another aspect of the same subject. The vast immigration of the last thirty years has caused the United States to grow rich and powerful with a rapidity far beyond European precedent; but it has brought with it two serious evils. First, many of the immigrants were quite unfitted for American political institutions, which were intended for an educated, self-controlled people. Secondly—and, perhaps, still more serious—the native Americans left off hard manual labour. The European immigrant was to the Northerner what the negro was to the Southerner. Hence, as we have already pointed out, the exceeding bitterness of the recent outbreak. Employers and employed were alien to each other. It would be a wholesome thing for the United States if much of the immigration which flows thither were to cease for fifty years or so, until the present *colluvies gentium* had become fused into a homogeneous whole.

WORKMEN AND ARBITRATION.——The speech with which Mr. Merrick opened the Trades Union Congress at Leicester was marked by a singularly fair and liberal tone. We do not wonder that he somewhat resented the manner in which Mr. Bright, in his recent speech at Manchester, alluded to trades unions. Notwithstanding his many services to the present generation, Mr. Bright has never been in full sympathy with the deepest tendencies of the working classes. He has fought nobly to secure their political rights, but he has done little for the improvement of their lot in regard to wages and hours of labour. In the speech to which we refer he manifested a jealous spirit which does not surprise us in narrow-minded employers, but is very surprising in so great and generous a statesman. The trades unions may have done harm in their time, but they have also done a great deal of good, and workmen are quite right in maintaining them as a means of appealing to the last argument in case of a hopeless dispute. At the same time, it must be allowed that the last argument should be appealed to as seldom as possible. So much misery arises from strikes on a great scale, that they should be resolved upon only when every other method of obtaining what is demanded has failed. We are, therefore, very glad that Mr. Merrick dwelt with evident pleasure on the advantages of arbitration. He seemed to think that masters alone dislike arbitration, but it is only fair to remember that, while they have hitherto always accepted the awards of the umpire, trades unions have repeatedly declined to accept his judgment. This does not indicate a very clear understanding of the conditions of arbitration; and Mr. Merrick and others of his way of thinking would do well to make some attempt to enlighten workmen on the subject. If arbitration, conducted on proper principles, became general, the industry of the country would enter upon a new era. It would help to bring about the general elevation of the working classes, without that class bitterness which, unfortunately, attends the process at present, and is one of the chief dangers against which the nation will have to contend in the immediate future.

CEYLON.——Even when it is not paralysed by the acts of deliberate Obstructives, our Parliament accomplishes so little in the way of useful legislation that we sometimes sigh for a benevolent despotism, where there would be less talkee-talkee, and more action. Such a state of affairs is shadowed forth in Sir W. H. Gregory's attractive survey of his five years' administration of the government of Ceylon. Ceylon, is, to our fancy, a more interesting place than India. It is small enough and compact enough to be grasped intellectually; whereas India is so vast, and inhabited by such varied races, that a life-time of observation would scarcely suffice for it. Then Ceylon is styled a colony, which seems to place it in the same category with Canada and Australia, though few white immigrants repair to its shores except the enterprising Guernsey men, who probably form the majority among its coffee-planters. Again, the climate is pleasanter and healthier than that of the mainland. Though nearer the Equator than India, the heat is moderated by the surrounding ocean, while hills and mountains are so numerous that a few hours' climbing places the European in a climate akin to his own. The tale which Sir W. H. Gregory has to tell is especially pleasant to hear at a time when, in other countries equally highly favoured by Nature, men are striving their utmost to inflict mutual misery and destruction. Railways and irrigation works are advancing; Colombo is expected to become a great commercial port when the breakwater is completed; schools are looking up, and are much appreciated by the quick-witted natives; forests are being preserved; and steps are being taken to prevent the extermination of that most valuable tropical quadruped, the elephant. A scheme for connecting the island with the mainland by means of a railway across the singular chain of islets known as Adam's Bridge is pronounced to be by no means visionary; and altogether we may believe with a clear conscience that our possession of Ceylon has been a benefit to the native population.

THE SITE OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.——There is a curious diversity of opinion as to the position in which the obelisk now on its way to this country may be best displayed. The subject has been discussed for some weeks; but no single proposal commands general approval. It is, indeed, possible that the front of Greenwich Hospital would be adopted if it were nearer London; but the distance is conclusive against the suggestion. Parliament Square will obviously not do, since the bulk and height of the surrounding buildings would quite destroy the effect of the "Needle." Park Crescent, which has also been proposed, is too much out of the way; and although the area in front of Buckingham Palace is not unsuitable, there is no particular reason for putting it there rather than in any one of half-a-dozen other places. For ourselves, we should prefer to all other sites the space before the British Museum. There would be perfect fitness in its association with the building which contains so splendid a collection of the remains of ancient Art; and in the fine open ground every "point" of the Obelisk would be seen at its best. It is said that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of transport; but surely such a problem would not be beyond the resources of engineering science. Should this idea be abandoned, we agree with Mr. Bonomi, of the Soane Museum, in recommending the Northumberland Avenue site. Here the monument would be seen from many different directions;

and it would be easily set up. The railway station and bridge in the neighbourhood are not attractive works; but Mr. Bonomi points out that they "present at least horizontal lines, and thus coincide with the general laws applying to such monuments and the buildings with which they were connected." We hope, however, that before a decision is arrived at the opinion of the very highest authorities will be taken. The chance of adorning our smoky capital is too good not to be taken advantage of to the utmost possible extent.

ANGLICANISM AMONG THE ALPS.——Human nature loves contrasts, and it is a positive relief, at a time when the newspapers are filled with accounts of gigantic frauds, of famines, of shipwrecks, and of a most bloody, desolating war, to turn to a small grievance. The grievance is this, as stated by a correspondent of the *Times*. Those creations of modern luxury, the hotels upon the Swiss mountains, are none too roomy for their guests during the tourists' months. Often every bed is occupied, and travellers are glad to sleep either on or under the saloon dining-table. It is Saturday night, let us suppose, you have done a biggish day's work—figuratively speaking, you have cut several fresh notches on your alpenstock—and you are looking forward to a prolonged slumber on the Sunday morning. No such luck, however. At what you deem an absurdly early hour you are ousted from your perch by a peremptory waiter, who informs you, in the choice polyglot of the Eggischhorn, that an Englischer Pfarrer has need of the *salle à manger*, and that you must budge. The real meaning of this is that there is to be an early celebration of the Holy Communion—our informant says at the sole bidding of three Ritualistic young ladies—and that the room must be prepared accordingly. As, besides this, two regular services are held at the orthodox hours of 11 and 3, the hotel guests are deprived of this, their only sitting room, during the greater part of the Sunday. The grievance is, as we have said, a very small one, still it affords a good example of the self-complacent John Bullism of many of our countrymen, who, when abroad, are apt to act on the principle that everything ought to give way to their convenience, and that whatever is not English is wrong. Next year we hope these enthusiastic worshippers will avoid interfering with the comfort of other guests, and will follow the example of the Apostles by selecting an upper chamber, that is to say, the most spacious bedroom they can find.

THE WAR.

GRAND EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER
OF
THE GRAPHIC.

So large a number of interesting Illustrations relating to the War, more particularly of the BATTLES now raging at PLEVNA and the SHIPKA PASS, are daily arriving from our Artists with the Russians and the Turks, that it is found impossible to afford space for them in the Ordinary Numbers of THE GRAPHIC.

It has been determined, therefore, to issue these Sketches in the form of a GRAND EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER, consisting of three whole sheets, a Bird's-eye View of the Seat of War, printed in three colours, showing the Russian and Turkish positions, and the parts of Bulgaria occupied by the Russians and now retaken by the Turks, and an illustrated cover. The letterpress has been especially written for this Number, and will comprise a full and succinct account of the great battles which have recently taken place.

The intense excitement now attaching to this terrible struggle will be certain to create a great demand for this Number, which will be complete in itself, and full of ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS of the utmost fidelity. It would be advisable, therefore, to give early orders to the Newsagent in order to ensure the delivery of this special issue.

READY WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE.——*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 276 and 285.*

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½*d.*

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1*d.* thin and 2*d.* thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
} *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. {
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

NOTICE.——*The publication of* VICTOR HUGO'S *forthcoming work,* "THE STORY OF A CRIME," *will be commenced in this journal early in October, and continued weekly until completed. It will be illustrated by eminent artists. This long-expected work is looked for with the greatest interest in France, especially at the existing political crisis, as it contains M. Hugo's impressions, derived from his own observations as an eye-witness, of the Napoleonic* Coup d'État *of December, 1851.*

AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Messrs. Clifford Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, &c. Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K. Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, Leathes, Garner, E. F. Edgar, Bradbury, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames E. Ritta, Stevens, C. Jecks, I. Clifton, and Rachel Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted) at 6.45, HEARTSEASE, by J. Mortimer, Esq. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Sydney Barnes, Amy Horton, Jean Clancy. Concluding with MONTFORT. Wednesday, for the Benefit of Messrs. Sumner and Light.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday and Thursday excepted), at Seven, GARRY OWEN; OR, THE BELLES OF THE SHANNON, by J. Levy, Esq. Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Syms, George Conquest, Jun., Nicholls, Gillett, Grant, Inch, &c. Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with BLACK EYED SUSAN. On Wednesday, THE OCTOROON, INCIDENTALS, and SWEENEY TODD; Thursday, THE LADY OF LYONS, INCIDENTALS, and MARIA MARTIN. Dancing on the new Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

"TWA HOURS AT HOME."—GREAT ST. JAMES'S HALL.—TWELVE NIGHTS ONLY, commencing MONDAY, Sept. 24.—Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, at 8, Mr. KENNEDY, the Scottish Vocalist, will give his ENTERTAINMENTS on the SONGS of SCOTLAND, assisted by the following members of his Family: Miss Helen Kennedy (Soprano); Miss Marjory Kennedy (Contralto); Mr. David Kennedy (Tenor); Mr. Robert Kennedy (Tenor); Mr. James Kennedy (Baritone). Change of Programme each Evening. Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Austin's and principal Musicsellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—GREAT SUCCESS.—HAMILTON'S RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. Vivid Representations of the most Important Events of the Campaign. Magnificent Scenes of Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Belgrade, &c. Every evening at 8, Wednesday and Saturday at 3 and 8.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

WILL CLOSE ON SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.
ELIJAH WALTON.—Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings, chiefly ALPINE and EASTERN, on View and for Sale at very moderate prices. NOW OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191, Piccadilly. Ten till Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement, for SIX NIGHTS ONLY, of the Popular Comedian, Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, commencing MONDAY, September 24.

THE CONTINENT.—The Shortest, Cheapest, and Pleasantest Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is *via* the Great Eastern Railway and Harwich.
An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m., in connection with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4.45 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connection with the Steamer to Antwerp.
The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.
Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low through rates.
For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.
S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route *via* Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE TURKS

THE titles of the four illustrations in our front page are self-explanatory. The first sketch portrays the cautious movements of the advanced troop of Cossacks which invariably precede the main body of an advancing army, and occupy the villages on the line of march.

"A Dummy Regiment" depicts a regiment of foot Cossacks having an hour's amusement at the expense of their adversaries. The men themselves were safely hidden behind a hill, but had dressed up a row of sticks in their *bourkas* or cloaks, and topped with their Circassian head-gear. The Turks pounded away at this dummy regiment for a whole hour to the intense enjoyment of the Circassians, whose little joke, however, came somewhat expensive, as no fewer than sixty *bourkas* were destroyed by the Turkish fire.

"Another Bulgarian Atrocity" represents a Russian soldier receiving condign punishment at the hands of a sturdy Bulgarian woman from whose little store he had essayed to filch a water melon.

The capture of a Turkish major by a Cossack reminds one rather of a scene on the prairies of Western America than an incident on the plains of Bulgaria. Some of the Cossacks, however, accustomed to the roving life of the Russian steppes, are as great adepts in the use of the lasso as the most skilful Mexican cattle-lifter, and, as we see in the sketch, when occasion offers, put their skill to a practical use. The incident occurred at the taking of Medjidie in the Dobrudscha.

BEFORE PLEVNA—A CAVALRY RECONNAISSANCE

THIS sketch represents a cavalry skirmish before Plevna on the 30th of last August, on the eve of what Mr. Forbes calls "the third battle of Plevna." Beyond the fact that the Turks were repulsed after a sharp encounter, there is little to remark except that the troops engaged were on the one side Russian Hussars, and on the other Circassian irregulars.

FROM ISLAM TO THE LAND OF THE GIAOUR

HERE we have a convoy of Turkish prisoners, consisting both of Bashi-Bazouks and regulars, being marched under an escort of the ever useful Cossacks to Russia, where they would be interned until the end of the war secures their release. From present appearances, however, it seems as if they were likely to enjoy the hospitality of the land of *vodka* and *samovars* for some time to come.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE CAPTURE OF LOVATZ

ON Sept. 3, a few days after the Russians had resumed their advance upon Plevna, a determined attempt was made by Prince Imeretinsky and Generals Dobrovolski and Skobeleff to take the town of Lovatz or Loftcha. This town is situated to the south-east of Plevna, in a small plain surrounded on all sides by mountains. These heights were occupied by the Turks, and on two of them strong redoubts had been constructed. Operations began early in the morning, and by ten o'clock the heights on the right of the town had been taken. General Skobeleff then devoted himself to storming a ridge running from south-east to north-west, where the Turks had strongly entrenched themselves. Thanks to a tremendous shell fire from the artillery, and to the enthusiastic charges of the infantry, the attack succeeded shortly after noon, and, with the exception of a large redoubt which formed the key of the western side, all the Turkish positions were in the hands of the Russians. The Russians then opened a tremendous artillery fire upon the redoubt, and, after several hours' bombardment, charged the height furiously, and notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of the Turks, who preferred to die rather than surrender, gained possession of the position at the point of the bayonet. A few minutes afterwards the firing ceased, and the Russians definitively occupied the town. Of the two sketches above this illustration, one represents a Turkish rejoicing after a victory, where the officers join together and brew the "djonka," a species of punch composed of champagne, brandy, red wine, burnt sugar, and fruit. The burning sugar throws a weird light on all the faces around, while the effect is heightened by the mixture being stirred with a bright steel bayonet. The other sketch represents a batch of journalistic correspondents caught in bad weather.

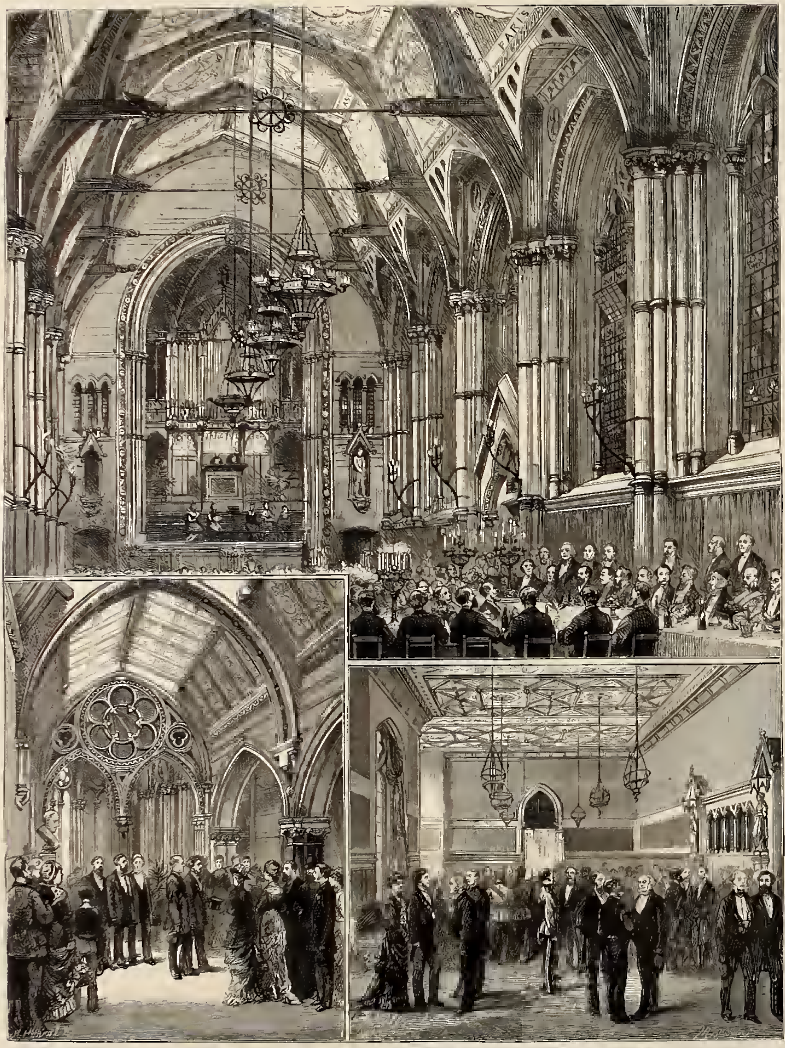
THE MANCHESTER NEW TOWN HALL

THIS noble building, which has been some ten years in course of erection, and has cost the corporation of the city 800,000*l.*, stands upon a triangular site to the south-west of Albert Square. The design is Gothic, and the architect, Mr. Waterhouse, was chosen, after an open competition, from amongst no fewer than 136 competitors. The three sides of the triangle are respectively—Albert Square, 328 feet; Princess Street, 387 feet; and Lloyd Street, 350 feet; the whole area containing 8,648 square yards. The principal front is in Albert Square, and its most striking feature is the central tower, which is 280 feet high, 36 feet square, and is divided into six storeys, independent of the belfry. In the tower is placed a fine peal of twenty-one bells, cast by Messrs. Taylor, of Loughborough, as well as a great clock and carillons, supplied by Messrs. Gillett and Bland, of Croydon. This clock strikes the hours upon a bell of seven tons, and chimes the quarters on eight bells, and has an electric connection with Greenwich. The carillon plays thirty-one tunes on seventeen bells, weighing altogether about thirty tons, and also has barrels for changes similar to ringing a peal, besides a key-board, so that any musician can play tunes upon the bells with the fingers as easily as upon a pianoforte or an organ. Taken altogether, this is said to be the largest work of the kind in the United Kingdom. The seven-ton hour-bell will be the largest struck upon by a clock in this country except that at Westminster.

The building comprises a number of council chambers, banquetting, reception and ante-rooms, besides offices for the various departments of municipal business, and in the centre is a great public hall, which contains a fine organ and some admirable marble busts of Her Majesty, the late Prince Consort, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The ceiling is panelled, and each division is filled with the arms of various towns and cities connected with the staple trade of Manchester.

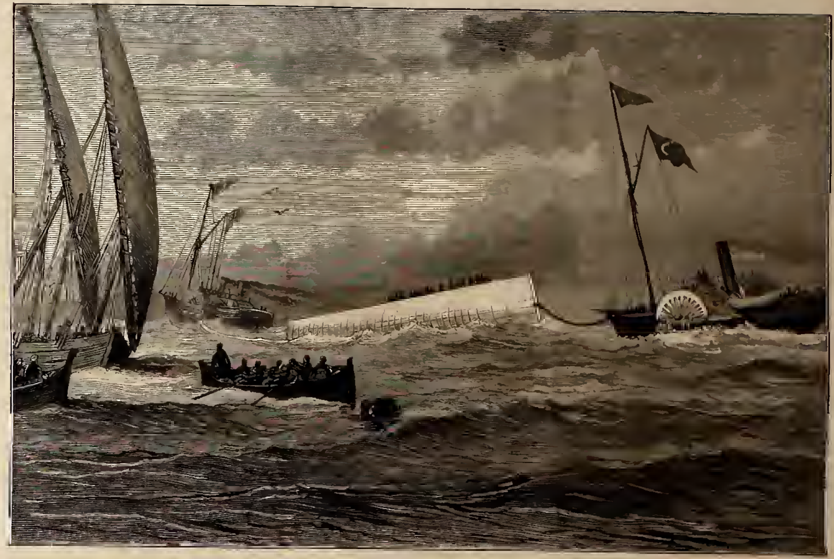
At each corner of the triangular plan is a circular staircase, giving access to the corridors which communicate with the numerous rooms and offices. These staircases are built respectively of English, Irish, and Scotch granite, and are named accordingly. The exterior of the building is ornamented with sculpture illustrative of the history of Manchester, and in one of the apartments is a fine bust of Cromwell, who granted its first charter to the town.

The opening ceremonies on Thursday last week were very simple. The Mayor, Aldermen, and other civic dignitaries walked in procession from the old Town Hall to the new one, the door of which was opened with a golden key. Then came an address of congratulation from the Town Council, and the reply of the Mayor closed the formalities. The town was decked out with bunting and flowers, and although the weather was wet the crowd of spectators was large and enthusiastic. In the evening there was a banquet in the large room of the new Hall, at which Mr. Bright was naturally the chief speaker. The inaugural festivities were kept up for three days. On the Friday the Mayor held a reception, at which Mrs. Heywood, the Mayoress, was presented with an album containing portraits of all the members and officers of the Corporation, and there was a ball in the evening. On Saturday there was a great working-class demonstration: a procession some six miles in length, and consisting of representatives of sixty-four trade and friendly societies, marched through the gaily decorated streets to Albert Square, where it was received by the Mayor and Corporation. Processionists and spectators then divided themselves into three large groups, which made their way respectively to the Pomona

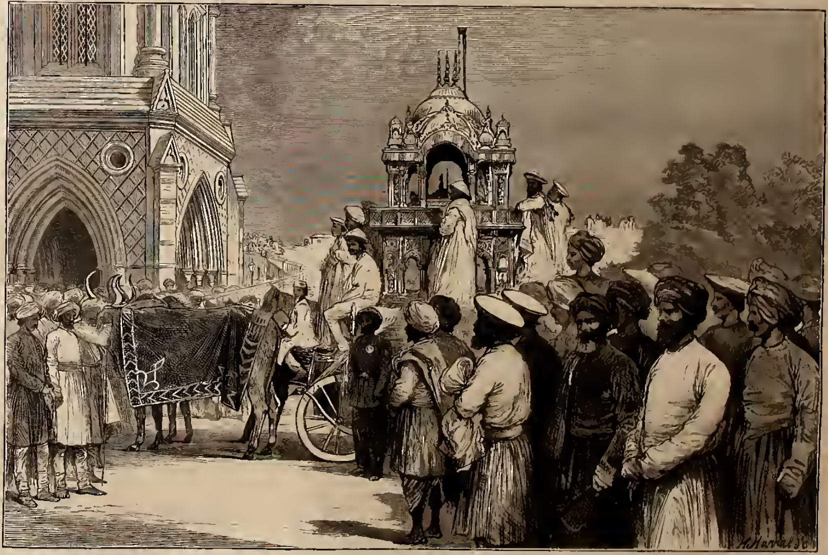


1. Banquet in the Great Hall.—The Procession Ascending the Grand Staircase.—3. The Mayor Receiving Visitors.

OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL AT MANCHESTER



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN TOW OFF ALEXANDRIA



INDIA—A SAROGI IDOL AND ITS GOLDEN CAR

Gardens, Manley Park, and Belle Vue Gardens, at each of which places special amusements were provided.

THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK AFLOAT!

On the 7th September the movement of the cylinder, begun on the 28th August, recommenced, the tugs to seaward steamed ahead, the hawsers tightened, and bit by bit it moved into deep water, the work becoming easier as the mass became more and more waterborne. Shortly before eleven in the forenoon the final move was made, when the cylinder, after making a portion of a turn more rapidly than before, was observed to rise and fall with the swell coming in from the Mediterranean, showing unmistakeably that it was at last afloat.

Shortly after the wooden casing was stripped off, and amid the cheers of the crowds that lined the shore the strange craft was taken in tow by the two tugs, one ahead and the other astern (for steering purposes), and taken round to the harbour. During the voyage, a distance of nine miles, the cylinder behaved remarkably well, and showed that in spite of the heavy swell prevailing she was not wanting in stability.—The ceremony of christening the obelisk ship was performed on the 19th inst. by the Hon. H. C. Vivian, the British Diplomatic Agent.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Charles Royle, of Alexandria.

SAROGI IDOL AND GOLD CAR

The Sarogis and Jains are identical, and are closely related, if not identical, with the Buddhists. There is intense hatred between them and the Hindu sect called Vishnuvis. To such dimensions did the feud reach in Delhi that in the interests of peace the authorities were obliged to prohibit the annual procession of Idol and Car. For years the Sarogis have petitioned Government for the liberty enjoyed by every other sect—viz., that of publicly exhibiting their idol, and at last success has attended their efforts. Our engraving represents the procession in its progress through Chandni Chouk. It is halting for a few minutes for the advantage of the crowd of spectators, under the beautiful Clock Tower and opposite the Town Hall or Institute building. The occasion was one of great triumph and rejoicing among the Sarogis, who are the richest bankers and merchants of Delhi.

SKETCHES AT GREAT YARMOUTH

The sea-coast of East Anglia is wanting in some of the attractions which characterise the shores of the western and south-western counties. There are neither beetling precipices nor picturesque piles of rocks, and the adjacent inland scenery is apt to be tame and treeless. *Per contra*, there is a bracing quality in the air which is lacking in the soft and relaxing West, there is generally a good honest sandy or shingly beach, and the bathing is excellent. Anxious mammas, with children fond of climbing, will not regret the absence of precipices, as there is less fear of accidents from falls. Add to this one special attraction of the east coast, namely, that if you are an early riser the sun leaps from an ocean-bed, and sheds his genial horizontal rays on you as you bathe, while in the evening his departing effulgence reddens the sails of all the vessels in sight, and renders the seaward prospect especially attractive.

Among the east-coast watering places Yarmouth and Lowestoft are the best known. Lowestoft is deemed the most genteel, but Yarmouth is decidedly the most amusing. The wide extent of sand that lies between the Wellington and the Britannia piers is during the month of August completely dotted over with pleasure-seekers, who never need be in want of amusements. Itinerant vendors abound who will furnish them with cakes, apples, and sweetmeats; they can have their likenesses taken in ferrotype; they can listen to negro melodies or view performing dogs; or, lastly, they can, for the small sum of sixpence, embark on board one of the excellent sailing boats which abound on the beach, and gain an hour's experience of "life on the ocean wave." At night the piers are the centre of attraction, as there is generally a good band playing on one or both of them. Then the old town of Yarmouth itself is a picturesque and peculiar place, with its network of alleys or "rows," very narrow but scrupulously clean. The cart represented in one of our sketches is specially made for traversing these narrow thoroughfares. Altogether, there is a very Dutch aspect about Yarmouth and its neighbourhood, and a sail up the river Yare especially recals the "lowlands of Holland." Our other pictures are self-explanatory.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A New Story, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," &c., is continued on page 277.

A TABLE D'HÔTE AT THE DOGS' HOME

All lovers of dumb animals must rejoice to know that the lost and starving dogs of London are not now, as was formerly the case, left to shift for themselves and drag out a wretched and loathsome existence in the streets. This excellent institution was first established in 1860 by the late Mrs. Tealby, who, assisted by Mrs. Major and a number of other ladies, commenced operations in a small stable at Holloway, from whence it was afterwards removed to Battersea, where it is now worked in connection with an elaborate system of police supervision, all stray dogs being at once "run in," and, after two days' detention at the local police station, sent to the Home, where, if they are not claimed within a fortnight, they are sold or "otherwise disposed of," an euphemism which in plain English means put to death by poison, the carcases forming excellent manure. The number of dogs received per month varies from 1,200 to 1,500, out of which a proportion of about 200 are claimed and restored to their owners. All the very old and diseased dogs are destroyed, and it is a remarkable fact that among the many thousands of animals taken to the Home, there has not been one single instance of hydrophobia. The scene depicted in our sketch is one which may be witnessed daily at the "Home," and our artist has taken advantage of the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the different breeds to parody the characters which one meets with at a *table d'hôte*, where the guests are human instead of canine. There is, for example, the aristocratic greyhound, looking most disdainfully at the motley group in whose company he declines to feed. The two curs on the left, like a couple of ill-conditioned cads, are quarrelling over their meal, whilst the greedy gourmand bull-dog, all intent upon the business in hand, is making the most of his time. Others in the centre are struggling for a good position, and on the right is seated an inexperienced little puppy, who will probably get no dinner at all, being too timid to come forward. A rush of additional guests from the open doorway in the rear completes the picture.

ON THE PARIS BOULEVARDS—A CAFÉ

Most people who visit Paris for pleasure repair thither during the warmer months of the year, and of all the sights of the gay city none perhaps makes such an impression, both by daylight and gaslight, on the hitherto untravelled Englishman as the inner line of Boulevards. Here are to be found, in delightful combination, fascinating shop-windows, shady trees, abundance of seats, a broad roadway, and a most liberal breadth of territory allotted to pedestrians. In this semi-circular, or rather triangular, thoroughfare, which extends from the Column of July in the east to the Madeleine in the west, are to be found several of the theatres, while it is especially the region of *cafés*, many of which are of great size and magnificence. In winter the guests are obliged to keep indoors, but during the warmer season, say from May till November, they overflow the pavements in front of these establishments, and become in themselves one of the most noticeable features of Boulevard existence. Persons of both sexes and of all ages are to be seen here; and the liquids they consume are of the most variegated hues, ranging from the rich brown of coffee or chocolate to the scarlet of gooseberry syrup, the golden yellow of Chartreuse, and the deadly green of absinthe. But the Parisian *cafés* are not merely pleasure-resorts. Many of them serve as houses of call for persons of various trades and professions, and much serious business is transacted across these marble-topped tables. There is perhaps no big city in the world where business and pleasure are so delightfully intermingled as in Paris. For example, you see a man in his shirt-sleeves playing billiards during what in London are supposed to be the busiest hours of the day. This man is not necessarily an idle fellow, he is, let us say, an engineer, the house is frequented by brothers of the craft, who, after a substantial breakfast, are enjoying a temporary respite from their labours, and between the cannon strokes affairs of serious importance are often arranged. It is to be feared that the open-air *café* will never become popular in London, because, although less than 300 miles from Paris, our climate is so damp and chilly, and our atmosphere so laden with coal-smoke.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——There has been little or nothing of interest in home politics during the past week. Public attention has been absorbed by the daily record of terrible events from the seat of war in the East. New light has, however, been thrown on the correspondence of Mr. Gladstone on the relations of Greece and Turkey which recently attracted general attention. It appears from a letter which was published in Monday's *Times* by M. Negroponte, the recipient of Mr. Gladstone's letter on the subject, that in no sense whatever could Mr. Gladstone's words be taken as "endeavouring to incite the Greeks against Turkey," or "advising them to join with the Sclavs in fighting the Turks." Although the original letter which gave rise to the discussion is not made public, M. Negroponte denounces such allegations as "wholly unfounded, and an unworthy perversion of the truth." But whatever Mr. Gladstone's real opinion may be as to the wisdom or unwisdom of Greek interference in the present struggle he continues to give almost daily public proof that his bitterness against the Turk is tempered by no sweetness. Writing the other day on the subject of English sympathy with Turkey he says:—"The conduct in this matter of many persons of superior Christianity, and in particular of the majority of the clergy, as contrasted with that of the Nonconformists, will to my dying day be to me a subject of great grief and astonishment." To another correspondent who had surmised that three-fourths of the people of London are "madly in favour of the Turk and wildly denunciatory of the Russian," he says by way of accounting for the fact:—"The people of London, from deficient local institutions, have had less of political education than those of the country generally; and it is in London, too, that the evil influence of the money power is concentrated." Mr. Gladstone evidently finds it no easy task to keep pace with his correspondents. Endeavouring to pour balm upon the wounded susceptibilities of an offended Caithness-shire Baronet who a week ago threatened to resign his seat in Parliament on account of the snubbing he had to accept at the hands of the leaders of the Liberal party, Mr. Gladstone states, "I seldom have any period of real leisure," and emphatically denies that for his part he can any longer be reckoned "one of the leaders of the Liberal party."

Home Rule.——The more extreme members of the Home Rule Party held a demonstration at Kilmallock on Monday. Mr. Parnell was the hero of the occasion, supported by Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan, M.P., Major O'Gorman, M.P., &c. Mr. Parnell was welcomed by a large crowd at the station, escorted by three bands to the town, while arches and decorations adorned the way. At an open-air meeting the chief of the Obstructives was introduced as "one of Ireland's most true and faithful children." Mr. Parnell assured his audience amid cheers that they were inaugurating a fresh struggle between Ireland and England, which they would fight out like men. Not to conciliate, or beg or crave from England their rights was to be their future policy, but to demand these, and if need be compel a reform in the House of Commons. Major O'Gorman, replying to a toast on the same evening, declared "every Home Ruler and constituency would betray his country at the next election if he did not return the men that were found fault with by Sir Stafford Northcote." Mr. Butt, M.P., was not present at the demonstration, but wrote expressing regret at his inability to accept the invitation. He is expected to attend the meeting of Home Rule members of Parliament in Dublin at the beginning of next month.

The Collision in the Channel.——The hull of the *Forest* has been during the past week a source of considerable danger to passing ships. It has been drifting right in the course marked out on the chart. None of the attempts made to bring the vessel to port having succeeded, orders were given to destroy the bulk by torpedoes. During Tuesday and Wednesday the ironclad *Defence*, accompanied by steam pinnaces, with torpedo crews and torpedo instructors, steamed out from Portland Harbour for that purpose. But in spite of the explosion of barrels of gunpowder, lowered into the water at the side of and into the vessel, in addition to the discharge of three outrigger mines (which, by the way, took three hours to prepare), little visible effect was perceptible on the bulk. Large quantities of wreckage have been recovered. A subscription has been started at Weymouth for the benefit of the fishermen who went to the rescue of the twelve survivors during the storm last Wednesday week.

Trades Unions Congress.——The tenth annual Congress of Trades Unions was opened in Leicester on Monday. Many delegates from the various trade societies attended, representing nearly half a million working men. The inaugural address was delivered by the president, Mr. Merrick, who in dealing with the subject of strikes and lockouts declared that these methods of settling disputes, though at present justifiable and necessary, were really barbarous, and ought to give way to arbitration. Mr. Merrick took occasion to criticise sharply Mr. Bright's opinions on the subject of reduction of hours of labour of the working classes. Resolutions in favour of the Factory and Workshops Act Consolidation Bill, advocating reform of the jury system, were discussed. It was announced that Mr. Macdonald, M.P., means to reintroduce to Parliament a measure making employers responsible for the safety of their workmen.—It is expected that the dispute of six months' duration between the Clyde shipbuilders and their masters is about to terminate. The subject of difference has been referred to arbitration.

Miscellaneous.——Mr. Henry Compton, the inimitable interpreter of such characters as Dogberry, Touchstone, the Gravedigger, &c., died last Saturday at the age of seventy-three. He made his first appearance in London at the Lyceum Theatre in 1837, and at the same theatre, during the performance of *Hamlet* in 1874-5, he made his last public appearance. He was buried on Wednesday at Brompton Cemetery.—An unusual number of boating and bathing accidents are recorded. Last Friday a boat was upset on the river Tivy, and five persons belonging to the Collegiate School were drowned. On Saturday at Exeter, during a regatta, a schooner on which were more than a hundred spectators was overturned. About fifty people were thrown into the water, but of that number only one, a boy, lost his life. At Ramsgate on Monday, a visitor named Mr. Proctor was drowned while bathing, and his brother narrowly escaped a similar fate. The sea was rough at the time, and a boat which was launched to the rescue of the young men was swamped.—General Grant has been during the past week a visitor at Inverary Castle. A committee has been formed at Sheffield to make arrangements for his reception there. During his residence at Sheffield he will be the guest of the Mayor, and on his arrival at the railway station one more will be added to the already numerous list of addresses presented to him.—Sir Stafford Northcote was to have delivered the opening address of the autumn session of the Exeter Literary Society, of which he is president, yesterday (Friday).—The Queen's Dock, an important addition to the harbour accommodation of Glasgow, was formally opened by the Lord Provost on Tuesday. The new dock will cover when finished a surface of twenty-four acres, being 3,000 feet long, 700 feet broad, and twenty feet deep. The entire cost will be about 1,600,000*l*. During the opening ceremony the ships in the harbour were gaily decorated with flags.—On Tuesday the master, the wardens, and the Court of the Fruiterers' Company, according to custom, waited upon the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and presented him with a splendid assortment of the choicest fruits of the season, including grapes, peaches, apples, pears, melons, &c.—Up to Wednesday evening the Indian Famine Fund at the Mansion House amounted to 192,500*l*., of which 155,000*l*. has been remitted to India. Meetings are being held throughout the country with a view to sending relief to the distressed districts. Last night (Friday) the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were to have attended in state the concert which Madame Liebhart gave in aid of the fund. Speaking at Kinross, Mr. Adam, M.P., expressed regret that Parliament was not now sitting, so that the question whether a national grant should be made to meet the requirements of the East might be discussed. Professor Fawcett at Salisbury on Wednesday also urged the necessity of Government action, recommending that a Committee should be appointed to investigate the whole question.—At Aberdeen on Wednesday the twenty-first annual meeting of the Social Science Congress was opened under the Presidency of Lord Aberdeen. In the opening address his lordship dealt with the subject of prison discipline, workhouse management, and the best modes of housing the poor.—Earl Fortescue and his eldest son, Lord Ebrington, met with a serious accident while returning from stag-hunting on Exmoor on Tuesday. The horses of their carriage became restive, and sprang over an unfenced bank near Simon's Bath, the carriage passing over Lord Fortescue's shoulder, and breaking his collar-bone.

SPORTING

The Turf.——Like all important meetings, Doncaster has afforded plenty of topics for Turf conversation for many days after its conclusion, and it is admitted on all hands that a more successful meeting was never held on the Town Moor. It is agreed, too, that, notwithstanding a somewhat serious scrimmage among some of the runners, the best horse won, and the result would probably be the same if the race were run over again for six successive days. By the style in which he won it is evident that Silvio is a better class colt than even his Derby victory would make him out. An unexpected feature of the race was the prominent position held both during the contest and at its finish by Lord Bradford's two animals, Zucchero and Manœuvre. The former, notwithstanding his not very brilliant antecedents, was backed for a large sum of money by his stable, and, unless some grievous mistake was made in the trial, is the better of the pair. Unless he had been seriously interfered with in the scrimmage alluded to, there can be little doubt but that he would not have been far behind Silvio; but, as it was, his jockey did not persevere with him. The fact of his stable companion, Manœuvre, being only beaten by a head from Lady Golightly, confirms this view. This exhibition of Lord Bradford's horses has very naturally called attention to their chances in the two great Autumn Handicaps, and already Zucchero is as good a favourite as anything for the Cesarewitch and Manœuvre for the Cambridgeshire. Considering that they are both lightly weighted, there are many things more improbable than that Lord Bradford might secure both races, unless Piccalilli, the winner of the Alexandra Plate at Doncaster on the Thursday, and also owned by his lordship, is better than Zucchero at the weights. At all events Wadlow's stable seems to hold the key to both contests. The Portland Plate, also run on the Thursday, showed that Rosbach, after all, is among the best of our three year olds. As we ventured to suggest in our Notes last week would be the case, the Champagne running soon proved incorrect, as in the 10 sovs. Sweepstakes Childeric reversed his running with the Champagne winner Clémentine. On the concluding day Hampton, with odds on him, took the Cup from Chesterton, Thorn, and Sugar Loaf, and thus gave additional proof that he is the best cup horse in the kingdom. Lady Golightly scored twice, first in the Park Hill Stakes, in which the Duke of Westminster's Helena held her for a considerable time, and afterwards in the Doncaster Stakes, in which she beat Albert Edward and three others in a canter by three lengths. By this time her owner, Lord

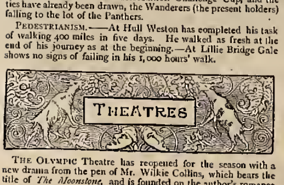
Falmouth, who has the credit of never betting, must have won something like 20,000*l.* in stakes with his comparatively small stud of running horses.—It is often the case that after an important race week that which follows it produces but little interest though plenty of racing. Such has been the case during this, and little or nothing worth noting has taken place at Chelmsford, Lichfield, Kingsbury, or Alexandra Park. The Ayr Meeting, the first of the series of Scotch gatherings which are assuming greater importance each year, was the best as far as regards the class of horses engaged.—Owing to complicated disputes the Sandown Park estate and race course has been submitted to the hammer, and bought by Colonel Owen Williams, a result which it is anticipated will bring about a settlement of all difficulties.—The French Omnium, which corresponds with our Cesarewitch, was run at Paris on the 15th inst, and resulted in the victory of Count de Juigne's Manchette, who started second favourite at Astree.

CRICKET.——The United South of England Eleven did not give the Eighteen of Hastings and District much chance, scoring 291 in one innings against 88 and 102. Jupp for the Eleven made another of his long scores, marking 89; while Mr. W. G. Grace had 71 credited to him.—The Yorkshire County Eleven, which seems to be going from bad to worse, made but a poor show against Eighteen of Leeds and District, and in their second innings could only make a total of 34.—The Nine Gentlemen of Sussex with Two Players were a little too much for Eleven Colts, but the latter showed form enough to give hope that there is some good cricketing stuff available for the county.—It is announced that a movement is actually on foot for organising an Australian cricket team to visit us next season. Our visitors would receive a warm welcome, and judging from what took place during the recent visit of English cricketers to Australia, we shall have to look to our stumps if we wish to retain our cricketing credit.

BICYCLING.——This popular pastime will have received a fresh impetus, if one were needed, by the conspicuous part, though not as an actual rider, taken by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe at the second annual meeting of the West Kent Club at the Crystal Palace. The racing was good, and good were the remarks made by the ex-Cabinet Minister to his hearers, especially those relating to the consideration which bicyclists should always show to drivers and riders of horses, and pedestrians too.

FOOTBALL.—We shall soon have the footballists at work. The season is certain to be a very busy one. No less than forty-three clubs have entered for the Association Challenge Cup, and the ties have already been drawn, the Wanderers (the present holders) falling to the lot of the Panthers.

PEDESTRIANISM.——At Hull Weston has completed his task of walking 400 miles in five days. He walked as fresh at the end of his journey as at the beginning.—At Lillie Bridge Gale shows no signs of failing in his 1,000 hours' walk.



THE OLYMPIC Theatre has reopened for the season with a new drama from the pen of Mr. Wilkie Collins, which bears the title of *The Moonstone*, and is founded on the author's romance of the same name. In converting that weird and exciting tale into a play, Mr. Collins has thought proper to take away from it nearly all its romantic character. He has suppressed the prologue in which the "looting" of the Temple at Seringapatam, and the abstraction of the mystic jewel, is so vividly portrayed; and he has entirely parted company with the Indians, who in the later period, to which the action of the tale properly belongs, play so important a part in maintaining the mysterious reputation of the stolen gem. It is true that something is said on the stage which conveys to attentive ears the fact that the moonstone is a sort of *damnosa hereditas*, and an object of superstitious awe; but the gentleman who is entrusted with the task of imparting this important information is the low comedian of the establishment, and hence, even if anybody has paid due attention to the statement, it is probably under the impression that it is only this gentleman's fun, of which quality indeed Mr. Hill's performance of the part of Betteridge the butler exhibits no lack. In fact, the precious jewel, which has such a wonderful history in the romance, is in the play a precious jewel, and nothing more. Readers of the novel will understand from this that the play is pitched in a wholly different key; but the reasons which have influenced Mr. Collins in thus dealing with his work are not easily to be discovered, unless they are founded on that passion for the ancient "unities" of time and place, which, as he points out in the playbill, have on this occasion been rigorously observed. There is reason to believe that a fair melodrama might be constructed on the basis of the romance. The prologue would afford matter for stirring and impressive scenes; the fantastic Indian legend might thus be insinuated into the minds of the audience, and the mysterious Indian emissaries, if sparingly introduced, and kept clear of ludicrous or otherwise incongruous associations, might hover about the later scenes and aid in sustaining the legendary spirit of the story, even to the death of the hypocritical rascal Ablewhite, and the final disappearance of the object of their search. To figure in this instance as a melodramatist is however not Mr. Collins's desire. He has aspired to write "a dramatic story" under the self-imposed and wholly unnecessary conditions of the classical drama. Four-and-twenty hours is the utmost he will allow himself for the supposed period of action, though even the severest adherents of the Greek dramatic lawgiver have taken a little more; and in a like spirit he has determined to uphold the whole story without a single change of scene. The curious circumstance is that he does not seem to have felt that in all this he was simply sacrificing his story without any counterbalancing advantage. The opening of the tale is concerned with the abstraction of the gem from the cabinet of the heiress, Miss Verinder, and the subsequent incidents are in great part confined to the search for the thief by slow and laborious processes. This is the thread in fact which the audience are invited to follow. But a theme like this has clearly little dramatic value in itself. Apart from the fact that the spectators are necessarily let into the secret that it has been taken by the hero, Franklin Blake, in a fit of somnambulism, and handed by him while in this unconscious state to Ablewhite, it must be obvious that to give importance and interest to a mere investigation of this sort would be uphill work; and so Mr. Collins has found it. The plot thus modified necessarily awakens no expectation, causes no suspense. As Blake is not aware of his own felonious act, it is, of course, felt to be hard that the heroine whom he loves should call him "villain, coward, liar," and so forth; but everybody has anticipated that his character will suffer no permanent stain. To be sure, the lady has actually witnessed the act, though she does not know that her lover was in the somnambulistic state; and she has—presumptively by rummaging in his bedroom—discovered his dressing gown, with the smear of varnish of which so much is made as a piece of evidence. Still, her conduct does not commend itself to the common-sense of the audience. She has the testimony of her own eyes for the fact that she has been robbed of property worth many thousands of pounds, and all sentiment between her lover and herself is now at an end. Why does she not therefore at once demand restitution? Why does she submit to be annoyed in her own house by a ridiculously incompetent detective, whom she has not sent for, and whose services she does not require? These and many other like questions inevitably suggest themselves while witnessing the performance, though the novelist's art is able to draw attention from them. The result is a certain vulgarity of tone which offends more than all. It wanted little beyond a final speech from the lady, apologising for having been so sure that her lover was a thief, to complete the prosaic situation of affairs. Mr. Neville, as the hero, deserves credit under these difficult circumstance for preserving an unconstrained and earnest manner; though this unfortunately served to bring into stronger relief the exaggerated vehemence of Miss Pateman's abusive attacks upon her guest and admirer.

The FOLLY Theatre has reopened for the performance of comic operettas and *opera bouffe* under the management of Mr. Henderson, who, though deprived for the present of the services of Miss Thompson, Mr. Brough, and Mr. Edouin, has assembled a very satisfactory company for the performance of pieces of this class. Conspicuous among these are Miss Corri, Miss Munroe, Miss Cameron, Miss Bromley, and Mr. Dudley Thomas, all well known to our stage; and with them is a gentleman named Howson, an amusing and original burlesque actor who has not, we believe, appeared in London before. The most important piece in the programme is *The Creole*, a version, by Messrs. Reece and Farnie, of Offenbach's *La Créole*, brought out in Paris two years ago. *The Creole* is bright and amusing in situations and dialogue, and is provided with abundance of music of a melodious and characteristic kind. In the way of brilliancy of scenery and costumes, and generally of picturesque arrangements of the stage, the performances at the Folly could hardly be excelled. We have only to add that the theatre has undergone a complete redecoration of a singularly tasteful kind.

Mr. Rowe having retired with his comedy entitled *Brass* from the stage of the HAYMARKET, Mr. J. S. Clarke has once more established himself at this theatre. The *Widow Hunt* and *Paul Pry*, in both which pieces Mr. Clarke appears, are not exactly dramatic novelties; but Mr. Clarke, as all playgoers are aware, has what is known as a *repértoire* the attractions of which appear to be inexhaustible. Mr. Clarke is very well supported, the rendering of Phœbe in *Paul Pry* by Miss Kate Phillips being especially fresh and spirited.

DRURY LANE Theatre will reopen this evening with a new romantic play entitled *England in the Days of Charles II.*, written by Mr. W. G. Wills, and founded on Sir Walter Scott's "Peveril of the Peak."

Straus's opera bouffe, *King Indigo*, will be produced, for the first time in England, at the ALHAMBRA on Monday. The new libretto is by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and Mme. Selina Dolaro will appear as Fantasca.

MADAME ST. CLAIRE, the proprietress and manager of the ROYAL PARK Theatre, announces that all cabmen, upon production of their badges, will be admitted free during the run of *Arrah-na-Pogue*. We don't exactly see why cabmen should be especially interested in this piece, though we suppose Shaun-the-Post may be regarded as a member of the profession, but the example will possibly be followed by other managers. Colliers should be allowed to see *Liz* gratis on production of their safety lamps; and perhaps lodging-house "slaveys," on presentation of a face smeared with black lead, may be permitted to witness Miss Cicely Richards' impersonation in *Our Boys*.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.——On the 1st of October next St. George's Hall will be reopened by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed. The season will commence with the last novelty, *A Happy Bungalow*. Mr. Corney Grain introduces a new Musical Sketch, and *A Night Surprise* concludes the programme. Novelties are in active preparation by F. C. Burnand and Gilbert A'Beckett.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.——On Tuesday evening these celebrated minstrels inaugurated their thirteenth anniversary. An attractive programme was provided and several new ballads introduced, notable amongst which were "Welcome, sweet herald of spring," admirably rendered by Mr. W. S. Leslie; "The fire in the grate," well sung by Mr. Charles Ernest; "See that my grave's kept green." pathetically sung by Mr. Vernon Reed; and a comic song, "Oh, George, tell me if you love me!" given by Mr. Moore in his usual inimitable style. Mr. Moore also sang "The Mulligan Guards," which, interpolated as it was with hits at a few of the topics of the day, fairly brought down the house. That the Moore and Burgess Minstrels have lost none of their well-deserved popularity was amply proved by the crowded state of the hall.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S well-known picture, "The Light of the World," is to be placed in the library of Keble College, Oxford.

A WHALE, twenty-six feet long, was caught off the Welsh coast, at Penmon, near Beaumaris, last week. It was exhibited at the Agricultural Show at Bangor.

A PROOF OF THE IMPROVED RELATIONS BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY is given by the publication of a French journal in Berlin—*The Olive Leaf*—with the motto, "War against War—Right surpasses Strength."

THE CONFERENCE OF LIBRARIANS opens at the London Institution on the 2nd prox., when an exhibition of every kind of literary appliances will be held. Over eighty libraries have joined the movement, and the conference will suggest the formation of a "Library Association of the United Kingdom."

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE was to start for England either on Thursday or yesterday (Friday), weather permitting, the vessel being christened on Wednesday. The rudder, mast, deck-house, and "bilge pieces," to procure stability, have been fitted to the ship, which is to be towed by the steamer *Olga*.

THE CASTELLANI COLLECTION of gems, bronzes, marbles, &c., which has been exhibited in New York for some time past, and was to have been bought by the Americans, may, after all, come back to the Old World, as only a very small portion of the purchase-money—60,000*l.*—has been obtained. Our British Museum may yet have a chance of securing these treasures.

FRENCH ELECTORAL PROPAGANDA are carried on in most ingenious ways by the Republicans, and the latest device is to imprint the portraits of the Liberal leaders on those children's balloons given away by many of the principal Paris shops to their customers' little ones. Fourteen thousand balloons bearing the likeness of M. Thiers have been made since his death, and some are inscribed with the motto "Vive la France," or "Vive la République." It is proposed to manufacture balloons with the portraits of the 363, while at Lyons the factories are producing *foulard* handkerchiefs bearing the manifesto of the Republican deputies encircled by a tricoloured border, at the rate of 9,000 to 10,000 per diem.

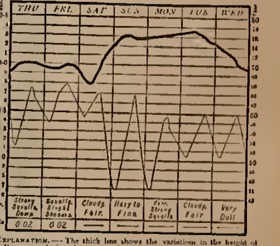
ANOTHER ALPINE ACCIDENT is reported, this time in the Val Formazza, in Piedmont. The Syndic of Fruttwald, Herr Anderlini, with his sister and *fiancée*, were returning from a visit to the Falls of Tosa, on the St. Gothard road, when a mass of overhanging rock fell and killed Herr Anderlini and his sister on the spot, the other lady escaping with slight injuries. The Falls of the Tosa are remarkable for their vast body of water, combined with great height, as they are second only to the Schaffhausen Falls in volume. Referring to the disaster on the Lyskamm, the *Continent and Swiss Times* tells us that Mr. Lewis's watch had stopped at five P.M., and that there appears no reason to suppose that the accident was caused by the breaking of the rope, as the body of one of the guides had been fairly cut in two by the pressure of the cord connecting the five travellers.

WIESBADEN.——"W. P. K." writes as follows:—"Allow me to assure you that no cloud hangs over Wiesbaden—at least, none that the inhabitants are aware of. Your correspondent has apparently taken a passing visitor's view of the state of things—perhaps somewhat clouded by the pangs of gout or rheumatism. All over the Continent, as every one knows, the so-called travelling season has been bad, and money scarce; few English and Americans; no Russians. In this lack of custom, of course, Wiesbaden has shared. Still, the number of our visitors this year is officially stated as 54,119. In fact, however, we are but little affected by the larger or smaller number of summer visitors. Since the war and the closing of the gambling tables Wiesbaden has become a favourite *permanent* residence. Every year sees families arrive, who buy or build, and settle down here. It is a pleasant little town, healthy, and well built, a good winter residence, especially well sheltered from cold winds and storms, a beautiful neighbourhood, and charming walks and drives all about. Handsome broad streets have sprung up the last four years, fine villas have been built, and a plentiful supply of good water from the hills all through the town and environs. The schools are good, but rather crowded; excellent private masters in all branches are to be had. A good opera and famous orchestra, the Kurhaus, with two daily concerts, and balls twice a week for the strangers; reading-rooms, with no end of papers. If one cannot pass the time pleasantly, he must be hard to please. Besides this, the choice of mixing, if one so wishes, in good society, either English or German; and last, but not least, our nice little English church, well attended all the year through. Perhaps the one weak point is the expense of living. The great influx of residents, and consequent demand for houses, has nearly doubled the price for land and rent in the last five years, so that house-rent has become rather a serious item. Of late, perhaps, there is a little abatement; several villas built on speculation remain unsold, so that we may have less to complain of in that respect; but I have heard several of my English friends declare that a winter here costs them as much as in London or Brighton. Will you allow these few lines of vindication to appear, and assure our friends that pretty Wiesbaden is as bright and cheerful as ever? Although the emotions of the gambling table and the *frou frou* of the *demi-monde* may have passed away, they have been replaced by safer and more enduring enjoyments."

◆

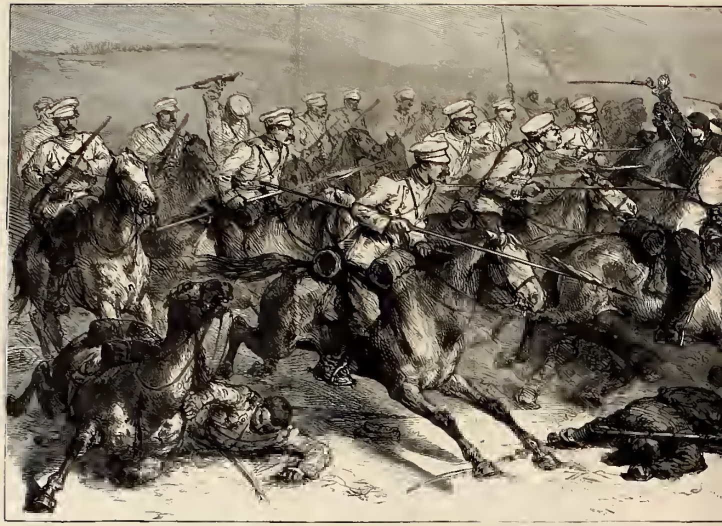
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 13TH TO SEPTEMBER 19TH (INCLUSIVE)

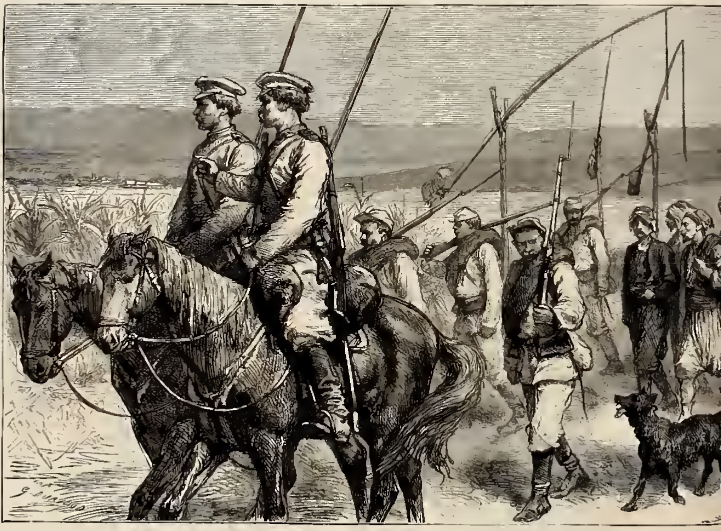


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather over England remained in a very unsettled squally condition until Friday, the 14th instant, after which date a very great improvement took place. The depressions which had prevailed travelled away to the Baltic, the barometer rose very fast, and an area of high pressure advanced over our islands from the westward. As its centre remained over Ireland the winds experienced in Great Britain have been chiefly northerly, occasionally varying to north west in Scotland, and to north east in the southern parts of England. During Monday morning, the 17th instant, the wind freshened considerably in the south-eastern regions, and became squally for several hours, and on Wednesday morning, the 19th instant, a strong north westerly breeze was felt in Scotland, as well as on the eastern shores of the North Sea. At this time also the weather began to assume a less settled appearance, especially in the north and east. The barometer was highest (30·35 inches) on Tuesday, the 18th instant; lowest (29·80 inches) on Saturday, the 15th instant; range, (0·55 inches). Temperature, in the shade, was highest (66°) on Friday, the 14th instant; lowest (44°), on Sunday and Monday, the 16th and 17th; range, 22°. Rainfall. Total fall, 0·04 inches, on two days, the fall being 0·02 inches on each day. On Thursday morning, the 20th instant, the barometer was still falling in London, the wind had backed to west (apparently temporarily), with dull weather and cold rain.

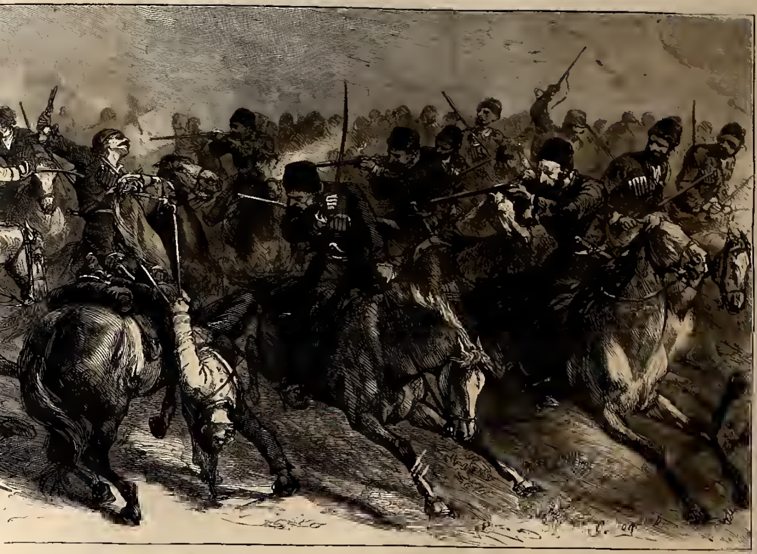


REPULSE OF A TURKISH CAV



FROM ISLAM TO THE LAND OF THE GIAOU

WITH TH



RECONNAISSANCE, BEFORE PLEVNA

KISH PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO RUSSIA

RUSSIANS

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——Defeat has fallen heavily upon the Russians of late. Before Plevna their reverses have been so serious as to render probable the abandonment of the attack, while the loss of life has reached an appalling total; in the Shipka Pass they have been defeated, and at one time lost Fort St. Nicholas, the very key to their positions; and on the Jantra Mehemet Ali is gradually driving back the Czarevitch. At the present moment the fortunes of war are most decidedly in favour of the Turks.

To resume our chronicle of the war. The Russians began the assault on Plevna on Tuesday week, and after reiterated attempts three of the redoubts to the south, on the Sofia road, were taken by General Skobeleff, while later in the day the Roumanians carried the great Gravitza redoubt. These successes, however, were not as great as the Russians had at first hoped, as it had been confidently asserted that Plevna would be captured on the Czar's *fête* day. The attack on the Gravitra redoubt, also, was at first so fruitless that the Czar retired despondently from the field, and the outwork was evidently carried by a surprise. General Skobeleff only held the southern redoubts one day. His losses had been so severe that he sent to General Levitzky for reinforcements, and though he repeated his demand again and again, no support came except part of a regiment, shattered at the first battle of Plevna. It is not easy to see the reason for General Levitzky's persistent refusal to succour his colleague—save the unworthy motive of jealousy. Accordingly Osman Pasha, who found the enemy at too close quarters, two powder magazines in Plevna having been fired by the Russian shells, on Wednesday week made a furious onslaught on the redoubts, and, although Skobeleff repulsed the assault five times, on the sixth attack he was forced to give way with the loss of more than half of his men and of three cannon. The Gravitza redoubt remained in possession of the Roumanians, and was fruitlessly attacked by the Turks on the succeeding day, while Friday was quiet, and was occupied by the Grand Duke Nicholas in choosing sites for new batteries. On Monday the Turks again attempted to capture the Gravitza redoubt, but were repulsed, and next day the Roumanians attacked a Turkish redoubt, but were equally unsuccessful. Since that time the bombardment has continued, varied only by a few reconnaissances, while the Grand Duke declares Osman Pasha to be short of ammunition. The Russian loss is officially acknowledged to be nearly 16,000 men, of whom 3,000 were Roumanians. The Russians fought magnificently, General Skobeleff proving himself the ablest and bravest general in the army, and decorations have been plentifully bestowed by the Czar.

Unsuccessful round Plevna at every point save Gravitza the Russians have at present little prospect of capturing the place except by the slow process of starving out the besieged, while the troops are likely to be sorely needed in another part of the field—probably to assist the Czarevitch on the Jantra, and the Grand Duke Nicholas has moved his headquarters back to Gorny Studen. Mehemet Ali continues his cautious advance, and besides sundry minor skirmishes has been successful in an attack on Sinan, which was occupied on Thursday week by Assaf Pasha, the Russians failing to retake the place on Friday. On Sunday the Turks occupied Osikova and Cerkova. The Czarevitch is carefully concentrating his troops round Biela, resolved on defending Sistova at all hazards until the arrival of the long-looked-for Imperial Guard, which is now not expected complete on the field before the 1st prox., although the first detachment passed through Bucharest on Tuesday, and the Czar has gone to meet them at Gorny Studen. The Russian front thus covers the line from Metchka, behind Pyrgos on the Danube, to Biela, and Mehemet can only march to Osman Pasha's relief after having defeated this force. Mehemet commands about 100,000 men, and has 168 guns. He may yet, however, be greatly assisted by Suleiman Pasha, who after several days' hard cannonading and continual harassing of the enemy by reconnaissances carried Fort St. Nicholas, in the Shipka Pass, by assault early on Monday morning. Suleiman could not maintain his success, however, and resigned the position in six hours for "strategical reasons." General Radetzky appears determined to hold out to the very last man before opening the way to Tirnova. Every preparation is now being made for a winter campaign, and General Todleben is on his way to the front to superintend the fortification of four bridge-heads leading into Bulgaria by Nicopolis and Simnitza, and into the Dobrudscha by Matchin and Hirsova.

Snow has fallen in ASIA, where the Russians have evacuated Ardahan, and have retired to the fortress of Emir Oglou, as they were weakened by the despatch of reinforcements to General Tergukassoff, near Igdyr, Ismail Pasha having advanced on Erivan. On Thursday week General Loris Melikoff advanced from Utshtepe, and attacked the right wing of Mukhtar Pasha's force, but was repulsed.—Prince Nikita has followed up his success in MONTENEGRO by taking the fortress of Bilek, an important conquest, as Bilek commands the road from Ragusa and Trebinje to Southern Herzegovina, and the Turks are compelled to bring all their supplies by way of Klek. As to SERVIA, she is thoroughly alarmed at the Turkish successes, and is unwilling to commit herself to definite action. Thus the troops which had been sent to the frontier have been recalled under pretence of having completed their annual manœuvres at Topschider. As the Servian people are by no means anxious for war, Prince Milan will probably think twice before he throws in his fortune with the Russians under their present reverses. ROUMANIA is highly delighted with the conduct of her troops, who have behaved with great bravery, and public prayers for the dead have been offered in the Roumanian churches. A number of wounded and six Turkish cannon arrived in Bucharest on Monday, and some of the former were received into the Palace, while the flag captured at the Gravitza redoubt was carried in triumph to the Cathedral.

The meeting of Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy at Salzburg on Wednesday has given rise to further rumours of mediation, although it is asserted that AUSTRIA is firmly decided not to intervene unless asked by Russia. Their greeting is reported to have been most cordial, but nothing has yet transpired as to the result of the interview. The Emperor of Austria's toast at Kaschau, which produced so much speculation, proves to have been erroneously reported, and the word "ally" is declared not to have been uttered at all. This denial has much appeased the Hungarians, although at the opening of the Diet the policy of the Government in Eastern affairs was formally questioned, while several of the members have joined in the public festivities held at Pesth to celebrate the Turkish victories.

GREECE has been "protesting" vigorously, has remonstrated with the Porte anent the fresh fortifications at Arta and the despatch of troops, while a Note asserting her rights of independence in regard to armaments has been sent to the British Government.—There is little from CONSTANTINOPLE, where the fortification works have been suspended, and a hospital for Turkish women has been established by Mrs. Layard. The Porte has protested against the capture and destruction of Turkish merchant vessels by the Russian navy. The executions of Bulgarians at Adrianople have increased rather than diminished under the "clement" rule of Ahmet Vefyk.

FRANCE.——The elections have been officially fixed for the 14th prox., and a manifesto from Marshal MacMahon was published at the same time as the decree convening the electors. The Marshal, after declaring that he does not assume to exercise any influence on the choice of candidates, recapitulates his successful efforts to preserve order, and alleges that the late Chamber slighted his rightful authority, and sought to establish the despotism of a new Convention. He then bids the electors not to believe the assertion that the President wishes to overturn the Republic, as he intends to make the Constitution placed in his care respected, and recommends them to elect a Chamber which shall rise above party differences, and regard only the grandeur and prosperity of France. So far all is satisfactory; but the Marshal goes on to assert that elections favourable to his policy will facilitate the regular conduct of the Government—hostile elections, on the other hand, would aggravate the conflict between the public powers and would complicate his position, as he will not obey the injunctions of demagogues, and will remain to defend with the Senate the great interests which have been entrusted to him—*i.e.*, if the nation does not side with him he will govern in spite of it, a declaration in direct contradiction to the moderate first part of his address. He concludes with an assurance that his rule will secure peace. By this manifesto the Marshal has entirely abandoned an irresponsible attitude, and, although declaring himself neutral, has completely identified himself with one party. People do not, however, exactly believe in the Marshal's threats, and the appeal has not produced a very strong impression. Of course, it is heartily condemned by the Republicans, while the Conservatives hail the proclamation as "a proud and noble address." To-morrow France enters on the electoral period when, until five days before the elections, public meetings may be held—"provided order is not disturbed and the law violated"—addresses issued, and speeches made in freedom. The Republicans will need all their self-control to avoid out-stepping the bounds, as one single violent utterance would give the Government a handle, and materially damage their cause.

The Marshal's electoral tour in the south has not done much good to the Government. He returned to Paris on Sunday night, having visited Riberac, Angoulême, Poitiers, and Tours, where he met with polite but not over-cordial receptions, "Vive la République" being the incessant cry of welcome. The speeches were insignificant till the Marshal reached Tours, when he reverted to his aggressive Bourges attitude, and, in reply to the decidedly Republican remarks of the officials, roundly told them that "elections favourable to my policy will soon restore calm and prosperity to the country," and further, that "I am the guardian of the Constitution which rules us. That Constitution cannot be endangered except by the adversaries of my policy." These declarations have caused great disappointment, as it was hoped from his Bordeaux speech that the Marshal was disposed to abandon his pet project of personal Government. The Duc Decazes has made an energetic declaration at Libourne in favour of preserving a peaceful policy, asserting that the country needs a long period of repose, and that the maintenance of order and concord was the earnest desire of the President and his Cabinet. These peaceable intentions are, however, equally professed by the Republicans, who, in reply to the Government journals' inquiry for their programme, declare that all France knows it as promising order, peace, liberty, stability for commerce, and prudent progress; in a word, the reversal of the programme of May 16.

M. Gambetta is doing his best to delay his trial, and by careful procedure may succeed in protracting it till after the elections, when he will of course be inviolate. He gave notice on Monday of appeal from the judgment of default, and the trial was fixed for to-day (Saturday), when a further appeal will be made for a trial by jury. The *Bien Public* and the *Gaulois* have been tried for reporting the trial, and have been convicted by default and condemned to the respective fines of 12*l.* and 8*l.* M. Grévy has not yet officially accepted the leadership of the Liberal party, although, in reply to the declaration placarded throughout France that he had hidden himself away in the Jura to avoid the post, and recommended people to agree with the Marshal, he formally declares the words and attitude ascribed to him to be a "calumny." M. Thiers' electoral manifesto will probably be published untouched. Meanwhile the Bonapartists are advocating temporary support of the Marshal, and considerable excitement has been created by the report that Prince Louis Napoleon is going to stay with a relation at Namur so as to be near the frontier during the elections.

Paris is rejoicing in a perfect shower of theatrical novelties. Not to mention several minor pieces the Lyrique has brought out a graceful three-act opera, *La Clef d'Or*, by MM. Feuillet and Gallet; a bright little operetta, *L'Aumônier du Regiment*, and a lyric drama on Lamartine's *Graziella*, which proved a failure; the Gymnase has produced *Pierre Gendron*, a clever sensational drama, by MM. Lafontaine and G. Richard, and Halévy's *L'Eclair* has been successfully revived at the Opéra Comique.—The new Avenue de l'Opéra, which runs straight from the Grand Opéra to the Place de Palais Royal, has been opened by Marshal MacMahon, and the first stone of a new English church has been laid at Neuilly.

ITALY.——The health of the Pope is causing serious anxiety, and the officials who inhabited remote apartments in the Vatican are being stationed nearer his rooms. He is still carried daily into the gardens, but the fatigues of this and the coming week will be a great strain upon his strength. He was to hold a Consistory yesterday (Friday) to fill up the offices of the Cardinal Camerlengo and Cardinal Penitentiary, and his major-domo and physicians have begged His Holiness to use a shortened ceremonial on the occasion, but he has firmly refused lest the alterations should invalidate the appointment of the Cardinal Camerlengo, under whose tenure of office the next Papal election will probably take place. This Consistory has been held before the original date—the 28th—as next week His Holiness is to receive deputations of condolence on the anniversary of the breach of the Porta Pia by the Italian troops. The foreign cardinals have been asked to forward their opinions on the measures to be taken with regard to the future Conclave.

UNITED STATES.——President Hayes' Southern tour has proved a great success, and he has been heartily welcomed at Louisville, where he addressed a large meeting on the necessity of union, reconciliation, and obedience to the Constitution. The President will next go to South Carolina.—The American Bankers' Convention at New York has pronounced in favour of early resumption of specie payments, declaring that the result will be best secured by the co-operation of the Government and the people through the Banks. The Massachusetts Democrats have also voted in favour of a gold currency, and, in nominating their Governor, declared that Mr. Tilden was legally elected, and that though submitting for peace's sake, they protest against the crime.—Indian raids are growing more serious. The Nez Percés recently attacked Gen. Sturgis on the Yellowstone River, and were defeated, and the Warmspring Indians have murdered fourteen persons in New Mexico. Other news items are the formation of a "North American St. George's Union," to assist needy Englishmen in the States, and to cultivate closer relations between the two Governments; the dedication of a monument at Flagstaff Hill, Boston Common, to the Bostonians killed in the Civil War; the success of the Americans in the International Rifle Match at Creedmoor, the Centennial trophy being presented to the victors on Tuesday; and the robbery of an express train on the Pacific Railway.

INDIA.——The famine prospects are decidedly more hopeful, as rain has fallen well in most Madras districts, and some of the people have left the Relief Works to sow cotton and food crops. The same improvement is reported from Bombay and Hyderabad, and a medium fall from elsewhere, but in Mysore the distress is severe. The unirrigated autumn crop is lost, but the winter crop is being sown. Lord Lytton has introduced a policy of making gratuitous relief subsidiary to working on relief works, and has increased the carrying powers of the railways. Engines and waggons have been borrowed for Madras, 200 new engines ordered from England, and the new Mysore and Bangalore Railway has been commenced. The Viceroy will take the Famine Portfolio on his return to Simla.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In BELGIUM there has been a great fire at Ghent, when the Military Hospital was burnt down.—GREECE has been mourning the death of the patriot, Admiral Canaris, who died of apoplexy at the age of 86. He received a State funeral, the King himself following.—The situation in EGYPT grows more critical, as the Nile is inclined to subside rather than rise.—There is a terrible drought in BRAZIL, and 200,000 persons are in distress.—In AUSTRALIA the fortifications of New South Wales have been decided according to Sir W. Jervois' plans, with the exception of the ironclad, and the Chinese Immigrants' Regulation Bill and the Goldfields' Act Amendment Act have passed the Queensland Legislature.

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice have concluded their visit to Loch Maree, and have returned to Balmoral. Although on their arrival at Loch Maree the weather was wet the last few days of their stay were very fine, and Her Majesty and the Princess made numerous excursions. They went to Gairloch, which was gaily decorated, and where the inhabitants gave them a hearty welcome; drove by the shores of the Loch through Glen Torridon and Loch Torridon; visited Kerrisbridge, where some of the inhabitants of the Isle of Lewes came over from Stornoway to greet the Royal party, and crossed Loch Maree to Isle Maree, one of the most interesting out of the twenty-four islands studding the Loch. On this island are the graves of a Norwegian Prince and Princess, a well whose waters were once warranted to cure insanity, and a tree into the bark of which every visitor is expected to place a coin. Loch Maree is eighteen miles long, and two miles wide at its greatest breadth, and is enclosed by mountains, the scenery being most picturesque. As the nearest church is 10 miles off, Her Majesty and the Princess attended service in the hotel on Sunday, and afterwards sailed on the Loch, while they spent the afternoon in the hotel grounds. On Tuesday the Queen and Princess Beatrice left Loch Maree and posted to Auchnasheen, where they took train for Ballater and drove to Balmoral. Her Majesty will return to the south about the middle of next month.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children are expected at Abergeldie about Wednesday next. The Prince came up to London at the end of last week, the Princess crossing with him to Portsmouth in the *Osborne*, and then returned to Cowes, where she has remained with her children. On Saturday night the Prince was at the Folly Theatre, and on Monday left town for Newburgh Park, to stay with Sir George Wombwell. On Tuesday the Prince went out partridge shooting, and on Wednesday he visited the Agricultural Show at Easingwold. Yesterday (Friday) he went to a garden party at Duncombe Park, and to-day was to leave Newburgh Park for the North.

The Duke of Connaught left London for Scotland at the end of last week, and arrived at Balmoral on Saturday afternoon. Next week he goes to stay with the Earl and Countes of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle, where Prince Leopold is on a visit. Prince Leopold had a hearty reception on his arrival at Aberfeldy on his way to Taymouth, as he was welcomed by a deputation, the volunteers, Freemasons and schools turned out, three triumphal arches were erected, and the village was gay with bunting. A guard of honour received him at Taymouth Castle. On Monday he visited Sir Robert and Lady Menzies, and returned in the evening to the Castle, where he took part in some tableaux. The Prince was to go yesterday (Friday) to see Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay at Balcarres House, and on the 28th inst. he will attend the Annual Meeting of the St. Andrew's Golf Club, of which he is Captain.—Prince and Princess Christian were expected at Nairn yesterday (Friday).

The Duke of Cambridge has been staying in Paris on his way home from Germany. He arrived on Saturday, and was to leave on Wednesday for England.

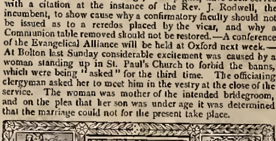
CHURCH NEWS

CONFESSION.——A memorial signed by many members of both Houses of Parliament directed against confession, and addressed to Her Majesty, is in course of preparation. The memorialists say that "they view with deep alarm the efforts now openly made by a considerable number of clergy to introduce into the Church of England the teaching and practice of Auricular Confession," and pray that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to use every legitimate influence to repress the practice. Bearing on this subject an interesting correspondence is published in the *Guardian* of Wednesday between the Bishop of Peterborough and Canon Lowe. The latter had requested permission to publish his lordship's name in support of some scheme of middle-class education in which he was interested. The Bishop at first refused to give any public recognition to the schools so long as any of its officials are members of the Society of the Holy Cross. The doctrines of the Society according to books which have its sanction, the Bishop asserts emphatically, "are definitely and unequivocally that of the Church of Rome as distinguished from that of our own Church." He describes the language and rules of the Society as entirely Roman, and calls upon all who are entrusted with the education of children publicly to withdraw from the Society. Canon Lowe, in assuring the Bishop that the member of Lancing College referred to had resigned his connection with the Society of the Holy Cross, states that it is only with the parent's consent that boys are to receive Confession.—The anniversary services of the Railway Guild of the Holy Cross were held last Sunday in some of the metropolitan churches. The Rev. J. W. Hewett, Provost of the Guild, preaching at St. Paul's, explained that it was no part of their object to bring about a restoration of Popery. The Society was composed of "honest Englishmen—English to the backbone—who desired to promote that great revival of Catholic spirit to which Keble, and afterwards Newman, Manning, and many others, were the first to give an impetus some fifty years ago."

THE JEWISH DAY OF ATONEMENT.——Monday was observed as a day of solemn fasting by the Jews. Shortly after sunrise the synagogues in every part of London were resorted to for the purpose of observing the sacred service of Yom Kippur. During the day many houses of business were closed throughout London.

OPEN-AIR PREACHING.——Mr. Spurgeon has been administering a few words of very necessary advice to the class of gentlemen who think it their duty to thrust their theological opinions upon their neighbours in the streets and highways. Presiding at the Evangelical Association meeting a few days ago, the rev. gentleman begged those who preached in the open-air to be above all things "natural." "Some preached in the prize-fighting style, as threatening with their fists, while they said, 'Come unto me.' Others used the pump-handle style." He had seen recently an enthusiast preaching at a street corner, having with him a Bible big enough to need a wheel-barrow to carry it, and he was preaching to a little dog—his sole auditor. In conclusion he warned them against oddity and eccentricity of style, lest the oddity should be remembered while the teaching was forgotten.

VARIOUS.——The reopening of the nave of Exeter Cathedral, which has undergone restoration, will take place next month. On October 18th and 19th services celebrating the completion of the work will be held, and sermons will be preached on the occasion by the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the Bishop of Salisbury.—Cardinal Cullen has issued a letter to his clergy requiring them to have an offertory to-morrow (Sunday) for the Indian Famine Fund. The Bishop of Truro urges the clergy to ask the alms of their people for the same purpose. The Bishop of Winchester, in a circular enclosing a prayer for use in the churches, urges: "In this season of trial and danger let us commend to our people the duties of almsgiving and united prayer." "Move your congregations to contribute liberally to the sufferers by famine." The 5th of October has been set apart by the Wesleyans as a Fast Day. The President of the Conference suggests that collections "for the great necessity of our Indian Empire" shall be at once set afoot throughout the body.—An accident which might have been attended with disastrous consequences occurred last Saturday evening at St. Just, near Penzance. A congregation of Bible Christians numbering about 200 persons were assembled in the third story of a grocery store, part of the floor of which suddenly gave way during the singing of a hymn, precipitating about seventy or eighty persons to the floors below. The people fell among the groceries stored beneath, the confusion being considerably augmented by the ignition of a case of matches. No one was injured seriously.—The Archbishop of Canterbury is at present on a visit to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the Duchess of Marlborough.—The vicarage of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, which will be vacant at Christmas, has been offered by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol to the Rev. J. F. Fenn, vicar of Christchurch, Cheltenham.—The Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, will be closed on Sundays, the 23rd and 30th inst., and reopened for service on 7th October.—The churchwardens of St. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate, have been served with a citation at the instance of the Rev. J. Rodwell, the incumbent, to show cause why a confirmatory faculty should not be issued as to a reredos placed by the vicar, and why a Communion table removed should not be restored.—A conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be held at Oxford next week.—At Bolton last Sunday considerable excitement was caused by a woman standing up in St. Paul's Church to forbid the banns, which were being "asked" for the third time. The officiating clergyman asked her to meet him in the vestry at the close of the service. The woman was mother of the intended bridegroom, and on the plea that her son was under age it was determined that the marriage could not for the present take place.



MUSIC

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.——The strife between Leeds and Bradford, about a quarter of a century back, as to which should have the supremacy in a great musical festival, is still remembered by amateurs. Bradford, through more spirited and less divided action, carried the point, and gave two Festivals—in 1853 and 1856. Meanwhile, Leeds, smarting with jealousy, as being the superior town, had not only built a new and superb Town Hall, but was resolved to celebrate its opening by a series of grand performances, sacred and secular, to equal, if not surpass, the festivals which, at the then newly-erected St. George's Hall, had earned such distinction for its near neighbour. The difficult question was about the choice of a conductor; and after a considerable amount of discussion as to the respective merits of two local musicians, balanced by partially advocated claims in favour of Sir Michael (then Mr.) Costa, to whom Bradford had sworn allegiance, it was carried that the post should under any circumstances be filled by an English professor. The Englishman upon whom the choice fell was also a Yorkshireman, born at Sheffield, April 13th, 1816—the late Sir Sterndale (then Mr.) Bennett, one of the greatest musicians of his time—one, in short, whom Mendelssohn loved to honour. Sterndale Bennett composed his admirable cantata, *The May Queen*, for the occasion, and the Festival was a brilliant success. This, however, did not prevent Bradford from making a third great effort in 1859, which, artistically successful, but financially the opposite, was the last ever projected in that young and flourishing emporium of commerce. It was now hoped that, Leeds and Bradford co-operating, a triennial Yorkshire festival, recalling those old times when exclusive York itself was the musical centre of attraction, might be instituted. But no; perish the thought! The junior town would not submit to be admonished by its senior; nor would the latter, under any pretext, condescend to act as subordinate to its junior. The same differences of opinion with regard to conductors, and other essential matters, cropped up again, and neither party was in the humour to accommodate the other. Thus, from 1858 to sixteen years later on, Yorkshire, to all high intents and purposes, was harmoniously mute. Towards the end of this period, however, Leeds once more took the initiative. A grand festival was announced for the autumn of 1874, and Sir Sterndale Bennett having abandoned all idea of reappearing in public, local antagonistic claims were set aside in favour of Sir Michael Costa, who, being offered the post of conductor, willingly accepted it. The Festival of 1874, it may be remembered, was a genuine success; the funds of the medical charities in Leeds were enriched with a contribution of 1,000*l.*; and so content were the promoters that, by unanimous consent, it was determined to constitute the Festival as "triennial." Now, in 1877, we find the hopes engendered three years back substantially confirmed. The guarantors, between 300 and 400 in number, headed by the Mayor of Leeds and Viscount Pollington, High Sheriff of Yorkshire, have ensured a sum of no less than than 11,000*l.* to meet all contingencies. From the ranks of these magnanimous amateurs a "General Committee," and from the members of the "General Committee" an "Executive Committee" (which virtually does all the work) are selected. The President is Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding, with whom are associated a goodly number of vice-presidents, from the clergy, nobility, and gentry of the county, who, considering their share in the active part of the proceedings, may be set down as a simple catalogue of names, looking attractive enough on paper, just as the name of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen looks attractive when set down as "Patron"—beyond which, nothing; *ex nihilo*, &c. The arrangements of the "Executive Committee" have met with what we cannot but look upon as well merited approval. A programme both varied and attractive has been drawn out, the details of which, having already been published in *The Graphic*, it is needless to recapitulate. One preliminary paragraph, heading the catalogue of "principal vocalists," gracefully refers to the absence of Mdlle. Titiens, and its inevitable cause. The foresight of the Committee, however, amid conflicting statements published every now and then, as from official sources, about the eminent Teutonic dramatic singer's state of health, when those better informed were aware that there was no chance of her appearing either at Gloucester or Leeds (much less at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Albert Hall), had provided for this by the engagement of Mdlle. Albani, to fill her place. As was proved at Gloucester, no one more competent than Mdlle. Albani for such a seemingly ungrateful task could have been selected; and the Leeds Committee did prudently in thus quickly following the example set down for them by the managers of the Three Choir Festival. That, with Sir Michael Costa as director, a first-rate orchestra would be secured might have been counted on in advance; and so among the instrumental players were recognised nearly all the distinguished artists belonging to Her Majesty's Theatre. With regard to the chorus, upwards of 300 strong, no praise can be fairly deemed exaggerated. The Yorkshire voices are unrivalled in Great Britain—the freshest and the strongest. This was admitted by every one who heard them in 1874, when, not only the familiar *Messiah*, but Professor Macfarren's *St. John the Baptist*, a work to them as unfamiliar as it was difficult, afforded a test of their quality which won unanimous acceptance. Judging from their performances at the rehearsals of *Elijah*, the *Walpurgis Night*, Bach's "Magnificat," the "Requiem" of Mozart, Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and, last not least, Professor Macfarren's new oratorio, *Joseph*, a new triumph was in store for them. The conclusion was fully justified by the result, in *Elijah*, the oratorio selected for Wednesday, the opening day. Without entering into minute details it may be said in a word, and with the strictest truth, that the magnificent choruses of Mendelssohn, so varied in style and yet all so suggestive, and, to employ a common expression, "characteristic," were never more magnificently given, and that the promise of 1874 was fully carried out by this glorious display. About the performances generally we must speak in our next. The Festival comes to an end this day, with a miscellaneous performance of sacred music.

◆

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

SO MUCH that is really good occurs in "Blanche of Bourbon; and Other Poems," by H. Alcmar (Thos. Hookham), that it seems fair to opine that the author may, with practice and labour, yet do something worthy of remembrance, crude as his attempts at present are. He is probably a young man, and a sincere admirer of Scott, which is no little credit both to his mind and his taste in the present day. It may be added that in managing the romantic metre he shows a true appreciation of its nature, and as a general rule avoids doggrel—the common pitfall for poetasters who try to copy "Marmion." His faults are chiefly such as might have been avoided by care and polish; it is a common mistake with young and ardent writers of verse to think, in spite of Horace's advice, that there is no call for labour over the perfecting of their productions. Both rhyme and rhythm are occasionally so slovenly, as to make one doubt Mr. Alcmar's having a correct musical ear; but then other passages, and long ones, are so good in this direction that the blemishes must be attributed to the cause already assigned. And metaphor, when used, should be used correctly—"heads" cannot be said to "lie wrecked on shoals," whatever may happen to figure-heads. The story is a good one, viz.: the imprisonment and murder of the queen of Pedro the Cruel, and is, on the whole, well told; about the best parts are the opening of Canto II., which shows a keen sense of the beauties of nature; the description of the king at page 32, and a passage in Canto I., beginning—

> Sleep on! Ah, happy if thy ills were past.

The minor verses do not call for notice.

The writer's name and reputation hardly prepared us for the disappointment which we have experienced in reading "Leszko the Bastard: a Tale of Polish Grief," by Alfred Austin (Chapman and Hall). No doubt the verse is musical, as Mr. Austin's verse could hardly fail to be; and there are fine passages here and there—for instance, the description of Vanda's flight from her Russian persecutor is admirable, and there is tremendous power in her son's tale of how he avenged her wrong;

> He fell to me! One thrust I made,
> And at my feet I saw him laid.
> I sucked the blood from off my blade!
>   Christ! it was sweet! ay, sweeter far
> Than the smile of home, than the kiss of maid,
>   Or the glow of the evening star!

But, without wishing to be prudish, we do think the mother and son are sometimes unnecessarily minute in detail; and it is hard to see what good end can be served by such a poem, for a poem it undoubtedly is, and that a fine one. The tale is avowedly fictitious; and therefore the most ardent advocate of Poland can hardly hope that the deductions from such premises should be accepted in evidence. And the perverted patriotism which could lead a christened man to join the Infidel against his fellow Christians, is only one more instance of how even virtues may become dangerous unless under proper guidance. We want the author of "The Human Tragedy" for something better than this sort of thing; his art is of too high an order to be wasted on either Turkophilist or Russophilist pamphlets.

Those who desire to understand the difference between imitation and originality, cannot do better than study, in connection with the last-named work, the writings of one of the sweetest, if not the loftiest, of Scotland's poets—now, unhappily, too much neglected. "The Poems of Allan Ramsay" (Paisley: Alex. Gardner) have just been reissued in a new two-volume edition reprinted from the collection of 1800, and no man's verses better deserved reproduction. The original notices of the poet are appended, and it is both curious and satisfactory to note the tone in which they were written. Imagine a time when it was thought needful to tell folk that Lowland Scotch—so called—was only good old English, and that there was nothing vulgar in its use; and when an educated man positively viewed with pleasure a mythical coming disuse of the mother tongue amongst the Scots peasants! We certainly have grown wiser, and rather less snobbish, since we began to escape from the influence of the last century! Of course some of the pieces would hardly do to read aloud at the present day—"Lucky Spence's last advice," for instance! But all true lovers of nature must always rejoice in "The Gentle Shepherd." And who can listen unmoved to "The Yellow-haired laddie," or "The Lass of Patie's Mill?"; whilst for genuine, caustic satire, if somewhat broad, the tales and fables should take a much higher rank than is generally assigned them. The volumes are very handsomely produced.

"Pet Moments," by R. A. Douglas-Lithgow (Provost) are some verses dedicated by permission to the Poet Laureate, but have little else to recommend them. The lines at page 89, headed "Heroism," are rather good. But may we suggest to the author, that under no licence of accent can "gone" rhyme with either "lawn" or "dawn," that Naiads do not habitually live in woods, and that, if it be needful to apologise for the imperfection of verses (page 157), they would have been better omitted.

LEGAL

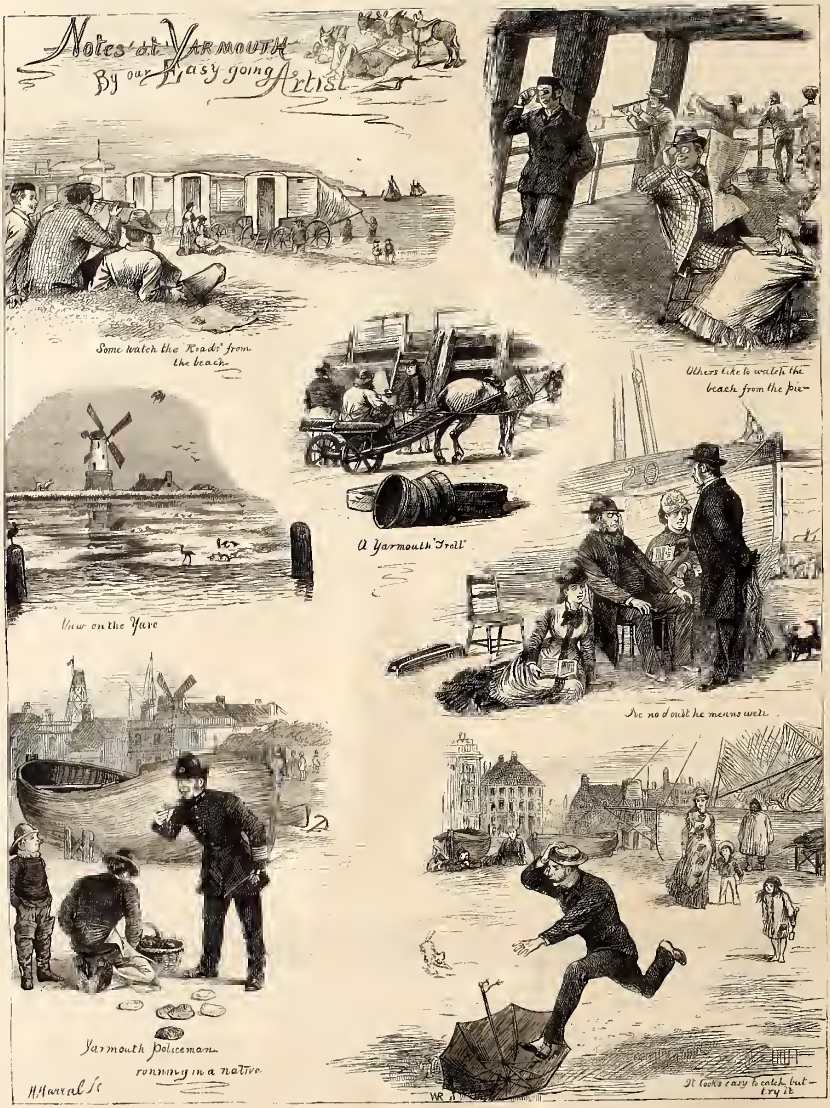
CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.——The September session was opened on Monday. The calendar contains the names of forty-three male and fourteen female prisoners. Seven prisoners are charged with wilful murder, one with manslaughter, two with bigamy, sixteen with burglary, &c. The trial of Mr. Swindlehurst and Dr. Baxter Langley, who are charged with larceny as officers of the Artisans Dwellings Association, and also for conspiracy, has been postponed until the October sitting. The trial of the brothers Staunton, E. A. Staunton, and Alice Rhodes, charged with the murder of the wife of Louis Staunton, began on Wednesday before Mr. Justice Hawkins, and threatens to absorb for some days public attention and the time of the Court. The Court is daily besieged by the usual excited multitude applying for admission. Mr. Justice Hawkins suggested the propriety of delaying the trial until yesterday (Friday), on account of the length of time likely to be consumed to the prejudice of other important cases; but on being assured that the cross-examinations and speeches would in all probability be completed by to-day (Saturday), the case was proceeded with. The prisoners on taking their places in the dock seemed calm and self-possessed. During Wednesday the Attorney-General opened the case for the prosecution, and Mrs. Butterfield, the mother of the deceased, gave her evidence.

MURDER IN ST. LUKE'S.——A brutal crime was committed last Friday morning at Wilderness Row, St. Luke's, the victim, Elizabeth Brockington, having been stabbed in the street by a bargeman, named Thomas Pratt. At the inquest it was stated by Caroline Maule, the chief witness, that as she passed the police-station in Old Street she heard the deceased woman say to a policeman, "I'd much rather you'd lock me up than I'd go with him." The policeman ordered the man to go one way while the woman went with the witness in the opposite direction. They were pursued by Pratt, who, without apparent provocation, stabbed the woman, and on being rebuked by the girl, turned on her also, saying, "I would as lief stick the knife into you as look at you." On the policeman coming up he gave himself into custody, and acknowledged his guilt. The woman died ten minutes after she arrived at the station. She had been stabbed to the heart. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Pratt, who was forthwith committed to the Central Criminal Court on the coroner's warrant.

MATRIMONIAL HOAX.——From Hamilton, N.B., there is reported this week a practical joke not unlikely to end in the police-courts. A Scotch Romeo on the shady side of forty advertised some time ago in a Dundee paper that he being "a working man of independent income wished to correspond with a young woman" with a view to matrimony. The advertisement was duly answered by a fair damsel, who arranged that the swain was to come to Hamilton last Friday evening to meet her. He came. At the station Juliet met him, and under pretext of "leading him to her aunt's house" led him into a trap, where some unsentimental Philistines awaited him. By them he was seized, thrown down, tied with a rope to a hedge, and besmeared from head to foot with treacle, and left lying on the road bewailing his fate until released by some passers-by. The police are on the outlook for the perpetrators of this rather cruel specimen of "Scotch wut."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——The great Detective Case at Bow Street drags on its weary length, but will not improbably

(Continued on page 286)


Notes at Yarmouth
By our Easy-going Artist
Some watch the "Roads" from the beach
Others like to watch the beach from the pier
A Yarmouth "Troll"
View on the Yare
I've no doubt he means well
Yarmouth Policeman running in a native
H Harral Sc
WR
It looks easy to catch, but — try it

HOLIDAY NOTES AT YARMOUTH

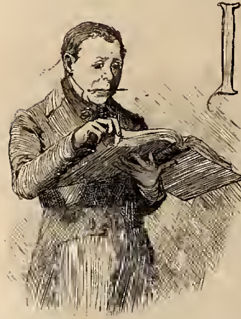
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

AUGUSTUS IN THE LEGAL



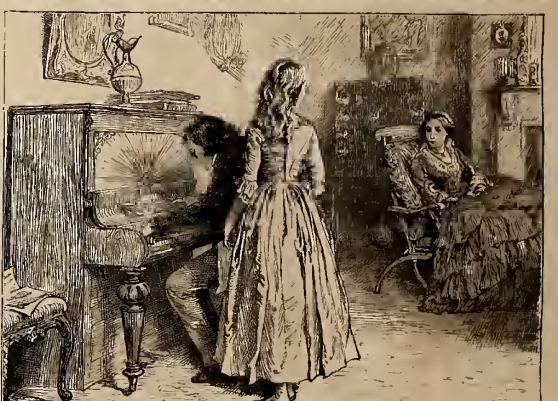
I HAD one short experience of the way in which other people work for money. It lasted three months, and happened when Mr. Tyrrell, out of pure kindness, proposed that I should enter his office. He said many handsome things about me, in making this offer, especially in reference to his daughter, and pledged himself to give me my articles if I took to the work.

I accepted, on the condition that I kept my afternoons free for Celia, and began the study of the law.

Well, suffice it to say that after three months the Captain became my ambassador to convey my resignation. And the only good thing I got out of my legal experience was the friendship of the Bramblers.

Augustus Brambler, the head of the family, was one of Mr. Tyrrell's clerks. Not the head clerk, who was a man of consideration, and had an office to himself, but one of half-a-dozen who sat in the room built for them at the side of the house, and drove the quill for very slender wage from nine in the morning to eight at night. Augustus was no longer young when I first met him, being then past forty years age. And although the other clerks were little more than boys, Augustus sat among them with cheerful countenance and contented heart. He was short of stature, and his face was innocent of whisker and as smooth as any woman's; his features were sketchy, his eyes were large and bright, but his expression, in office hours, was maintained at a high pressure of unrelenting zeal. Nature intended him to be stout, but with that curious disregard for her colleague which Fate often shows, his income prevented the carrying out of Nature's intention. So that he remained thin, and, perhaps, in consequence, preserved his physical activity, which was that of a schoolboy. I was placed under his charge, and received papers to copy, while the chief clerk gave me books to read. I did copy the papers, to my infinite disgust, and I tried to read the books, but here I failed.

Augustus Brambler, I soon discovered, did the least responsible work in the office, enjoying a certain consideration by reason of the enormous enthusiasm which he brought into the service. He magnified his humble office; saw in it something great and splendid; beheld in himself the spring of the whole machine; and identified himself with the success of the House. You would think, to listen to him, that he had achieved the highest ambition of his life in becoming a clerk to Mr. Tyrrell, that his weekly stipend of thirty shillings was a large and magnificent income, and that the Firm was maintained by his own personal exertions.



Sometimes, after playing one of my own studies, it would please us to see Mrs. Tyrrell waking up out of the doze in which she spent most of her afternoons.

Certainly these were not wanting. He was in the office first in the morning, and left it the last in the evening. He kept the other clerks to their work, not only by example but by precept, admonishing them by scraps of proverbial philosophy, such as—in the case of one who longed to finish and be gone—

> Hurry and haste are worsen than waste;

or of one who was prone to scamp the work in order to talk,

> Sure and slow is the way to go;

while in the case—too common among lawyer's clerks—of one who came too late to office, he had a verse as apt as if it had been a Shakespearian quotation, though I have never seen it in Shakespeare.

"What," he would say, "do we learn from the poet?"

> Get up betimes, and at the dawn of day,
> For health and strength to serve your master pray.
> Sharp at clock striking, at the point of eight,
> Present yourself before the office gate.

"It should have been nine," he would add, "but for the sake of the rhyme."

His eagerness to work was partly counterbalanced by his inability to do anything. He knew nothing whatever, after years of law work, of the most ordinary legal procedure; he could not even be trusted to copy a document correctly. And yet he was never idle, never wasting his employer's time. Mostly he seemed to be ruling lines laboriously in red ink, and I often wondered what became of the many reams beautified by Augustus with such painful assiduity. At other times he would take down old office books, ledgers and so forth, and, after dusting them tenderly, would turn over the leaves, brows bent, pencil in hand, as if he was engaged in a research of the most vital importance. At all events, he did not allow the juniors to waste their time, and, as I afterwards found out, was only continued in the service of Mr. Tyrrell because he earned his weekly stipend by keeping the youngsters at their work, carrying with him wherever he went an atmosphere of zeal.

He had not been always in the present profession.

"I have been," he would say, grandly, "in the Clerical, in the Scholastic, and in the Legal. Noble professions all three. I began in the Clerical—was a clerk at Grant and Gumption's, where we had—ah!—a Royal business, and turned over our cool Thousands. Thought nothing of Thousands in that wholesale House. Mr. Gumption, the junior partner—he was an affable and kind-spoken man—once took me aside, after I had been there two years or so, and spoke to me confidentially. 'Brambler,' he said, 'the fact is this work is not good enough for you. That's where it is; you're too good for the work we give you. I should say you ought to change it for something superior—say in the Commercial Academy line, where your abilities would have full scope—full scope.' I thought that advice was very kindly meant, and I took it, though it really was a blow to give up sharing in those Enormous profits. However, he seemed to know best what was to my advantage, and so I retired from Grant and Gumption's with the best of recommendations, and joined Mr. Hezekiah Ryler, B.A., in his Select Academy for Young Gentlemen. Perhaps the salary was not so good as might have been desired, but the work—there was the great advantage—the work was splendid. There you are, you know, that's what it is, in that line—there you are. Dozens of possible Shakespeares learning their Latin grammar under your direction; posterity safe to read about you. 'This great man,' the biographer will say, 'was educated at the Select Academy of Mr. Hezekiah Ryler, B.A., one of whose assistants was the zealous Augustus Brambler.' That thought was enough to reconcile me to much that was disagreeable, for there are things about the work of an ush—I mean the assistant of a Commercial Academy which some men might not like. I was with Mr. Ryler, B.A., for a year, I think, when he suggested—his manner was kindness itself—that perhaps I should find a more congenial sphere for my talents. I gave up the Scholastic, and tried some other line. He was so good as to suggest the Legal, and so I tried it. That was twenty years ago. Since then I've been going backwards and forwards between the Scholastic, the Legal, and the Clerical. It's a very remarkable thing, if you come to think of it, to be born with a genius fit for all three professions."

He firmly believed himself endowed by Nature with exceptional qualities, which fitted him equally for the positions of commercial clerk, legal clerk, or schoolmaster, and regarded the numerous dismissals which rewarded his labours as so many compliments to his energy and worth. In the sense I have already explained he was invaluable; his honesty and enthusiasm were contagious, and he never, I am sure, understood that, owing to some strange fogging of his enthusiastic brain, he could do nothing at all in the way in which it ought to have been done. When he was in the employment of a merchant his figures always came out wrong; when he was a teacher the boys never learned anything; and when he was a lawyer's clerk he could only be trusted to rule lines in red ink, copy letters in the press, serve a writ, and make a show, with a pile of paper, of doing important work. Yet, because the man was well known in the town for his breezy enthusiasm, for his integrity, and for the honesty which characterised all he did Augustus Brambler had never been long without a place. He was now, however, a fixture at Mr. Tyrrell's.

One evening, after I had been a month or so in the office, he invited me, in the finest manner, to take supper at his house. Had he bidden me to a lordly banquet the invitation could not have been conveyed more grandly. I accepted, and walked home with him, presently finding myself in a back parlour lighted by a single candle, multiplied by two on our arrival. The cloth was laid for supper, and half-a-dozen children, from ten or twelve downwards, crowded round the bread-winner, and noisily welcomed him home. They were all absurdly like their father, their eyes were as twinkling, their faces as full of eager enthusiasm; their figures as stout. And there was exactly the same regularity of diminution in their size that may be remarked in a set of Pandean pipes.

The mother, on the other hand, was thin and anxious-looking. It was easy to see that this poor wan-cheeked and careworn creature shared none of her husband's golden joy in the present. We sat down at once to the meal, Augustus Brambler saying grace in an impressive manner. It was a rich, and even an unctuous grace, such a grace as might be pronounced before a City dinner, thanking the Lord for the many and various good things He had provided for His creatures. And then, the heart of all attuned to the solemnity of the occasion, he seized the knife, and looked round him with the air of one who is about to commence an important work. "Bread, my children, bread and cheese, Your mother will carve the cheese. Mr. Pulaski—I should say, perhaps, Count Pulaski?—No. My dear, Mr. Pulaski takes supper with us incognito, like a foreign prince. It is not often that we receive a nobleman at our simple table. Pray assist Mr. Pulaski from the green corner, which is more tasty. Crust, Mr. Pulaski? Forty-seven, your elbows are on the table. Forty-six, calm your impatience. That boy, Mr. Pulaski, will carry through life the effects of the fatal year in which he was born."

While he talked, he went on distributing crust and crumb with the same vigour with which he was wont to rule the red ink lines.

I ventured to ask if the children had no Christian names.

"It is only their father's way," said the mother. "They *have* names like any other Christians, but I don't think they know them, themselves."

Augustus—the children being now all helped—sat back in his chair, and waved his hand with importance.

"My own theory," he explained; "formed even before I married, while I was in the Clerical. Matured while in the Scholastic, where I had access to works of philosophy, including the first book of Euclid, and to works of biography, including Cornelius Nepos. Published, if I may use the expression, while in the Legal. It is this, Mr. Pulaski. Childhood catches measles and whooping-cough, and shakes them off; but a child never shakes off the influences——Forty-eight, if you do not obey your sister you shall go to bed—of the year in which it was born. My eldest," he said, pointing to the tallest of his family, a girl, "was born in '44. She is therefore predisposed to poetry."

I did not ask why, but the girl, a pretty child of twelve, blushed and looked pleased.

"Her brother, Forty-five," Augustus continued, "is restless and discontented. That is easily explained if you think of the events of that year. A tendency, my boy, which you will have to combat during life. Like asthma."

"When we come to Forty-six," he went on, "what can we expect? The Famine Year. The appetite of that boy would strain the finances of a Rothschild."

Forty-six, who was a healthy, rosy-cheeked boy, with no outward marks of the great Famine upon his fat little figure, was working his way diligently through a great crust of bread and cheese. He looked up, laughed, and went on eating.

"Forty-seven,"—pointing to a little girl,—"the year of calm. The calm before the storm. The next boy is Forty-eight. Ah! the year of rebellion. He is a boy who questions authority. If that boy does not take care to struggle with his tendency, I should not be surprised, when he grows up, to find him throwing doubt upon the Thirty-Nine Articles——"

"Oh! Augustus," cried his wife.

"I should not, indeed, my dear. Forty-nine is gone to bed. So is Fifty. So is Fifty-two."

I was afraid to ask after Fifty-one, for fear there had been a loss, but I suppose the question showed in my face, because the family faces instantly clouded over.

"We never had a Fifty-one," said Augustus, sorrowfully.

His wife sighed, and the little girls put their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Forty-six took advantage of the general emotion to help himself to another piece of bread.

"No Fifty-one," Augustus sighed. "It was our unlucky fate. What a boy that Fifty-one would have been! All the wealth and genius of the world came to the front that year. I even wish, sometimes, that he had been twins."

We were all deeply touched, nor did it occur to me till afterwards that we were lamenting over a mere solution in the chain of annual continuity.

"But talking is dry work," resumed Augustus, taking up a brown jug, one of those jolly old jugs, with a hunt upon them in relief, that are only now to be seen in the National Club, and bestowing an Anacreontic smile upon his family. "What have we here, boys and girls, eh? What have we?"—as if there were an infinite choice of drinks in that house. He poured out a glass, holding it up to the light, turning it about, and critically catching the colour at the proper angle. "Clear as a bell—sparkling as champagne. Let us taste it.——Toast and water, my children,——aha! Toast and water—and—the—very—best—I ever tasted."

We had glasses round, and all smacked our lips over the nasty concoction, and he went on in his enthusiastic strain.

"It is a splendid business, the Legal. We are making, not to betray the confidence of the house, only we are here all friends, we are actually making more than two hundred pounds a month; think of that children, Two—Hundred—Pounds—a month. Fifty pounds a week—eight pounds, six shillings and eightpence every working day. Nearly fifteen shillings an hour—threepence a minute!"

All the children gave a great gasp. At the moment they firmly believed their father to be personally in receipt of this fine income. Poor little shabby boys and girls, with their darned and patched clothes, their bread and cheese banquets, and their toast and water. It was, indeed, a splendid income that their father enjoyed.

Supper ended, the children went off to bed. Then we put out the candles, not to waste light, and sat round the open window for half an hour, for it was a warm night, talking.

At least Augustus Brambler talked. And I began to see in what an atmosphere of imaginary ease the man lived and moved. His social position was, in his own eyes, an enviable one; his abilities were recognised; his future was one of steady advance; his children were well fed, well dressed, and well educated; his poor wife as happy as himself.

From time to time I heard a footstep over head.

"It is Herr Raumer. We allow him to occupy our first floor," Augustus explained grandly. He was not by any means anxious to hide the fact that he had a lodger who paid the whole of the rent, but it was his way of putting it.

I knew Herr Räumer by sight, because he came a good deal to Mr. Tyrrell's office. He was a German—a very big man, tall and stout, with a white moustache—a great mass of perfectly white hair, of the creamy whiteness which does not convey the impression of age or decay, and had a tread like a cat for lightness. He walked as upright as a soldier, wore blue spectacles out of doors, and had a curious voice, very deep, with a rasp in it. But as yet I had never spoken to him.

"He is our lodger," said Mrs. Brambler. "And he gives us a deal of trouble with his veal cutlets."

"Eats them with prunes," said Augustus.

"And complains of his tea. But he pays his bill every week, and what we should do without him I am sure I do not know. He is a very regular man. He has dinner at six, and smokes his pipe till half-past ten. Then he goes to bed. Where is Ferdinand, my dear?"

"At work in his room. But it is almost his time."

As he spoke the door opened, and Ferdinand Brambler came in. It was almost too dark to see him, but I knew his face, having seen it about the streets as long as I could remember. He was very much like his brother, being short, smooth-cheeked, and inclined to be stout, but he had not the same look of eager zeal. That was replaced by an expression of the most profound wisdom. And he had a habit of throwing his head backwards, and gazing into the sky, which I understood later on.

I rose to go, because it was past ten. As Augustus led me out of the room I heard Mrs. Brambler ask anxiously,

"What have you done to-day, Ferdinand?"

"A leg of mutton," he replied in a sepulchral voice. "And I think heeling and soling for one of the children's boots besides."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNFORTUNATE YOUNG NOBLEMAN

I continued my acquaintance with Augustus Brambler after I left Mr. Tyrrell's office. The atmosphere of that place very soon, as I have explained, became unbearable to me. The tips of my fingers began to feel as if they were made of parchment, which, as Cis confessed, would be bad for playing. In those days, too, clerks always stuck their pens behind their ears, a practice to which I could never reconcile myself. The association of that beautiful and delicate organisation the ear, the only avenue of the sixth sense, the appreciation of music, with quills and legal forms was revolting. Then what harmonies can be got out of the scraping of pens upon paper? The wind in the trees one can understand; and the waves by the shore; and the purling of a brook; but the scratching of steel, which you hardly perceive at first, but which makes itself heard with a strident noise which after a time becomes out of all proportion to the size of the instrument, who is to become reconciled to that? As an instrument of torture, I can conceive nothing worse than a room full of pens all at work together.

Old Wassielewski, who after nearly effacing himself during the schooldays was beginning to take a new interest in my proceedings, approved of my giving up the law. That a Pulaski should be a clerk in a lawyer's office was a blot upon the scutcheon; that he should become an actual practising lawyer was an abandonment of everything. When my destiny came to me in the shape of music-lessons, he was good enough to signify approval, on the ground that it would do for the short time I should want to work for money. I paid small attention to his parenthetical way of looking at life—all the Poles lived in this kind of parenthesis, waiting for the downfall of Russia, carrying on their little occupations, which lasted them till death allowed their souls to return to Poland, under the belief that it was only for a time. The Captain, however, deserved more respectful attention. He had small admiration for writing in any form; was accustomed to confound the highest works of genius with the commonest quill-driving; quoted an old acquaintance of the ward-room who once wrote a novel, and never held his head up afterwards; "Sad business, Laddy. Half-pay at forty."

As for giving music-lessons, the Captain was perplexed. To play on any instrument whatever seemed to him a waste of a man—at the same time there was no doubt in his own mind that I was only half a man. And when he clearly understood that I did not propose to lead a procession of drunken sailors like poor old Wassielewski, or to play the fiddle at a soldiers' free-and-easy, he gave in.

"Have your own way, Laddy. Jingle the keys and make other people jingle. There's sense in a song like 'The Death of Nelson' or 'Wapping Old Stairs'—and those you never care to play. But have your own way."

Gradually, the Captain came to see some of the advantages of the profession. "You give your lesson, take your money, and go. So much work and so much pay. No obligation on either side. And your time to yourself."

It was evident to me, as soon as I began to give lessons, that I was engaging myself for the rest of my life to become a music-master. I became a music-master because there was really nothing else for me at which I could earn my bread. Teaching of any other kind would have been intolerable, if only for the fact of my unlucky figure. Æsop, himself the most philosophical of hunchbacks, would have trembled at the thought of facing a class of boys—that age which La Fontaine says is without pity. But to sit for an hour beside a girl playing exercises while the mild-eyed governess played propriety was different. So I gave up everything except the piano and the organ, and started in practice as a teacher of the pianoforte. As Nature had given me a reasonably good pipe, I engaged myself at the same time to teach singing.

I was eighteen then, perhaps too young to take upon myself the responsibility of teaching. But pupils came to me, and in a few months I was happily beyond the want of any further help from the Captain. People invited me to give lessons from different motives; some because they thought that a Pole would take their girls at half the price of ordinary professors—in the same way, after the Commune of 1871, the friends of the exiles got them pupils on the ground that they would teach French for a shilling an hour; some came to me because I was young, and they wanted to boast that they were encouraging rising genius; a few, no doubt, because they really thought I could play well and teach their daughters. One lady who had a select boarding and day school—she dressed in black cotton velvet, and bound her brows with a black ribbon, as if to compress and control the gigantic intellect beneath—engaged my services, as I afterwards learned, in order that she might announce on her cards that music was taught at Cape St. Vincent House (established 1780) by the "young, unfortunate, and talented Polish nobleman, Count Ladislas Pulaski." But as there is no possible romance about a lad of five feet nothing, with long arms, crooked back, and round shoulders, parents who came from a distance, allured by the "unfortunate foreign nobleman," were not allowed to see me. I found out the thing after a time, and was foolish enough, being then quite young, to throw up the engagement in a rage quite befitting my illustrious descent. Afterwards I learned to behave with patience when I was received, as always happened, with a certain deference; but I really think that English people did *not* grovel before a title so abjectly twenty years ago as they do now—and I grew accustomed to overhear the familiar whisper,—

"A Count, my dear, in his own country, and here too, if he chooses to enjoy the title, of most distinguished Polish family."

"Enjoy the title." What a wonderful expression! Does a Duke awake in the morning and begin to smack his lips when a valet says "Your Grace?" Does he stand before his title as before a picture, catching it in different lights? Does he turn the name about as a jewel of many facets, pleasing his eyes with the lustre? I have tried to imagine all the sensual delights possible to be got out of an acknowledged Countship, were one independent enough to bear it openly, and I have always failed.

My lessons were given in the morning, so that I had the more time for Celia. Long before this I had become a son of the house at the Tyrrells. I came and went unnoticed; it was not thought necessary to improve the family tea or supper on my account; no cakes and muffins were provided, and the decanters were not produced in my honour. That was very pleasant. Also it was an understood thing that I was Celia's companion, guardian, duenna, watch-dog—anything. "It is a great comfort," said her mother, "to feel that she is with Ladislas. He is so steady."

In those days there were no choral societies, madrigal unions, or part-singing in our town. Girls sang duets, but young men seldom took any trouble to cultivate their voices, and unless sometimes when, under pressure, they attempted ambitious things set for high tenor voices, like "Good-bye, Sweetheart," or "Ever of Thee," wreaking a wicked will upon time and tune, they never sang at all. Musical young men, as they were called, were looked upon with a little disfavour as likely to turn out badly. Therefore it was a novelty in our small circle when Celia and I sang duets.

She learned to play, not brilliantly—perhaps from some defect in my teaching power—but softly and delicately, as if she loved what she played. She had the power of bringing out fresh sweetnesses, such as I had never felt in my own playing of the same piece. It is so always in the highest music. Play it a hundred times, exhaust, as you think, every chord of passion, yearning, faith, prayer, and hope, teach yourself to believe that it is a landscape which you have studied under a thousand effects of light and shade until you know its every possible aspect. Another plays it. Lo! on every side you discern hitherto undiscovered glades of sweet greenery arched by great cathedral aisles in which birds sing endless songs of praise; and clear before you, erewhile so dark and doubtful, lies the path which leads to the higher world, a sunny lane planted by loving hands with flowers, bordered with honeysuckle and meadowsweet, stretching broad and bright to the Gates of Emerald. The best thing about being a musician is that you can understand the music of others.

I encouraged Celia to play only from the best composers, because, while we have the best music to teach us, and the best poetry to speak our thoughts for us, it seems so great a sin to waste ourselves upon lower and ignoble things.

In course of time I began to essay little things of my own: feeble flights, imitations, echoes of the masters. Celia played them, praised them, and then went back to the masters. This showed me what a mere apprentice I was. For that matter I am not yet out of my articles.

Sometimes, after playing one of my own studies, it would please us to see Mrs. Tyrrell waking up out of the doze in which she spent most of her afternoons, and nod her head placidly.

"That is a very pretty piece of Mozart, Celia. I always liked that movement."

Or; "that has always been my favourite in Mendelssohn."

Why is it that people should take shame to themselves for not understanding music, and cover themselves with ignominy by the pretence? No one is ashamed to say that he does not know Hebrew or mathematics. And yet, unless one goes through the regular mill, how can music be known any more than mathematics?

Mrs. Tyrrell reminded me of those fakeers, or *yogis*, who attain to Heaven by perpetually gazing upon a particular toe. She spent her afternoons in a motionless contemplation of the work which she held in her hands. From time to time her eyes closed, but only for a few moments, when the lazy eyelid lifted, and her limpid eyes, which were like the eyes of fallow-deer for absence of care, rested again upon the work. A gentle, easy, emotionless woman, who could not understand her bright and eager daughter. A good woman, too, and a kind mother, always careful that her Celia had the best.

We were at that age when the soul is charged with uncertain longings. Youth is the time when poetry has the greatest power over us. There are so many things we have to say; our thoughts fly here and there like a young bird in early summer, not aimlessly but without control; the brain has not been forced into a single groove, and hardened by long continuance in that groove; the ways of the world are all open. There is no relief in speech, because, for such thoughts, the tongue is powerless. Therefore one falls back upon poetry. It makes me sad now to think of the days when our minds, saturated with the winged words of Keats, Byron, or Wordsworth, were as full of clouded visions, sunlit, mist-coloured, crossed with gleams of glory, as any picture by Turner. Where are they gone, the dreams of youth? "Où est la neige d'antan?" For if, in the after years, one such vision comes, evoked for a few moments by the breath of some mighty music, it is but a passing gleam. The fierce noontide light of midday soon disperses the clouds, and gathers up the mists. Perhaps, when evening falls upon us, they will come again, those glimpses of the better world.

We wandered hand-in-hand, a pair of dreaming children, or sat in Celia's Arbour, gazing out upon the broad bosom of the harbour. From the moat below us, which was the practice-ground of young buglers, trumpeters, and drummers, there came blown about by the breeze, the *reveille*, the call to retreat, the charge, and the eager rub-dub of the drum, which somehow acts so strongly upon the fighting nerves of the soldier. And every day in that busy port there was the firing of salutes, the solemn Dead March for a regimental funeral, with the quick rattle of muskets over his grave, the band of a regiment marching through the streets, and the booming of artillery practice, sounds to remind us of the world outside, to which we did not belong, but which fired our imagination.

And many kinds of life. At the end of the grassy meadow before our feet was a gate leading into the upper end of the Dockyard. Through the gate streamed the Liberty men, like schoolboys at play. And after them, going along as slowly as they possibly could, would be sometimes driven a file of wretched convicts, spade in hand, to dig and entrench in some of the Government works. There was a horrible fascination in looking at the convicts. What crimes had they committed? Why were they unhappy above other men who had sinned and not been found out? What miserable mothers and sisters mourned somewhere their degradation? How could they bear the grey uniform of disgrace, the horrible companionship of criminals, the wretched life on the hulks? Which were the men whose time was almost up, and how would they meet their release, and the return to a world which for ever afterwards would scorn them?

Sentiment all this, perhaps; it is the unhappy thing about us all when we pass into the work time, and youth's brief holiday is over that we have no more sentiment, which is often but another name for sympathy. Men try to crystallise themselves into critics, and therefore put themselves as much as they can outside the emotions. That is what makes poets, novelists, and painters hate and detest the *métier* of critic.

Meantime, no news of Leonard. We knew that there could be none, and yet we hoped. Leonard, of course, would keep his word. He would not write for five years; but yet, perhaps, in some indirect way, there might come news about him.

"I wonder in what way, Laddy? Of course he will be successful. Sometimes I think he is in London, writing poetry. Suppose he is already a great poet, everybody buying his wonderful verses?"

This was an extreme view to take, but then we were quite ignorant of publishing, and thought, perhaps, that a poet sprang ready made into existence and popularity. However, on cooler thoughts, the idea of Leonard taking to poetry did not commend itself to me.

"He may have gone to the Bar, Laddy, and be a great advocate."

It certainly did occur to me that advocates are seldom great at one or two and twenty.

"Or perhaps he may have become a merchant prince. Not a small trader, you know, but a great man, with fleets of ships and armies of clerks."

We breathed faster and looked at each other with flushed cheeks. What success was too great for our hero?

"Laddy," Celia went on sagely, "we must not choose, because we might be disappointed. Then Leonard would see the disappointment in our faces, and that would hurt him. We must wait—and hope. Patience, Laddy."

"Patience, Cis."

It was some proof of the strength of Leonard's character that everybody believed in his success. This young hero had gone forth to conquer the world. There would be no difficulties for him. Celia and I naturally looked upon him, our elder playfellow, with the respect of those who had been children with him, and younger than himself. This kind of feeling never dies out. The opinions of childhood throw out roots which spread all through the after years, and cling round the heart of eighty as much as round the heart of ten. And to this day I regard Leonard, just as I used to, as a being quite superior to myself.

The Captain openly spoke of him as of one who had gone into the world to show what a man might do in it. Mr. Tyrrell, who was not naturally an enthusiastic man, would congratulate the Captain on the success of the boy. And Mrs. Tyrrell—how that good lady managed to be infected by the general enthusiasm I do not know—quoted Leonard as an example, when she felt inclined to moralise, of what Religion and industry will effect for young people. What she thought they had done for Leonard I do not know. Perhaps she pictured him in a Bishop's apron. As for Mrs. Jeram, who also fell into the popular delusion, she openly thanked Providence for bringing such a boy into the world. She always knew, she said, by those infallible signs which only experienced persons can detect, that the baby—meaning Leonard—was going to be a great man.

There were others, too. The Rev. Mr. Bmughton, when he met the Captain or myself, would invite us to go home with him and drink Leonard's health in a glass of curious brown sherry, adding that he always knew that boy would get on. And Mrs. Pontifex once warned us solemnly against the pride that comes of worldly success.

All this was very delightful, and helped to keep us in a glow of pride and pleasure which made the long five years pass away quickly. There was only one discordant voice. It came from Herr Rädmer, who lodged with the Bramblers, whose acquaintance I had now made.

"You think," he said, in his German accent, "that this—what do you call him?—this boy has become a great man. What do you know about it? Nothing. What can a boy do without money and without friends? Nothing. He is some poor clerk in a merchant's office; he is a shopman behind a counter; he is an usher in a school; he has gone to Australia, and is a wretched shepherd. What else can a poor boy become? Great man! Bah! you are all fools together, Ladislas Pulaski. But go on, go on, if it will make you happy, go on till you find out the truth."

(To be continued)

SEASIDE ECONOMY AT DIEPPE

THE big fire, which was to have burnt down all Dieppe, and with a strong wind would infallibly have done so, has had little more effect after all than to give the inhabitants a wholesome scare. It consumed the principal storehouse of oil, coal, wood, and bread, which heterogenous articles are or were jumbled together in one large *dépôt* kept by a certain M. de Bosson. But the effect even of this loss is extremely slight in this curious town, governed as it is by economic principles of a special and peculiar sort. Adam Smith, who was fond of borrowing his illustrations from out-of-the-way places, would most certainly have carried away a number from Dieppe if he had ever stayed here for a fortnight, or, still more certainly, if he could stay here for a few days now. Seldom have the laws of supply and demand, the relations between the consumer and the producer of food, and, in short, the whole set of causes and influences which affect the "price of coromeditica," been so quickly and thoroughly *bouleversés* and upset as in this Norman seaport. When, in a street half a mile long, a brace of partridges will sell for six shillings at one end of it, and for three shillings at the other; when you may bathe for nothing all along the beach, except in one short strip, and then have to pay about a shilling to do so; it is pretty clear that some curious disturbing cause has been at work with the local laws of political economy.

The real fact is that Dieppe, like several other of the French seaside places, and perhaps a few English, is essentially a double-faced town, not only locally and geographically speaking, but socially, morally, and, above all, economically—it is a new town grafted on an old. The great shoals of fashionables and quasi-fashionables, of *monde* and *demi-monde*, which invade the town in summer, raise to an exorbitant level the price of house rent, *table d'hôte*, meat, poultry, and a number of other things, leaving at the same time others to maintain their ancient and normal market value. The ingenuous stranger finds Dieppe a very dear place—dearer than Paris or London. The natives and acclimatised foreigners grumble continually at the rising prices, but do not, nevertheless, pay much more for their purchases than they would at Yvetot or Rouen. They know that there is generally one price for them and another for the ubiquitous visitor; and they are well aware how and where to discover the one and to avoid the other. Their art may in the main be summed up in two maxims—never to buy anything in a shop, and never to give what the vendor asks.

Shops may be called almost a superfluity at Dieppe. They exist, and their owners pay rent, and it is to be supposed accordingly that they occasionally sell some of their wares. But if they depended upon their countrymen and fellow-citizens for custom they would not escape bankruptcy very long. I have been here nearly a fortnight, and have passed at least twice every day a few of these same shops. One of them belongs to a confectioner, another to a dealer in ivory, and a third to a vendor of antiquities, and as I have a strongly developed taste for each and all of these several commodities, I have naturally observed with some attention the panorama offered by the three shop windows, and the result is a conviction that a great majority of the cakes, almost all the ivory crucifixes, and every one of the antiquities, have remained untouched for the twelve days. The ivory dealers in the place labour under the mistaken, though not altogether unnatural, idea that they have a sort of monopoly in their trade. No guide-book to Dieppe was ever printed or written in which it was not averred that the Dieppois are celebrated for their manufactures and workers in ivory. The intelligent tourist is in nine cases out of ten perfectly well aware of this prestige in which the good town exults. Usually he has a vague notion that he ought to buy some sort of ivory keepsake; and with this idea goes into an ivory shop. Probably, if the shopkeeper charged him anything like a reasonable price, he would purchase a large paper knife, or even a statuette. But when he finds that the price proposed to him is considerably higher than it would be in the Soho Bazaar or in the Passage des Princes, he thinks it almost as well to buy the thing in London or Paris, and to make believe, with the aid of a little imagination, that it was brought back from the Norman town. If the would-be purchaser happens moreover to be English, it is rather discouraging to find amongst the knick-knacks on the counter ivory work which is palpably and indubitably of Birmingham manufacture. On the whole, therefore, the ivory shops cannot, any more than the others, be described as doing a very flourishing business. There is one, and one only, place where trade in Dieppe holds up its head with pride, and that is the market on market day.

Dieppe market on a Saturday is something like a market—more like it even than the German towns used to be on a Sunday, or the Russian towns at the time of the fair. The broad roads which lead from Rouen and Arques and Eu, are encumbered from sunrise to sunset with pilgrims innumerable. Every sort of cart, and every sort of pedestrian, is to be seen plodding into the town; and the men at the *octroi* have a grievous time of it levying the heavy duties which since the war have to be paid. From all that wide flat plain, which two thousand years ago was under the sea, which was a mere swamp when Henri IV. gained his great battle beside the neighbouring forest of Arques, but which is now dotted with thousands of the Normandy cattle, comes a supply of butter and cream cheeses worthy of Gargantuan appetites. From the hundreds of small homesteads and hamlets which lie sprinkled over the hillsides come countless multitudes of eggs packed in the corners of fat baskets, and between the interstices of less fat chickens and ducks. In the market-place, beside the grand but disorderly-looking church of St. Jacques, where six years and a half ago I saw the Prussian troops defile into the town, the whole army of peaceable country folks is now drawn up every Saturday morning. In the front row facing the Grande Rue is the long rank and file of butter women, standing in as regular order as if marshalled by the drill sergeant. For hours they stand still in patient expectation, each woman armed with the basket that hangs in front of her. Behind, in the second row, is the long and more straggling row of poultrymen and poultrywomen, their large baskets stretched upon the ground, and the live fowls fettered two and two together squatting discontentedly on the hard flagstones. Geese and ducks, turkeys and tame rabbits, are all huddled together in happy, or rather unhappy, families, awaiting the verdict which is to consign them to the spit or oven, or grant them a respite of another week. Now that the *chasse* has begun, there is a narrow row of hares, leverets, partridges, and quail, not without an occasional thrush. Not a grand show this, though; for the poachers have been in great force again, and there is as usual "not much game this year." Beyond is a heterogeneous army of goods for sale; clothing of all sorts, from great coats and dressing gowns down to boots, bathing shoes and stockings; jars and basins, old iron, blankets, chairs, and the paraphernalia of the Cheap Jack. Behind all is the fruit, vegetable, and flower department. M. Racine, the *horticulteur*, is to the fore no doubt. It seems only the other day that he enthusiastically presented M. Thiers with a bouquet "as big as himself." The illustrious visitor has passed away from Dieppe and from France; but the *horticulteur* remains, and will continue to flavour his occupation in the garden with an undiminished zest for Republican politics.

It is in this market-place that the good people of Dieppe make their provision for the whole week. The supplies brought in by the peasants are gradually transferred from their baskets to the baskets of the *bourgeois*, and during the process give rise to an amount of commotion and gesticulation which must be heard and seen to be believed in. The market woman, like the town, has two faces, and will assume the purchaser to be a stranger, or, in other words, a fool, until he or she has made a proof of some acquaintance with the customs and habits of the place. That evidence having once been produced, the scene changes in a miraculous fashion. The goose, for which it was "impossible" to take less than eight francs, changes owners at five-and-a-half francs; and the market woman, who had the air of a Covent Garden fruiterer, seems suddenly to remember that after all Dieppe is a mere country town, and that it is something to get double the price which can be got a little further inland, without standing out in the determination to get triple.

THE READER

IN the "Life and Times of the Right Hon. Sir Ralph Sadleir, Knight Banneret" (Longmans and Co.), his descendant, Major F. Sadleir Stoney, R.A., has given us a very complete memoir—albeit a little overweighted by the effort to combine with "the life" a condensed history of "the times"—of an almost typical example of the brave astute soldier-statesmen of the Tudor reigns. To the quaint biographical notices of good Sir Ralph in Lloyd and Fuller, to the more finished memoir appended by Sir W. Scott to the Clifford Edition of the Sadleir letters in 1809, research among recently published State papers has enabled Major Stoney to add many interesting particulars. And well, no doubt, does the career of his famous ancestor deserve such careful study. Born just two years before the accession of "Bluff King Hal," first ushered into public life by Wolsey's Cromwell, last figuring on its stage as one of the Commissioners who sent Mary Stuart to the block, Ralph Sadleir passed through all the heat and turmoil of the Reformation era—a statesman second only to the very first. An honesty which was above reproach, and courage which had gained at Pinkie the rare honour of knighthood on the field were tempered in his case with no small share of the wisdom of the serpent. The fall of his first patron diminished nothing of the favour in which he stood with the king, "who understood," says Lloyd, "two things—(1) a man, (2) a piece of meat, and was seldom deceived in either," and who had singled him out while yet in Cromwell's household. The accession of Queen Mary left the Privy Councillor, who had helped to put down the Catholics of the North and had even subscribed Northumberland's "device," free to enjoy his many manors and his hawking. Elizabeth found him well content to be plain Ralph Sadleir still, and "the richest commoner in England." "He saw," to quote Lloyd once more, "the interest of the State altered six times, and died an honest man; the crown put upon four heads, yet he continued a faithful subject; religion changed, as to the public constitution of it, five times, yet he kept the faith." The truth seems to be that he was a loyal servant, who never aspired to play the master. His chiefest work in war or diplomacy was in Scottish matters; his greatest merit to have been among the first to foresee, and the most diligent to pave the way for, the future union of the two kingdoms. Nor was this work light in war or peace, in Border battle or in troublous journey through the Catholic North and the half-hostile Scottish Lowlands, and perilous lodging—ambassadors' persons not being always sacred—in Edinburgh or Tantallon; and highly interesting are the letters in which the accomplished Southern knight and scholar describes his doings in the wild and barbarous North. Altogether, the eighty years in which Sir Ralph accumulated wealth and honours till laid to rest in Standon Church—the Scottish standard captured by him at Pinkie hung above his tomb—were among the most stirring in our history, and for the part the wise old statesman played in them we can thoroughly commend the reader to Major Stoney's most painstaking monograph.

Vol. II. of "Modern Birmingham and its Institutions" (Osborne, Birmingham; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London), or the history of the Hardware Town for the twenty years from 1851 to 1871, brings to a close Dr. J. A. Langford's labours as chronicler of the civic life of the "metropolis of the Midlands." A compilation like its predecessor, though a very careful one, from official minutes and newspaper reports, and, like it, addressed almost exclusively to Birmingham readers, it is even for these a work more fitted for consultation now and then than for continuous perusal. Still, in a centre of such vigorous local life, there will be always something of a wider, almost national, interest, as here in the story of Birmingham Free Parks, City Missions, and Reformatories, or in the occasional "obituary" of some little known but rarely gifted man, such as (to take one instance only) the American inventor, Dr. Williaro Church. A volume in fine which, though not to be commended to amusement-seeking readers, and somewhat too much given, even for a municipal record, to "small-beer" chronicles, as a book of reference for the student of local history, already possesses considerable, and with years must acquire an increasing value.

The "second edition greatly extended and improved" affixed to "Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation" (S. Low and Co.), by the Rev. J. D. Lang, D.D., a gentleman possibly better known as colonist, politician, and historian than as ethnologist, refers, we gather from further perusal, to a first *brochure* published forty-three years ago—beyond in fact the memory of most living readers—in which Dr. Lang's then brand-new theories of the Malayan origin of the American Indian as of the Polynesian tribes, and of the colonisation of island after island by groups caught in westerly storms, till from lone Easter Isle the last batch made their way to the coast of Chili, there to become the ancestors of future Incas, Aztecs, and Iroquois, appeared only to be snapped up and pirated by the Rev. Mr. Ellis, "the Apostle of Madagascar," in the new edition of his well-known "Polynesian Researches." How far the vexed question of the origin of the American tribes may be regarded as disposed of on the three grounds then first, as Dr. Lang asserts, enunciated, and now once more re-stated and illustrated—the Malayan origin of the Polynesian races; the existence in the South Pacific of zones of westerly storms blowing counter for weeks together to the prevailing trade winds; and the curious affinities in language, rites, and architecture, of the first settlers in the Pacific islands with the early peoples of Mexico and Peru we must leave to scientific ethnologists to decide. On all these points Dr. Lang adduces many curious facts, however short they may fall as a whole of the cumulative evidence necessary to build up his general conclusion.

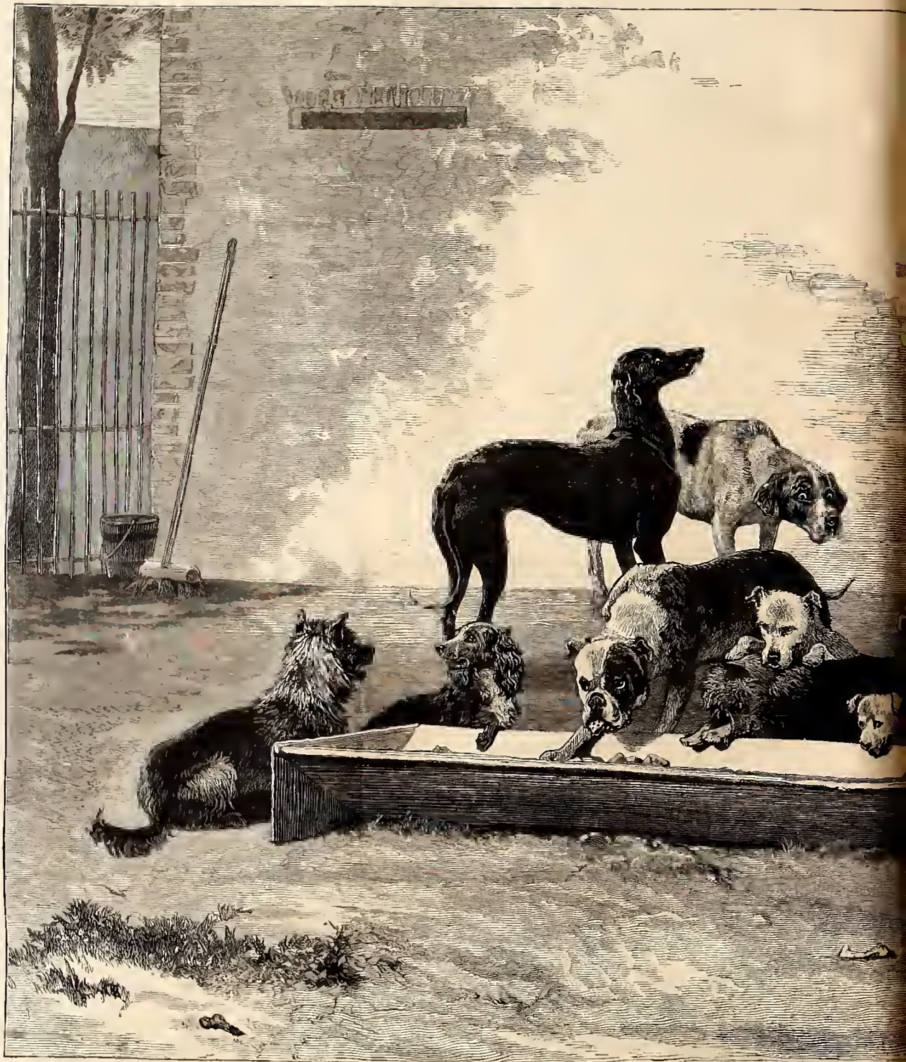
"A Note on Charlotte Brontë," by A. C. Swinburne (Chatto and Windus).—Mr. Swinburne's "Note" appears to have been called forth by a review in the *Spectator* of Nov. 11th, 1876, of Mr. Wemyss Reid's interesting memoir of Charlotte Brontë, a work which Mr. Swinburne, *more suo*, designates a "priceless contribution to our knowledge of one of the greatest among women." The reviewer gave it as his opinion that the works of the author of "Jane Eyre" "will one day again be regarded as evidences of exceptional intellectual power." Most sober-minded persons, so far from seeing anything amiss in the phrase, would consider it well-chosen and to the purpose, but to Mr. Swinburne it seems a deliberate damning with faint praise works whose destiny will be "to be read with delight and wonder, and re-read with reverence and admiration, when darkness everlasting has long since fallen upon all human memory of the cheap scientific, the vulgar erotic, and the voluminous domestic schools" of fiction. And in a torrent of what we can only call rant and rhapsody he proceeds, at considerable length, to pour forth his passionate admiration for Charlotte Brontë, who, with her sister Emily and Mrs. Browning, "make up," according to him, "the perfect Trinity for England of highest female fame." As Mr. Swinburne has little or no new light to throw on the novels of the Brontë sisters one might be puzzled to understand why he should have felt his "Note" called for, did it not soon become manifest that a main object with him in penning it was to utter an angry protest against the homage paid to George Eliot, whom he insists on regarding as "Charlotte Brontë's chosen rival." We should very much doubt if the notion of any particular "rivalry" existing between the two had ever entered the head of anybody but himself. The novels of Charlotte Brontë, he declares, show pure genius; those of her "rival" only great intellect. The finest among the characters in the former are "creations;" in the latter no more than "constructions." Of course Mr. Swinburne has a moral right to think so, and say so, if he pleases, though he will not persuade many people to agree with him, but his heat about the matter is altogether unnecessary, and, indeed, weakens the effect of his arguments—or what he puts forward for such. Mr. Swinburne has before now shown himself a fine critic, but his perceptions are not to be trusted on any subject that rouses his feelings.

While waiting still for that revised version which shall definitely supersede our present Bible, we may welcome at once as a substitute and a preparative the "Revised English Bible" (Eyre and Spottiswoode), presented to us by J. G. in the name of four well-known scholars. Though hardly so bold in all its changes as will be the offspring of the Revising Committee, it does ample justice on the mistranslations (often purely unintelligible) of the poetic books of the Old Testament in the Bible of King James, no less than to the textual changes which modern criticism has rendered necessary in the New. Hardly, indeed, is it too much to say that to ordinary readers the force and drift of chapter upon chapter of ancient prophecy will dawn for the first time after perusal of its renderings. An occasional phrase of modern form where modernising was not necessary to the sense is the one defect—not, however, a slight one—we have noticed.

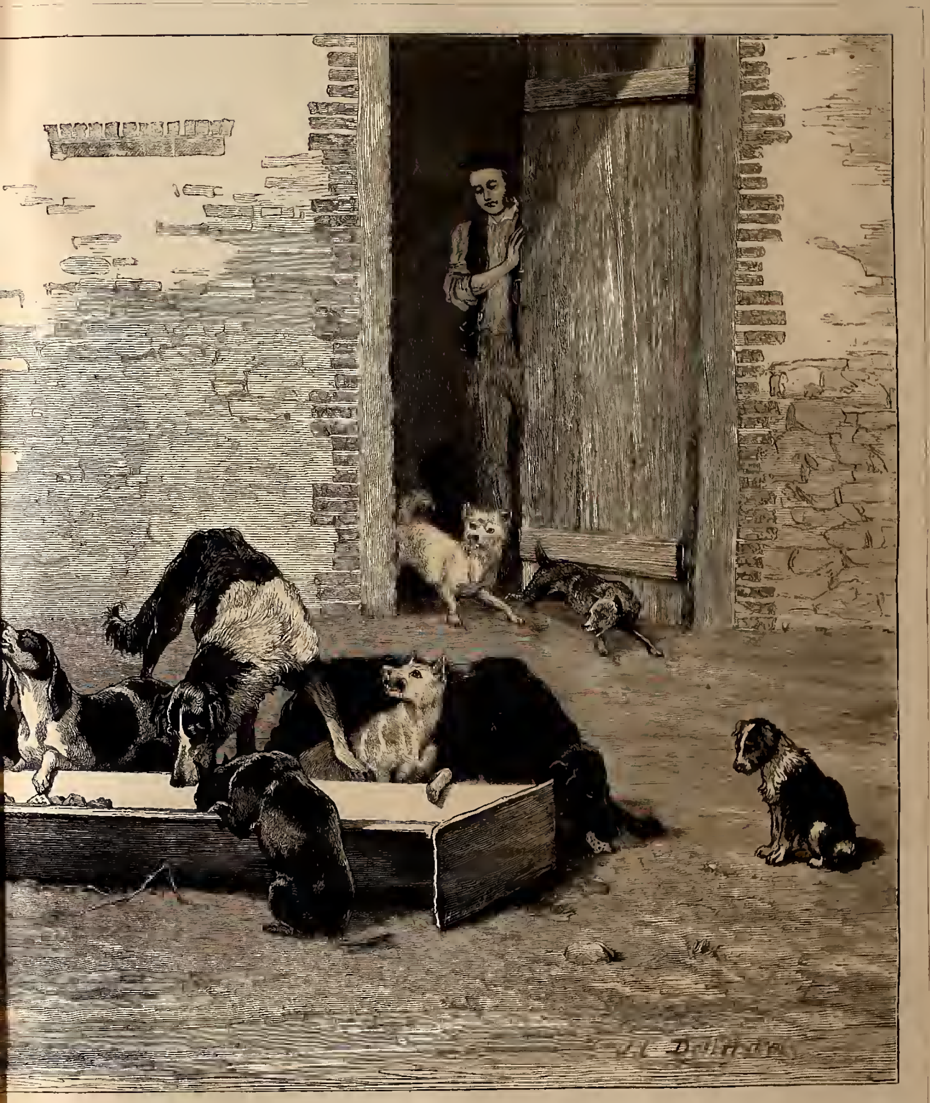
Ere yet the waning tourist season closes, a pair of shilling guide-books seem to merit more than common praise—the one a prettily illustrated handbook to the beauties of the Peak district, entitled "The Matlock Companion" (Virtue and Co.), by Llewellyn Jewitt, F.S.A.; the other the "Midland Great Western Railway Guide to Connemara and the West of Ireland" (R. M. Cameron, Edinburgh and Broadstone Terminus). The maps and skeleton tours to accompany this last are exceedingly well designed, bold yet accurate, and with suggestions of cosy inns and road-side accommodation quite startling to an Irish traveller of thirty years since. We only hope the word of promise is duly kept. There would be few pleasanter rambles than around Clew Bay or on the skirts of Erris could one but get one fine day in three, and be fairly at ease about the chance of shelter for the night.

"Practical Lessons in Painting on China," by Mme. la Baronne Delamardelle, a diminutive little manual, with a grandiloquent preface by M. F. Goupil, of the Sevres Manufactory (Lechertier, Barbe, and Co., Regent Street), seems partly intended to recommend the tube colours of M. Lacroix. It contains, however, a fair series of useful lessons for those who have a mind to paint their own porcelain.

The steady progress of works of charity in London may be traced as strongly as ever in the two excellent little volumes, "Low's Hand-book to the Charities of London" (S. Low and Co.), edited and revised to August, 1877, by C. Mackeson, F.S.S.; and "The Royal Guide to the London Charities for 1877-78," by Herbert Fry (Hardwicke and Bogue). Even while "War in the East Relief Funds," "Indian Famine Relief Funds," and so forth, are claiming all our superfluous cash, we find from such *addenda* as an "Invalid's Home Association," or a "Kyrle Society," to supply a collection of sea-weed, shells and artistic objects for poor homes and sick room, that domestic benevolence still strikes out new channels for its tranquil flow. We are glad too to note in the preface to either hand-book an absence of the antagonism observable last year between the older and smaller charities and certain new and slightly aggressive "organisations." There is clearly room for all to work without doing danger to one another.



A TABLE D'HÔTE AT THE HOM



E FOR LOST DOGS, BATTERSEA

"ANNETTE," by the author of "The Blue Ribbon," &c. (2 vols. : Hurst and Blackett).—There is much that is good in this book, though, in common with most of the author's stories, it suffers from being constructed out of too slight materials. Though there are but two volumes of it, it shows signs of padding. But Miss Brown, the sturdy, kind-hearted, and helpful old maid, who tells the story, is thoroughly well-conceived and natural, and reminds us often of some of Mr. Edward Garrett's characters when he is most genial and at his best. We meet her first on board the steamer *Nawab*, when she is homeward bound, after twenty years of Zenana work in India—work the aim of which was not so much the conversion of Hindoo women as the improvement of their moral and social condition—to spend the evening of her days in her native town of Abbotsby. Here she encounters the heroine, Annette Lislethorpe, who is suffering severely from trouble of mind and acute sea-sickness, and forthwith constitutes herself her friend and protector. We have no doubt that Annette is as sweet a creature as we are assured, but we cannot help feeling her rather weak and silly. Had she consistently pined away on account of the supposed faithlessness of her young lover her *rôle* would have been too legitimate for us to take exception to it, but as she recovers sufficiently to give her hand and a fair portion of her heart to Gregory Justin, the wealthy and distinguished Recorder of Abbotsby—another passenger by the *Nawab*—there seems no particular reason why she should fade out of life from want of enough interest in it to hold it fast, simply because her husband, a clever and ambitious man of middle age, is so occupied with his official duties and his essays on the ventilation of public buildings that he spends but little time by her side. She does but fare as the wives of busy men must expect to fare. Still, we like her well enough to be sorry for her, in spite of what we consider the unreasonableness of her trouble, and this sympathy is a proof that the author must have drawn her with some skill. The everyday life on board the *Nawab* is sketched very amusingly, and shows a thorough acquaintance with what life in a "P. and O." steamer is wont to be. The author very happily describes the position of the two great ladies of the ship, who as colonels' wives consider themselves too grand to mix with the rest of the passengers, and are debarred from each other's society through a deadly feud as to precedence, and "thus, shut out by pique from each other, and by position from every one else, they remain apart, each a solitary island in the ocean of her own dignity." Miss Brown's two old servants at Abbotsby, Karen and Hilary, and "Stump," the workhouse girl, whose first feelings so evidently were that her mistress must be a very selfish and, indeed, unprincipled woman to think of requiring "such an unlimited number of plates, knives, and forks, and such ample accommodation in the matter of space, to say nothing of two women to fetch and carry for me, and a pump to my sole and separate use," are all excellent. In fact the book is always best whenever Miss Brown, with her own opinions and belongings, becomes most prominent.

"The Tame Turk," by Olive Harper (3 vols. : Tinsley).—We are much afraid that Olmas-Sai, the "Tame Turk" who is the hero of this story, must have been playing with the credulity of the worthy lady who tells us she had the narrative of his adventures from his own lips. He informed her that his father was a French nobleman, the Marquis d'Auteuil, who had been an aide-de-camp to the great Napoleon. Once, when "the great immortal was hungry," and there was nothing to be had to eat, the Marquis was lucky enough to find a woman who had four eggs, which he and "an eminent general," after buying "at a fabulous price," prepared with their own hands, "cooking them with bank-notes of the value of 4,000 napoleons. (Olmas-Sai must have been reading "Codlingsby." "'My lord's pipe is out,' said Miriam, and, taking a 50*l.* note from the mantel-piece, she proceeded to rekindle Lord Codlingsby's *chibouque.*") Subsequently the Marquis had all his toes frozen off at Moscow; but this misfortune seems neither to have impaired his bodily activity or diminished his attractiveness. After the fall of the Emperor he took service with Sultan Mahmoud, with whom he soon became a prime favourite, devoting himself to improving the condition of the Turkish army. In the gardens of the palace he encountered the Sultan's sister (we must have been mistaken, we suppose, in our impressions as to the seclusion of Turkish women), whom he instructed in "the sweet but simple lays of his native land," and the pair became devotedly attached to each other. The Sultan made no great opposition to the union of the lovers, only stipulating that the bridegroom should become a Mahomedan, "a condition which was not hard." Of this marriage Olmas-Sai and an elder brother, Nicolo, were the issue. The author takes the opportunity of setting her readers right as to a misconception which, she thinks, is prevalent, "that it is obligatory on a Turk to marry four wives. He may, but he need not unless he likes." From a very early age the adventures of Olmas-Sai, both in love and war, are passing strange, but we cannot attempt here to follow them. The author appears to find no difficulty in any of them; her robust faith is not staggered even by the most stupendous of all, the hero's ride, during the Crimean War, in which he plays a distinguished part, from Shumla to Constantinople as the bearer of important despatches from Omar Pasha. His seven horses are led to the door, he mounts one, and is "off like the wind," the other six being trained to follow, so that he may always be able to mount a fresh (!) horse as his steeds are tired out. It is little wonder that when he at noon the next day at last draws rein and dismounts at the Turkish War Office in Constantinople, after having accomplished "in twenty-eight hours and twelve minutes what is called a ride of forty-eight hours," his seventh and last horse, which has, of course, been on the gallop all the time, apparently without food or water, should have "whirled round two or three times and dropped dead." It will thus be seen that however "tame" may be the Turk himself, his adventures do not deserve this epithet. It may be, perhaps, that some of them do not give an over highly-coloured picture of life in Turkey and the Levant, and, at any rate, readers whose taste does not revolt too much from the marvellous may find them amusing. We must add that the style of the book would often lead us to suppose it a not very well executed translation from a French original.

"The Burthen of Reuben," by Mrs. Randolph, author of "Wild Hyacinth," &c. (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett).—It is one Harold Raby who is the "Reuben" in this case, and his "burthen" is, of course, his own fickleness and instability of purpose. But, as we do not feel that close personal interest in him that Jacob did in his first-born, his systematic failure to excel does not succeed in arousing our sympathies. Indeed, we do not see why we should be asked to follow the fortunes of such an exceedingly weak and commonplace young man, whose only attractive quality is a certain easy good nature. As there is, perhaps, rather more than the ordinary share of love-making in this story it is satisfactory to note that it is all of a perfectly legitimate character. Mrs. Randolph's novels are seldom without some slightly humorous touches, and we have them here in the person of the lady of bewildered mind, who is the unstable one's mother, and thinks that "everybody must understand farming; it's only just having the land ploughed, and the seed put in, and then waiting till the corn is ripe, and having it cut in time for partridge-shooting," and in that of the sentimental and "gushing" elderly spinster, who, as a girl, has unfortunately heard herself spoken of as "sympathetic and of quick intelligence," and is for ever trying to look the character. The book is not unreadable, but it is a great deal too long.

"Touch Not the Nettle," by Alec Fearon (Samuel Tinsley).—After closing this book we are still unable to say what is "the nettle," and who it is that had better have left it untouched. Nevertheless, as novels go, it is a story of some merit, and the heroine, Effie Garstin, possesses more force and originality of character than ordinarily falls to the lot of the heroines of such tales. The worst fault in it is a bit of perfectly outrageous sensationalism. A High Church clergyman, who has preached the celibacy of the priesthood, falls in love with his beautiful parishioner, Effie, and, after many struggles against this weakness of the flesh, succumbs, and asks her to marry him. On her refusal, he goes out of his senses, and is found in his study, with the Bible before him, open at the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew, and a razor in his hand, with which he has actually cut off his right hand, and done his best to cut out his right eye. But, bad as this blot is, it is no more than a blot.

◆

THE FOLK-LORE OF HARES

> 'Tis the worst luck in the world to stir a witch.
>
> PEELE'S *Edward I.*

OF all our innocent, simple animals none, it might be thought, would be so little liable to become a familiar of superstition as the timorous hare. Yet at all times and in most countries it has enjoyed an evil repute. It is curious that Shakespeare forgot to mix its ears or eyes with the ingredients of his witches' caldron, but then his poaching tastes had led him rather to Sir T. Lucy's deer. At all events, he knew the hare's disposition,—

> You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
> Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
>
> *King John.*

Izaak Walton mentions another piece of folk-lore, that hares change their sexes annually. Its main celebrity, however, in the Black Art arises from its unlucky nature, and from its being reputed a favourite animal for witches' cantrips. "Come with us," writes Christopher North, "and course an animal that never heard a city bell—by day a hare, by night an old woman." Both these notions, which on any other hypothesis are very difficult to be accounted for, probably arose from a belief which has prevailed very generally, but, as far as we know, without any reason, that its flesh forms unhealthy food.

So early as the time of Moses the prejudice had established itself. The hare was classed by him amongst unclean animals because it chewed the cud without dividing the hoof. It is hardly necessary to state that this is an entire misconception, due to ignorance of anatomy (which would at once have shown the Jews that the creature did not possess the four stomachs of a ruminant), and the curious motions of its lips, which might strike a superficial observer as being similar to the circular chewing of the cud seen in cows. In reality this perpetual movement of the hare and rabbit's jaws is part of a providential arrangement whereby their incisor teeth are gradually ground down and kept in serviceable order. This prejudice against eating the flesh of the hare is not shared by the modern Arabs, but the Turks and Armenians, and especially the Parsees, abominate it. The Arabs choose to esteem it clean because it chews the cud, without paying any attention to the other requisite of the precept. Greeks and Romans ate it, spite of a prevalent opinion that it was not very wholesome. It is easy to conjecture that the mistake of the Jews was the original cause of the aversion some of these nations have to the hare; but what is to be said of the fact related by Cæsar, that the ancient Britons never ate it? Here, it seems, an independent superstition arises, one that cannot easily be connected with the Jewish beliefs. The French, too, have a proverb, "An old goose and an old hare are food for the devil." There is much truth in the former statement, as most people who have had the ill luck to taste a venerable goose know to their cost, but if the old hare be served as a *potage*, it possesses very few of the ordinary qualities attributed to a hell-broth. And if (as "Elia" recommended, a sucking-pig should be whipped to death), the oldest hare in the parish be coursed to her death—*horresco referens !*—no one will complain of its toughness, or need fear indigestion.

In some parts of England it is reckoned unlucky should a hare cross the path, and if one should chance to run along a frequented path or a street it is certain that a house hard by will ere long be burnt. Pliny says the flesh of a hare causes sleep, and that those who eat it look fair, lovely, and gracious for a week afterwards. Linnæus asserts that cloth made of a hare's fur preserves the wearer from fleas; while Buffon, with amazing credulity, says it is the only animal which has hair in its mouth. The extravagant gambols of hares in spring which have led to the proverb "as mad as a March hare," probably caused the old Saxons to represent their Goddess of Love as attended by hares, two acting as her trainbearers while others precede her with lights. It is not in England merely that the hare is connected in the popular mind with spring.* At Easter, in Swabia and Hesse a nest is made of moss, a hare set upon it, and the children are sent to look in it for the eggs that the hare has laid. On the Saxon mountains, too, it is said that the Easter hare brings the Easter eggs. Russian folk-lore also has a curious story bringing together eggs and hares, which it seems difficult to connect even in fancy on any reasonable principle. A many-headed snake, called Koshchei, is asked, "Whereabouts is your death, O Koshchei?" much as Dalilah tried to inveigle from Samson the secret of his strength; the hydra replied, "My death is in such and such a place. There stands an oak, and under the oak is a casket, and in the casket is a hare, and in the hare is a duck, and in the duck is an egg, and in the egg is my death." A certain Prince Joan, who is wandering in search of adventures, discovers the egg, breaks it, and at once kills Koshchei the Deathless.†

But the chief celebrity of the hare in folk-lore undoubtedly consists in its connection with witchcraft, especially the black art as believed in Scotland. Giraldus Cambrensis attributes the belief that certain old crones could turn themselves into hares, and in that shape suck cows, to the Celtic race, the natives of Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. Even so late as twenty-five years ago it was put on record that a "Scotch witch had been seen a hundred times milking the cows in the shape of a hare." Reginald Scott informs us what animals are most grateful to the powers of darkness, and naturally our quarry is amongst them; "right grave authors report that spirits most often and specially take the shape of women, appearing to monks, &c.; and of beasts, dogs, swine, horses, goats, cats, hares; of fowles, as crowes, night owles, and skreeche owles; but they delight most in the likeness of snakes and dragons." Grose is doubtful whether it is for the sake of air and exercise, or to vex the squire, justice, and parson of the village wherein they reside, that witches often transform themselves into hares, and lead hounds and huntsman a long and fruitless chase. But these beldames often had narrow escapes. As, for instance, it was deposed at the trial of Julian Cox, mentioned by Glanvil, that great believer in ghosts and demonology, that a huntsman, having fairly run down a hare, stepped before the hounds to take it up, when to his great amazement he found it was old Julian, breathless after her chase, and grovelling on the earth. The unfortunate woman was executed on this evidence in 1663.

A Scotch hag, named Isobel Gowdie, one of the celebrated Auldearn witches, confessed that at Lammas, 1659, she had attended a Witches' Sabbath, when they rambled through the country in the shapes of cats, hares, and the like.* Such changes she declared were very common amongst her uncanny sisterhood; crows, she said, were birds which they especially affected. She herself had a narrow escape once under the form of a hare. She had been sent, she averred, by the Devil to Auldearn in that disguise with some message, but had the misfortune to meet Peter Papley of Killhill's servants going to labour, having his hounds with them. The dogs sprang on the disguised witch, "and I," says Isobel, "ran a very long time, but being hard-pressed was forced to take to my own house, the door being open, and there took refuge behind a chest." But the hounds rushing in took the other side of the chest, so that Isobel only escaped by getting into another house, where she found time to say the disenchanting rhyme:

> Hare, hare! God send thee care;
> I am in a hare's likeness now,
> But I shall be woman even now,
> Hare, hare! God send thee care.

Such *rencontres*, she said, were not uncommon, and sometimes the witches were bitten by the dogs, and retained the marks when restored to human shape, but none were ever killed on these occasions. The readers of the *Spectator* will remember Moll White, the witch of Sir Roger de Coverley's village. "If a hare makes an unexpected escape from his hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White." "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack upon such an occasion send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

The Ettrick Shepherd relates one or two capital stories of these freaks of the witches. A number of gentlemen were one day met for a coursing match on the lands of Kirkhope in the Yarrow Valley. They had numerous and keen greyhounds, but could not find a hare. At last a boy came up, who offered to start a hare for them, if they would give him a guinea and suffer him to hold the black greyhound. The demand was singular, but no other conditions would satisfy him. So the price was paid; the hare was at once found and gave excellent sport. The greyhounds began to give up one by one, so long did the "maukin" run, when one of the party came slyly behind the boy and cut the leash which held the black dog. Away it flew to join in the chase. The boy, losing his presence of mind, ran bawling with great anxiety, "Hay, mither, rin! Hay, rin, ye auld witch, if ever ye ran i' yer life! Rin, mither, rin!" Meanwhile the black dog came fast up to his quarry, and was beginning to "mouth" her, when she sprang in at the window of a little cottage and escaped. The riders soon came to the place and entered the cot in search of their hare, but nothing was found save an old woman lying panting in a bed, so breathless that she could not speak a word.

The celebrated Michael Scott of Oakwood was himself sorely victimised in this fashion, and that by one of his own tenants. This old lady (known as Lucky) was reputed to be the most notable witch of her time. Indeed so marvellous were her powers that the country people began to compare them invidiously with those of the Master, and it was averred that in some "cantrips" she could surpass him. Michael could ill brook such insinuations, so he went over one day with his dogs on pretence of hunting, but in reality with an intent to exercise some of his infernal skill in order to chastise Lucky. He found her alone in the field weeding lint, and desired her in a friendly manner to show him a sample of her powerful art. She angrily denied that she possessed any supernatural knowledge. He, however, continuing to press her, she bade him with some warmth leave her alone, or she would make him repent the day on which he troubled her. How she perceived the virtue of the Master's wand is unknown, but in a moment she snatched it from his hand, and gave him three lashes with it. Michael was immediately changed to a hare, when the malicious and inveterate hag cried out laughing, "Sbu Michael, rin or dee," and baited all his own dogs at him. He was extremely hard pushed, and was obliged to swim the river and take shelter in the sewer of his own castle from the fury of his pursuers, where he found leisure to disenchant himself, and once more appear as a man. He afterwards took an amusing vengeance on Lucky, which resulted in her death, and his being left undisputed Master of the Black Art.

The same superstition is found in Ireland. A friend was shooting there, and time after time failed to hit a particular hare which was always to be found in the same "form." "Faith, sir, and I am not surprised at it," at length quoth the gamekeeper, "she's a witch-hare, and sorra a mother's son could hit her without a crooked sixpence in his gun!" Unfortunately our friend did not try the receipt. Montaigne relates an anecdote of a young Turkish lord who had performed a notable exploit in war before Amurath, and was asked by him who at his early years had thus inspired him with such distinguished courage? His answer, and the essayist's reflection on it, are curiously applicable to our subject. "My teacher in valour," said the Turk, "was a hare. Being one day a hunting I found a hare sitting. At her I let fly my arrows, and shot forty that I had in my quiver, not only without hurting, but without starting her from her form. At last I slipped my dogs at her, but to no more purpose than I had shot, by which I understood that she had been secured by her destiny, and that neither darts nor swords can wound without the permission of Fate, which we can neither hasten nor put back." This story may serve, by the way (adds Montaigne) to let us see how flexible our reason is to all sorts of images.

We were lately walking by the upper waters of the Tweed with a friend while the skies were pouring down an autumnal deluge, when an old hag, bent double, with a projecting chin, eagle eye, and "mutch" thrown over her head after the fashion of the older Scotch peasants, met us. She leaned on an odd-looking staff, and, spite of the rain, her shawl did not appear wet. It should be added that there seemed no apparent reason for her being there, as no house was near. Simultaneously we turned and said to each other, "What a fine specimen of a witch!" The very next day, while the rain still fell in torrents, we were driving by the same river, when a hare ran blindly up the road to meet us, pursued at some distance by a black dog. The former creature was so terrified that it ran under the horse's feet, and was fatally injured. We jumped off and secured it. What wonder if we said, "This is the old witch we saw yesterday!" In the days of the Auldearn witches or of Hopkins, the English witchfinder, it would have gone hard with the old woman after such a coincidence. Without the trouble of the ordeal Nature herself would have been appealed to as declaring that, after the death of her familiar or her other self, her own execution was imperatively demanded.

---

* See Kelly, "Indo-European Folk-Lore," p. 255.

† Ralston's "Russian Folk-Tales."

* See Sir Walter Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft."

Besides the ill-fame which the hare's flesh acquired with many of the ancients, another circumstance, the annual changing of the hare's colour at the approach of winter, may, in the northern countries of Europe, have contributed to the growth of the above-mentioned superstitions. We will not dwell on any more examples. It is sufficient to remark that in the Middle Ages Ignorance was always the mother of Superstition, which in her turn became the nurse of Cruelty. So that in the folk-lore of hares no one need be surprised to find extremes meeting, the mildness of that harmless animal popularly connected with grotesque and enormous wickedness.

M. G. WATKINS

DARK-NIGHT WORK

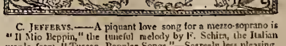
As daylight dwindles and the dark hours increase in number, the householder, both in town and country, will do well once again to give a little calm consideration to the question—"Is my abode, as far as human foresight can make it, so secure against the ingenious devices of those who break in and steal, and whose business season commences just about the time when the melancholy muffin bell proclaims the end of autumn?" Let him who is serenely confident in his locks and bars take heed lest some dismal morning he makes the startling discovery of an open window or a door ajar, with grease spots on the hall oilcloth and strange footprints on the stairs.

Forewarned, forearmed, is an axiom worthy of respect, and without in the least desiring to add to the nervous apprehensions of the timid head of the family, it may be as well to make mention of one of the not commonly recognised dangers to which he is subject. If there exists such a work as the "Housebreaker's Handy Book of Reference; or, the Burglar's Correct Guide," there can be no doubt that the device in question is deemed worthy of a foremost place in its criminal pages—possibly with the addition of a foot-note by the editor calling attention to the fact that "this is a dodge that every enterprising member of the profession should give special attention to, as it is known to be more profitable than any other." It is charmingly simple too, with no more trouble or fear of being interfered with than a commercial traveller seeking orders for future delivery. All that the housebreaker's agent has to do is to get up a decent appearance and go about on the look-out for eligible houses empty and to let, and permission to view, which, together with the key, may be obtained on application to some one who resides some distance off. It will happen in some cases that the person who has the letting of the house will take the precaution of sending someone along with the applicant; but more often than not he will be glad to be spared this trouble, and yield up the key on a promise that it shall be speedily returned. This being the case—and if it can be brought about but one time in six it will pay very well—all the rest is perfectly easy. Unobserved and at his leisure, the "agent," who, make no doubt, is a skilled workman in his particular line of business, goes over the house and studies its internal arrangements. He enters in his note-book the position of the servants' bed-rooms, and of the apartment which the heads of the abode will probably occupy. He pays particular attention to the fastenings of the back door, and if the lock on it is anything out of the common way his curiosity may lead him to make a cast of it with a handy bit of wax he carries with him. He has an eye to bolts and bars, and it is not impossible that he may produce a screwdriver, and, withdrawing the original screws from the fastenings, substitute "dummies" that a smart push with the shoulder from without will instantly displace. Having abundance of time on his hands, and being conscientious as to the faithful discharge of his duty to his employer, he will extend his investigation even to the coal cellar and mark how the coal-plate is secured, and he will mount to the attic and interest himself in the arrangement of the roof trap. All this duly accomplished he will politely return the key to the obliging lender, with the remark that he will probably hear from him.

It is not unlikely that this may happen, or, at all events, if the unsuspicious house agent does not again hear from the intending tenant, he will very probably hear of the doings of a friend of his, though he would never dream of the connection between the two. Really it is enough to make a poor honest man wish he were less scrupulous when he discovers how smoothly the rogue's path to plunder may be paved. All that is required is to hit on an oath of secrecy sufficiently binding to keep together the members of the bold brotherhood of house-breakers whatever the nature of the temptation to treachery that might assail them; and then, by following the simple lines above laid down, an extensive, methodical, and highly remunerative business might be done. There might be booking-clerks and ledgers, and when a "workman" had finished with one job he would have nothing to do but to apply at the proper desk of the department to which he was attached. "Here is something that may suit you, Mr. Crackitt, 55, Goldsack Square. Tenant wealthy, old bachelor, with valuables on the premises, and plenty of plate. House well examined and prepared before he took possession of it. Here is a plan of the rooms with their approaches, and here are the keys of the front and back doors. Or there is a window in the pantry fifteen inches by ten you might squeeze through. There is a chain to the hall door, but it is attached only by 'trick' screws, and will yield to a push. The bolts have all been seen to, and will give you no trouble. The commission is fifteen per cent., with eminent counsel to defend you should you be so unfortunate as to get into trouble."

This may appear to be making a joke of what is really a serious matter; but friendly warning is not the less valuable because it is conveyed with a smile. That the danger alluded to does exist there can be no doubt; indeed, it is scarcely likely that such a curiously easy way of gaining burglarious admittance into a house would be overlooked by those whose busy brains are perpetually on criminality bent. To the question of how the midnight marauder of the class indicated can be best guarded against, the answer is short and satisfactory—never rely on the important locks, however excellent may be their condition, that may be found in an—old or new—house that has stood empty before occupancy. Have them exchanged for others, or at least supplement them with reliable safety latches, and make sure that the screws of all bolts and fastenings have not been tampered with.

JAMES GREENWOOD



New Music

C. JEFFERYS.——A piquant love song for a mezzo-soprano is "Il Mio Beppin," the tuneful melody by F. Schira, the Italian words from "Tuscan Popular Songs."—Scarcely less pleasing, although of a different character, is "After Long Years," by the above-named composer; the sentimental words by E. Oxenford; compass from D below to G above the lines.—Tenors with sweet voices of limited compass will find "A Golden Dream," composed by Odoardo Barri, admirably suited to their capabilities; the words, by Rosa A. Lee, are pathetic and poetical; this song will be a leading favourite of the season.—A spirited song for a bass is "The Pirate Chief," written and composed by Emily Bond and Louis Diehl.—"To Pyrrha" is a morbid love ditty, the words adapted from Horace (Book I., Ode V.), the feeble music by Robert Little; this song goes far to prove that modern composers need a special gift to illustrate successfully the poetical ideas of ancient writers.—This special gift has been vouchsafed to Michael Watson, whose pianoforte pieces "after the antique" have little or nothing modern in them beyond their exterior; for example, "Sarabande in B flat," "Minuet in C" (antique style), and "Gigue in G," seem to belong to the bag-wig period, nevertheless they are very pleasing to modern pianistes and their audience.—"Under the Lily Bells" (Fairy Dance for the pianoforte), by the above-named composer is a showy *morceau* for agile fingers.—No. II. of a series of "Grand Operatic Duets," arranged by J. Rummel, consists of a well-chosen selection from Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*; somewhat difficult to learn, this duet will more than repay the study needed for its accomplishment.—Two meritorious drawing-room pieces for the pianoforte are "The Water Mill," by J. C. Dunster, and "The Silver Stream," by J. T. Trekell.

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.——A fairly well-written song for any after-dinner festival, especially at Christmastide, is "A Toast to Other Days," the music by W. C. Levey, words by J. S. Carter.—A very useful duet for two *soprani* is "Spring and Summer," written and composed by B. S. Montgomery and Franz Abt; what it lacks in originality is made up for in utility. Other composers before W. C. Levey have set Mrs. Hemans' plaintive poem, "The Better Land," to music with equal success; the words alone will win favour in the home circle, there is nothing original in the music.—A clever, but dismal, song is "Under the Lamplight," by Louisa Gray.—"Come at Last," written and composed by Harriett Power and Virginia Gabriel, is a well-written song for a sentimental contralto.—Decidedly objectionable, as a rule, are words adapted to popular waltzes. An exception may be made in favour of "Loved and Lost" ("Geliebt und Verloren"), the melodious theme of which, by Otto Müller, has been set to some poetical words by Percy Fitzgerald; it would have been far better had the song been written first and the waltzes followed after.—Both words and music, by Messrs. C. J. Rowe and J. Greenhill, of "Friends for Ever" are touching in the extreme, and will please wherever they are sung.—A graceful after-dinner piece for the pianoforte is "Summer Night," a serenade by Henry Logé.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.——A song from the pen of Jaques Blumenthal is always sure of a public welcome. "I Awake and Dream" is quite up to his usual high standard of excellence; contraltos will find it an acquisition to their *répertoire*, the words by H. F. Chorley are full of pathos.—Simple words allied to an easy and flowing melody are to be found in "Home Light," a song of medium compass for a soprano; the former are by Helen M. Burnside, the latter by Henry Smart.—A brilliant and not very difficult pianoforte piece is "Venetian March," by Frederic Lemoine.—A merry, danceable galop is "L'Eclair," by Cotsford Dick; the frontispiece is of a startling description.—Capital fun for children of all ages will be found in "A Singing Quadrille," by Cotsford Dick, composed upon many of our old nursery rhyme tunes, "Ba, Ba, Black Sheep," "Little Jack Horner," &c.—An easy and danceable set of quadrilles on popular melodies, "The English Fleet," are neatly arranged by J. Pridham.

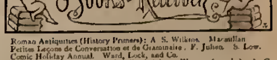
MESSRS. J. B. CRAMER AND CO.——Of two love songs for medium tenors composed by A. D. Duvivier, "Roses on the Stream" is from a musical point of view far better than "Fare Thee Well, and if For Ever," the very pleasing words for the former are written by H. Hersee, whilst the latter is Lord Byron's beautiful and pathetic poem.—Three useful songs for every day occasions composed by C. H. R. Marriott are entitled respectively, "Jack's Bequest," words by E. Oxenford (for a mezzo-soprano), "Oh, Chide Me Not for Loving," a *naïve* little Scotch poem by L. M. Thornton (for a soprano), and "Sweet Rosabelle," a love poem by C. Featherstone (for a tenor).—It is not often that a Mus. Doc. condescends to write dance music; Albert Hartmann, Mus. Doc., shows a decided gift for that branch of composition, or rather adaptation, in "Deutsche Mädchen Lieder Waltz" (German Maiden Songs), which we may expect to hear very often during the present and coming season.

WILLIAM CZERNY.——Two desponding songs by Franz Abt are "Sweet Words of Comfort" and "Tears and Lilies," the German words cheerfully translated by F. Finlayson; these songs are published in two keys, and may be sung by any one who has a real or imaginary cause for depression.—Why Messrs. E. L. Blanchard and Karl Meyder wrote, composed, and published "The Jewel," a song for a mezzo-soprano, unless it were for the purpose of introducing the dedication and delicate frontispiece, we are at a loss to imagine.—Nos. 27 and 28 of "Popular and Celebrated Choruses for Ladies' Voices" are two sprightly and tuneful quartets by R. Schumann, "The Merry Hunter" and the "Watersprite," arranged for two *soprani* and two *alti*; they are admirably adapted for picnics, water-parties, or amateur concerts.—A "Petite Valse, pour Piano," by Henry Ketten, well deserves its title, for it is both tame and commonplace.—There is nothing to be said in praise of, though little to censure, in "Les Valses de Marguerite" (Landler Alsaciens) for the pianoforte, by J. B. Wekerlin.

SNORING

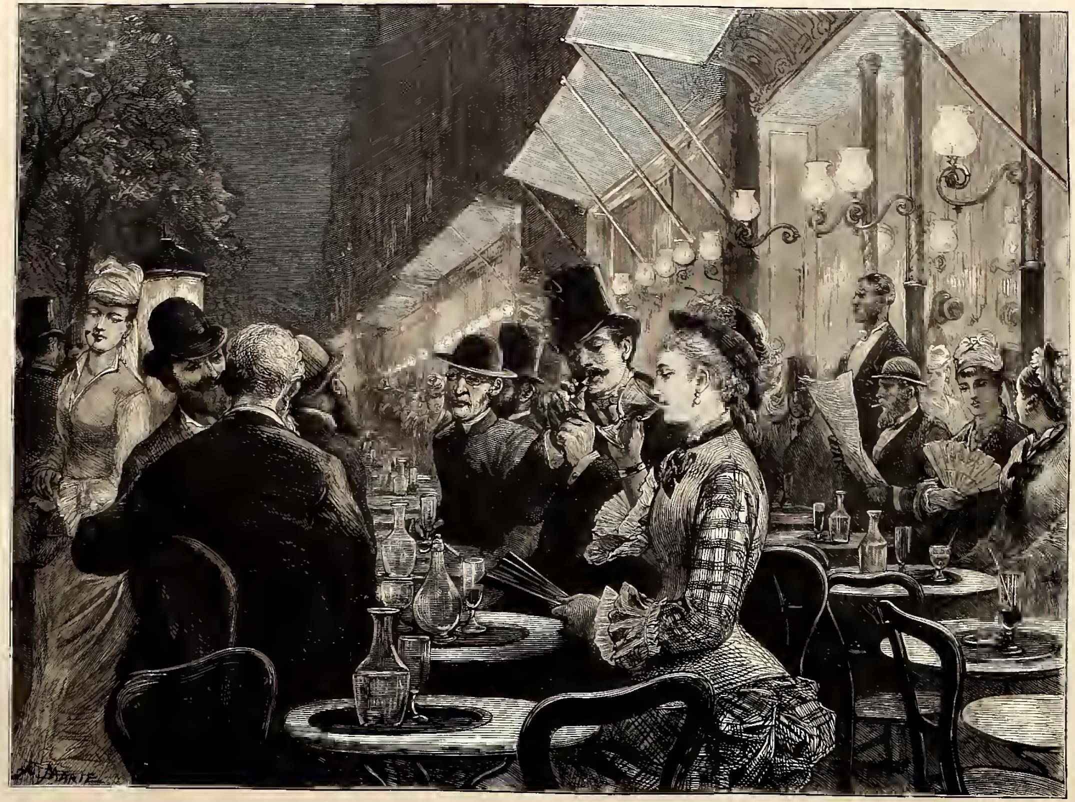
Is it not written in the "Pirkè Aboth" that a wife may be divorced for snoring, not, of course, occasional, but permanent and irremediable? Such a law is worthy of that grand Jewish nation which had to keep itself alive under unprecedented difficulties and against overwhelming odds by the strong energy of each individual exerted for the common weal; and how could a man have maintained this needful energy whose wife would snore away night after night? Snoring on the part of the bedfellow is somehow not a thing you get used to, as men are said to get used to the scream of railway whistles close to the thin walls of their semi-detached villas, or to the rush of water, or the click of mill-wheels. These things after a time become almost necessary to one's nightly comfort, so that (they say) one who has grown used to them feels restless when transferred to a bed-room into which no sound can penetrate. But snoring is to most men what the intermittent rattle of cabs is to the country cousin whose London quarters are on the direct line to some great terminus. Weary and excited with unaccustomed sights, somewhat "uncomfortable" through feeding at unusual hours, the poor fellow has just fallen into a fitful slumber, when "whirr-rush!" and, with a sensation like Victor Hugo's when he saw the Spirit of Greek Tragedy and that of the Apocalypse charge full tilt against each other with the shock as of two colliding railway trains, he wakes, lies simmering for half an hour, and then sinks off, only to be reawakened in a few minutes in the same cruel manner. Just such is the case of him who has a snoring wife, unless he is cased in the *robur et æs triplex* of that rare faculty of really heavy sleeping. Snoring (like the cabs) is intermittent; no one snores always, just as no one is wise and sensible at all hours. It is just intermittent enough to break the soothing spell of monotony. Besides, it does not begin from the beginning. Many a snoring wife, knowing her infirmity, lies awake, dear considerate creature, until her husband has "gone off" before she ventures herself to seek that repose which she feels will have so undesirable an accompaniment. Moreover, it is close to your ears, and you cannot get rid of it; there is absolutely no remedy. The loud ticking of a watch will for some men, and in certain states of nerves, cause sensations which seem like a foretaste of purgatory; but then you can wrap up your watch, and put it into a drawer, or, drawing it out of the watch-pocket, you can thrust it well under the pillow. Neither of these modes of riddance will answer in the case of a wife. A British jury, even of fellow-sufferers, would hardly hold you justified in subjecting her to the fate of Desdemona because of an outburst of snoring. How can you stop her? I still remember, with exultation, a farmhouse at Buttermere, where, years ago, the inn being full, several of us got beds after a very heavy day on the Fells. There was a fine old staircase branching away halfway up to right and left, and on either hand a fine old clock ticking as loud as a clock could tick. Sleep, rendered difficult by the tingling of the overheated blood, was made impossible by this rival ticking. However, I was equal to the occasion; stealthily, "with Tarquin's ravishing steps," I left my room, groped my way first to one wooden demon and then to the other, opened the clock-cases, grasped the pendulums, and in a moment all was still. But if you do summon up courage to grasp the sweet disturber of your rest by the bridge of the nose, you gain, perhaps, a few instant's respite; but remove your hand, and the nuisance begins, all the more aggravated by the short cessation.

Nor does night promise any respite. A cow that has lately lost her calf roaming and bellowing disconsolate on the hill-side two fields off is a melancholy night-watcher, and if you are disposed to be sleepless will effectually supplement your disposition. But then this nuisance may be readily abated; unless the farmer is your sworn foe and a very churl to boot, a polite note will make him put the offending animal into some other pasture before the second night begins. You can't get rid of a wife so easily. Besides, lowing cattle and twittering birds and such-like outside noise-makers are only grievous when you are wakefully inclined, and now you are just the reverse; you want sleep, and have prepared for it. You've had lots of gardening, no head-work to speak of, and a seven miles' drive under the stars, through the never-ending summer twilight. You feel that you could sleep even at Clapham Junction; but you cannot sleep through that strange nasal respiration, like the diapason of an organ, now rising high, now sinking into a low murmur as of a far-off wind. You gently wake your tormentor; and for a short while all is well. Would it could be always so; but she is sleepy, too; she relapses, and this time it is she who wakes you. And so on, and so on, until at last you can bear it no longer. You think you'll get up and write or read; but to settle to anything at that unusual hour needs more effort than you can make. So you steal away to a dressing-room, and strike a chill into your joints by creeping between cold sheets. It is hours before you "drop off;" but, at any rate, you are calm, you have escaped your tormentor. The worst of it is that just as you are well asleep, Susan and Eliza Jane begin their accustomed works; brooms rasp, pails tumble about as if of *malice prepense*, pots and pans begin their inarticulate noises, and you wake. Once more, however, tired Nature tries to get a good hold of her "sweet restorer," you fall into the deepest sleep of all, broken by no dream, so deliciously calm that it seems to last for weeks. Alas, it really lasted less than half an hour, and was rudely broken by a rush past the window which impressed on your sleeping senses the horrid feeling that your pigs have broken loose, and, followed by the cow, were tearing wildly into the garden. No; its only the two youngest bairns galloping bare-backed on "Dodo," up and down the lane under your dressing-room window. But sleep is now hopelessly gone; it's time to be stirring, and the sooner you are well awake the longer time you will have for deliberating whether or not, well-dosed with chloral, you shall venture next night into the arms of the snorer.

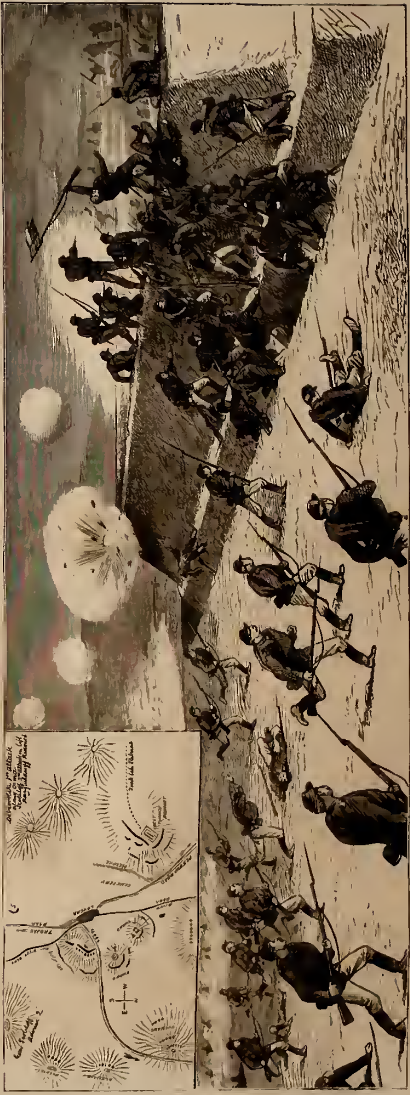


Books Received

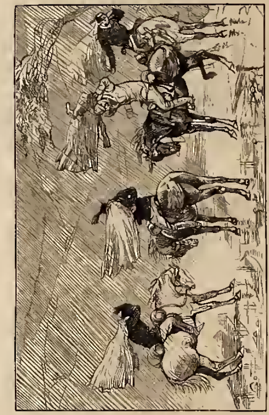
Roman Antiquities (History Primers): A. S. Wilkins. Macmillan.
Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire. F. Julien. S. Low.
Comic Holiday Annual. Ward, Lock, and Co.
British High Roads, Part I.; Spoiled by a Woman (3 vols.). A. C. Sampson. Tinsley Bros.
The Survival. Remington and Co.
Victorian Year-Book, 1875: H. H. Hayter. G. Robertson.
The Four Irrepressibles; That Husband of Mine; The Ross-shire Buffs: J. Grant. Mr. Miggs of Danbury. J. M. Bailey. G. Routledge.
Letters of William Cowper; Illuminated Cards of Texts. Religious Tract Society.
Two Tales of Married Life (3 vols.): G. M. Craik and M. C. Stirling. Hurst.
Great Campaign in Europe, 1798–1876: Major A. Adams, Ed. by Capt. C. Cooper King. Blackwood.



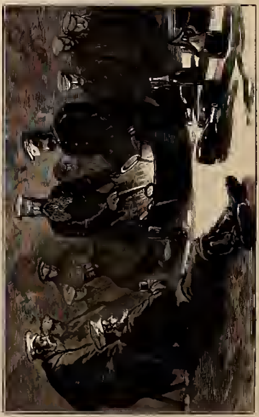
LIFE ON THE PARIS BOULEVARDS—OPEN-AIR GUESTS BEFORE A CAFÉ



WITH THE RUSSIANS—THE RUSSIANS TAKING THE REDOUBT AT LOFTCHA



WITH THE TURKS—CORRESPONDENTS IN A STORM



WITH THE RUSSIANS—AFTER A VICTORY: BREWING THE DJONKA

(Continued from page 375)

occupy a secondary place in public consideration during the trial of the Penge murder. Much of the time of the Court has been occupied in hearing the various depositions read. Stenning, one of the convict witnesses, stated on Wednesday that when he was leaving the Court on the last occasion Mr. Froggatt had whispered to him that he would send 2*l.* to the witness's wife because of the favourable evidence he had just given. Mr. Froggatt explained to the magistrate that on the occasion he was quite unaware of what he was doing, his mother having died a few days previously.—Further evidence in the case of the youths charged with highway robbery on Blackheath was taken last Saturday at the Greenwich Police Court, resulting in a further remand of the prisoners till yesterday (Friday). It was shown that the prisoners had attempted to change some of the stolen notes, and the coachman who drove Mr. Hodgson and two ladies from Woolwich in May last asserted that he believed Dinham to be the "highwayman" that stood by the horses while the other (Hyslop) took the money.—The prisoners charged with being concerned with others not in custody in stealing, between London and Paris, foreign bonds of the value of 70,000*l.* the property of Messrs. Raphael and Sons, were again to be brought before Sir R. Carden on Thursday.—The young man (Frederick John Chalkley) who stood charged with the recent burglary and violent assault of Mr. Alfred Braham, City Road, died at the House of Detention at Clerkenwell on Wednesday morning. He suffered from severe wounds in the head, and succumbed to erysipelas, which supervened.—The Countess of Hardwicke's residence at Hamble, near Netley Hospital, Southampton, was entered by robbers during a dinner party the other evening. The thieves locked the door from the inside and made their escape with much of her ladyship's jewellery and valuables. A jemmy was left by the burglars outside the window.—A zealous police-constable named Tierney, finding, a few days ago, that a prisoner he had captured in Hammersmith was about to escape, threw his lamp after him, "thinking," as the ingenuous officer admitted to the magistrate, "to knock him down." Foiled in his attempt to drag to custody the real offender, the officer seized a woman, whom be charged with aiding in the rescue. He seemed surprised that the magistrate not only objected to this Irish mode of arresting prisoners but discharged the woman on her recognisances.

◆

THE LATE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.——Mr. Eli Johnson, sculptor, of 11, Hugh Street, Belgravia, has just published a portrait bust, half life size, of the late Right Hon. G. W. Hunt, executed in stearine, price one guinea.

THE TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE

ABBEYS, CASTLES, and ANCIENT HALLS of ENGLAND and WALES; their Legendary Lore and Popular History. By JOHN TIMBS and ALEXANDER GUNN. 3 vols. Each Volume complete in itself. Vol. I. SOUTH. Vol. II. MIDLAND. Vol. III. NORTH. Price 3s. 6d. each; post free, 3s. 10d.
F. WARNE and CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

THE GOLDEN PATH TO FRENCH. A Superior Introduction and Guide to the French Language. By A. F. GRULAIN.—Messrs. HACHETTE and CO., 18, King William Street, Strand; Central School Depôt, 22, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Now Ready.
B. and H. MORRIS'S DIARY, containing List of all London, Provincial, Colonial, and Foreign Newspapers. Price 1s.—General Advertising Offices, 43, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY.
"A clever *exposé* of the system."—*Medical Circular.*
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

24th Edition, 8vo, cloth, pp. 1,102; price 16s.
HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. LAURIE, M.D. Completely re-arranged and revised, by R. S. GUTTERIDGE, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eyes and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 20th Edition, price 5s.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD READ THE PAPER CALLED
THE FOUNTAIN.

It is published EVERY THURSDAY, and is sold for ONE PENNY. Country booksellers may send orders to 54, Paternoster Row; Messrs. Marshall and Son, 125, Fleet Street; and Mr. R. Clarke, City Temple, Holborn Viaduct; where a large stock is always kept on hand.

The Rev. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., is the Consulting Editor of THE FOUNTAIN, and his SERMONS preached in the CITY TEMPLE appear regularly in its columns.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS should read THE FOUNTAIN, because the International Sunday School Lesson is always carefully treated in its pages.

THE FOUNTAIN is a rare favourite in the Nursery because of its stories, puzzles, riddles, and humorous poetry. No sooner do children get hold of the number for this week than they demand the instant production of the number for next week. This is the best of compliments.

The FIRST VOLUME of THE FOUNTAIN is now ready, price 4s. 6d. It contains the whole of a great Protestant story, of entrancing interest, translated from the German of E. Werner by Mrs. PARKER. This story alone ought to sell the volume by tens of thousands.

THE FOUNTAIN is a Literary, Religious, and Social Paper. It is full of essays, sketches, criticisms, and useful information. The grimmest reader will find some parts of it heavy enough for his dyspepsia, and the blithest soul will be gladdened by its incessant and overflowing joyousness.

THE FOUNTAIN is a wonderful favourite with AMERICANS RESIDENT IN ENGLAND, because it brings into one view very much of the periodical writing that is most prized in their own country.

THE FOUNTAIN goes into every part of the civilised world, and the letters which are received from its distant readers are most commendatory. It can be posted anywhere for one penny.

THE FOUNTAIN discusses men and things with courteous fearlessness. It advocates Temperance and Peace; it respects both Master and Servant; and has actually been known to suggest to masters that they have also a Master in Heaven.

It may be had at 125, FLEET STREET; 29 and 54, PATERNOSTER ROW; and the CITY TEMPLE, for the sum of ONE PENNY.

W. F. TAYLOR'S VOCAL WALTZ, IO SOGNERO D'AMOR (I'll Dream of Love to Night). Dedicated to, by permission, and sung by Madame Adelina Patti. Also, on above, "Dreaming of Love" Waltzes. 2s. post free.—SIMPSON and CO., 33, Argyll St., Regent St.

THE GROSVENOR SCHOOL OF ART, 16, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, W. Conducted by Miss E. DIGBY WILLIAMS. Students prepared to pass the South Kensington and Royal Academy Examinations. Classes reopen in September. Life Model and Antique, &c.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each.
Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

SOUTH CARY HOUSE, CASTLE CARY, BATH.—Educational advantages, with home comforts. Principals—The Misses BEAKE. Terms, 40 guineas. Prospectus on application.

PERRY and CO. are the largest PEN and PENCIL MAKERS in the world. They employ 1,300 hands; cut up about four tons of steel, making 5,000,000 pens per week.

ASK YOUR STATIONER for PERRY and CO.'S 6d. Sample Box of 36 Selected Patterns of Steel Pens. Post free for 6d. in Stamps.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS. UNIVERSAL SCHOOL PENS, 1s. per Gross.—19 and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited).
THE HOLBORN VIADUCT PEN.
One Shilling per Gross.

CHUBB'S SAFES and LOCKS.—CHUBB and SON HAVE REMOVED from 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, to 128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, ST. PAUL'S. Communication by Special Private Wire with their West End Branch at 68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall; and Sale Factory, Old Kent Road, S.E. Lock Factory, Wolverhampton. Depots at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. Price List sent free.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112 Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Gold chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S
SPOONS AND FORKS

Electro-Silver Plate on Nickel.	Fiddle or Plain	Ist. Qual.
12 Tablespoons or Forks, per doz.	£1 10 0	£2 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0
12 Teaspoons	0 12 0	0 16 0
Salt, Mustard, or Egg Spoons	0 5 0	0 8 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

DUPLEX TABLE LAMP, with instantaneous extinguisher.—The Lamp of the Season for petroleum or rock oil, gives an intense, pure, and beautiful light, equal to that of 24 sperm candles, at a cost of about one farthing per hour. Deane and Co. have a large stock on sale in Crystal, China, Ormoulu, and Bronze. Prices from 17s. 6d. to £6 6s.
Deane and Co.'s Illustrated Priced List for 1877 post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, King William St., London Bridge.

LONDON HOSPITAL, Whitechapel ROAD, E.
FUNDS are GREATLY NEEDED, and Subscriptions or Donations will be thankfully received.
Nearly 800 Beds maintained. Fixed Income, about £14,000. Unavoidable Expenditure, about £40,000 yearly.
Wards and other parts of the Institution always open to the inspection of Visitors.
Reports, with full information as to privileges of Subscribers and of the work effected by this Hospital, sent (free) on application.
A. G. SNELGROVE, Secretary.
Bankers—Robarts, Lubbock, and Co., and Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, Gray's Inn Road. Established 1864.
PHYSICIAN—Dr. BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W. Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Price lists post free.

MITCHAM LAVENDER.—PIESSE and LUBIN are now distilling, at their Flower Farm, the famed MITCHAM LAVENDER. Samples may be had either at the Stillery, Mitcham Road, Surrey, or at the Laboratory, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or 21s. in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 1s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO. Has been proved, by its unparalleled success, of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

A WIDOW LADY, who has many little Children entirely dependent on her, earnestly begs for orders for most exquisite etchings of animals. A beautiful specimen etching sent, with particulars of her case and references (if desired) on receipt of 5s. in stamps.—Address IDA, Ruan High Lanes, Grampound, Cornwall.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON, upon the most advantageous terms, to Families. The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
A Large Consignment
from a Lyons Manufacturer,
the best makes,
will be sold considerably under value

370 pieces at 6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.
220 pieces at 3s. 9½d.	formerly 4s. 11d.

Also the following,
which are remarkably cheap:—

2s. 11½d.	formerly 3s. 9½d.
3s. 3d.	formerly 4s. 6d.
4s.	formerly 5s. 6d.
5s.	formerly 6s. 6d.
6s.	formerly 8s. 9d.

Patterns free
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES
PRETTY GRISAILLE SILKS,
2s. 6½d., 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d.
Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.
COSTUMES, beautifully Cut
and Fashioned,
in the new Grisaille Silks,
at 4 and 4½ gs.
5 yards for Bodice
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK

For 5 Guineas	formerly 6½ Guineas.
For 7 Guineas	formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas	formerly 14 Guineas

Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dross, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Speciality,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

GASK and GASK. NEW VIGONA CLOTH, 11½d. per yard, in new autumn shades; also FINE French Cachemires, 1s. 11d., double width; and the FASHIONABLE SNOW-FLAKE CLOTH, 16½d.; with a large collection of NEW DRESS FABRICS, from 10d. to 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
Oxford Street and Wells Street.

NEW AUTUMN COSTUMES, made of the Fashionable Foreign and English Fabrics from novel and elegant PARIS MODELS, 2 guineas to 6½ guineas.
RICH BLACK SILK COSTUMES, exceptionally good, 4 guineas.
SILK COSTUME SKIRTS, 21s.; with a vast variety of Costumes of all kinds, equally cheap.
GASK and GASK, Oxford Street, and Wells Street.

GASK and GASK. NEW LYONS SILKS, Black and Colours, still cheaper. The best makes of BLACK SILKS, recommended for wear, and every shade of colour in all qualities, 3s. 3d. to 7s. 9d. per yard.
NEW FANCY SILKS. Patterns free.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

WEST CENTRAL MOURNING
WAREHOUSE.
WIDOWS' MOURNING.
PARENTS' MOURNING.
SISTERS' MOURNING.
COMPLIMENTARY MOURNING.
The above may be selected from one of the best ready-made stocks of Family Mourning in London, at most moderate prices, or made to order on the shortest possible notice. Efficient dressmakers and milliners sent to any part when required.
HOWITT and COMPANY, 226 to 230, High Holborn.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are
invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.
These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.
Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

SILKS—SILKS—SILKS. The cheapest and best Black, Coloured, Fancy, and Japanese Plain and Figured Silks, from 21s. full dress. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

SERGES—SERGES—SERGES. The new Estamene, Devonshire, Somerset, Wellington, Trouville, Scarborough, Plimsoll, stout, medium, and fine hand-made Wool Serges of every colour and description, from 8½d. to 2s. 6d. yard. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

EARLY AUTUMN DRESS FABRICS.
From 6½d. yard. { All the new Snowflake Tweeds, Camelhair Cloths, Foule Serges, Cashmeres, Vicugna, Twilled Flannels, Fancy Materials, Reppe, Satin Cloths, Saxony Wools (very soft), Skirtings, and 100 other New Costume Cloths, from 8½d. to 2s. 6d. yard. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, Regent Street.

INDIAN and FRENCH CASHMERES
and MERINOS.
1,000 pieces, consisting of all the new and useful for autumn wear; also all the fine light colours for walking, dinner, or wedding costumes, from 15s. 6d. full dress. Patterns free.
198, Regent Street.

NOTICE TO LADIES.
From 8s. 6d. Dress. { All the New Autumn Dress Fabrics, from 8½d. yard, now ready at
BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NOVELTIES IN DRESS GOODS.
Autumn Shades of Colour.
Patterns post free.
Yachting Serges, 7¾d. and 10¾d. the yard.
Autumn Serges, 10¾d. a yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
Estamene Serges, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. a yard.
French Wool Estamene, 1s. 3½d.
Yachting Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d., in fine colours.
Diagonal Woven Texture, 6¾d. Figured Poplins, 7¾d.
Autumn Matelasse, 10¾d., special shades.
The "Scarboro" Twill, 1s. 1½d.
"Snow-flake" Materials, Autumn Shades, 8¾d., 10¾d., 1s. 1d., and 1s. 6½d. a yard. The "Drury" Matelasse, 1s. 2d. The "Swiss" Matelasse, 1s. 3½d. New Autumn Rink Skirting, 1s. 11½d. a yard.
French Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11d. a yard.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
of BLACK SILKS, at Reduced Prices.
The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d. } A New Make of
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d. } Extreme Richness
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.
Superb Black Silks, at 7s. 11d. and 8s. 11d.
5,000 yards Rich Lyons Black Silk, in three qualities:
No. 1 Quality Black Silk, 2s. 11½d. a yard.
No. 2 Quality Black Silk, at 3s. 11½d.
No. 3 Quality Black Silk, at 4s. 11d.
A job lot of Black Silks in three prices wonderfully cheap, 1s. 9½d., 2s., and 2s. 6½d. the yard.
Any Silk Patterns free on application.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
COSTUME AND UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT.
Handsome Black Silk "Princess" Costumes, 4 gs.
Japanese Costumes, various colours, 3½ gs.
Brown and Grey Snowflake Costumes, new styles, 29s. 6d.
Black Alpaca Costumes, fashionably made, 18s. 9d. to 31s. 6d.
Useful Serge Costumes, for Travelling or the Seaside, 21s. 6d. to 2 gs.
Black Velveteen Costumes, 2 to 4 gs.
A variety of Useful Costumes in Mixed Fabrics, from 18s. 9d. to 25s. 6d. each.
A serviceable Servant's Costume, at 14s. 9d.
Morning Wrappers, in Coloured Flannel, 18s. 9d.
Printed Cambric Morning Wrappers, 7s. 11d. each.
A New Underclothing and Outfitting List for Ladies and Children, with Illustrations, sent post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
Double Width Costume Serge Blue, only 54 in. wide, 1s. 0½d. a yard. Double Width Costume Serge, in all colours, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 11½d. a yard.
Double Width Costume Meltons, 1s. 6½d. and 2s. 11½d. a yard.
Double Width Costume Cloths, 2s. 11½d. and 3s. 11½d.
Double Width Twilled Venetian Cloth, 4s. 11d.
All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

FURS.—The NEW SEAL PALETOT.
These elegant Paletots are manufactured from the finest Alaska Skins without a join.
33 inches deep, 10 guineas; former price, 18 guineas.
40 inches deep, 16 guineas; former price, 28 guineas.
Intermediate sizes in proportion (sent on approval).
COOK'S FUR MANUFACTORY, 71, Oxford Street.

FURS.—IMPORTANT TO LADIES.
Sealskin Jackets skilfully altered to the fashionable Paletot, 33 to 40 inches deep, without the appearance of any join, fitting, or semi-fitting.
COOK'S FUR MANUFACTORY, 71, Oxford St. (Estab. 1823).

WOOLLEN CLOTHS. Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse, 111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.

TURKEY CARPETS.

PERSIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

THE WIZARD'S BOX of MAGIC. Instructions and Apparatus for performing Ten Capital Conjuring Tricks. Sufficient for one hour's amusement. Post free, 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick St., W.C.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH.—A new Parlour Pastime, 30,000 comical transformations for Evening Parties. Post free for 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.
First Show of
AUTUMN GOODS.
We are now offering a special purchase of
PARISIENNE SILKS
of extreme richness in new shades,
at 5s. 6d. per yard.
Usual price for this quality, 8s. 6d. Patterns free.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF
BLACK SILKS (extra width).
at 2s 6½d., 3s 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yd. Patterns free.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS
to match every Silk.
Short pile, well covered, suitable for Gowns,
6s. 11d. per yard, any length cut. Patterns free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.
NEW AUTUMN GOODS.
SILK COSTUMES
of the most fashionable description, in all the new colours from Paris Models, commencing at 5½ guineas.

THREE HUNDRED
BLACK SILK COSTUMES,
at 4½ guineas. These Dresses are made from good Lyons Silk, and are specially recommended.
5 yards Silk given for bodice.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
AUTUMN and WINTER DRESSES,
in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour,
From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.
CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

FOR TRAVELLING AND SEASIDE WEAR.
SCARBOROUGH SERGES (all wool),
at 18s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. the full Dress. Patterns free.
In all the new shades of Navy, Bronze, Vert, &c.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS
VELVET-FINISH'D VELVETEENS,
beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black,
from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES,
45 Inches wide, 17s. 6d. the Dress. Patterns free.
The richness and variety of colour in this useful Fabric have never been equalled.

AUTUMN COSTUMES.
New Designs in
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Travelling Costumes, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Mikado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,
having concluded the purchase of large quantities of
SEAL FUR SKINS
and Squirrel Furs, they are now on sale as quoted below.
Russian Seal Fur Jackets, loose shapes,
24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Ditto fitting shapes, 30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 20 guineas.
South Sea Seals, loose shapes, 2 to 4 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN
MANTLES AND PALETOTS,
Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 8 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL.
CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.
The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES
OF
VICHY.
Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the Mineral Waters.

The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.

In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.

The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or anisette.

In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each.
VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.
In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each.
VICHY BARLEY SUGAR.
An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER
Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath.
55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent
CONSTIPATION.
Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says:
"Laxora Lozenges, P. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

AUTOMATIC ACTION

A

SPECIALITY

of the

NEW WILLCOX AND GIBBS
SILENT
SEWING MACHINE.

ALL

DIFFICULTIES are removed by means of
SELF-ACTING DEVICES.

PERFECT WORK is secured, even at the hands of Beginners.

AUTOMATIC TENSION.

THIS

WONDERFUL INVENTION requires no care from the operator,
IS ALWAYS IN ORDER,
IS PERFECT IN ACTION,
IS STRICTLY SELF-REGULATING,
GIVES ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

THE

NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS has many other Automatic Features, viz.:—
SELF-ACTING THREAD PULL-OFF,
SELF-REGISTERING STITCH-INDICATOR,
SELF-HELPING FEED,
SELF-DETERMINING GUIDE TABLE (for Needle, Thread, and Stitch),
SELF-ADJUSTING NEEDLE,
SELF-CONTROLLING WHEEL-BRAKE.

BOBBIN and SHUTTLE are Obsolete, for the
NEW AUTOMATIC makes the
ONLY TRUE LOCK-STITCH.
Its Work
ALONE has ALL the characteristics of the COMPLETE LOCK. Its Seam is self-fastening, both at the beginning and end, and every stitch is securely locked; yet it can be unlocked and removed when necessary—a great advantage in the alteration and remaking of wearing apparel.

THE

NEW WILLCOX and GIBBS is
PEERLESS IN
ITS SIMPLICITY,
ITS ELEGANCE,
ITS LIGHTNESS,
ITS CLEANLINESS,
ITS SPEED,
ITS SILENCE,
ITS DURABILITY.
IT is the most Elegant, Appropriate, and Useful of Presents.

FREE TRIAL for One Month in
YOUR OWN HOME. Carriage paid.
Price Lists post free.

WILLCOX and GIBBS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, New York.

CHIEF OFFICE for EUROPE, 150, Cheapside, E.C., London.

WEST-END BRANCH, 135, Regent Street, W.

MANCHESTER, 16, Cross Street (Royal Exchange).

GLASGOW, 113, Union Street.

BRIGHTON, 32, New Road (facing North Street).

CANTERBURY, 15, Mercery Lane.

CERTIFIED AGENTS in all TOWNS.

NEW YORK.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeck, Park Place.

PARIS.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

Established 1837.
CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.
ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble. Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers.—Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.
In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.
Manufactory—60, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.— In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

COCK'S READING SAUCE
is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured
FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.
CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF** WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 4, Gresham Buildings, E.C. [Distilleries, Argyleshire.]

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality.

INDIGESTION.—"The Negro Head" Liqueur Ginger Brandy in square bottles, distilled by HENRY BRETT and CO., Holborn, is universally prized. It is the best stimulant for the sportsman and tourist, and has proved invaluable in cases of a choleraic nature.

UNION OF FRENCH WINE GROWERS, an association of some of the chief Vineyard proprietors to sell direct from the grower to the consumer.

PURE AND CHEAP WINES direct from the Vineyard at the following prices:—
CLARET, at 14s., 16s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 60s.
BURGUNDIES, 14s., 18s., 24s., 30s., to 150s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.
Catalogues on application to the Manager at the Warehouse, 31, Long Acre, London, W.C.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"
MILD AND FRAGRANT.
WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"
A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."
Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

TOOTH-ACHE.—INSTANT CURE.
Forms a stopping, saves the tooth.
J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief. Of chemists, 1s. 1½d. per packet.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

"FER BRAVAIS."
BRAVAIS' DIALYSED IRON.
THE ONLY PURE SOLUTION OF IRON WITHOUT ACID.
"IRON and OXYGEN combined, to the exclusion of all Acids, or Soluble Hydrate of Peroxide of Iron."
Vide Dr. J. RENGADE'S Report.
Prepared by RAOUL, BRAVAIS, and CO., 13, Rue Lafayette, Paris; London Office, 8, Idol Lane, Tower Street, E.C.
FIRST BRONZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875.
SOLE PRIZE, PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION, 1876.
This admirable Preparation does not CONSTIPATE, or disturb the digestive organs, and neither injures nor blackens the teeth. Its effects as a reconstituent are rapid and certain. IT HAS NO STYPTIC TASTE, and it is admirably adapted for all continuous treatment by Iron, possessing all the advantages of this MOST APPROVED TONIC in the highest degree. N.B. A LONDON PHYSICIAN WRITES: "I have given it to patients who have been unable to take Iron in any other form." PRICES: Bottle, full size, 4s. 6d.; small ditto, 3s.; in Card Box with drop measure complete. N.B. The full size bottles contain sufficient for about two months' regular treatment.
To be had of all leading Chemists and Druggists.

CURE of BRONCHITIS and HOARSENESS by Dr. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Mr. Buckley, Chemist, Knighton, writes:—"A case of periodical bronchitis was completely cured by their use." Sold at 1s. 1½d.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chemists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World

DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. At first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.
TALON ROUGE,
Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877.

GLYKALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS
MEMBRANE.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes

GLYKALINE is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF to
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Toothache, its timely use frequently obviates the necessity of having a tooth extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloureaux.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 9th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and, in some cases, is successful by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED
CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agreeably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation or Excoriation of the Skin.

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of vegetable origin (without mineral admixture), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,
THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses the Teeth from Tartar and all Incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases the whiteness of the Teeth, brightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in conformity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invaluable to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the substance, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the external smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared in bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S
PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES
Gratis and Post Free.

MERCHANT SHIPPERS and the TRADE supplied on the most LIBERAL TERMS with all HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, both MEDICINAL and DIETETIC.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE.

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter.

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA (New Edition)	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 3 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.

CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S NEW MUSIC for the PIANOFORTE. All post free at half-price.

Batiste's celebrated Andante in G. W. Smallwood. 3s.
La Harpe Céleste. Mélodie Religieuse. Boyton Smith. 4s.
The Singing Quadrille. Illustrated Title. Cotsford Dick. 4s.
Wely's St. Sulpice. Wm. Smallwood. 3s.
Handel's March from Scipio. W. Smallwood. 3s.; duet, 4s.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S NEW VOCAL MUSIC. All post free at half-price.

I Awake and Dream. Song. J. Blumenthal. 3s.
Summer Rain. Vocal Duet. F. Abt. 4s.
The Village Queen. Song. Ch. Schreiber. 3s.
The City Bells. Vocal Duet. F. Abt. 4s.
The Cuckoo's Concert. Song. H. P. Danks. 3s.
Spring Morning. Song. F. Abt. 3s.
Biddy Malone. Irish Ballad. W. C. Russell. 3s.

WILLIAM HILL'S VOCAL TRIOS for EQUAL VOICES. 30 numbers, 2d. and 4d. each, or in 3 vols., cloth boards, 3s. each; and his 105 Rounds and Canons, 13 numbers, 2d. each, or in 1 vol., cloth boards, 3s.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE THEORY OF MUSIC, pp. 123, especially adapted for use in training colleges and schools. By R. SUTTON. In cloth, price 2s.

Art of Singing. By Rohner. 4s.
Hamilton's Piano Tutor. New edition. 4s.
Appendix to Hamilton's Piano Tutor. By G. F. West. 5s.
Hamilton's Tutor for Singing. 5s. Appendix to ditto, by Franz Abt. 5s.
Questions on the Theory of Music (cloth), 18th edition. By G. F. West. 1s. 6d.; in paper covers, 1s.
Clarke's Catechism of Music. 1s.; in cloth, 1s. 6d.
Clarke's Catechism of the Elements of Harmony. 2s.

London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO. Order of all musicsellers and booksellers.

LOVED AND LOST (Geliebt und Verloren) WALTZES, by OTTO MULLER (performed at the Promenade Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden). These Celebrated WALTZES may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or Duet, 2s. net.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MULLER'S Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss), the New Waltz by OTTO MULLER, composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz. Price 4s. Sold at half-price. Order of all Musicsellers in Town and Country.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

RÊVE D'AMOUR. — LAMOTHE'S Charming Waltz, performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre, may be had, price 2s. net, solo or duet, of all musicsellers.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

FONTAINEBLEAU. — LAMOTHE'S New Waltz, performed at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre. Now ready, price 2s. net. Orchestra Parts may be had.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

MUSIC FOR THE SEASIDE.

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL CABINET. New Numbers. Price 1s. each, post free, 1s. 1d.

Arthur Sullivan's 10 Songs.	Raff's Piano Album.
Santley's 10 New Songs.	Rubinstein's Piano Album.
Virginia Gabriel's 10 Songs.	Brahm's Piano Album.
A. S. Gatty's 12 Ballads.	Lamothe's Waltz Album.
Longfellow & Balfe's 10 Songs.	Waldteufel's Waltz Album.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London, W.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Celebrated Song. The Waltz of the Season.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above Instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also Illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

DRUMMER BOY'S POLKA. By ARDITI. Great success. Re-demanded nightly with acclamation. "'The Drummer Boy's Polka,' by the same composer, introducing the drummers of the Coldstreams, was likewise uproariously re-demanded."—*Daily Telegraph.* Price 3s.—A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

LE TORTORELLE VALSE. By ARDITI. Also encored nightly. "A delightfully flowing and melodious valse, from the pen of Signor Arditi. 'Le Tortorelle' obtained a hearty encore."—*Daily Telegraph.* Price 4s.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical PianoFORTE SCHOOL.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE METHOD.

Price Five Shillings.

This unrivalled work is now firmly established as *the* Pianoforte Instruction-Book in nearly all the principal educational establishments in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States of America, India, Australia, New Zealand, &c. It is supplied direct by the Publishers, or may be had of any Musicseller in the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4 0
Cynthia. Serenade	4 0
Souvenir de Bal	4 0
Air Danois	4 0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

GAVOTTE, in E Minor. By Silas. Played by Madame Essipoff at her Concerts in England and America with immense success. A new edition of this celebrated Gavotte is now ready. Price 3s.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GALOP OF THE SEASON.

GO BANG! New Galop by Charles COOTE, Jun. Equal in every way to the well-known "Roulette," "Archery," and "Croquet" Galops by the same popular Composer. Price 3s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4 0
Piano Duet	4 0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4 0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s. d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 1)	3 0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3 0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3 0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3 0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1 0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	2 0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2 6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1 0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3 0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2 0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3 0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3 0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2 6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1 0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4 0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1 0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4 0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	2 0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3 0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1 0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2 0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1 0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3 0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	2 0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 1)	3 0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 22, Ludgate Hill, and 56, Cheapside, London.—Nicole's celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Cooperative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).— Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 8d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

SANGSTER and CO., UMBRELLA MAKERS.

Six Prize Medals Awarded.

SANGSTER'S SILK and ALPACA UMBRELLAS, upon Fox's Celebrated Paragon Frames, all bearing Trade Mark, and fitted with the new AUTOMATIC RUNNER, are the Cheapest, Smallest, Lightest, and Best in the world.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THE AUTOMATIC.

This invention has been long sought after.

THE PATENT AUTOMATIC RUNNER

Is Self-opening—Self-closing. Always ready.

140, Regent Street, W.	*75, Cheapside, E.C.
10, Royal Exchange, E.C.	94, Fleet Street, E.C.

* Also Wholesale and Shipping Depôt.

Philadelphia Exhibition, Prize Medal and Diploma awarded.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOFORTES were awarded

THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOUR and DIPLOMA OF MERIT, Philadelphia, 1876.
THE GOLD MEDAL, Paris, 1870.
THE HIGHEST AWARD—THE GRAND DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, Paris, 1874.
LA MEDAILLE D'HONNEUR, Paris, 1867.
THE PRIZE MEDAL, London, 1862.
LE DIPLOME DE LA MENTION EXTRAORDINAIRE, Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869, &c.
THE GOLD MEDAL with DIPLOMA OF HONOUR, South Africa, 1877.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION PIANOS, were Patented 1862, 1868, 1871, and 1875, in

GREAT BRITAIN,	AUSTRIA,
PRUSSIA,	ITALY, BELGIUM,
FRANCE,	and AMERICA

GILBERT L. BAUER'S PRIZE MEDAL DRAWING-ROOM ORGANS. On the Three-Years' System. From 8 to 300 gs.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

2, Manchester Square.

I have examined Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Check Action as applied to their Pianos, and consider it a most ingenious and valuable invention, which cannot fail to meet with success.

SIR JULES BENEDICT.

45, Blandford Square, N.W.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great excellence of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianofortes. Their "Perfect Check Repeater" produces a touch that is absolute perfection, and which is unsurpassed by any other maker, native or foreign.

SYDNEY SMITH.

6, St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington, W.

To Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the efficiency of Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Patent Check-Action (for Pianofortes), which I consider a very clever and useful invention, and likely to be extensively adopted.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The effect which "the Perfect Check Repeater Action," patented by Messrs. Brinsmead, produces on the touch, is everything that can be desired by an artist. It appears to me the most important invention of modern times, both for freedom of execution and expression.

I have equal pleasure in referring to Messrs. Brinsmead's New Metal-Back Pianofortes, which, as regards durability, richness, brilliancy, equality and contrast of tone, by far surpass Pianofortes of the ordinary construction at a much higher price.

I will not fail to draw the attention of Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, to these inventions the next opportunity which may present itself.

CHARLES JOHN HERMAN EBERLEIN,
Conductor of the Philharmonic Society,
Capetown, Africa.

I have great pleasure in certifying to the fine, rich, and powerful tone of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianos, also to the great improvements they have succeeded in attaining.

As a Professor of the Harp, I can safely add that the mellow tones of their Short Iron Gold Medal Grands blend charmingly with the instrument I profess, and form a delicious *ensemble.*

FREDERICK CHATTERTON,
Harpist to the Queen.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Close, Hereford.

Dear Sirs,—Your Patent Action is one of the best I have met with. This combined with the equal tone of your instruments must commend them to those desiring a first-class Pianoforte at a reasonable price.

Yours faithfully,
G. TOWNSHEND SMITH,
Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and Director of the Hereford Festival.

8, Lower Rock Gardens, Brighton.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

Gentlemen,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to state that I consider the instrument manufactured by you to be most excellent in tone, touch, and quality of material. I particularly admire your Pianos with the Patent Check Repeater Action and new Grand Construction, being a wonderful improvement upon the old system. In my opinion your firm having been successful in creating as good a touch to the Cottage Pianoforte as that usually accorded to the Grand. All those I have chosen have given the greatest satisfaction to the purchasers.

I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,
W. KUHE.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons. Dresden.

I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your instruments. Your newly patented system, "the Perfect Check Repeater Action, when applied to these Pianos, greatly increases their value, and I have no doubt that these valuable improvements will excite general attention and admiration.

HERMANN PAPENDIECK.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

To Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons, 18, Wigmore Street, W.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your upright and horizontal Grand Pianofortes, as they are simply perfect in touch and tone.

FREDERIC GUILLAUME,
Chevalier de Liguoro,
Examiner-General of the Ancient Bourbonnic Society in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Naples, Honorary Member of the Musical Academies at Rome, Venice, &c., formerly Director-General of all Military Music for both Infantry and Cavalry of the Line in the Army of the Two Sicilies.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The improvements made in English pianos have caused this trade rapidly to increase, until one pianoforte manufactory after another has been built to supply the growing demand. One of the largest of these, lately erected by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of Wigmore Street, covers nearly an acre of ground in the Grafton Road, Kentish Town, and is intended to accomodate 300 workmen. These works alone can supply 3,000 pianos annually."—*Illustrated London News.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' GOLD MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Standard.	"Receive the greatest approbation everywhere of musicians and manufacturers."
The Engineer.	"Greater volume and richness of tone are produced, with increased durability."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT "PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION" Pianofortes of every description, manufactured expressly for India and extreme Climates.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PIANOFORTES.

Illustrated price-lists and descriptions, with opinions of the London Press and musical profession, forwarded post-free upon application.

18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY,
THE "BRINSMEAD WORKS," GRAFTON ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, LONDON, N.W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CURTAINS.— OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received all their new designs in CURTAINS and CURTAIN MATERIALS, British and Foreign, of every description; some of the designs are very artistic. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

READY MONEY versus CREDIT or BOOKING.—Messrs. OETZMANN and CO.'s business is conducted on the co-operative system of small profits and cash payments, with the extra advantages of centralised management and personal proprietary supervision, the public receiving all the benefit of the co-operative system without its inherent trouble and annoyances, and the prices will be found lower than those charged at Co-operative Stores. This system offers great advantages to those in a position to pay ready money.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.

OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas. Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas. Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'S PATENT MATTRESS, the COMPENDIUM, requires no other mattress, palliasse, or bed to be used with it, and is at once the healthiest, softest, most economical, and complete bed extant. Descriptive catalogue post free.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW BLINDS and SCREENS.—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

PAPER-HANGINGS. — OETZMANN and CO.—PAPER HANGINGS at WHOLESALE PRICES.—A great reduction in price. All the new patterns are now on view at the Show Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

LINOLEUM.—OETZMANN and CO. —LINOLEUM.—Warm, soft, carpet-like in appearance, and very desirable. ALL the NEW PRIZE DESIGNS are NOW in STOCK. A visit of inspection solicited. Prices below those usually charged for this favourite floor covering. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.

OETZMANN and CO.

MUSLIN and LACE CURTAINS.— CLEARING OUT.—Elegant design, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 and 56 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Tuileries lace curtains, 4 yards long by 2 yards wide, 21s. per pair. A special reduced list of curtains, with size and description, post free.

OETZMANN and CO.

LINEN DEPARTMENT.—Fine white Linen Damask Table Cloths, 2 yards long, 3s. 11d.; 2½ yards long by 2 yards wide, 5s. 11d.; 3 yards by 2½ yards, 8s. 11d.; 3½ yards by 2½ yards, 12s. 9d.; 4 yards by 2½ yards, 15s.; Breakfast Cloths, from 1s. 11d.; strong Linen Kitchen Table Cloths, 1s. 11d. each; stout Huckaback, from 4½d. per yard; Glass Cloths, 4½d. per yard; stout White Calico Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. per yard; 88 inches ditto, 1s. 6d. per yard; white Linen Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. 11d.; 88 inches ditto, 2s. 6d. per yard; superfine quality ditto, 88 inches wide, 3s. 11d. per yard. Horrocks's Long Cloths and Sheetings at the Manufacturer's wholesale prices. Ladies should write for patterns, and compare price and quality.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE PORTLAND COAL VASE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the Season, new shape, much admired, handsomely japanned and gold relieved, has bowl castors, opal handle, handscoop, and strong loose lining—a great convenience and saving in the wear. Price complete only 10s. 6d.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT. —Ironstone China Dinner Services—various neat and elegant designs, from 15s. 9d. the set; handsome ditto at 25s. and 35s. per set; a large assortment of superb patterns for selection; dessert services complete, 17 pieces, 13s. 9d.; best French China ditto, 19 pieces, very chaste, with burnished gold edges, 18s. 9d.; China Tea Services, complete, 28 pieces, 5s. 9d.; elegant ditto, burnished gold and enamelled, 15s. 9d.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—SEPTEMBER 22, 1877.

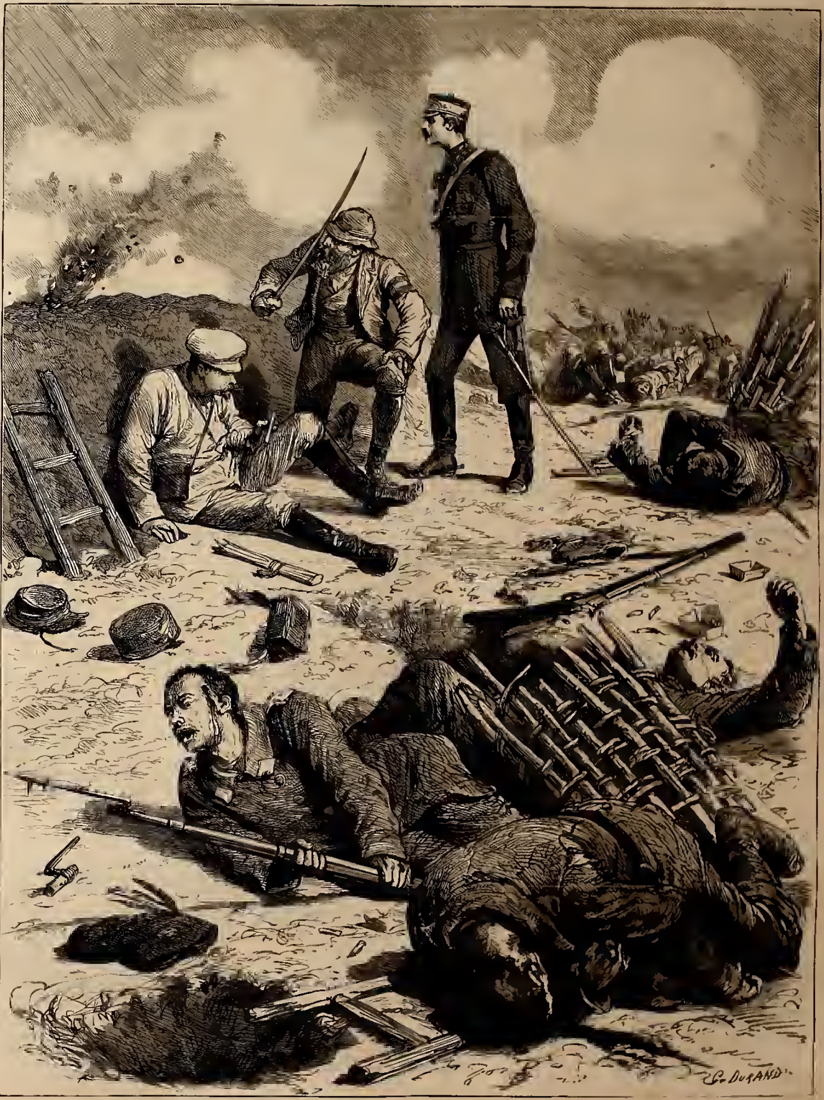
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 409
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



WITH THE RUSSIANS BEFORE PLEVNA—COL. WELLESLEY, THE "SCOTSMAN," AND "THE GRAPHIC" VISITING THE GREAT REDOUBT AT GRAVITZA

Topics of the Week

The Manifesto of M. Thiers.——It is long since a public document has been received with so much favour in France as the paper in which M. Thiers expressed his last thoughts on the political situation. The various sections of the Republican party have united in ardent praise of its wisdom and decision. Judged from the standpoint of foreign criticism, it can hardly be considered perfectly satisfactory. In the first place, it seems far too long. We cannot suppose that a large number of workmen have had patience to go through so many columns; yet workmen are the very class whom Republicans should be most anxious to influence. In the second place, the Manifesto contains a good deal of that strange nonsense about the glory of France which gives Frenchmen so mysterious a pleasure. Neither of these things would, however, strike *bourgeois* electors as objections; and the general tone of the address is in exact accordance with their ways of thinking. M. Thiers expresses no enthusiasm for Republican institutions. On the contrary, he distinctly indicates that he would prefer a limited Monarchy; but he as distinctly shows that in the present position of France Monarchy is impossible. Nothing could be more ingenious or impressive than the manner in which he disposes of the claims of the Bonapartists. The Prince Imperial is alluded to with respect; but, it is added, his name so painfully reminds France of her humiliations that he cannot hope to rise to power. Not less skilful are the references to the Comte de Chambord and the Comte de Paris. France is thus insensibly led on to see that however objectionable the Republic may be, it is the only form of government that can be maintained. He also emphatically insists that there need be no fear of extravagance in the practical working of the Republic. The policy sketched out by M. Thiers is not an inspiriting one; his is not the sort of cause for which men become martyrs. And we are tolerably certain that the working classes will consider it too insignificant to be worthy of serious thought. It will, however, be a great step gained if the merchants and tradesmen can be won over; and there is no other way of influencing them except by perfect moderation. There can be little doubt that upon them the address has produced a profound impression: all the more profound in consequence of the inconceivably foolish Manifesto of Marshal MacMahon.

The Penge Murder.——Few persons, probably, will be inclined to call in question the decision at which the jury arrived in this most painful case. Although the process of murdering the unfortunate Harriet Staunton—a process protracted over many months—was entrusted to the hands of Patrick Staunton and his wife, yet it is plain that the deed was done at the instigation and for the benefit of Louis Staunton and his paramour. Modern sentiment shrinks from the hanging of women, and yet there is no valid reason why, if women commit deeds which are adjudged worthy of death, they should not undergo the extreme penalty of the law as well as the stronger sex. As regards the degrees of guilt respectively attributable to Patrick Staunton and his wife it is probable that the woman had the deeper share in the iniquity. Household management naturally falls to the mistress of the establishment, and the revolting process of doing the wretched prisoner to death inch by inch was in all probability the work of the wife rather than of the husband. As for Alice Rhodes, though undoubtedly she was morally and legally guilty of the murder, it is easy to appreciate the strong recommendation of the jury. As she had sacrificed her reputation for the sake of Louis Staunton, she was more completely under his control than even a wife would have been, and, though a consenting party, she was not one of those who executed the hideous process of slow starvation. Her degree of guilt, therefore, is somewhat less black than that of her accomplices. Lastly, we would venture to remark, as we have before remarked of similar cases, that these persons, though they have been convicted of a monstrous crime, were not necessarily monsters. Self-complacency is apt to assume that murderers are a special and exceptional variety of the human species. We prefer to accept the opinion expressed in the ancient proverb, "No one suddenly becomes altogether base." In all probability two years ago the four persons who have been sentenced to death at the Old Bailey bar would have shrunk with horror, like Hazael of old, from the contemplation of such an outrage. The hardening process was gradual. Marriage with an unattractive woman for the sake of her money was followed by an adulterous intercourse, and then arose a desire, which step by step overmastered all scruples, to get rid of the poor silly creature whose fortune had been, in her husband's eyes, her sole recommendation.

The Clyde Strike.——We are glad that there is a lull in the disastrous quarrel which has gone on for six months between the employers and workmen in the iron shipbuilding trade of Glasgow. The contending parties have agreed to submit their dispute to arbitration, and within a few weeks, it may be hoped, the men will be back at duty on terms which they will recognise as equitable. At the beginning of the conflict they desired that arbitrators should be appointed, but the masters would not hear of the arrangement. We cannot think that this refusal was prudent, for, although the demand for higher wages may have been deemed unjustifiable, the mere fact that it was made by a vast body of workers was proof that there was a case for the decision of an impartial judge. The consent of the employers to arbitration at this late date must also be held to indicate that they were wrong in declining it at an earlier period. The result of their action has been that much of the shipbuilding trade has been driven from the Clyde to the United States, just as it was driven some years ago from the Thames to the Clyde. It is all very well to blame the men, but they naturally desire to improve their position, and masters cannot expect to bring them to reasonable conditions except by a reasonable mode of dealing with them. They must have some evidence that their demands are fairly considered, and arbitration is the only evidence that can ever be quite satisfactory. We hope there will be no hesitation on the part of the men to accept the judgment, whatever it may be. We pointed out last week that on several occasions the employed have declined to accept the ruling of arbitrators, whereas employers have hitherto loyally acted upon the decision of the jointly-chosen authority. A great and beneficial effect would be produced among trades unions if in the present instance they were to see an example of absolute fairness and moderation.

Retired from Business.——When one of the partners in a firm retires from business he ought to retire for good and all. That proverbial tallow-refiner, who stipulated that he should be allowed to come down to the factory on melting-days, was probably rather a nuisance to his active coadjutors. But the retired partner who is perpetually coming down unasked to the scene of his former labours, and interfering with the business conducted there, must be a still more serious nuisance. Let us apply these facts to the conduct of our respected ex-Premier. Some time since he voluntarily relinquished the management of Her Majesty's Opposition, and professed his intention of retiring from politics. He probably at the moment meant what he said, but his subsequent behaviour has completely falsified the resolve he then made. Unlike most elderly men, he had underrated the youthfulness of his spirit. He found it impossible to retire, and, as a matter of fact, he has been more persistently before the public since his supposed withdrawal than ever before. In the House of Commons, should a debate of any special importance arise, he forthwith plunges into the fray, and, by his superior intellectual stature, eclipses the unfortunate colleague on whom his mantle of office has fallen. Outside the House, his activity is even still more remarkable; he is a copious contributor to magazines; he delivers addresses on all the subjects under the sun; he fells trees in the presence of multitudes of admiring excursionists, and he is ready to reply (by postcard) to any one who asks his advice or opinions, poor Sir Tollemache Sinclair excepted, who must have felt the return of his MSS. "with W. E. G.'s compliments," as an unusually severe blow, coming as it did from one who ordinarily indulges in such a flux of correspondence. If such a man as Lord Palmerston could have foreseen the manner in which his gifted junior would pass his later years, he would have said, "If this be retirement, let me die in harness." One result of Mr. Gladstone's ingenious method of keeping himself aloof from public affairs, is that he is perpetually getting into hot water, and rendering himself liable to be misrepresented. The latest instance of this is the Negropontis correspondence. Mr. Gladstone was charged with inciting the Greeks to make war on the Turks, and comic prints published injurious caricatures of him, in which he is depicted as a personage of villanous aspect in the act of handing a dagger to a Greek to plunge into the back of an unsuspecting Moslem. In this instance Mr. Gladstone seems to have disproved pretty effectually the literal charge which was made against him. But it would probably have been more prudent for a man of his eminence to bear in mind the case of Mr. Stansfeld and Mazzini, and to avoid writing to excitable foreigners on ticklish topics. Altogether we incline to believe that if Mr. Gladstone were to take the pledge for twelve months—against all public speaking and letter writing—he would decidedly enhance his reputation.

Modern Progress.——It is surely time that public speakers stopped talking of our incomparable progress during the last generation or two. We have all heard the story so often that it is impossible to be any longer interested in it, and the effect of its incessant repetition is not exactly healthful. Yet Mr. Bright thought he had nothing better to do on Tuesday in Rochdale than to go over the well-worn tale again. His audience was solemnly informed that we have gas nowadays, and railways, and newspapers; and it was invited to remark in how very superior a position these advantages placed us in comparison with our forefathers. It is, of course, right to be duly grateful for such things, but what ground is there for the assumption that they give us any kind of real superiority over those who have gone before us? Does the world produce better men now than it did hundreds or thousands of years ago? Have we greater artists, philosophers, and poets, than the ancient Greeks? In science alone we are ahead of them, but that does not justify us in complacently proclaiming ourselves higher than all our predecessors. Our boasts do not prove the superiority, they only prove the conceit, of the nineteenth century. If they did no more than this we might afford to smile at the laudations of their age by enthusiastic orators; but these extravagant estimates of our achievements do a vast amount of harm. They prevent us from studying our defects, and thus strike at the root of all true progress. In every great European society there are enormous evils, some of which appear to be growing worse rather than better. The rich are daily separated by a wider gulf from the poor, and moral improvement has not hitherto kept pace with the advance of education. Men like Mr. Bright would do much more good by dwelling upon this aspect of their epoch than they can ever hope to do by puffing us up with a sense of empty and silly vanity.

Our Food Supplies.——The perusal of Mr. Caird's able address at Aberdeen on the prospects of British agriculture affects the reader with some qualms of anxiety in spite of the optimism of its tone. Year by year, as population thickens, we are approximating more and more to the conditions of an island city like Venice, whose stores of food must all be brought within its gates from across the water. Year by year commons are enclosed, wastes are tilled, the average product of each acre of land is enhanced by improved methods of cultivation; but population increases so much faster than agricultural improvement that, but for extra supplies from abroad, we should be half-starved. Already the yearly bill sent in to John Bull by various foreigners and American or Colonial cousins for bread, beef, bacon, butter, and a dozen other necessaries of life, "foots up" to an enormous figure. Examine the nationality of the dishes on a well-furnished breakfast or dinner table. The bulk of them are of foreign origin. Beef on the sideboard from Holstein, bacon from Ohio, butter and eggs from Normandy, preserved salmon from Oregon, the loaf of bread compounded from wheatfields thousands of miles asunder—nothing British, except the milk, and that perhaps "Swiss Condensed." Our patriotic ancestors would have been shocked at the idea of being so dependent on foreigners for daily sustenance. Ought we to feel anxious? The energy of Trade is tremendous, and so long as we have cash or goods to exchange for food we need not, with so many interested people ready to feed us, fear famine. But suppose War should visit us, War, which binds the wings of Trade, as now in the Black Sea, where vast stores of South Russian wheat are barred out from the market. What then? All that can be said is that we must be prepared to fight to keep the seas open, and that maritime supremacy is even a greater necessity to us now than it was in Nelson's days.

Art in Private Houses.——An excellent paper was read in the Art Section of the Social Science Congress this week by Mr. John Forbes White, on the best way of introducing art into the houses of persons of small incomes. It is remarkable how much attention is now given to this matter in England. One does not need to be very old to remember a time when in the mass of middle-class families Art was the last subject to which any one would have thought of giving attention. With the usual British tendency to exaggeration, a good many people think it necessary at present to indulge in a great deal of foolish sentiment on the subject. We have little doubt, however, that genuine good will come of the movement, especially if those who really know Art come forward, and try to guide the popular taste. There is a very common impression that little can be done without the expenditure of a large amount of money; but this is no longer true. Of course, if a man will be content with nothing short of original paintings and statues, he must have a considerable fortune; but a house may be admirably decorated on less costly terms. Mr. White is very severe upon oleographs, which, of course, labour under the artistic stigma of pretending to be that which they are not. Still, they are effective as bits of colour, and colour in itself exercises a strong fascination on many persons.

Moreover, those who begin with oleographs will probably go on to better things, and drawings by the highest masters are now so fully reproduced by the autotype and other processes, and reproduced for so slight a sum, that every one who has a real love of Art may without difficulty supply himself with works of splendid quality. There is no reason why working-men should not adorn their walls with photographs which would be in place in the most artistic drawing-room. Many a labourer spends in one evening in a public-house as much as would procure for him an almost exact photographic copy of two or three sketches by Raphael or Leonardo. And a very moderate amount of saving would suffice for the purpose of a truly admirable plaster cast of the Apollo Belvidere. Is it too much to hope that it will occur even to workmen by and by to take some slight advantage of these magnificent opportunities?

DETECTIVES.——Whether the officers who have lately been examined at Bow Street are innocent or guilty of the charges alleged against them it is not our business to determine, but at the same time we may remark that men of their profession are exposed to peculiar trials and temptations. They have to mix familiarly with scoundrels, they are expected to possess a combination of qualities which are by no means common,—patience, courage, activity, caution, and readiness, together with a histrionic aptitude for disguise, and at the same time their official pay amounts to a very modest figure. Add to this that, when detectives are employed where valuable property is missing, they are well aware that in nine cases out of ten the losers would far sooner get back their property, or part of their property, than capture the thief. It is all very fine, the victims say, to talk of one's duty to society, but the prosecution of a criminal is both a worrying and a costly proceeding. So the detectives get a broad hint. "We don't want the man, if you can recover the bulk of the booty," and as their pecuniary interest points in the same direction, they are not unnaturally inclined to act in accordance with these instructions. Major Ross's proposal that the detective department shall be open to the whole police force after six years' service, and shall be perpetually recruited with fresh blood by a system of rapid draughting into a reserve, is worthy of consideration, as coming from a practical man, though it seems to us that most of the detectives under the new system will be men of rather brief experience, and that this will be a disadvantage in a profession where great skill can only be acquired by many years of practice.

NOTICE.——*The publication of* VICTOR HUGO'S *forthcoming work,* "THE STORY OF A CRIME," *will be commenced in this journal early in October, and continued weekly until completed. It will be illustrated by eminent artists. This long-expected work is looked for with the greatest interest in France, especially at the existing political crisis, as it contains M. Hugo's impressions, derived from his own observations as an eye-witness, of the Napoleonic* Coup d'État *of December, 1851.*

THE WAR.

GRAND EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER
OF
THE GRAPHIC.

So large a number of interesting Illustrations relating to the War, more particularly of the BATTLES now raging at PLEVNA and the SHIPKA PASS, are daily arriving from our Artists with the Russians and the Turks, that it is found impossible to afford space for them in the Ordinary Numbers of THE GRAPHIC.

It has been determined, therefore, to issue these Sketches in the form of a GRAND EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER, consisting of three whole sheets, a Bird's-eye View of the Seat of War, printed in three colours, showing the Russian and Turkish positions, and the parts of Bulgaria occupied by the Russians and now retaken by the Turks, and an illustrated cover. The letterpress has been especially written for this Number, and will comprise a full and succinct account of the great battles which have recently taken place.

THIS NUMBER IS NOW READY, PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½*d.*

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1*d.* thin and 2*d.* thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia } *Via* Brindisi, { India
Ceylon } 36*s.* thin edition. { Japan
China } 45*s.* thick edition. { New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher

AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe); Messrs. Clifford, Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, &c. Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K. Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, Leathes, Garner, E. F. Edgar, Bradbury, D'Arcy, and E. Righton; Mesdames E. Stirling, Stevens, C. Jecks, L. Clifton, and Rachel Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. K. CLIFTON.

THE MOONSTONE. By Wilkie Collins. A New Drama. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MORNING PERFORMANCE. TO-DAY, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29. THE RIVALS, with a new Epilogue by H. J. Byron. Sir Anthony Absolute (first time), Mr. Ryder; Bob Acres (first time), Mr. E. Righton; Captain Absolute, Mr. C. Warner; Sir Lucius, Mr. J. Maclean; Falkland, Mr. F. H. Macklin; Julia, Miss Compton; Lydia, Miss Emma Ritta; and Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Stirling.—GLOBE THEATRE.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, HIDDEN CRIME. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Miss Florence Sanger, Mr. F. B. Horton, Miss Lizzie Simms. Concluding (Wednesday excepted) with HEARTSEASE, by J. Mortimer, Esq. Wednesday, for the Annual Benefit of Messrs. S. and H. Crauford.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—NOTICE: First appearance of Miss MABEL VERNER on Monday as DEBORAH. EVERY EVENING at Seven, DEBORAH. Characters by Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Syms, George Conquest, jun., Nicholls, Inch, Grant, &c. Misses Mabel Verner, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with (Wednesday and Thursday excepted), GARRY OWEN, by J. Levy, Esq. On Wednesday and Thursday to conclude with INJURED INNOCENCE and THE WANDERING BOYS. Dancing on the New Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

KENNEDY'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

GREAT ST. JAMES'S HALL, EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, at 8.
Monday, Oct. 1 . . . . . "A NIGHT WI' THE JACOBITES"
Wednesday, Oct. 3 . . . . SPECIAL GLEE NIGHT.
Friday, Oct. 5 . . . . . "A NIGHT WI' BURNS"
Saturday, Oct. 6 . . . . . SELECTION from Previous Programmes.
Front Seats, 3s.; Balcony, 2s. Admission, 1s.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT will REOPEN for the Season Monday Evening next, with A HAPPY BUNGALOW, AT THE SEASIDE (first time), by Mr. Corney Grain, and A NIGHT'S SURPRISE. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday, at 3. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—GREAT SUCCESS.—HAMILTON'S RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. Vivid Representations of the most Important Events of the Campaign. Magnificent Scenes of Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Belgrade, &c. Every evening at 8, Wednesday and Saturday at 3 and 8.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.35 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement, for SIX NIGHTS ONLY, of the Popular Comedian, Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, commencing MONDAY, September 24.

THE CONTINENT.—The Shortest, Cheapest, and Pleasantest Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is *via* the Great Eastern Railway and Harwich.
An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m., in connection with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4.45 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.
The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.
Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low through rates.
For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.
S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route *via* Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail Steamer *Iona* from Glasgow daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from DAVID HUTCHESON and CO., 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

BEFORE PLEVNA—IN THE GRAVITZA REDOUBT

IN the Extra War Number of *The Graphic*, which has been published this week, the fighting before Plevna and the taking of the Gravitza Redoubt by the Roumanians are so fully described that we need not repeat any detailed account of the operations here. Our front-page picture depicts the visit of Colonel Wellesley, the British Military Attaché, the correspondent of the *Scotsman*, and our own artist to the Gravitza Redoubt after its capture—a feat which they accomplished by running the gauntlet of a heavy Turkish fire from an adjoining redoubt. A space of some 600 yards of open ground had to be traversed between the cover of a hill and the entrance of the redoubt, which our artist safely reached after running at full speed through what he truly calls a "shower of lead." The interior of the redoubt, with its terrible heaps of wounded and dying men lying helpless, unattended, and wholly destitute of any medical aid, has been described as most heartrending, the explanation of the neglect given to Colonel Wellesley by a Roumanian officer being that the doctors were obliged to take cases in the order of their occurrence, and as the Roumanians had suffered not a little two days before, the doctors had still not been released from those early cases. It has been remarked how rarely a correspondent is wounded in his duties, so that we may mention that the correspondent of the *Scotsman*, in retiring from the redoubt, was hit by a bullet on his ancle; the wound, however, was not serious.

BEFORE PLEVNA—THE FIRST THREE DAYS' FIGHTING

THESE two sketches form an interesting supplement to those published in our War Number, inasmuch as they portray the positions above Radisovo, whence when the fog lifted the best view of the operations could be obtained. On the left of the first lies Plevna, and on the right the long-suffering village of Radisovo; while on the hills beyond may be seen the Russians in possession of the first ridge vigorously bombarding with their field artillery their opponents on the two further ridges. The village of Radisovo was Shackovskoi's old position which he held as forepost line on that July 30th, the eve of that fatal day when the Russians were definitively repulsed from their first attack on Plevna. The second sketch depicts General Krudener's position on the north-east of Plevna. On the left are the Turkish forces attempting an attack upon Skobeleff from their redoubts in the bend of the Sofia Road; the "Giant Battery" represents the largest Russian siege battery before Plevna.

THE CZAR AND SOME OF HIS GENERALS

THIS group, photographed by M. Duschek of Bucharest at Gorny Studen, the headquarters of the Russian Army, represents the Czar and some of his chief generals. First, there is Prince Charles of Roumania, who though, strictly speaking, hardly a Russian general, has gained considerable renown by the undoubted valour his little army has recently shown before Plevna. Next we have the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Czar's brother, and Commander-in-Chief of the Russian forces. Veteran General Suvaroff is also there, and the two young officers, Grand Dukes Sergius and Nicholas the younger, who just now are early learning the art of warfare after a very practical fashion.

THE CZAREVITCH AND HIS STAFF

HERE we have the Czarevitch and his staff on the field with the army of the Lom, of which the Czarevitch is the commander. As yet he can hardly be said to have achieved any decided success, for though at first it seemed as though he would rapidly succeed in his eastward advance, and by effecting a junction with General Gourko easily become master of Eastern Bulgaria, he subsequently met with such determined resistance from Mehemet Ali and his army that he has been compelled not only to yield up the ground he had secured, but to retire from the Lom upon the Jantra, making Biela his headquarters.

THE YACHT "CONSTANCE"—HELP FOR THE REFUGEES

THIS little vessel, a schooner yacht of some 225 tons, has been generously placed by its owner, Mr. Lovett, at the disposal of the promoters of the Turkish Compassionate Fund, which, thanks to the Baroness Burdett Coutts, and to the exertions of the *Daily Telegraph*, has reached a considerable figure. Its chief purpose is to afford aid to the thousands of homeless refugees whose sufferings, already great, will be terrible unless relieved before the cold and wet weather of the winter sets in. "The yacht," says the *Daily Telegraph*, "is now ready to receive and stow any charitable contributions of clothing, stores, and medical comforts which may be forwarded for the suffering Turkish refugees." The vessel is lying in the Southampton River, waiting orders for sailing. She carries a crew of fifteen all told, and is rather a smart-looking craft, schooner rigged, and with masts not very taut. Her dimensions are: length between perpendiculars 103 feet, and the beam amidships measures 23 feet 4 inches. The *Constance* is not a new vessel, being built some years ago by Mr. White, of Cowes. Lately many alterations have been made, and altogether she is what a sailor would call a "snug and roomy vessel." She will proceed on her voyage to Constantinople as soon as she is freighted with the articles destined for distribution.

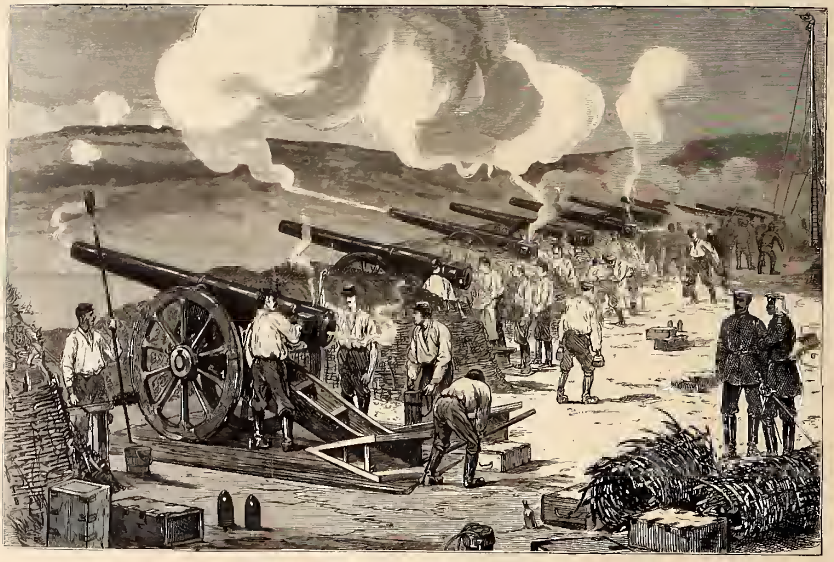
Pending the appointment of agencies in London and Southampton for the reception of stores, they must be sent (carriage paid), addressed: "Yacht *Constance*, Turkish Compassionate Fund, Southampton." The directors of the Great Eastern Railway Company have kindly consented to carry parcels and goods for the yacht *Constance* from the South-Western stations, addressed as before mentioned, "Turkish Compassionate Fund," to Philip Hedger, Esq., Dock House, Southampton, by favour of the Great Eastern Railway Company.

With regard to the articles which are most to be desired for the refugees, the following telegram has been received by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts from Mr. Layard:

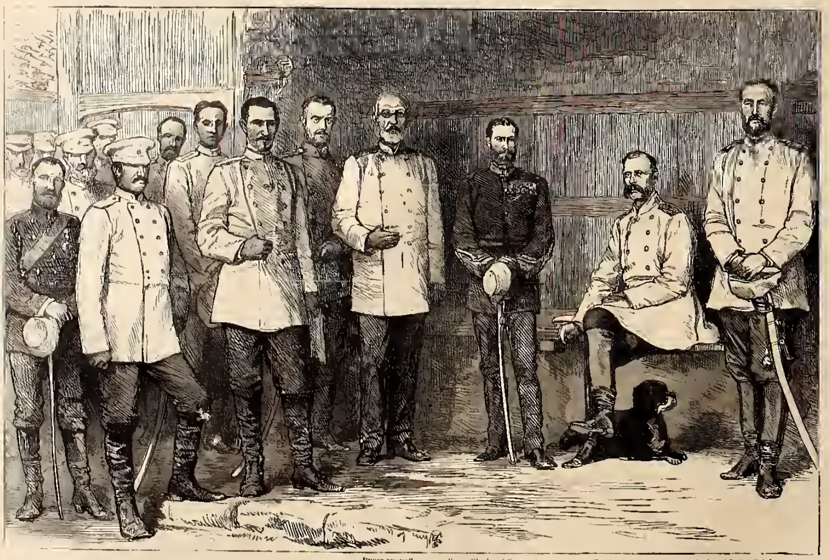
"I have taken best advice as to articles to be sent out in the yacht. They should be common cotton stuffs for dress; common sheeting calico for clothing: coloured flannels, thick woollen stockings and socks; with quinine, which last may be usefully given in any quantities. There is very great distress amongst Christian as well as Mussulman refugees. Made-up clothing, preserved meats, milk, and such things, are of no service."

It will interest contributors to the Fund to know that their gifts are producing the greatest benefit, and averting wide-spread distress. The condition of the women and children around Adrianople was reported to Mr. Layard as "desperate," when the first sixty-five loads of flour and provisions came, as if from Heaven, to the rescue.

The Committee at Constantinople, under the direction of Mrs. Layard, are engaged alike in relieving immediate sickness and starvation, and in the more important work of providing for the sufferings which must inevitably attend the approach of cold weather. In a short time 2,000 dresses will be ready for distribution. Charcoal in considerable quantities has been purchased and stored. Sheets and all necessaries in the way of linen have been provided to the hospital at Adrianople, and others, as well as to the hospital for fugitive women and children, which is opened this week at Constantinople at the cost of 30*l.* a month. A few days ago Mrs. Layard visited the fugitives, who have been placed in a large building belonging to the Sultan at Bey-ler-Bey, on the Bosphorus. They had only bare walls, with old matting to lie upon, and many of the women and children were almost without clothing. Rice, coffee, and clothing were distributed to the most needy. Some



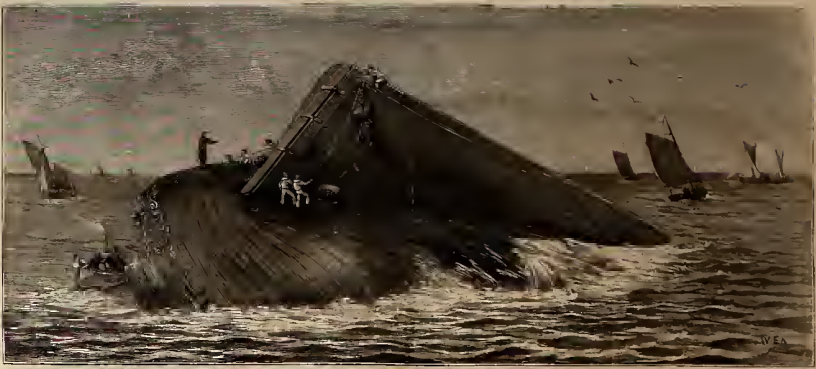
THE GIANT BATTERY BEFORE PLEVNA



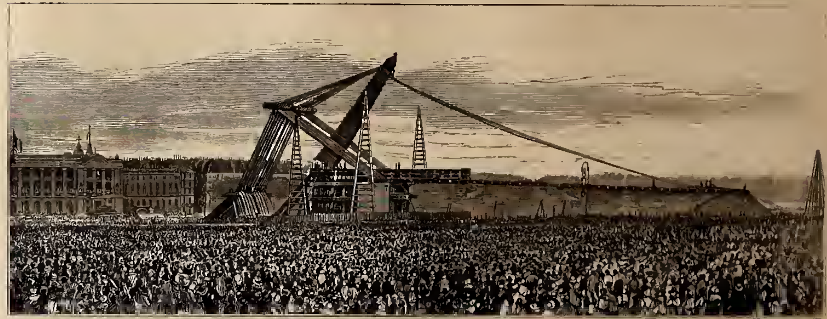
Prince Suvaroff
Prince Charles of Roumania
The Czar
The Grand Duke Nicholas

THE CZAR AND HIS STAFF AT GORNY STUDEN

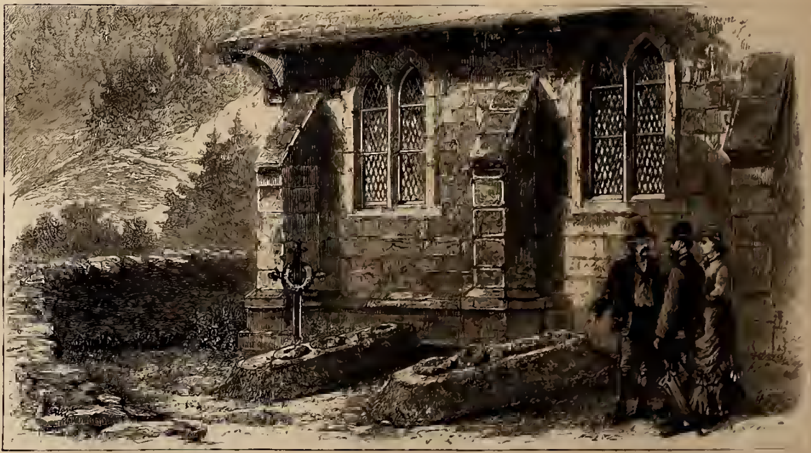
WITH THE RUSSIANS



THE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL—ATTEMPTING TO BLOW UP THE HULL OF THE "FOREST," OFF WEYMOUTH



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE—RAISING THE OBELISK OF LUXOR IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, PARIS, OCTOBER 25, 1836



THE RECENT ALPINE ACCIDENT—THE ENGLISH CHURCH, ZERMATT, WITH THE GRAVES OF MESSRS. HAYMAN, LEWIS, AND PATERSON charitable Turkish ladies were doing their best to help these poor creatures, of whom there were about three hundred women and children.

THE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL

THE hull of the *Forest*, which has caused so much danger to the navigation of the Channel since the fearful accident of the 11th inst., has at length been towed off the sandbank upon which she lay, and safely moored inside the breakwater at Portland. The attempts which were last week made to blow up the wreck were complete failures. On Tuesday, the 18th inst., H.M.S. *Defence*, and a number of steam-launches belonging to the *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and *Thunderer*, went to the hulk, which then lay keel upwards about five miles E.N.E. of the Shambles Light Ship, a position to which she had drifted from the spot where she was first seen after the accident. A shell fired from the *Defence* struck the hulk, but made only a small hole in it, and then the blue-jackets climbed upon her, and with hatchets endeavoured to cut their way through; the object being to get a charge of powder inside the vessel. The work, however, proved too difficult, and the explosion of 300 lb. of gunpowder at the side of the vessel had little effect beyond raising a splendid cascade of water. Next day another fruitless attempt was made, and on Saturday last H.M.S. *Defence* and the Trinity steamer *Galatea* towed a portion of the hulk into deep water, and afterwards to Portland. As late as Wednesday last, however, there was a large quantity of wreckage floating about, supposed to be part of the *Forest*. A passenger by the Channel Islands mail steamer *Cygnus* says that on that day a very large mass was found about five miles S.E. from Guernsey; and between Guernsey and Weymouth hundreds of pieces of rail and plank were observed, one large piece, which might have been a boat, being met with sixteen miles north of the Caskets. This wreckage was all drifting southwards, and is very dangerous to navigation. The inquest on the bodies which drifted ashore at Weymouth has ended in an open verdict, the evidence being insufficient to fix the blame on the officers of either vessel. The jury attached a rider expressing indignation at the manner in which the funeral had been conducted.

RAISING THE LUXOR OBELISK AT PARIS

THIS incident, which occurred on Oct. 25th, 1836, is especially interesting just now, when, if it reaches our shores safely, we are about to erect the sister obelisk in London. The engraving from which our picture is copied was kindly lent to us by Mr. Hodgson Pratt, of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, 150, Strand, and the following account is abridged from his personal reminiscences. Crowds assembled to witness the scene in the Place de la Concorde, the shops were shut, and the day was observed as a general holiday. The King (Louis Philippe) watched the gradual rise of the monolith from the windows of the Admiralty on the north side of the great square, and of course gave the Cross of the Legion of Honour to the engineer when the feat was successfully accomplished. The obelisk was landed in its wooden case at a quay of the river Seine, and was then dragged along the ground, base forwards, until it reached the lower end of a very long wall, which sloped from the ground upwards, until it reached the height of and touched one of the four edges of the granite pedestal which was waiting to receive it. The obelisk, having been hauled up this sloping wall, was ready to be placed in a perpendicular position. To effect this object blocks of masonry had been erected on either side of the pedestal, and on these were erected six immense masts of timber, furnished with blocks and pulleys. Through one set of pulleys ran ropes attached to the apex of the obelisk; through the other set, ropes attached to a large number of powerful windlasses, placed in front of the pedestal. As soon as the three hundred men employed to turn these began to work, the masts, which had stood at an angle of twenty-five degrees, and sloped towards the obelisk, began to rise to a perpendicular position. As they did so, the obelisk began to quit its recumbent attitude on the wall, and to rise. The masts continued to move upward, and after occupying a perpendicular position, they descended to a horizontal one, their tops having described a semicircle in the air. The Obelisk of Luxor, now stood erect, to the great joy of the spectators. Mr. Pratt agrees with us in advising that our sister "Needle" should be placed—not on Palace Green, cheek by jowl with statues of Canning, Derby, Palmerston, and Peel, who will look like policemen in attendance on the Sphinx—but in front of the British Museum in Bloomsbury. If engineering difficulties should prevent the carriage so far inland, suitable sites may be found either on the Thames Embankment or in Battersea Park.

GRAVES OF ALPINE CLIMBERS AT ZERMATT

WE have already given an account of the fatal accident which took place on the Lyskamm (Zermatt) on the 6th inst. At 2 A.M. on that day two English barristers, Messrs. W. A. Lewis and W. H. Paterson, left the Riffel Hotel with three guides, brothers, named Knubel. As they did not return in the evening, a search-party was sent out, and it was found that, owing to the giving way of a cornice of snow, they had been precipitated a distance of 3,000 or 4,000 feet. Death was probably instantaneous. The bodies were afterwards recovered, and those of the two Englishmen were buried in the graveyard of the English church at Zermatt, next to the grave of Mr. Hayman, who, it will be remembered, fell into a crevasse last September. The funeral, which took place on Monday, the 10th inst., was attended by all the English, and by a large number of the inhabitants. The service was choral. The graves are on the south side of the church. That of Mr. Hayman has a cross over it. Mr. Lewis is buried next to him, and then Mr. Paterson. The funeral of the three guides took place on the following day at St. Niklaus. They all left widows and families, for the benefit of whom a subscription has been got up among the visitors.—We are indebted for our sketch and for the above details to Mr. John Lanyon, F.R.I.B.A., of Belfast, Ireland.

THE NUBIAN CARAVAN

THIS novel exhibition, which is now to be seen at the Alexandra Palace, includes a large menagerie of rare animals from the north of Africa. There are three rhinoceroses, five elephants, eight buffaloes, the same number of giraffes, several ostriches, and twenty-one racing dromedaries, besides goats, hunting dogs, and other animals. But the chief attraction is of course the troupe of native hunters by whom all these animals were actually caught, and who now have charge of them. There are fourteen Nubians, representatives of five different tribes, and one negro, a young man who has been rescued from slavery. He belongs to the tribe of Baza which, inhabiting a district midway between the Abyssinians, who are Christians, and the Nubians and Arabs, who are Mohammedans, is badly treated by each, its women and children being often seized and sold into slavery. The negro belonging to the troupe is regarded by the other members with the most profound contempt, as they look upon him as a pariah. The whole caravan is under the leadership of Josef Mengos, a Maltese, who has for some years resided in Upper Egypt, being employed by Mr. Hagenbeck, an importer of wild zoological specimens, of Hamburg, to lead the Nubians on their hunting expeditions. A short time ago the "happy thought" occurred to Mr. Hagenbeck that it would make a very interesting exhibition if the Nubians themselves could be induced to come over with the animals they had captured. Negotiations were entered into, and the result is the visit to Europe of this troupe, which first in Paris, afterwards in Hamburg, and now at the Alexandra Palace, have created such a great sensation. The skins of the majority of the troupe are coffee-coloured, but two of them have the black complexion, woolly hair, and protuberant features of the negro race. The faces of the others are well-shaped, but the wide opening lips, disclosing rows of splendidly white teeth, give them a grinning expression which is very peculiar. They are powerful, muscular men. They wear white trousers and a white cloth, which, in hot weather, they fasten round them so that they are naked to the waist. The Nubians, with their animals, are established in a great enclosure in the Palace grounds, round which they ride on the camels and buffaloes, some riding the "ship of the desert" without any saddle, and sticking on to the animal at full gallop. They also go through their war-dances, and their performance concludes with an exact representation of the progress of a caravan through the desert, filling their bags with water, and loading the camels with the boxes in which they convey the wild animals they may have caught.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," &c., is continued on page 297.

"AMY ROBSART"

THE quotation from Aubrey's "History of Berkshire," placed underneath Mr. Yeames's picture, sufficiently explains its subject, besides which, the tragical story of Amy Robsart is known to most readers either from the perusal of our historical annals, or from the fascinating pages of Scott's romance of "Kenilworth," or from the well-known ballad entitled "Cumnor Hall." We need, therefore, only add here that Queen Elizabeth had a great dislike to having married people about her. No one at her Court ever entered into wedlock without incurring her serious displeasure, and Lord Robert Dudley only escaped the odium which Her Majesty cast upon connubial existence because as a courtier he was practically a bachelor, for his wife, Amy Robsart, never appeared at Court, but stayed at home and busied herself with the cares of country life. Her death, as Aubrey observes in his narrative, was represented as being accidental, and Queen Elizabeth, with whom Dudley was at that time a prime favourite, warmly adopted this view; but popular opinion, as well as that of the majority of the courtiers, agreed with Cecil in regarding her husband as "infamed by her death."

GOING TO A PICNIC IN RUSSIA

SUCH a scene as is here delineated is precisely described in an article entitled "A Russian Picnic," which appeared in our issue of April 14th Inst, No. 385. We quote two or three sentences from the opening paragraph:—"A brilliant night, with myriads of stars in the heavens, a moon nearly at her full, and a thermometer showing 17 deg. below zero. Such was the night of our picnic. We were in the month of January, much snow had fallen, and consequently the trainage was good, so we had no fear of the forty *versts* that we had to get over, notwithstanding we were going in those unwieldy, clumsy, three-horse sledges called *troika*."

"H.M.S. TÉMÉRAIRE"

THE sketches of this vessel, which appear on page 309, are doubly interesting on account of the novel principle upon which her armament is worked, a characteristic which distinguishes her from any other of our ironclads. The *Téméraire* was commissioned at Chatham on the 1st August by Captain M. Culme-Seymour, with a complement of 530, officers and men. Although her length is only 280 ft. she has no less than 62 ft. of beam; her armour-plating abreast of the battery is 11 in. of iron, and the ship is armour-plated round the water-line with armour of 11 in. thick amidships, which extends 5 ft. below the water-line and tapers off to 4 in. round the bow and stern; a few feet below the bows a powerful spur or ram is fitted, which projects 8 ft. beyond the bow. The *Téméraire* is brig rigged, and the height of her masts from the water-line is no less than 180 ft. The vessel is a magnificent specimen of engineering skill, and a most costly experiment. The spars are of the heaviest description, the main yard measuring 150 ft., and as in the *Inflexible* the top hamper would be disposed of overboard on going into action. Unlike other ships, the *Téméraire* is very high between decks and well ventilated. Her engines, made by Messrs. Humphrys, Tennant and Co., are of 7,000 horse-power. The speed gained, with everything on board and the ship drawing 26 ft. of water, is 14½ knots an hour. She carries 650 tons of coal. Her armament consists of four 25-ton guns and four 18-ton guns, and she is fitted with ports for firing the Whitehead torpedoes. She also carries Harvey's torpedoes and outrigger torpedoes, and each man on board is supplied with a rifle, revolver, or cutlass. Two of the 25-ton guns are mounted, one at each end of the ship, in barbette towers (one of the subjects of our illustrations), and are worked entirely by hydraulic machinery supplied by Sir W. Armstrong's firm, the principle upon which they are worked being Mr. Rendel's. These guns are protected by 10 in. of iron round the tower at the side, but have no protection whatever when in the firing position. The gun when in the loading position is entirely out of sight, and rests upon chocks; the powder and projectile are raised to the muzzle from the magazine and lower deck by means of a hydraulic lift, and then rammed home by hydraulic machinery. The gun continues out of sight while being "laid," and can be raised and fired in a few seconds. Both guns revolve upon turn-tables, and the foremost gun can be fired right ahead and the after gun right astern. Only five men are required in the barbette tower for loading, elevating, and firing the gun. Eighteen rounds were fired last week with battering charge (85 lb. of powder and a 530 lb. shot), in the presence of the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. W. H. Smith), and the machinery connected with the guns worked admirably. The recoil caused by the firing replaces the gun out of sight, and, the turn-table being set in motion immediately, the gun is at once revolved into the loading position.

◆

GEORGE STEPHENSON is to be commemorated at Chesterfield by the erection of a Hall of Science and Art, which will be used for educational purposes. The foundation-stone will be laid by the Marquis of Hartington on the 17th proximo.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——There has been little movement in political circles beyond the inevitable speech-making of M.P.'s who do not care to let their tongues grow rusty during the recess. The chief item of interest is perhaps that of Mr. Gladstone's letter to the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* (sent also to the other daily papers), respecting his correspondence with M. Negropontis, which we have commented upon in another column.—Mr. Gladstone was to be present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new University College at Nottingham on Thursday, and in the evening was to speak on the Eastern Question at the Skating Ring—a building capable of holding 10,000 people.—Birmingham has started a subscription to pay the fine of 2,000*l.* imposed on M. Gambetta, as an expression of "the feelings entertained by English Liberals in reference to the unjust prosecution against him." At first it was proposed to limit the subscriptions to one franc, but many larger sums have already been sent in.—Sir Stafford Northcote struck a hard blow at the Obstructives in his address to the members of the Exeter Literary Society last week. After reviewing the progress of science, art, and literature, he expressed a doubt whether strength of character was developed equally with mental culture, and said that vanity and conceit, the most mischievous intellectual disease of the day, was at the bottom of a large proportion of waste time in Parliament, and was often most damaging to the cause which the persons who insisted on unnecessary speaking imagined they were advancing.—Mr. Parnell paid a visit to his constituents at Navan on Monday, and was received with high honour. The houses were decorated with evergreens, the Town Commissioners presented an address, and the hon. member was met at the railway station by a body of priests and the band of the "Bakers of Meath," which played "God save Ireland." There was a triumphal procession through the streets, after which Mr. Parnell delivered a lecture on "The Parliament of Ireland, Past, Present, and Future," in the course of which he said that he was not much concerned about the maintenance of the institution called the House of Commons. They had not got much good from it in times past; in fact, they had got more kicks than halfpence. The Irish people did not regard it with very friendly feelings either, and it must be seen sooner or later that the Government could not possibly attempt in the face of a determined Irish Opposition to make laws for themselves unless they first gave the Irish people the right to make laws for themselves.—On Wednesday Messrs. Biggar and Parnell spoke at a meeting of the Belfast Home Rule Association, and resolutions were subsequently passed approving of their policy.—The *Standard* says that a meeting called together at Hamilton, N.B., on Wednesday last by Mr. O'Connor Power was interrupted by the advent of some 500 Nationalists, who in spite of locked doors and guardian policemen took forcible possession of the place. Mr. O'Connor Power and his friends fled from the platform, which was taken possession of by the invaders, who passed a resolution declaring that Mr. O'Connor Power was unworthy of confidence and a traitor to the cause of Irish nationality. The Nationalists then sung "God save Ireland," and went home to Glasgow doubtless highly pleased with their victory.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS opened at Aberdeen on Wednesday week. The inaugural address was given by the President, the Earl of Aberdeen, who spoke feelingly of the temptations to which the bulk of the people were exposed, and hopefully of the efforts which are being made for their welfare. The long list of subjects discussed on the following days included The Science of Law (Lord Gifford, Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland), Health (Dr. Hardwicke, the Middlesex Coroner), Education (Lord Young, another Scottish Judge), Portrait Painting in Scotland (Lord Ronald Gower), Prevention and Punishment of Crime (the Lord Advocate), Progress of Sanitary Science (Mr. Edwin Chadwick), Our Food Supply and the Land Laws (Mr. J. Caird), and Extension of Suffrage for Women (Miss Lydia Becker), besides many others in the Sectional meetings. On Thursday last week some 200 members of the Conference dined with the Lord Provost and Corporation of the City; on Friday a *conversazione* was held in the Town Hall; on Saturday excursions were made to Balmoral and other places of interest; on Monday several members of the Congress addressed a meeting of working men, held in the Music Hall under the presidency of the Lord Provost; and on Wednesday the Congress came to an end with the address of Mr. Hastings, the President of the Council, who gave an account of the work of the past year, saying that special attention had been devoted to the working of the Poor Laws, and urging the desirableness of lessening out-door relief, as tending to reduce pauperism.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Mansion House Indian Famine Fund on Wednesday amounted to more than 250,000*l.* Lord Beaconsfield, replying to the Mayor of Penzance, says that the Government are anxiously considering the question of a grant from the Imperial Exchequer.—The Aldermen of the City of London have again refused to admit Sir J. Bennett, although returned at the second election by a majority of two to one. They have ordered another election, and Sir John has expressed his intention of again going to the poll.—General Grant continues to be received with enthusiasm wherever he goes. On Saturday he was at Newcastle, where there was a demonstration on the Town Moor of the trade and other societies of Northumberland and Durham, the two Miners' Associations forming the largest bodies present. Mr. T. Burt, M.P., presented an address, and the General briefly replied. General Fairchild, the representative of the United States at Liverpool, also spoke. In the evening a banquet was given by the Mayor and Corporation. On Monday General Grant arrived at Sunderland, and was welcomed by a large concourse of people. Thousands of members of trade and friendly societies walked in procession with banners. The Mayor laid the foundation stone of a free library and museum, and General Grant was presented with an address of welcome from the Corporation, and with another address from trade and friendly societies.—On Wednesday the General reached Sheffield, and was received at the station by the Mayor and Corporation. A procession was afterwards formed to the Cutlers' Hall, where addresses where presented by the Cutlers' Company, and the Chamber of Commerce.—The Trades' Union Congress at Leicester came to a close on Tuesday, one of the notable features being the attendance of Mr. Brassey.—The London Masons' strike still continues. At the beginning of the week a number of foreign workmen began work upon the new Law Courts, and more were daily expected to arrive, but the place was strongly picketed, and though no breach of the law was attempted, the men on strike have managed to checkmate the masters by persuading the foreigners to leave the job. On Wednesday they had all gone off by the Hamburg steamer. It is said that one effect of the strike will be that for some time the use of stone in London buildings will be abandoned, concrete being adopted as a substitute.—The Clyde strike, after lasting six months, and causing loss of wages and profits of about half a million, has ended in an agreement to submit to arbitration, the men resuming work on the old terms in the interim.—There is a strike amongst some of the *employés* on the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, and the passenger traffic is much impeded.

THEATRES

Drury Lane theatre has reopened for the season, and spectacular drama once more fills the vast space of its famous stage. The death of Mr. Halliday, whose talents in the way of dramatising novels were so often called into requisition by Mr. Chatterton on these occasions, has, however, necessitated the services of another dramatist, and this time Mr. W. G. Wills has set himself to the task of preparing a dramatic version of one of the stories of Sir Walter Scott. "Peveril of the Peak," the novel selected for the occasion, does not present many advantages from the point of view of the dramatic adaptor, and hence there is little room for surprise that Mr. Wills should have chosen, as he himself explains, to depend on his own inventive faculties, insomuch that only two dramatic situations in the piece are traceable to the novel. The only legitimate ground for surprise is that a piece so nearly original should endanger its claims to praise on that score by adopting even the names of the personages of the novel; but there is a fashion in these things, and Mr. Chatterton is understood to have hitherto got on so well with his Waverley adaptations that he might be excused for a superstitious regard for associations of this kind. It is observable, however, that the title of the play is not "Peveril of the Peak," but *England in the Days of Charles II.* After all, audiences perhaps care little for these questions; nor is the public much concerned with any question but that of the dramatic qualities of the piece. From this point of view Mr. Will's play is unfortunately not quite satisfactory. There is stir and movement throughout its scenes; and there is a pair of lovers much distracted between private affections and complicity in State affairs, and there are a great many effective *tableaux*, in which brilliantly-dressed persons crowd the stage in a picturesque way. But the story comes out indistinctly, and a want is felt of a continuous thread of interest. These defects, however, are almost invariably found in spectacular dramas, and Mr. Wills has, in all probability, been cramped in the exercise of his invention by the paramount importance attracted to spectacle and elaborate set scenes. The rocky coast scene, and the "View of Birdcage Walk in the days of King Charles II.," are fine examples of scenic art. The acting under these conditions requires no comment. On the whole Mr. Wills' play fulfils its purpose, and we are bound to add that the combined efforts of the author and the management appear to give much satisfaction to the audience.

The transcendental tendencies of Liverpool dramatic criticism, particularly when directed to the acting of Mr. Irving, has lately attracted some attention. Since we quoted the other day some curious examples from a leading Liverpool paper, a new Liverpool critic has appeared in the person of Mr. Hall Caine, who has published a "Dramatic Study," devoted to Mr. Irving's view of the characters of Macbeth and Richard III., and dedicated "with all admiration" to Mr. Edward Russell, of the *Liverpool Daily Post.* "By Mr. Irving," we are here told, "the germ of characterisation is grasped at the onset, and the vitality throughout is radiated from that inner circle." Again: "Consciously or intuitively Mr. Irving first realises the earthwork of a dramatic creation, and then goes on rearing each feature upon the last, or evolving each emotion from the emotion which precedes it, until the *denouement* of the characterisation has become heightened or modified into a relationship with its proem that is determined by the influence of just those circumstances which, as being powerful in the formation of character, made it worthy of the poet to produce the play." In spite of all this enthusiasm, Mr. Caine's principal object is to take exception to this actor's, or rather this "histrion's craven view of Macbeth," and to his failure to perceive that Macbeth "mistakes the agonies of remorse for the promptings of fear." This distinction, Mr. Caine thinks, is one of which we must "assure ourselves" with "great care," for he elegantly adds, "without we do we will experience some perplexity." If we have gathered any notion of his meaning, Mr. Caine objects to the actor's impersonation of Richard on somewhat similar grounds; but this will perhaps suffice as a specimen of his pamphlet. Since its appearance, however, yet another Liverpool Shakespearian critic has arisen, who, referring to Mr. Caine's publication, says:—"A mass of intellectual material, gathered here and there, under the direction of a fine critical instinct, has been placed in the crucible and subjected to the slow fire of patient, honest thought; and the various elements, fused down and homologated, unite to form a new critical creation, bearing no marks of the erudity and disconnectedness which at first sight seem inevitable." It will be observed that while the Liverpool critics warmly appreciate each other, they give some evidence of their sincerity by cultivating a style which has many points in common.

The new musical extravaganza, produced at the **Alhambra** under the title of *King Indigo*, is not wanting in the ingenious pleasantries for which Mr. Burnand, the adaptor of the piece, is famous. Moreover, the music of Johann Strauss, which has contributed so much to the popularity of *La Reine Indigo* on the Continent, is light and graceful, albeit of an unambitious character. Yet the piece failed to give satisfaction to the audience. In vain Madame Dolaro sang and acted in her finished style; in vain Mr. Paulton laboured to amuse the spectators in the character of the King, who, as the inheritor of the treasures of the "Forty Thieves," is called upon to protect his valuables from the descendants of Ali Baba; and Mr. Loredan, Miss Newton, and Miss Chambers were hardly more successful. The truth is, that at the Alhambra picturesque scenery, magnificent costumes, and gay decorations are regarded as of so much importance that they are apt to be allowed to overpower the story of the dialogue. When a theme is lightly treated, this is an objection not much felt; but *King Indigo* is, if anything, a substantial *opera bouffe*, and as such it is decidedly overloaded. The ballet in the last act, however, is a redeeming feature. Its music is pretty, its dances graceful, and the whole constitutes an effective spectacle.

The right to translate and adapt for the English stage M. Sardou's *Dora* is understood to have been acquired by the management of the **Prince of Wales'** Theatre. The production of the English version is, however, postponed. This evening Mrs. Bancroft and her company will reappear, after some weeks' absence, in Mr. Tom Taylor's comedies, *To Parents and Guardians* and *An Unequal Match.* Miss Litton has joined the Prince of Wales' *troupe*, together with Miss Kate Phillips.

The **Court** Theatre will reopen for the season on Saturday next, when the late Lord Lytton's posthumous comedy, entitled *The House of Darnley*, will be performed for the first time. The play, which was left by the author unfinished, has been completed, at the request of the present Lord Lytton, by Mr. Charles Coghlan, who has added a fifth act.

The **Royalty** Theatre will reopen early in October under the management of Miss Kate Santley. An English version of Lecocq's *La Marjolaine* is in preparation.

Mr. Hollingshead is about to produce at the **Gaiety** Theatre a new burlesque by Mr. Byron, a new farcical piece by Mr. Burnand, a new operetta by Mr. Layton, and a new play of MM. Meilhac and Halévy.

This evening the **Strand** Theatre will reopen for the season with a new comedy by Mr. Burnand, entitled *Family Ties*, and a new burlesque by Messrs. Reece and Farnie.

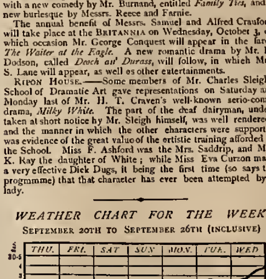
The annual benefit of Messrs. Samuel and Alfred Crauford will take place at the **Britannia** on Wednesday, October 3, on which occasion Mr. George Conquest will appear in the farce *The Waiter at the Eagle.* A new romantic drama by Mr. R. Dodson, called *Deoch an' Durass*, will follow, in which Mrs. S. Lane will appear, as well as other entertainments.

Ripon House.——Some members of Mr. Charles Sleigh's School of Dramatic Art gave representations on Saturday and Monday last of Mr. H. T. Craven's well-known serio-comic drama, *Milky White.* The part of the deaf dairyman, undertaken at short notice by Mr. Sleigh himself, was well rendered; and the manner in which the other characters were supported was evidence of the great value of the artistic training afforded by the School. Miss F. Ashford was the Mrs. Saddrip, and Miss K. Ray the daughter of White; while Miss Eva Curzon made a very effective Dick Dugs, it being the first time (so says the programme) that that character has ever been attempted by a lady.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO SEPTEMBER 26TH (INCLUSIVE)



Explanation.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.—The weather has been very cold throughout this period, the winds having been light from the northward, and the weather very cloudy in the daytime, but clear or foggy at night. On account of the clearing of the sky as night has come on the radiation of heat from the earth has been very great, frosts having occurred on the grass on four distinct occasions, and very low readings on two others. Some rain has fallen in London; but a larger quantity has been recorded in the northern and eastern counties, and soft hail in several places. The barometer was highest (30·38 inches) on Wednesday night last; lowest (29·77 inches) on Thursday, the 20th instant; range, 0·61 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (60·5°) on Wednesday, the 26th instant; lowest (33°) on Tuesday, the 25th instant; range, 27·5°. The wind has been northerly (north-west to north-east) and light in force. Rain: Total fall, 0·20 inches, on three days; greatest fall, 0·14 inches, on Thursday, the 20th instant.

Scraps

M. Offenbach's New Three-Act Opera, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, is to be produced this winter at the Paris Lyrique.

Bull Fights will probably be held in Paris during the Exhibition next year. They are to be on a mild scale, however, as no bull is to be killed in the arena.

Pigeon-Flying in the Black Country, a favourite Sunday amusement, is likely to be suppressed, as the Walsall Town Council have passed a bye-law prohibiting the practice in the public thoroughfares.

A Memorial to Mr. H. M. Stanley's Companion through Africa, Edward Pocock, who died when on the march to the Victoria Nyanza, will probably be erected at Rochester, Pocock having been born in a suburb of the city.

The Suez Canal has caused a noticeable difference in the depth of the Mediterranean, according to *Engineering*, which states that some Marseilles engineers have discovered that the level of the waters has sunk 3¼ inches since the opening of the Canal.

The Coming Fine Art Exhibition at Dundee bids fair to be the best ever held north of the Tweed. Loans will be sent from several of the London Museums, English artists will contribute largely, and the Queen has lent a valuable picture for exhibition.

A Barometrical Bonnet is the latest novelty in Paris. Ladies' headgear are now trimmed with flowers coloured with chloride of cobalt, which assume a dark blue colour in dry weather, but turn pink at the approach of rain, thus furnishin their fair wearers with a reliable weather glass.

A Dainty Dish for Epicures is mentioned in the *Live Stock Journal*, which states that the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation has received two edible dogs from China—tiny fat animals, resembling pugs about the head. They are usually eaten when two months old, after being fed exclusively on rice and milk, and are roasted and served up in slices with soy.

The Indian Famine.——Mr. James Wyld, of Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange, has just published a small map of India, showing in colours the districts affected by the various famines of late years, especially that from which the Peninsula is now suffering. A sketch map is also appended showing the average rainfall of various parts of the country.

Tiger Hunters eager for sport should go to Sumatra, where tigers fairly swarm in the forests, as the natives are too apathetic to hunt their foes. In one part of the island alone forty-two men were eaten in six weeks, yet the Sumatrans resignedly sit down, and say that, as Heaven has so willed it, so therefore it must be, making no effort whatever towards the destruction of the tigers.

The First Living Specimens of the Large Monkey known as the *Gelada Rüppellii* ever brought to Europe, will shortly be shown in London. The monkeys inhabit the mountains of North Abyssinia, living on grass and roots, and when full-grown have a black mane nearly a foot long. Dr. Rüppell brought one of the skins from Abyssinia fifty years ago, but nothing has since been heard of the animals until the present time, when a pair and their young one have been captured.]

The Colorado Beetle is not a recent importation into Europe, if we are to believe a Hungarian correspondent of the Vienna *Fremdenblatt.* Herr Karl von Ladany asserts that his son some years ago found these identical beetles on the potato fields in his estates in the Banat, and still possesses specimens in an entomological collection. They are very common in Turkey and Roumania, and in 1858 the failure of the potato crop in Bulgaria and Roumelia was ascribed to their depredations.

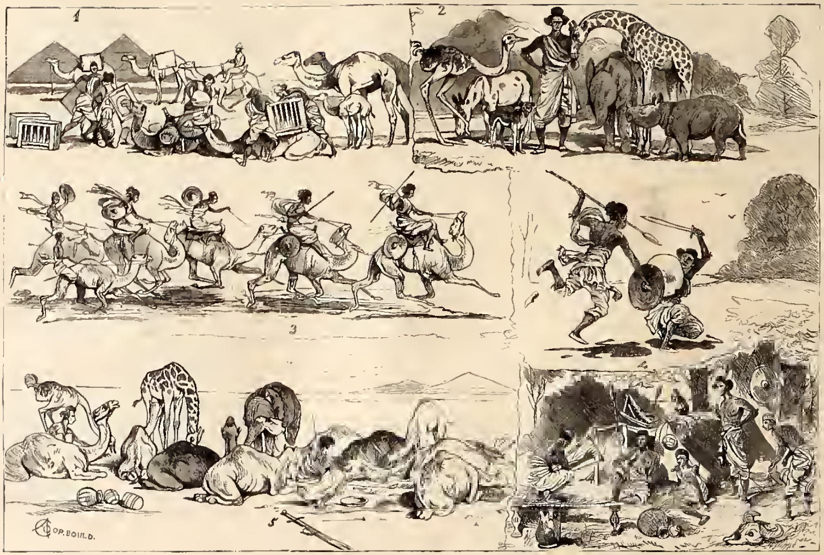
The Pigeon-post Despatches used during the siege of Paris have so stimulated the process of stenography in France, that the Institut Stenographique has produced three copies of Marshal MacMahon's manifesto at the back of a postage stamp. Anent the manifesto, 12,000,000 copies were published in a day, and employed 4,890 persons in their production. The printing occupied 390 men and 30 machines, 4,000 were employed in fastening up and directing the manifestoes, 400 persons sorted them, and 100 people were employed to despatch them to their various destinations.

The Channel Tunnel has been fairly begun in France, where several pits have been sunk to the depth of 110 yards. The French and English companies formed for its construction will each possess one half, and will respectively supply the funds for each portion, while the excavation will be done in France by the Great Northern Railway, and in England by the South Eastern and Chatham and Dover lines. The materials of the French and English lines will pass through the tunnel in order to avoid delay and expense of transhipment, and as soon as the tunnel is completed the companies will endeavour to arrange for a similar exchange with other Continental lines. At the end of thirty years the tunnel will be ceded to the two Governments under certain conditions.

The Forthcoming Dairy Show.——From the entry-sheet of the show, which will open at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Wednesday next, it is evident in many respects the exhibition will be most interesting. The Baroness Burdett Coutts, for instance, takes the opportunity to advance one of her great ends, the suppression of cruelty to donkeys, and she is aided in that effort by several well-known noblemen and gentlemen. The exhibitors will include the Duke of Wellington, Duke of Beaufort, Baroness Burdett Coutts, Duke of Sutherland, Lady Emily Pigot, Lady Gwynde, Lord Ashburton, Miss Anna de Rothschild, Count Schlieffken, almost all the cheese factories established in England, Mr. Nuttall, of Leicester, who is sending no fewer than 3,000 Stilton cheeses, Mr. C. Sutherland, of Croydon, Lord Tourmour, Mrs. Neville Grenville, and a host of other ladies and gentlemen well known as exhibitors at special shows.

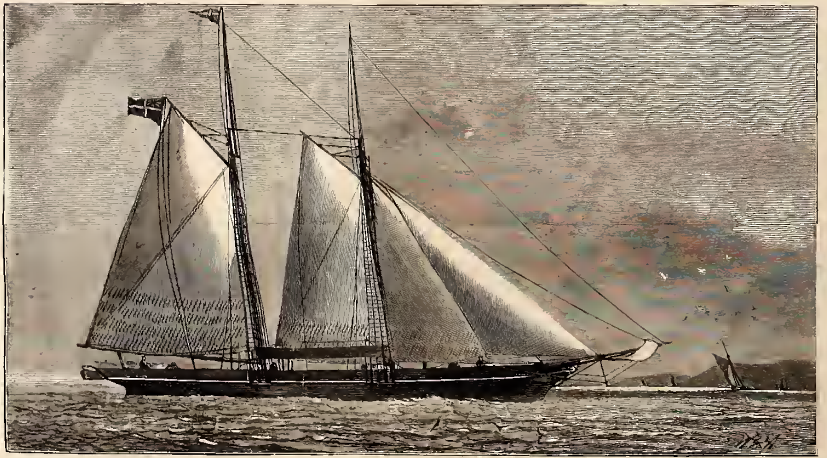
London Mortality has decreased during the last two weeks, and the deaths have numbered respectively 1,261 and 1,179, being 104 and 150 below the average, and at the rate of 18·6 and 17·4 per 1,000. The death rate for the twelve weeks of the present quarter has been 19·4 per 1,000 against 21·5 and 22·1 in the corresponding period of 1875 and 1876. The deaths from small-pox were, in the week ending September 15, 10 (an increase of 2), and a similar number were registered last week; those from scarlet fever were 38 (a rise of 9), and 30 (a decline of 8); from fever 30 (a rise of 9, and the highest number recorded this year), and 31 (an increase of 1); from diarrhœa, 86 (a decline of 1) and 71 (a fall of 15, and 35 below the average); from measles, 23 and 22 (a decline of 1); from whooping-cough, 32 (a rise of 13), and 18 (a decrease of 14); and from diphtheria, 7 and 8 (a rise of 1). Different forms of violence caused 39 and 40 deaths, of which 34 and 37 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,368 and 2,286 births, which were 63 and 71 below the average. The mean temperature was 58·9 deg., 1·3 deg. above the average during the first week, and 51·1 deg., 4·9 deg. below the average in the second week; and the duration of sunshine was 11·2 and 20·8 hours out of the 89·6 and 86·5 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.

The Graphic Telegrams from the Battlefields of the present war sent home to our daily contemporaries have been amusingly satirised by a Berlin journal, the *Ulk*, which according to *Mayfair* has improvised the following dialogue between Mr. Forbes, the well known correspondent of the *Daily News*, and Dr. Entoutcas, who is represented as being a correspondent at the seat of war. The two meet in the street, and Dr. Entoutcas thus addresses Mr. Forbes:—"Bon morning, Mr. Archibald, what mach you?"—"Oh, I am sehr very. Und you?"—"O, quasi! Segg mi, Mr. Archibald, wie mach you dat mit your fixity bei the Berichters?"—"Oh, very simply! I make meine Beschreibung of Schlacht schon vorher fin and ferty. Dann I go to the Russian Commandeur and segg to him: Hier is a fin Description, nu maken Sie mir mal 'ne Slacht danach. The Russian Commandeur, being a gefallig man, erweist mi the little pleasure, and damit all right!" This mixture of English, French, German and German patois, being translated, shows how Dr. Entoutcas compliments Mr. Forbes on the excellence of his description of the scenes of the war, and wants to know how he does it. Mr. Forbes replies that it is all very simple. "I prepare a full description of the battle in advance," he says. "I next go to the Russian Commander and say to him: "Here is a fine description, now get up a battle accordingly." "The Russian Commander, being an obliging man, does me the little favour, and then all right!"



1. Loading and Starting a Caravan.—2. Some of the Animals.—3. Camel Racing.—4. Nubian Assault of Arms: Sword *v.* Spear.—5. Feeding a Caravan in the Desert.—6. Nubians at Home.

NUBIAN SPORTS AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE



RELIEF FOR THE TURKISH REFUGEES—THE YACHT "CONSTANCE" LADEN WITH SUPPLIES FROM THE TURKISH COMPASSIONATE FUND

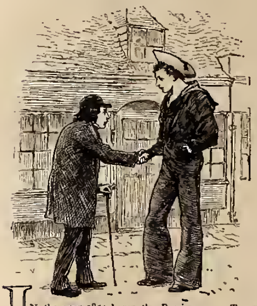
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

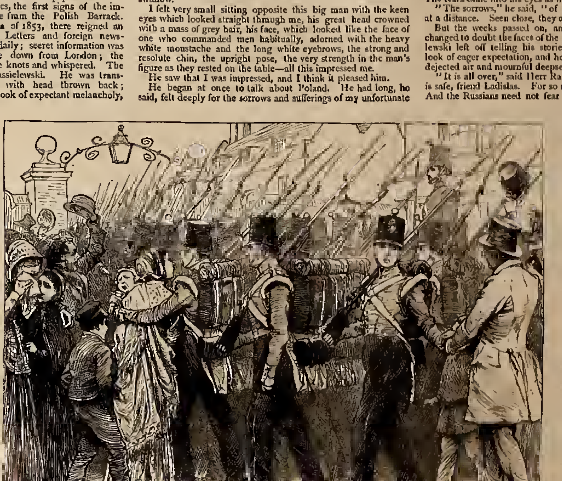
"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

HOPES AND FEARS



IN the year 1854 began the Russian war. To me, because in those days I read few papers and took small interest in politics, the first signs of the impending struggle came from the Polish Barrack. Here, from the autumn of 1853, there reigned an unwonted animation. Letters and foreign newspapers were received daily; secret information was whispered about; strangers came down from London; the men gathered themselves into little knots and whispered. The most eager of them all was Wassielewski. He was transformed; he bore himself erect, with head thrown back; those deep-set eyes of his lost their look of expectant melancholy, and were bright with hope; he even seemed to have lost his limp. It was easy for me to understand that all this preliminary joy meant another rising in Poland. The weakness of Russia was to be the opportunity of my compatriots. In this quiet retreat they were plotting and conspiring. I came and went among them as I pleased, known to every one. They did not tell me their plans, but I observed that as they talked their eyes from time to time turned to me, and I discerned that they were discussing whether I should be made a conspirator with the rest and a sharer in their visions. I understood—it was only part of the general humiliation of a hunchback—that they were undecided whether one so useless physically could not be of use in the way of his name; whether, in fact, it was worth while to sacrifice my life, as well as their own, because I was Ladislas Pulaski. For the first time I felt a Pole indeed, in the strange thought that perhaps, after all, I, too, might be called upon to strike my blow, such as it was, for Polish freedom.



The streets were lined with the townspeople; the women crying, some of them even kissing the soldiers.

I had been kept strangely ignorant up to this time, and even later, of my own family history and of the circumstances under which I was brought to England. I knew that I was the son of a Polish noble; that my father perished in one of the obscure and hopeless village risings which took place some years after the great insurrection of 1831, and were too local to be recorded in contemporary history; also, that it was old Wassielewski who brought me, a mere infant, in his own arms, safely to England. When I asked the Captain for further information, he put off the question. When, as a boy, I asked Wassielewski, he patted my head kindly, and bade me wait. I understood, therefore, very early, that there was more to be told in somebody's good time.

I believe that it was by the Captain's wish that I was kept from the knowledge of things which might have maddened my boyish brain; because I can hardly give Wassielewski credit for an act of forbearance towards the credit of the Romanoff name which lasted twenty years.

In the spring of 1854, when it became quite certain that Russia would have to face the strangest combination of allies ever formed, the day of deliverance seemed to be dawning for Poland. It was a delusive hope, as we know, because Prussia and Austria, *participes criminis*, could not look on in silence while the Russian part of the divided land freed itself and set a bad example to their own Poles. I have sometimes dreamed an impossible thing—that Germany, which pretends to be the most advanced outpost of civilisation, and Austria, which boasts of her easy rule, might some day join together and restore their share in the unholy partition to Liberty. What madness possessed them ever to dismember that ancient kingdom of independent Slavs, which could never threaten Germany and stood as a bulwark against the barbaric Muscovite? But it was a foolish dream. Nations never voluntarily make reparation. Unto the fourth and even the fifth generation they pay for crimes in their children's blood; but they do not make atonement for the sin.

While the hopes of the exiles were highest Wassielewski began to tell me tales of Polish daring and Russian cruelty.

"You are a Pole," he used to finish his narrative, "remember always that you are a Pole. You owe yourself to your country. It may be your duty, as well as mine, to die in her cause. The day is coming when you will have to act."

But, as yet, nothing of my father.

In those days, too, Herr Räumer first began to talk to me. I met him at Mr. Tyrrell's office, and he invited me to visit him at his lodgings, which were, as I have explained, the first floor of Augustus Brambler's house.

Here he received me with great cordiality. Indoors he removed the blue spectacles, which he habitually wore in the streets, and showed a pair of keen bright eyes which certainly did not look as if they required any shelter from the light. His room was furnished with great simplicity, like the quarters of an officer on active service—a table, a sideboard, one or two chairs—his own being a wooden armchair—a slip of carpet before the fire—a pianoforte—constituted all that his simple wants required. On the wall hung one or two weapons, a pair of rapiers crossed, a rifle, and a brace of pistols. On the mantle shelf were two or three pipes and a cigar case. In the open sideboard I observed a goodly row of bottles, which I rightly judged from their shape and colour of the glass to contain German wine. Herr Raumer drank every day a bottle of this for dinner and another bottle before going to bed. He had one of those heads which are never the worse for wine, however much they swallow.

I felt very small sitting opposite this big man with the keen eyes which looked straight through me, his great head crowned with a mass of grey hair, his face, which looked like the face of one who commanded men habitually, adorned with the heavy white moustache and the long white eyebrows, the strong and resolute chin, the upright pose, the very strength in the man's figure as they rested on the table—all this impressed me.

He saw that I was impressed, and I think it pleased him.

He began at once to talk about Poland. He had long, he said, felt deeply for the sorrows and sufferings of my unfortunate country. Unhappily, as I knew, he was a German, and in Germany there were some sympathies which were not to be openly expressed. If a German gentleman, he said, desired liberty of the Press, freedom of discussion, elevation of the masses, liberal institutions, the restoration of Poland, or any kindred thing, it behoved him to be silent and possess his soul in patience. Here in England, and the doors closed, alone with a Polish gentleman, he could speak his mind. The fact was, the condition of things not only in Russia, but also in Austria and Prussia, was deplorable. He saw before him one who had suffered in the cause—I thought afterwards that my own exertions in the cause as a year-old baby hardly entitled me to speak as a martyr—he could tell me cases of Russian cruelty which would make my blood boil.

"There is," he said, "thank Heaven, left to mankind the sacred duty of rebellion. The Czar knows of this, and trembles on his throne. From generation to generation the duty is handed down. Even now," his voice sank to a whisper, "even at this very moment, it is whispered that the Poles are meditating another insurrection. Russia's weakness is Poland's opportunity. While her energies are all bent upon the war the Poles will rise again, and proclaim the Republic of Warsaw. But of course your friends in the Polish Barrack tell you all that is going on."

"Indeed they do not," I replied, with a jealous feeling that if they did I should hardly be justified in retailing their information to one who, however much he might sympathise with the cause, was certainly not a Pole.

"I imagine," he said, "but, of course I know nothing, that an attempt will be made this very year. It seems a favourable moment. The Polish exiles will return to join in the movement. It is devoutly to be hoped that they might succeed. And so Wassielewski tells you nothing. It seems hardly fair."

"Nothing." It did not strike me till afterwards that it was strange that Herr Räumer should know anything of Wassielewski.

"Ah! he thinks the time has not yet come. And yet you are seventeen, you are strong, and can handle a gun. It is not well of Wassielewski. Courage, my boy. I prophesy that many a Russian shall fall by your hand yet."

He always spoke on the assumption that another outbreak was to come, that I was to take part in it, and that the Poles were keeping the knowledge of my own past back from me. The prospect had its charm, even to me, the peaceful musician. I do believe that, hunchback as I was, I should have played the part of a man had Fate willed that I was to revisit my native country.

He changed the subject and presently began talking about music. Then he sat at the pianoforte and began to run his fingers up and down the keys. He could not play, but he possessed—many men do—an almost instinctive power of picking out melodies and filling them with simple chords. He asked me if I knew the German national airs, and then he began to sing them. We all know them now, these simple *lieder* with the tears in every bar—but twenty years ago they were not so well known. He sung them sentimentally, and if it had not been for that strange rasp in the voice, musically. The tears came into his eyes as he sang.

"The sorrows," he said, "of other people are so very sad—at a distance. Seen close, they annoy."

But the weeks passed on, and nothing was done. As hope changed to doubt the faces of the Poles grew despondent, Wassielewski left off telling his stories of Polish valour; he lost his look of eager expectation, and he hung his head, as before, with dejected air and mournful deepset eyes.

"It is all over," said Herr Raumer one evening. "Your life is safe, friend Ladislas. For so much you ought to be thankful. And the Russians need not fear your rifle for another year or two. No doubt," he added, with a gentle sneer, "they are thankful, too."

"Why is it all over?"

"Because Austria and Prussia will not permit revolt. Have they not got Poles of their own?"

I began to declaim about the wickedness of Governments and statesmen.

Herr Räumer heard me politely.

Then he filled another pipe, leaving the old one to cool, drank two glasses of hock, and replied slowly.

"Quite true, Ladislas Pulaski. No doubt at your age I should have thought, and perhaps said, the same thing. The wickedness of diplomatists is a reproach to modern civilisation. Yet, if you consider the matter, you will acknowledge that without their wickedness, there would be really very little in life worth having. No indignation, no sermons, no speakers at meetings, no societies. What a loss to Great Britain!"

"We could do without societies," I said.

"A great deal more would go if political and other wickedness are to go. There would be no armies, no officers, no lawyers, no doctors, no clergymen. The newspapers would have nothing to say, because the course of the world could be safely predicted by any one. All your learned professions would be gone at a blow."

I laughed.

"Music and painting would remain."

"But what would the painters do for subjects? You can't create any interest in the picture of a fat and happy family. There would be no materials for pathos. No one would die under a hundred; and, as he would be a good man there would be no doubt about his after fate. No one would be ill. All alike would be virtuous, contented, happy——and dull."

"Why dull?"

"Why dull? Because there would be nothing left to fight, to fear, to guard against. Dull?" he took his pipe from his mouth, and yawned. "Dull? The human brain cannot conceive of a more appalling, of a more sleepy dulness than that of the world gone good."

"At least the rulers of the world are supposed to be always trying to bring that end about."

"Supposed, my young friend? Yes, by you, and enthusiastic young gentlemen like yourselves. Dull? Why, if you think of it, you would not even have your virtues left, because there would be no need for them. Bravery, self-denial, patience, resignation, patriotism, thrift,—these would all vanish, because there would be no longer any occasion for them. No, Ladislas Pulaski, the wickedness of diplomatists keeps the world alive.

There are always plenty of fools to shout, fling up their caps, believe everything they are told, and go away to get killed. The world go good? Much as I deplore the wickedness of wicked man, I trust that general goodness may not happen in my time."

Herr Räumer was right. There was no Polish rising. But our little colony was broken up and thinned by the departure of many of the exiles. Some went out on secret service; some fought in the Turkish lines; a few volunteered in the English and French armies; some joined the German Legion. But Wassielewski stayed on, sadder, more hollow-eyed, than ever.

. . . .

One day, about the beginning of the war, I was saluted in the street—it was on the Hard—by a tall and good-looking young sailor, in his naval rig.

"Hope you're well, sir."

It was Jem Hex.

I shook hands with him. He told me that he was going aboard the *Impérieuse* for the Baltic Sea Fleet, and that they hoped to have a lively time.

The Baltic Fleet! The war was a real thing, then. And good-natured Jem was going to have the honour of fighting for his country.

He seemed to take it very easily; and he had all the old sea-dog's confidence in thrashing the enemy.

I asked him after Moses.

"Moses," he replied, in a hesitating way. "Moses—well—Mr. Pulaski,—if I were you, sir,—I don't think I'd ask about Moses. He hasn't turned out—not what you might call a credit."

One figure I missed, among others, from the row of wooden-legged veterans on the beach.

It was that of Mrs. Jeram's erring husband. The old man fell off his stool one night, outside his wife's house, in a fit. She took him in and nursed him till he died. So they were reconciled. And then Mrs. Jeram came to be housekeeper to the Captain.

CHAPTER X.

WAR! I was eighteen at the close of the "long, long, cancer of Peace," as Tennyson called it—why does every poet try to be a Tyrtæus? And why should holy Peace be called cancerous?—The country put on its rusty armour, sharpened its swords, and sent out aged Generals brought up in old traditions of Peninsular times. When news came of the first Turkish successes at Oltenitza, and we read of the gallant defence of Silistria, one began to realise that we were actually in the piping times of war. For my own part, I was pleased and excited, independently of my private, and Polish, reasons for excitement. It seemed to my foolish understanding that the forty years since Waterloo, those years in which the world had done so much in a quiet and peaceful way to make wars more bloody, had been quite wasted and thrown away. The making of railways, the construction of steamers, the growth of great armaments, were things done slowly and without dramatic tableaux. Now what the world likes, in contemplating the never-ending human comedy, is that from time to time the curtain should fall for a few moments on a thrilling and novel situation. This we were going to have.

"It is splendid, Cis," I cried, with the latest war news in my hand. "Splendid. Now we are going to live in history. We too shall hear hymns to the God of battles; we shall understand the meaning of the war fever; we shall know how men feel who live in a time of battles, sieges, and victories."

Celia did not respond as I expected to this newly-born martial enthusiasm.

"And the soldiers will be killed," she said, sadly. "The poor soldiers. What does war mean to them but death and wounds?"

"And glory, Cis. They die for their country."

"I would rather they lived for their country. Laddy, if the new history that we are going to live in is to be like the old, I wish it was over and done with. For the old is nothing but the murdering of soldiers. I am sick of reading how the world can get no justice without fighting for it."

Looked at from Celia's point of view, I have sometimes thought that there is something in her statement. So many kings; so many battles; so many soldiers fallen on the field of honour. Blow the trumpets; beat the drums; bring along the car of Victory; have a solemn *Te Deum*; and then sit down and make all things ready for the next campaign.

"What good," this foolish young person went on, "does the glory of a nameless soldier shut in a field, and buried in a trench, do to his mourning people? I know, Laddy, needs must that war come, but let him who appeals to the sword die by the sword."

When General Février laid low the author of the world's disturbance, and the Poles lamented, because their enemy was gone before they had had time to throw one more defiance in his teeth, I thought of Celia's words, and they seemed prophetic.

"Why do the Russians fight the Turks?" she went on. "What harm have Turks done to Russians, or Russians to Turks?"

I suggested outraged and oppressed Christians.

"Then let the Christians rise and free themselves," she went on, "and let us help them. But not in the Czar's way. And as for the soldiers, would they not all be far happier at home?"

Nor could any argument of mine alter her opinion on this point: a heresy which strikes at the very root of all wars.

To be sure, if we read history all through—say the history of Gibbon, the most bloodthirsty historian I know—it would be difficult to find a single one out of his wars that was chosen by the people. "Now then, you drilled men," says King or Kaiser, "get up and kill each other." The *Official Gazette* proclaims the popular enthusiasm, shouting of war cries, and tossing of caps—the value of which we know in this critical age. But the people do not get up of their own accord. There is a good deal of fighting again in the Chronicles of old Froissart, but I remember no mention anywhere of popular joy over it. The historian is too honest to pretend such nonsense. In fact it never occurred to him that people could like it. They were told to put on their iron hats, grasp their pikes, and make the best of things. They obeyed with resignation; their fathers had done the same thing; they had been taught that war was one of the sad necessities of life,—that, and pestilence, and the tyranny of priests, and the uncertainty of justice; you had to fight just as you had to work, or to be born, or to die; the pike was an emblem of fate. For wise and mysterious purposes it was ordained by Providence that you were to be cuffed and beaten by your officers before being poked through the body by the iron point of the enemy's pike. It has been, hitherto, impossible for mankind to get out of this mediæval way of thinking; some Continental nations, who believe they are quite the advance guard of civilisation, even go so far as to preserve the cuffing to this day as part of their Heaven-sent institutions. It is taught in the schools as belonging to the Divine Order, and therefore to be taken with resignation. At the same time, we need not go so far as to expect actual love for cuffing—with desire for more cuffing—from modern Prussians any more than from mediæval French or English.

Not one single common soldier, among all the millions who make up the rank and file of modern armies, wants to go fighting. And yet what a lot of fighting there is!

Suppose, some day, when the glorious army on either side was ordered to advance, the brave fellows were to sit down instead with a cheerful grin, leaving the Kings to fight out the quarrel in a duel.

Now and then, things getting really intolerable, the people wake up, and have a Jacquerie, a Revolution, or a Reformation. But that is civil war, the only kind of war which the unpatriotic mob really cares about.

"All the world," said foolish Cis, "praying daily for peace. And praying for peace since ever they began to pray at all. And what has come of it?"

"I do not see much good," said the Captain, who took the mediæval view about war, "in praying for what you must help yourself to. If all the world agreed on peace, there would be peace. And then it would be no good having a bigger fleet than your neighbour." .

I try to put my obvious point in a new and striking light: that nations who will not sit still, but get up quarrels with other nations, ought to have all their arms taken from them. Fancy Russia without an army or a fleet, obliged to live peacefully and develop herself! Why, in ten years she would be civilised; and then we should see strange things. But my point, however cleverly put, will not convince the Captain, whose opinions on the necessity of war are based upon the advantages of a superior fleet.

After all, it is a great thing to be the adopted son of a land, like this Isle of England, which can never again, we hope, be made to serve the ambition of kings and priests; never more drive her sons by the thousand to the slaughter-house, or her daughters to lamentation and tears for aggrandisement. The only country in Europe of which such a boast may be made.

When will it cease? When will men be strong enough to say, "Enough; we will have no more of your military caste; we will have no more of your great armies; we will never fight again, except to defend ourselves?"

And Russia to set herself up as the protector of Christians! Russia to be the advocate of humanity! Russia the champion of civilisation! Ask the opinions of Poland on these points; go seek those of Turkestan; of Circassia; of Khiva; of Siberia. Call on the Czar and the Court to tell their secret history which everybody knows; on the nobles to lay bare the story of their lives; on the officers to confess their barbaric licence; on the judges and officials to confess their corruption; on the priests to explain how they set the example of a Christian life. Call on police, secret agents, spies, ministers, governors, and soldiers to speak of Russia's Christian virtues in brutal beatings, torture of mind as well as body, infamous delations, universal bribery, filthy prisons, and inhuman punishments. That done, wish the arms of Russia success, and pray that all the world may become Cossack, and the kings of the world imitators of the Czar.

But I am a Pole, and may be supposed consequently to hate Russia. That is a popular error. The Poles do not hate Russians. Their qualities, their characteristics, are ours, because we are all of one common stock; as for their vices, they are encouraged by the governing class, because without the degradation of ignorance and drink they could not be depended on, these poor moujiks, to obey orders. We only hate the Romanoffs, who are Germans. But we like the Russians. And the English people will find out, on that day when the great unwieldy empire drops to pieces, and the spectre of the Romanoff terror is laid for ever, what good qualities there are in Russian, Muscovite, or Pole, and how by the aid of the Devil, who invented autocratic rule, the good has been perverted into evil.

But what had the English and the Russian soldier done to each other, that they should be made to fight?

A most foolish and jealous girl's question. And yet—and yet——

And yet——it was pitiful to see our brave fellows, full of fire and enthusiasm, go down the narrow streets of the town to the Dockyard gates on their way to the East. They marched in loose order, headed by the Colonel, the bands playing "The Girl I left behind me." The streets were lined with the townspeople; the women crying, some of them even kissing the soldiers; the men waving hats and shouting; the children laughing and running for joy at so splendid a spectacle. Among the honest faces of the rough and rude soldiers—far rougher, far ruder then than now—you could see none that were not lifted proudly, flushed with hope. Drill the Muscovite and send him out to fight; he will go, and he will fight as he has been taught, a dogged, obedient creature. He asks for no reason, he neither questions nor criticises. When he begins to question, the end of the Romanoffs will not be far distant. Drill a Frenchman and order him into the field. He goes with a yell and a rush like a tiger. And he is as dangerous as a man-eater. The German, who, more than all men, hates soldiering, goes unwilling, patient, sad. He is among other men the least pleased to fight. But the Englishman goes willingly, quietly, and without shouting. He likes fighting. And if he begins he means to go on.

When the Dockyard gates closed upon the Adjutant and the Doctor, who rode last, men and women alike turned away with choking throats and swelling hearts, ashamed to shed the tears that stood in their eyes.

The men were going to fight for their country. Could there be a nobler thing than to fight, and for that sacred cause to die?

And yet, Celia asked, what had Russians and Englishmen done to each other that they should fight?

Some day, perhaps even in my own time, the pale figure of Revolution, red-capped, gaunt, and strong, will stalk into the Summer Palace, and bring out the Romanoffs, disturbers of the world's peace, one by one. "See," she will say to the onlookers, "they are but men, these Czars, two-forked radishes, like yourselves. They are not stronger, bigger-brained, or longer-lived than you. They are troubled by exactly the same passions; they have no better education than the best of you. But they must have war to delude ignorant people, and keep them from asking questions. As for you eighty millions, you want peace, with the chance of growing crops, and enjoying sweet love of wife and children. Once get this family with all their friends across the frontier, with strict orders that they are not to come back any more, and you shall have all that you reasonably want."

That is what the eager-faced woman with the Phrygian cap said, eighty years ago, to the French, who believed her, and proceeded to act in the courage of their convictions. They made a mess of it, because they expected too much. But they set an example, and we have not yet seen the end of that example.

Day after day the tramp of soldiers down the streets, infantry, cavalry, artillery, all alike lighthearted, all starting on the journey of death as if it were a picnic.

When the news came of the first fighting we grew less tender-hearted, and sent out fresh squadrons with the same enthusiasm but fewer tears. The war fever was upon us, pulses beat fiercely, we had less thought for the individual men and more for the army. We were bound to win somehow, and the soldiers went out to win for us. If they fell—but we did not think too much, then, about falling. Individual life is only valuable in time of peace. In times of war it has a commercial value of its own—life for life, and perhaps one life for ten if we are lucky.

"I dare say," said the Captain one day, "that there is a Russian way of looking at things, though hang me if I can see it. But mark me, Laddy, unless a man sticks tight as wax to his own side, shuts his ears to the other side, won't hear of an argument, that man can't fight happy. There's no comfort in a battle unless you feel you're on the Lord's side. Wherefore hang all sea lawyers, and let every man, now, hate a Russian as if he were the Devil."

To do our Red Jackets justice, that is about what they did.

Besides the long lines of soldiers embarking every week in the huge transports there were the preparation and the despatch of the great and splendid Black Sea and Baltic Fleets.

It is something to have lived in a time when such ships were to be seen. It is a memory which binds one to the past to think of that day, in March, 1854, when the Baltic Fleet set sail amid the prayers of the nation. Never was so gallant a fleet sent forth from any shore, never were shores more crowded with those who came to criticise and stayed to cheer. We had already—Cis and I among the number—cheered old Charley Napier when he walked down the pier to embark on his ship, pounding the timbers with his sturdy little legs as if they had been so many Russians. To-day he was on board the *Duke of Wellington*, the biggest ship in the world, a great floating fortress mounting a hundred and thirty-one guns, built to sail when wind was fair, with a crew of a thousand men, and an admiral who meant fighting. No one who ever saw that day will forget the departure of the Fleet. It was a fresh and breezy day in March, the sun came out in occasional gleams, and shot long arrows of light athwart the clouds. The sea was dark with multitudes of boats, yachts, steamers, and craft of all kinds; the shore was black with the thousands who sat there watching for the signal to be given. And riding at anchor lay the ships on whom the fortunes of England depended. There was the *St. Jean d'Acre* of a hundred guns, the *Royal George* of a hundred and twenty—she floated over the place where lay the bones of her namesake, the flagship of Admiral Kempenfeldt, when he went down with "twice four hundred men," and almost as many women; the *Princess Royal* of ninety-one guns; the *Impérieuse* and the *Arrogant*—I was launched on board the *Arrogant*, and remembered her well—there were, all told, in that Baltic Fleet, though all were not gathered together, between fifty and sixty ships. Presently we saw the Queen's steamer, the *Fairy*—the pretty little yacht, with her three sloping masts—threading her graceful way swiftly in and out of the ships, while the Jack-tars manned the yardarm, and cheered till the shore took it up with echoes and the counter-cheering of the spectators. When the old men with Nehemiah saw the diminished glories of the Second Temple they lifted up their voices and wept. When the old men on our shore saw the magnified glories of the Victorian fleet, they lifted up their voices and wept, thinking of the days that were no more, the breezy battle with a foe who dared to fight, the long chase of a flying enemy, the cutting-out, the harvest of a score of prizes. This time, with better ships, better crews, we were going on a fool's quest, because all the good we did was to keep the Russians within their port. Well, our trade was safe. That was a great thing. The ships would go up and down the broad ocean without fear of the Russians, because these were all skulking behind Cronstadt towers. I am not a Muscov, but a Pole, yet I was ashamed for the Russian sailors, who were not allowed to strike a blow for their country, while the soldiers were dying in thousands, dogged, silent, long-suffering, in obedience to the Czar whom they ignorantly worship.

They sailed, the Queen leading the way. Out flew the white canvas, fluttering for a moment in the windy sunshine, and then, with set purpose, bellying full before the breeze, and marshalling each brave ship to her place in the grand procession.

The Armada passed out of sight, and we all went home. The Captain was moved to the extent of a double ration that night; also, he sang a song. And at prayers, he invented a new petition of his own for the honour and safety of the Fleet. There were occasions, he said, when if a man did not feel religious he didn't deserve to be kept on the ship's books any longer. And he told us—Cis was staying with us that day—for a thousandth time the story of Navarino.

When the fleets were gone, and the soldiers nearly all sent off, we began to look for news. For a long time there came little. Charley Napier told his men to sharpen their cutlasses; that was just what the old fellow would do, because if he got a chance of fighting, he meant fighting. But he did not get that chance. Within the fortress of Cronstadt, in ignoble safety, lay the Russian fleet, afraid to come out. There was a little bombardment of Swenborg, Helsingfors, and Bomarsund; we made as much as we could of it at the time, but it was not like the fighting which the old men remembered. And only a few prizes, here and there. One was brought in, I remember, by the *Argus*, at sight of which we all turned out to cheer. The Captain sorrowfully said that in the good old days when he entered the Navy, about the year 1805, he might have been in command of a dozen such prizes every year.

(To be continued)

BOOKS RECEIVED

Tourists Guide Round About London, by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. E. Stanford.

Preventive Medicine and Public Health: A. Carpenter. Cambridge: Simpkin and Co.

Doubleday's Children (3 vols.): Dutton Cook. Sampson Low and Co.

Lawn Tennis: Its Laws and Practice. *The Country* Office.

A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible: Rev. D. W. Faunce. Hodder and Stoughton.

Attire and Attraction. A. Lynes and Son, Ludgate Hill.

Dictionary of Cookery: The Countries of the World: Robert Brown. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

The House of Ravensburg: Hon. Roden Noel. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Em; or, Spells and Counter Spells: M. Bramston. Marcus Ward and Co.

Grey Abbey (3 vols.): by Old Calabar; The Trumpeter of Säkkingen: J. V. von Scheffel; Rothery Selfert, Q.C. (3 vols.): John Ollive. Chapman and Hall.

Voltaire (Foreign Classics for English Readers): Colonel Hamley: W. Blackwood and Son.

My Mother-in-Law; My Friend the Trump: Bret Harte. G. Routledge and Sons.

William Blake: Etchings from His Works: W. B. Scott. Chatto and Windus.

An Everyday Heroine (3 vols.): A. D. Vandam. Bentley and Son.

A SCOTCH VILLAGE INDUSTRY

WITHIN a stone's throw of the unpretentious house where Robert Burns was married, and almost under the shadow, so to speak, of dilapidated Mauchline Tower, a curious industry has established itself. The village of Mauchline does not look in any way like a manufacturing centre. There is a drowsiness about the place, and an apparent absence of life and energy, which would seem to mark it as a purely agricultural hamlet. Yet from this secluded spot the world is almost exclusively supplied with articles needing much taste and delicacy of manipulation for their manufacture. Mauchline works in wood, and for fifty years past has been turning out goods of a certain sort without any equal either at home or abroad. Go where one may, to Paris or Calcutta, to New York or Melbourne, and some of the quiet little village's handiwork will almost certainly be found in the shops. Most people must have noticed, at one time or another, a certain wooden ware, beautifully smooth, very highly polished, and finished with great care. Formerly it was generally covered with a tartan pattern, but now we also see flowers, fruit, ferns, scenes, portraits, and, in short, almost every sort of artistic ornamentation impressed into the service. Go to Ilfracombe or Bray, to Tenby or Scarborough, to Bognor or Port Madoc, and you will certainly have your attention drawn to some such ware by the local shopkeepers. And a very good trade they drive, owing to an impression among visitors that the articles have been made somewhere in the neighbourhood, and will therefore form suitable souvenirs. This notion proceeds generally from the ornamentation being directly connected with the place or its vicinity. Perhaps the trifle, whatever it may be, bears the interesting legend, "made of wood growing near the birthplace of Chaucer," or "part of a rustic seat on which Fair Rosamond rested when passing through Dulborough." In this event what wandering mortal could forbear effecting a considerable purchase of goods thus stamped with the hall-mark of English history? Perhaps they would not be agreeably surprised to learn that the majority of such articles come from an Ayrshire village situated in the centre of "the land o' Burns." This is the fact, nevertheless.

Somewhere about fifty years ago a shrewd Scot living at Mauchline noticed the increasing number of pilgrims who came every year to pay their homage to the memory of the great national poet by visiting the scenes amid which he passed so many years of his not too happy life. Could not some profit be made out of this annual pilgrimage? It seemed so, and the result was that the aforesaid cannie Mauchliner established a humble workshop in the village for the manufacture of souvenirs from wood grown in the "land o' Burns." They were rough things, these boxes and what not, that he turned out, but the eager demand for them soon provided him with sufficient capital to buy simple machinery. Still the demand grew faster than the supply, so that first one building, then another, had to be added to the premises until they are now found covering quite a large area, and giving employment, both steady and remunerative, to no less than 200 hands, male and female. This success of the parent establishment has brought about the establishment of two other similar factories in the village, but neither does anything like the same amount of business as the famous "Original Box Works." It must not be imagined, however, that the triumph was achieved without arduous labour. The founder had many obstacles to surmount before "Mauchline ware" began to be well spoken of in the fancy goods trade, on account of its perfect finish and strength. Year after year some new mechanical invention took the place of hand-work, nor did the proprietor rest content until he had assembled around him every sort of machine capable of being turned to account.

Then he began to look farther afield for customers than the "land o' Burns." If the votaries of that poet liked to carry back with them souvenirs made near the place where he once lived, why should not other localities in the United Kingdom—nay, on the Continent as well—do a similar trade? Most places have some sort of idol, either a bit of striking scenery, a grand old ruin, or a deceased celebrity, with which they are identified in the popular mind, and although every townlet and village could not be expected to set up a box works devoted to the promotion of hero-worship, Mauchline was prepared to aid the good purpose by the most effectual means. If Little Pedlington wants souvenirs ornamented with its parish pump, all it has to do is to send either photographs or prints of that glorious institution to Mauchline, and its wishes will be duly and promptly carried out. Mr. McQueen, the intelligent manager of the parent works, is ready to undertake almost any commission on these conditions, so that you may even have a piece of ware decorated with the portraits of your children or the picture of your porch.

Entering a two-storied red sandstone house from the high road, you are first shown a pile of wooden logs, awaiting conversion into souvenirs. Some have come from the neighbourhood; others from distant places; before they leave the premises, they will be fashioned into a multiplicity of forms, most of them exceedingly graceful and pretty. This lot lately formed part of a copse growing near old Alloway Church, the scene of Tam o' Shanter's ghostly revelry; the next batch originated on the banks of the Avon, not far from Stratford; here we have some finely grained blocks from the lynns of Lynmouth; there is a piece of dark-coloured wood brought home by a gallant major from the Mauritius, which he wishes to have made into a casket for shells. In short, there is no sort of job Mr. McQueen will not undertake in wood-work, unless it be the manufacture of artistic idols for the prople of Africa. And he would probably feel sorely tempted even in that instance. Such, then, is the raw material. As for the processes by which it is converted, they are far too numerous for full description, as may be imagined from the following list of only a few of the articles turned out:—Album-bindings, spill-holders, envelope-boxes, napkin-rings, paper-knives, photograph-frames, card-boxes, pen-wipers, hairbrush-backs, egg-stands, smelling-bottle holders, cribbage-boards, match-boxes, chimney-piece ornaments, and cigar-cases. The patterns are equally endless. Here you come across some beautiful little caskets, with dainty sprigs of flowers, apparently hand-painted, on a black ground. These are for a well-known Parisian firm, who have merely sent over certain coloured patterns for the outsides, leaving the rest to the taste and ingenuity of the manager. In another room, a dozen or so of tidy girls are transferring from engravings on to the prepared wood. The process seems to consist in placing the cut, face downwards, on the surface to be ornamented, which has been previously well varnished, and after it has dried the paper is rubbed off, leaving the picture by itself on the wood. When this is done there only remains some more polishing and varnishing before the article is fit for issue. In the case of photographs and coloured patterns, the face of the picture is left uppermost, the paper remaining on the wood and being almost incorporated therewith by repeated varnishings. So well is this done that some water-colour sketches of Ballochmyle, and other beautiful spots in the neighbourhood of Mauchline, look as if they were really painted on the wood. The tartan patterns, which at one time were in such eager request, are neither incorporated nor transferred. These are traced out, line after line, by a delicate machine containing a row of mathematical pens, which first rule off all the red lines, then the greens, blues, yellows, and other colours in rotation. As soon as all the lines running in one direction are thus traced, the material—a sort of fine canvas—is shifted to a right angle, and the cross-lines are similarly put in. Ultimately the canvas is employed in the same way as photographs and coloured patterns. But the noteworthy fact is, that this intricate machine has been invented almost entirely at Mauchline, first one improvement being added, then another, until its present perfection was reached.

As regards the processes by which the wooden blocks are converted into dainty ware, it will suffice to say that each article goes through quite a dozen different hands before it leaves the factory. Steam power is employed throughout, and one feels quite astonished at the variety of the machinery in the different rooms. In this completeness of mechanical appliances lies the main reason why an insignificant village in Ayrshire has been able to retain an almost exclusive monopoly of a prosperous and profitable industry. It can turn out wooden ware at lower rates than other localities, because the cost of production has been minimised by the substitution of machine work for hand labour in all possible cases. Thus it happens that some French firms habitually order from Mauchline the very goods which they afterwards sell in London and elsewhere as veritable *articles de Paris*.

HAROUN ALRASCHID

"TWO TALES OF MARRIED LIFE"—"Hard to Bear," by G. M. Craik; "A True Man," by M. C. Stirling (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—A good many persons will be inclined to think that the moral of these "Two Tales of Married Life" points in the same direction as the famous "Don't" which constituted *Punch's* "Advice to People About to Marry." Considering the sex of the authors it is not to be wondered at that in each story it is the husband—though after a different fashion, and with different results—who is represented as the disturber of conjugal felicity; but we cannot help, all the same, thinking of the remark of the lion, that if he and his kind possessed the gift of painting the habitual relations between men and lions might be represented after another manner. It is hardly necessary to say, Miss Craik's position among novelists being what it is, that her story is very much the better of the two. Roger Langton, a scholarly and refined man of two or three and thirty, who seems much older from the effects, as is conjectured, of some disappointment, comes to find his chief solace and delight in the society of Norah Etheridge, and without being in the least "in love" with her, or seeking to make her think so, marries her because only thus can he secure to himself the right and the power to engross her. Loving him with all her heart, the girl thinks at first that it will be bliss sufficient to have his constant companionship, and to feel that, though his love may be denied her, she is yet nearer to him than the rest of the world. But ere long she finds that to be at once so near him and so far from him is "hard to bear," and the hardship is augmented by the appearance on the scene, in the character of an interesting young widow, of the beautiful and fascinating coquette, who, after jilting Mr. Langton for a more favoured suitor, now sets herself to bring him once more under her sway. Norah is now slighted and neglected, and, from having been little to her husband, bids fair to become nothing at all. How, by a change of tactics at once adroit and daring, she succeeds in overcoming her husband's indifference, and winning from him all that measure of love it is in his nature to bestow upon any one, we must leave our readers to gather from story itself. It is told with Miss Craik's wonted grace and pleasantness, though, as will have been seen from the few words we have said about it, it cannot boast of much in the way of novelty, and Mr. Langton's action often strikes us as hardly consistent with the character assigned to him. Such a man, we take it, would have resented being made unhappy far too deeply to come again under the influence of the woman who had caused his trouble. Women, it is said, will readily pardon when they have once really loved; but we much doubt this being the case with men, especially men of Roger Langton's stamp. In "A True Man" the heroine's unhappiness comes from her having made an ideal hero out of a thoroughly commonplace and rather coarse nature, and discovering her mistake too late. Cecil Harcourt, the "true man" who watches over her like a guardian spirit, never letting her suspect that she is the one love of his life, is a fine character, though almost too perfect to seem altogether real. But the tale is interesting, and worth reading.

"For This Cause," by Robert Thynne, author of "Ravensdale," &c. (3 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—We cannot say much for this novel, which is at once complicated and of feeble interest; abounding in mysteries that fail to come to anything, and in episodes that are mere excrescences, and not amusing excrescences either. As it furnishes the title of the story we suppose the main interest must be taken to lie in the conduct of the heroine, if she is so to be deemed, one Marion Carbeny, of Carbeny Castle, who, after her marrying a certain dissipated Captain Jack Martin in order that her marriage portion may save him from the disgrace and ruin that will otherwise be his lot—disgrace and ruin due very much, as she knows, to the influence and example of her own father—in spite of her love for him leaves him at the church door, and refuses to live with him, or even to bear his name, because she believes that he was in honour bound to marry another woman. Whereupon Captain Jack grows more and more wild and reckless, and sinks lower and lower in the social scale; until in the end his wife is brought to see that when a woman takes a husband at the altar she takes him for worse as well as better, and that her duty is to keep beside him, and not leave him to fight his battle alone. Martin, who is not at bottom a bad fellow, turns over a new leaf, and we leave the pair with every promise of peace and happiness attending them in new scenes. Much of the story, again, is occupied with the fortunes of a Major Mallow, and the question whether or not he is being unjustly kept out of a legacy which, if the truth could be got at, has been left him by his late relative, Lord Killery, but, to say the truth, the author does not succeed in persuading us to feel any keen interest in the inquiry. We are afraid that we must pronounce "For This Cause" nothing else but a failure, but it is only fair to say that some of the descriptions of Dublin "slums" we come upon in it have a certain vividness, which may also be said of the picture of life within the Dublin Marshalsea prison for debtors.

"The Rector of Oxbury," by James B. Baynard (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—"Chapters in the Life of a Congregational Minister" would be a more appropriate title for this book than "The Rector of Oxbury." The part which the Rev. Clement Maxforth, the ecclesiastic who fills that post, plays in the piece is small and unimportant, and it is the Rev. Philip Holland, the minister of Grange Street, Chapel, who is beyond all question the true hero. We cannot say that Mr. Baynard shows much force or skill as a novelist, yet his book has an interest as a picture, drawn evidently from fact of a kind of life with which most of us are altogether unfamiliar, that of a petty Dissenting community in a country town. Of course Grange Street Chapel is not "Salem," but the deacons and "Church members" of Mr. Holland's quarrelsome and unruly congregation are drawn with sufficient fidelity and distinctness to make us realise what thorns in the flesh they must have proved to their sensitive pastor. The picture we have in these volumes of the tyranny exercised by "the flock," and the discourtesy and insolence of leading members of it towards the man they profess to regard as their spiritual guide will come upon most readers altogether as a startling revelation of certain aspects of "voluntaryism," and we cannot be surprised that we leave Mr. Holland preparing to abandon Dissent as unfavourable "for the growth of the highest kinds of Christian life," and to enter the Church of England. It is likely enough that some among the sketches in the book are over-highly coloured, still in its main outlines it would impress us as accurate.

We have also received a new edition, in one volume, of Mr. Hardy's novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (H. S. King and Co.), a tale unfortunate only in its title, and which some among the author's critics think on the whole the most highly finished work we have yet had from him.

ROUGHING IT

NOT the least striking characteristic of Englishmen in all parts of the world is their fondness for escaping from the ordinary grooves and trammels of social life, and for doing something out of the ordinary. Men with the bluest blood of England running in their veins, bred up to every luxury and comfort of life, men who at home have but to command and they are obeyed, to demand and they are served, simply for novelty and excitement turn explorers, hunters, and wanderers of their own free will, and with their whole hearts thrown into the cause.

To no one but an Englishman is there any charm in roughing it. Tear Jules and Alphonse from their *cafés*, their boulevards, their concerts and balls, and send them off to some hardly-known region with their kits on their backs, and tell them to spend a month in active exertion, to make their own houses, to kill their own dinners—it would amount to manslaughter. We Britons, with our arrogant insularity, if we are young and healthy, even if we are well advanced in years and yet sound in muscle and wind, despise ourselves for lounging away a bright summer holiday on the promenades of a fashionable watering place. We must be up and doing; and we sneer supremely at Jules and Alphonse for tripping along in dainty boots, smoking innumerable cigarettes, sipping absinthe and vermouth, flirting and chattering in stifling gas-lit halls and concert rooms at Trouville or Biarritz. We look at their tottering legs, their little delicately-shod feet, their wasp waists, their white bejewelled fingers, their padded chests, and their artificially squared shoulders, and we create odious comparisons with our own stained tweed suits, our thick hob-nailed boots, our bronzed faces and hands, and inwardly thank the gods we are Britons. Not that we have much reason to crow. It is in our nature to rough it, just as it is not in the nature of Jules and Alphonse. We are physically better adapted for it, and we do not feel the want of society and gaiety which is fatal to the spirits of a foreigner. In this lies our eccentricity. Men who live in a constant whirl of frivolity and amusement, to whom the bustle and gaiety of a great capital are necessaries of life, would mope and pine if condemned to solitude, and deprived of their everyday luxuries and comforts. Go to Saigon, Algeria, or Pondicherry, and look at the French colonists there established. Observe how utterly miserable and downcast they are, how under the burning sun and amidst those arid wastes of sand they strive to realise the life of their beautiful bright home land, by turning streets into the semblance of boulevards, and by haunting dim *cafés*, where they can talk of and pine for their distant France over unlimited dominoes and dice.

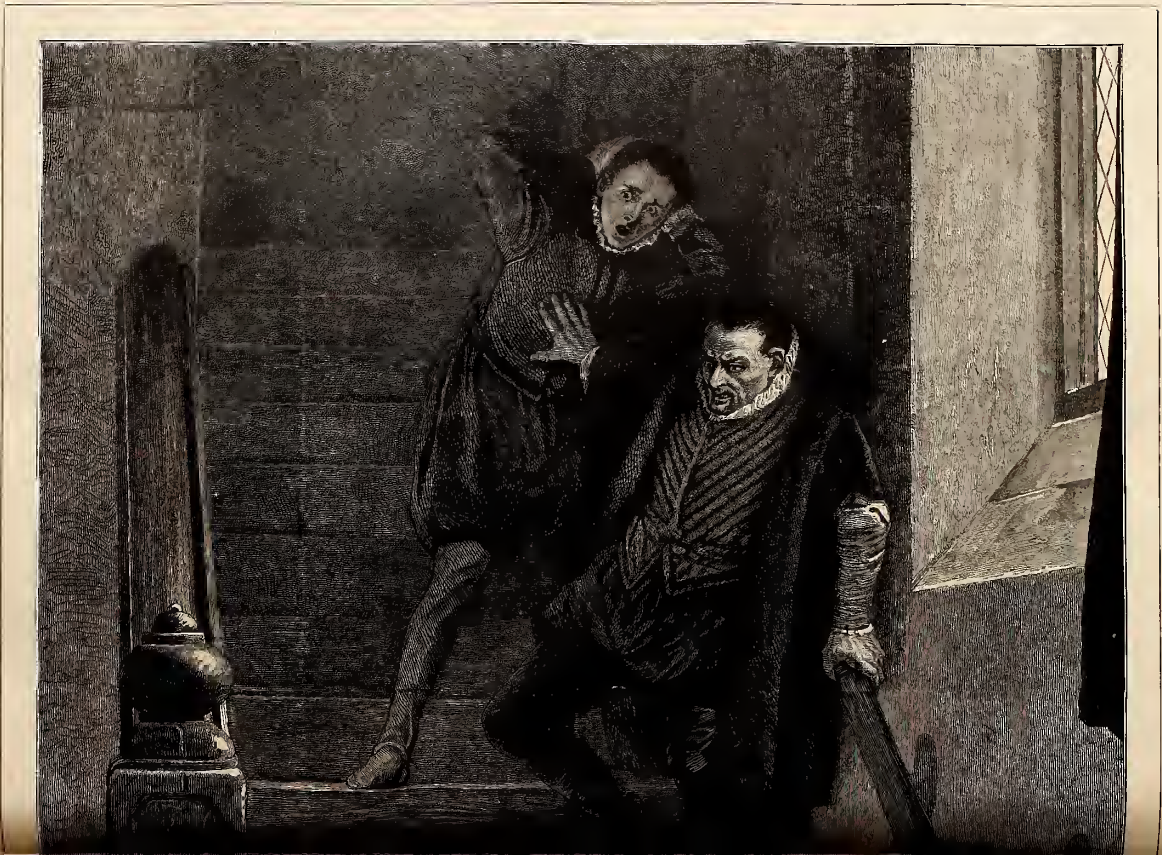
With us, there is an irrepressible charm in roughing it, and it may be observed that when young Englishmen make a holiday of any length, they generally contrive to introduce into it the roughing element. Perhaps they spend a fortnight with their volunteer regiment under canvas—cheerfully performing the menial duties of private soldiers, sleeping huddled together in a small tent, eschewing bath and change of linen, putting up with coarse, though healthy food, exposed to all weathers, and acting obediently as if in a serious campaign. Perhaps they go to the backwoods of America, become hunters and trappers, assimilate themselves for the time being with Sioux and Comanches, live a life of hairbreadth adventure for a month or so, then return home and sink quietly into the groove of everyday life. Sometimes they do a month's tramping, with their household gods on their backs, getting over more ground in a week than Jules and Alphonse do in a year; or they will explore unknown seas and rivers in the smallest and frailest of boats.

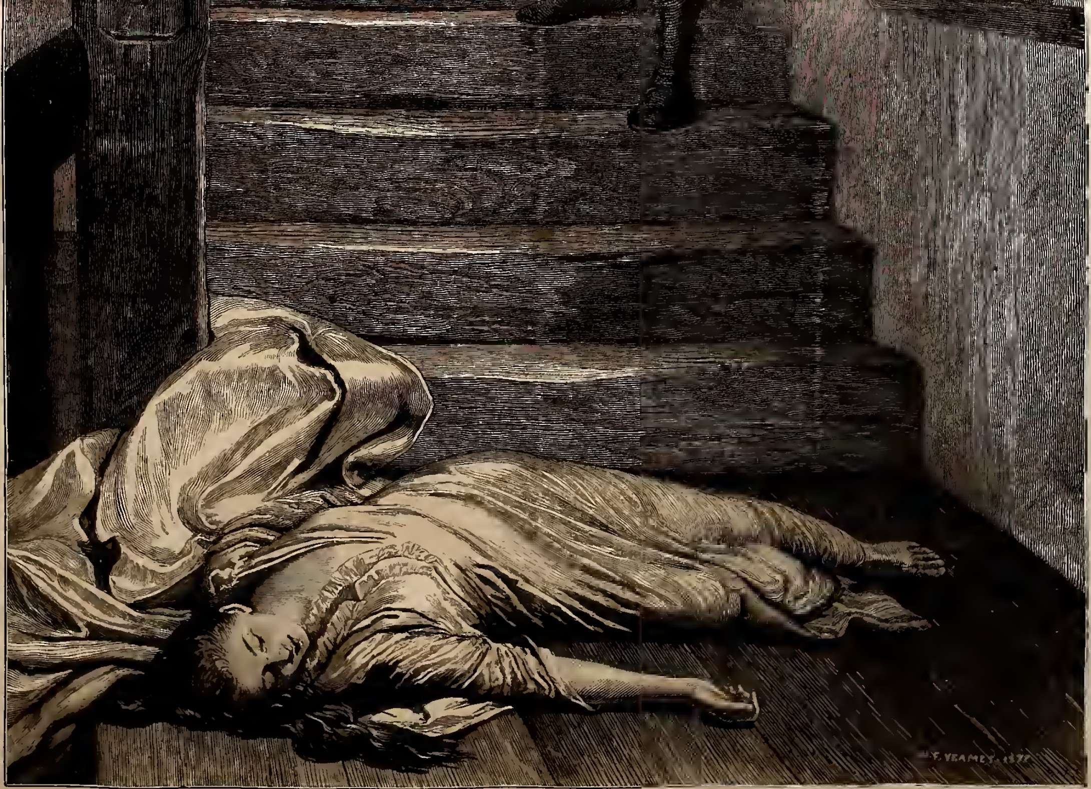
The greatest charm of "roughing it" consists, we conceive, in the retrospect. Most of us have felt the delicious sensation subsequent to the accomplishment of a stern and difficult task, be it intellectual or physical.

So with "roughing it." After a tremendous climb, or a series of adventures in a canoe or a dangerous river, or a week of hard days and rough nights in the open prairie in the pursuit of dangerous game, it is the acme of enjoyment to sit down quietly, armed with pipe and glass, to pooh-pooh the past perils, to recount the ticklish moments, to enumerate the scrapes and adventures, and to glorify oneself in a conscientious manner.

No one whose lines of life have been cast in tolerably pleasant places would care to be continually roughing it, for the novelty having worn off the rough side, would show itself a little too persistently to be gratifying, but as a recreation, or rather as a temporary divergence from the cut-and-dried grooves of one's existence, "roughing it" is exceedingly pleasant to the minds of most able-bodied, active-minded Englishmen.

H. F. A.





"AMY ROBSART"

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. F. YEAMES, A.R.A., EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, being the great favourite of the Queen Elizabeth, it was thought she would have made him her husband; to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he had his wife, Amy Robsart, conveyed to the solitary house of Cumnor Hall, in Berkshire, inhabited by Anthony Forster, his servant. This same Forster, in compliance with what he well knew to be the Earl's wishes, came with others in the dead of night to the lady's bedchamber, and stifled her in bed, and flung her downstairs, thereby believing the world would have thought it a mischance, and so blinded their villany; and the morning after, with the purpose that others should know of her end, did Forster, on pretence of carrying out some behest of the Countess, bring a servant to the spot where the poor lady's body lay at the foot of the stairs."

Sir Aubrey's "History of Berkshire."

HORN HEAD, IN WEST DONEGAL

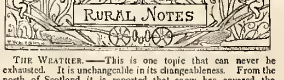
THE north-west of Donegal has always been perhaps the least-known part of the British Isles. Even Arthur Young, who just a hundred years ago was running about from one end of Ireland to another, contented himself with hearsay about this very out-of-the-way corner: "I am informed (says he) that at Horn Head Mr. Stewart has a warren of sand twenty-five miles long." The sand is more plentiful than ever! it has turned Rospenna House into a ruin, it has covered plantations, and buried fishing establishments and curing-houses. Of one of these all now visible is the chimney, rising a few feet above the sandhill just like the tower of St. Enodoc, near Padstow, on the north Cornish coast—down which, by the way, the parson was wont (says report) to creep and read the service to the clerk. Sandhills, miles of them, are not encouraging to the tourist; but there is a great deal besides sandhills. Some of the cliffs at Horn Head are said to have over 700 feet of nearly vertical height—the highest in our islands, save only the huge sea-wall of Corran Achill. The road, too, from the quaint little town of Letterkenny, is as wildly picturesque as any even in the west of Ireland,—we should rather say roads, for the tourist has the choice of three. The ordinary car-way skirts the head of Lough Swilly, and then passes through the long wild gorge called the Gap of Barnesmore—the original Glencoe without its gloomy memories; without a history, in fact, except that in an old castle Rapin, French Protestant, who fought at the Boyne, is said to have written his book on England. Lough Swilly you ought to have seen before you get to Letterkenny. When you are at Derry just run across to Buncrana, on the eastern shore of the lough; and close to that delightful little watering place you will have the Dunaff cliffs 500 feet high, the Innishowen mountains rising to more than 2,000 feet, and such a view of the Donegal Alps (Muckish, Errigal, &c.) as can hardly be matched out of Switzerland. Now Arthur Young aforesaid was an unromantic eighteenth-century man, whose talk was of soils and manures, and rent and the price of labour, and who actually pooh-poohs the Giant's Causeway, saying in the coolest way possible: "It's not very magnificent, though the cliffs are bold; I believe it would have struck me more if I had not seen the prints of Staffa." Yet even he burst into enthusiasm as he sails across the southern end of Lough Swilly: "The scenery amazingly fine; the lands everywhere bold and high, with one of the noblest outlines anywhere to be seen." Arthur Young is right; therefore on your way to Horn Head manage somehow to spend at least a day on Lough Swilly. If you can spend another in exploring Glen Swilly, where, close by Letterkenny the lough ends, and its namesake river forces a way through a wildly picturesque gorge, so much the better. Another route to Horn Head is by Lough Salt, a lonely little lake 800 feet above the sea level at the foot of a mountain, whence is perhaps the grandest and most varied of all the views in the neighbourhood. Both routes are the same as far as Kilmacrevan, a place of old fame, where St. Columbkilla, the warlike "dove of the churches," founded an abbey, and where another was founded by his kinsmen the O'Donnells. There are very few remains of either; but not far off, near Creeslough, they show the stone on which the kings of Tyrconnell used to be enthroned. One can imagine the valley full of O'Donnell clansmen, shouting, cheering, hoisting their chieftain-elect on a chair made by crossing spear-handles; the harpers (for bagpipes were not in those days; where they came from is a mystery) ringing out those stirring airs, one of which is well-known from Scott's words, "pibroch of Donuil-Dhu;" the Brehons, when silence was at last made, reciting the award of the clan; and then the chieftain standing on the big stone, and vowing to rule according to the customs, swearing to that effect on the *domnach* or *psaltair* (copies of the Gospels, brought in their relic-box of elaborate metal-work from the great Abbey of Kildonnell). That was the order of the day in peaceful times; but, alas, more often the claim was divided; the son was a minor, and therefore the *tanist*, or heir, was the late chief's brother; but very probably some other kinsman would come forward, of course for the young lad's sake, and so the Creeslough glen and all the glens round would be stained with kindred blood, and the work of the ever-watchful invaders, who were already joining hands from Derry to Iniskillen, would be forwarded by native weapons.

It is no use going into Donegal without knowing something of the history of the people. Read Montalembert's St. Columba (in the "Moines d'Occident,") for that saint has set his mark on the whole land from Lough Foyle to far Glen Columb Kill. Read Mr. Froude, *cum grano*; for he can't help being a partisan, and is divided between his sympathy with the poor native and his hatred of chiefs, Brehons, and all those whom the poor native has elected to honour. Above all, read Sir H. S. Maine ("Origin of Institutions") about the Brehon law, and its affinities with our own Common Law; and reflect on this truth that: "If Ireland had been left alone, one tribe would have conquered the rest; and, under a strong active central government, the gap, never very wide, between so-called 'English civilisation' and 'Irish barbarism' would have disappeared." So judges the clear-sighted Sir H. S. Maine; and the conquering tribe, there is very little doubt, would have been the O'Donnells, the men of Donegal. They had not been decimated by the Danes, like the men of the south and centre; they were not split into two factions like the Hy-Nial (O'Neils); they had foreign trade and alliances (in the fifteenth century the O'Donnell is called "king of fish" by the Spaniards, to whom he used to send their Lenten supply). You cannot "do" Donegal properly without knowing something of its history. Your carmen and guides will tell you about "the flight of the earls," when O'Neill and O'Donnell, accused of treason, and hopeless of resisting at home, sailed off to seek help from Spain against James I. and his "planters." They never returned—died broken-hearted, finding Spanish promises sadly innutritious fare; and the landowners are aliens—Stewarts, Boyds, Chichesters—"planters," Scotch and English. But the people are the same still; and in every country, in Ireland most of all, if you would thoroughly enjoy your tour, you must know something of the popular heroes.

At Kilmacrenan, then, the roads to Dunfanaghy,—quaint little town that lies under the shadow of Horn Head, on a shallow sandy inlet of Sheephaven—diverge. You either go through Barnesmore Gap, crossing the Owencarrow River, sighting Castle Doo and Castle Doe, holds of the M'Swines, and passing near Ards, a fine place belonging to one of the Stewarts; or you see Lough Salt and Glenlough, a wide reach of the Owencarrow, and the villages of Glen and Carrickart. This is the way for the angler, to whom the whole district offers what the advertisements call "unrivalled attractions." The wonder is that so many English who go year after year to Gweedore (Lord George Hill's hotel, at the head of the bay of the same name, about half-way between Horn Head and his fellow giant Shiebh League), enjoy the fishing thoroughly, send to the *Field* a summary of their sport and a few genial remarks on the excellent accommodation, and yet never have the courage to try the splendid fishing country which lies north of a line drawn from Letterkenny to Gweedore. Those who try it once will surely go again. Besides trout and salmon, they may get sunfish along the coast; though the sea-fisheries, also, are not what they were in Arthur Young's day, when Mr. Nisbet of Kilmacredon invented the gun-harpoon, and the whale brought almost as much profit to these coasts as the herring. The terrible decay of fisheries is almost enough to turn even the tourist into a Home Ruler. Young speaks of these fisheries as "a sure nursery of seamen;" were they still flourishing we should not be reduced to scour the streets for Arabs to fill our training ships.

The third route, by Lough Beagh north and south, past Mullangore—one of the very few bits of primeval forest which war and wantonness have left in Ireland, and through Glenbrugh or over one of the passes of the Donegal Alps, is only for the tourist who has time at his command. By making a zigzag, it may be readily combined with the Lough Salt route; or, going by Barnesmore Gap, you may return by Glenbrugh, and through it push on to "the Rosses," and thence to Gweedore. The whole country is worth doing well. Round "the Rosses" gathers a painful interest connected with the famine time; the people died much as they died at more famous Skibbereen; a few good Quakers from England were doing the land-owner's duty—saving all they could; you may still hear some old man say how Marquesa Conyngham's agent persuaded them even to eat up their seed-roots, assuring them of help and fresh seed from his lordship—a help which never came. Close to the Rosses is Gweedore, whose praise is in the sporting newspapers. Thence by Glen Columb Kill, where, besides the saint, they tell of Prince Charles Edward, hidden away for months while men thought he was in the Highlands; and thence by Sliebh League, as "through a country sawed with bogs," as Arthur Young has it, to lovely Killybeg is a tour the like of which, for magnificence and varied beauty, cannot be found within the four seas of the British Empire. The go-ahead traveller can do it all by car, and can pick up real homespun and ribbed stockings at almost every halting place. The man who has time to spare will take his rod, buy a pony (to sell again when he gets round to Ballyshannon), and turn inland whenever guide-book, or, better, a local guide, or his own instinct for the picturesque, tells him there is anything worth seeing.

We could go into raptures, especially about Glenbeagh, and Errigal Mountain (a white cone of dolomite); but it's idle expatiating on what another has not seen. Weather? Well, we had a very dry July there; but all Julys are not dry. June is always our pet month for Western travel; but September is good also. Accommodation? Letterkenny, Dunfarragh, Killybegs, all have *good* inns, as good as those which even *Punch* lately praised down at Glengariff. As for Gweedore hotel, it is a wonder, as well as being a credit to all concerned.



RURAL NOTES

THE WEATHER.——This is one topic that can never be exhausted. It is unchangeable in its changeableness. From the north of Scotland it is reported that snow has covered the mountain tops, and that corn in the valleys is green. In the south we have had showery days, but on the whole a favourable time for cutting grain that was late, and for carrying that which was cut. A large proportion still remains out in the north of Scotland, but in the Midland Counties there is now little standing in the fields. The general result of the harvest, so far as can be gathered up to the present time, is that wheat will not yield up to the average mark; but it should be remembered that no cereal produce can be testified to until such time as it has been passed through the threshing mill. It is all very well to pass through counties or countries and take such a passing glance at crops as an express train enables you to do, but decision after such inspection is of comparatively little value. Our own opinion is that this year farmers will have to congratulate themselves upon a middling crop of corn, taking wheat and barley and oats all over, and that they will not have much to complain of about roots. In some localities, no doubt, the weevil injured the peas, and the potato blight has manifested itself in not a few fields. The members of the agricultural interest this year will have comparatively little to complain of—noting the high prices of meat.

THE SHORTHORN FEVER.——This fever has set in with considerable virulence for the season. In our last "Notes" we observed that high prices were likely to be obtained at forthcoming sales. No animal reached the extreme value of 4,300 guineas, secured by Mr. Cochrane, but higher averages have since been made. At the Gaddesby Hall sale (Mr. Cheney's), where Mr. Strafford was the holder of the sand-glass, 2,100 gs. was the highest sum advanced for one animal, the Thirteenth Duchess of Airdrie, out of a very fashionable strain of blood as things run nowadays, and the average of 546*l.* was given for twenty cows or heifers, and 558*l.* for five bulls. There was not much chance for tenant farmers in this lot. Neither was there at the sale of the Sholebrooke herd, which was conducted by Mr. Thornton, where with the highest price at 2,750 gs. for a Grand Duchess, the average for twenty-six cows was over 370*l.*, and for eleven bulls 321*l.* Mr. Loder's lot (Mr. Loder, it will be remembered, was the purchaser of the 4,100 gs. Duchess of Hillhurst at Cochrane's sale, near Windermere) was not so much in request, 60*l.* being the average of his cows, and 38*l.* that of his bulls.

MISCELLANEOUS.——In America everything is done on a big scale. Sometimes there is a good deal of bounce about the bigness; but generally, so far as farming matters are concerned, there is little exaggeration. No one will deny that M'Cormick profited upon the ideas of the Forfarshire minister with regard to the reaping machine, and most English makers of the same contrivance for saving labour in the harvest field will admit that they have benefited by the instructions of our cousins over the "Herring Pond." On the Dalrymple Farm, in the Dacota Territory, an American correspondent tells us there is an acreage of 10,000 acres upon which 4,000 acres of wheat are grown, and in another year the king of cereals is to have 3,000 acres more to himself. Splendid farming, we should think. At the time the letter was dated no fewer than twenty-six self-binding reapers were at work in the field. We have had but little experience of of these machines, but they are the one thing needed to save a considerable amount of expense and anxiety to the farmer. The best one exhibited to our supposed top-booted and broad-brimmed friends is Walter A. Wood's; but that, according to professional judges, requires improvements which will no doubt be effected before next season. The American correspondent states that these self-binders out there "do their work better than it could possibly be done by hand." The wheat crop in Minnesota is estimated to yield 35,000,000 of bushels, and according to a Yankee paper, as this State is not suffering from the ravages of the grasshopper (no remark is made about the Colorado beetle), "the farmers are in buoyant spirits."—Pleuro-pneumonia has occurred on the farm of Sir Francis Goldsmid, at Rendcomb. Three beasts have been slaughtered. Pleuro is a curable disease, as has been proved at Rossie Priory.—How to utilise our sewage is a question that has occupied the attention of learned professors, civic magnates, and practical farmers for a series of years. The fact is that sewage grass, so far as we have experienced, is not dangerous to milk-producing cattle, and the milk therefrom not less nutritive than that derived from other grasses. An interesting and practical view of sewage farming will be found in Dr. Carpenter's Lectures, which have just been published under the editorial care of Mr. Marchmant.—In the agricultural districts there is still much need of light, physically as well as mentally. The long nights of winter are creeping in upon us, and candles in cattle-sheds and stables are highly objectionable. Incendiarism is not so common in the agricultural districts as generally supposed. It arises more from want of care than from design, and ploughmen, not having the appliances of prevention, often in a draught drop a spark which they notice not, and the building is speedily in flames. The Davy lamp was a grand boon to the miner; Rowatt's stable lamp is one of the same character for those who have to groom horses in the night. It saves money and lessens danger.

◆

CHURCH MUSIC IN GERMANY

THE picturesque little town of Biberach in Wurtemburg was aroused from its slumbers during the second week in September by the grand general meeting of the "German Society of St. Cecilia," and the choirs in connection with it.

The Society of St. Cecilia has been in existence a few years, and while Wagner and his admirers have been attempting to reform the music of the opera, and make it more severe, the "Society of St. Cecilia" has been carrying on a reform of the music of the Church, with what success may be gained from the following facts—viz., that the choirs of the Cathedrals of Cologne, Munster, Trêves, Ratisbon, Speyer, Aix-la-Chapelle, Eichstat, Luxembourg, and Rottenburg (in Wurtemburg) have already joined the Society, and adopted its rules. That the Society has three newspapers in Germany and one in America devoted to propagating and expressing its views. That it possesses many thousand members and subscribers, not only in Germany, but also in Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and America. That the Society has opened schools all over Germany, and a University for the study of Church music at Ratisbon. I need hardly say that the Society has no political bearings, and has been rather encouraged than otherwise by the various German Governments. It may not be uninteresting to some of your readers to hear how this remarkable Society had its commencement, and what are the views which it holds.

Some thirty-five years ago there lived in Ratisbon a certain Dr. Proszke, a very learned man, a Canon of the Cathedral, and a most enthusiastic musician. During his travels he heard the celebrated Sistine Choir, and was so enchanted with the wonderful music of Palestrina that he determined to introduce the study of the compositions of that great master and his school into his native land. He met, however, with very little success, and was looked upon by most people of his time as a kind of harmless lunatic. Proszke, however, was too determined a man to be laughed out of his scheme, and, although he saw little chance of its succeeding during his own lifetime, he determined that those who were to succeed him in the work should not want material to carry it on. He therefore set to work, and collected from every quarter where they were to be picked up original manuscripts and early printed copies of the works of the great composers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Little did those dream who saw this old gentleman poring over some tattered manuscript, and humming to himself a passage here and there which took his fancy, that he was commencing a movement which was destined in a few years to drive Haydn and Mozart out of the choirs of the German cathedrals and churches. Having got together a large collection of his old Church music, Proszke commenced publishing it in a magnificent work entitled "Musica Divina." He lived, however, only to see two volumes published, and some of the beautiful compositions which he loved so much were for the first time in Germany sung over his grave.

As is too often the case, the death of the originator of a movement sometimes gives an impetus to the movement itself, for within a few years of the death of Proszke we find his work being carried out, and his followers becoming so numerous that they formed a complete school of ecclesiastical musicians. The names of Witt, Greith, Mittenleiter, Oberhoffer, and Harnisch are not only well known in Germany, but in most countries in Europe.

The chief views advocated by the Cecilian Society are as follow:—1. That ecclesiastical music is a distinct branch of art to music composed for the stage or the concert-room. 2. That ecclesiastical music must have for its foundation the Gregorian chant and the "vocal" school. 3. That the introduction of the operatic and theatrical style of music into the Church choir has been most disastrous in its results, inasmuch as it has completely annihilated the real Church music, destroyed its individuality, deprived it of its vigour and of all religious sentiment, and left it at best a weak, worthless imitation of the stage. 4. That in order to reform this lamentable state of things, all operatic and theatrical music must be at once and for ever excluded from Church choirs, even though it may be the work of such masters as Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, or Schubert. 5. That the too long neglected and despised Gregorian Chant must be brought out from the oblivion into which it had fallen, and carefully and scrupulously studied. 6. That the great works of the pure vocal style of the sixteenth century must be taken as models for the construction of harmonies. Richard Wagner has said that the *only* hope for Church music is to seek refuge in this purely vocal style. 7. Above all, the works of that great master of polyphonic counterpoint, Palestrina, must be taken as the guide and authority in all matters concerning Church music, for it is considered by the Cecilia Society that under this master Church music reached its highest point of perfection.

It must not be understood that the Society desires entirely to abolish organ and instrumental accompaniments to Church music, but when used they must be kept thoroughly subservient to the vocal portion of the composition, and be of a grave and solemn character.

Of course this movement has met with fierce opposition, even amongst the clergy themselves. It is hardly to be supposed that the substitution of Palestrina in the place so long held by Mozart and Haydn was a pill which German vanity would easily swallow, and nothing but the positive conviction of the absolute necessity of such a step could have induced the leaders of the Society of St. Cecilia to speak out in the bold way which they have done. I think, however, that those who have heard the music of Palestrina, Orland di Lasso, and Cæsar de Zacharais rendered by the choir of Ratisbon Cathedral, or who attend the meetings at Biberach will find nothing to regret in the severe measures taken by the "Society of St. Cecilia for the Reform of Church Music in Germany."

H. W. BREWER

THE READER

PROFESSOR DOWDEN has chosen in "Shakespere" an admirable subject—at once large enough to stand in need of some brief general introduction, yet not too vast for satisfactory outline within the narrow compass of a primer—for the new number of "Literature Primers" (Macmillan and Co.) The reproach so often cast on generations fed on Steevens and Malone, that to understand their Shakespeare they must go to Germany, a newer age has more than wiped away. Shakespeare societies, Shakespeare texts, comparative studies of the England of Shakespeare's day, critical disquisitions on the *motifs*, sequence, and genuineness of his plays crowd on each other in such close succession that the poet himself seems in some danger of being buried beneath the growing mass of "Shakespeare literature." Through such a maze the youthful student will find Professor Dowden's primer a most efficient guide, whether for its general summary of the extent and results of latest Shakespearian researches, or for its brief but clear analyses of the story of the Shakespeare family, the features of that Elizabethan London in which the youthful bard sought competence and honour, the order of his works as shown by external and internal evidence, contemporary notices or modern comparisons of "light endings" and "unstopped lines," their character purpose and general classification as indicating successive stages of mental and artistic growth, or their interpretation since his death by actors on the stage and editors for the closet, or, last not least, laborious German commentators, from Shakespeare worshipping Gervinus to Rümelin and Benedix, the leaders of the new "anti-Shakespeare-mania" revolt. Altogether just what such a primer ought to be—a clear little digest of facts such as each lover of Shakespeare should have by heart before proceeding to an exhaustive study of his writings.

A homely little volume, "Brazil and the River Plate, 1870-76," by W. Hatfield (Church, Sutton: E. Stanford, London), must be commended rather to readers interested in South American investments than to lovers of exciting tales of travel, and more even to these first for its supplement on the events of the last year or two than for the somewhat commonplace diary of a tour in 1870, which forms its central portion. Disastrous indeed—save in monarchical coffee-growing Brazil—has been the change from the sanguine expectations and inflated trade of the earlier half of the period here described to the blank collapse, hardly quite understood even by old residents in the Riverine States, of 1874-76, and it may be comforting to many to learn that Mr. Hatfield, like many other old Argentines, is of opinion that the collapse, except perchance in lawless Uruguay, can only be for a time—the owners of *estancias*, the true backbone of the country, being quite unharmed save for the temporary depreciation of their produce, the railways continuing to do fair trade, horses, sheep, and cattle to increase and multiply, and revenue already showing a considerable recovery from the lowest point of the late crisis. The appendices on railway extension in Brazil and the Plate, on the show made by either State at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and on the future of the Amazon Valley, contain much interesting matter.

Not without interest again in its way for the statistician who delights to grapple with page on page of estimates and figures is the fourteenth "Annual Report of the Home and Foreign Trade of Canada and the Commerce of Montreal." by W. J. Patterson (Lovell Publishing Company, Montreal), with its full accounts of those great items of Canadian export—lumber, fish, breadstuffs, cheese, and butter; its sanguine estimates of the future of the Nova Scotia coal trade; and its passing notes of the fiscal and other obstacles which impede the development of many lesser industries. Its great feature, however, is the enormous map illustrative of the superiority in respect of length and levels of the intended Canadian Pacific Railway over the existing U.S. Central Pacific line, and of the advantage of Montreal as the objective point in which converge the shortest air-lines that can be drawn on a globe between Great Britain and Japan, or between Britain and the larger half of the Western section of the United States. The map is a useful one, and will be displayed in next year's Paris Exhibition. We are not, however, quite sure that its framer has made all due allowance for the difficulties of the St. Lawrence navigation, and for the closing of Montreal by ice for a third at least of every year.

The "Geological Survey of Victoria" (No. IV., J. Ferres, Melbourne; G. Robertson: Trübner and Co.: London), acquires each year additional importance as the gradual exhaustion of alluvial gold-workings leads more and more to the development of deep quartz mining—an enterprise wholly dependent for success on scientific knowledge of auriferous and non-auriferous strata, probable "strike" and "dip" of quartz reefs, and so forth. In the present number, besides the usual "Report of Progress," are several special reports of last year's survey and prospecting operations—in conformity with the vote of 10,000*l.*—in North and South Gipps Land, on the upper Yarra and about Cape Otway, in which though no payable gold-field was actually discovered, much valuable information has been collected, not only of the existence of gold in new directions, but of the general geological and topographic features of large, almost unexplored, districts of the colony. The maps, plans, and views that accompany the reports are well and even tastefully executed.

We are not quite sure that there is not more of mere quaintness of phrase and fancy than of genuine beauty in "A Pocket of Pebbles" (Macmillan and Co.), as a Sussex vicar not inaptly designates a string of thoughts in prose or verse—aphorisms interspersed with occasional sonnet and distich—on many spiritual and social problems, such as might well be put together, like agates from the beach, in meditative rambles by the Channel sea. But they are decidedly the thoughts of a man of much culture and of a penetrating, somewhat original, turn of mind, of a preacher earnest, too, though without severity, unless it be for the one great error, as he esteems it, of our day, the only one indeed to which he returns again and again in these his aphorisms, the "godless education" advocated by the Birmingham *doctrinaires*. A volume, if not of the highest order, fairly above above the average level of modern maxim-mongers and essayists.

Above, for instance, the "Occasional Lectures, Political, Social, and Religious" (Charing Cross Publishing Company), which Mr. J. S. Tomkins, Citizen and Loriner, thinks fit to offer to a not too grateful world—lectures well fitted and even meritorious in their original form as papers read before small literary societies—but hardly calling for more extensive circulation. To do Mr. Tomkins justice, however, he takes some pains to get up his facts—on Church matters more especially.

Works on Natural History are often of too technical a character to attract young people; but Dr. A. Wilson, in his "Sketches of Animal Life and Habits" (W. and R. Chambers), has successfully endeavoured to arouse genuine interest while conveying sound and useful information. Here are collected together sketches of the tiny beings which inhabit the deep sea, of fossils of various fishes, chats about sea-anemones and molluscs, characteristics of familiar and unfamiliar animals—a series of articles in an easy and familiar strain, which will certainly make the reader eager to know more about the subjects so pleasantly skimmed by the author. For seaside and country rambles the volume will be a precious companion, as the young naturalist might easily attempt a little amateur dissection, and supplement Dr. Wilson's clear descriptions and illustrations by personal observation. Some of the sketches have already appeared in *Chambers's Journal*.—Anxious to prevent the thoughtless cruelty often practised by children on animals, Messrs. Chambers have published a collection of anecdotes, "Kindness to Animals," illustrating the sagacity, fidelity, and general good qualities of dumb creatures. Most of the stories are familiar, but will be very interesting to children.

Of the "Court of Divorce in Golden Land" (Remington and Co.), enough to say that it is one of the simplest of possible allegories, in which the future verdict of History in the reign of Queen Victoria may be found as it would be given by that extreme Church party, which interprets in the strictest spirit the New Testament sayings about the marriage of the divorced.

"Evening and Morning" (J. Spiers) is one of those provoking little books in which a slender thread of fiction is made the vehicle of the doctrine of a sect. Briefly, the plot is the conversion of an avowed sceptic to revealed religion in the form of Swedenborgianism. The dialogue is occasionally pleasing—the story, as fiction, simply worthless.

A second edition, after the lapse of ten years, of the Rev. John Cooper's "Science of the Spiritual Life" (S. Low and Co.) will be well received by plain folk weary of agnostic, materialist and pantheistic speculations, and glad to welcome good sound arguments in proof of "the adaptation of Christianity to the nature and condition of man" on the basis of those phenomena of religious consciousness which no philosopher yet in any period of the world's history has been able to get rid of or to ignore. The chapters on "The Duty and Rationale of Prayer" and on "Combination or Causation," including the vexed question of miracles, may be quoted as specially worth reading in the present condition of religious thought.

We have also to acknowledge "The Doctrines of Everlasting Torment Shown to be Unscriptural" (S. Tinsley), a pamphlet chiefly interesting for its detailed examination of the uses of the words "æon" and "æonal," both in the New Testament and in Philo and Josephus; and "Individual Liberty," by G. Vasey (J. Burns, Southampton Buildings), an attempted refutation of the political fallacies in the late J. S. Mill's essay on "Liberty," more particularly with reference to his disapproval of legislative interference with the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

"Reports of the Charity Organisation Society for 1876" strike us as still a little "hard." No doubt the Society does excellent work, in the detection of imposition most of all. But we could wish its charity, especially in what it calls "Parish cases," were not such an evident calculation whether it would be cheaper to assist an applicant, or to send him to the Union.

We have also to acknowledge a seventh edition of the "Law of Husband and Wife, with Remarks on the 'Married Woman's Property Act' of 1874" (E. W. Allen), from the unprotected husband's point of view; and a thirteenth thousand of Mr. J. W. Smith's useful handy-book of the "Law of Master and Servant" (Effingham Wilson).

◆

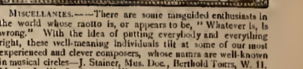
PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW REFORM

AT a recent meeting of a Board of Guardians of a parish that need not be here mentioned, a discussion arose relative to a proposed entertainment to be given to the workhouse children. Amongst other delightful features the good-natured compiler of the programme had included a Punch and July. This, however, was at once sternly objected to by a gentleman of the Board. Not on the score of extravagance. It could not be called an expensive feature. Taking into consideration the exceptional circumstance, and perhaps generously bearing in mind the probability that if they set too high a value on their services the poor little paupers would go Punchless, Messrs. Codlin and Short had agreed to do the job for twelve shillings. But the objection of the worthy Guardian rested not on financial but on moral grounds. In his opinion there was that in a Punch and Judy exhibition calculated to deprave the mind of the child who witnessed it. He had long kept an eye on Punch, and the conclusion at which he had arrived was that, make the best of him, he was a brutal ruffian armed with a bludgeon, who took a savage delight in maltreating every one who came within his reach. Surely his brother-officers could not recommend a Punch and Judy show as a proper spectacle to set before the young over whom they were guardians, in the face of the fact that one of its most prominent characters to be abused and ill-used was a beadle! Again, he had no hesitation in asserting that the show was objectionable, and ought to be put down rather than encouraged, could nothing worse be said against it than that it involved cruelty to animals. It might not be generally known that the supposed intelligence of the dog Toby was a delusion. The creature's apparent sagacity originated in torture. He had made inquiries of those who were in a position to know, and he had been assured that the barking and snapping of the dog at the proper moment was due to the pinching of his tail by the man concealed within the theatre. Beaten on his motion that Punch and July be struck out, the worthy Guardian made a stout fight of it with several amendments, and finally achieved a partial victory by causing it to be seconded and carried that in the forthcoming exhibition the showmen should be instructed to leave out the beadle.

There may be not much—nothing certainly that is novel—in the circumstance of a commanding officer in the Camp of Bumbledom making himself ridiculous. The matter, however, assumes a somewhat serious aspect, if the objection of the parochial magnate may be regarded as even a remote indication of popular opinion, that poor old Mr. Punch is, to put it mildly, too recklessly energetic in his behaviour, and too coarse in his style for the improved age he has lived to see. That he stands as high in favour as ever there can be no question. If any one doubts it he has only to observe the crowd that so rapidly gathers about the tiny theatre within a few minutes of a "pitch" being made. Not only does Punch stand well with the people, he has friends in high places. Magistrates and aldermen from the judicial bench have a kindly word to say for him—nay, in the House of Commons itself great M.P.'s have not felt ashamed to confess that they can still enjoy a hearty laugh at the practical joking of the hunchbacked puppet with the cap and bells. Did occasion ever arise, he would not be lost for lack of influential advocates. At the same time it might be well to consider whether a little wholesome reform in Mr. Punch's theatricals would not tend to a prolongation of his amusing existence, and if so, whether the same might not be attempted. No one for a moment will dispute that he is one of the most jovial of despots. Not only is he able to smile while he murders, but he chuckles over each succeeding atrocity so hilariously that he may be heard at the length of a street, and with a heartiness that must convince the most sceptical that he is not in the least actuated by blood-thirstiness and malice, but does it all for the pure fun of the thing. At the same time it must be admitted that he does lay about him in a manner that is the reverse of merciful. There is scarcely a subordinate that he has not only beaten hard, but by the same means brought to a high state of polish the heads of the tin tacks that once held the wigs on. It is asserted by the learned that he comes of a pagan line of ancestry, and certainly his habits and manners justify the presumption. That he has no respect for the wife of his bosom is certain, inasmuch as it is her unprovoked and barbarous murder, by being knocked on the head with the bludgeon, that furnishes material for the entire drama, or tragedy, rather. He makes short work of the undertaker who comes to bury his wife, of the beadle and the policeman who come to arrest him, of the coroner, of the ghost of the departed that comes with death's-head and shroud to terrify him, of the Unmentionable from the bottomless pit himself when he arrives, horns, tail, and pitchfork all complete, so that in the end there is quite a heap of dead bodies on the board for Mr. Punch to gloat over.

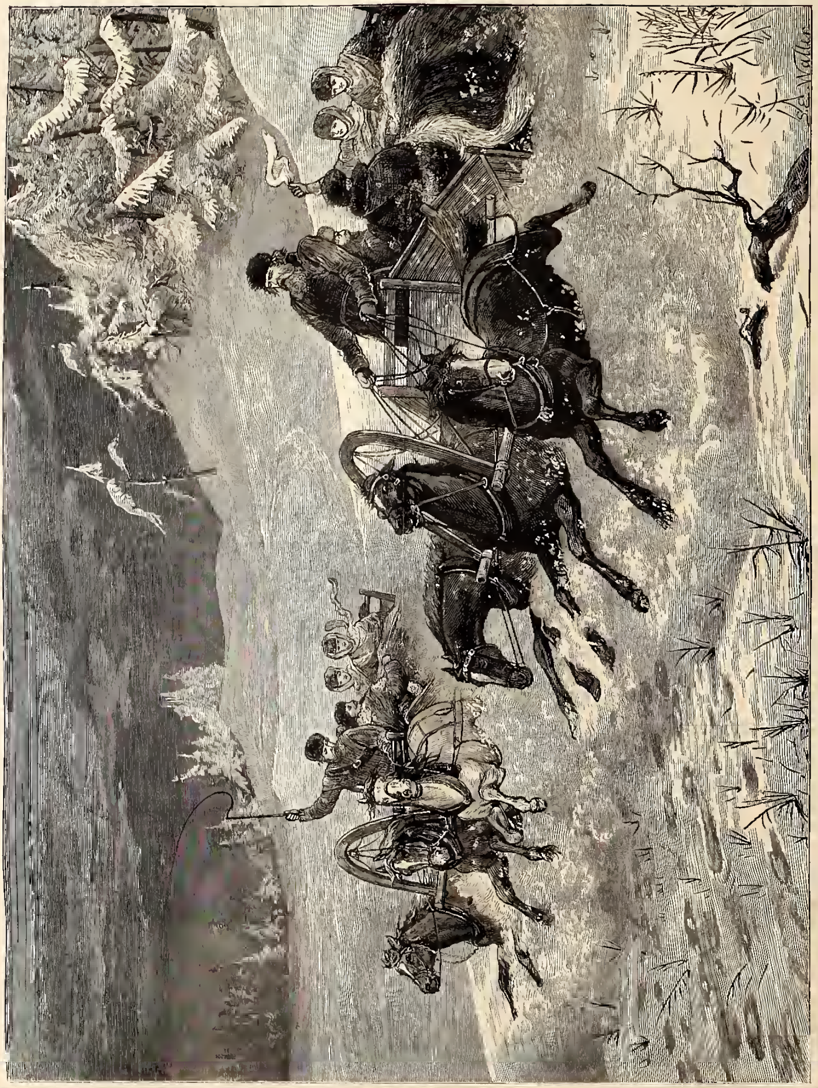
This, of course, is all very funny, the life-taking being all of such a purely pantomimic sort that the most nervous child will not feel frightened at witnessing it. But the question is, or, perhaps it will be better to say, the question will be, when our Board schools have wrought the wondrous change they have so well began, cannot Mr. Punch do better things? He is a social influence by no means to be despised. The children believe in him, and will run a mile at any time to see what he has to show them. Why then should he not discontinue the brutal old head-breaking business, and place on his tiny stage performances which may still be mirth-provoking, but at the same time neither coarse nor ruffianly? There are scores of nursery stories with which the juveniles of the kingdom are quite familiar, and which might, no doubt, handled with the cleverness and tact that Mr. Punch's proprietors are known to possess, be placed on the mimic boards effectively and profitably. Punch himself need not be banished—goodness forbid that he should be. The suggestion is that his well-appreciated talent and his genial influence amongst the juvenile population might be more rationally utilised.

JAMES GREENWOOD

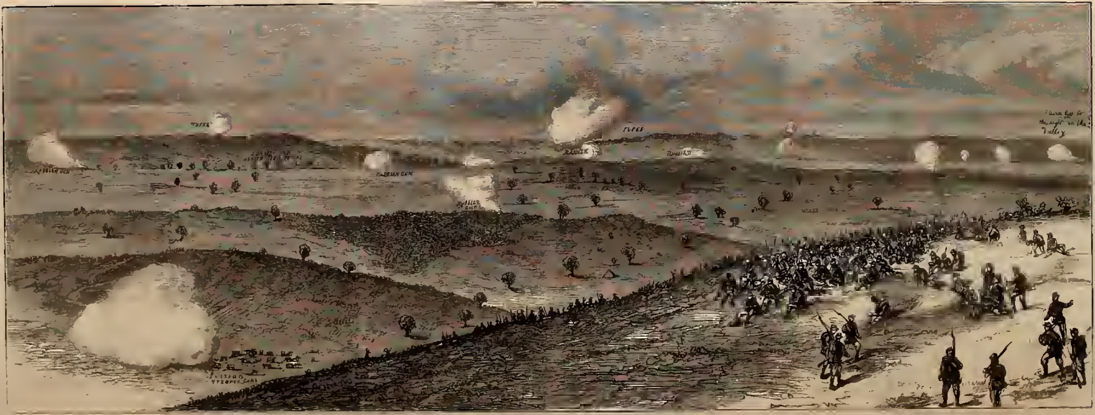


New Music

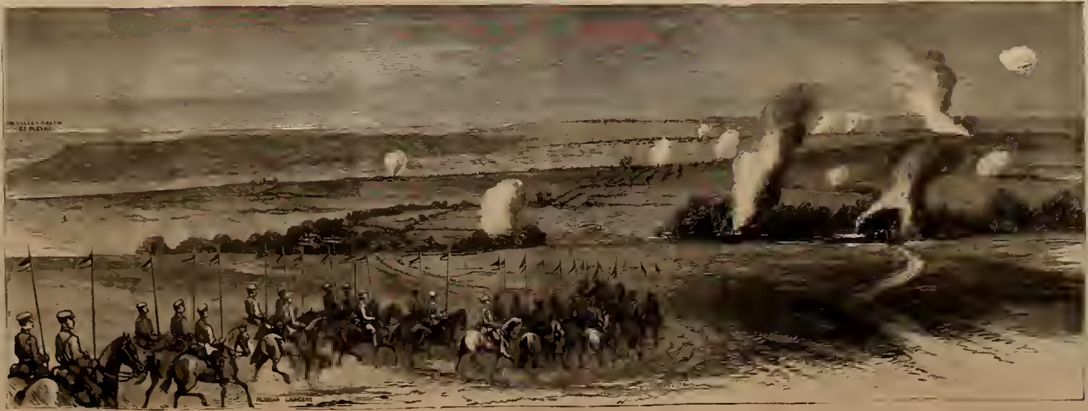
MISCELLANIES.—There are some misguided enthusiasts in the world whose motto is, or appears to be, "Whatever is, is wrong." With the idea of putting everybody and everything right, these well-meaning individuals tilt at some of our most experienced and clever composers, whose names are well-known in musical circles—J. Stainer, Mus. Doc., Berthold Tours, W. H. Monk, J. W. Jordan, and W. S. Stoyle, for example. Under the title of "Series for the Diffusion of Truthful and Natural Science in Music" (Educational Series) will be found much to puzzle and bewilder the ordinary reader. Those who care to search for the meaning thereof may procure this elaborate work at 28A, Paternoster Row.—From the same anonymous publisher comes a pamphlet, entitled "The Choirman's Dream; or, the Vision of Will Crouch," who evidently suffered from a nightmare of Tallis, Byrd, and Marbeck on the brain.—At the present bellicose season we are sure to be overwhelmed with songs for the period. "War's Alarms" is a neatly written song by H. Adams and E. Jonghmanns (F. G. White).—"A Cavalier War Song," by T. A. Willis, may be sung anywhere by the owner of a medium voice from D below the lines to the octave above (Messrs. W. G. Hallifax and Co.).—From the "Alliance Musicale" come "Three Voluntaries" upon the ancient Italian hymn "O Sanctissima," arranged by Carli Zoeller and R. Lange, for the organ, two violins—cello and bass—two flutes, two clarionets, two trombones, two oboes, and drum; a small but compact orchestral arrangement for an amateur band. Carli Zoeller has also arranged with much taste Schubert's beautiful serenade, "Weary Flowers their Buds are Closing" as a solo for the flute, with pianoforte and orchestral accompaniment.—From the same composer come "Six Studies and Eight Cadenzas," for the violin only—excellent practice for that instrument—and a "Romanza" for the horn, with a pianoforte accompaniment.—(Messrs. J. R. Lafleur and Son).—"Four Hymns Set to Music," by J. Danvers Power, will doubtless give satisfaction to his mother (to whom they are dedicated) and to other members of his family circle, but we doubt if the general public will prefer the new to the old settings of these four well-known hymns (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Although a "new national song" entitled "England's England Still," words by the late J. A. Conroy, Esq., music by P. S. Conroy, is not likely to displace our present National Anthem, yet there is much to praise in this composition, both as regards words and music; the former breathe a strong spirit of loyalty, and the latter is nervous and vigorous (Messrs. Turner and Sons, Manchester).—A remarkably pretty poem by Isa Craig Knox, entitled "The Rainbow's Secret," has been skilfully set to music by H. C. Hemy (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—Any *pianiste* in search of a showy piece will find it in a "Grande Fantasie de Concert" called "Maritana," by Carlo Tiesset (Messrs. Hutchings and Romer).—"The Fairy Glen Waltzes," by A. F. Delmar, are very fair specimens of their kind, although they are not super-original in their melodies (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. have published a thoroughly well got-up and excellent edition of *Joseph*, Professor Macfarren's new oratorio, which was produced with such success at the Leeds Festival. The pianoforte accompaniment is by F. W. Davenport. The work is published at such a reasonable price as to place it within the reach of all musical amateurs.



GOING TO A PICNIC IN RUSSIA—A FRIENDLY RACE


Turks
Turks
Russian Gun

THE THIRD DAY FROM THE NORTH-EAST: KRÜDENER'S POSITION—THE TURKS TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH THE RUSSIAN FORCE ON THE TROJAN-SOFIA ROAD


Soldiers in Furze
Second Turkish Ridge
Turkish Ridge
Russian Lancers

THE FIRST AND SECOND DAY'S FIGHTING—SHAKOCSKOI'S OLD POSITIONS

WITH THE RUSSIANS BEFORE PLEVNA

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——A lull has succeeded the vigorous fighting of the past few weeks. Round Plevna there is little change in the situation; Suleiman Pasha still lurks obstinately in the Balkans, and the main activity of the campaign is concentrated on the Lom, where Mehemet Ali and the Czarevitch have had another trial of skill preliminary to that great battle which has been daily expected since the Russians retired from the Kara Lom three weeks ago. The rumours of mediation have partially subsided, reinforcements still pour in to both armies, and on each side preparations continue for a winter campaign. Thus iron huts are to be built for the Russians round Bucharest, barracks established at Sistova, and a fresh railway will be made through Roumania, while steam ice boats will endeavour to keep the Danube open. The Czar will probably quit the field before long at the earnest entreaty of the Empress, who is said to intend visiting Roumania to induce her husband to return with her to Livadia or Kieff. Should the Czar consent he will issue a manifesto. His Majesty is reported to be much depressed, and his gloom is shared by the Grand Duke Nicholas. The Russian army is greatly discouraged, and round Plevna much discontent prevails, as the soldiers have lost confidence in their chiefs, and all the officers consider success hopeless until the general staff is changed. Nevertheless, while acknowledging their defeats to be in a great measure their own fault, they steadfastly maintain their determination to fight to the bitter end.

To revert to Mehemet Ali. The Russians on the Banicka Lom occupied the heights round the villages of Cerkovna and Verboca, about sixteen miles south-east of Biela, and thus threatened Mehemet Ali's left flank. Accordingly on Friday the Egyptian forces, under Prince Hassan, attacked General Tatischeff, and carried Verboca, which they kept gallantly for some time, but were ultimately compelled to retire for want of support. Since then wet weather has set in, and, as the rain in Bulgaria generally continues for ten days or a fortnight at the equinox, operations will probably be suspended. This delay will give time for fresh troops to reach the Czarevitch at Biela, who will thus have a force of 110,000 men and 400 guns.

The blockade and bombardment of Plevna continue, but no further attack has been made by the Russians, who state that they intend to attempt a fresh assault directly the Imperial Guard arrives. Meanwhile they are keeping up a brisk fire to reduce the Turkish fortifications, and are approaching the second redoubt near Gravitza by means of trenches, while on Friday they repulsed an attempt by Osman Pasha to retake the great Gravitza redoubt. Osman has been relieved by a convoy of ammunition and provisions under Chefket Pasha, and the first division—twenty battalions of infantry with cavalry and artillery—entered Plevna on Sunday. On his way from Sofia Chefket had a skirmish near Raschitza on Thursday, and a sharp engagement with Colonel Totalmicoff at Temin on Friday, both ending in favour of the Turks. It is reported that there are 14,000 Turkish wounded in Plevna. There has been terrible suffering amongst the Russian wounded, as the medical staff was unequal to the emergency, and the Roumanian surgical arrangements were a dead failure, while many of the wounded had to wait full two days before their hurts could be attended to. Indeed, according to a correspondent of the *Daily News*, dread of suffering when wounded, either from Turkish brutality or the inattention of the surgeons, has seriously impaired the courage of the soldiers. The Roumanians have been fired upon whilst burying their dead under a flag of truce, and the Foreign Minister complains that Osman Pasha sends out a corps of Bashi-Bazouks, furnished with axes to despatch the wounded. The Turkish Foreign Minister, however, has issued a fresh protest against Russian cruelties.

There is little news from the Shipka Pass, where Suleiman continues the bombardment, and a small reconnoitring expedition towards Gabrova was made on Saturday. The Turkish attack on Fort St. Nicholas appears to have been a mad project, as the position was on a precipitous rock, and was only gained by surprise during the night. In ASIA the Russians are suffering from want of provisions, as the crops have failed in the plain of Erivan. Large forces are gathering at Erivan, Alexandropol, and Ackaljak, ready for a winter campaign, while Ismail Pasha is said to be forcing General Tergukassoff back upon Erivan. Ismail's troops were repulsed in a small engagement at Chalfalue and Werchynd-Tschamchitschi, there was a small cannonade of the Russians at Mukhoistale on Friday, and the Turkish monitors have bombarded the forts on the coast near Nicolajeffski, and General Melikoff's army at Alexandropol will shortly resume the offensive. The Turkish fleet in the Black Sea have been bombarding Chevketil, near Poti. In MONTENEGRO Prince Nikita continues his victorious campaign, and is now master of the Duga Pass, which gives access to his territory. The Turks, however, are concentrating in the neighbourhood for a decided resistance. SERVIA is still in a vacillating frame of mind, and is said to have received a remonstrance from Russia respecting her delay in taking the field. Besides this reminder to Prince Milan the Czar is reported to have appealed to the King of GREECE for assistance. The Greeks are certainly in a very unsettled condition, as their new Ministry is not yet organised, and they are very wroth with England for supporting the Turkish Note anent Greek armaments. There is great distress in ROUMANIA at the losses of the army, one-fourth of the forces having been killed or wounded. Nevertheless the Foreign Minister is appealing for subscriptions to buy arms for the new levies, while to raise the spirits of the people the guns taken at Gravitza have been paraded through Bucharest. Roumanian territory has been entered by the Turks, who have crossed from Silistria, and are fortifying the bridge from that fortress to the island of Salgam.

FRANCE.——The manifesto of M. Thiers to his electors has been published just as its author left it, the first part having been revised by the ex-President, while the end was awaiting the finishing touches which were to have been given on the day he died. It is a lengthy document, temperate in tone, and remarkable for that lucidity and careful and dignified reasoning characteristic of the late statesman's productions, contrasting vividly with the imperious and somewhat contradictory addresses of the Marshal. Retracing the history of the Third Republic M. Thiers highly applauds the conduct of the late Chamber, which notwithstanding its difficult position preserved a moderate attitude and "deserved well of its country." The Chamber has been accused of being Radical—a word introduced to supplant the expressions Socialist and Communistic—but how could it be Radical when it supported every Moderate measure? In 1873 Monarchy in the face of three competitors was impossible; the Republic was difficult, but possible with prudence and wisdom, and as M. Thiers was declared an obstacle in the way of a settled Government, he retired. The Republic has been called bad, he continues, but it has only been "bad" since May 16th, when it has been administered by an anti-Republican *personnel*, who, instead of loyally supporting the Government under which they hold office, be that Government what it may, have hampered and disgraced it. To wait for a Monarchical Government means depression in industry and civil war, while the Republic will bring peace, and the Republican programme he sums up as "national sovereignty, liberty, scrupulous legality, liberty of worship, peace." Influential as this manifesto would have been had its author lived, it has created a more profound impression as a message from the dead, and although the sentiments may be too moderate for many Liberals, the Republicans have accepted it with the unanimity and good sense they have shown throughout. The placarding and colportage of the address in the provinces has been forbidden, while the Marshal is carefully disseminating his own proclamation, and has even had it translated into various *patois* for better appreciation. The criticisms on the latter document have been remarkably sharp, especially an article in the *Débats*, and the Republican Deputies have published a reply arriving at an exactly contrary conclusion to the Marshal. In their turn the Senators of the Right come forward with a most abusive address, accusing Radicalism of every possible crime.

The next fortnight will be a period of serious agitation for France. The elections take place on the 14th prox., the second ballot will be held on the 28th, and the Senate and Chamber will meet on Nov. 7th. The Councils General will be elected on Nov. 4, and M. de Fourtou is in some alarm lest the election of a Republican Chamber should influence them. The Government is straining every nerve to obtain victory either by fair or foul means, and the Minister of Justice has sent a circular to the Procureurs Généraux, bidding them exercise watchfulness over the proceedings of the electors, and not allow candidates "to have recourse to violence, menaces, or falsehoods to disturb the consciences of the electors, and impair the sincerity of their votes." In Paris the Republicans are pretty sure of success, save in one or two arrondissements, but the Government may be more fortunate in the provinces, where the electors are more easily subdued. M. Grévy has accepted the candidacy for the ninth arrondissement in Paris, formerly held by M. Thiers, and the first public electoral meeting was held on Tuesday. Perfect quiet, however, prevails, and as yet few electoral addresses are placarded, the most important being from M. de Marcère, late Minister of the Interior, who does not spare his former master. The Left of the Senate will bring out their manifesto a few days before the elections. M. Dupanloup has issued a pastoral, entreating his flock to avoid abstention, as, had all the electors voted last time, the Republicans would have been beaten.

M. Gambetta's trial came on last Saturday, when after an eloquent oration from his counsel, M. Allou, the Court confirmed the previous sentence. M. Gambetta reserved his speech, and merely remarked on the incompetency of the tribunal. The case will now be carried into the Courts of Appeal and Cassation, and by the aid of all legal delays cannot be finally settled until November 22nd, when the fate of the Republican party will be decided. The unlucky *Bien Public* published a report of the trial, and was immediately seized.

Paris has been mourning the death of M. Le Verrier, the famous astronomer and Director of the Observatory, who died at the age of 67, and was buried on Tuesday with great ceremony.

GERMANY.——The relations between Germany and Italy are being drawn closer, and Prince Bismarck has received Signor Crispi, the President of the Italian Chamber, to consult, according to report, on the subject of the next Conclave. Signor Crispi has also been fêted by the members of the Reichstag and Prussian Diet, who gave him a grand banquet.

ITALY.——The Pope duly held a Consistory last week, and named Cardinal Pecci, Bishop of Perugia, Camerlengo instead of Cardinal Panebianco, as had been expected, thus giving the latter a chance of being Pope. The office of Camerlengo is of great importance, as that functionary has to ascertain and proclaim the Pope's death, assume the Papal power during the vacancy, and direct the procedure of the Conclave. His Holiness created fifteen Bishops and a Cardinal, but did not read the Allocution, which was handed to the Cardinals in writing. He continues very weak, and did not receive the usual number of persons on the seventh anniversary of the Italian entry into Rome, which was kept last week very quietly, the only ceremonies being a Republican procession, headed by Menotti Garibaldi, to the breach in the Porta Pia, to replace the memorial wreaths of the fallen combatants, and an illumination of the Corso. The Pope gave audience to a deputation of Italian physicians on Tuesday, and warned them against materialism. He has received a communication from the Italian Government, assuring him that the next Papal election shall be held with perfect freedom, but stating that the Conclave must strictly observe the old-established forms. The policy of the Government and the Vatican on the Eastern Question is by no means unanimous, and the latter watches the growing friendship with Germany with great disgust.

UNITED STATES.——Fresh reports of bribery and corruption come from across the Atlantic. The notorious William Tweed has confessed that he secured the passage of the Erie Classification Bill through the New York Legislature by bribery at the instance of Mr. Jay Gould, who will possibly be prosecuted for his misconduct. In Philadelphia Mr. Morton, late President of the Centennial Exhibition, and head of the Market Street Railway, has for some years, in conjunction with other officials, over-issued the shares as collateral security for loans, the over-issues exceeding the capital. There is a default of 200,000*l.*—President Hayes continues his southern tour, and has been warmly received in Kentucky and Tennessee and the south-east of Alabama, the Governor of Tennessee welcoming him as the giver of peace to the South, and the restorer of union.—There has been a great fire at the Patent Office in Washington, where from 50,000 to 75,000 valuable models were destroyed. The department of the Secretary of the Interior also suffered, and although numerous documents were saved, they were in so confused a state as to seriously impede public business.—Chattanooga in Alabama has been flooded, and the entire cotton crop destroyed, to the number of 30,000 bales.—News of the whaling fleet abandoned last year in Behring Straits has been received, and it appears that only two of the seventy men left on board have reached Point Barrow.

INDIA.——The efforts to subdue the famine are at length proving successful, and cheering accounts come from Madras. Plenteous rain has fallen, agricultural work is active, and the crops are promising, while many natives on the relief works have already gone home, the number on the camps in the town of Madras having declined to 5,000 from 14,000. The difference is not so noticeable up country, as the people are in so reduced a condition as not to be able to work. Still the natives, in their present weak condition, will be greatly injured by the effects of rain and cold. Prospects are also improved in Mysore, although recovery cannot be hoped for before the spring, and the system established by the Viceroy has been so successful that the inmates of the Bangalore relief kitchens have diminished more than one-half. The Supreme and Madras Governments now work excellently together. In Burmah affairs are serious. The inundations have been severe, rice has been exported so largely that the Rangoon poor are starving, and cholera has appeared.

MISCELLANEOUS.——A fire at Marchissey, near Lausanne in SWITZERLAND, has destroyed twenty-two houses.—In EGYPT the Convention with England for the transfer of the British Post Offices at Suez and Alexandria to the Egyptian Government will shortly be signed, and Colonel Gordon has quelled the insurrection at Darfur.—From the CAPE we hear that all is quiet in the Trans-Kei district, and that affairs were settled amicably by the authorities.—In JAPAN the Satsuma insurrection has been quelled, and the leaders have committed suicide.

THE COURT

THE Queen remains at Balmoral, with the Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Connaught. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice visited Braemar on Saturday for the first time during their present stay, and drove through the village to Quoich, where they had tea. The Queen then called on Mrs. Clark at Allen Quoich, and walked to the Falls, afterwards driving home to Balmoral. Mr. Cross joined the Royal party at dinner. On Sunday Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice and the Duke of Connaught, attended service at Crathie Church, the Rev. J. Barclay, of Greenock, officiating. Next evening, Mr. Cross dined with the Queen. Her Majesty has also driven to Birkhall, and has received Sir T. M. and Lady Biddulph at dinner. The Duke of Connaught has been out deerstalking nearly every day, and has also been riding with the Princess Beatrice.

The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to London at the end of last week, the Princess and her children coming up from Cowes, and the Prince arriving on Saturday from his visit to Sir George Wombwell. Before leaving Yorkshire the Prince went to Duncombe Park to see the Earl and Countess of Feversham, where he planted a silver fir on the garden terrace in memory of his visit, inspected the Earl's shorthorns at Griff Farm, and joined in an excursion to the ruins of Rivaulx Abbey, the whole party having tea in the temple on the terrace. The Prince returned to Newburgh Park in the evening, and next morning left for London. On Saturday evening the Prince and Princess went to the Olympic Theatre, and on Monday they were at the Opera Comique. On Tuesday evening, accompanied by the Royal children, they left London for Abergeldie, where they arrived on Wednesday morning. The Prince will probably visit Eastwell Park during the shooting season.

The Duke of Edinburgh has left the British fleet in Besika Bay, as, according to *The Times*, his longer stay in the East is not considered desirable, and his period of sea service has qualified him for promotion to flag rank. The Duke will meet the Duchess and his children at Marseilles, and go to Malta for the winter, returning to England in April or May, to Eastwell Park.—The Princess Louise visited Carlisle on Saturday, when she opened a Bazaar at the School of Art, and presented prizes to the students. The Princess contributed a terra-cotta statue of Robin Hood, executed by herself, and representing the outlaw, arrow in hand, leaning on the stump of a tree, apparently looking into the forest. After seeing the cathedral, the Princess and the Marquis of Lorne returned to Isell Hall, where they remained until Monday and then went to stay with Lord and Lady Muncaster at Muncaster Castle.—The Duke of Connaught goes to Taymouth Castle to-day (Saturday), on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Breadalbane.—Prince Leopold has been staying with Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay at Balcarres, and on Sunday was to have accompanied his host and hostess to the Episcopal Church at Pittenweem, but went instead to the parish church of Kilconquhar at the Queen's request. On Tuesday he left for Mount Mount Melville on a visit to Mr. J. Whyte Melville, and on Wednesday he was present at the annual meeting of the St. Andrew's Golf Club.

CHURCH NEWS

THE COMING CHURCH CONGRESS.——Archdeacon Denison has declined an invitation to be present at the Congress which is shortly to be held at Croydon, under the presidency of the Primate. He says "I have seen too much of Church Congresses to have any lingering wish for their continuance. At the Croydon Congress, under the circumstances of the time, it is hardly possible that the Catholic and the Protestant elements should not come into very pronounced collision. Now, if anything could come of such collision which would be of an authoritative character, it would be a duty to be present. But nothing can come of it of an authoritative character, and a great deal must come of it which had much better not have come at all, in the face of the common enemy, infidelity, or what is, in its substance, the same thing, indifferentism. I have been present at every Church Congress except two, or at most three, when I was disabled by illness or its effects, and have now taken my final leave of them. I regret that they have a history, and hope it may be speedily closed, and, as far as possible, forgotten."

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.——The Annual Conference of the Alliance was opened on Tuesday at Oxford. There was a large attendance of residents of Oxford, clergy and citizens, and delegates from almost every country in Europe. Sir Harry Verney, the president, in opening the proceedings, said England had to deal with all faiths and all nationalities, and they gladly embraced the opportunity of hearing the views of their friends from other countries. An address of welcome was delivered and responded to. On Wednesday the Conference again met, the Rev. J. R. Campbell, of Bradford, delivering the annual address, the subject of which was, "The Aspect of the Present Times a

Reason for Christian Unity." In the evening two addresses were delivered, one by the Dean of Canterbury, on "Protestantism in Relation to Social Progress and Religious Liberty;" and the other by the Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon, on "Oxford under Two Queens," in which the times of Queen Mary and those of Queen Victoria were contrasted.

VARIOUS.——Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, on Sunday issued a pastoral calling upon the congregations in his diocese to join in the efforts now being made to relieve the sufferers by the famine in India. He also called this attention to "the miserable moral condition, every year becoming worse, of the civilised world," which, he argues, is "exhibiting in glaring colours the result of its apostacy from Christianity."—The *Post* says that a number of Ursuline nuns banished from Germany, under the Falk Laws, have founded a convent at Greenwich. They come from Duderstadt, in Hanover, where they have been established for about 200 years, and they belong to the original and oldest branch or congregation of Ursulines, that of Paris, founded in 1612.—A correspondent of the *Rock* has made the extraordinary discovery that Mr. Gladstone is the Beast, or one of the Beasts, mentioned in the Apocalypse, or in other words, that his name in Greek makes up the number 666. The *Rock*, however, though it highly respects its correspondent, and confesses that it is not partial to Mr. Gladstone, declines to accept the theory to which it has given currency, on the just ground that the last letter of Mr. Gladstone's name must be reckoned not as the Greek long *e*, which stood for eight, but as the short *e*, which stood only for five, and that therefore Mr. Gladstone falls short of the Beast's number by three, which is sufficient to exculpate him; although, says the *Rock*, "he only escapes by the skin of his teeth."

MUSIC

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.——The Leeds Musical Festival of 1877 will be remembered especially for two things—the magnificent choral singing, and the production of a new oratorio by the greatest living English musician. In *Joseph* Professor G. A. Macfarren has enriched the art with a masterpiece. His *John the Baptist*, written for the Bristol Festival of 1873, was fine, his *Resurrection* was still finer, his *Joseph* is finest of all. The leading features in the programme of this Yorkshire gathering of art-lovers were dwelt upon last week, and it is only requisite now to add that the *First Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn, Handel's magnificent *Solomon*, now fast attaining the popularity which should have attended it from the beginning (130 years ago), the glorious "Magnificat" of John Sebastian Bach, the "Requiem" of Mozart, to eulogise which would be superfluous, and Beethoven's *Christus am Œlberg*, known among us as the *Mount of Olives*, and generally ignored by musicians and cultivated amateurs under its Exeter Hall nickname of *Engedi*, successfully went to establish the absolute supremacy of the Yorkshire musicians over any other combined body of vocalists whose business it is to deal with oratorios and other choral works belonging to the same sphere of art-production. By far the most difficult task assigned to our Yorkshire enthusiasts—for enthusiasts they are, in the fullest acceptation of the term—was *Joseph*, the oratorio composed by Professor Macfarren expressly for Leeds, and received with such unanimous acclamations of approval as only follow a legitimately won triumph. With the works previously mentioned they were more or less familiarised by incessant study under such admirable choral instructors as Mr. Broughton and Mr. Burton—we do not say precisely with a view to the Festival, but in their general practice all the year round, for their own delight, and, let it be added, their own moral and physical improvement. It is an agreeable topic upon which to dwell, that these Northern amateurs, men and women, give up so much of their time to Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, that might otherwise be devoted to amusements more frivolous than edifying. When, on the other hand, they are brought face to face with something wholly strange to them they seem, "like giants refreshed," to be endowed with renewed vigour, and go at their task as though it were the first ever submitted to them. In 1874, Professor Macfarren gave them enough to do with his *John the Baptist*, and this time the Cambridge Musical Professor taxed their persevering energy, intelligence, and ambition to excel, still more severely, and the complete success with which they passed through the ordeal is to their credit in proportion. The result was a genuine triumph. The oratorio of *Joseph*, and its performance, under the direction of Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren, its composer's brother (conductor-in-chief at our Royal Academy of Music), would alone mark the Leeds Festival of 1877 as one to be remembered. The performance was superb, from the overture to the final chorus; on no occasion do we remember more fixed attention paid to a new and important work; and since the production of *Elijah* at Birmingham, such an unqualified expression of approval from a vast audience as greeted the composer, when, almost as with a single shout, he was summoned back to the platform, is unprecedented. About the chorus sufficient has been said, and indeed it would be hard to say more. Equally painstaking and equally successful was the fine orchestra of Sir Michael Costa, who, though he did not conduct the performance of the oratorio, was observed as one of the most interested of those who listened. In his leading singers Professor Macfarren was more than usually happy. To name our own excellent artists, Edith Wynne, Patey, Edward Lloyd, and Santley, is equivalent to saying that in a new work by an English composer they all did their utmost. So, too, did the English bass who loves to be advertised as "Signor Foli." To the greatest stranger, however, the greatest honour is due, and to state that Emma Albani sang the very important music assigned to her with a perfection that must not merely have satisfied but surprised the composer is the simple unexaggerated truth. This alone would fairly entitle the Canadian songstress to be called "Queen of the Leeds Festival." In conclusion, three pieces, a duet for soprano and contralto, a triumphal chorus, and a sestet, were encored and repeated—a worthy climax to a performance in all respects unique. With regard to the miscellaneous concerts details are uncalled for. One feature, however, merits special record. The concert overture by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, entitled *Die Waldnymphe*, was played at the last, under the direction (a fact to be noted) of Sir Michael Costa, who used his utmost means to obtain a thoroughly irreproachable performance, and succeeded to admiration. Remembering that Sterndale Bennett conducted the first Leeds Festival (1858), for which he composed his beautiful cantata, *The May Queen*, this was all the more gratifying to admirers of the overture itself and the genius of our much regretted countryman.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——Not a few followers of the National pastime consider the autumn meetings, and especially those at headquarters, the most enjoyable of the Turf season. And certainly the Newmarket gatherings have a special charm during September and October, for the racing is invariably good, and the Heath is most endurable, if not actually pleasant, presuming you are well provided against meteorological contingencies. In all respects the First October Meeting (which, *more Hibernico*, always comes off in September) has been an excellent and enjoyable one, the fields being numerically better than they often are at Newmarket. The almost invincible Lord Falmouth took a considerable share of the races on the opening day, winning the Boscawen Stakes with Redwing, and the Hopeful with Hydromel, while Jannette walked over for the Buckenham. The chief handicap of the meeting, called after the Great Eastern Railway, was also decided on the Tuesday, and attracted no less than twenty-two runners, of whom Ernest was made favourite at as short a price as 5 to 2. He, however could not go the pace from the very first, and was nowhere at the finish. It is not often that such an inexplicable mistake is made about a horse in these clever days. The talent were better inspired when they made Mandarin second favourite, as he won easily enough from Polly Perkins, the extreme outsider Bay Athol being third. But to many persons, both present and absent, the performances of two Cesarewitch favourites, Hilarious and Great Tom, were the most interesting features of the day. They were both beaten in their races, the former running second to Thunderstone for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and the latter filling the same place to Augusta in the Triennial. The supporters of Hilarious, however, need not be particularly distressed, as he ran a very good race with Thunderstone, who has very recently shown himself no mean animal. It is by no means improbable, by the way, that the gigantic son of Thunderbolt will be among the best of our Cup horses next season. Great Tom's defeat by Augusta is another matter, and combined with his evident unsoundness almost extinguishes his Cesarewitch chance. After the race Count Lagrange's filly was freely backed for the big handicap, but the *furore* soon cooled down, as it was pretty generally understood that at the weights the Count's other horse, Balagny, is the better of the two. At the time of writing he is first favourite for the race, and if his appearance on his arrival at Newmarket pleases good judges, he is not unlikely to be served up very hot before the start. On the second day the Little Agnes filly took the Two-Year Old Plate, King Olaf, contrary to expectation, not putting in an appearance. The Triennial was looked forward to with no little interest, as it was anticipated that Lady Golightly would dispute the stake with St. Christophe, who many say is really the best of the French three-year olds. Lord Falmouth, however, at the last moment declined to run his filly; and after all the French saint only just managed to get home in front of the moderate Briglia after a most punishing race. There are many old and young Turfites who will be glad to see Mr. H. E. Surtees' name as the owner of a winner, the Golden Fleece taking the Selling Stakes. Nurseries are always a feature at the Newmarket Autumn Meetings, and the first brought the goodly field of fourteen to the post. The winner, Telegram, was not spotted by the great body of backers, who made Plevna first favourite, according, however, the second place to the winner. Kebbuck took the First Foal Stakes for Lord Rosebery, and Prince Batthyany's Cerberus was made favourite for and won the Ditton Handicap.

COURSING.——The Plumpton meeting was all that could be desired. The Derby was divided between Mr. S. Postle's excellent dog Phantom and Mr. Hobbs's Gyges; and Mr. Ede's Queen Lydia took the Oaks, Lord St. Vincent's June running the decider with her. The Sussex Cup was divided between Early Morn and Sparkling Streamlet. There is a strong and increasing feeling against these constant decisions of the big Stakes at open meetings, and it might be worth while for the National Club to consider the matter with a view to at least limit the practice.—From Australia, where a large portion of the population seems to have gone coursing mad, we hear that Mr. Gore's Gitana has won the "Waterloo" Cup, that event at the Antipodes creating as much interest there as our Waterloo does here. The Australians have now got a splendid lot of dogs, derived from our best English blood; and their hares, owing to the excellence of the herbage, are swifter and stouter than ours.

AQUATICS.——As the time draws near for the Champion Match between Boyd and Higgins, their partisans become more anxious to hear of their well-being and progress in training. The last reports from the head-quarters of the two men are that both are in good fettle. Boyd has had a new skiff built for him by Swaddle and Winship, of Scotswood.

PEDESTRIANISM.——Our note of Gale's 1,500 miles' walk at Lillie Bridge is to the same effect as that of last week—viz., that he continues well and full of confidence, the accomplishment of the feat being now generally taken for granted.

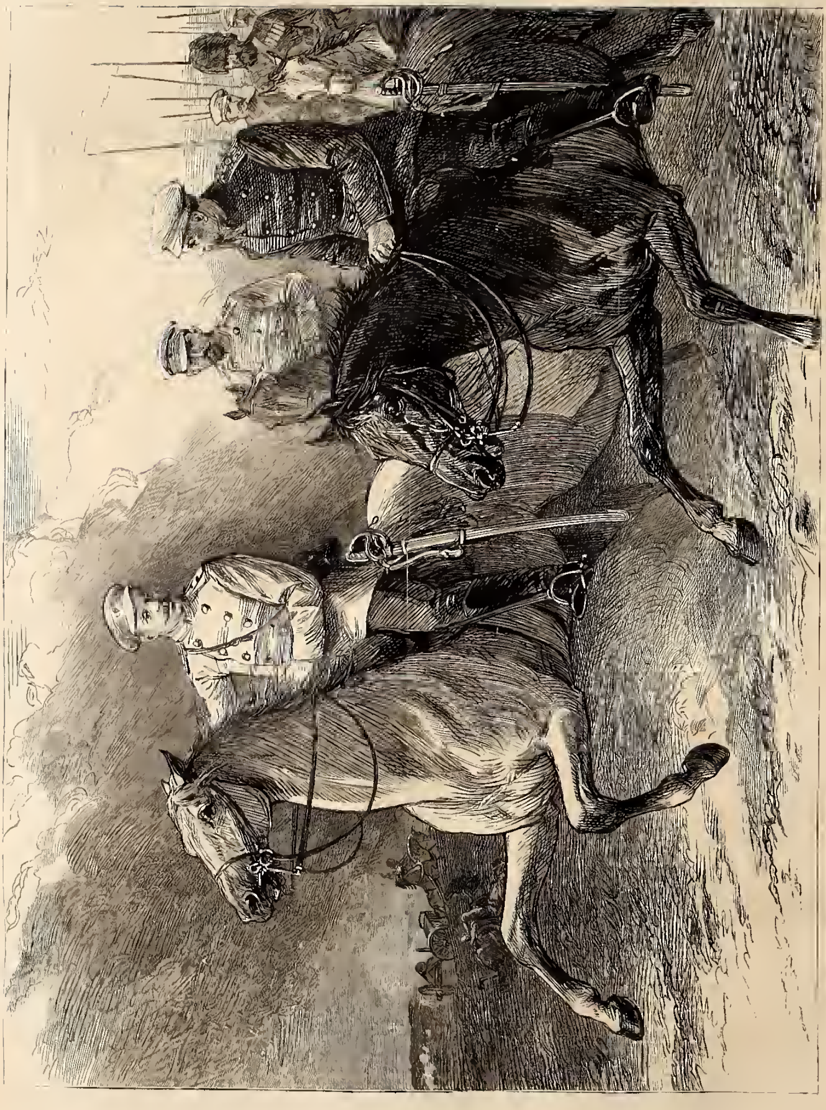
LEGAL

THE PENGE MURDER.——The trial of the four persons accused of causing the death of Mrs. Harriet Staunton lasted through six days, and during the whole of that time the Court and its precincts were crowded with people, fashionably-dressed ladies struggling for a position where they could get a view of the prisoners. The Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, and Mr. Poland, instructed by the Treasury, conducted the prosecution, and each of the prisoners was separately defended by counsel. The evidence for the prosecution consisted mainly of the facts which were elicited by the magisterial inquiry, to which, however, was added the evidence of the girl Clara Brown, who gave a totally different account of the matter from that to which she swore before the coroner, and which she now declares was false, and was given in order to screen the prisoners. The defence rested mainly on the contention that the death of Mrs. Staunton was not the result of starvation but of tubercular disease, a theory which was supported by several medical witnesses; and on behalf of Mrs. Patrick Staunton it was further argued by Mr. Straight that whatever she had done was done under the coercion and control of her husband. But Mr. Justice Hawkins ruled that the presence of the husband did not absolve the woman from the consequences of her own acts, and in support of his opinion referred to the case of the Mannings, in which both husband and wife were convicted. On Wednesday Mr. Justice Hawkins summed up the case in a very elaborate speech, the delivery of which lasted eleven hours. The jury, after being out of court for an hour and twenty-five minutes, found all the prisoners guilty of Wilful Murder, but recommended the two females to mercy, Alice Rhodes strongly. During the progress of the trial there were several "scenes" in court, the female prisoners fainting away, and the proceedings being stopped until they could be brought again to consciousness. During the delivery of the verdict and the passing of sentence the demeanour of the prisoners was most distressing, Alice Rhodes fell back sobbing as soon as she heard the fatal word, "Guilty." Mrs. Staunton retained her self-possession for some time, but at last gave way. Louis Staunton appeared quite cool throughout, but his brother Patrick was greatly agitated, and evidently anxious about his wife. When asked the usual question if they had anything to say in stay of execution, Mrs. Staunton replied, "No," and Alice Rhodes, "No, I am innocent," both speaking in such a low tone that their answers had to be repeated by officers of the Court. The crowd outside the Court was large, and noisy, and did not disperse until after eleven o'clock, long after the Court had closed.

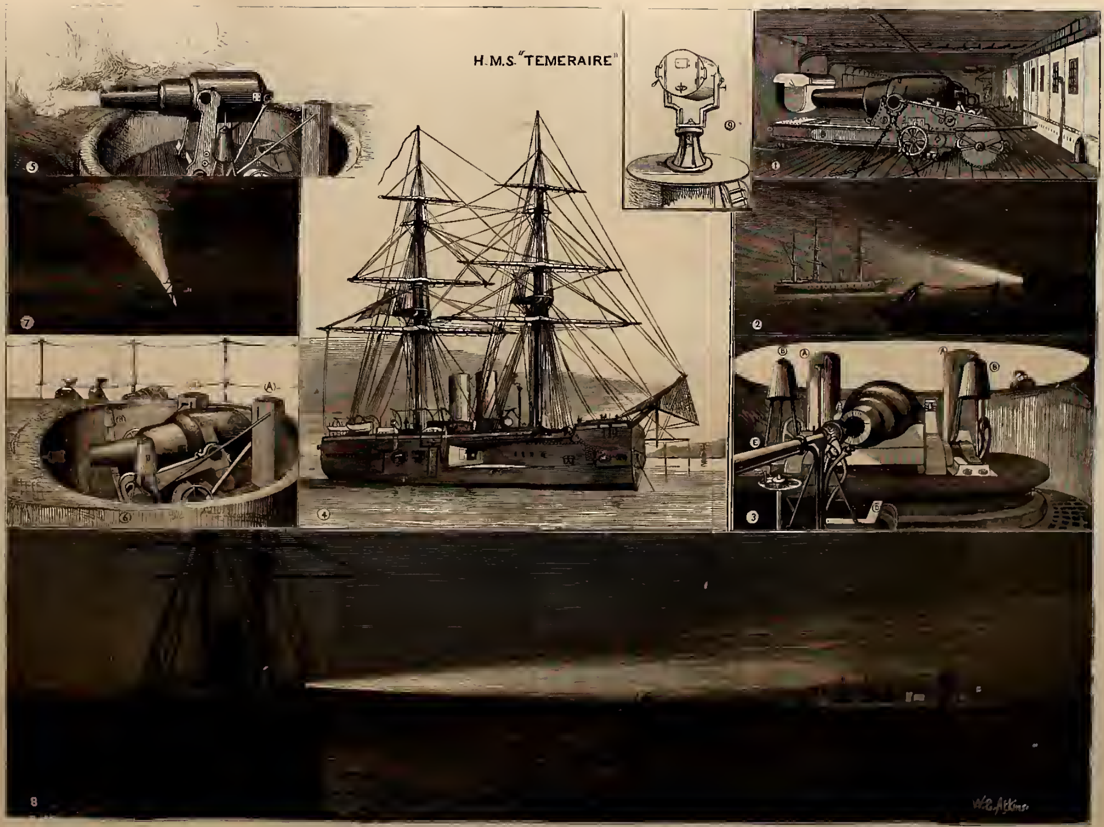
THE DETECTIVE CASE.——After a preliminary hearing which extended over twenty-eight days, spread over a period of about nine weeks, Messrs. Meiklejohn, Druscovich, Palmer, and Clarke, the detectives, and their alleged co-conspirator Mr. Froggatt, have been at last committed for trial, and we shall be relieved from the case until the November Sessions. Palmer and Clarke protested complete innocence of the charges made against them by Benson and Kurr, while Froggatt created some sensation by reading the opinions of the Solicitor-General and Mr. Harvey, counsel to the Treasury, to the effect that his prosecution was ill-advised and premature, and that it should not be proceeded with unless evidence were forthcoming to corroborate the testimony of the convicts. Mr. Pollard, assistant-solicitor to the Treasury, stated that, in taking Kurr's depositions, the convict, up to the end of the fourth day made no allusion to Clarke being mixed up with the De Goncourt fraud. He had known Clarke over twenty years, and always found him a most trustworthy and reliable officer. Palmer had done his duty fearlessly, honestly, and correctly. Mr. Lewis, on behalf of Clarke, contended that his connection with Benson and Kurr was solely one of business, and that he was led to believe Benson was a man who could give him valuable information respecting the Turf frauds. The convicts he characterised as two of the greatest scoundrels that ever disgraced a Court of Justice, and their object evidently was to get rid of Clarke and have him confined in prison, in order that their associates might continue their fraudulent conduct with impunity. Police evidence was then given by members of the detective force, with the object of showing that for the detection of crime it was absolutely necessary to associate with and entertain the worst class of thieves and reprobates. The same bail as hitherto was accepted for both Clarke and Mr. Froggatt, but the other prisoners are retained in custody.

THE CITY ROAD BURGLARY.——Frederick John Chalkley, the young man who was accused of being concerned in this crime, has died in the Clerkenwell House of Detention, whither he had been removed from St. Bartholomew's Hospital. An inquest was opened on Friday last in the prison, when evidence was taken tending to prove the complete innocence of the deceased, his statement about getting wounded in a drunken frolic in the Farringdon Road being supported by Charles Thomas, a friend in whose company he had spent the whole evening, and by the landlord of the public-house, in whose house they were at closing time (midnight). It will be remembered that the burglary took place soon after 11 P.M. The mother of the deceased said that her son had told her that he was innocent, that he was never in the City Road, and that his injuries were got through falling over a hoarding in the Farringdon Road. She had been to the place and seen the blood. She also complained of the manner in which her son had been treated by the police at the Islington Police Station, and said that she had told the inspector on duty that she was sure they would kill her boy.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Gas consumers generally ought to be grateful to the Rev. R. O. T. Thorpe, of Christ Church, Camberwell, who has undertaken to fight the South Metropolitan Gas Company on the question of measurement. His meter having shown that he consumed a much larger quantity of gas during the Midsummer quarter than in the preceding Christmas quarter, he has allowed the Company to summons him for the amount charged. The case has been adjourned, and we hope that, if it cannot be clearly shown that the means of measurement are reliable, he will gain the day, or carry the case to a higher Court, if possible.—"Look to your Policies" is the advice of "A Surgeon," who, writing to the *Echo*, calls attention to the case of one of his patients who, having broken his leg, and who, although he ultimately recovered, had his sufferings greatly increased by anxiety lest erysipelas should supervene. It seems that he had a life policy for 1,000*l*. in an Accident Insurance Society, which, however, would be completely void in case of erysipelas setting in. In another case the policy was actually declared void on the same plea, and the widow, who had expected 1,000*l*., got nothing. "A Surgeon" pungently remarks that "as it is so well known that erysipelas occurs but too frequently after an accident, the insurance societies might as well offer a premium for a broken nose, and decline to pay if it bled at the time."—One of the oldest dodges of the street swindler is to drop a "duffing" ring made in imitation of old jewellery, and then, as some unsuspecting wayfarer is passing by, to pick it up and offer it for sale as a lucky find. This trick was successfully practised about a month ago in Oxford Street, the victims being a simple-minded dairyman, who was naturally very wroth when he discovered the true nature of his bargain. He had not, however, long to wait for his revenge, for last week the same sharper met him again, and, forgetting the features of his former dupe, tried to play off "the same old game" upon him. The ring-dropper is now in custody, probably bewailing the shortness of his memory.—Last Saturday an attempt was made to revive the riots at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. A number of gentlemen (?) annoyed the rest of the company by pushing violently about. The proprietors interfered, and quelled the disturbance by expelling the offenders, one of whom, a Mr. Dudgeon, threatened to "wait for" the person who had



THE CZAREVICH AND HIS STAFF ON THE FIELD



1. One of the 18-ton Guns on Main Deck.—2. Electric Light illuminating H.M.S. "Hector."—3. Interior of one of the Barbette Towers.—A. The Screen behind which the Gunner stands, and, peeping through a slit, takes aim at the Enemy through the sight, B.—E. The Sponge in position for cleansing Gun, which when sent home, by the pressure of a Button on the end of Rod, emits Water, and thus cleanses the Gun before reloading.—D. The Man-hole for entering the Turret from below.—4. Bow view of "Temeraire."—5. 25-ton Gun, *en barbette*, raised in position for firing.—6. The same Gun depressed, and resting on the Chocks in position for loading.—7. An experiment with Electric Light: Illuminating the Clouds.—8, T. Electric Light sweeping the Horizon, Entrance to Portsmouth Harbour in the Distance.—9, T. Electric Light Apparatus.

H. M. S. "TEMERAIRE"

complained of his conduct. He was as good as his word, and when that gentleman came out he violently assaulted him. The result was that Mr. Dudgeon was locked up, and on Monday he seemed much astonished when the magistrate sentenced him to two months' hard labour. On Wednesday the complainant went again to Bow Street, and pleaded for a mitigation of the sentence passed upon his assailant, but Mr. Vaughan refused to alter it.—The two youths who are accused of committing the highway robberies on Blackheath have been committed for trial.—Mr. Froggatt, the solicitor, appears to have more difficulties than one upon his hands. On Tuesday he was summoned to the Westminster County Court for neglecting the order of the Court requiring him to pay 2*l.*, the amount of a hatter's bill. Mr. Froggatt's clerk appeared, and said that his employer was in bad health, and that the prosecution at Bow Street had deprived him of practice. It was ultimately agreed that 10*s.* a month should be paid.—An extraordinary feat of agility was performed on Sunday last at Hanley by a thief, who was running away from a constable. The man darted into the old church, which was open for service, and made his way up to the top of the tower with the policeman at his heels. On reaching the top he vaulted the parapet, and sliding down the lightning conductor at the risk of his life got clear away, and has not since been heard of.—The policeman who committed a burglary at a public-house at Brentford has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. The trial took place at the Central Criminal Court before the Common Serjeant.—We have often had to comment upon the conduct of the police in too readily assuming that a person found insensible in the streets is drunk when he may possibly be dead or dying. The other day a case of an opposite character occurred. A cabman was found by a constable lying on the kerb beside his cab, and a gentleman, who said he was a doctor, pronounced him to be dead, and advised his removal to a mortuary. When, however, an attempt was made to lift the body a shout of "What's your game?" proved indisputably that life was not extinct. Cabby was thereupon incontinently "run in," and next morning the Marlborough Street magistrate, after indulging in a little joke about his having been "dead drunk," let him off without a fine.

MARRIAGES.

On the 11th inst., at St. Michael and All Angels, Paddington, by the Vicar, the Rev. G. F. Prescott, MATTHEW, barrister-at-law, fourth son of Sir WILLIAM COOTE SETON, Bart., of Pitmeddan, Aberdeenshire, to THERESE PRUDENCE ROSE, only daughter of Monsieur PIERRE BONNET, of Connaught Street, Hyde Park Square.

On the 22nd inst., at the Tabernacle, Newington Butts, DAVID G. MCLEAN, of Ferry, Hinds Co., Mississippi, U.S.A., to CAROLINE A. SMITH (Cattie), daughter of the late JOSEPH F. SMITH, Esq., of Spartanburg, C. H., South Carolina, U.S.A.

Price 7d.
CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE
for OCTOBER, containing:
ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.
THE INVENTOR OF A NEW LANGUAGE.
A MOTHER'S SONGS.
TREASURE HID IN THE FIELD.
THE OUTDOOR BUSINESS GIRLS OF LONDON. By One of Them.
BEAUTY SPOTS.
THE BEGGING TRADE IN RUSSIA. By a Resident in Moscow.
CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.
PETITIONS TO PARLIAMENT.
SLEEP. Song, with Music.
THE COLORADO BEETLE.
AUTUMN CLIMATES FOR INVALIDS.
THE GATHERER, &c.
PAUL KNOX, PITMAN. Serial Story.
STONE STEPS AND WOODEN STAIRS. Serial Story.

Price 6d.
THE QUIVER for OCTOBER,
containing:
WESTMINSTER SERMONS. By the Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D.
THE VETERANS OF THE BIBLE. By the Rev. J. H. Hitchens.
WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS ABOUT ANGER. By the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D.
"STAND UP, AND BLESS THE LORD!" New Hymn Tune by E. J. Hopkins, Organist of the Temple Church, London.
THE TROUBLES OF KING HEZEKIAH. By the Rev. Canon Elliot, B.D.
SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.
MINISTERING ANGELS: A Story for Children.
WORDS TO WATCHMAKERS. By the Rev. Robert Maguire, D.D.
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER. Serial Story.
THEIR SUMMER HAY. Serial Story.

Price 6d.
LITTLE FOLKS for OCTOBER,
containing
THE MISSING BONBONS. A True Story. By the Author of "Curiots."
THE BOYHOOD AND SCHOOLDAYS OF FAMOUS MEN.
WHAT THE VOICES TAUGHT NOVARA. A Story of Ancient Rome.
WHAT MAKES THE KETTLE BOIL?
A PEEP AT SOME HARD WORKERS.
THOR'S VISIT TO THE CITY OF THE GIANTS.
TALES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.
OUR LITTLE FOLKS' OWN TALES.
THE YOUNG BERRINGTONS; OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS. Serial Story.
POOR NELLY. Serial Story.
&c., &c.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE of CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN'S PUBLICATIONS sent post free on application to CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, Ludgate Hill, London.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE of CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN'S PUBLICATIONS, containing a List of SEVERAL HUNDRED VOLUMES, including Bibles and Religious Works, Fine-Art Volumes, Children's Books, Dictionaries, Educational Works, History, Natural History, Household and Domestic Treatises, Hand-Books and Guides, Science, Travels, &c., together with a Synopsis of their numerous Illustrated Serial Publications, sent post free on application to CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, Ludgate Hill, London.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. R. D. BLACKMORE.
Now Ready
EREMA; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," &c., &c. 3 vols.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

SECOND SERIES.
SHOOTING, YACHTING, AND SEA-FISHING TRIPS AT HOME AND ON THE CONTINENT. Second Series. By "WILDFOWLER, SNAPSHOT." 2 vols., crown 8vo. [In October.
CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly, W.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY.
UNDER THE BALKANS.
Notes of a Visit to the District of Philippopolis in 1876.
By R. JASPER MORE.
With a Map of the Country Adjacent to Philippopolis, and Illustrations from Photographs, crown 8vo, price 6s.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED
RUSSIAN WARS WITH TURKEY,
PAST AND PRESENT.
By Major FRANK S. RUSSELL.
With Maps, Second Edition, crown 8vo, price 6s.
"This well-timed and instructive volume is at this juncture of peculiar interest."—*The Times*.
HENRY S. KING and CO., London.

Will be published Oct. 1st.
NEW NOVEL BY MISS BRAMSTON.
"EM."
By MISS BRAMSTON,
Author of "The Coleridges," "Country Maidens," &c.
One Volume, price 10s. 6d.
MARCUS WARD and CO., London and Belfast.

LE FOLLET, for OCTOBER, contains unrivalled illustrations of all the newest and most attractive styles of Ladies' Dresses. Copious details as to *Le Mode* for the month.
One Shilling and Sixpence post free.
MINISTER and SON, 8, Argyll Place, Regent Street.

THE TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE
ABBEYS, CASTLES, and ANCIENT HALLS of ENGLAND and WALES; their Legendary Lore and Popular History. By JOHN TIMBS and ALEXANDER GUNN. 3 vols. Each Volume complete in itself.
Vol. I. SOUTH. Vol. II. MIDLAND. Vol. III. NORTH.
Price 3s. 6d. each; post free, 3s. 10d.
F. WARNE and CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

Price 6d., post-free, 7½d.
FAMILY HERALD for October.

FAMILY HERALD, PART 413.
PURE LITERATURE.
The *Illustrated London News*, in reference to pure literature, speaks of "The *Family Herald*, that joy to tens of thousands of innocent English households."

FAMILY HERALD FOR OCTOBER, price 6d.
LEADING ARTICLES and ESSAYS.
The *British Quarterly Review* says:—"There is a well-considered leading article or essay every week, upon some subject of an instructive or thoughtful character."

FAMILY HERALD, PART 413, price 6d., post-free, 7½d.
NOVELS and TALES.
The *Saturday Review* says:—"Its novels and tales are quite as well written as the best circulating-library stories."

FAMILY HERALD FOR OCTOBER, price 6d.
ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.
The *Saturday Review* says:—"The editor is the confidant and confessor in every station of life. The Answers to Correspondents cannot be fictitious, a romance and a life history being embodied in almost each of them."

Price 6d., post free, 7½d.
FAMILY HERALD for October, Part 413.
WILLIAM STEVENS, 421, Strand, London; and all Newsvendors and Railway Stations.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. No. 216.
For OCTOBER. Price 1s.
Contents of the Number.—
1. The Dominions of Odysseus, and the Island Group of the Odyssey. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.
2. Young Musgrave. By Mrs. Oliphant. Chaps. XXIX.—XXXI.
3. A New Manuscript of George Savile, First Marquis of Halifax. By the Hon. Hugh F. Elliot.
4. The Colours of Animals and Plants. By A. R. Wallace. II.—Plants.
5. Gibraltar: Fortress or Colony? By T. H. S. Escott.
6. The University of Upsala. By K. M. Thorden.
7. La Grande Dame de l'Ancien Regime. By Lady Augusta Cadogan.
MACMILLAN and CO., London.

Now Ready (One Shilling), No. 214.
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for OCTOBER. With Illustrations by GEORGE DU MAURIER and FRANK DICKSEE.
CONTENTS:—
"For Percival." (With an Illustration.) Chap. IV.—Wishing Well and Ill. V.—Why not Lottie? VI.—Her Name.—VII.—Jael, or Judith, or Charlotte Corday. VIII.—"Perhaps I'm letting Secrets out."
The Moons of Mars.
A Swiss Bath in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.
Loch Carron, Western Highlands.
Hours in a Library. No. XVI.—Massinger.
Carving a Cocoa-Nut.
Experiences of an Indian Famine.
The Environs of London.
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. (With an Illustration.) Chap. LI.—Ille Sinister. LII.—For Life, Death. LIII.—Bruntsea Holmt.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

THE GOLDEN PATH TO FRENCH. A Superior Introduction and Guide to the French Language. By A. F. GUULAIN.—Messrs. HACHETTE and CO., 18, King William Street, Strand; Central School Depôt, 22, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Now Ready, post free.
B. and H. MORRIS'S DIARY, containing List of all London, Provincial, Colonial, and Foreign Newspapers. Price 1s.—General Advertising Offices, 43, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps.
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY.
"A clever *exposé* of the system."—*Medical Circular*.
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; in colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
3¼ inch Ivory, per doz.	15s. od.	11s. od.	7s. od.
3½ inch Ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. od.	15s. od.	7s. od.
3½ inch Ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. od.	16s. od.	7s. 6d.
3¾ inch Ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. od.	22s. od.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine Ivory, per doz.	34s. od.	24s. od.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM."
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—
with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required),
without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
PETER ROBINSON, of Regent Street,
has just completed some large purchases
from the Lyons Manufacturers, at a great advantage,
and can supply really Good Black Silks,
at 2s. 6½d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
THE EMPRESS BLACK SILK, at 6s. 6d.
is specially recommended for Good Wear
by the Manufacturer.
Also DEGOVE'S PURE BLACK SILK,
which gives Universal Satisfaction,
at 5s., 7s., and 8s.
For Patterns address
PETER ROBINSON, REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262,
where the above can only be obtained.
BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS,
exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in LYONS VELVET, at 10s. 9d.
BLACK SILK TRIMMING VELVETS,
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
at PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.
For 4½ & 5 Gs. . . . . formerly 6½ & 7 Guineas.
For 7 Guineas . . . . formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas . . . . formerly 14 Guineas.
Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists,
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
it is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are
invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Under-clothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.
These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.
Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered) BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
VELVET CARPETS, &c.
EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862; DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 102, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. (Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW AUTUMN DRESS GOODS.
1,000 New Patterns of the choicest Shades and designs, the productions of various European nations.
7,000 yards of Autumn Serge, 10¾d. the yard.
A Diagonal Woven Texture, 6¾d.; wonderfully cheap.
Yachting Serges, 6¾d. and 10¾d. the yard.
Yachting Beges, 8¾d. and 11½d. the yard.
Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d. (Sage, Olive Green, &c.)
Estamene Serges, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
Homespun Estamene, 1s. 6½d., 27 in. wide.
New Fabrics, "Snowflakes," "Camel's Hair," and "Vienna Cloths."
Shetland Estamene, 27 in. wide, 1s. 4½d. the yard.
Poil de Chameau, French production, all wool, 20 in. wide, 1s. 9½d. the yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d. yard.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d. yd., superb colours.
Autumn Matelasse, 10¾d. a yard.
Scarboro' Twill, 1s. 0½d.; Derby and Swiss Matelasse, 1s. 0½d.
New Autumn Rink Skirting, 1s. 11½d. the yard, 40 in. wide.
Indian Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. yard.
These and other Patterns post free.
Clearing Out Bundles of Dress Remnants, 20s. the bundle, worth 35s. to 40s. each.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW SILK PATTERNS are now ready.
The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d. } A New Make of
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d. } Extreme Richness
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. od.
BLACK SILKS, 1s. 6½d. to 10s. the yard.
The Queen's Black Silk, 7s. 11d.
The Queen's Black Silk, 8s. 11d. } Superb Goods &
The Queen's Black Silk, 9s. 11d. } Splendid Wear.
The Queen's Black Silk, 10s. 11d.
A special parcel of Coloured Silks, 2s. 11½d. yard.
Coloured Gros Grain Silks, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 6s. 11d. the yard.
Floral Silks for Trimmings, 3s. 9½d.
Japanese Figures, 1s. 3½d.
The Velvet and Velveteen Stock is now complete.
A Special Lot Black Velveteens, 1s. 11½d., and Colours, at 2s. 10½d.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.
Double-width Homespun Serge, 54 in. wide, 12¾d. in Blue only.
Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 1s. 3½d.
Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s. 11½d.
Double-width Melton Cloths, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.
Any of the above are less by the piece of about 50 yards.
Fine Venetian Twills, 54 in. wide, 4s. 11d. a yard.
60-inch Waterproof Tweeds, 1s. 3½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11d., and 3s. 11d.
Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 6s. 11d.
Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d.
Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard.
All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
New Costumes for the Autumn.
New Mantles and Jackets.
New Ulsters and Waterproofs.
New Travelling and Ball Dresses.
New Photographs post free.
New Underclothing and Outfitting List.
New Illustrations sent post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

GASK and GASK.
NEW VIGONA CLOTH, 11½d. per yard, in new autumn shades; also FINE French Cashmeres, 2s. 11d., double width; and the FASHIONABLE SNOW-FLAKE CLOTH, 16½d.; with a large collection of NEW DRESS FABRICS, from 10d. to 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
Oxford Street and Wells Street.

NEW AUTUMN COSTUMES, made of the Fashionable Foreign and English Fabrics from novel and elegant PARIS MODELS, 2 guineas to 6½ guineas.
RICH BLACK SILK COSTUMES, exceptionally good, 4 guineas.
SILK COSTUME SKIRTS, 21s.; with a vast variety of Costumes of all kinds, equally cheap.
GASK and GASK, Oxford Street, and Wells Street.

GASK and GASK.
NEW LYONS SILKS, Black and Colours, still cheaper. The best makes of BLACK SILKS, recommended for wear, and every shade of colour in all qualities, 3s. 3d. to 7s. 9d. per yard.
NEW FANCY SILKS. Patterns free.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

ROUND SHOULDERS and STOOPING cured by the IMPROVED CHEST EXPANDING BRACE. Removes Pain and Weakness, Developes the Chest. Ensures a graceful figure. Suitable for both sexes. Invaluable to young children. Illustrations free.
HAMILTON and CO., 404, Oxford Street, London.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS.
Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green . . .	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours . . .	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours . . .	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two . . .	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A . . .	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

AUTUMN SEASON, 1877.

AS A CATERER for Public Patronage, I again beg to announce that my List for the Autumn Season is now complete. Few London Traders are in a position to submit the selection I offer to the Public, and no one surpasses me for variety, good taste, and excellent value. I have a splendid selection of Dress Materials, suitable for all purposes and any position in life. It would be quite impossible to enumerate the mass of patterns that represent my stock; I will content myself by mentioning just a few of the most notable goods and the regulation dress fabrics, such as Merinos, Cashmeres, Velveteens, &c., of which every lady knows the intrinsic value. In these goods I claim Cashmeres and Merinos as my Speciality, and feel justified in saying I can defy every Trader in England to touch me either for Quality, Colour, or Value.

JAMES CHAPMAN, Notting Hill.

Sept. 28, 1877.

CONTINUED DEPRESSION IN THE LYONS SILK MARKETS.

BLACK SILKS.

RICH THICK CORDED Gros Grains, 4s. 11d. per yard, superb in colour and finish, equal in value to those usually sold at 7s. 11d. with as much appearance as Messrs. BONNET'S at 15s. per Yard. WILL WEAR as well as any Silk than can be bought at the same price in England, but Ladies must not confound them with my celebrated IMPERIAL Silks, which are altogether a different manufacture.

JAPANESE SILKS.

THE MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT IN LONDON TO SELECT FROM.

In consequence of the depreciation in the value of silk, I am compelled to reduce the whole of my Japanese Stock very nearly to what they cost me. The new tariff is as under:

Brilliant quality . . . 1s. 11½d. per yard.
The richest quality made . . 2s. 3½d. "

VELVETEENS.

The great favour already accorded to Velveteens this season is a sufficient indication of their popularity, and no wonder! For what with their extreme usefulness, combined with the handsome and rich appearance which is the distinguishing feature of these highly finished goods, they form a costume which is matchless at the price. In Coloured Velveteens the new winter shades look most superb, and in Blacks this beautiful fabric is better than ever, having quite a regal effect. Prices 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d. per yard.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES'

DANISH SILK-FINISHED TINTED ALPACAS

(AS WORN BY H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES)

Alpaca has always been a favourite dress material, and it certainly has not lost its popularity during the last few years. Since I had the good fortune to introduce the celebrated Danish Silk-Finished Tinted Alpacas to the public, the annual sale has more than trebled. The manufacture is brought to such perfection that for many purposes Alpaca is used in place of Silk. Imitations of it are numerous, but not one has ever been made to compare with the genuine article for brilliancy and lightness. The most perfect and by far the largest assortment to select from in the metropolis. Over fifty new tinted shades, any length cut, 1s. 11½d. per yard, 28 inches wide.

FRENCH CASHMERE.

It is legitimate to suppose when so many imitations are produced of one special fabric that the material itself should be perfection; and, correctly speaking, that is the only word that will convey an idea of the French Cashmere I now advertise. It is really quite perfect—in colour, in quality, in value, in effect—in everything that goes to make up a beautiful dress. They are specially dyed to match my silks, and cannot fail to elicit unqualified admiration. 46 in. wide, 3s. 3d. per yard.

FINEST FRENCH MERINOS

(INDIA CASHMERE FINISH)

Are better than ever, finer, purer. The dyes, if possible, are more perfect. In one colour I have no less than eleven shades, all clear, distinct tones. The patterns of these highly finished goods are alone sufficient to tempt one to buy. They convey the idea of a pretty dress immediately you see them. The sale I had for these goods last season was so immense that, anticipating an equally large, if not larger, demand this year, I have secured an unlimited supply from the chief French houses in Roubaix, covering the whole winter season, which will, I think, enable me to execute every order I receive, so that I shall not have the annoyance of being compelled to decline the patronage of any lady. 44 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. per yard.

ALBATROSS CLOTH.

These truly exquisite cloths, "having no admixture of Cotton or Silk, thereby rendering them quite impervious to rain, sun, or sea-water," are the most stylish plain woollen fabrics it has ever been my fortune to buy. I recommend them with great confidence, feeling certain that they will give unlimited satisfaction. 30 in. wide, 2s. 11d. per yard.

CAMEL HAIR CLOTH.

A most notable looking Fabric. One of the charms of this novelty is the weight; for though its appearance would suggest it being excessively thick and heavy, it is so light that a length of 20 yards weighs less than 6 lb. For promenade and out-door Costumes it will be a leading favourite. 26 in. wide, 2s. 9d. per yard.

SNOWFLAKE TWEED.

The white thread that is woven in little uneven patches across the Tweed is the origin of its name, and will convey some idea of its appearance. When judiciously combined with the plain cloth, this Tweed makes up most effectively; and being very inexpensive, it will undoubtedly prove a most desirable dress to ladies who are not disposed to give much money for their requirements. 26 in. wide, 1s. 6¼d. per yard.

SERGES.

If anything new could be said respecting Serges, the set of patterns now before me would most certainly enable me to do so. The variety seems unlimited, and the various prices, ranging from 6¾d. to 3s. 11d. per yard, will meet the requirements of all classes. Twelve yards of Serge, costing 6s. 9d., is a marvel of cheapness and durability, and, if space permitted, I could eulogise each quality on its merits, until I am afraid my readers would get tired of reading them.

SAXONY WOOL.

No Costume could be prettier than one made of the closely-woven Saxony wool. It is highly dressed, and looks like a faced cloth, and when trimmed with the arabesque galloons that are now so fashionable is in perfect taste. Some beautiful shades in light browns will be found in this range of patterns. 26 in. wide, 1s. 6½d. per yard.

FRENCH TWILLED FLANNELS.

Twilled Flannels is now a recognised Material for Dresses, and very pretty and useful they are. For Winter Wear, the Double Milled Goods are recommended as being extra warm, particularly for children. The novel tones of colour that are fashionable this season have all been produced in these beautiful goods, the rich shades of orange and the favourite Mandarin being conspicuously noticeable. Some exquisite shades of Drab will merit attention. All are perfectly fast colours. 30 in. wide, 1s. 11½d. per yard.

THE GEM.

"I was quite surprised to find it was only 1s. per yard, it really looks worth 2s." was a remark passed upon this very cloth the other day by a lady; and in my experience I have always found ladies very keen judges of dress goods. I don't doubt but it will be the verdict of the general public, for it is very neat and very good.

HALF-A-SOVEREIGN FOR A FRENCH-WOVE CORSET.

Richly embroidered in every gore, also entirely down front. A beautiful specimen of French workmanship. Admirably suited for the present cuirasse bodices, being a deep corset with spoon busk. Size of waist only requisite. Forwarded to any part of the Kingdom on receipt of P.O.O.

SKIRTINGS.

Now that every dress is made of a plain material, and more or less looped up, the under skirt becomes as much a matter of consideration and importance as the outer dress. To meet this necessity, manufacturers have produced some most striking and effective materials for the purpose. Some have a multiplicity of fine lines, making a complete and pleasing whole, while others are quite simple, with broad black stripes a couple of inches or more wide. There are many styles, suitable for all tastes. The patterns, unfortunately, fail to convey an adequate idea of these goods, but my customers will allow for that. In all cases it must be remembered the stripes go longitudinally; 45 in. wide. Prices 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11½d., 3s. 10½d., and 4s. 11½d. per yard.

COMPLETE SETS OF PATTERNS FORWARDED TO ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE SAME DAY AS RECEIPT OF ORDER.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

THE STOCK OF MADAME SILVESTRE, late of Vere St., Cavendish Sq., W., Modiste by Appointment to Her Majesty, has been purchased at a large discount off by

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,

and will be on Sale, together with extraordinary purchases in anticipation of the Autumn Season in

SILKS, FURS, MANTLES, and COSTUMES,

on MONDAY, Oct. 1, and following days. For particulars please write for Circular.

WE ARE NOW OFFERING A SPECIAL PURCHASE OF

PARISIENNE SILKS

of extreme richness in new shades,
at 5s. 6d. per yard.
Usual price for this quality, 8s. 6d. Patterns free.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF

BLACK SILKS (extra width),

at 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yard.
Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS

to match every Silk.
Short pile, well covered, suitable for Gowns,
6s. 11d. per yard, any length cut. Patterns free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

NEW AUTUMN GOODS.

SILK COSTUMES

of the most fashionable description, in all the new colours, from Paris Models, commencing at 5½ guineas.

THREE HUNDRED

BLACK SILK COSTUMES,

at 3½ guineas. These Dresses are made from good Lyons Silk, and are specially recommended.
5 yards Silk given for bodice.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR

AUTUMN and WINTER DRESSES,

in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour,
From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.

This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool,

This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

A NEW FABRIC FOR PALETOTS, &c.

POIL DE CHAMEAU.

This elegant fabric, though very warm, is remarkably light and soft, and can be had in choice shades of Fawn, Drab, Grey, Light Brown, &c. 54 inches wide, from 6s. 6d. per yd. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St., W.

A VARIETY OF NEW MATERIALS FOR

WARM WINTER PETTICOATS,

Including a large assortment of Silk Striped Cloth Skirtings, Reversible Felts, plain colours, New Striped Flannel Cashmere, &c., from 3s. 3d. to 5s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS

VELVET-FINISHED VELVETEENS,

beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black,
from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades
of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

AUTUMN COSTUMES,

New Designs in
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Travelling Costumes, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Micado Washing Silk Costumes, 49s. 6d.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,

having concluded the purchase of large quantities of

SEAL FUR SKINS

and Squirrel Furs, they are now on sale as quoted below.
Russian Seal Fur Jackets, loose shapes,
24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Ditto fitting shapes, 30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 50 guineas.
South Sea Seals, loose shapes, 2 to 4 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN

MANTLES AND PALETOTS,

Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL.

CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.

The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 18s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

SPECIAL INFORMATION. — The

latest FRENCH SILK COSTUMES, for autumn wear, composed of Black Silk with Velvet, and some very novel Garnitures, have been imported by Messrs. JAY. Ladies are specially invited to view these productions of the French Modiste's art and good taste.

JAY'S, Regent Street.

SPECIAL INFORMATION. — New

Pattern BLACK SILK COSTUMES, trimmed handsomely with Velvet and other fashionable Garnitures, at 6½ guineas each Costume, including 3½ yards of Silk for making a Bodice.

JAY'S, Regent Street.

SPECIAL INFORMATION.—Fashions

for AUTUMN.—Messrs. JAY have received from Paris some beautiful specimens of French art and ingenuity, in a variety of Mantles, so diversified in style, texture, and material, as almost to constitute a new class in Ladies' Costume.

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

FURNISH your House at Deane & Co.'s

Catalogue, with Furnishing Estimates, post-free.

1. Table Knives, Ivory, per doz., 19s., 25s., 35s., 40s.
2. Electro Forks, Table, 24s. to 64s.; Spoons, 24s. to 66s.
3. Papier-Maché Tea Trays, in sets, 21s., 56s., 95s.
4. Electro Tea and Coffee Sets, £3 7s., £7 10s. to £24.
5. Dish-Covers—Tin, 22s.; Metal, 65s.; Electro, £11 11s.
6. Electro Cruets, from 12s. 6d. to £6 6s.
7. Electro Liqueur Frames, 40s. to £7 7s.
8. Lamps—Patent Duplex Rock Oil, Colza Oil, &c.
9. Fenders—Bright, 45s. to £15; Bronze, 3s. to £6.
10. Baths—Hot and Cold Water, Gas, Travelling, &c.
11. Bedsteads, Brass and Iron, with Bedding.
12. Gaseliers—2-light, 17s.; 3 do., 50s.; 5 do., £6 6s.
13. Kitcheners, from 3 ft., £3 to 6 ft. £30.
14. Kitchen Utensils—Copper, Tin, and Iron.

DEANE and CO., 46, King William Street, London Bridge.

NOTICE.—CLEARANCE SALE OF CHINA, EARTHENWARE, and GLASS, commencing OCTOBER 8.

Messrs. DAVENPORT and CO. beg to inform their friends and the Public generally that they intend disposing of the whole of their Surplus Stock of China, Earthenware, and Glass, on their Premises, 82, Fleet Street, London, and 30, Canning Place, Liverpool, at a reduction of 25 per cent. discount off usual prices. Commencing October 8, 1877.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S

EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing,

and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d. E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

PHOTOGRAPHS well coloured, Carte-de-Visite Size, 1s. each.

Mrs. AGNES RUSSELL, Hill Cottage, Prestonville, Brighton.

THE WANDERERS' CLUB, Pall Mall.

This Club having now reached 1,378 Members, there remain only 200 VACANCIES.

Annual Subscription: Town Members, 8 guineas; Country Members, 4 guineas; Members Abroad, 2 guineas. Present Entrance Fee, 10 guineas.

For further information apply to
Major T. H. P. KENNAN,
Secretary.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—

Patron: The QUEEN. Session commences MONDAY, October 1 (Day and Evening Classes). Instructions in Drawing, Painting, Modelling, from flat, round, nature, life. Competition for Scholarships and Prizes.

Apply for prospectuses and forms of admission at 43, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.

(By order) LOUISA GANN,
Superintendent.

SOUTH CARY HOUSE, CASTLE CARY, BATH.

—Educational advantages, with home comforts. Principals—The Misses [illegible]. Terms, 40 guineas. Prospectus on application.

HYÈRES.—The most southerly Riviera

Station and only inland climate. Quartier of Costebelle, near the sea, among pine woods. Good Hotels, Villas, &c.—Address: English Bank and Agency.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN,

Gray's Inn Road. Established 1864.
PHYSICIAN—Dr. BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.
Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,
CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR
UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.

The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis. H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL PRIZE MEDAL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.

Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.

"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL
awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO

NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Price lists post free.

MITCHAM LAVENDER.—PIESSE

and LUBIN are now distilling, at their Flower Farm, the famed MITCHAM LAVENDER. Samples may be had either at the Stillery, Mitcham Road, Surrey, or at the Laboratory, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State

Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT

BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE

OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO.

Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

HEALTHY SKIN AND GOOD COMPLEXION.

PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,

PURE, FRAGRANT, AND DURABLE.
THE BEST FOR TOILET, NURSERY, OR FOR SHAVING.
Recommended as "The most refreshing and agreeable balm for the Skin" by

MR. ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.

(*Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*),
And invariably used by the PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES and their Children. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent CONSTIPATION.

Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who

suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of Imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.

Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says:

"Laxora Lozenges, F. Guyon, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877.—"They can be safely recommended."

C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—

Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. Hassall says—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street,

London, and 30 and 34, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their

CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | "THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY" UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."

Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS., 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

INDIGESTION.—"The Negro Head"

Liqueur Ginger Brandy in square bottles, distilled by HENRY BRETT and CO., Holborn, is universally prized. It is the best stimulant for the sportsman and tourist, and has proved invaluable in cases of a choleraic nature.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.

PURE AERATED WATERS.

ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS.—

Crystal Springs. Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lemonade, Lithia, and for Gout, Lithia and Potass. Corks branded "R. ELLIS and SON, RUTHIN," and every label bears their Trade Mark. Sold everywhere and wholesale of R. ELLIS and SON, Ruthin, North Wales. London Agents: W. BEST and SONS, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY.

Property of the French Government.

CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.
HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.
GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.
HOPITAL—For Stomach complaints, &c.
VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drunk pure or mixed with wine or spirits.
CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

MORSON'S PEPSINE,

AND ITS PREPARATIONS

FOR INDIGESTION.

SEE NAME ON LABEL.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

As WINE, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 9s.
LOZENGES, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.
GLOBULES, at 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.
And as POWDER, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

MORSON and SON,

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND, HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER

PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest

purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.

This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

TOOTH-ACHE.

INSTANT CURE.

FORMS A STOPPING.

SAVES THE TOOTH.

J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief."
Of chemists, 1s. 1½d. per packet.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC

WAFERS.—"I recommend them as a safe and effectual remedy for coughs and chest complaints."—(Signed) G. Wood, 60, City Road, Hulme, Manchester. Price 1s. 1½d.

"FER BRAVAIS."

BRAVAIS' DIALYSED IRON.

THE ONLY PURE SOLUTION OF IRON WITHOUT ACID.

"IRON and OXYGEN combined, to the exclusion of all Acids, or Soluble Hydrate of Peroxide of Iron."
Vide Dr. J. RANGADE'S Report.

Prepared by RAOUL, BRAVAIS, and CO., 13, Rue Lafayette, Paris; London Office: 8, Idol Lane, Tower Street, E.C.

FIRST BRONZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875.
SOLE PRIZE, PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION, 1876.

This admirable Preparation does not CONSTIPATE, or disturb the digestive organs, and neither injures nor blackens the teeth. Its effect as a reconstituent are rapid and certain. IT HAS NO STYPTIC TASTE, and it is admirably adapted for all continuous treatment by iron, possessing all the advantages of the MOST APPROVED TONIC in the highest degree. N.B. A LONDON PHYSICIAN WRITES: "I have given it to patients who have been unable to take iron in any other form." PRICES: Bottle, full size, 4s. 6d.; small ditto, 3s.; in Card Box with drop measure complete. N.B. The full size bottles contain sufficient for about two months' regular treatment.

To be had of all leading Chemists and Druggists.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS

POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up at the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.

Wholesale: [illegible] and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

THROAT IRRITATION.

EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s., labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter.

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at Immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.

MARCH of THE PASHAS, for the Pianoforte. By JOHN PRIDHAM. Beautifully Illustrated, with Portraits of Mehemet Ali, Suleiman Pasha, and Hobart Pasha. Price, post free, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s 6d net. Orchestra, 3s; Septet, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET	
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1	6
RINK GALOP	2	0
FLEUR DE THÉ QUADRILLE	2	0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2	0
SULTAN'S POLKA (New Edition)	1	6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s; Septet, 2s. each.
N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE, 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 2 vols., price 6s each net, or in eight parts, each 2s net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

POPULAR SONGS, VOCAL DUETS, TRIOS, and QUARTETS (Part Songs) selected from Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S Catalogue. This list may be had gratis and post free on application to 6, New Burlington Street, London.

MUSIC. — STANDARD SCHOOL BOOKS.

Hamilton's Pianoforte Tutor. 4s.; in cloth, 5s.
G. F. West's Appendix to Hamilton's Piano Tutor, 5s.
Hamilton's Dictionary. 1s.
Hamilton's Singing Tutor. 5s.; in cloth, 6s.
Chaulieu's Indispensable for Piano. 8s.
Chaulieu's Exercises on Arpeggios for Piano. 3s.
Chaulieu's First Six Months at the Pianoforte. 3s each.
Chaulieu's Morning Exercises for the Pianoforte. Seven books. 4s. each.
Sutton's Elements of Theory of Music. 2s.
Clarke's Catechism of Music. 101st Edition. 1s.
Clarke's Catechism of the Elements of Harmony, 2s.
West's Questions on the Theory of Music. 18th Edition. 1s.
West's Teacher and Pupil Duets for Pianoforte. Three numbers. 4s. each.
West's Pupil's Daily Exercise for Piano. 4s.
Czerny's 101 Studies (Hamilton and Wallace's Edition). In two books, 4s. each, or in one book, 8s.
Czerny's Etude de Vélocité. Two books, each 6s. (W. V. Wallace's Edition), or in one book, 10s 6d.
Czerny's Ten Letters on the Art of Pianoforte Playing. 1s 6d. Also, his Letters on Thorough Bass. Same price.
Cocks and Co's Musical Cards. 2s.

London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO.

PUSSEY'S TEA PARTY. New Song written by J. S. LYONS. Music by W. F. TAYLOR. Illustrated title. 3s.; post free, 18 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

GRAND FANTASIA on Irish melodies for the Pianoforte, introducing "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls." By EDOUARD DE PARIS. 4s., post free, 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

THE SINGING QUADRILLES. A happy combination of song and dance. Composed by COTSFORD DICK. Elegantly illustrated. Post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

BARBAZON. New Comic Operetta. Music by FERDINAND WALLERSTEIN. Libretto by ARTHUR MATTISON, now being performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, is published by DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

LOVED AND LOST (Geliebt und Verloren) WALTZES, by OTTO MULLER (performed at the Promenade Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden). These Celebrated WALTZES may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or Duet, 2s. net.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MULLER's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

NEW WALTZ, DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss). By OTTO MULLER. Performed at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre. This charming waltz, by the composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz, may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or duet, price 2s. net.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Cele-brated Song. The Waltz of the Season. Price 2s. net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

Price One Shilling each.

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL INSTRUCTORS.

DR. CALLCOTT'S GRAMMAR OF MUSIC.
W. T. BEST'S FIRST ORGAN BOOK.
J. W. ELLIOT'S NEW HARMONIUM TUTOR.
HENNINGS' FIRST BOOK FOR THE VIOLIN.
CASE'S VIOLIN TUTOR.
BRINLEY RICHARDS' FIRST LESSONS FOR THE PIANO.
GEORGE MOUNT'S POPULAR PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
DR. SPARK'S HANDY-BOOK OF CHORAL SINGING.
BALFE'S BALLAD TUTOR.
VACCAJ'S SINGING METHOD, without Solfeggi.
HATTON'S SINGING TUTOR FOR LADIES' VOICES.
HATTON'S SINGING TUTOR FOR MEN'S VOICES.
KAPPEY'S CLARIONET TUTOR.
EDWARD HOWELL'S FIRST BOOK for the VIOLONCELLO.
R. S. PRATTEN'S FLUTE TUTOR.
STANTON JONES' CORNET TUTOR.
CASE'S ENGLISH CONCERTINA TUTOR.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded the Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

MUSICAL-BOX Depots, 55, Cheapside, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1 PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2 VOCAL.
Part 3 HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4 VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5 FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent post free in any part of the World.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE METHOD.

Price Five Shillings.

This unrivalled work is now firmly established as *the* Pianoforte Instruction-Book in nearly all the principal educational establishments in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States of America, India, Australia, New Zealand, &c. It is supplied direct by the Publishers, or may be had of any Music-seller in the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

GAVOTTE, in E Minor. By Silas. Played by Madame Essipoff at her Concerts in England and America with immense success. A new edition of this celebrated Gavotte is now ready. Price 3s.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

OLIVIA. New Waltz by Charles Coote, Jun. Played by Coote and Tinney's Band at the State Ball at Buckingham Palace, June 22. Piano Solo, 4s. Duet, 5s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GALOP OF THE SEASON.

GO BANG! New Galop by Charles COOTE, Jun. Equal in every way to the well-known "Roulette," "Archery," and "Croquet" Galops by the same popular Composer. Price 3s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

DRUMMER-BOY'S POLKA. By ARDITI. Great success. Re-demanded nightly with acclamation. "'The Drummer Boy's Polka,' by the same composer, introducing the drummers of the Coldstreams, was likewise uproariously re-demanded."—*Daily Telegraph.* Price 3s.—A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

LE TORTORELLE VALSE. By ARDITI. Also encored nightly. "A delightfully flowing and melodious valse, from the pen of Signor Arditi. 'Le Tortorelle' obtained a hearty encore."—*Daily Telegraph.* Price 4s.
A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.

BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire, 40, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte SCHOOL.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20—GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH

SEE THAT YOU GET IT,

As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES. Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST.

All Music post free at half price.

I'D RATHER BE AN ENGLISHMAN. National and Patriotic Song by JOHN HART. "This song cannot fail to awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of all who hear it. The words are excellent, and the music is bold and stirring." Published in G for baritone or bass, and in C for tenor. Post free, 18 stamps.

WE ROAM AND RULE THE SEA. New Song. Words by Dr. W. C. BENNETT. Music by J. D. WALDECK, for baritone or bass. "At the present moment it would be difficult to meet with a song more worthy of a hearty reception, or more likely to prove acceptable to a British audience." Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONG by FLORIAN PASCAL.—DAWN-SONG (Aubade), with English and Italian Words. Sung with the greatest success by Signor Giannini at Arditi's Concerts. Post free, 24 stamps. The special attention of Tenors is invited to this most artistic and effective song.

PINSUTI'S POPULAR SONGS.

The Raft. Descriptive Song, Sung by Signor Foli. In F and G. 4s.
I Love My Love. Soprano, B flat, or Contralto, A flat. 4s.
What We Have Loved We Love For Ever. 4s.
Wilt Thou Be Mine. 3s.
The Maiden's Flower Song. 3s.
Love Will Shine All Through. 4s.
The Owl (Baritone or Bass). 4s.

"The above songs are universally acknowledged to be the finest productions of this most talented composer."

CAMPANA'S FAVOURITE SONGS.

Bessie's Mistake. 4s. Why Blooms the Rose. 3s.
Loving and Beloved. 3s. Far from My Eyes. 3s.
From Distant Lands. Sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling.
Also his very popular Duet—
Children's Voices. 3s.

SHALL I WEAR A WHITE ROSE? New Song. By EMILY FARMER. Poetry by SAVILLE CLARK. This charming Song is now being sung by Madame Trebelli at her Provincial Concerts with perfect success. Published in E flat and G, for Soprano or Contralto. Post free, 24 stamps.

VERY SUSPICIOUS! H. Clifton's renowned Serio-Comic Duet for Lady and Gentleman, introducing popular songs. Also, the Medley Duet, "Love and Pride." "Just the thing for penny readings and amateur concerts." Either sent free, 24 stamps.

ROBINSON CRUSOE! H. Clifton's enormously popular Comic Medley. Humorously Illustrated. "His songs are always free from the vulgarity which is unfortunately characteristic of some modern comic songs." Lists of Clifton's Comic and Motto Songs gratis.

EDWARD TERRY'S COMPLAINTS, or, THE ILLS OF LIFE AND THEIR REMEDIES. By E. TERRY. "This song, without doubt, is one of the funniest of modern comic songs, and cannot fail to elicit the most hearty applause wherever sung." The recital of his complaints by the author is always well received and encored thrice. A New Edition now ready, with Comic Illustration of the Author, sent post free for 18 stamps.

POPULAR COMIC SONGS.

The Agreeable Young Man	Harry Clifton.
Don't Be After Ten	Do.
Artful Joe	Geo. Leybourne.
Captain De Wellington Boots	Do.
The Fairy Queen	Do.
Father Says I May	Do.
Ephraim Fox	Henry Clark.
Glycerina	Walter Howard.
It's Very Aggravating	G. Hunt.
Keep It a Secret	G. W. Moore.
Oh Nicodemus	Fred Coyne.
Paddy's Dream	G. Ware.

All the above are illustrated; may be sung anywhere by anybody, and sent post free, 18 stamps each.

POPULAR MOTTO SONGS.

Broken Down	Harry Clifton.
Pulling Hard Against the Stream	Do.
Seventy-two and as Hard as Steel	Do.
Shabby Genteel	Do.
Wait for the Turn of the Tide	Do.
Pull Slow and Steady	Harry Lynn.
Out in the Green Field	Walter Field.
Shun the Thing That's Wrong, Friend.	

All the above are specially recommended, being full of point and entirely free from all vulgarity. Post free, 18 stamps each.

HARRY HUNTER'S MOTTO SONGS.

Cheerily Ever. Nulli Secundus.
Keep a Good Heart. Take Things as They Are.
There's Danger in Delay. Jolly Good Humour.
Post free, 18 stamps each.

HARRY HUNTER'S COMIC SONGS.

It Hasn't Happened Yet. Kiss and be Friends.
Cadging I Roam. The Fancy Fair.
I Saw Esau. Peter Perfect.
I'm Sorry I Made the Remark.
Doctor Says I'm Not to Be Worried.

Post free, 18 stamps each. A List of 60 Songs by Harry Hunter sent free on application.

HARRY HUNTER'S BANJO SONGS, as sung by Walter Howard with the greatest success at St. James's Hall.

Get Out. Poor Thing.
His Name was Joshua.

Post free, 18 stamps each.—Note. There is no restriction on these songs.

HOW THAT POOR GIRL SUFFERED FOR ME. New Song by HARRY HUNTER. Sung Nightly by Walter Howard, and always encored. Illustrated with portrait of the singer in character. Post free, 18 stamps.

HOBART PASHA MARCH. By MICHAEL WATSON. Just Issued. With splendid portrait in colours of this celebrity. Price 3s.

H. WEIST HILL'S COMPOSITIONS, performed with great success at the Alexandra Palace.

VALSES.
Alma. 4s.
Sou Image. 2s.
True Love. 2s.

POLKAS.
Gertrude. 1s. 6d.
Belle of the Promenade. 1s 6d.

Gavotte, Madame de Pompadour (Beautifully Illustrated). 2s.
Bashi Bazouk Galop. 1s 6d. Osmanli March. 1s 6d.
To Paris in 10 Hours Galop. 1s. 6d.
Review—"Marked by far more thought and musical ability than dance music usually is."

ARDITI'S L'INGÉNUE. Morceau a la Gavotte, 3s. Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.

Berceuse. 3s. Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
La Princesse. 3s. (Gavotte). Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
Performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts.
Près la Lac, 2ème Méditation. 3s.
Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.
Pavane Royale de Louis XIV. 3s.
Air de Ballet. New Simplified Edition by Arthur Grenville. 3s.
Thematic lists of this favourite composer's sent free on application.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—AUTREFOIS (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). This charming little morceau has already run through several editions, and seems likely to rival the ever popular "Danse Favorite" of the same composer. Post free, 18 stamps.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—UN BIJOU PERDU.—"M. Pascal is to be congratulated upon having rescued from oblivion this really exquisite little gem, the melody of which is so captivating that we venture to predict for it great popularity." As piano solo, now ready, 18 stamps.

CATALOGUES GRATIS AND POST FREE.

Shipping Orders on most favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

NOTICE. — LINOLEUM. — OETZMANN and CO. have now received all the new PRIZE DESIGNS in this favourite Floor Covering—warm, soft, and carpet-like in appearance. Prices reduced. A visit of inspection solicited. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

THE SANDRINGHAM EASY CHAIR, full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable for any room, price 25s.; lady's ditto, smaller size, 21s. Also the Sandringham Couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable, price 2 guineas. Every one about to furnish should see these marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and despatched same day on receipt of order per post.

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZMANN and CO.—Elegant Drawing Room Suite, richly carved Italian walnut-wood, upholstered very soft and comfortable, in best rep, consisting of a Couch, two Easy Chairs, and six Chairs, price 15 guineas; ditto, very handsome design, upholstered in rich Pekinade, made and finished in superior style, 20 guineas; ditto, very elegant design, richly upholstered in finest satin, and finished in the best possible manner, 33 guineas; also a variety of other Drawing-Room Suites, in Black and Gold, Early English, and other designs.

TURKEY CARPETS.—CLEARANCE SALE.—OETZMANN and CO.—A quantity of Turkey, Indian, Persian, Jubbalpore, Masulipatam, Farahan, Khorassan, Serabend, Koula, Ghiordes, and Kelim Carpets and Rugs, clearing out at greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 9d. to 80 guineas. A reduced Price List, with sizes and description, sent post free on application. Prices will be found much below those usually charged. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 15s. 9d. each; some very handsome ditto, at 35s. to 45s.
OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.
OETZMANN and CO.

FLOOR-Cloth, Floor-Cloth, Floor-Cloth. Well seasoned, colours and designs to suit every style of decoration. An immense assortment for selection. Clearing out at 1s. 6d. per square yard; best quality and newest designs, 2s. 6d. A quantity of squares, 2 yards by 3 yards, 3 by 4, and other useful sizes, very cheap. Quotations forwarded per post on receiving size of room or hall. Bordered floor-cloth for passage or stairs from 9d. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

MADRID STRIPED CURTAINS, all wool, 3 yards long by 48 inches wide, 15s. per pair; 3½ yards, 17s. 6d.; 4 yards, 20s.; best Worsted Damask Curtains, in green crimson, or any self colour, plaited top, bordered all round with best embroidered silk lace, 3 yards long by 51 inches wide, 25s per pair; 3½ yards, 30s.; 4 yards, 35s.; best rep, ditto, 3 yards by 54 inches wide, 42s.; 3½ yards, 50s.; 4 yards, 57s. 6d. Forwarded same day on receipt of order. One trial will ensure recommendation. No common damask or rep used, sold, or advised. Descriptive lists post-free.

ELECTRO-PLATE. CUTLERY.
ELECTRO-PLATE. CUTLERY.
ELECTRO-PLATE. CUTLERY.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY DEPARTMENT.—Superior Electro Plate Tea and Coffee Pots, Spoons, Forks, Cruets, &c. (quality guaranteed); best warranted Table Cutlery, handsome Coal Vases, 3s. 11d. upwards; Dish Covers; Japanned Toilet Sets, full size, bath, pail, and can, various neat designs in colours, 8s. 11d. per set. Kitchen Ironmongery of every description. Mats, Matting, Brooms, Brushes, Pails, &c. Bronze Umbrella Stands, from 3s. 9d. Table Lamps, complete, good style, 3s. 11d.

EXHIBITION PATTERN COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the season much admired, handsomely japanned, and rich burnished gold ornamentation, with opal handles, strong loose lining, a great convenience and saving in wear. Price complete, 21s.—OETZMANN and CO.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—SEPTEMBER 29, 1877.

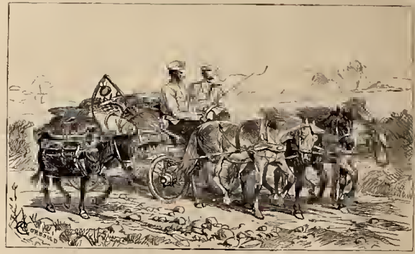
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

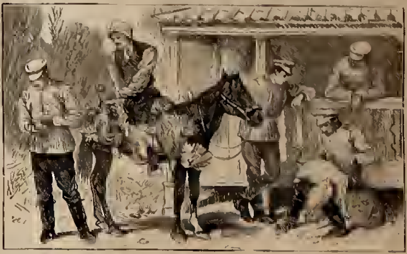
VOL. XVI.—No. 410
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1877

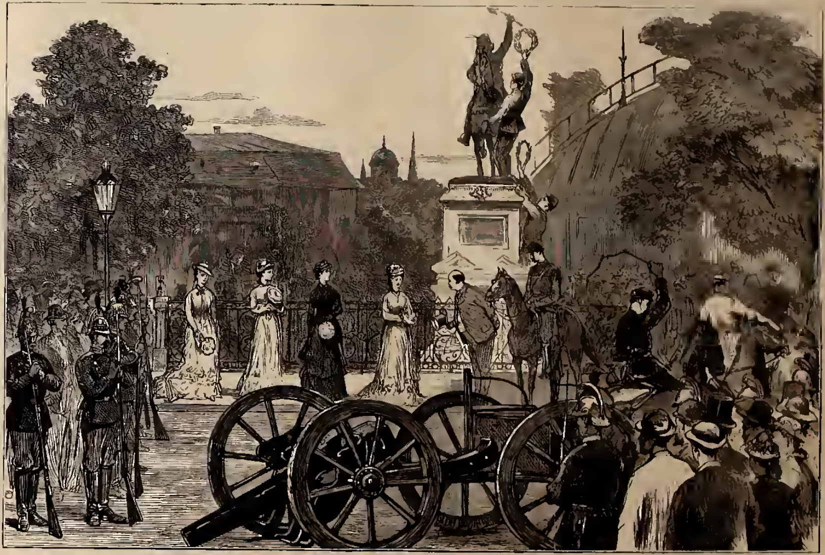
PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



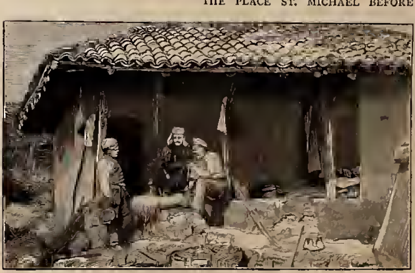
OFFICERS' BAGGAGE ON THE MARCH



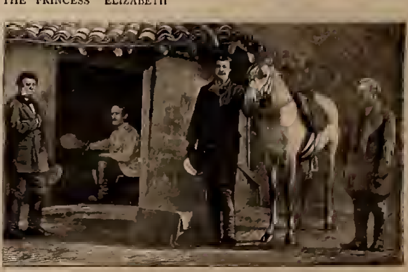
A BULGARIAN POULTERER AT GORNY STUDEN



WITH THE ROUMANIANS, BUCHAREST: THE TURKISH CANNON CAPTURED FROM THE GRAVITZA REDOUBT—UNLIMBERING ON THE PLACE ST. MICHAEL BEFORE THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH



A DESERTED TURKISH HOUSE AT BIELA OCCUPIED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER



GENERAL IGNATIEFF AT GORNY STUDEN

Topics of the Week

FRANCE IN 1851 AND 1877.——The publication of Victor Hugo's "History of a Crime"—the said crime being the seizure of absolute power by the Prince-President, Louis Napoleon, in 1851—may at the present time serve a useful purpose. The near Past is so soon obliterated by ceaseless waves of fresh events that Frenchmen will do well to refresh their memories with the details of that memorable political conspiracy. There are rumours that, in case public opinion should go against them at the polls, the Reactionaries may adopt a device of a similar character. It is just possible, especially if the Republicans should abandon the remarkable self-restraint which they have hitherto displayed, that force may be used to atone for the failure of the ballot-boxes, but it is most improbable that anything resembling the extraordinary feat of 1851 will be repeated. At that epoch, it must be remembered, Republicanism was identified in the minds of most men with National workshops and street barricades, the "Red Spectre of 1852" was an object of morbid dread, while, on the other hand, the name of Bonaparte recalled dim traditions of past glories. People were weary, too, of the squabbles and delays of Parliament-men; they longed for the firm rule and prompt administration of an individual hand. And so it came to pass that when "Pride's Purge" was administered by some bluff Bonapartist soldier, and scores of Representatives of the Sovereign People were hurried off to Mazas prison, no genuine sympathy for the victims was aroused. As for the abortive street fighting on the Boulevards, it helped rather than hindered the conspirators' plot, for when people asked what the President was doing, and heard that he was exorcising the "Red Spectre of 1852," they were pleased, and hailed him as the "Saviour of Society." Six-and-twenty years have wrought a wonderful change. It is difficult to conjure with a name that recalls Sedan rather than Austerlitz; the present Republic has been some years in existence, it bears a most respectable character, and has had the honour of the patronage of the late M. Thiers; while, lastly, we should be loth to believe that Marshal MacMahon and his coadjutors; however ill-advised they may be, have descended to the moral level of that crew of adventurers who, mainly for their own selfish ends, hoisted Louis Napoleon on to his uncle's throne.

SUNDAY TRADING.——Judging from a scene reported at the last meeting of the St. Luke's Vestry the "Sunday trading" question, at least in the Metropolis, seems as far off a settlement as ever, at any rate in some localities. It may be taken for granted that some Sunday trading, especially in what are called perishable articles, is absolutely necessary in the interests of the poor; and most reasonable persons would agree that any legislation which would render it utterly impossible for the young, middle-aged, or old, who throng the streets to obtain a little fruit, tobacco, or sweets on the Sunday, would be intolerable. The public-house question stands on its own merits and demerits. Let vendors of the articles just mentioned keep their shops open or not as they like; there is no fear of the majority so doing, or of the majority of other tradesmen in the Metropolis generally deliberately depriving themselves of one day of rest from business out of seven. The Sunday trading question as it has long stood in its practical aspect is confined to the Sunday morning markets in certain streets, such as the New Cut, Lambeth, Leather Lane, and Whitecross Street, St. Luke's. These markets are known by the name of Costermonger Markets, and rightly so, too, as itinerant vendors of various articles have gradually established them. The petty tradesmen of the different localities where they are held share the business, which is a brisk one; and it is mainly through the desire of the latter to have all the business to themselves that difficulties have arisen. That these markets are a nuisance and scandal to many inhabitants of the district going to and returning from their places of worship is notorious, and hence Vestries and District Boards of Works have been led to take action with a view to put the markets down altogether. Not wishing to put the practically obsolete Charles II.'s Act against Sunday trading into force, the line of action has been to get the petty local traders and costermongers to agree to suspend business simultaneously at half-past ten in the forenoon. But unfortunately, though both parties have in many instances agreed to this, each has broken the compact in its desire of doing business at the expense of the other. Hence the long-standing troubles in St. Luke's. We are of opinion that the half-past ten compromise, though wanting in logic, is a most reasonable one, and for the benefit of all parties concerned ought to be enforced.

ENGLISH OPINION CONCERNING THE WAR.——The "Military Correspondent" of *The Times*, whose very interesting "Fallacies about the War" appeared in the columns of that journal on Wednesday last, is scarcely correct, we venture to think, in asserting that "never since the Crimean War have the English been so deeply moved by any foreign fighting." It seems to us that the opposing currents of popular opinion in this country were stronger during the American Civil War than during the present contest. At that time nearly every place where men gathered together—nay, nearly every family—was divided into two hostile camps. English Federals and Confederates fought each other almost as vigorously with tongue and pen, as their American prototypes with sword and gun. But perhaps the "Military Correspondent" refuses to call our Transatlantic kinsmen "foreigners." If such be the case, our contention against him falls to the ground; and we fully agree with him that the interest felt by our countrymen in the Russo-Turkish contest is unprecedented. This exceeding interest is, moreover, the more noteworthy, because the contending nations are, both socially and geographically, more remote from us than Frenchmen or Germans, Italians or Spaniards. At the same time, substantial reasons may be given for the interest excited. First of all, the quarrel is of long standing, and of world-wide fame. The Eastern Question has been the bugbear of generations of statesmen. Next, the issue of the quarrel might seriously affect the stability of our Indian Empire. Lastly, we have ourselves taken the part of a belligerent in the quarrel, and might feel bound to do so again. These circumstances, besides other startling incidents which ushered in the contest, were quite sufficient to produce a very keen interest in this country. As for the present condition of public feeling here, it is, we think, correctly described by the "Military Correspondent." There can be little doubt that "an anti-Russian feeling" does "immensely preponderate," in spite of Mr. Gladstone's assertion that this sentiment is chiefly confined to Londoners. Yet it does not follow, because Englishmen dislike the Russian policy, that they like Turkish dominion. Within a year or two before the war began, the Turks contrived to wound us in two of our most sensitive points. They ceased to pay the interest on the money they had borrowed, and they crushed Bulgarian revolt in a most ruthless fashion. If latterly the Turk has regained some of his former popularity with us, it is because of his self-denying courage, and not from any admiration for those who rule over him. What the mass of Englishmen would like to see in Turkey is a Government administering even-handed justice to all alike, and solicitous of the well-being of the people. Judging from her antecedents, and from the backward condition of her own population, they do not believe that Russia, if victorious, either could or would establish such an administration in Turkey; while, by her violent interference, she has in a few months been the means of inflicting more misery on the Christian populations of the Empire than they would have endured in half-a-century of unopposed Ottoman dominion.

ENDURANCE FEATS.——Everything must come to an end some time or other, and consequently Gale's great walk at Lillie Bridge; and probably the anticipation that he will successfully complete his 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours will be in accordance with the fact. The feat is to be concluded on Saturday afternoon, a date evidently judiciously arranged with a view to "gate" money. If the pedestrian holds on the even but painful tenour of his way for a few hours after this Note is in the hands of our readers, thousands will flock to the well-known track to see—what? Not a spirited contest between athletes, or a plucky athletic performance executed in a given time and within a reasonable compass of human endurance, but the ending of a long torture of physical powers, and of a test feat as to the extreme capacity of the bodily frame to bear up against the want of natural rest and natural means of recuperation. Granted that Gale's walk, if successful, will be a most wonderful one, that the pedestrian will have exhibited unprecedented powers of endurance, and that some remarkable if not valuable physiological phenomena may be put on record from it, still we hold that such a feat conduces to no substantial good either in the way of sport or in any other aspect. The spectacle of a man, by the exercise of a kind of mere brute endurance, struggling for so long a period against the laws of Nature, and enduring bodily and mental agonies better felt than described, is by no means an edifying one, and certainly not conducive to the interests of real sport; while the interest taken in the performance is of an unhealthy and morbid character. To see how a man looks after such a trial will be the chief attraction to the thousands who may be expected at Lillie Bridge on Saturday, and we can but hope that his enterprise may not have a fatal ending, as has been the case with a man named Hunter, at Sunderland, who died after walking 160 miles in forty-eight hours. As every one knows, this exhibition is not the first of its kind by very many; but when, it may be asked, are such exhibitions to end? Is mere endurance to be one of the chief features of modern athletic performances? We may not have yet reached the known limit of such endurance; but are trials to be persevered with to the danger of life and health till that is ascertained? It may be difficult to draw a line between the legitimate and illegitimate in such matters; but surely there is a limit to what we will venture again to stigmatise as feats of mere "brute" endurance.

LIBRARIANS IN COUNCIL.——The old idea of a librarian was that of a grave bookish man of sedentary habits, who rarely strayed far from his beloved folios and quartos. Steam and electricity, however, that aggressive pair of revolutionists, have got hold of the librarian, and have metamorphosed him. He has become an adventurous traveller. A magnet, in the shape of a Conference, is set up in Finsbury Circus, and forthwith he and his mates come flocking in from all parts of the compass. Not only from English provincial towns, from Dublin, and from Edinburgh; but also from Paris, Brussels, and Palermo, from Boston and Chicago, and even from antipodal Melbourne. The speeches at the opening meeting were of a business-like character, and there can be little doubt but that this collision of librarian intellects will elicit some sparks of valuable knowledge. The most formidable difficulty in the way of the curators of large libraries seems to be the arrangement of catalogues; and the reason why catalogues are so troublesome is that the libraries to which they serve as the guide posts are not only big at the present time, but are perpetually growing bigger, and that in a rapidly increasing ratio. Is there any remedy for this difficulty? Yes, there is a remedy, of a very simple character, and we hope somebody at the Conference will have the kindness to mention it. There ought, in the formation of such libraries as that of the British Museum, to be some discrimination made in the selection of books. Which is better, a vast assemblage of books, which by the year 2,077 will occupy, judging by the present rate of increase, the greater part of Bloomsbury; or a smaller, thoroughly manageable, and really valuable library? At the present time, in the British Museum Library, there are many books lacking, and not of a very recondite character either, which ought to be there; while, on the other hand, there are tons upon tons of what is no better than rubbish. We would compel, as at present, all publishers to send a copy of each of their works to the Museum, but these works should be submitted to a committee, like the Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy, who should decide which to keep and which to return. A catalogue of these rejected treasures might be published annually, and then we should have no reason to fear that posterity would be deprived of a specimen, for some eccentric or other would be sure to preserve one, if only for the honour and glory of possessing something which was not in the National Collection.

COACH HORSES.——The old-fashioned coach horse, good as he was in his vocation, has long become an animal of the past, for the simple reason that he is no longer wanted. But it is hardly necessary to say that coaches and coach horses still exist in very considerable numbers; and at present there seems no sign that the comparatively modern revival of four-in-hand driving is likely to die out yet awhile. The summer, or "butterfly," coaches which make their journeys, longer or shorter as the case may be, into country districts during the months of May, June, July, and August, have become regular institutions of the London season, and when that season is ended the sales of the studs which follow in quick succession week after week are almost the only excitement for horsey men who linger in and about the metropolis. These sales have been particularly good of late, the horses fetching high prices. Among the most recent of the studs put up to auction have been those of the Twickenham and the Portsmouth coaches, the forty-six animals belonging to the latter realising an average of 41½ guineas, while a pair produced 152 guineas, and a single horse 70 guineas. These animals were mostly of the modern as distinguished from the olden type of coach horse, being active hunters, or suitable for hunting purposes. Not many years ago it was considered rank heresy to put a collar on a riding horse, or to work hunters at all during the summer. The old custom was to turn hunters out to grass, or to to "summer" them with their shoes off in an old barn, or outhouse, on tan or sawdust, under the idea that they "recovered their legs" by the rest. A different and more reasonable view is now taken, and, practically, it has been found better for the animals to keep them in good exercise, even in the collar, during the summer months. When turned out to grass they are driven half mad by flies and gallop themselves off their legs, and are liable to all kinds of accidents connected with their novel sort of life, and when kept in barns, outhouses, and yards they stand still till their legs swell. Suppose a generation ago, when men fancied they knew as much about horses as they do now, the modern practice had been suggested, the very idea would have been thought madness, and yet now it is accepted on all hands as truth. The fact is a strange comment on our treatment of horses, on which we have prided ourselves almost for centuries.

RUSSIAN AND TURKISH GENERALS.——Both combatants appear to have taken advantage of the recent cessation of active operations in Bulgaria to make some changes in their commanding officers. The Russians have at length discovered that a multitude of Grand Dukes in prominent positions may tend rather to impede than to ensure success, and the appointment of Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, to direct the operations before Plevna, indicates that the wasteful method of headlong, yet badly-supported assaults, is to be exchanged for more cautious processes. The changes on the Turkish side are of a more remarkable character. Mehemet Ali is recalled, being superseded by Suleiman Pasha, whose command at the Shipka is assumed by Raouf Pasha. The fault alleged against Mehemet Ali is probably that he has been too cautious, and his recent retreat helped to seal his fate. Caution, on the contrary, cannot be alleged as one of Suleiman's characteristics. To outsiders his conduct for many weeks past has seemed rash in the highest degree, for he has thrown away the lives of thousands of the best soldiers in the Sultan's service in his vain efforts to carry the Shipka Pass, instead of leaving sufficient troops to hold Radetsky back, and marching the remainder to help his sorely-beleaguered comrade, Osman Pasha. The mystery of Suleiman's conduct has never yet been explained; but it is plain that his policy is approved at the Porte, and it is scarcely credible at such a crisis as this, when the fate of the Empire hangs in the balance, that palace intrigues would promote an incapable commander to such an all-important post as that on the Lom. Judging from the antecedents of the leaders, it seems probable that just as the Russians are about to adopt a more wary policy, the main Turkish forces will be more actively engaged than heretofore. But, on the one hand, the arrival of large Russian reinforcements, and, on the other, the advent of the autumn rains, render all predictions at this moment especially hazardous.

LAUNDRY REFORM.——Before the scare on this question created by articles in medical contemporaries, and more recently revived by a paper read by Mr. E. Watherstone at the Social Science Congress, dies away, it may be well to inquire whether we have not already at hand certain appliances to meet the requirements of the case. There have been in existence for some time past what may be called public laundries on a pretty extensive scale, and it is by no means improbable that the attention drawn to the matter will cause the establishment of one or more large laundry companies in the Metropolis, and perhaps in other large centres of population; but we will venture to suggest that the labour of the inmates of our workhouses and prisons might be at once utilised in this direction. The cost of the appliances in addition to those already at work in such institutions would not be a matter for serious consideration, and we have a strong opinion that both the public and the ratepayers would profit by laundry work being introduced, especially in workhouses. It would probably be much more remunerative labour than that which is expended on oakum picking and the production of firewood, and men could work at it as well as women. Workhouses, generally speaking, are kept scrupulously clean, and the clothing of the inmates and the linen of the house might be kept entirely separate from that of the public sent to the house. The matter is, of course, one which would require much calculation as to detail; and we are quite aware of the objections which might be raised against the proposition on the score that it would throw out of employment a great many hard-working persons. It would be a branch of the long-standing prison labour question, which, however, we are inclined to think has been made a good deal too much of by philanthropists. These matters of trade and business if left alone soon settle themselves. We throw out the suggestion for what it is worth, leaving it to others to try and put it into form.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

NOTICE.——*The publication of* VICTOR HUGO'S *forthcoming work*, "THE HISTORY OF A CRIME," *will be commenced in this journal* NEXT WEEK, *and continued weekly until completed. It will be illustrated by eminent artists. This long-expected work has excited the greatest interest in France, especially at the existing political crisis, as it contains M. Hugo's impressions, derived from his own observations as an eye-witness, of the Napoleonic* Coup d'État *of December, 1851.*

AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Messrs. Clifford, Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, &c. Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K. Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE HUSBAND'S SECRET. At 8, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, F. H. Macklin, Garnes, A. H. Warren, Bradbury, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames E. Rosa, C. Jecks, I. Clifton, and Rachel Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON.

MORNING PERFORMANCES every Saturday, at 2.—TO-DAY, Saturday, Oct. 6, Benefit of Mr. F. H. MACKLIN, Tom Taylor's STILL WATERS RUN DEEP. Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mrs. Stirling, and the entire Company.—GLOBE THEATRE.

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—Patroness, Her Majesty the QUEEN; Patron, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.—Mr. RIGHTON has much pleasure in announcing his intention of giving a MORNING PERFORMANCE (under the patronage of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort), SATURDAY, Oct. 20, for the Benefit of the above-named Institution. At 2 o'clock a Comedietta, entitled £200 A YEAR. At 2.30 Recitation by Mr. HERMANN VEZIN. At 2.45 an appropriate Address, written by CLEMENT SCOTT, will be spoken by Mrs. STIRLING. At 3, for the first time these twenty years, Morton's Comedy, SPEED THE PLOUGH. Revised by Arthur Matheson and Edward Righton, with an Epilogue written expressly for the occasion by H. J. Byron.—GLOBE THEATRE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, GOOD FOR NOTHING. At 8.30, THE MOONSTONE, by Wilkie Collins. Messrs. T. Swinborne, C. Harcourt, R. Pateman, W. J. Hill, Warren, F. Robertson, and Henry Neville; Mrs. Seymour, Misses Gerard, Beaumont, Macmahon, and Bella Pateman.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at 6.45, the New Hibernian Drama, by Mr. B. Dodson, entitled DEOCH AN' DORASS. Mrs. S. Lane. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Miss Florence Sanger, Mr. F. H. Horton, Miss Lizzie Simms. Concluding (Wednesday excepted) with HIDDEN CRIME. Wednesday, for the Benefit of the Loyal United Friends Society.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING (Thursday excepted) at Seven, DEAD TO THE WORLD, by Messrs. George Conquest and Henry Pettitt. Characters by Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, George Conquest, jun., Nicholls, Inch, Grant, &c. Misses Mabel Verner, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. On Thursday, BELPHEGOR. To conclude with on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, GARRY OWEN; on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday with DEBORAH. Dancing on the New Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—GREAT SUCCESS.—HAMILTON'S RUSSO-TURKISH WAR. Vivid Representations of the most Important Events of the Campaign. Magnificent Scenes of Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Belgrade, &c. Every evening at 8, Wednesday and Saturday at 3 and 8.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe: also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement of Mr. JOHN COLEMAN for Six Nights only (commencing MONDAY, Oct. 1) in his own adaptation of Shakespeare's HENRY V. A Special MORNING PERFORMANCE on SATURDAY, Oct. 6. On MONDAY, Oct. 8, Engagement for Six Nights only of Mr. R. W. SOUTH'S OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY, including Miss PATTIE LAVERNE.

THE CONTINENT.—The Shortest, Cheapest, and Pleasantest Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is via the Great Eastern Railway and Harwich.

An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m., in connection with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4.45 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.

The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.

Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low throughout rates.

For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 13 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
Via Brindisi,
36s. thin edition.
45s. thick edition.
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE RUSSIANS—GORNY STUDEN

THE four small illustrations on our front page are from photographs by M. F. Duschek, of Bucharest, who appears to be energetically prosecuting his labours in the field, and to be securing permanent records of many interesting events in the campaign. The subjects need little description, as they explain themselves, but we may mention that General Ignatieff, who many people regard as a Muscovite Bismarck, and as having the chief hand in bringing about the war, has now left Gorny Studen for Kieff—according to official reports, for the sake of his health.

Gorny Studen, the present headquarters of the Czar and his Staff, is a little Bulgarian village built on the sides of a little valley, chiefly on the southern slope. Like most Bulgarian villages, there is little pretension to symmetry or regularity, the streets being scattered about in picturesque confusion, some of them standing as it were upon their own legs, and others clinging to the hill sides. Comparatively speaking, however, a writer in *The Times* tells us Gorny Studen is regular and symmetrical. In the middle of the village stands the church, built in the form of a parallelogram, with a semicircle added on the eastern side, and a portico supported by three arches, with columns on the *façade*. The northern slope of the valley is occupied chiefly by Turkish houses, which were deserted by their owners when the Russians approached. One of these, the residence of a rich Bulgarian, was taken for the use of the Emperor, tents being put up round about for the Staff and attendants.

BEFORE PLEVNA

NEWSPAPER correspondents have suffered severely during the present campaign, and, what between fever and semi-starvation, they have had a very hard lot to bear during the past few weeks, especially those whose duty it has been to chronicle the events before Plevna. Our sketch depicts the quarters of some of these gentlemen in the Russian lines, and some idea of the discomfort and hardships endured may be gathered from the following few lines written by a correspondent of the *Standard*, "Cheerless, indeed, were my camps under the twelve-gun battery, whilst the bombardment of Plevna went on. A deadly chill rose from the ground, even when it did not rain. The morning broke cold, not clear and sunny, it struggled through a dense mist full of malaria. The night before and the night after the battle one had extreme difficulty in keeping warm; keeping dry was out of the question."

Another sketch portrays the Czar, the Grand Duke Nicholas, and Prince Charles of Roumania watching the progress of the assault on Plevna from an elevated mound near the Gravitza position. Plevna, it has been said, was promised as a birthday gift to the Czar by his brother, but as he sits there watching his soldiers being hurled back from the Turkish redoubts, he reminds us somewhat of another monarch, King Canute, on the sea shore rebuking his followers for their exaggerated estimate of his sovereign power. There was one bright spot in the gloomy scene, the capture of the Gravitza redoubt, which won high eulogiums from the Czar and his brother for the Russo-Roumanian forces who took part in the assault.

WITH THE ROUMANIANS—CAPTURED GUNS AT BUCHAREST

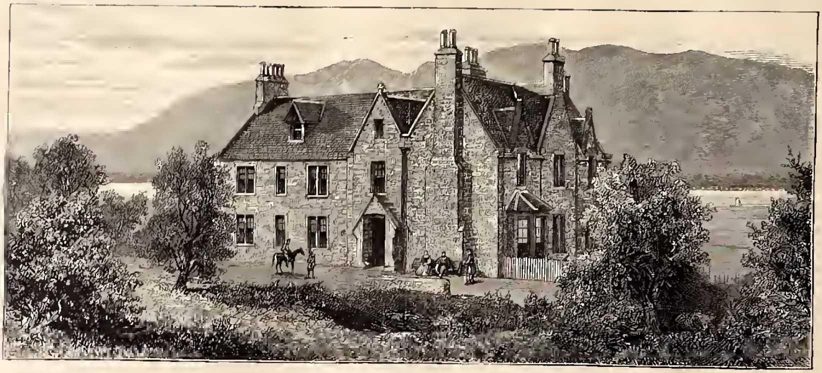
THE chief glory in the capture of the Gravitza redoubt has been unhesitatingly awarded to the little Roumanian army, which thus has taken its revenge for the contemptuous sneers which previous to this affair were ordinarily hurled at it. Several guns were captured in the attack—one a Krupp and the others of German manufacture (at first but erroneously attributed to British manufacture). With pardonable pride the Roumanians had three of these guns taken to Bucharest, and there on the 23rd ult. two were paraded before the Princess Elizabeth in the St. Michael Square, and subsequently planted opposite the Senate House, one on each side of the statue of Michael Le Brave, a celebrated Roumanian chief who defeated the Turks, Poles, and Hungarians 400 years ago, and was finally assassinated in his camp by the Hungarians.

TALLADALE AND LOCH MAREE

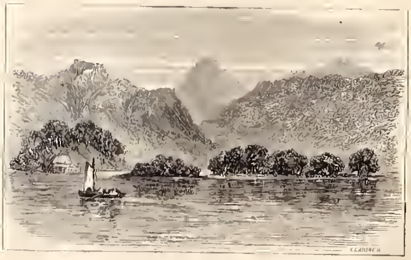
THIS charmingly picturesque district, where Her Majesty has recently been staying, is situated in the north-western part of Ross-shire. The loch itself stretches in a north-westerly direction for about eighteen miles, and in some places is more than two miles in breadth. It is studded with beautifully wooded islands, the largest of which is Isle Maree, to which the Queen paid a visit during her stay at the Talladale Hotel. On the southern shore of this island is a curious circle of stones, supposed to mark the last resting-place of some noble or ecclesiastical dignitary of ancient times; and on the west are the ruins of a chapel, believed by some writers to have been dedicated to the Virgin, the name "Maree" being, as they think, a corruption of "Mary." Others, however, are of opinion that the patron of the chapel was St. Maelruba or Mulroy, who died in 722, and that the island was named after him. There is also a well, the water of which is famous in tradition for its miraculous cures in cases of insanity; a drink of it had, however, to be supplemented by a ducking within it, and by the much more objectionable process of being towed round the island after a boat—an ordeal which was actually undergone some twenty years ago by a patient, with the not surprising result of changing quiet imbecility to raving madness. Close to the well stands a tree, into the bark of which every visitor is expected to place a coin a custom which was doubtless observed by the Royal party. A pathetic story is told of a certain Prince and Princess of Norway, whose bodies lie buried on the island. The Princess, who lived in the vicinity, put out on the lake in her pleasure boat to meet her lover on his return from an expedition, and it having been previously agreed between them that if she was in health a white flag should be placed on the masthead, and if unwell a black one, she in sport resolved to feign death, and laid herself out in state, with the black signal waving over her. The Prince, overcome with grief at the sight, stabbed himself with his dagger; and the Princess, determined not to survive him, following his rash example, the lovers died in each other's arms.

THE NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY

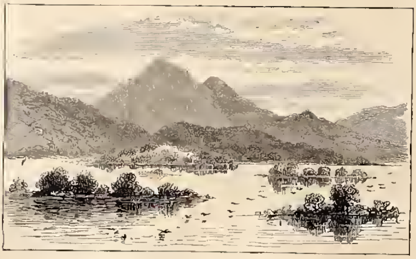
THE handsome building which is represented in our engraving is now in course of erection upon an area known as the "Horse Fair Close," and is intended to supply a threefold



LOCH MAREE HOTEL, WHERE HER MAJESTY STAYED

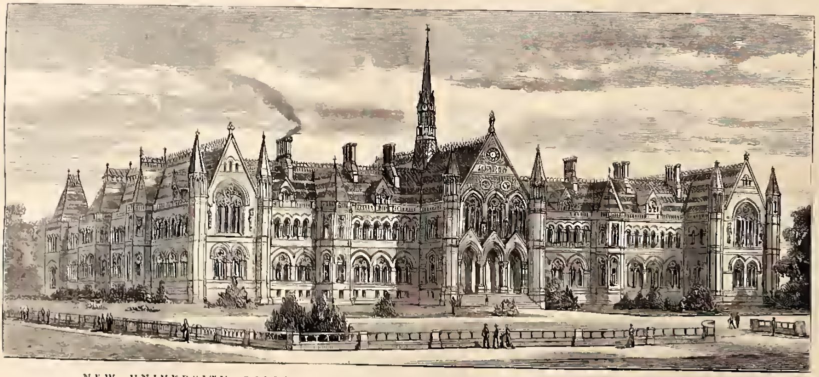


LOCH MAREE, LOOKING EASTWARD FROM THE TALLADALE HOTEL

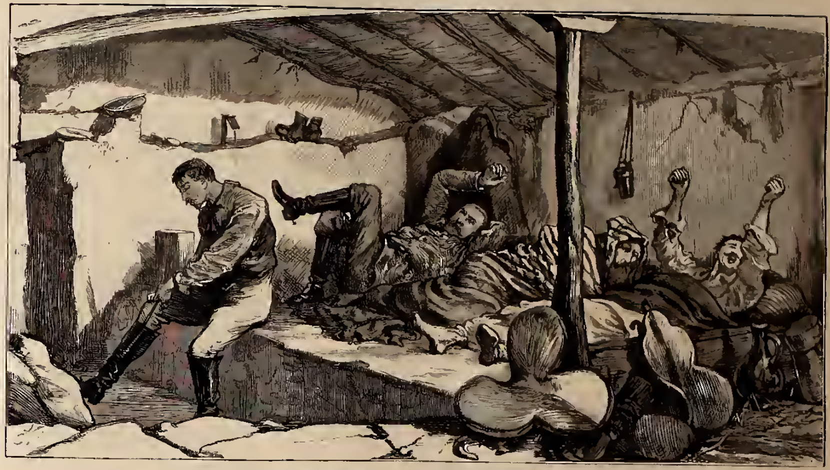


VIEW FROM THE TALLADALE HOTEL, LOCH MAREE

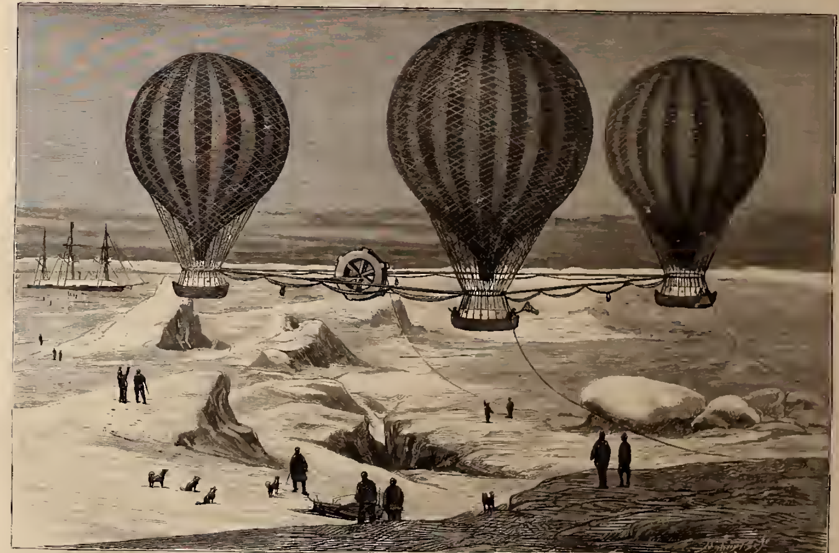
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO ROSS-SHIRE



NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM, NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION



WITH THE RUSSIANS BEFORE PLEVNA — CORRESPONDENTS' QUARTERS



THE PROPOSED POLAR EXPEDITION — HOW TO REACH THE POLE BY BALLOONS purpose—namely, a Free Library, a Natural History Museum, and class rooms and laboratory for Science and Art classes in connection with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The cost of erection will be about 50,000*l.*, of which 10,000*l.* has been anonymously contributed by a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood, the remainder being defrayed by the Corporation of the town. The architect is Mr. R. Mawson, who expects to get the work completed in time for the meeting of the British Association in 1879. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone took place on Thursday last week, and was performed by the Mayor, who placed beneath it a bottle, containing besides the usual newspapers and coins, specimens of the latest fashions in ladies' and gentlemens dress, and samples of Nottingham hosiery, including a silk stocking, "as worn by Her Majesty," of so fine a texture that a dozen pairs weigh only 3¼ ounces. Amongst the company present were Lord Belper (Lord Lieutenant of the county), the Earl of Carnarvon, the Duke of St. Albans, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. S. Morley, M.P., and there was a large number of spectators. The Earl of Carnarvon complimented the townsfolk upon the appreciation of the value of culture which they had displayed, and Mr. Gladstone made a speech, in which he eulogised the German system of education, remarking that if there was a country in the world which in this century deserved credit for the advancement of higher education, that country was Germany. He also referred to the ardent desire for knowledge exhibited by Welshmen and Scotchmen; and said that what they demanded was that every human being should get all the cultivation of which he was capable, and that it should be a life-long process, which should terminate only on the day when he was called to another world under another dispensation. At the luncheon which followed the ceremony, Mr. S. Morley, in proposing the principal toast, congratulated Nottingham upon the national character which education now assumed, and contrasted it with the restrictions which formerly existed, which restrictions, he said, had deprived him and many other loyal subjects of the Queen of the advantages of a university education. Mr. Gladstone made another long speech, proposing success to the University, pointing out the general advantages of knowledge, and the refining and cultivating power of study. They had no religious problem to cope with, and without direct responsibility they would proceed in a spirit of thorough genuine respect and affection for religion, reverence for the rights of conscience, and determination to do nothing to injure its sacred interests, but to promote the cause of religion as opportunities might offer.

HOW TO REACH THE POLE

All attempts made by various nations to reach the North Pole have, up to the present time, resulted in failure, but a novel plan has been suggested by Commander Cheyne, R.N., which appears to afford some hope that the idea for which so much money has been spent, and so many hardships endured, may ere long be *un fait accompli*. On the very day upon which the telegram arrived in London from Capt. Nares, announcing the failure of the principal object of his mission, Commander Cheyne delivered a lecture at Tunbridge Wells on Arctic Exploration, in which he suggested the employment of balloons, and since that time he has strongly and continuously advocated the scheme, without as yet receiving much encouragement from either the Government or the nation. The go-ahead Americans have, however, already taken time by the forelock, and ordered balloons to be equipped for the main part of their Polar Expedition, which is to leave New York early next year, and Mr. W. de Fonvielle has been selected by Captain Howgate to join the scientific staff of the expedition, for the express purpose of conducting the balloon work.

Our sketch is taken from a view in Commander Cheyne's "Illustrated Lecture on Polar Exploration," and shows the combination designed by Mr. Henry Coxwell (an ardent supporter of Commander Cheyne's proposal). The three balloons connected in the manner shown in our engraving would carry six men, besides three tons weight of gear, boat-cars, stores, provisions, tents, sledges, dogs, compressed gas, and ballast. The triangular framework connecting the balloons would be fitted with foot-ropes, so that the occupants could go from one balloon to another in the same manner as sailors lie out upon the yards of a ship, and the balloons would be equipoised by means of bags of ballast suspended from this framework, and hauled to the required positions by ropes. Trail ropes would be attached to the balloons, so as to prevent their ascent above a certain height (about 500 feet), at which elevation they would be balanced in the air, the spare ends of the ropes trailing over the ice. The boat-cars would be housed in for warmth, and telegraphic communication kept up with the ships by means of a wire uncoiled from a large wheel (see sketch) as the balloons moved onward. This wire being marked at every five miles, would also serve to keep a record of the distance traversed. Commander Cheyne proposes that the balloons should start about the end of May, on the curve of a wind circle, of known diameter, ascertained approximately by meteorological observations conducted on board the vessel, and at two observatories some thirty miles distant in opposite directions. It is estimated that, with a knowledge of the diameter of the wind circle, and the known distance from the Pole, the balloons could be landed within at least twenty miles of the long-wished-for goal. There the balloons would be securely moored, and when the necessary observations at the Pole had been carried out, a return wind would be secured for their return, the requisite full inflation having been made by means of the surplus gas taken out in a compressed condition. The returning voyagers would arrest their course to the southward on the parallel of latitude on which they left their ship, and the remainder of the journey east or west, would be performed by means of the dogs and sledges conveyed in the balloons.

CAMPING OUT IN SCOTLAND

The incidents depicted in this engraving are thus described by the artist to whom we are indebted for the sketches:—"Given a camp at an elevation of between seven and eight hundred feet above the sea, in the coldest and rainiest district of Scotland, given only two days out of twenty-eight without torrents of rain, gales of wind, and an exceedingly low temperature; and a militia regiment acquires, during its month's training, a practical acquaintance with some of the worst hardships of actual warfare. Let us, in addition, 'house' the men in old, unserviceable tents—torn, worn, and leaky—and we have a state of things gravely detrimental to the health and comfort of the men, likely not only to interfere with the efficiency and discipline of the corps, but to seriously damage its recruiting prospects. The 2nd Royal Lanark Militia has recently been undergoing these experiences, and it is greatly to its credit that the patience, discipline, and good conduct of the men under such untoward circumstances have called forth special commendation."

The sketches from which our engraving is taken were made by an eye-witness, and are in no way exaggerated. Our artist very naturally questions the expediency of unnecessarily exposing any class of troops to such a trial, but we should imagine that there was no such intention on the part of the authorities, who probably ordered the regiment out, in expectation of fair weather, and after the deluge had commenced waited from day to day, hoping against hope for a favourable change until at last the whole month had elapsed.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A New Story, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," &c., is continued on page 321.

"THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS"

Most persons are familiar with the touching German ballad, which, under the above title, has been so pleasingly Englished by Mr. Longfellow. In the picture before us the artist, Mr. P. R. Morris, has suggested the leading idea of the poem in a very effective allegorical fashion. At first sight we merely see a band of children, who in careless gaiety, and heedless of the scythe, form a chain to enclose an old labourer returning from mowing. But presently we see that beneath this superficial aspect of the scene there lies a deeper meaning. The old labourer affords a gaunt suggestion of Time or Death, who stays not with the young girls, but presses forward to overtake the crone tottering along in front. She leans heavily on a boy's shoulder, who pipes a melody as they go.

Mr. Morris, who is an A.R.A., was born at Devonport, December 4th, 1840. His father was an engineer and iron-founder. He began his artistic career under difficulties, as he ran away from his articles pursued by a warrant from his enraged employer. He subsequently became a student in the Royal Academy, where he took three silver medals and one gold medal; he also took the Prize of Rome for two years. Recently, he has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

"NO HOPE"

This engraving is from a picture by Mr. Ferdinand Fagerlin, of Dusseldorf, which was exhibited recently at the Royal Academy. The scene represented is of a very affecting character, and there are few persons who will not appreciate its pathos. The doctor is announcing to the assembled family, to the mother of the sick man, to his wife, who leans half distraught against the door, and to the awe-stricken little girl, that the patient's speedy death is certain. The doctor is half-concealed from the patient by the door, and doubtless he speaks in a subdued tone, but the sick man, with senses preternaturally sharpened, interprets his thoughts, and the gleam of his eyes indicates that he is aware that sentence of death has been pronounced.

INCIDENTS OF THE MADRAS FAMINE

The latest news from the Madras Famine districts is decidedly the most cheerful that has yet been received. The rains had begun to fall copiously, and there was a reasonable prospect of an early alleviation of the present sharp distress, as there are now good grounds for hoping that the next harvest may be fairly abundant. But while the worst of the crisis is probably over, much still remains to be done. "A great famine," observe *The Times*, "like a great war, leaves distress in its track long afterwards, and it will be months yet before the feeble, the sick, and the dying will cease to be in need of help. The losses hitherto caused in the Madras Presidency by famine, and by disease consequent on famine, are very serious. The registered deaths of the present year up to the end of June were already 370,000 above the average, and this, it is said, does not represent more than two-thirds of the actual mortality, besides the deaths which have since occurred. Altogether, it is estimated that already not less than 750,000 persons have perished, either directly or indirectly, through the Famine."

Our engravings are from photographs taken by Captain W. W. Hooper, 4th Madras Cavalry, in the Bellary district, which lies in the western portion of the Madras Presidency. They tell their own sad tale. The collapse of the peasant farmer's last bullock, succumbing to the long-continued pangs of hunger, and now about to be attacked by vultures and other obscene birds of prey, before life is quite extinct, presents in itself a most melancholy spectacle; but the picture of the poor little skeleton-child left to die beneath the roots of a great tree is sadder still, and we can but express a hope that these engravings, which make the incidents of the Famine seem more a reality to us than any verbal descriptions can, will induce our readers to continue their donations to the Relief Fund, for assistance will be urgently needed for many months to come. We have before us some interesting accounts from the *Times of India* of the almost miraculous effects of the careful supply of food at the Relief Camps. Even those who are mere skeletons covered with wrinkles of discoloured skin frequently recover. As regards children, those who are heavy and dull, and look as if under the influence of a narcotic, generally die; while those who retain their sharpness and liveliness as a rule recover, even although they are mere skeletons. In some cases the hair falls off as the patients regain strength.

THE POONA BOAT CLUB

"At Poona," says Mr. Giles, to whom we are indebted for our sketch, "we have a very good club, both as regards members and appliances. The boats are built by English makers, such as Clasper, Searle, and others; the members have among them oarsmen who might take place in the first ranks at home. The scene is a curious one to a person accustomed to the Thames or any other English boating river. Instead of the stalwart boatmen of the Thames, the men who look after the boats, are natives, and it is a funny sight to see a delicate sculling boat handled by some swarthy Indians. In the background are the boat-houses built of thatch, and a weighing-machine at which the athletes can ascertain whether the effects of climate are increasing or diminishing their athletic frames. Between the boat-houses may be seen the vehicles which have brought the members of the club down to the water, and on the left of the sketch, the child in undress, and the goat, without which an Indian picture is rarely perfect. The palm trees and prickly pear bushes give an Oriental appearance to a scene which, viewed merely as to the boats and their occupants, would have a very English character."

HOME.

Political Affairs.——In this department there is little to record, Mr. Gladstone's speech last week in the Skating Rink at Nottingham being the most important item. He advised his hearers never to believe anything about him which might come from a Turkish quarter, and said that almost every day he received a letter from some one who had heard some "monstrous" statement about him—the last was that when he reduced the rates on light wines he was partner of a wine merchant, whom he greatly respected, but by whom he had never profited to the extent of a glass of wine. Referring to the cruelties alleged against the Turks and the Russians, Mr. Gladstone went on to say that his great desire was to find some effectual means of getting at the truth. The prevailing opinion was that the Turkish successes had been greater than those of their invaders, and if that were so, and the two parties were on equal footing in respect to cruelty and humanity, it would follow that the Turks must have the greater number of prisoners. Let Mr. Layard send home a return of them, and our ambassador at St. Petersburg send a similar return of the Turkish prisoners in the hands of the Russians, and then we should have a fair basis for judgment.

Civic Elections.——On Saturday the New Lord Mayor of London was elected, the usual formalities being observed. The choice of the Liverymen fell upon Aldermen T. S. Owden and Sir C. Whetham, and the Court of Aldermen decided in favour of the first-named gentleman. After the election a resolution was proposed to the effect "that in view of the high responsibilities of the office of Lord Mayor, the aldermanic veto is a valuable security for the dignity of the office," and was ultimately carried by a small majority, in spite of the opposition of Mr. Alderman Sidney, who asked the Liverymen if they thought that the Court should be fortified in their rejection of a candidate who had been several times returned to fill the highest civic office; and, referring to the election of Sir J. Bennett, said that the Ward of Cheap should be disfranchised if it was deemed incapable of electing a fit and competent man to fill the post of City Magistrate.—The newly elected Sheriffs of London and Middlesex are Mr. Alderman Nottage and Mr. Alderman Staples. The former is head of the firm known as the London Stereoscopic Company, and the latter was formerly proprietor of the Albion Tavern.—On Wednesday Sir J. Bennett and Mr. Breffit again contested the vacancy in the Ward of Cheap, the latter in his address to the electors disclaiming any personal feeling against his opponent, and saying that he had no complicity with the Court of Aldermen. The polling resulted in favour of Sir J. Bennett, the figures being 210 and 107.

Reopening of the Medical Schools.——The usual addresses were given at the various London hospitals on the opening of the session on Monday, most of the lecturers impressing upon the students the necessity of patient, intelligent, and continuous application, and cautioning them against the evil results of "cramming." At the London School of Medicine for Women Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., delivered an address, in which she remarked that the real answer to the objections against the admission of women to the profession must be found in experience and not in argument, the latter being powerless against feeling and prejudice. She begged her hearers to remember how much depended upon the judgment, moderation, and good taste of the earliest supporters of a new cause, and how necessary it was, especially in England, that they should carry the feeling of the community with them. They should free themselves from petty jealousies, ignore everything which was opposed to comradeship, and seek in all things to promote the highest aims of the profession and to add to its honour.

General Grant will soon be leaving our shores, and he will certainly have no reason to complain of any coolness towards him on the part of the English nation. On Thursday last week before leaving Sheffield he was entertained by the Mayor and Corporation at a banquet in the Cutlers' Hall. On Friday at Stratford-on-Avon he was received with similar honour in the Town Hall, and was presented with an illuminated address in a carved casket made from Shakespeare's mulberry tree, Mrs. Grant being presented with a handsomely bound volume relating to Shakespeare. On Monday they went to Leamington, and on Tuesday to Southampton, where they will stay a week with their daughter, Mrs. Sartoris. Thence they will proceed to Torquay, and afterwards to Birmingham. This will bring their English tour to a close. They will then visit France and Spain, and afterwards cruise in the Mediterranean, the President of the United States having placed a vessel at the General's disposal for that purpose.

Miscellaneous.——The Conference of Librarians, which commenced on Tuesday at the London Institution, was attended by a large number of gentlemen from various parts of the United Kingdom, as well as some from the Continent and from America. Mr. T. Winter Jones, of the British Museum, was elected president, and his inaugural address was followed by the reading of several papers relating to "The Formation and Extension of Libraries," "Cataloguing," "The Admission of Fiction in Free Public Libraries," and other subjects. On Friday (yesterday) it was intended to propose the formation of an Association for the United Kingdom, and already the chief officers of eighty libraries in the Great Britain have joined the movement.—The War Office should really look after our artillery, both naval and military. A few days ago, while two blue-jackets of the *Vesuvius* were sitting in a dingy awaiting the rise of a spent torpedo in Porchester Creek a shot from the gunnery ship *Excellent* went clean through the boat. On another occasion a shot from the same ship fell on board the *Oberon* while the crew were at dinner; and on Friday last a village in Shropshire was bombarded by a battery of the Royal Artillery, no fewer than thirteen shells falling in the streets to the great astonishment and terror of the unoffending inhabitants. These "accidents" are said to have been the result of miscalculation as to range, and it is fortunate that neither of them resulted in loss of life or limb, though some damage appears to have been done to property.—The strike of the London masons and that of the joiners of Manchester still continue, and there is no hope of reconciliation. The cotton operatives at Bolton also hold out, although there is great misery in the district; many hundreds of young girls are homeless and destitute, and the religious bodies and some of the firms have begun to supply daily meals for them.—A Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *Avalanche* and *Forest* was commenced on Wednesday at the Wreck Commissioners' Court at Westminster.—The application made by the London School

Board for the loan of a vessel to be placed in the Thames as a School Ship, has been refused by the Admiralty on the ground that the Government have none which they can spare.—Another improvement is about to be introduced by the Midland Railway Company, who are building some new carriages on the Pullman principle, for which ordinary first and third-class fares will be charged.

THEATRES

Mr. Gilbert's new farcical comedy, entitled *Engaged*, produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Wednesday evening, is a very amusing and very original production, but unfortunately it missed something of its effect from the shortcomings of the performers, who seemed hardly to have felt the peculiar vein of humour which runs through the piece. The notion of the author is that of making fun of strained sentiment, and of plots founded, like Mr. Collins's *Man and Wife*, upon such intricate and special matters as the peculiarities of Scotch law. For this purpose the sentiment of his personages is so intensely strained that it appears to be almost by a natural law of reaction that they are constantly being led into revelations of character of a less romantic kind; while his plot, though logically deduced from the peculiar circumstances of the case, becomes so complex, and so beset with logical dilemmas, as to tax the mind beyond all reasonable bounds. All this is extremely ludicrous; yet a purpose is steadily kept in view—the satire upon recent tendencies of our stage being obvious throughout. The principal performers are Mr. George Honey, Mr. Kyrle, Mr. Howe, Mr. Dewar, Miss M. Terry, Miss Lucy Buckstone, and Miss Emily Thorne. Generally the performance lacked that nicely calculated point of exaggeration which suggests the mock heroic and burlesque purpose; but from this objection we most certainly except Mr. Kyrle, who in the part of a mysteriously romantic gentleman, the victim both of an intense sensibility, and of a testamentary disposition which places him in very peculiar relations to the other personages of the story, afforded the audience genuine amusement.

The reopening of the Prince of Wales's Theatre has been attended by no greater novelty than the revival of Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy entitled *An Unequal Match*, which was originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre nearly ten years ago, and has since been frequently performed in town and country. It is almost needless to say that the performance at the Prince of Wales's is marked by a degree of care and refinement which has not been observable in some recent revivals of this neatly-constructed and dramatically-planned little play, in which the personages, though only well-known stage types, are cleverly contrasted, and the situations, familiar as they are, derive freshness from the treatment of a master hand. Mrs. Bancroft's Hester Grazebrook, the country girl who is suddenly raised by marriage to a position in society, is a delightful performance, though rather because Mrs. Bancroft is a delightful actress than from any special affinity between her talents and a part of that kind. Generally, indeed, it can hardly be said that the distribution of the parts is particularly happy—if we except Miss Litton's clever impersonation of Lady Montressor. This evening Mr. Tom Taylor's *To Parents and Guardians* will be added to the programme, the comedietta having been altered and arranged by the author for the occasion.

After a recess of some weeks the Strand was reopened on Saturday evening with a new comedy and a new burlesque. The former, which is adapted by Mr. F. C. Burnand from the well-known and amusing French piece *Aux Crochets d'un Gendre*, is entitled *Family Ties*, and depicts the sufferings which a newly-married man undergoes from his wife's parents. Bryce, the father-in-law, is such a selfish brute that the part is an unthankful one to play. It is excellently rendered by Mr. Horace Wigan, who is well supported by Miss Clouston Foster as the canting wife. Mr. J. G. Grahame, as usual, is a gentlemanlike and natural young husband; Mdlle. C. Dubois was a pleasing young wife, but perhaps a little too attitudinarian; Mr. Penley, as a silly youth who persistently follows Bessie Bryce about, caused a good deal of laughter; but by far the best character in the piece (with the conception of which Mr. Burnand we believe deserves to be credited) is that of the Baron Victor de Kamdec, a jovial young Frenchman, devoted to hunting, shooting, and racing, full of the most idiomatic English slang, and quite annoyed if anybody addresses him in French. The character is admirably depicted by M. Marius.—*Champagne, a Question of Phiz*, is a regular rollicking Strand burlesque by those experienced caterers Messrs. Farnie and Reece. The dresses and scenery are splendid, the dances vivacious, and the singing delightful. The dialogue is stuffed with excruciating puns, and the plot is rather less cloudy than that of burlesques in general. A cowardly Count sends his poet-laureate to the wars dressed in his own armour, and himself assumes the laureate's dress. While thus disguised he learns rather more about various "goings-on" in his own household than is perhaps quite agreeable. *Champagne* is not quite up to the mark of *Nemesis*; still, it deserves a pretty good run, for its absurdities are most spiritedly interpreted by Messrs. Cox, Penley, and Marius, and Mesdames Clermont, Dubois, and Venn.

A morning performance will take place at the Globe on Saturday, October 20th, at 2 P.M., on behalf of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, when will be produced for the first time these twenty years a revised version of Morton's comedy, *Speed the Plough*. The piece is strongly cast, and even the ploughboys, who have nothing to say, will be played by artists of celebrity.

The new piece at the Gaiety, entitled *A Musical Box*, is an adaptation by Mr. Burnand of Edmond Goodinet's farce entitled *Le Homard*, which was performed by the company of the Paris Vaudeville Theatre during their engagement under Mr. Hollingshead's direction last summer. *Le Homard* is an extravagant but amusing production; but, unfortunately, something of its fun has for obvious reasons been suffered by Mr. Burnand to disappear. The piece is, however, one of little pretension, and as it stands is as amusing as most farces. The leading parts are assigned to Mr. Terry, Mr. Royce, and Miss Eveleen Rayne.

St. James's Hall.—On the 24th ultimo Mr. Kennedy (who has already made a successful tour in the United States and the Colonies), assisted by his two daughters and three sons, commenced a short series of musical entertainments, interspersed with pleasing monologue, at the great St. James's Hall. The music consists of a selection of Scottish songs, most of which are familiar to English ears, and are sung with much spirit and great taste. Mr. Kennedy's description of the incident connected with each song is highly amusing and entertaining, and his singing is excellent. The young people show considerable musical talent by their effective rendering of glees, part-songs, and solos, and the Misses Kennedy are very proficient on the piano.

The Royal Amphitheatre in Holborn, which was converted last summer into a skating rink, is about to return to its original uses. It will reopen for dramatic performances this evening, when, a public announcement informs us, "James Taylor and Ada Alexander will appear in their great comedy-drama *Simon*."

Royal Park Theatre.——Madame St. Claire will take her first benefit on Monday, 15th inst., when she will appear as Romeo, Miss Blanche Lucan making her *début* as Juliet.

Special interest attaches to the production this evening of Lord Lytton's posthumous play entitled *The House of Darnley* at the Court Theatre. The work, as is well known, had not been completed by its author; hence Mr. Coghlan has, at the request of the present Lord Lytton, added a fifth act. We are not told whether the play remained unfinished owing to Lord Lytton's death, or whether the intention of completing it had been abandoned; but it is observable that the author of *Money* and *The Lady of Lyons* had produced no work for the stage for many years. From the title of the play it might be inferred that it is of an historical and romantic character, but this is described on contrary as "an original comedy of modern life." It was, we believe, upon the discovery that this play was in existence and in preparation at the Court that Mr. Hollingshead declined to carry out his intention of producing the classical play by Lord Lytton, founded on a comedy by Planché, for which negotiations had been completed. All things equal, there can be little doubt that English audiences prefer a play of English life.

SPORTING

The Turf.—It is evident that Turf pursuits are becoming more popular every year north of the Tweed, both the Kelso and Caledonian Hunt Meetings during the week having been decided successes. The former was honoured by the appearance of no less an equine celebrity than Hampton, who with 3 to 1 on him easily beat his two opponents, Strathmore and Glendale. At Musselburgh the combined Edinburgh and Caledonian Hunt gathering afforded capital sport, Glastonbury following up her recent success and winning the Hunt Handicap, and Con Cregan securing the Dalmeny Park Stakes for Lord Rosebery, who is one of the chief patrons of the meeting. In a field of twelve for the Trial Plate clever people made a fair shot in selecting Grandee as the winner, but he was beaten by a neck by Lord Lascelles's Cardinal's Niece. Nottingham, under the charge of Messrs. Ford, and supported as it is by the leading metallicians and many of the best men on the Turf, continues to hold a high place among the autumn fixtures. The chief handicap, however, only brought out six runners, of whom Queen Mary was made favourite. She came with an excellent reputation from Newmarket, and really won as she liked. She failed, however, on the following day to carry her penalty successfully in the Bradgate Park Plate, though she only succumbed to Niger (and F. Archer) after a splendid race by a head. The Bestwood Nursery attracted the good field of fifteen; but the calculations of more than one owner and backer were upset by something of a scrimmage among the horses at the turn of the course. The result was that the favourite, the Bourgogne colt, took no part in the finish, and Captain, who kept clear of the scrimmage, won. Mr. R. Howell, a local Turf celebrity, took the Welbeck Welter with Malphaquet, and the Woodborough Hurdle Race with Timbrel, much to the delight of the local "lambs" and others. Old Inglewood Ranger beat Cœruleus and four others for the Colwich Hill Stakes on the second day, and Truth took the Cotgrave Gorse Plate. The Rufford Abbey Nursery produced another good field; but Telegram's recent performance at Newmarket was so good that he was made first favourite at the short price of 6 to 4, though he carried a 7 lb. penalty, and had thirteen opponents to deal with. The race was never in doubt, as the favourite made all the running, and won by a length from Violet Melrose.—Speculation on the Cesarewitch shows most of the leading favourites to be steady, though Estelle and Balagny have beaten a retreat from the first rank. Hilarious still holds the pride of place, and justly so, considering his victory over Lady Golightly, to say nothing of other recent performances. If the race with Lord Falmouth's filly was truly run, and Hilarious continues in good health, it would seem that the Cesarewitch is something very like a certainty for him. It is plain, however, that owners and backers of several other horses, such as Prince George, Duchess of Cambridge, and Zucchero, are quite satisfied with their respective chances. It must not be forgotten that Zucchero was very heavily backed for the St. Leger by a stable which can hardly make a mistake when a horse is tried in earnest, and that be was known to be many pounds superior to his stable companion, who ran Lady Golightly to a head in the great Yorkshire race. Zucchero was going as well as any animal when the scrimmage took place, and, if he had not been interfered with, would certainly have beaten Lady Golightly. For the Cambridgeshire, Manœuvre, the stable companion just spoken of, is still first favourite at about 11 to 1. If we may venture the remark, it does not seem very long odds against Lord Bradford taking the double event. —That genuine good horse Thoro has met with an accident and broken his leg. Years ago a horse was at once destroyed under such circumstances; but now, as in Thoro's case, attempts are made to set the bones, the horse being kept off the ground in a sling.

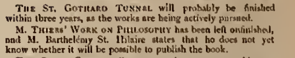
Coursing.——At the Three Counties Union Club Meeting Mr. Back's Balfe and Mr. Deighton's Destruction divided the Spoonley Stakes (open), Mr. Dyas's Darius took the Adderley Cup, and Mr. Bartabee's Be Noble the St. Leger.

Golf.——The weather has been very fine in Scotland for this game, and the autumn meeting of the St. Andrew's Club went off with great *éclat*, Prince Leopold taking part in the competition for the King William IV. medal. Mr. Leslie Balfour secured the prize at eighty-nine strokes, and Mr. Mure Fergusson the club's gold medal at ninety-four. It is a matter of some little wonder that this game does not become more popular in England, though, of course, the difficulty in finding ground suitable for it has something to do with the matter.

Football.——Many lovers of the Association game will be glad to hear that an alteration of Rule 5 will have the effect of preventing players so often kicking into "touch." The long delays in the game will thus be materially reduced. The season, at least as far as the Rugby game is concerned, has commenced inauspiciously, as on the opening day on Clapham Common a broken arm, a broken leg, two badly-sprained ankles, and a dangerous concussion were among a long list of casualties.

Hunting.——The Queen's stag-hounds have commenced forest hunting, the first meet having taken place at Ascot on Tuesday last. Cub-hunting is in full swing all over the country, and the supply of foxes is generally reported to be good.

Pedestrianism.——A few remarks on Gale's walk will be found in "Topics of the Week."



Scraps

The St. Gothard Tunnel will probably be finished within three years, as the works are being actively pursued.

M. Thiers' Work on Philosophy has been left unfinished, and M. Barthelémy St. Hilaire states that he does not yet know whether it will be possible to publish the book.

The Grape Crop in California is so enormous this year that the growers are unable to turn it all into wine, as there would not be enough casks to hold it or a sufficiently ready sale.

Young Men's Christian Association.——The Lord Mayor will distribute the prizes to the successful students at the Evening Classes at this Association on Monday, Oct. 8, at seven o'clock.

The Grosvenor Gallery will reopen with a collection of drawings by Old Masters in addition to the exhibition of water-colours by deceased painters. The Queen will contribute a number of drawings from the Windsor Library.

Herrings have reappeared on the coast of Denmark after 300 years' absence. For centuries the herring fishery was an enormous source of revenue to the Danes, and it is now hoped that the industry will once more prove lucrative.

The Dundee Fine Art Exhibition opened on Monday. It includes about 1,100 pictures, some valuable sculpture with busts of numerous celebrities, and other objects of art. The Queen's contribution is Landseer's painting of "Sir Francis Chantrey's Studio."

Fresh Relics of Sir John Franklin are reported by the American Consul at St. John's, Newfoundland, who has bought from a sailor lately wrecked in Hudson's Bay two spoons marked "J. G. F." Some Esquimaux living near Repulse Bay had obtained the spoons from a native chief, at whose camp their owner, a white man, had died of scurvy.

A Horse-Cow.——There is now in a meadow opposite the residence of Mr. Barnard Morris, Little Codham Hall, Weathersfield, Essex, a singular freak of Nature in the shape of a colt in all respects of the nature of a horse, with the exception of one leg, which is that of a cow, having a small cloven hoof. We have ourselves seen this animal, which is about three months old, weakly, puny, and walking with difficulty.

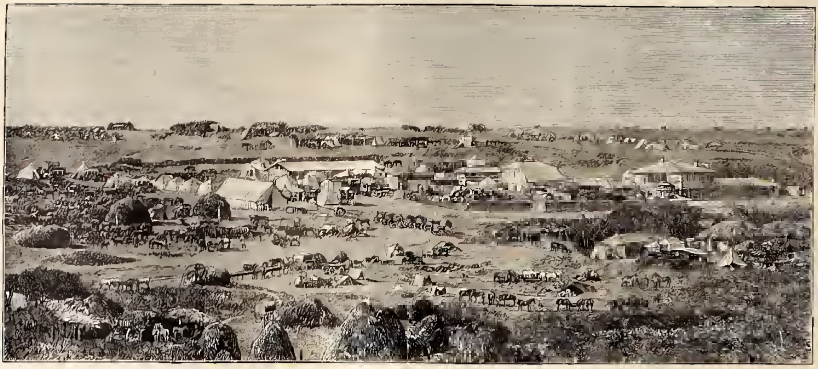
Herr Wagner has not lost faith in his Bayreuth performances. He now proposes to found a School of Music at Bayreuth to educate the performers, and a "Patronage Association" has been formed to endow the school with a permanent fund of 5,000*l*. Members of this association are to pay a minimum annual subscription of 15*l*., and will alone have the right of presentation to the school, and of participation in the performances. Branch associations are also to be formed.

Cleopatra's Needle may be expected to reach England at the end of next week or the beginning of the following, if the weather prove favourable. The *Cleopatra*, in tow of the *Olga*, passed Malta on Thursday week, and was met afterwards by the *Fouah*, when seven miles east of the Island of Pantellaria. The *Olga* and her charge subsequently put into Algiers for coals. It is stated that the *Cleopatra* does not seem to answer her helm well, and will probably roll heavily in a high sea. On reaching Falmouth, she will be taken in charge by a Channel tug.

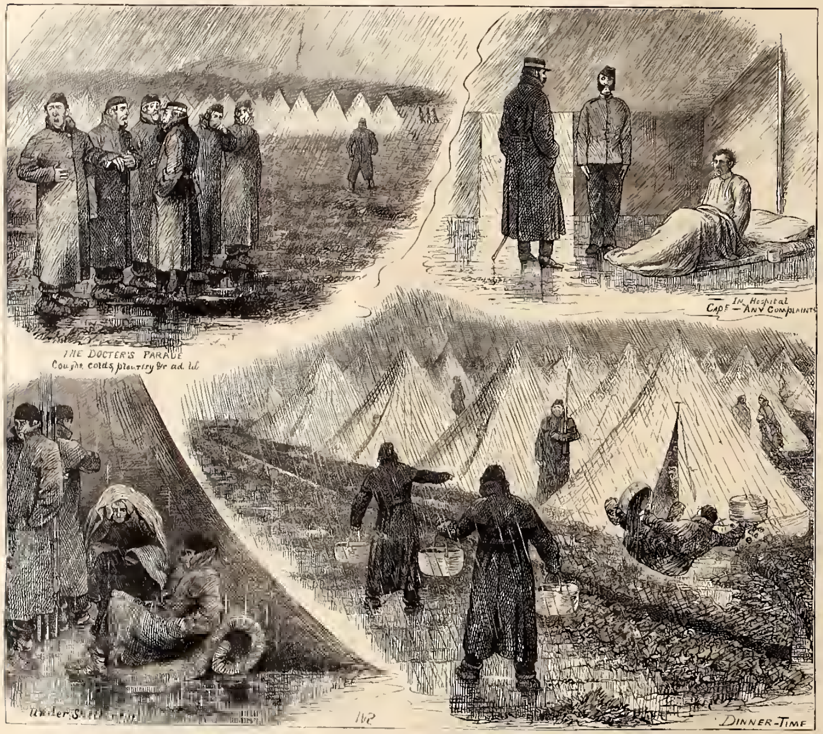
A New Cooking Apparatus has been invented for the Russian troops. It is fitted on a two-wheeled cart, and consists of a cylindrical pot with furnace and chimney, so arranged as to be always upright in spite of the severest joltings. The food is cooked by steam, and a single apparatus, in three hours, will supply a company of 250 men with ample *stchi* and oatmeal soup. As the kitchen only occupies half of the cart, uncooked food, plates, cups, &c., can be carried at the other end. Condensed forage is also supplied by three Russian manufactories, one at St. Petersburg turning out 30,000lbs. per diem. The forage is composed of small biscuits of oatmeal, pea flour, rye-meal, and ground linseed, and 28 biscuits form a single ration for a horse, containing as much nutriment as 12lb. of oats, and being about one-fifth of the bulk.

The Whale in the Westminster Aquarium died on Saturday morning, three days after its arrival. It was a white whale of the *Beluga* species, was ten feet long, weighed two tons, and was supposed to be about two-and-a-half years old. Taken sixteen months ago on the coast of Labrador, where it was cast ashore, the unfortunate creature had never since enjoyed a dip in sea water, as it was exhibited at New York in a fresh water tank, and came over to England in a bed of sea-weed, being soused every five minutes with a bucketful of sea-water. These impromptu baths probably gave the whale cold, as although it swam about freely when first placed in the Westminster Aquarium, and eagerly swallowed a number of eels after its thirteen days' fast, by Friday it experienced great difficulty in breathing, and died early next morning of congestion of the lungs. Notwithstanding this failure a fresh attempt will be made to bring over six five whales.

London Mortality increased last week, and the deaths numbered 1,237, against 1,179 in the previous seven days, but were 136 below the average, while the death rate rose to 18.3 per 1,000. The fatal cases of small-pox increased to 13 from 10, and of these 7 were unvaccinated, 3 vaccinated, and 3 not specified. There were 49 deaths from scarlet fever (a rise of 19), 22 from fever (a decrease of 9 and 18 below the average), 52 from diarrhœa (a decline of 19, and 38 below the usual return), 18 from whooping-cough, 16 from measles (a fall of 6), and 4 from diphtheria (a decrease of 4. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths, of which 42 were the result of negligence or accident, including 22 from fractures and contusions. A centenarian, the widow of a carpenter, died in South Hackney. There were 2,410 births registered, an increase of 124, and 96 above the average. The mean temperature was 48·5 deg., and 6·2 deg. below the average, while the duration of sunshine was 19·7 hours out of the 83·1 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.



WITH THE RUSSIANS—GENERAL VIEW OF THE IMPERIAL CAMP AT GORNY STUDEN


THE DOCTER'S PARADE
Coughs, colds, pleurisy &c ad lib
IN Hospital
CAPT — ANY COMPLAINTS
Under Shelter
WR
DINNER-TIME

CAMPING OUT IN SCOTLAND—WITH THE MILITIA ON LANARK MUIR

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WAR, AND AFTER

THAT summer of 1854 was a long and dreary time. We were waiting for something to be done, and nothing was done. Good Hesvens! Were our generals stupid, or incapable, or were they dreaming away the time? Who does not remember the cholera at Varna, after the long and unnecessary delay, the sickness of the troops before a blow had been struck, and at last the embarkation for the Crimea? So great and terrible was the spectre of Russian greatness that even the three great Powers of France, Turkey, and England hesitated before attacking this monstrous Frankenstein in his den. They went at last, greatly daring, and their reward was—Alma.

And then followed the splendid months of barren victory—Inkerman, the soldier's battle, the foolish braggadocio of the Light Cavalry charge, followed by the cruel winter and the unmerited sufferings of the troops, for which a dozen commissariat officers ought to have been shot.

About this time I saw my compatriots, the Russians, for the first time. Some prisoners were brought to us; they wore flat caps and long coats, they had good-natured faces, not at all foolish; they had wide noses, like Tartars, and they made themselves quite happy and comfortable with us, carving all sorts of toys, and showing a power of laughter and humour quite incompatible with the devilry which we had been accustomed to attach to the Muscovite character. They were only devils, I suppose, by order of the Czar, and in the ranks. Outside the ranks as peaceable, docile, and quiet a set of fellows as ever wanted to grow an honest crop in peace.

But how we received the news in those days! With cheers, with illuminations, with feastings, with receptions of captains, generals, and admirals. Still the exodus of our *juventus* went on. The *juvenes* were younger, smaller, and more rustic in appearance. They all, however, had the same gallant bearing, these brave country lads, fresh from the plough and the stable, redolent of Mother Earth. A few weeks before, and they were leaning against posts in the village street, feeding pigs, driving calves, striding with a sideward lurch after cows, sitting almost mute on a bench in the village alehouse. Now they were well set up, drilled, inspired with warlike ardour, filled with new ideas of duty, responsibility, and a career, ready to do—and to die. Let us confess that the readiness to die is always qualified by that belief which every soldier has, that he, if no one else, will be the one person to escape. If it were not for that saving clause I fear that even in the times of greatest danger to the country service in the ranks would not be popular. Men did not volunteer for those charming fights in the arena before Nero, when all had to die on the ground. Quite the contrary; they disliked that kind of fight, and I have often thought how greatly the vivacity and ardour of the combat would have been increased if the combatants had been told beforehand that one—say the bravest—would have his life spared, with a pension of a shilling a day ever afterwards. *Vos morituri salutant* might have been said by those fresh-cheeked young English lads on their way to club muskets at Inkerman, and to fall in the storming of the Redan. And after a while they began to send the wounded home.

To receive them, a hospital was built in one of the meadows under the Ramparts, and a portion of the wall was railed off for the convalescents to walk upon. This made our own end at the Queen's Bastion still more quiet and secluded.

In 1856, the sick and wounded were brought home by every ship that arrived from the East, and week by week, sometimes daily, might be seen filing up the long and narrow street a long and dismal procession. It consisted of sailors carrying stretchers, four to every stretcher. There was no band now, nor would be any more for most of the poor men upon the stretchers, till the muffled drums and the fifes marched before the coffin and played the "Dead March." The townsfolk who had turned out to wave their handkerchiefs when the soldiers went away came out now to greet them back. But what a greeting! and what a return! Some, sitting half upright, waved feeble hands in response to those who lined the way and cheered their return. Their faces were pale and worn with suffering; sometimes a sheet covered the lower limbs, which were mutilated and crushed; some, a little stronger than their comrades, sat up, laughed, and nodded. Some, worn out by the rolling of the ship, the pain of their wounds, and the long sufferings of the campaign, lay back with closed eyes, patient and sad to see, and made no sign. And here and there one was borne along ghastly, the pallor of death upon his cheeks, life done for him; not even vitality enough left to think about the future world; his eyes half open, with a fixed glare which observed nothing. This, with the row of tombs in the Crimea and at Scutari, was the end of all that pride and pomp of war. What was it Tennyson said—

> The long, long canker of Peace is over and done.

We were to wake to nobler aims, leave the sordid and base, give up cheating, and strike home, were it but with the cheating yard measure.

Well. The war came, ran its course, and ended. What nobler ends followed? How much was abolished of the old cheating, the sordid aims, and the general baseness of a world at space? How much less wicked and selfish were we, when all the fighting was finished, and the soldiers come back to us?

And after all, we return to Celia's question, "What had they done to each other, the Russians and the English that they should stand face to face and fight?"

"Take me away, Laddy," Celia said one day, after seeing one of the gloomy processions of the wounded partly file past. "Take me away. I cannot bear to see any more. Oh! the poor soldiers—the poor soldiers——. What punishment can be great enough for the men who have brought all this misery upon the earth?"

What, indeed? But Nicolas was dead. General Février killed him. Perhaps, after all, he was not the guiltiest. But he gave the word. It is to be hoped, for their own sakes, that autocrats do not know what war means, else surely the word never would be given, even to save the throne, and every nation would manage its own affairs in quietness.

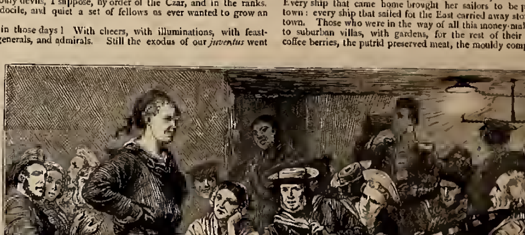
And yet England had to fight. It seems most true that the war could not be avoided. All that blood, all that suffering, the moans of so many thousands of wounded, the tears of so many thousands of women and children, the awakening of so many evil passions, the letting loose of so many devils, must fall upon the head of Russia. First to excite revolt among the Christian subjects of the Turk; then to make difficulties for the Turks in putting down the miserable victims of the Russian plot; then to call on Europe to mark how Turkey treated her subjects; then to proclaim herself the protector of Christians; this was Russia's game in 1828, in 1853, and, lastly, in 1876. And the glory of the poor soldiers? They died for their country, and have such glory as belongs to one of a nameless fifty thousand fallen on the field.

The fight was just and the victory righteous. We pay the penalty now of not having carried the war to its legitimate end. We should have restored Poland, driven Russia back to the Caucasus and the Caspian, given Finland again to Sweden, and taken away her southern ports. All this we could have done; it was possible to England and France, twenty years ago. Will the chance ever come again?

Through the whole of the war there was no man in the town who took a keener interest in it, who was oftener in the streets, who hung more about the harbour, or talked more with soldiers and sailors, than Herr Raumer.

The war, in any case, did good to our own people at the Dockyard town. There had never been such times since the good old long war, when a man who had a shop near the Hard had but to open it and stand all day taking the sailors' money as fast as they poured it out over the counter. Every ship that came home brought her sailors to be paid off, the money to be all spent in the town: every ship that sailed for the East carried away stores for the soldiers, chiefly bought in the town. Those who were in the way of all this money-making made fortunes out of it, and retired to suburban villas, with gardens, for the rest of their lives. I do not think that the green coffee berries, the putrid preserved meat, the mouldy compressed hay, or the biscuits that walked about animated by a multitudinous hive of lively creatures, were supplied by any of our people. We were too patriotic; we had friends on board the ships if not in the regiments—*could* we send them out rotten provisions or brown paper boots? Then there was the revelry. Out of all the millions spent in the Crimean War, think how many went in the drink-shops and the dancing kens. The fiddle of old Wassielewski, I know, was in constant request; often and often I heard the well-known sound—I know his style, which was distinct from that of any other of the sailors' musicians—from behind the red curtains of a sailors' public-house, behind which Jack and Jill were dancing, drinking, and singing. The China War, by the way, was long since played out, and the picture had given way to another in which Russians were playing an ignominious but dramatic part. A side picture represented French sailors and soldiers, very tight of waist, moustachioed, and black of hair, fraternising merrily with our own men,—with drink, hand-shaking, and song, they were celebrating the *entente cordiale*. Listen! It is the sailors' hornpipe; within is one who grave of face and agile of foot treads that mazy measure alone, while around are grouped the crowd of sympathetic rivals, who drink, applaud, and presently emulate. The dancer is facing old Wassielewski, who sits with outstretched left leg, his deep-set eyes fixed on the opposite wall, his thoughts far away in the dreadful past or the revengeful future, while the fingers obedient to his will play the tune that he orders, but does not listen to. It is, I know, because I do not look in, but feel all this, a low room, and it is redolent of a thousand compound smells, ancient, fish-like, capable of knocking a stranger down and stunning him with a single blow. The windows have never been open for twenty or thirty years; of course, once in a way, a pane was broken, and there were occasions when some young mariner, ashore after three years' cruise, was fain out of the plethora of his joy to find relief in smashing them all. But the smell of that room was venerable by age, and respectable by association, though more awful than it is permitted to me to describe. Jack and Jill did not mind it; they liked it. There was rum in it, plenty of beer, a very large quantity of tobacco, onions, beefsteaks, mutton chops, boiled pork and cabbage, pea soup, more tobacco, more rum, more beer. That smell, my friends, is gone; the public-house is gone, Jill is almost gone. Jack is an earnest Methodist by religion, and he spends his time ashore at the Sailors' Home.

And there then was the Dockyard with all its extra hands, and the work going on day and night, so that the solemn silence of the darkness was unknown. Victory Row must have lost one of its chief charms. For the whole twenty-four hours, there was the incessant tap-tap of the caulkers, the heavy thud of the steam-hammer, the melodious banging of the rivets, followed by countless echoes from the many-cornered yard, and the r—r—r—r of the machinery. No rest at all, except on Sunday. That emergency must be great indeed when the British



The fiddle of old Wassielewski was in constant request.

Government would ask its workmen to give up their Sabbath rest.

As for the sailors, there seemed no diminution in their numbers, or in the number of the ships which crowded the harbour, and were perpetually coming and going with their thunder of salutes. Jack only had two stages: he was either just paid off, and therefore ostentatiously happy with his friends around him, his fiddlers, and his public-house; or he was just embarking again on a newly-commissioned ship, going off for another cruise with empty pockets, coppers terribly hot, and perhaps, if he was Jack in his youth, with the faint and dimly-seen ghost of a possible repentance somewhere lurking about his brain, a spectral *umbra* pointing heavenward which faded as the shore receded, and vanished about six bells in the morning.

For soldiers, we fell back upon the militia. We have never yet grasped the truth that England may have to defend what she has got; that she is not only the admiration, but also the envy, of all other nations; that Russia would like Constantinople and India; Germany, Australia—good heavens, think of the shame and ignominy of letting any un-English speaking country have Australia; the States, Canada; France, Egypt and Syria; Italy, Cyprus; Greece, Crete, and so on. When these facts have become convictions, when we fairly understand how great is our position in the world; what a tremendous stake we have in it; how much of unselfish humanity depends on the maintenance of English hegemony; then will England arm every man between fifteen and fifty, and make all from twenty to thirty liable to foreign service. Patriotism sleeps, but it may be awakened. If it continues to sleep, farewell to England's greatness. A century of ignoble wealth, a generation or two of commerce diverted, trade ruined, industries forgotten, and the brave old country would become worse than Holland because the English are more sensitive than the Dutch, and the memories of old glory combined with present degradation would madden the people and drive them to—the usual British remedy, drink.

In 1855 we—I do not speak as a Pole—were rather better off in the matter of regiments and recruits than we should be in 1877, were the occasion to arise. In all these years, we have learned nothing, taken to heart nothing, done nothing, prepared for nothing. We have no larger army, we have no better organisation, we have no more intelligent system, we have not made our officers more responsible. Twenty years ago, we threw away twenty thousand men—with a light heart sent out twenty thousand men to die because we had no system of control, transport, and commissariat. All these poor lads died of preventable disease. What have we done since to make that impossible again? Nothing. Talk. At the very Autumn Manœuvres, when we have weeks to prepare and a paltry ten thousand men to provide for, we break down. Continental nations see it, and laugh at us. What have we done to make our children learn that they *must* fight *pro patriâ*, if occasion arise? Nothing. Board Schools teach the Kings of Israel; the very atmosphere of the country teaches desire of success and the good things which success brings with it; no school teaches, as the Germans teach, that every man is owed to his country. That *may* come; if it does not come soon, farewell to England's greatness. Again: that the Empire was created and grew great, not by truckling to the pretensions of modern diplomatists, but by saying, "Thus far, and no farther." Do this wrong or that, and you will have to fight England. That the most glorious country that the world has ever seen, the finest, the richest, the most splendid, the most religious, the least priest-ridden and king-ridden, was made what it is by its children being willing and able to fight—all these things were not taught in 1855, and are not yet taught in 1877. Good heavens! I am a Pole, and yet more than half an Englishman: and it makes me sick and sorry to feel how great is the patrimony of an Englishman; how noble are his annals; how profound a gap would be made in the world by the collapse of England; and how little English people seem to understand their greatness. I have been waiting for twenty years to see the fruits of the Crimean War—and, behold, they are dust and ashes in the mouth.

Revenons à nos moutons. Our garrison, then, consisted of a couple of militia regiments. They came to us, raw country lads, like the recruits whom we sent to the East, but, being without the presence of the veterans to control and influence them, they took longer to improve. And yet it is wonderful to notice how an English lad takes to his drill and tackles his gun from the very first, with an intelligence that is almost instinct. He is, to be sure, almost *too* fond of fighting. There is no other country beside England, except France, where the recruits can be taught to march, to skirmish, and the rest of it, without the aid of Sergeant Stick, so largely employed in the Russian, German, and Austrian services. These young fellows came up to barracks, with their country lurch upon them, their good-natured country grin, and their insatiable thirst for beer. They retained the last, but in a very short time got rid of the first. One whole regiment volunteered for foreign service—I forget what it was—and went to Corfu, the island which a late Prime Minister, more careful of a theory than of a country's prestige, tossed contemptuously to Greece, so that all the world sneered and even the gods wondered. Well; these rustics of militia men, I declare, after a few weeks were as well set up, pipe-clayed, and drilled, as any regiment of the line, and as trustworthy in case their services should be required.

In one thing, one must needs confess, they were inferior to the regulars. It was not in perpendicularity, which they easily acquired. We were still in the pipeclay days, when the white belt and the cross shoulder-straps were daily stiffened by that abominable stuff; the white trousers of summer had also to be kept in a whited sepulchre semblance of purity by the same means; a man who is pipeclayed cannot stoop; the black leather collar kept the head at an unbending line with the body; and the yellow tufts on the shoulder, with the swallow-tails of the absurd regimental coat and the tiny ball of red stuff on the regimental hat, all combined to necessitate a carriage ten times stiffer and more rigidly upright than in these degenerate days. The most lopsided and lurcher-like of rustics was bound to become perpendicular. But their failing was in the way they took their beer. The old regular got drunk as often as the militiaman, but the drunker he got the stiffer he grew, so that when he was quite helpless he fell like a lamp-post, with uncompromising legs. And we, who knew by experience how a soldier should fall, remarked with sorrow rather than anger that the militiaman fell in a heap like a ploughboy, and so betrayed his customary pursuits.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BRAMBLER FAMILY

This was an especially good time for Ferdinand Brambler, the journalist, and consequently for the children. Such years of fatness had never before been known to them. Not, it is true, that Fortune befriended Augustus. Quite the contrary. War might be made and peace signed without affecting his position in the slightest. Nothing ever happened to better his position. On one occasion, even,—I think it was in 1856—he received an intimation from Mr. Tyrrell's head clerk, who had vainly trusted him with some real work, that his resignation would be accepted if he sent it in. Therefore, with enthusiasm ever equal to the occasion, he hastened to desert the Legal, and once more returned to the Scholastic, taking the post of writing and arithmetic master in a Select Commercial Academy.

"After all," he said to me, "the Scholastic is my real vocation. I feel it most when I go back to it. To teach the rising generation—what can be nobler? I influence one mind, we will say. Through him, I influence his six children; through them their thirty-six children; through them again their two hundred and sixteen—there is no end to the influence of a schoolmaster. I shall be remembered, Mr. Pulaski, I shall be remembered by a grateful posterity."

Perhaps he will be remembered, but his chances of exercising permanent influence were scanty on this occasion, because, although he taught with extraordinary zeal and activity, the Principal actually complained, after three months, that his boys were learning nothing, and gave him notice in the friendliest and kindest manner.

Some secret influence was probably brought to bear upon Mr. Tyrrell at this juncture, when the Brambler household threatened to lose the income derived from the labour of its chief, because Augustus went back to his old office and his old pay, sitting once more cheerfully among the boys, mending the pens with enthusiastic alacrity, serving writs with zeal, copying out bills of costs with ardour, and actively inspecting old books in an eager search for nothing.

"I do think," he said, in a burst of enthusiasm, "that there is nothing after all like the Legal. When you have deserted it for a time, and go back to it, you feel it most. Law brings out the argumentative side—the intellectual side—of a man. It makes him critical. Law keeps his brain on the stretch. Often on Saturday night I wonder how I have managed to worry through the work of the week. But you see they could not get on without me."

Perhaps not, but yet if Augustus had known by whose fair pleading he was received back to become a permanent incubus on the weekly expenses of that office——

In the Scholastic, in the Clerical, or in the Legal, Augustus Brambler never changed, never lost heart, never failed in zeal, never ceased to take the same lively and personal interest in the well-being of the House. He had his punctual habits and his maxims. He was a model among *employés*. Fortune, when she gave Augustus a sanguine temperament and a lively imagination, thought she had done enough for the man, and handed him over to the Three Sisters as sufficiently endowed to meet any fate. And they condemned him to the unceasing and contented exercise of illusion and imagination, so that he never saw things as they really were, or understood their proportion.

But during the years of war the children, in spite of their helpless father, waxed fat and strong, and even little Forty-six looked satisfied and well fed.

It was through the exertions of their Uncle Ferdinand.

I had long observed that whenever anything was going on—and something in these days was constantly going on—Ferdinand, besides Herr Raumer, was always on the spot. Whatever the nature of the ceremony, whether it was the embarkation of a regiment or the arrival of the invalided, or a military funeral, or an inspection of troops upon the Common, or a launch, Ferdinand was in attendance and to the front, wearing a face of indescribable importance, and carrying a notebook. This in hand, he surveyed the crowd on arrival, and made a note; cast a weather eye upwards to the sky, and made a note; drew out his watch and made a note; then as soon as the Function began he continued steadily making notes until the end. I did not at first, being innocent of literary matters, connect these notes with certain descriptions of events which regularly appeared on the following Saturday in the local *Mercury*. They were written with fidelity and vigour; they did justice to the subject; they were poetical in feeling and flowery in expression. A fine day was rendered as "a bright and balmy atmosphere warmed by the beams of benevolent Sol"; a crowded gathering gave an opportunity for the admirer of beauty to congratulate his fellow-townsmen on the beauty and tasteful dress of their daughters; when a ship was launched, she was made by a bold and strikingly original figure to float swanlike on the bosom of the ocean; when a public dinner was held, the tables groaned under the viands provided by mine eminent host of the George; the choicest wines sparkled in the goblet; animation and enthusiasm reigned in every heart; and each successive flow of oratory was an occasion for a greater and more enthusiastic outburst of cheering. The writer was not critical, he was descriptive. That is the more popular form of journalism. Froissart was the inventor of the uncritical historian. And Ferdinand was born either too early or too late.

For all these beautiful and gushing columns, invaluable to some antiquary of the future, were due to the pen of Ferdinand Brambler, and it was by the frequency of the occasions on which his powers were called for that the prosperity of the Bramblers depended. And Ferdinand, an excellent brother and the most self-denying creature in the world, worked cheerfully for his nephews and nieces. Beneath that solemn exterior, and behind those pretensions to genius, there beat the most simple and unselfish of hearts.

Ferdinand did not report; first, because he could not write shorthand, and, secondly, because he thought it—and said so—beneath the dignity of genius to become the "mere copying clerk of Vestry twaddle." He lived on his *communiqués*, for which, as he was the only man in the place who wrote them, and therefore had the field all to himself, he received fairly good pay. During the Crimean War he had a never-ending succession of subjects for his pen, which was as facile as it was commonplace. It was the history of the regiment; it was a note on the next roster; it was the service roll of a ship; it was the biography of a general; nothing came amiss to the encyclopædic Ferdinand; and whatever he treated, it must be owned, was treated with the same hackneyed similes, the same well-worn metaphors, and the same pleasantries; for, while Augustus looked on life through the rosy glasses of a sanguine imagination, Ferdinand regarded things from the standpoint of genius. He wrote for a provincial weekly paper; nothing higher would take his papers; he was not the editor; he was not even on the regular salaried staff; he was a mere outsider, sending in articles on such topics as occurred to him; but in his own imagination he wrote for posterity. Like Augustus he believed in himself. And just as Augustus assumed in the family circle the air of one who unbends after hard intellectual labour, so Ferdinand when he emerged from the ground floor front, which was his study, and contained his library, moved and spoke with the solemnity of one with whom his genius was always present.

From 1853 to 1857 the family flourished and grew fat. For after the Russian War was finished, and the Treaty signed—to be broken as soon as the semi-barbaric Muscovite thought himself strong enough—there arose in the far East another cloud. I have often wondered whether the Indian Mutiny, like the late Bulgarian insurrections, was got up by Russian agents, and, if so, I have reflected with joy upon the maddening disappointment to the Tartar that it did not happen just two years before.

We had achieved Peace, not a very glorious peace, because we ought to have driven Russia back to the Caucasus as a frontier before any peace was thought of, but still peace, and with the memory of those three years upon us, the sufferings of our troops, the unpreparedness of England, the rascality of contractors, and the inefficiency of our officers, we were glad to sit down and rest. How have we profited by the lesson of twenty years ago? What security have we that on the next occasion, when our men are ordered out again, the same things will not happen again—the green coffee, the putrid preserved meat, the shoddy coats, the brown-paper boots, the very powder adulterated?

Peace! Well, we had fought two or three gallant battles, been jealous of our gallant allies, killed an immense number—say, altogether, with those who died on the march, and those who died of disease, and those who died in the field, about half a million of Russians, fifty thousand Englishmen, double the number of French, and the same number of Turks; we had put a sudden end to Tennyson's "long canker of peace," and made it war—first for righteous reasons, and then for the lust of blood and battle, the red-sheeted spectre which rises when the trumpet sounds and fires the blood of peaceful men. As for the morality at home, as I asked in the last chapter, were we the better?

Then came the Indian Mutiny. For a while it seemed as if the very foundations of the Indian Empire were shaken. And at no time were the hearts of Englishmen more stirred in the whole of England's history than by the tales of massacre and murder which came by every ship from the East. The troops which had enjoyed a brief year of rest were hastily re-embarked: the flags which bore the names of Alma, Inkerman, and Balaclava were carried out again to get the names of Lucknow and Delhi; but the men who marched out in '54 with the sturdy look of men who mean to fight because they must, went out now with the face of those who go to take revenge because they can. It was a war of revenge. And, whatever the provocation, it was a full and even a cruel measure of revenge that the British soldiers took. We were growing sick of "history," Cis and I. We waited and watched while the red coats went and came; wanted to go on without excitement with our music and our reading, and we longed for peace.

"The Lord," said the Captain, "gives us peace, and the Devil gives us war. Until the nature of men is changed, there will be peace and war in alternate slices like a sandwich. In good times the sandwich is meaty. Meantime, let us keep up the Fleet."

We came to the spring of 1858. Mr. Tyrrell was Mayor for the second time. It was the year when Leonard should return,—five years on June the twenty-first, Celia looked at me sometimes, and I at her. But we said nothing because we understood what was meant. And one day I surprised the Captain in Leonard's room. He was opening drawers, arranging chairs, and trying window blinds. "All ship-shape, Laddy, and in good order. Don't let the boy think the vessel has got out of trim after all these years."

The Mutiny was over, the punishment had been inflicted, and our town was now comparatively quiet. No more hurried preparation of armaments and despatch of ships. Things became flat, the people who had not already made fortunes out of the war saw with sorrow that their opportunity was past, the extra hands at the Dockyard were discharged. And the town became quiet again. It was bad for all who had to earn their bread—even I felt the change in a falling-off of pupils—and it was especially bad for poor Ferdinand Brambler.

I met him one day walking solemnly away from the Yard, notebook in hand. I stopped to shake hands with him, and noticed that his clothes were shabby, his boots worn at the heel, his hat ancient, and his general get-up indicating either the neglect of outward appearance peculiar to genius or a period of financial depression. While I accosted him his brother Augustus passed by. He, too, was in like pitiable guise. And he looked pinched in the cheeks, albeit smiling and cheerful as ever.

"What will it run to, Ferdinand?" he asked anxiously.

"I should say," said Ferdinand with hesitation, "unless I am disappointed, mind, which I may be, I should say it will be a pound of tea, the greengrocer's bill, and something to Forty-seven's new shoes."

"The wife did say," replied Augustus, "that the children's breakings out are for want of meat. But if we can't have meat we can't. Awfully busy at the office, Ferdinand. Money pouring in. Nothing like the Legal."

Poor Ferdinand, who by long struggling with the family wolf had got to look on everything he wrote as representing payment in kind, was right in being proud of his profession, because he had nothing else to be proud of. It was not in quiet times a lucrative one, and I should think, taking one year with another, that this poor genius, who really loved literature for its own sake, and with better education and better chances might have made something of a name, received from his profession about as much as his brother in the Legal, and that was sixty pounds a year.

I repeated this conversation to the Captain at dinner. He became silent, and after our simple meal proposed that we should go for a walk. By the merest chance we passed the Bramblers' house.

"Dear me," said the Captain, "the very people we were speaking of. Suppose we pay our respects to Mrs. Brambler."

The poor mother was up to her eyes in work, her endless children round her. But the little Bramblers did not look happy. They wore a pinched and starved look, and there was no disguising the fact that they *were* breaking out. Forty-eight scowled at us with rebellious looks; Forty-six was wolfish in hungry gaze, and even the mild-eyed Forty-four looked sad.

Mrs. Brambler read the pity in the Captain's eyes, and sat down, bursting into tears, and throwing her apron over her face. The elder girls stole to the window and sobbed behind the curtain—the younger children sat down every one upon what came handiest, and all cried together. They were a very emotional family.

"So—so," said the Captain, "we were passing—Laddy and I—and we thought we would drop in—thought—we—would—drop—in. Come here, Forty-six——Does this boy, do you think, Mrs. Brambler, have enough nourishment?"

"Augustus does all he can, Captain, and so does Ferdinand, I'm sure. But there was the rent, and we behind with everybody—and—and—sometimes it's most too much for me," "We dropped in," repeated the mendacious Captain, "to invite the children to tea and supper to-night——"

"Hooray!" cried Forty-six, dancing about; and the faces of all lighted up with a sunshine like their father's.

"It's only your kindness, Captain. You don't really want them."

"Not want them? Where is Forty-four? Come and kiss me, my dear. Where is your colour gone? Not want them? Nonsense. Nothing but shrimps and periwinkles, and water-cress, perhaps, for tea; but for supper—ah!—eh! Laddy, what can we do in the way of supper? What's in the larder?"

"A leg of mutton, a beefsteak, and a pair of chickens," I replied. "I think that is all."

The larder was, in fact, empty, but this was not a time to parade the vacuum.

"You see, Mrs. Brambler; much more, very much more, than we can possibly eat. Friends in the country. And we did think that the steak for supper——"

"Ah!" cried Forty-six, irrepressibly.

"With the leg of mutton for yourself and the pair of chickens——"

Mrs. Brambler laughed through her tears.

"There—go along, Captain," she said. "We know.—But if it wouldn't trouble you, the children shall go and welcome."

"Very lucky, Laddy," said the Captain, in the street, "that the larder is so full. Let us call at the butcher's as we go home."

I ventured to mention to Herr Räumer the distressed condition of the family with whom he lodged.

"I know it," he said, helping himself to a glass of Hock. "I have seen for some time that the children were not properly fed. It is a pity. A good many children about the world are in the same plight."

"Help them," I said, sententiously, "when you can."

He shrugged his shoulders, and laughed.

"I am past sixty. I have seen so much distress in the world that I have long since resolved to help nobody. The weakest goes to the wall in this best of all possible worlds. If it is not the best it is not my fault, because I did not make it. Every man for himself, as you will say at sixty if you are honest. This is a comfortable chair, this is good Hock, this is excellent tobacco. Why should I trouble myself because people are starving in the room below us any more than because they are starving in China, which is a good many miles off? Pity and charity are excellent things in the abstract. Applied to individuals actually before you they are disquieting. *Allons, cher Ladislas, soyons philosophes.*"

He was a man of infinite pity in the abstract, wept over any amount of woe served up in the yellow paper covers of a French novel, but in the presence of actual suffering he was callous. "Every man for himself." Since I have grown older I have learned to distrust many a philanthropist whose sympathies grow deeper the farther they reach from home.

"And now," he went on, changing the position of his legs, "Let us be cheerful, and talk of Celia. Pretty, delicate, little Celia. Tall and *gracieuse* Celia. Choice and delicious Celia. She is a credit to you, Ladislas Pulaski. Her husband will thank you. I drink her health. Ah! The English girls. . . . After all, we must grant these islanders some superiority. They are stupid, ignorant, and prejudiced. They call Continental diplomacy bad names, and are going to ruin themselves because they will not have secret service money. But their girls—their girls are charming. And the most charming of them all is Celia."

(To be continued)

◆

ON THE TOP OF A COACH

> Here it comes,
> With five at top; as quaint a four-in-hand
> As you shall see—three piebalds and a roan.
>
> TENNYSON

THE present generation, which turns out on a fine summer afternoon to witness the well-appointed vehicles of the Coaching Club leave the Magazine, can gain but a faint idea of the bygone pleasures of a coach and four. The faultless equipages and splendid horses to be seen at such a time are a striking exhibition of English taste and wealth, but the whole affair lacks the exhilaration which but one coach and four could produce amongst our forefathers. Certainly the costly spectacle does not reproduce in the mind of Paterfamilias the coaching scenes familiar to his youth. He thinks sadly of the expectant knots gathered round the Blue Boar in some country village towards dusk, the commotion caused in its one long street as the Highflyer cantered down it with a heavy load of outsiders, the plethoric coachy, only his nose visible above his bird's-eye fogle, and the merry tantara which Oxford Joe, the guard, blew from the back seat. And then the greetings which ensued as the coach pulled up, the cheerful rattle of the harness as the fresh team was led out of the yard, and the fight which immediately followed before the new off leader could be induced to start, when "all the resources of the establishment," from the head waiter to the ostler's boy, the warming-pan, and the dog-whip, the double-barrelled imprecation, and the simple "You hussy!" kicks, thumps, dragging, and whipping failed to make the least impression until the ostler seized her by the ears, when she went off like a lamb. All these and many more delightful memories rise to the minds of those long ago familiar with coaching. Alas! these sights and sounds dear to youth have fled before the screech of the express train as mediæval ghosts trooped homewards at cockcrow. Occasionally the traveller of days which seem almost prehistoric to the present generation—who dwells with fondness on even those stifling inside passages when he was crammed in with three fat women and four squalling children for a drive of forty miles, or on those equally terrible night journeys on the outside, when some unlucky wight overborne by sleep fell off, and others found themselves frozen to the seat as the coach drew up on a cheerless Christmas dawn for breakfast—occasionally such an ancient traveller comes upon some pleasing memento of the bye-gone era. He sees Swinton, the familiar "coachy" of the great North Road, haunting some hostelry dear to him in the long-past days of brandy and water *ad libitum.* In York the old-fashioned placard still meets his eye of the coach that started in 1706 "from the Black Swan, Holborn, and the Black Swan, Coney Street, York, every Wednesday morning at 5 A.M. to do the journey in four days (if God permits), each passenger allowed 14 lbs. of luggage, 3*d.* every additional lb." As for highwaymen and their attacks, even the fathers of the present generation only know them from their stage counterfeits, and from cheap books of the Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin style. In the retired parts of Devon and Cornwall beyond railways, real coaches sometimes horsed with the orthodox four are actually to be found, and on them a man can reproduce the old days to himself while being rapidly whirled through beautiful scenery in summer sunshine. Who that has wandered through Dartmoor, and mused over the ruined British village of Grimspound, can forget the shock which the four-in-hand, crammed inside and out with dusty tourists, caused him as it drove along the central road of the Moor through his speculations, like the foul commercial spirit of the nineteenth century, putting to flight the fair reconstructions of archæology? Most men, too, must have lively reminiscences of the coaches in the Lake district—how they swept past them in a cloud of dust with a freight of supercilious outsiders "personally conducted" through the finest scenery, while they were slowly tramping onwards under a knapsack. Yet these coaches somehow do not impress us with the notion that they are genuine survivals. Most of them are taken off the road in winter. They come into existence from the exigencies of holiday traffic, and when the cold weather sets in, and tourists flee together with the swallows, they too retire into congenial darkness, and, under rough sheds in inn-yards, become fowl-roosts until the next summer. It is to Scotland that the traveller must go if desirous to experience the old glories of coaching, and even there steam is rapidly driving the stage-coach further into the wilds as the white man does the Indian. There are several routes where scenery of great beauty may be enjoyed, independently of the practical end which a Highland coach invariably lays itself out for—the easy transport of tourist or sportsman from one district to another.

From the outside seats, on the contrary, of one of the amateur coaches which run from London during the season, life is only seen in its holiday guise. The Guildford or Dorking coach carries a guard and keeps time; but no one could mistake it for a commercial venture. People take seats on such a coach to enjoy the fine weather, to drive down, it may be, to an evening with the Orleans Club, and everything takes its colour from the holiday-maker's own mood. The children playing at the cottage doors as the four silken-coated bays sweep by look very picturesque; but the traveller has not time to notice their dirty faces, or to hear the baby squalling in the cradle inside. Edwin and his Angelina, walking amid the roses of their suburban villa, readily weave themselves into a rustic idyll. It is perhaps as well that he cannot hear what they are arguing about—the respective merits of onion sauce *versus* capers with boiled mutton. All base culinary and sublunary cares are, however, singularly out of place on the top of a coach. Though black Care sits behind the horseman, he can never abide the exhilarating influences of the box-seat. The top of a coach is the best modern substitute for the wonderful horse of Arabian fable, which, on a wooden peg being withdrawn from his shoulder, forthwith rose into the air, and bore his rider into the realms of space.

It cannot be denied, however, that the moral effects of viewing life from the top of a coach have a tendency to exalt Self, and bid us look down upon our neighbours. It is true that first-class railway travelling is likely to cherish the same feelings, as the traveller surveys from his easy cushioned seat the perspiring multitudes crammed into the third-classes at his side. But while the comfortable isolation of the one keeps up the distant reserve of the national character, the free air, rapid motion, and mixed company on the top of a coach prove salutary correctives, and merely put a man on good terms with himself and his neighbours by giving him a becoming sense of his own superiority to outward nature. So the gentleman from Bradford could see nothing in the Lakes as he was whirled by them on the top of a coach but "reservoirs." Did the promoters of the scheme to supply Manchester with water from Lake Thirlmere survey that lake from the outside of a coach?

M. G. WATKINS

THE READER

"ON HORSEBACK THROUGH ASIA MINOR," by Capt. Fred Burnaby (S. Low and Co.).—A winter ride along the roads—if roads they may be called—that lead from Scutari through Sivas and Erzeroum to Van, thence round by Kars and Ardahan to Batoum on the sea, would have few charms for travellers averse to broken limbs and touches of rheumatic fever. To the hero of a "Ride to Khiva," detained in England all the summer season by regimental duties, these *petits désagréments* may even have acted as a partial provocative. In other respects the time was rather tempting. If Stamboul was still puzzling itself with guesses as to the issues of the Conference, Asia Minor was already simmering with eagerness for war. Hardy Redifs and older Mustafiz—for in some districts the *arrière ban* was even then being summoned to the field—were gathering round the standard of the Prophet, some sober and sad of cheer, some full of ardour, even bursting into tears when told they must be left behind. Mudirs and Caimacans were reckoning up the resources of their districts; Stamboul-appointed Pashas devising military and sanitary measures to be carried out, like the fortification of the hill that commanded Ardahan, "when the winter was gone;" Circassians fresh from Roumelia, or from the Black Sea settlements, boasting their desire to cross swords once more with their ancient enemy; Kurds offering their services to Ismail Pasha, or waiting (on the Persian frontier) to join the stronger side; atrocity-mongers beginning to make capital of the imaginary excesses of a Pasha at Sivas, or the equally ideal plunder of the bazaar at Van by a regiment of most peaceable Redifs. To a military traveller, attended with all the *prestige* that attached just then to an English officer in Anatolia, the journey, despite all the drawbacks of scanty fare, bad lodging, and tracks saddle-deep in snow, and fringed with most uncompromising precipices, must have possessed no ordinary attraction. And Capt. Burnaby has eminently the gift of vivid description, of taking, in his own phrase, "verbal photographs" of scenes and districts, so like and yet in many things so different—some, scarce recovered from the famine of the other year; some, peaceful lands, where Turk and Armenian, Moslem and Christian, live side by side in perfect amity; some again, provinces where the Christian cannot be safely trusted to bear arms, or where well-matched Kurd and Circassian dispute the upper hand, to the sore discomfort of the more quietly disposed. The country Caimacan, often it would seem a well-meaning and energetic man, the more polished Pasha with his political talk that sounds like extracts from last year's *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Polish or Hungarian refugee, the gipsy dancing-girls, the Kurdish mountaineer, the Yezeed "devil-worshipper," the veteran officer of Cretan, Yemen, or Montenegrin wars, come out one after the other in most amusing outlines. Nor is Capt. Burnaby less quick to catch the military features of the country as he rides—the strong position, for instance, of Sivas, commanding as it does the descent to the central *plateau*, the passes beyond Erzeroum towards Ardahan and Bayazid, or the importance of this last as opening the way for an advance on Syria. Very amusing as a tale of travel, his volumes are equally full of interest for the student of the war who would like to know how matters stood just before the war began, to trace the dilatoriness which resulted at its outset in the loss of more than one naturally impregnable position, or to hear of cheery old Kohlman, "the hero of Zewin," and the smartness of the troops at Batoum, where Russia met with her first check. As a book with a political bias it is somewhat less satisfactory. Capt. Burnaby's pronounced "Russophoby" is of the kind which leads to the abnormal use of capital letters, to the repetition again and again of instances of Russian atrocity which, on turning from the curiously minute table of contents to the text, one finds to be the same incident restated, to exaggeration of roadside talk and hearsay evidence into a formal indictment of the Russian armies. Gravely as Russia may have erred—and through her agents she has doubtless erred—in stirring up for selfish or sentimental aims revolts which could only end in massacre, it is idle to compare her worst Cossacks with the irregulars of the Porte. Even, indeed, the cruelties reported from Shumla by Consul Reade have turned out, we believe, on later inquiries, to be the work not of Russian, but of Bulgarian malefactors. Of Turkish Government in Anatolia, or rather, we should say, of its *personnel*, Captain Burnaby gives a not unfavourable impression. Pashas and Caimacans have clearly many good points, and would be better in practice than they are but for the system which has given Angora, for instance, ten Pashas in four years, and which shifts a good man just as he becomes acquainted with his work. A Government, in short, "feckless" and careless rather than deliberately bad, and one which it may be worth noting neither resident American missionaries nor leading Armenians seem desirous of exchanging for the protection of the Czar under Russian or even Armenian officials. Of the copious appendices on military routes to Syria and the further East—Captain Burnaby was far from anticipating the Turkish successes in the campaign—we have no space to speak. The narrative is certainly most spirited and entertaining, with a delightful undercurrent of comedy in the relations of the traveller's English soldier servant to his Turkish attendants, the first a sanctified Moslem from Stamboul, the second an honest Anatolian Redif. Whether it deserves still higher praise is a point on which there might be some difference of opinion.

"Preventive Medicine and Public Health," or a reprint of "Lectures delivered at St. Thomas's Hospital and elsewhere," by Dr. Alfred Carpenter (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), is a valuable addition to our popular books on sanitary science. It comprises addresses on zymotic diseases and disinfectants, with especial reference to the hopelessness of our attempts to disinfect, say, a "cartload of dung with a few ounces of a disinfectant," or to flush a large sewer with a gallon or two of liquid; on air and germs, mode of ventilating rooms, and production of ozone;—on pure water and its sources, value and use of filters, and possible supply of London from the surrounding chalk downs; on the disposal of sewage, and on the work of sewage farms. On this last subject Dr. Carpenter, from his seventeen years' experience of the Beddington sewage farm, can speak as quite a practical authority. Starting from the principle that true sewage utilisation rests on the powers of certain plants—of rye grass more especially—to "assimilate animal matter without that matter being first resolved into its ultimate elements," he combats with much vigour the popular objections that animal matter, if given in excess, may be taken up by the plants without being transformed, that the products of sewage farms are not yet proved to be sanitarily safe, or their effluents free from danger to the neighbourhood, while from comparison of the Beddington accounts for the last ten years he goes far to show that with care and time such farms may be even a success financially. The whole of this portion of his book will well repay a careful study.

Vol. I. of a promising new serial, "The Countries of the World" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), by Dr. Robert Brown, author of "Races of Mankind," opens well, with some picturesque descriptions of lands and life within the Arctic Circle and in those vast regions of British North America and of the "furthest West" of the United States, where lumberer, trapper, and miner reign supreme. The illustrations are almost uniformly good, the letter-press even better; best of all the author's own account of the policy, the trading, and the wars of the grand old Hudson's Bay Company and its rivals.

Useful for the pedestrian, but still more for the bicyclist, should be the thin pocket volume, "British High Roads: North and North-Eastern Routes," Part I. (Tinsley Bros.), a true itinerary of the olden sort for the roads that lead from the metropolis to Edinburgh, well illustrated with maps—in sections the size of the page, and on the scale of three-eighths of an inch to the mile—and giving every cross road and country seat, lists of hotels and inns, and brief details of the chief objects of interest in each town to be passed. A volume very carefully got-up, and as far as we have seen quite trustworthy.

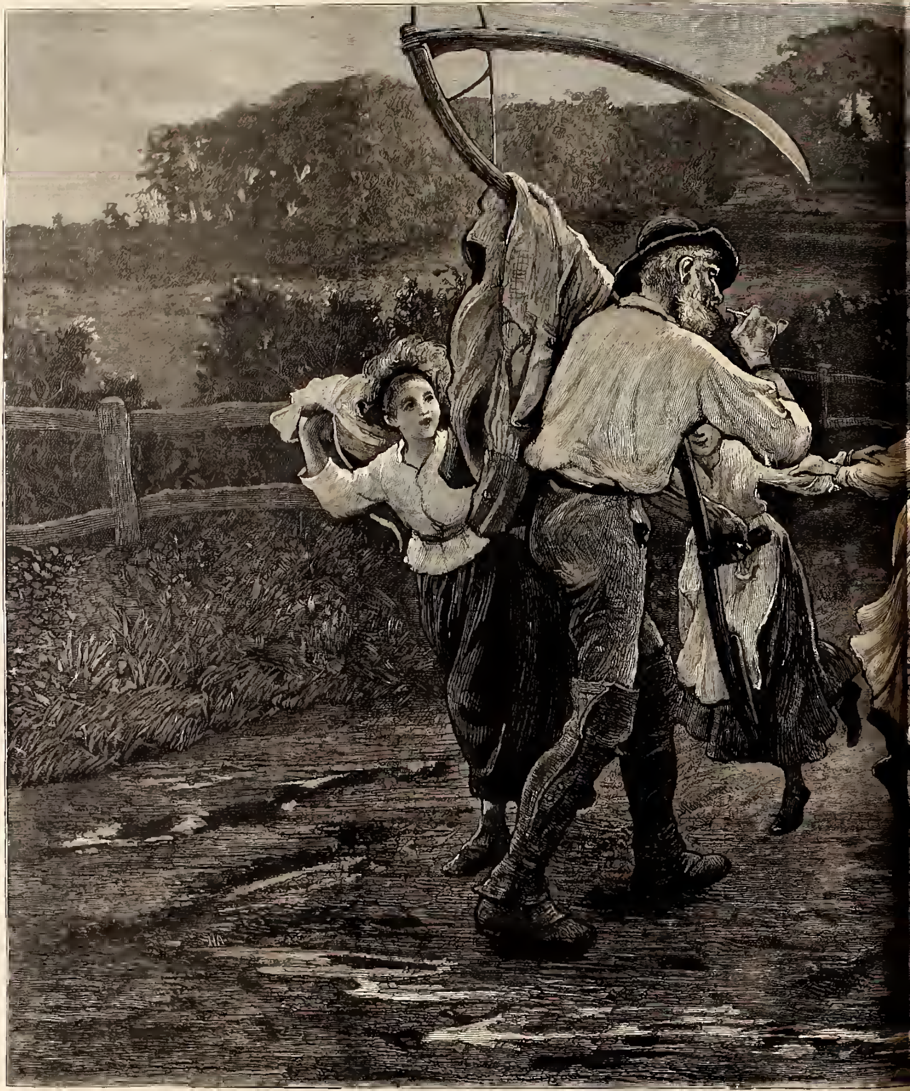
A "Tourist's Guide Round about London, within a Circle of Twelve Miles" (E. Stanford), by a F.S.A., is for the pocket what Mr. Thorne's larger work is for the study. Towns and parishes are ranged in alphabetical order, and much pains taken to make no omission of memorable houses, churches, and public buildings of architectural or historic importance, &c. Some outline half-holiday walks and sketches of excursions to Knole, St. Alban's, Hatfield, and Windsor make up a very useful appendix.

"Petites Leçons de Conversation et de Grammaire," by F. Julien (S. Low and Co.), or alternate lessons in grammar and conversation, seem very well adapted to give the pupil an interest in his work. It is no attempt at "French made easy;" but succeeds very well in giving a boy words and phrases from the very first which he must feel will be of use in real life.

We have also to acknowledge Part II. of the Rev. E. ffolson's useful "Aids to the Study of the *Books of Samuel*" (W. W. Gardner), and "Roman Antiquities," by Professor A. S. Wilkins, another of those excellent History Primers (Macmillan and Co.), that really seem to improve with each new issue; a charming little volume, nicely illustrated withal, in which one traces a Roman's life at school, at college, and in manhood—in public and private—at his country farm and in his town house in the Temple, before the Law Courts, at the games, to find one has acquired quite a respectable knowledge of the technicalities of classic antiquity almost without knowing how.

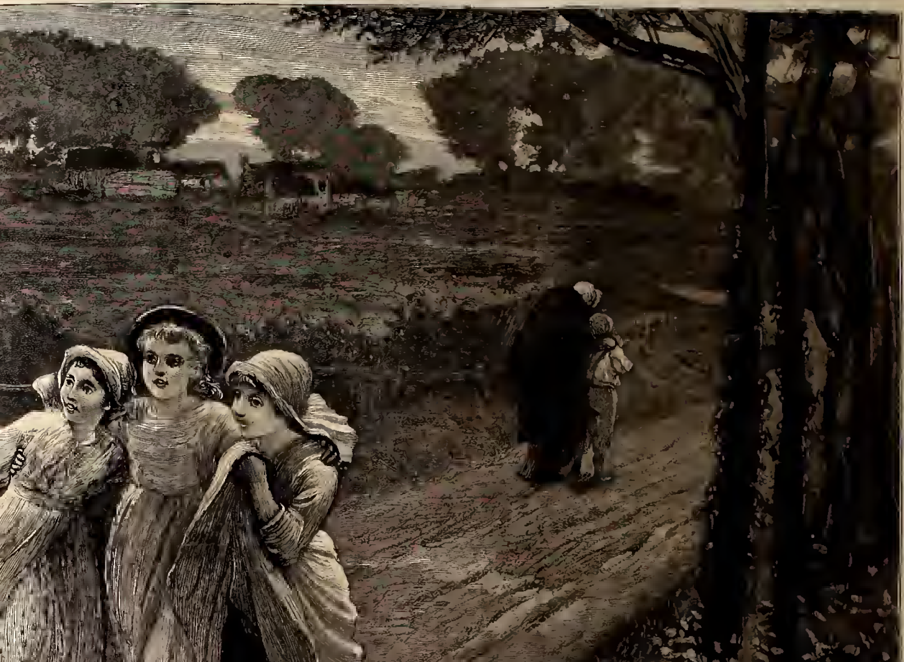
◆

THE DARIEN CANAL, to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, has been pronounced perfectly practicable by the American Expedition under Lieutenant Wyse, which has been surveying the ground. The Lieutenant suggests the construction of a canal either tunnelled, or with locks and reservoirs, running straight from the Chucunaque River just above Yavisa, along the course of the Tapisa River, across the Cordilleras to Port Gauli on the Atlantic. The cost would be about 800,000*l.* per mile, while the way is comparatively level, and has few obstacles to be removed should a tunnel be made.



“THE REAPER A

FROM THE PICTURE BY PHILLIP R. MORRIS,



ND THE FLOWERS"

A.R.A., EXHIBITED IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

FASHIONS

HITHERTO we have been accustomed to look to the French capital as the centre from whence all fashions radiated; such is no longer the case, Paris and London have entered into an amicable rivalry, and the result of their independence is very satisfactory. Whilst the Parisian *modistes* seek for inspiration from the costumes worn by the *belles* of some four centuries ago, the English designers have recourse to those of a much more recent period, and produce faithful copies after Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, and other famous artists.

At this season the fashionable world is out of town, and the show-rooms of our leading milliners are cumbered with monstrous packing-cases, the contents of which are prepared *en cachette*, and displayed only to the privileged few; we will therefore describe some of these hidden treasures. First, as to the strictly useful costumes made for real earnest walking over mountains and stubble-fields, slippery rocks and wet sands. For a slender brunette of medium height a neat costume was made thus:—Skirt of stone-coloured, unshrinkable flannel, entirely kilted from the waist downwards, without any other trimming than a treble row of brown bone buttons, blouse bodice to match, fastened in at the waist with a brown leather belt, brown deep collar and cuffs, stone-coloured felt hat, the turned-up brim lined with brown, gauze veil, the end to be twisted round the throat. Another simple costume was of the Breton shape, the material was *veigeuse*, the groundwork of navy blue flecked with white. A third costume was of very soft *beiges* of the hue known as *mousse des bois*, a very deep green; it was trimmed with countless black bone buttons. There were several serge dresses—this material is as popular as ever it was,—they were for the most part handsomely braided, or else piped and trimmed with red or white; homespun and vicuna cloth were well represented amongst the serviceable costumes. With most of the woollen fabrics hats were made to match the dresses. We must not omit to mention that Ulsters were there, plain and checked; in spite of various attempts to improve this ugly but useful garment there is no change for the better in its shape.

Infinite variety was to be found in the promenade costumes, which were stylish and suitable for all ages and figures, although for the most part far too costly for these hard times. Here, as throughout the gamut of fashion, green of every shade, myrtle, moss, bronze, faded and bright, was the prevailing colour; every complexion, under and out of the sun, can find a becoming tint of so-called green. Two promenade costumes, the one for a blonde, the other for a brunette, were made thus: Princess robe of myrtle green velvet, quite plain, fastened on the cross, from right to left, commencing at the throat and terminating at the hem, a coarse piping of sage green silk, and groups of three mother-of-pearl buttons, arranged at close intervals, on the opening of the dress and the sleeves; with this was to be worn, on a chilly day a pointed mantelet of velvet, lined with finely quilted sage green silk, and trimmed with a deep silk fringe of the dark colour, the design tassels three rows deep. The hat, cavalier shape, was of dark green velvet, with a long sage green ostrich feather. The other costume was of a much more elaborate description, at least on paper; it consisted of a very fine dark brown cloth, demi-train skirt, open in the front over a narrow breadth of poplin some shades lighter; down the front and round the hem a wide band of faded oak-leaves and acorns in velvet, veined with dead gold. Dolman mantle, trimmed to match, and edged with a deep brown and gold waved fringe; brown velvet bonnet, with a shaded feather, from deep brown to cream white, fastened in on the left side with a branch of faded oak leaves, so faithfully imitated from nature as almost to escape detection. There was nothing new in mantles, which consisted of the old familiar Dolman, the tight-fitting and the semi-loose paletot, the natty little pilot jacket, so becoming to youthful figures, and last, but most elaborate, the "Asphodel Jacket," with its large reversible tabs buttoned alternately down the front, with festoons of knotted cord attached to rich silk medallions on either side, and trimmed with deep marabout ruches—thus does a contemporary describe this costly garment.

We need but touch upon the subject of evening attire, as those of our readers who are obliged to "cater for themselves" (for whom we offer suggestions and advice) will do well to wear out their past season dresses, provided they be neither crushed nor faded; at all events our young readers need but to provide themselves with one or two pieces of black, white, and coloured tarletane, grenadine, or net, half the quantity of reversible satin ribbon, and, with a very moderate amount of taste and industry, six charming dresses may be machined together by half that number of workers in twice that number of hours. A white or black silk well-fitting petticoat, with a low and a high bodice, should always form a part of the wardrobe of those who make their own evening dresses. Before quitting the subject of dress toilettes, we may remark *en passant* that beads and bugles of every hue, form, and description, may be used for trimming everything and anything.

The bonnets now in vogue are of many and divers shapes; combinations of satin, plush, and velvet, together or separate. The "Peg Woffington" is very coquettish made in black satin, with a full but narrow pleating of white satin under the brim, and a real flower or spray placed with studied carelessness amongst the voluminous bows. A black or dark hued plush Pamela bonnet suits some faces exceedingly well, whilst to others it is most unbecoming; a looking-glass is the best adviser on this point.

Amongst the minor, yet important, accessories to the toilette are collars and cuffs; they are now made in an endless variety of shapes, from the plain, fine linen "Puritan collar" fastened at the back, to the "Louis Quinze," a combination of rich lace and insertion. As the autumn creeps on we shall welcome some very pretty and delicate knitted silk shawls and scarfs, together with chenille scarfs, which are almost, if not quite as warm as fur. So strict are the decrees of fashion as to uniformity of colour and design that shoes and boots should not only be made to match the evening costume in colour, but of the same material as the dress, but the same severe law as to colour applies to the stockings, and even mittens or gloves. Until very lately coloured kid gloves, such as pink, green, or blue, were considered very bad form, and even now, although adopted by eccentric personages, they remind us vividly of the dolls of our youth before wax arms came into fashion.

Those new and most valuable helps to house-workers, artistically and accurately cut paper patterns, should now be procured for the autumn season, as shapes do not alter more than once a quarter. We may, therefore, make our preparations up to Christmastide and some weeks afterwards.

THE LANGUAGE OF HANDS

THE curious art of ascertaining individual character from handwriting has long been practised in countries where the inhabitants are familiar with the use of the pen, but the study of the hand itself as a kind of guide to the peculiar temperament of the owner remains comparatively neglected, save by that mysterious wandering race who have for generations made it the basis of those absurd and mischievous pretensions which have caused the name of gipsy to become universally regarded as synonymous with imposture and deceit. More than one eminent writer on physiological subjects has hinted that the same wonderful diversity of feature which prevents two human countenances from precisely resembling each other, save in rare and exceptional instances, is found existing also in the hand, but in a somewhat minor degree. Whether such be the case or not, it is interesting to note the manner in which the character and habits of a person are often reflected as it were in the appearance of that strange piece of mechanism, the possession of which distinguishes man from the inferior animals, even from those which are said to form the connecting link between ourselves and the brute creation. Without going so far as to agree with those who hold that the greater or less perfection of the hand corresponds with the degree of intelligence possessed by its proprietor, a theory not always in harmony with the teachings of experience,—Pope, for instance, had long and knotty hands, of most inelegant shape—it may be accepted as a matter of fact that the hand frequently affords a reliable clue to the disposition and tastes of the individual to whom it belongs. It is related by De Blainville, that on his becoming the pupil of Récamier, his hands were submitted to a close examination, it being the habit of Récamier to refuse instruction to those whose hands did not correspond with his ideas. Fortunately for the future eminent naturalist he passed the ordeal successfully. Yet his hand was neither fine nor elegant. "It was a well-made, vigorous, and muscular hand, like the body to which it belonged; equally skilful, in fact, in holding a sword, a pencil, or a scalpel."

In the workhouse and the police court the language of hands is not quite unknown. Not many months ago an inquest was held on the body of a man who had died shortly after admission into the parish infirmary. Nobody knew whom he was, or from whence he came, but the relieving officer expressed a conviction that the deceased had been a common labouring man, by reason of his hands being the same as those characteristic of that class. There was more of natural philosophy in this than the speaker imagined, for we have been told that if men of inferior position often have thick and inflexible hands, it is because they are often born under conditions which impose rough work upon them. They receive as a heritage, with the toil of their fathers, this clumsiness of form, which is the consequence of this toil; but although severe labour will do much to alter the appearance of the hand, it can never wholly destroy its original character. The soft, flabby hand of the professional tramp never deceives the keen gaze of the superintendent of a casual ward, neither will the hard, puckered lines, the horny protuberances here and there, prevent his recognising the fine and well-shaped hand of one who was not originally intended to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. In the police court the hands of a suspected professional thief are always systematically inspected, and very frequently does their silent but unerring testimony belie the oft-repeated assertion of the accused that he is "a poor hard-working man." A skilful pickpocket must have light and delicate fingers, the perfection of which would become destroyed by the least manual labour; but while these enable him successfully to pursue his nefarious calling until arrested, they become unimpeachable witnesses against him the moment that he falls into the clutches of justice.

Perhaps the money-takers at places of amusement, and ticket-clerks at railway stations see more of the human hand than do any other class of the community. An experienced money-taker at one of the West End theatres states that the difference in the appearance of the hands beheld by him in his little box on the gallery stairs, and those he afterwards became familiar with when promoted to the principal entrance, was very great. He learned to distinguish the large massive paw of the carpenter or blacksmith from the small and almost womanish hand of the decorative painter, or the long nervous hand of the bookkeeper. The thick, freckled, and hairy hand of the seafaring man bore not the least resemblance to the red, plump fist of the working farmer, or the thin hand of the factory operative. The hands of the softer sex afforded the same variety, that of the laundress differing from those of the shop assistant or the housemaid, and so on to the end of the chapter. The manner in which the money is given by the hand in exchange for tickets also often reveals the true character of its owner, especially at one of the stations of the Underground Railway. The quick hasty gesture with which the hurried man of business flings down a coin forms a suggestive contrast to the slowness with which the money is handed over by a professional money-lender. The jaunty "man about town" generally pushes forward his shilling or half-crown as it were scarcely worth the trouble of waiting for the change; while the timid milliner's apprentice tremblingly offers the carefully-counted money as if she were apprehensive of losing it. The changing character of the hands presented to the gaze of the ticket-clerk during a single day is very interesting and suggestive. First come, early in the morning, those of the travellers by workmen's trains, amongst whom are generally a few belated revellers returning home after a night of dissipation; then we have shop assistants and warehouse hands, followed by office clerks, managers, and so forth. Later on the principals of City establishments begin to put in an appearance, while later in the day the feminine element begins to preponderate. But railway ticket-clerks are seldom philosophers. Were it otherwise the world would have a chance of becoming more enlightened respecting the language of hands. JOHN PLUMMER

MANDERSCHEID

CANON KINGSLEY (or, at any rate, his biographer) is rather sparing of his European travel notes. He tells us of his simple-minded astonishment at the beauty of Paris, and at the fact which in Paris seemed to dawn on him that "these French can build;" but, compared with his grand pictures of American and West Indian scenery, his German journal is disappointing. Yet the man who could so elaborately describe his "winter garden" among the Bramshill fir-trees did not need "something very big" to move his sympathy. Perhaps, like most of us, he went ahead too fast, and hadn't time to write much about what he saw. However, he enjoyed the Eifel—how could he fail to do so? And he just hits off in a few words the peculiar features of what he does describe. For instance, he says, "Came upon Manderscheid, *a place like nothing else in the whole world.*" And that is all so true; you do *come upon* Manderscheid, for there is very little said about in the guide-books. You have probably come by rail from Treves, up the wild gorge of the Kyll—you don't see such scenery at home, even on the railways in Derbyshire. You intend to go up the crater of the Mosenberg, and after that to see the *maars* (craters turned into little tarns) near Daun. Leaving Treves by the five o'clock train you catch at Kyllburg the 'bus to Oberkail. There is a lone inn, however, on the upland, where the driver will drop you if you ask for the nearest point to the Mosenberg, and where you can sleep pleasantly amid the scent of firwoods.

A walk through the woods next morning, with a plunge down into the boggy grass-land (such shabby grass) of Maarfeld, brings you to the crater, or rather craters—for there are three. They are trying to plant trees in terraces on the slopes; but the slaty soil seems poor, just the reverse of what we suppose volcanic soil to be. The view is very fine; huge forests, broken by the sweet little valley of the Kyll, and here and there bare downs tilled in broad ribbons.

On the edge of one of these downs, half seen from the Mosenberg, is Manderscheid, a long straggling town, with a look of comfort about it. How much alike these big town-villages are in Germany and England, ay, and in France, too; it is when you get into the cities that the national characteristics mostly come out. Here there are no costumes, no book-shops with foreign prints, no *cafés*, no soldiers, not even a policeman. You think of Philip's Norton, and half-a-dozen other Somerset or Gloucestershire townlets; though the stone here is darker, the thatch a trifle greener, and the arrangements for winter fuel (wood, of course, and therefore bulky) more prominent than in England. Even the dinner at the clean little hotel, midway down the street, is English enough, though never except *en famille* do even Germans produce a pudding.

The inn at the entrance of the town, where you get a glass of beer, is just like an English roadside inn—the beer, by the way, is far better; it is *Felsenbier* from Niedermendig, where it has been kept cool in the old quarries out of which the Romans dug mill-stones, and in which the snow that fell in winter is not melted in July. German beer ought to be good, for it claims a king as its first maker. A coloured print on the wall, the only un-English thing in the place (except the excellent creaming beer), tells us:

Gambrinus bin ich genannt,
König von Flandern und Brabant.
Aus Gersten hab' ich Malz gemacht,
Das Bierbrauen zuerst erdacht.
Denn konnen die Brauer mit Stolz erkunden
Dasz ein König es war der das Bier erfunden.

But Manderscheid, which seems so English till you go into the churchyard, with its crosses and wreaths, and little glazed niches of mementos, has one thing which no English village can show the like of. You go down a steep side street, past two or three houses which seem just made for a retired attorney or the widow of a local doctor; there is a sharp turn, and suddenly two castles come in sight, standing as castles never stood before except on the drop-scene of a theatre, one high up on a spur of rock, the other on a similar spur, but rather nearer the level of the little river that winds below. You think the two are dangerously close together; but cross the old Gothic bridge down below, and mount up into the first castle, and you will see that between you and the other there is a double precipice. With long-range guns one could knock the other to pieces; but in the old days they must have been well sundered by that deep winding gorge. Such contortions of the clay slate, as the cliffs go sheer down to the narrow meadows which border the stream; the strata, once horizontal, are twisted into a series of S's of all thicknesses. To the upper castle there is a track along the "hogs' back" ridge, stretching down from the town, and forming an elbow in one of the windings of the river. Thus it must have been almost insulated, for a couple of men could have held that narrow way against an army.

Why two castles? It is the old story, which you find repeated at Elz, near the Moselle, where Archbishop Baldwin of Treves, built Trutz-Elz to overawe his unruly vassal of that ilk. Count Matfried, says the Chronicle of Prüm, was a famous man against the Normans, and married a wife of Namur. His successor, William, built Manderscheid Castle, which is mentioned in Emperor Otho's cartulary in 974. His great-great-grandsons, Walter and Richard, were, as most Germans now are, fond of unpleasant practical jokes. One day Richard slipped a cat into Walter's steel boot (*Beinharnisch*) just as he was going out on a foray. He got fearfully scratched, and so ruffled in temper that, as soon as he could wear a boot, he rode off to Archbishop Albers and made the castle over to him as a fief. Richard of course would not agree to this; but the Archbishop took his castle by storm; and then Richard seized the elbow of land aforesaid and fortified himself there. This accounts for the rival castle.

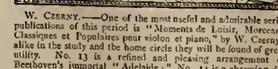
The view down upon the two is one which the traveller through the Eifel should by no means miss. The wonder is that no Treves photographer has yet taken it. The only photograph to be had is one from a painting; it naturally gives more than a photograph could, but gives it less correctly. Perhaps it is owing to the two castles and the rivalry between Count and Bishop that Manderscheid has such a look of solid comfort. It is not, as many mediæval towns are, quite overmastered—*dominé*—by feudalism. In the Lower Eifel, near Laach, stands Olbruck, one of the seats of the grand old Von der Leyen family. Here castle is everything and village nothing. The former is vast—covers the whole of a flat-topped cone of basalt; the latter is mean, damp, wretched, grovelling down at the hill foot amongst undrained marshes. But Manderscheid holds its own (as Loches in Touraine does, despite its grand castle, big enough to be a second town). The Manderscheid Church is naught; the great folks are all buried at Himmerod (to which monastery some of them used to retire when tired of that battle of life, which for them literally was a battle) or at Oberkail, a place where 22,000 French prisoners were *internés* during the war. But, besides the castles, Manderscheid itself is a place well worth loafing in for an hour; the people have the blunt friendliness of Germans unused to strangers. Besides, it is on the way to the *maars*; and if you shirk the walk to those not-to-be-omitted wonders, the post leaves for Daun every day about eleven. H. S. F.

AMONGST THE LEAD MINERS

FAR away in the bleak recesses of the north-western dales of Yorkshire, and of those to the west of the adjoining county of Durham, a large portion of the lead produced in England is brought to bank. In many of these dales lead-mining may be considered not only the oldest, but the chief, industry. In some popular rumour dates back the period of first-known working to the Roman era, and there have been found evidences that this is at least partially true. And it is somewhat singular that generation after generation has preserved the industry in families and kept the old names amongst the miners. And thus in Teesdale the Viponds may be met with in numbers; in Swaledale the Blenkirons and Waggetts; and in Weardale the Emersons and Dawsons have been miners for generations. In most cases, too, these lead mining districts are isolated in situation, shut in, north and south, by high hills, and only rarely traversed by railways, so that there is preserved in them a quaintness of custom and even of dialect such as are being banished elsewhere. The mode of payment is arranged on a peculiar basis; the period of work varies greatly from that of settled industries, and the conditions under which it is accomplished are such as to have given rise to customs whose quaintness takes us far back. It is true that at the present time these customs and conditions are giving way, and that the introduction of newer industries is beginning to have its effect on the old, but the old die out only slowly, and the lead mining dales present life to the observer in fresh, and piquant, and quaint, and curious characters. Leased from the owners of the soil, the right to mine in each of two most northern dales is chiefly in the hands of two great firms, who have for centuries been the great employers of labour therein, and who have acquired vast revenues therefrom. And for generations the mode of working and the mode of payment have varied in detail, but have been identical in principle. The work of lead-getting is done by companies of six or eight miners who contract to do it at a stipulated price per "bing" of lead ore, or per fathom excavated. But to this payment by "piece-work" the lead miners have acquired by custom advantages of the regular wage system, for they have what is called subsistence money, or "subsist" paid monthly to them. This custom is due to the long reckonings known in the dales, generally three months, and up to a recent period, in one dale yearly. Lead mining is precarious work, and it not unfrequently happens that the average earnings of the members of a company of miners does not equal the amount each has received as subsistence money, and when the "run of luck" is against a man it may happen that he will be for years indebted to the mine owners—in some instances living and dying in debt, in others, in one fortunate year clearing off the debts of many previous. The period of work is also peculiar. As lead mining is deemed to be an industry injurious to health, the "week's" work is one of forty hours, divided into four or five days; and as the mine is often a considerable distance from the villages where the lead miners reside, "mine-shops," or rude barracks, are constructed for them near the mine, and in these, more especially in winter, the men pass such of the time of the four or five days as is not occupied in actual work. Roughly divided into two compartments, the first of these is hung around with the muddy and earth-stiffened mine garments of the men, whilst the second is brightened by a huge fire of peat, wood, or coal, and, in one or two instances of late, gas, abstracted from peat, adds to the brilliancy of the light. A few benches, a rough table, a cupboard for food, rough cooking utensils, and now and again a few well-thumbed books from the mine owners' libraries, complete the equipments of the lower rooms, whilst the upper chamber contains a dozen or so of rude beds. Associating in these, the miners place themselves under the rule of a "king," who takes the government of the domestic affairs of his little kingdom—the mine-shop, but whose edicts are law for his subjects even beyond its unpalatial precincts. If, for instance, a shop-keeper offends against the unwritten laws of the miners, his doom until repentance is decreed; and if a miner similarly offends, and by debt brings disrepute on the companionship, a council, with its "kingly" president, sends him to Coventry, in a mode as complete as town unionists do "blacklegs." When the short, but exhaustive "week" of the miner is completed, he returns to his home; attends, it may be, to his little grazing farm of a few acres, which many miners possess, cultivates the gardens which are held as alternatives for the same reason—to furnish healthy out-door exercise, or in some other way adds to his scanty mine-earnings, and counteracts in a degree the influence of work in the long galleries that penetrate the hill sides in quest of the leaden veins. It is needless to describe the mode of working, for it is one which has undergone little change for centuries. It is sufficient to say that the mode is usually by levels, driven into the side of the hill, but sometimes a "rise" by ladders, or a "sump" or shaft, may vary the level, to the extent even of fifty feet. In the level the pitmen work, the results of their labour being brought in mine tubs on a tramway to the mouth of the mine, where it is washed—the metallic particles remaining after the washing, whilst the earthen with a portion of lead is carried to a circular "buddle," where a part of the lead is abstracted, and the rest, which is irreclaimable but small, passes down as "hush" into the streams. The average results of the miners' work—their earnings in one of the best paid of the dales—may be taken as not more than 1*l.* per "week."

There are strongly marked personal characteristics in the lead-mining dales, one of which is the degree to which dissent is accepted as the popular faith. Although Weardale was originally "bishop's land," yet the followers of Wesley many times outnumber the Episcopalians; and in the adjoining Vale of the Tees, Primitive Methodism and Methodism together number the great bulk of the people, so that you may travel for miles in the upper part of the dale without seeing a church, though chapels abound in various stages of structural squatness and solidity. In language, olden peculiarities linger. To churn is still to "kern," meddle is still represented by "mell," ale takes the not infrequent sound of "all," and fair earnings are spoken of as "good addlings." The vowels are broadened, the *r* is buzzed out, and the *i* becomes "ah," so that "fahve mahles" is the representative for five miles, the day is "keull," and in answer to an inquiry whether it always rains in Teesdale, you may be reminded that it "snahs sometahms." In another lead-mining dale, the clannishness and inter-marriage of the people has kept the same surnames for generations so common that to distinguish between those whose names do not differ recourse is had to the father's name, and even then the undistinguished have recourse to the grandparents, so that an Edward Blenkiron might be marked out from the number by the prefix of the names of two generations, and be dubbed "Edward's John's Ned." That great leveller of distinctions, the railway, is beginning, however, to efface peculiarities of speech and of sport, and is doing away with the quaint customs that have so long marked the dales people. It is lessening, also, the superabundant labour of the dales, and thus is making the remainder more valuable. The villages once isolated are brought within the beaten track of tourists; the patriarchal relations between capital and labour are giving place to commercial ones, and the slow advance of agricultural science in the dales is beginning to transform the long-known landmarks of long meadows, alternated with moors empurpled in the autumn, and long low hills that shut in the dales. Thus the quiet and quaint mode of life will soon become a thing of the past, but it will be well for the lead-mining dales if the development of scientific modes of working the mines, the levelling down of old customs, the adoption of a commercial basis for all relations, and the introduction of newer industries,—it will be well if these leave the old independence, frugality, and life-long honesty, as well as the lore of the native dale, they find there.

J. W. S.



New Music

W. Czerny.——One of the most useful and admirable serial publications of this period is "Moments de Loisir, Morceaux Classiques et Populaires pour violon et piano," by W. Czerny; alike in the study and the home circle they will be found of great utility. No. 13 is a refined and pleasing arrangement of Beethoven's immortal "Adelaide;" No. 14 is a charming *duo* for the violon or violoncello, and pianoforte, by Carl Hause; No. 15, a well-known and popular "Air à la Bourrée," by Handel; No. 16, a modern but equally popular madrigal by J. B. Wekerlin; No. 17, "Rondo Giocoso," by Haydn; 18, a "Menuet," by C. Wekerlin; 19, "Gavotte in D," by J. S. Bach, arranged in a musicianly manner, therefore sure to be a favourite of the series; No. 20, a quaint *morceau* by Pringuer, entitled "Queen Bess's Solemne Daunce."—Moderately advanced students will find recreation in "Six Characteristic Pieces" for the pianoforte (second series), by Oscar Beringer. No. 1, a lively "Pas Redouble;" No. 2 is a very meek and feeble "Little Waltz;" No. 3, a "Simple Melody," is a pretty *morceau*, very superior to its predecessor, of the "song without words" school; No. 4, a melodious "Gavotte," which will catch the juvenile ear, as will also "Humoresque" (No. 5); No. 6, "Pastorale," is also a pleasing little *morceau*.—The first three numbers of "New Favourite National Songs," composed and arranged by Ferdinand Waser, translated into English by Finlay Finlayson, are: No. 1, "May I Love My Love," a *piquante* song for a soprano, quite out of the beaten track; Nos. 2 and 3, for a sentimentally disposed baritone, entitled respectively "Fair White Lily" and "O, Fairest Day."

Messrs. Simpson and Co.——To judge by the example before us poetry matures by keeping. "The Sea King," a poem written by Motherwell more than eighty years ago, is full of life and vigour; Louis Diehl has set it to a spirited melody, albeit we have heard the like before.—"The Knight's Leap," a romantic legend, forms the subject of a poem by Charles Kingsley. J. Hardman has written appropriate music for it. Both words and music are very good of their kind.—A favourite old hymn by the late Dr. Faber, "Faith of our Fathers," comes to us in a simple form for four voices, and also got up with an elaborate frontispiece of purple and gold, the music edited by J. E. Vernham; the former is preferable to the latter.—Total abstainers cannot fail to be pleased with "Three Temperance Songs," written and composed by C. Bicknell and H. E. Hodson: No. 1, "Bring Us the Cup;" No. 2, "Temptation;" No. 3, "Come, Fill Up Your Glasses." All three of these songs are in praise of water as an exhilarating beverage, and deserve attention if only on account of their theme.—A vocal waltz of the Arditi type, "I'll Dream of Thee To-Night" (*Io Sognero d'Amor*) is composed by W. F. Taylor, words by J. S. Lyons, *Parole di* Reginaldo Barnett; the joint stock poetry is not what one would expect from a pair of poets, and the music is of a very ordinary description.—Baron Carlo Mora has transcribed for the pianoforte Wrighton's two popular ballads, "Bright as a Seraph" and "The Waggoner," the former transcription is far superior to the latter.—"Les Etrilles" is the eccentric title for a pretty, but somewhat weak, *Valse pour le pianoforte par* Le Comte Guillaume Van de Burch.—The "Ride a Cock Horse Quadrilles," arranged by R. Andrews on nursery melodies, will surely please the young folks, and tempt them to dance with plenty of energy.

Messrs. Enoch and Sons.——The tender love poem attributed to Shakespeare, "Be my Love," has inspired George Fox to the composition of a charming melody which he has dedicated "To Laura;" the compass is limited from E on the first line to the octave above.—As is generally the case with our budgets from this firm, the instrumental music not only preponderates over the vocal, but is also of a superior character.—Vol. 451, "Format Litolff," contains three gems by Schumann for the pianoforte, namely, No. I., "Arabeske" (Op. 18); No. II., "Blumenstücke" (Op. 19); and No. III., "Humoreske."—Those of our readers who are apt to associate the name of Rubinstein with almost insuperable difficulties will be both surprised and gratified to meet with a graceful melody in F major by this composer within the powers of an ordinary executant.—We have met with numerous arrangements of the beautiful melody known as "The Vesper Hymn," but no transcriber has done it more justice than J. Pridham, who has transcribed it in a most pleasing style, under the title of "Vesper Chimes," a *fantasie* for the pianoforte.—A bright and cheerful "Mélodie" for the pianoforte, by Cotsford Dick, may be easily learnt by heart, and played, with satisfaction to executant and audience, after dinner.—A merry galop is "Tout-de-Suite," by Georges Lamothe, and by the same composer is the "Tête-à-Tête Valse,"—the music is dance-inspiring, the frontispiece is a most gorgeous representation of two birds of a rare species with rose pink breasts and brown backs, perched on a nest surrounded by gay flowers.

Messrs. Wood and Co.——A pleasing after-dinner piece is "Chanson," *pour piano*, by J. Alfred Owen, quite a "song without words.—No. XI. of "Sunbeams," "La Donna è Mobile," is one of the series; its adaptor, Frank Percival, found this tuneful song more easy to simplify than some of its companions. It is also arranged as a duet.—One of the most popular waltzes of the season is "Gestohlen Kusse" ("Stolen Kisses"), by Hans Waldenfeldt; its popularity promises to be almost as great as that of the "Blue Danube Waltz."—"Osman Pasha," a Turkish war march, is an inspiriting melody; the time well marked, very creditable to its composer, Adolph Meyer, and worthy of the attention of military and civil bands.

Messrs. Goddard and Co.——Both words and music of a ballad by J. H. L. Glover, entitled "Snowdrops," are refined and pathetic, compass from B below the lines to E on the fourth space.—By the above composer is a carefully written pianoforte piece, "May Morning" (companion to "Night Music").—It is but seldom that Lindsay Sloper strays into the beaten path of transcribers. He has been tempted thither by Charles Gounod's admired and never tiresome serenade, "La Berceuse," which he has transcribed for the pianoforte most tastefully *avec deux variantes*, as the title-page tells us.—"Noch Einmal Waltz," by Bliss Wainwright, is of a very ordinary type; but the time is well marked.

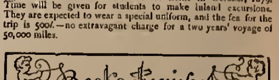
Messrs. Wood and Co.——A homely narrative song of medium compass, well fitted for the family circle, is "'Twas Evening, in the Summer Time," written and composed by J. W. King and F. A. Mori.—From Immanuel Liebich come a brace of pleasing trifles for the pianoforte, easily learnt by heart, and as speedily forgotten, entitled "Mignonette" and "Deux Yeux."—Fabio Campana has adopted the reprehensible system of publishing a "Nocturne Helene" in the key of D flat, for what he styles "concert players," and in D natural for ordinary executants. We trust that his example may not be followed by other composers, or else we may have the three degrees of comparison musically illustrated.

Miscellanies.——Those musical teachers who are called upon to instruct adult beginners cannot do better than take up "A New Method for the Piano," translated from the German of Aloys Hennes (25th Edition), by Professor H. Mannheimer. This very clever work is divided into five courses, being a guide for young beginners, from the very commencement to the "Etudes" of Bertini and Cramer, and the "Sonatas" of Haydn, Mozart, and Clementi (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—In spite of their title, there is nothing pedantic or scholastic in "Three Part School Songs" (Second Set), by J. Borschitzsky. This series consists of fifteen tuneful compositions, the words by various poets, including J. Mackay, J. Bowring, Mrs. Hemans, and others. As excellent specimens of the series may be mentioned No. 2, "The Weaver's Song," a nervous poem by Barry Cornwall; No. 3, Charles Mackay's spirited poem, "Cleon and I," and by the same writer, No. 6, "Little at First, but Mighty at Last." As home-circle companions for the coming long winter's evenings we can recommend the four neatly and cheaply got up numbers (in parts) of this series (J. F. Borschitzsky).—A brace of songs for medium voices, written and composed by F. G. Weatherly, M.A., and W. C. Levey, are "The Little Flower Girl" and "The Mill Maid." The former is tragical, the latter is cheerful.—A dashing song, with a somewhat too alliterative title, is "Ralph the Ranger: The Royalist's Ride," words by F. C. Weatherly, M.A., the music by J. P. Knight, published in two keys, for baritone or bass.—No. 3 of "Morley's Magazine of Musical Treasures" contains ten celebrated Marches by great composers, arranged in an easy manner for the pianoforte (W. Morley, jun.).—A ballad, "tender and true," is "Years Ago," the pathetic words by O. W. Holmes, the music by F. Hoffmann (Messrs. Thurgate and Sons).—The delicately designed frontispiece will draw attention to "Lieb Gretchen" (Daisy Dear), Walzer, composed by Henry Klein. The music will disappoint the expectations raised thereby (Messrs. C. Boosey and Co.).—It is questionable whether or no the result produced is worth the trouble expended thereon in "A Romance of Love" (Minnespiel), vocal waltzes for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, and two performers on the pianoforte; the music by H. Hofmann, English version by Lewis Novra. This elaborate composition extends over forty pages. Were it half the length it would be so much the less tedious. The same amount of labour expended by executants and composer upon a more congenial work would produce a more satisfactory result than the performance of these vocal waltzes, clever as they are (Messrs. Witt and Co.).

◆

Washington's Silver Watch is now in the possession of a gentleman in Kansas, United States. It is over 150 years old, and, although the face is perfect, the hands are gone, and the works are very much out of repair. The initials "G. W." are engraved on the case, and a chain is attached. Washington used this watch until he became President, when he gave it to his private secretary, General Atkins, from whom it has descended to its present owner.

M. Jules Verne's fiction of "Round the World in Ninety Days" is to be carried out on a large scale by the "Woodruff Scientific Expedition Round the World," an American expedition organised for the instruction of students in scientific pursuits. The Woodruff Expedition will consist of about 400 students, under the charge of a large staff of professors, in a steamer, the *Ontario*, fitted with a large library and all educational appliances, while lectures will be given during the voyage, inland expeditions organised, and collections of all kinds will be formed by the students. Starting from New York on the 1st, the *Ontario* will sail for the West Indies, skirt South America, pass through the Straits of Magellan to the Pacific, explore the chief islands, and visit Australia. From thence the expedition will go on to Japan, China, and the Philippine Islands, through the Straits of Malacca to Calcutta, sail round India to Bombay, the Persian Gulf, and by the Red Sea to the Suez Canal. The vessel will next visit Greece and Italy, will skirt the south of France and Spain to Lisbon, call at Cherbourg, and conclude her trip at Plymouth, whence she will sail for home in October, 1879. Time will be given for students to make inland excursions. They are expected to wear a special uniform, and the fee for the trip is 500*l.*—no extravagant charge for a two years' voyage of 50,000 miles.



Books Received

Confessions of a Welsh Salmon Poacher. G. E. Jones. Johnson and Sons (Limited).

A Young Wife's Story (3 vols.). Henrietta Bowra; Hunting, Shooting, and Fishing; Prince Ritto, or the Four-leaved Shamrock. Fanny W. Currey; The Blue Banner: Léon Cahun, translated by W. Collett Sanders; The Christmas Story-teller, by Old Hands and New Ones; Jasper Deane. John Saunders; Men of Mark, No. XXII., Vol. II.; The Picture Gallery, Vol. VI., Part LXX. Sampson Low.

Dità (3 vols.): Lady M. Majendie. W. Blackwood and Sons.

Transcaucasia and Ararat: James Bryce. Macmillan.

Heir to Two Fortunes (3 vols.). by the Author of "The Life of Mdlle. Remington and Co.

Guide de l'Amateur d'Objets d'Art et de Curiosité. Dr. J. G. T. Graesse. G. Schoenfeld, Dresden.

Shooting, Yachting, and Sea-fishing Trips (2 vols.). by "Wildfowler, Snapshot." Chapman and Hall.

French Jesuits in England. Z. W. Hinton. E. W. Allen.

The Religion of God and the Scientific Philosophy. Joachim Kaspary. Freethought Publishing Company.

Old and New London, Vol. V. Edward Walford; National Portrait Gallery; Common Sense Housekeeping. Phillis Brown; Common Sense Cooking: A. S. Payne. Cassell.

Catalogue of Pianofortes, &c. Nicholson and Ascherberg. Melbourne and Sydney.

Maud Leslie. Lady Charles Thynne. Hurst and Blackett.

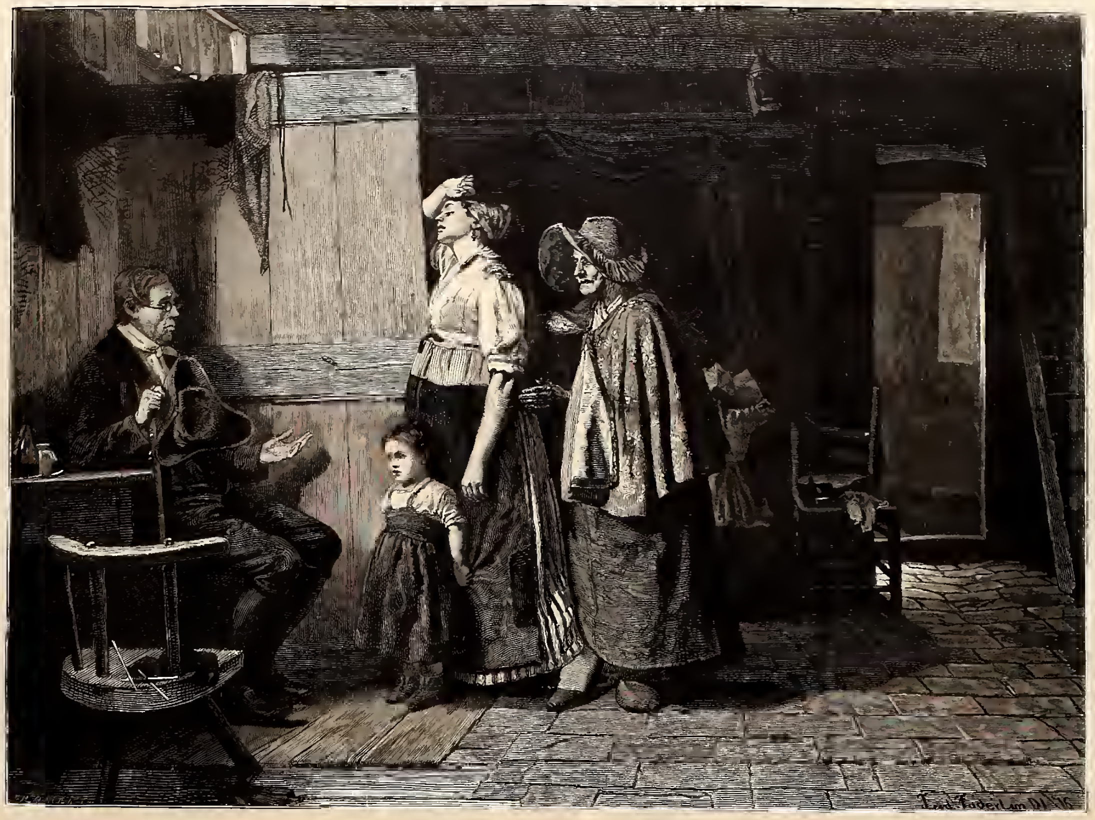
Annual Report on the Melbourne Botanic Gardens. W. R. Guilfoyle, F.L.S., &c., London. John Ferres, Melbourne.

The Prince of Darkness and the Curse of War. Frederick Barnett. Elzevir Press.

Erema (3 vols.). R. D. Blackmore. Smith, Elder, and Co.

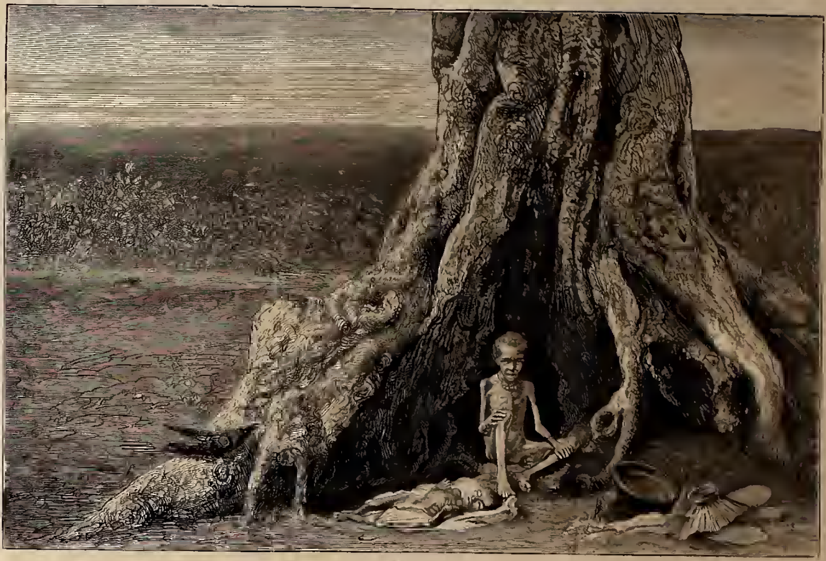
Errors of Speech and Spelling (2 vols.). Rev. E. Cobham Brewer. W. Tegg and Co.

Gwen Wynn (3 vols.). Capt. Mayne Reid; May Fairfax (3 vols.). Helen Mar. The Soul and How It Found Me. E. Maitland. Tinsley Bros.

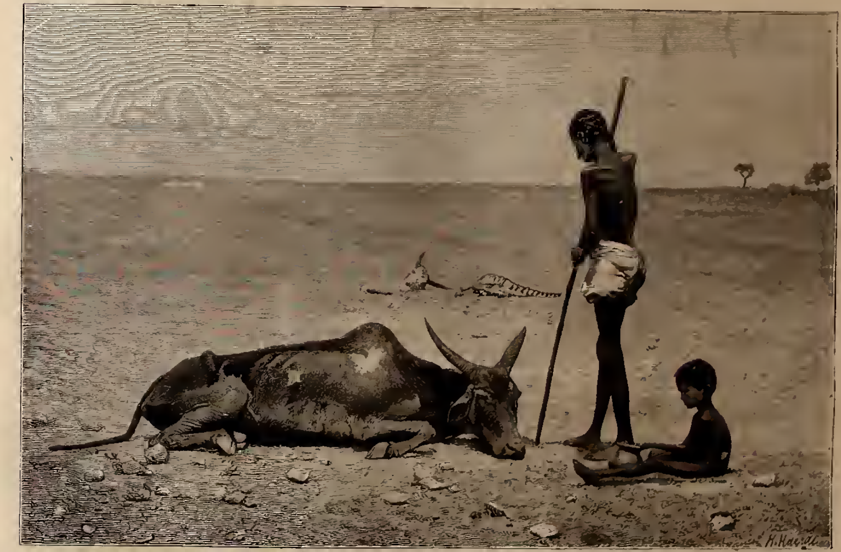

Ferd. Fagerlin Dl. 76

"NO HOPE!"

FROM THE PICTURE BY FERDINAND FAGERLIN EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"FORSAKEN"



"THE LAST OF THE HERD"

THE FAMINE IN INDIA—SCENES IN THE BELLARY DISTRICT, MADRAS PRESIDENCY

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——Rain and snow on the Danube and in Roumelia have caused a temporary suspension of operations. The wet weather has seriously embarrassed the Russians with regard to their supplies, as the roads are seas of mud, and the cattle die on the way, while it has also delayed the troops, who travel with a large amount of *impedimenta*. The Imperial Guard, amounting to 50,000 men, was expected before Plevna this week, and as a proof that the Russians intend to abandon their reckless plan of assault, and to reduce Osman Pasha by a steady and determined siege, General Todleben, the defender of Sebastopol, has been appointed Chief of Prince Charles's general staff, *vice* General Zotoff. A clear-headed man is certainly much needed before Plevna, as reports declare the army to be without head or plan, and thoroughly at sea. General Todleben is likely to invest Plevna completely, and will hardly allow the safe arrival of a relief expedition like that of Chefket Pasha last week, with 10,000 men and plentiful ammunition and provisions. Scant opposition was offered to this convoy, as the Russian attacking force had no infantry at hand. The Roumanians, however, were more successful, and last week captured eighty waggons of Turkish provisions. Indeed Prince Charles's troops are well up to their work, and are doing good service in the trenches. They have sapped up to within fifty yards of the redoubt north-west of the Gravitza redoubt, and this redoubt once taken, an attack could be made against the entrenched camp on the western brow of the Gravitza ridge, the very key of Plevna, as it commands the town and the other redoubts. In their turn the Turks have constructed forts along the Sofia road, to serve as bases of supplies, and to secure a line of retreat. It is alleged that the Russians will make a supreme effort to capture Plevna, and if successful will march on Sofia and Adrianople. At the same time General Gourko will recross the Balkans, and take Raouf Pasha in the rear, and the Czarevitch will resume the siege of Rustchuk.

Finding the Russians too strongly entrenched for a front attack, and his supplies too far distant, Mehemet Ali retired across the Banicka Lom, to his former positions on the Kara Lom. This step has evidently given offence at the Porte. He has been superseded by Suleiman Pasha, while Raouf Pasha, late commander of Shumla, has succeeded the latter in the Balkans. The Russian outposts have been pushed forward to Popkoi, where there have been some small skirmishes, while the Czarevitch's lines now extend from Metchka on the Danube, past Biela, to Tirnova, and are declared impregnable. Fever and dysentery are prevalent amongst his men, however, and forage is scarce. Rustchuk was freshly bombarded on Friday, the station being shelled for the first time, and on the same day Rahova was unsuccessfully attacked by the Roumanians. The only other items of fighting are a Russian repulse at Medjidié, in the line of Trajan's Wall, a *reconnaissance* against Tatar Bazanljik—the first news of Zimmerman's Dobrudscha force we have had for weeks—and a skirmish near Pyrgos. Snow has fallen heavily in the Shipka, where the Russians have brought up mortars, and fired one of the enemy's powder magazines. There was an engagement at Elena on Monday week, when both sides claim the victory, and a sharp battle in the Kamvanserai Pass on Thursday week, resulting in a Russian success. In ASIA General Tergukassoff and Ismail Pasha fought two serious engagements on the 21st and 27th ult., of which the result is doubtful, while there has been a skirmish near Anlahan. Mukhtar Pasha also claims a success, at Necjoran, on Thursday week, but on Wednesday last he met with a repulse near Kamjal.

The continuance of the war is now looked upon as certain, and it is probable that the Czar, who, by the way, has had a slight attack of fever, will not quit the field. The rumours of mediation by the Powers are strenuously denied, as also the wish of the Russian people for peace, though it is said that the Czar desires the end of the campaign, and the Czarevitch supports war *à outrance*. Russia is strongly urging Servia to action, and Prince Milan has been holding Ministerial Councils daily, while it is still declared that the Servians will cross the frontier on the 15th prox., when their succour would be of great value round Plevna. The troops are ready, supplies and money are plentiful, and it is reported that only Austrian intervention keeps Prince Milan back. AUSTRIA, however, is well occupied with repressing the Turkish sympathies of her own subjects, and a plot has been discovered, by which 5,000 Hungarians were to have crossed the frontier of Transylvania into Roumania to destroy the railroad and fall upon the Russian rear. Large quantities of arms and ammunition have been seized at the various railway stations, and numerous arrests made, while General Klapka has been named as the chief of the attempt. The General, however, declares his innocence, stating that although the moral support of the Hungarians must be given to Turkey, any attempts to organise guerilla warfare would be useless. Meanwhile Austria officially proclaims her neutrality, and Herr Tisza in the Hungarian Diet last week, replying to the interpellations on Eastern affairs, declared that the Government policy consisted in the protection of the interests of the country, denied any leaning towards Russia, and remarked that the Imperial Triple Alliance had never existed, while he begged to be excused any statement of what Austria would do in the event of Servian action. Similar assertions were made by Prince Auersperg in the Austrian Reichsrath. Agitation is afloat in ROUMANIA anent a recall of the army, and the Government is severely blamed for its action, while the Legislature are reported to propose meeting on their own authority. Rumour declares that the Russians have asked for a further contingent of 40,000 men, promising part of Russian Bessarabia as a reward. Roumanian Bessarabia, says the same report, has appealed to the Czar against Roumanian misrule.—MONTENEGRO is satisfied with its successes—the fortress of Goransko having now capitulated, and the Prince will probably remain solely on the defensive. CONSTANTINOPLE is occupied with the wounded, and the Porte has agreed to allow the Russians to bring timber across the Danube for the construction of hospitals. The suffering among the Russian wounded is even greater than that among the Turkish, and a number of German military surgeons have been sent to their assistance. Bent on encouraging his generals the Sultan has bestowed on Osman and Mouktar Pashas the title of "Ghazi"—"victorious." In BOSNIA the Government has appealed to the insurgents to return home, and to trust in the Padishah's clemency and pardon—rather a broken reed.

FRANCE.——The electoral fever runs high, and manifestoes of all shades, episcopal pastorals, and Government prosecutions and prohibitions rain down upon the electors. Clericalism has strongly declared itself in favour of the Marshal. Authorised by the Pope himself, the Archbishop of Bourges has fixed three days of prayer throughout his diocese for the return of a Conservative Chamber, and other prelates are not slow to follow the example. The Archbishop of Chambéry even asserts that abstention from the poll would prove the voter a bad Christian, as Church and country tearfully entreat they may not be left to the mercy of the wicked. On their part the Government watch minutely every speech and pamphlet, even pouncing upon treasonable pocket-handkerchiefs, and prohibiting the exhibition of political writings in booksellers' shops where they might be read by passers-by, dissolve clubs and any too outspoken meetings, and intend to prosecute several Republicans for their electoral circulars. However, the Republicans persistently refuse to be irritated, and continue to evince that unity and moderation which has so annoyed and thwarted their adversaries. They now contest 526 seats out of 533, while 48 of their seats are uncontested by the Conservatives. M. Grévy has been formally recognised as the Republican leader by the Committee of the 9th Arrondissement—M. Thiers' old seat—who style him the proper guide of the 363, and the eventual successor of Marshal MacMahon. "When the nation shall have spoken," say they, "if the Executive does not bow, the contest will be between France and one man"—a cry echoed in more guarded phrase by most Republican manifestoes and speeches. The name of the latter is simply legion, and we need only mention a forcible oration by M. Louis Blanc to his Paris constituents, condemning the late Chamber, but warning all his friends to avoid extremes, and to support existing institutions. Radicalism is very quiet in Paris, and has held but one meeting, under M. Clemenceau, when red rosettes, the term "citoyens," and plenty of noise were the chief characteristics. M. Gambetta has fallen into disgrace with the more violent of his Belleville electors, who have put up M. Bonnet-Duverdier—ex-President of the Municipal Council, and now in prison for uncourtier-like language—in opposition. M. Duverdier, however, has declined the honour, and M. Gambetta has taken no notice, but has been repeating his former defence of the Opposition at Noisiel (Seine et Marne). He has formally appealed against his sentence, and the trial comes on once more next week, when he will probably address the Court.

The Conservatives are fully as active, but the Monarchists are somewhat disgusted at the immense number of Bonapartists put forward as official candidates. Indeed, the Imperialists under Government support number 298 against 131 Legitimists and 83 Orleanists, and in 31 seats the two parties have a double nomination and clash seriously. Placards printed on white paper—the official colour—and naming the candidates as "Candidates of Marshal MacMahon's Government," have been sent to the mayors for posting on the various public buildings, and several officials have been dismissed in consequence of their refusal to post the obnoxious proclamation. Amongst the Bonapartists M. Rouher comes forward with an address supporting the Marshal while praising the Empire, and the whole Imperialist party join in an outcry against Prince Napoleon, who has appealed to his Corsican electors as a Democrat. The Duc Decazes—with rat-like instinct—is careful not to identify himself either with any definite policy, or with the Cabinet, and professes himself the "friend of Marshal MacMahon." After Monday next the Government will have matters all its own way, as neither meetings nor addresses are allowed for five days before the elections, and whilst the Opposition is legally condemned to quiet, the Cabinet has ample means at its disposal for occult influence. Both parties seem confident of success.

ITALY.——One of the most prominent candidates for the Papacy, Cardinal Riario Sforza, has died at the age of sixty-seven. He was thought to have the best chance of the Papal throne, and his death is much regretted by moderate Catholics, as he had recently shown a spirit of conciliation towards the Italian Government. The Pope is much better, and has been giving audiences.—Much importance is attached to Signor Crispi's recent visit to Berlin, when Prince Bismarck is reported to have declared that at the present Pope's death the struggle between Church and State must be brought to an end by some means; while rumour asserts that Italian aid was promised in the event of another war between Germany and France. Before leaving Berlin Signor Crispi sent a farewell telegram to Emperor William thanking him for his reception.—The remains of General Nino Bixio were landed at Genoa on Saturday, and the funeral took place next day.

UNITED STATES.——The next Session of Congress will probably be marked by a strong opposition to the President. Notwithstanding his hitherto successful policy and his late gratifying Southern tour, many members of the New York Republican State Convention are seriously annoyed with President Hayes's Civil Service Reform, and at a late meeting, at the instigation of Senator Conkling, openly declared their antagonism. Their proceedings are, however, generally blamed, and the Union League Club of New York intends to call a mass meeting in favour of the Government. President Hayes, however, has now lost the support of Mr. Conkling and Mr. Cameron, who were valuable aids to General Grant.—There has been a serious Indian raid on the Mexican border, and an American detachment pursued the Indians into Mexican territory with no success, as the marauders had been warned. The Nez Percé Chief Joseph also has managed to cross the Missouri on his way to join Sitting Bull in Canada.—Army reform is to be discussed when Congress opens. The Secretary of War will recommend the increase of the army to 40,000 men, and the adoption of British battalion organisation.

INDIA.——The Madras Famine reports continue satisfactory, as there has been a good rainfall, and the summer crops are nearly in. Prices, however, have not yet fallen much, although the number on the Relief Works diminished 64,839 in the week ending Sept. 22. During July there were 113,494 deaths in the Presidency against an ordinary average of 33,442. Rain has also fallen in Mysore, and the number of persons receiving relief has accordingly decreased. From Bombay reports are favourable; but in the Central Provinces, the North-West, and the Punjaub rain is much wanted. The Government has found it impossible to do without official assistance, and public servants have been formed into committees to distribute the funds; 60,000*l.* have been allotted, including 10,000*l.* for Mysore and a similar sum for Bombay.—There has been a fresh raid of the Jowakis Afridis, and an expedition will probably be sent against the tribe next month.

THE COURT

THE Queen is enjoying lovely weather in the Highlands, and the season at Balmoral is so mild that wild roses, sweet peas, elder flowers, and lime blossoms are in full bloom, while the heather is coming out afresh. Last week the Princess of Wales and her children came over to lunch at Balmoral, when Mr. H. Lambeth's choir from Glasgow sang before Her Majesty and the Royal family. On Saturday the Duke of Connaught left Balmoral, and Prince Leopold returned to the castle from St. Andrews, while in the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the Prince and Princess at Abergeldie. Mr. Cross joined the Royal party at dinner. On Sunday Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, the Rev. A. Campbell of Crathie officiating. Next day, the Queen with the Princess of Wales and the Princess Beatrice drove through Braemar and Mar Forest to the Geldie Shiel, and Prince Leopold visited the Falls of Quoich, while in the evening Miss Lindsay, Viscount Macduff, and Mr. Cross dined with Her Majesty.—The Queen has given 250*l.* to the funds of the Red Cross Society towards the relief of the wounded in the East.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children remain at Abergeldie, where they received the Duke of Connaught at dinner last week. The Prince on Saturday was present at a grand grouse drive on Invercauld Moor given by Col. Farquharson, when over seventy brace of grouse were bagged, besides hares and other game. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess gave a picnic at Loch Merrick, the Prince driving over to Ballater to meet his guests. Prince Leopold dined with the Prince and Princess on Tuesday. The Princess's eldest brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, with his wife will shortly come to England on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince of Wales has promised to present an annual prize to the students at Snettisham Grammar School, which is close to Sandringham.

The Duke of Edinburgh will shortly rejoin the British Fleet in Besika Bay. At present he has gone to Marseilles in the *Sultan*, to meet the Duchess, and will escort her in the *Osborne* to Malta, whence he will return to the East.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Inverary on Saturday, and are now staying with the Duke of Argyle.—The Duke of Connaught is on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle, and will remain there for a week. He arrived on Saturday, and was warmly welcomed at the village of Aberfeldy.—Before returning to Balmoral last week, Prince Leopold visited the Tay Bridge, driving half-way across and being shown the details of the structure. The Prince was also presented with an album of photographs of the bridge.

The Duke of Cambridge has been staying with Lord and Lady Londesborough at Scarborough, and returned to town on Saturday.—The ex-Empress Eugénie and Prince Louis Napoleon left the Isle of Wight for Chiselhurst on Monday.—The Queen of Sweden's health is still so delicate that she has returned to Heidelberg for the winter.—The Emperor of Germany has joined the Empress at Baden-Baden to spend her birthday there.

CHURCH NEWS

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.——The seventeenth annual Church Congress will commence on Tuesday next at Croydon, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The meetings will be held in a temporary wooden building which has been erected for the purpose, and which, besides a Congress Hall capable of seating 4,000 persons, contains private apartments for his Grace, and for the Committee. Special services and daily "celebrations" will be held in several of the churches during the Congress week, the list of preachers including the Bishops of Oxford, Dover, Rochester, Argyll, and Derry, Archdeacon Emery, Canons Farrar and Carter, Professor Lightfoot, and the Revs. W. Knox-Little and R. W. Randall. An Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition will be held during the Congress. The *Guardian*, commenting on Archdeacon Denison's letter which we printed last week, says:—"While we cannot concur in his sweeping condemnation of all Church Congresses, because we believe that they have had an important function, and have fulfilled it fairly enough, still we are inclined to see in it a somewhat vehement expression of feeling, which we believe to be growing every day." The *Guardian* goes on to say that its own feeling lies midway between the gloomy forebodings of the Archdeacon and the cheerful anticipations of "a Westminster Rector," in *The Times*. It looks forward, however, with some anxiety to the Congress, "lest it should throw a spark into the combustible materials, which are only too ready to hand, and make much smoke, even if it kindles but little fire. It regards it as of special importance, "as being virtually the first London Congress, as being held under the presidency of the Primate, and as meeting at a time peculiarly critical;" and "trusts that it will prove itself worthy of the occasion, in the interest of its topics, the ability of its speakers, and most of all in the temper of mutual consideration and sense of brotherhood, which is indeed one of the rudiments of Christian life, but is, like all elementary principles, most difficult adequately to grasp and exhibit in the living reality."

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH.——The Bishop of Carlisle, preaching at Bonners, Windermere, on Friday, in aid of the Carlisle Diocesan Church Extension Society, said that the noblest and best way of guarding against future mischief was to prove that they were equal to the position in which God had placed them, and to make the constantly increasing means of grace supplied by their means to be felt to be a blessing by the people of England. Every new church built, every old church restored, every new parsonage, every new endowment, was an additional support to the Church of England as a national Church. Some people were apt to look upon the Church as a beleaguered city, and to consider that the greater her possessions, the greater would be the desire of her enemies to seize upon her as booty and divide the spoil. The nation was no more likely to act upon this coarse and vulgar view than she was to adopt the somewhat kindred notion of applying Communistic principles to property in general. It would be the work which the Church was doing which would be the best pledge that the State would leave her civil condition untouched. Of course spiritual work would be the great thing; still, such work as that which the Diocesan Church Extension Society took in hand was the material machinery of the spiritual, and had the advantage of being palpable and visible to common eyes.—The Bishop of Durham, speaking at the re-opening of the parish church of Penshaw, said that the real danger of the Church was not from dissent; the most fearful and alarming feature of the present day was that the English Church Union—representing as it does such a large number of the clergy and laity—should with almost one voice, and with very few remonstrants, advocate and support the proceedings of Mr. Tooth in his open defiance of the law. If anything would pull down the Church of England it would be the defiance of the law by her ministers. "The people of England are a law-loving people; they are told by their clergy that they are to obey the law; and when they see the clergy themselves in so many instances openly defying the law, and declaring that the legal decisions are in no way binding upon them—determined, in fact, that what they wish and what they resolve is to be the law to them—the moment that this is felt by the laity to be the general opinion (and I fear that at this moment that feeling is extending), then it seems to me that our Church will lose the confidence of the laity of this country. No one can object to any persons being discontented with the law and seeking to change it; but it is one thing to say 'The law is bad, and we will strive after its improvement,' and a very different thing to say, 'The law is bad, therefore, to set an example of disobedience to the law, I will defy it, and say it has no authority with me.'"

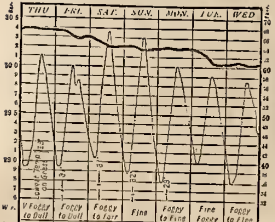
The Proposed Popish Hierarchy for Scotland.——The Committee of the Scottish Reformation Society has issued a series of resolutions, calling attention to this "offensive proposal" now entertained at the Vatican, which it looks upon with dread, as "fraught with the greatest danger, alike to the sovereign prerogatives of the Crown and to the civil and religious liberties of the people." It therefore calls upon "all sound Protestants to employ every constitutional means to arrest the progress of this great evil, by discountenancing in every aspect the whole system of Romanism, by adopting measures to have all public support of it entirely withdrawn, and by raising their protest against the bold and defiant proposal," and earnestly urges "all ministers of the Gospel to warn their people of the dangers which now threaten the Protestant Churches, and to take every opportunity of instructing them, especially the young, in the great fundamental distinctions between the Gospel of the Grace of God and the ruinous errors of that system which the Scriptures denounce as the Man of Sin and Son of Perdition; the unchanging enemy of Christ, the only Saviour of the lost, and the only Mediator between God and man."

Various.——The Ridsdale Judgment was this week discussed at the meeting of the Bath and Wells Diocesan Conference. It occupied the principal part of the Bishop's opening address, and the Rev. A. Mahon proposed a motion approving of the decision. Archdeacon Denison, however, spoke of it as the biggest judicial falsification on record. Several amendments were proposed, and eventually it was decided that the Conference should abstain from either approval or disapproval of the judgment. The Conference then turned to the Burials Question, and adopted a declaration that "it was inexpedient that other than clergymen of the Church of England should be allowed to officiate in the churchyards."—On Tuesday a conference was held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on the subject of religious services in theatres, music halls, and mission rooms. Favourable reports were given by the missionaries of the various districts, and a letter from Lord Shaftesbury was read, in which he said that they had done much for the religious welfare of London, and that it would be a source of grief and shame if they were given up, or even reduced.—The Edinburgh West End Theatre has been purchased by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, with the intention of turning it into a Synod House.—Dr. Moriarty, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kerry, died at Killarney on Monday last, having had an attack of paralysis on Saturday while consecrating the chapel attached to the Earl of Kenmare's new mansion. He was remarkable for his hostility to popular politics, and for many years was held in extreme disfavour for his denunciations of the leaders of Fenianism, of whom he is reported to have said on one occasion that "hell was not hot enough nor eternity long enough to give adequate punishment for the manner in which they had misled their countrymen."

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

September 27th to October 3rd (inclusive)



Explanation.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The weather during this week has been exceedingly quiet. Pressure has oscillated very little, the general tendency during the whole of the period being to decrease slowly, the highest point reached having been recorded on the first, and the lowest on the last of the days shown above. For nearly the whole period we have been lying under the influence of an anti-cyclone, or area of high pressure, and, as a consequence, very light variable airs have prevailed over the south-east of England, while in London itself calms have been reported at a great majority of the observatories. Temperature, unlike pressure, has had a considerable range, the maximum readings reaching or exceeding 60° on most days, while the minima in the night have been as low as 39°, 38°, and even 36°, the thermometer on the grass falling to the freezing point on Sunday, the 30th ultimo, to one degree below on Friday and Saturday, the 28th and 29th, and to three degrees on Monday, the 1st instant. Weather has been very dry, and the sky has been generally free from clouds; but a great deal of fog (which has not been confined to London, but been general over the whole country) has prevailed during the whole time. The barometer was highest (30·40 inches) at eight a.m. on Thursday, the 27th ultimo; lowest (30·00 inches) on Wednesday evening, the 3rd instant; range, 0·4 inches. The thermometer was highest (67°) on Saturday, the 29th ultimo; lowest (36°) on Monday and Wednesday, the 1st and 3rd instant; range, 31°. No rain has fallen.

◆

A Mischievous Trick was played at the Brighton Aquarium on Sunday evening. One of the electric eels was taken by some person out of the central tank and was placed in the alligator pond, while four baby turtles were stolen from their home. The thief seized his opportunity during the temporary absence of the attendant between 5 and 7 P.M., when there are generally few visitors at the Aquarium, and has not yet been discovered.

Music

Mdlle. Titiens, whose painful illness has caused great anxiety amongst her friends for many months past, died on Wednesday morning at her residence in St. John's Wood at the age of forty-six. We will reserve any detailed biography and our remarks on her great musical talents and achievements until next week, when we hope to publish her portrait, but we may here utter a few words of deep and heartfelt sorrow at the premature loss of one of the greatest musical artists England has ever known. We say England advisedly, for although of Hungarian origin, and German by birth—Hamburg being her native city—Mdlle. Titiens, apart from her operatic personations, has so identified herself with English oratorios, and both London and provincial "Festival" performances for all but twenty years, that she had come to be looked upon as an Englishwoman born and bred. Her popularity with the public in general was probably greater than that of her compeers, while in musical circles her geniality and kindheartedness to all, and in particular to young beginners and amateurs, caused her to be universally beloved. Her end was sudden, but peaceful. After dinner on Tuesday Mdlle. Titiens complained of feeling faint and went to bed, and slept for awhile. In the early morning, however, serious symptoms set in, and she died at two A.M. She had appeared singularly cheerful during the evening, and had been highly gratified by a message through Sir Spencer Wells from Her Majesty, expressing sympathy with her sufferings and admiration of her talent. Truly, no mark of Royal sympathy has ever been more deservedly bestowed than those few kind words which cheered the last hours of Theresa Titiens.

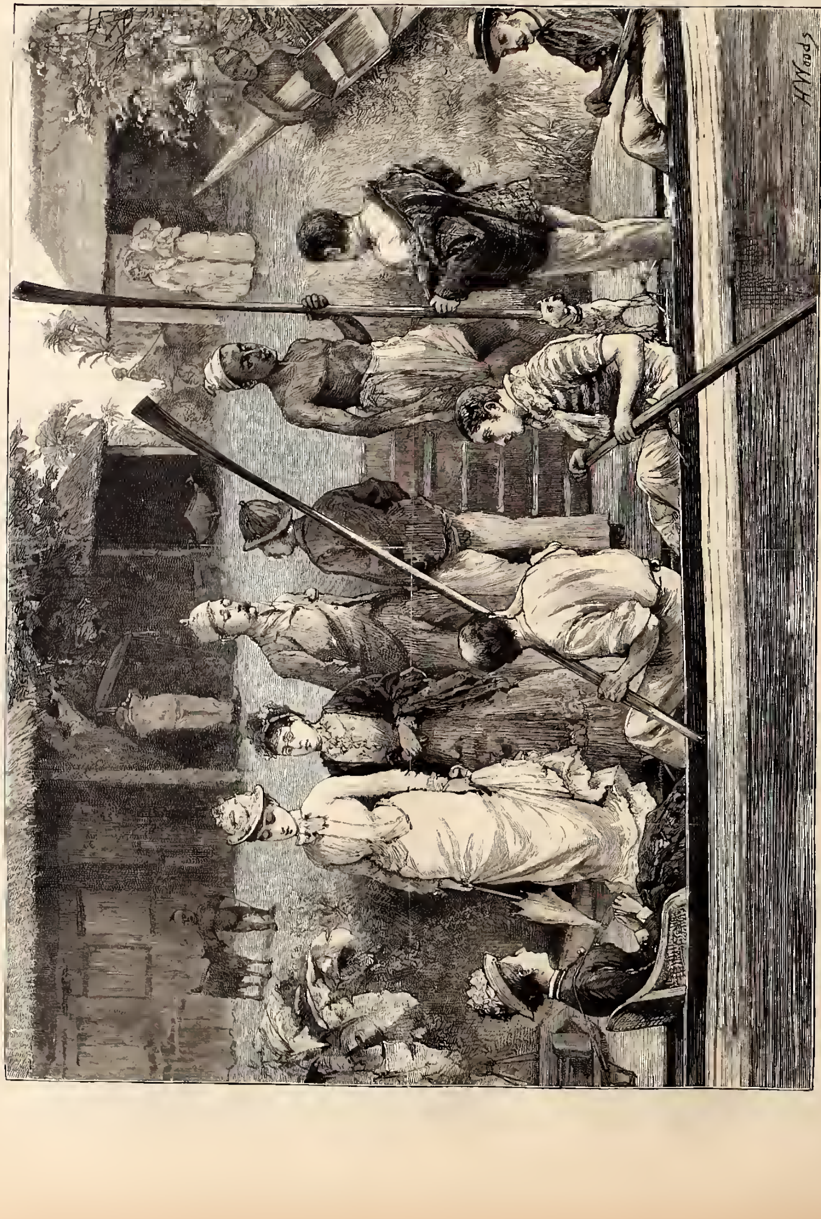
Crystal Palace Concerts.——The 22nd series of these admirable entertainments begins to-day, with a programme full of attraction, among the leading features being Mr. Arthur Sullivan's incidental music to *Henry VIII.*, the overture to *Le Prémier Jour de Bonheur* (Auber's penultimate opera), and, last not least, Sir Julius Benedict's concerto in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra, the pianoforte part sustained—not for the first time, even at the Crystal Palace—by Madame Arabella Goddard. The overture to *Oberon* and the C major symphony of Beethoven are also comprised. The Crystal Palace Choir is to assist in the performance of Mr. Sullivan's characteristic music. With reference to one point, it may be urged that, while so many fine symphonies by Haydn have not hitherto been accorded a hearing at these concerts, where the "Father of the Symphony," nevertheless, obtains such earnest and sympathetic attention from Mr. August Manns, Beethoven's earliest work of the kind might, with advantage to itself, be granted a somewhat longer period of repose. So bright and masterly a piece, however, cannot fail, under any circumstances, to be more or less welcome, and few except such amateurs as have been accustomed to hear it at frequent intervals during many years past will feel inclined to object. Its other points of interest borne in mind, Mr. Manns may therefore be congratulated on having prepared a model selection for his habitual supporters. The prospectus for the season, which is to terminate on the 15th of May, looks well upon paper; and the Crystal Palace directors, it must be admitted, usually adhere with conscientious strictness to the pledges set forth in their preliminary announcements. There are to be eleven concerts before, and fourteen after Christmas. The orchestra remains much as previously, with Mr. Manns in the place he has so zealously filled from the outset. Any change in these departments would be viewed with considerable dissatisfaction. Last season the Crystal Palace choral singers exhibited signs of progress which were heartily recognised on more than one occasion; and it is to be hoped they may continue to advance steadily in the same path, though some are of opinion that they would do wisely to turn their backs upon oratorio, unless when assuming the shape of some very interesting novelty; such, for example, as the "sacred drama," *Hezekiah*, which Mr. J. L. Hatton, one of our most highly esteemed musicians, has lately finished. This forms an important item in the catalogue of works by English authors. Sterndale Bennett—as, to the credit of Mr. Manns, invariably happens—is well cared for. In addition to his beautiful cantata, *The May Queen*, one of his pianoforte concertos, and the music to his unfinished *Ajax*—the last he ever wrote, and on that account alone the most acceptable of all—are promised. Mr. Henry Gadsby's overture to *Andromeda*, and his choruses in *Alcestis*, together with a manuscript symphony in G minor by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, will be welcome—the last more especially as something unknown from the pen of a composer whose talent and scholarly requirements have won general recognition. A "new concert-overture," by Mr. C. V. Stanford, of Trinity College, Cambridge (the same that was performed at the recent Gloucester Festival) completes the list—unless we may translate into a certainty the "hope" entertained by the directors of being able to include Professor Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake* (his most recent production) of which reports from Glasgow warrant high expectations. For the great Scotch city the cantata was expressly written, and it is to be produced there at one of the Subscription Concerts in December next. This, added to Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Henry VIII.* (above-mentioned) would to English compositions and English composers that fair share of publicity which, unquestionably their due, can rarely fail to be acceptable as it is desirable. That to Beethoven the Colossus is assigned a giant's place in the scheme may be taken for granted; and there was little necessity to urge any plea for so inevitable a decision. Mozart is called upon not only for two out of his many orchestral symphonies, but for a series of variations (horns and stringed instruments) not long since brought to light at Vienna, familiar enough to enthusiastic lovers of the Salzburg genius, however unfamiliar to amateurs and musicians in general. Only two symphonies by Haydn—the 9th of the "Salomon" set, and "that in G, quaintly" (why quaintly?) "known as 'Letter V.'" Besides other compositions from Mendelssohn, a fugue for stringed instruments, belonging to one of his early symphonies, is set down. The more of such things the better, inasmuch as every fresh contribution acquaints us more nearly with the development of the genius of that exceptional musician to whom the Art-world is indebted for *Elijah*. Of Schubert we are to hear once more the curiously styled "Tragic Symphony," and which has nothing "tragic" in it, and first time, another symphony, in B flat, the second proceeding from the brain of Beethoven's most fertile and gifted contemporary. Two out of the four symphonies by Schumann are, as a matter of course, provided; and—*mirabile dictu!*—the ballet music from Rossini's *Moïse*, Parisian version of his *Mosè in Egitto*. The Introduction to Act 1, or the grand chorus of Act 2, from the same opera, would have conferred more honour upon the illustrious Pesarese. Our "elders" in art are not overlooked, and various compositions by Bach and Handel, about which it is needless to say more than that they are here comparatively unknown, are included. Not the least interesting among these is "The Yorkshire Feast Song," by our own Henry Purcell, which, though advertised last season, was non-forthcoming. The "Sinfonie Caracteristique" of Hector Berlioz, founded upon Byron's "Childe Harold," and entitled *Harold en Italie*, has been heard more than once in London, though never till now at the Crystal Palace. We are curious to witness the effect produced upon the Sydenham audience by this gloomy and magnificent "tone-poem," "tone-picture," or whichever the disciples of the "Romantic School" may delight to call it, and no less curious to be informed upon whom will devolve the task of playing the *obbligato* part for a single viola, supposed to represent the personage of Harold throughout the entire symphony. The *Wald-sinfonie* of Joachim Raff, the fourth "Orchestral Rhapsody" of Abbé Liszt (rhapsody indeed!), the symphony which Herr Anton Rubinstein boldly entitles *Ocean*, and orchestral pieces from Reinecke, Hoffman, Goldmark, and Saint Saens (the Wagner-idolising French critic and musician), together with Verdi's *Requiem*, the ballet music from Gounod's last opera, *Cinq Mars*, selections from Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, &c., and Sir Michael Costa's serenata, *The Dream*, are all set down.

LEGAL

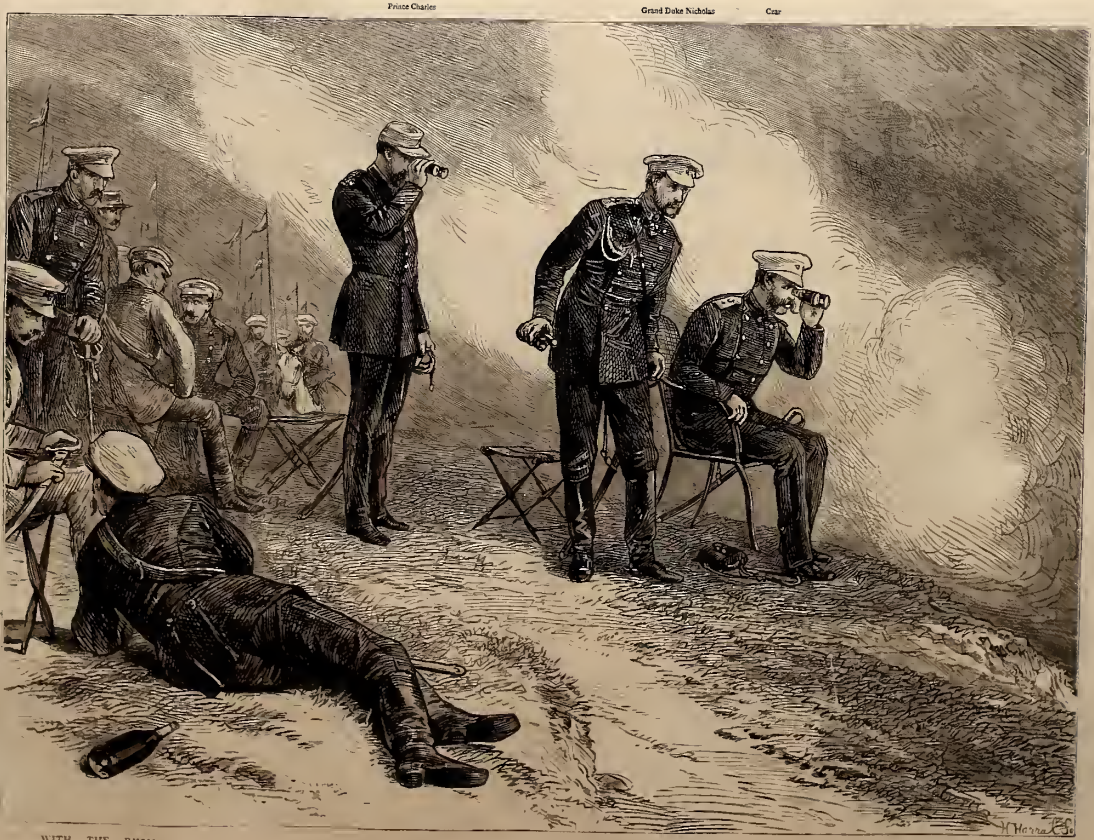
The Penge Murder.—The verdict in this terrible case appears to have produced a sudden and complete revulsion of public feeling. Up to the last day of the trial the general sympathy was undoubtedly on the side of the poor woman who had been so cruelly done to death; but no sooner had the verdict been delivered and the sentences pronounced than a perfect deluge of letters appear in the daily press, some blaming the judge for unfairness, others complaining of the insufficiency of the evidence as against one or all of the accused; and, again, others contending that no murder had been, or could possibly be proved in consistency with the medical evidence. Mr. Charles Reade considers that the whole proceedings are vitiated in consequence of a juryman's application for a copy of the indictment not having been complied with by the judge, and a legion of other amateur lawyers have put their various "opinions" into print. Petitions to the Home Office are being signed for a commutation of the sentences, and the suggestion has been made that the whole inquiry should be re-opened. Meanwhile the convicts lie in Maidstone Gaol, where (unless a reprieve is granted) they will be executed on Tuesday week, and the morbid curiosity of the public is fed by daily bulletins as to their demeanour, appetite, and occupation. They have been visited by several relatives, and they continue to protest their innocence, in which Mrs. Staunton, sen., has declared her firm belief. On Monday the *Daily Telegraph* contained a long statement made by Clara Brown giving the most revolting details of the treatment which she alleges the deceased received at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Staunton. It must be remembered, however, that this statement was not made on oath, that it is not merely supplementary of, but on some points differs materially from, the evidence which she gave at the trial, and that it comes through a "correspondent," who confesses that it was written from memory. This "correspondent," it appears, has had a second interview with the girl, and obtained from her an acknowledgment that his version is substantially correct, assigning as a reason for not having told more at the trial that she only answered the questions asked. On the other hand, Mr. Poole, one of the speakers at the meeting held at the Cannon Street Hotel on Wednesday, affirmed that he had seen Clara Brown, who denied some parts of it, and said that it was with great surprise that she saw all that was published in the *Daily Telegraph*. A still more astonishing statement is made by "an experienced reporter" in the *Daily Telegraph* of Wednesday, to the effect that "a police official" had told him that all the statements contained in Clara Brown's story as published on Monday, had been made to him months ago by the girl herself. If this be true, it seems remarkable that they should not have been communicated to the Treasury, or if communicated, that the allegations should not have been brought out during the girl's examination.

A Strange Affair.——Two men are now lying in the London Hospital suffering from wounds which each accuses the other of inflicting. Their names are Hill and Snelgrove, and it seems that they both lodged in the same house at Bethnal Green, and that there had been some disagreement between them. Snelgrove is a baker, and he states that being employed at night he was asleep on Friday last at about 3 P.M., when Hill made an attack upon him with a chisel, inflicting several wounds. He awoke, a struggle took place, and Hill, after throwing a kettle of water over him and snatching up a table-knife, ran away to his own room, where he was afterwards found, with his throat cut, by a policeman who was called in. Hill's statement, made at the hospital, is the very converse of this. It alleges that Snelgrove was the first assailant, Hill being asleep at the time, that Snelgrove ran away, and, being pursued into his own room, threw the kettle, and that Hill caught up the chisel in self-defence. Hill appeared perfectly sane until late on Saturday night, when he snatched a spoon from one of the nurses, and with it tried to reopen the wound in his throat. He is in a dangerous condition, but Snelgrove's wounds are not very severe.

Miscellaneous Items.—The man Herliby, who was arrested at Cork last week for having a large quantity of fire arms in his possession, has now been committed for trial. The arms are supposed to have been stolen last year from Messrs. Allports, in Patrick Street, by a man named John Walsh, who was then employed there. Some letters found at Herliby's house tend to show that this Walsh is now a soldier. In one dated from Aldershot he speaks of great preparations for war, hopes that the "widow's defenders will get licked," and that it will not be long before he is out of the "widow's livery." In another letter "the organisation" is alluded to, and reference is made to the funeral of "Colonel O'Mahony."—The *Sheffield Independent* says that a searching investigation is being made into a series of gigantic and astonishing frauds perpetrated upon one of our great railways; and that, before long, a full revelation of one of the most startling plots ever known in the history of railway enterprise may be expected.—The neighbourhood of Clapham is now receiving the unwelcome attentions of some members of the housebreaking fraternity, and the police have as yet been able to do nothing



INDIA: THE POONAH BOAT CLUB—BRINGING DOWN THE BOATS


Prince Charles
Grand Duke Nicholas
Czar
H. Harral Sc.

WITH THE RUSSIANS BEFORE PLEVNA—THE CZAR, PRINCE CHARLES OF ROUMANIA, AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS WATCHING THE ATTACK more than obtain "a clue." One gentleman writing to *The Times* says that no fewer than nine burglaries have been committed during the past fortnight, six of them in Nightingale Lane.—The two Greeks who attempted to extort money from Miss Slade by threatening to make public her love letters, which, they said, "were very dreadful," have each been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.—Six weeks' hard labour have been allotted to a woman whose acquisitive propensities were so uncontrollable as to lead her to steal the boots of a fellow prisoner in Wandsworth Gaol, whither she had been sent upon another charge.—The three men who are accused of participation in the great Bond Robbery on the railway between Calais and Paris have been committed for trial.—The Salford magistrates have dismissed a charge of gambling brought against a man for practising the "three-card trick," on the ground that the game is one of skill and not of chance. They, however, expressed regret that the law did not better define gambling so as to cover cases of the kind.—At Newport (Isle of Wight) fines of 1s. and costs have been imposed upon two men for cruelty during a "duck hunt."—A man and woman, both very aged, have been committed for trial for forging a transfer of Bank of England belonging to the sister of the male prisoner.—The trial of Ann Johnson for the manslaughter of a child placed in her care took place at the Old Bailey on Saturday last. It was shown that the accused had five children of her own besides those which she took in to nurse, that only a pennyworth of milk per day was taken for them, that she was sometimes out all day, and they were then left in charge of a girl aged fifteen, who however was generally playing in the streets. The deceased child was very dirty and emaciated; but a medical man having declared that its condition might have been produced by disease, the judge (Mr. Justice Hawkins) ruled that no culpable neglect had been established, and under his direction the jury gave a verdict of not guilty.

MARRIAGE.

On the 27th ult., at Bloomsbury Chapel, London, by the Rev. J. P. Chown, assisted by the Rev. C. H. Campbell, B.A. (cousin of the bride), Cyrus A. Clifford, of Market Harboro', son of Arthur C. Clifford, Surgeon, of Northampton, to Mary Annie (Hott), eldest daughter of the late J. F. Smith, of Northampton.

DEATHS.

On the 28th ult., at Shanklin, I.W., Sara Davis, of Finchley, second daughter of the late R. H. Davis, of Kensington, aged 55.

On the 30th ult., in her 79th year, at Ormonde Terrace, Regent's Park, Sarah, the wife of Mr. John Leighton, Sen., of Brewer Street, St. James's. To repose in family vault at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries.

MAUD LESLIE. By Lady Charles Thynne. 2 vols. 21s.
TWO TALES OF MARRIED LIFE: HARD TO BEAR, by Georgiana M. Craik; and A TRUE MAN, by Mrs. G. Stirling. 3 vols.
GLORY. By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks. 3 vols.
ONLY A LOVE STORY. By Iza Duffus Hardy. 3 vols.
A THING OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. Fraser. 3 vols.
A JEWEL OF A GIRL. By the Author of "Queenie," &c. 3 vols. [Next week.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

Now ready at all the Libraries,
NEW NOVEL BY MISS BRAMSTON.
"EM."
By Miss Bramston.
Author of "The Carbridges," "Country Maidens," &c.
One Volume, price 10s. 6d.
MARCUS WARD and CO., London and Belfast.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. R. D. BLACKMORE.
Now Ready at all the Libraries.
EREMA; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. Blackmore, Author of "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," &c., &c. 3 vols.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

THE GOLDEN PATH TO FRENCH. A Superior Introduction and Guide to the French Language. By A. F. Geulain.—Messrs. HACHETTE and Co., 18, King William Street, Strand; Central School Depôt, 22, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Now Ready, post free.
B. and H. MORRIS'S DIARY, containing List of all London, Provincial, Colonial, and Foreign Newspapers. Post free, 1s.—General Advertising Offices, 43, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps.
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY. "A clever *exposé* of the system."—*Medical Circular.*
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

A NEW WORK BY DR. BREWER.
2 vols., fcap. cloth, 12s.; half bound, 12s. 6d.; 1,087 pages.
ERRORS OF SPEECH AND OF SPELLING. By the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, LL.D., Author of "Guide to Science," &c.
For all—English correctly spelt and pronounced.
London: WILLIAM TEGG & CO., Pancras Lane, Cheapside.

Ready on the 15th Instant, price 3d., or by post, 3½d.
OUR EGYPTIAN OBELISK: CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE. By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. BRAIN and CO., 26, Paternoster Row, and of all Booksellers.

Price 6d., or free by post, 8d.
MADME. DEMOREST'S
WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.
Information on Dress and Dressmaking. Contains nearly 500 miniature illustrations of Ladies and Children's Fashions for Autumn and Winter, with full descriptions of latest styles, &c., including materials, trimmings, walking, and outdoor costumes, dinner, evening, and other toilets, jewellery, laces, coiffures, millinery, and every new and desirable article connected with Ladies' and Children's Dress.
Just what every lady, milliner, dressmaker, draper, warehouseman, and outfitter wants to know about the Autumn and Winter Fashions.
Sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents, and at every Railway Station.—WILLIAM and ROGERS NEWS CO., General Agents for Demorest's Reliable Patterns, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London.

Now Ready (One Shilling), No. 214.
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for OCTOBER. With Illustrations by George du Maurier and Frank Dicksee.
CONTENTS:—
"For Percival." (With an Illustration.) Chap. IV.—Wishing Well and Ill. V.—Why not Lottie? VI.—Her Name. VII.—Jael, or Judith, or Charlotte Corday. VIII.—"Perhaps I'm letting Secrets out."
The Moons of Mars.
A Swiss Bath in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.
Loch Carron, Western Highlands.
Hours in a Library. No. XVI.—Massinger.
Carving a Cocoa-Nut.
Experiences of an Indian Famine.
The Environs of London.
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. (With an Illustration.) Chap. LI.—Life Sinister. LII.—For Life, Death. LIII.—Bruntsea Defunct.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

THE ART JOURNAL for OCTOBER (price 2s. 6d.) contains the following
LINE ENGRAVINGS:—
I. ON THE HILLSIDE. After W. Holman Hunt.
II. SANCHO PANZA. After Sir E. Landseer, R.A.
III. ELAINE. After F. J. Williamson.
LITERARY CONTENTS:—
Norway. Chap. IX. By R. T. Pritchett, F.S.A. Illust.
The Art of Dressing and of being Dressed. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A.
Ancient Irish Art. By L. Jewitt, F.S.A. Illustrated.
Furnishing "A Perfect House." By Edwin Goady.
Art Sales of the Season.
Old Nankin Blue. Part I. By E. H. Shuldham, M.D., M.A.
Colorado. Chapter I. Illust.
Paris International Exhibition of 1878.
The Works of James M. Hart. Illustrated.
Art at Home and Abroad, Obituary, Reviews, &c.
London: VIRTUE and CO. (Limited), Ivy Lane, and all Booksellers.

24th Edition, 8vo. cloth, pp. 1,102; price 16s.
HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. Laurie, M.D. Completely re-arranged and revised, by R. S. Gutteridge, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eye and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 20th Edition, price 5s.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Gold chains at manufacturers' prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

DUPLEX TABLE LAMP, with instantaneous extinguisher.—The Lamp of the Season for petroleum or rock oil, gives an intense, pure, and beautiful light, equal to that of 24 sperm candles, at a cost of about one farthing per hour. Deane and Co. have a large stock on sale in Crystal, China, Ormoulu, and Bronzes. Prices from 17s. 6d. to £6 6s.
Deane and Co.'s Illustrated Priced List for 1877 post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, King William St., London Bridge.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112 Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

NOTICE.—CLEARANCE SALE OF CHINA, EARTHENWARE, and GLASS, commencing OCTOBER 8.
Messrs. DAVENPORT and CO. beg to inform their friends and the Public generally that they intend disposing of the whole of their Surplus Stock of China, Earthenware, and Glass, on their Premises, 82, Fleet Street, London, and 30, Canning Place, Liverpool, at a reduction of 15 per cent. discount off usual prices. Commencing October 8, 1877.

ROLLER SKATES.—THE CELEBRATED "SWALLOW SKATE" can be supplied in any quantities. References to numerous Rinks, where this Skate has long been in use, and greatly approved. Sample pair, 21s. Five handy sizes at wholesale price.—H. M. THOMAS, Office, 16, Clement's Inn, Strand.

NEW YORK.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

COCK'S READING SAUCE
Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured
FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.
CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.—In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London; and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

Established 1837.
CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.
ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble.
Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers.—Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.
In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.
Manufactory—60, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 8d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, 5s. 4d. per bushel, or 20s. per sack; buckwheat, maize, and barley meal, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 2 lbs., 2s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of George Young.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. Hassall says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF** WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS., 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD LIVER OIL (Registered).
The purest Oil, and by Almond flavouring, rendered palatable and easy of digestion.
Especially recommended for Children and persons of a delicate stomach.
British Medical Journal says—Whilst securing the beneficial results traceable to Cod Liver Oil as a valuable tonic and dietetic, we have found no difficulty in inducing our little patients to take it.
Sanitary Record says—We have tried its effect on the most delicate constitutions with marked effect. So well are the odour and taste of the Oil disguised that children will take the preparation with avidity.
Medical Times says—The taste is decidedly masked by the almond flavouring.
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists,
And Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited),
Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

W. C. BENNETT'S SONGS. New Library Edition, crown 8vo, illustrated, cloth, 6s.
SONGS BY A SONG-WRITER.
SONGS FOR SAILORS.
Cloth gilt, illustrated, 3s. 6d.
Paper wrapper, 1s.
HENRY S. KING and CO., 65, Cornhill, and 1, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

THE STOCK OF MADAME SILVESTRE, late of Vere St., Cavendish Sq., W., Modiste by Appointment to Her Majesty, has been purchased at a large discount off by
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,
and is now on Sale, together with extraordinary purchases in anticipation of the Autumn Season in
SILKS, FURS, MANTLES, and COSTUMES.
For particulars please write for Circular.

A LARGE PURCHASE OF
NEW COLOURED SILKS,
at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., and 4s. 6d. per yard.
250 shades to select from. Patterns free.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF
BLACK GROS GRAINS.
This extensive purchase comprises Silks of the best and most reliable makes, and are specially recommended.
Prices 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yard.
Also richer goods from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

THE NEW
PEKIN BROCADES (Spun Silk),
in all the New Colours, at 4s. 11d. per yard.
A novel material, having a pretty effect blended with plain coloured Silks. Patterns free.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS
to match every Silk.
Short pile, well covered, suitable for Gowns, 6s. 11d. per yard, any length cut. Patterns free.

COLOURED SILK COSTUMES
of the latest designs and most fashionable description, in all the new colour Silks, commencing at 6½ guineas.
Patterns of the Silks and Engravings post free.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES,
made from the new Paris Models in eight different styles of the most approved designs, as shown in Engravings, price with bodice complete, 5½ guineas.
Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
AUTUMN and WINTER DRESSES,
in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour,
From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.
CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool,
This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

A NEW FABRIC FOR PALETOTS, &c.
POIL DE CHAMEAU (Registered).
This elegant fabric, though very warm, is remarkably light and soft, and can be had in choice shades of Fawn, Drab, Grey, Light Brown, &c. 54 inches wide, from 5s. 6d. per yd. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St., W.

A VARIETY OF NEW MATERIALS FOR
WARM WINTER PETTICOATS,
including a large assortment of Silk Striped Cloth Skirtings, Reversible Felts, plain colours, New Striped Flannel Cashmere, &c., from 3s. 3d. to 5s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS.
VELVET-FINISH'D VELVETEENS,
beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black, from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

NOW ON SALE AT HALF-PRICE.
1,000 UNMADE PALETOTS (Black),
Richly embroidered on very fine Cashmere or Diagonal Cloth, full size and newest shapes, from 29s. 6d. to 49s. each, formerly 3 to 4 guineas.

AUTUMN COSTUMES.
New Designs in
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Travelling Costumes, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas.
Illustrations and Patterns Materials post free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,
having concluded the purchase of large quantities of
SEAL FUR SKINS
and Squirrel Furs, they are now on sale as quoted below.
Russian Seal Fur Jackets, loose shapes,
24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Ditto fitting shapes, 30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 20 guineas.
South Sea Seals, loose shapes, 2 to 4 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN
MANTLES AND PALETOTS,
Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL.
CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.
The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka, 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS.
Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine.
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are
invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.
These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.
Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW AUTUMN DRESS GOODS.
1,000 New Patterns of the choicest Shades and designs, the productions of various European nations.
7,000 yards of Autumn Serge, 10½d. the yard.
A Diagonal Woven Texture, 6¾d.; wonderfully cheap.
Yachting Serges, 6¾d. and 10½d. the yard.
Yachting Serges, 8¾d. and 11½d. the yard.
Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d. (Sage, Olive Green, &c.)
Estamene Serges, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
Homespun Estamene, 1s. 6½d., 27 in. wide.
New Fabrics, "Snowflakes," "Camel's Hair," and "Vienna Cloths."
Shetland Estamene, 27 in. wide, 1s. 4½d. the yard.
Poil de Chameau, French production, all wool, 30 in. wide, 1s. 9½d. the yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 2½d. (all wool).
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d. yard.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d. yd., superb colours.
Autumn Matelasse, 10½d. a yard.
Scarboro' Twill, 1s. 0½d.; Derby and Swiss Matelasse, 1s. 0½d.
New Autumn Rink Skirting, 1s. 11½d. the yard, 40 in. wide.
Indian Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. yard.
These and other Patterns post free.
Clearing Out Bundles of Dress Remnants, 20s. the bundle, worth 35s. to 40s. each.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW SILK PATTERNS are now ready.
The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d. } A New Make of
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d. } Extreme Richness
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.
BLACK SILKS, 1s. 6½d. to 10s. the yard.
The Queen's Black Silk, 7s. 11d.
The Queen's Black Silk, 8s. 11d. } Superb Goods &
The Queen's Black Silk, 9s. 11d. } Splendid Wear.
The Queen's Black Silk, 10s. 11d.
A special parcel of Coloured Silks, 2s. 11½d. yard.
Coloured Gros Grain Silks, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 6s. 11d. the yard.
Floral Silks for Trimmings, 3s. 9½d.
Japanese Figures, 1s. 3½d.
The Velvet and Velveteen Stock is now complete.
A Special Lot Black Velveteens, 1s. 11½d., and Colours, at 2s. 10½d.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.
Double-width Homespun Serge, 54 in. wide, 12¾d. In Blue only.
Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 1s. 3½d.
Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s. 11½d.
Double-width Melton Cloths, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.
Any of the above are less by the piece of about 50 yards.
Fine Venetian Twills, 54 in. wide, 4s. 11d. a yard.
60-inch Waterproof Tweeds, 1s. 3½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11d., and 3s. 11d.
Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 6s. 11d.
Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d.
Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard.
All Patterns post free.
531, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
New Costumes for the Autumn.
New Mantles and Jackets.
New Ulsters and Waterproofs.
New Travelling and Ball Dresses.
New Photographs post free.
New Underclothing and Outfitting List.
New Illustrations sent post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

GASK and GASK.
NEW VIGONA CLOTH, 2s. 11½d. per yard, in new autumn shades; also FINE French Cachemires, 2s. 11d., double width; and the FASHIONABLE SNOW-FLAKE CLOTH, 16½d.; with a large collection of NEW DRESS FABRICS, from 10d. to 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
Oxford Street and Wells Street.

NEW AUTUMN COSTUMES, made of the Fashionable Foreign and English Fabrics from novel and elegant PARIS MODELS, 2 guineas to 6½ guineas.
RICH BLACK SILK COSTUMES, exceptionally good, 4 guineas.
SILK COSTUME SKIRTS, 21s.; with a vast variety of Costumes of all kinds, equally cheap.
GASK and GASK, Oxford Street, and Wells Street.

GASK and GASK.
NEW LYONS SILKS, Black and Colours, still cheaper. The best makes of BLACK SILKS, recommended for wear, and every shade of colour in all qualities, 3s. 3d. to 7s. 9d. per yard.
NEW FANCY SILKS. Patterns free.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

THE IRISH WAREHOUSE.—
AUTUMN, 1877.
IRISH POPLINS. The Latest Fashions for the season, decidedly favouring plain dresses, guarantees a much larger demand than usual for this very favourite and most useful fabric. Amongst our new shades will be found all the latest additions in the several qualities, including our own special make, only to be had from us. Patterns post free.
IRISH LINENS. IRISH LINENS, ready for immediate use. Every article of Linen requisite for the Household at Civil Service Prices.
IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, from the least expensive to the finest quality made.
AUTUMN HOSIERY.—Balbriggan, the new quality, brings these celebrated goods within the range of medium price hosiery. Black, Coloured, and Unbleached.
INGLIS and TINCKLER, 147, Regent Street, London, W.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER
or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well
as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
PETER ROBINSON, of Regent Street,
has just completed some large purchases
from the Lyons Manufacturers, at a great advantage,
and can supply really Good Black Silks,
at 2s 6½d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s 9d.
THE EMPRESS BLACK SILK, at 6s. 6d.
is specially recommended for Good Wear
by the Manufacturer.
Also DEGOVE'S PURE BLACK SILK,
which gives Universal Satisfaction,
at 5s., 7s., and 8s.
For Patterns address
PETER ROBINSON, REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262,
where the above can only be obtained.
BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS,
exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in LYONS VELVET, at 10s. 9d.
BLACK SILK TRIMMING VELVETS,
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
at PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.
For 4½ & 5 Gs. . . . . formerly 6½ & 7 Guineas.
For 7 Guineas . . . . formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas . . . . formerly 14 Guineas.
Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists,
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Speciality,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
it is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

"FER BRAVAIS."
BRAVAIS' DIALYSED IRON.
THE ONLY PURE SOLUTION OF IRON
WITHOUT ACID.

"IRON and OXYGEN combined, to the exclusion of all Acids, or Soluble Hydrate of Peroxide of Iron."
Vide Dr. J. RENGADE'S Report.
Prepared by RAOUL, BRAVAIS, and CO., 13, Rue Lafayette, Paris; London Office: 8, Idol Lane, Tower Street, E.C.
FIRST BRONZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875.
SOLE PRIZE, PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION, 1876.

This admirable Preparation does not CONSTIPATE, or disturb the digestive organs, and neither injures nor blackens the teeth. Its effect as a reconstituent are rapid and certain. IT HAS NO STYPTIC TASTE, and it is admirably adapted for all continuous treatment by Iron, possessing all the advantages of this MOST APPROVED TONIC in the highest degree. N.B. A LONDON PHYSICIAN WRITES: "I have given it to patients who have been unable to take Iron in any other form." Prices: Bottle, full size, 4s. 6d.; small ditto, 3s.; in Card Box with drop measure complete. N.B. The full size bottles contain sufficient for about two months' regular treatment.
To be had of all leading Chemists and Druggists.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s., labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

LAXORA LOZENGES prevent
CONSTIPATION.
Sold at
Eight Lozenges,
One Shilling
and
Three Halfpence.

LAXORA is the best remedy for all who suffer from CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children, as it is very mild in its action, and causes no distress to the weak or debilitated, to whom it will give immediate relief. Beware of imitation. Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

"THE LANCET," June 9, 1877, says: "Laxora Lozenges, F. Guyot, 82, Southwark Street.—We have no hesitation in recommending this preparation as a useful because mild aperient. The Lozenges are exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and will be regarded by the children simply as 'sweeties.' *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Medical Press and Circular, April 11, 1877—"They can be safely recommended."
C. R. C. Tichborne, Ph.D.—"The Laxora Lozenges are efficacious and nicely made, and can be safely administered as an agreeable laxative medicine."

MR. STREETER, 18, New Bond St., London, W., the only Jeweller in England whose stock consists of one uniform quality of gold, viz., 18-carat.

18-CARAT GOLD BRACELETS,
Strap, £5.

18-CARAT GOLD BRACELETS,
Etruscan, £7.

18-CARAT GOLD BRACELETS,
Nineveh, £10.

18-CARAT GOLD BRACELETS,
Porte Bonheur, £2 10s.

18-CARAT GOLD CHAINS, at
£4 5s. per oz.

18-CARAT GOLD EARRINGS, Saxon,
£2 5s.

18-CARAT GOLD EARRINGS, Nineveh, £4 10s.

18-CARAT GOLD EARRINGS,
Etruscan, £2 10s.

18-CARAT GOLD SPORTING PINS,
£1 to £20.

18-CARAT GOLD HORSESHOE
PINS, £2.

CRYSTAL PAINTED PINS, from £3.

18-CARAT GOLD LOCKET,
£1 to £12.

18-CARAT GOLD LOCKETS with
GEMS, £5.

18-CARAT GOLD LOCKETS, Monogram, from £3 10s.

18-CARAT GOLD NECKLACES,
MAIL, £3.

18-CARAT GOLD NECKLACES,
Elastic, from £8 to £20.

18-CARAT GOLD SUITES with
PEARLS, £50.

18-CARAT GOLD BALL STUDS,
£1 to £5.

18-CARAT GOLD STUDS, with Gems,
£3 to £100.

18-CARAT GOLD LINKS, Plain,
£2 to £6.

18-CARAT GOLD LINKS, with Gems,
£3 to £50.

18-CARAT GOLD SOLITAIRES,
Plain, £3 to £8.

DIAMOND HEAD ORNAMENTS,
£40 to £1,000.

DIAMOND NECKLACES,
£100 to £1,000.

DIAMOND BRACELETS,
£50 to £1,000.

DIAMOND EARRINGS,
£20 to £1,000.

DIAMOND STARS,
£20 to £1,000.

DIAMONDS VALUED.

DIAMONDS REMOUNTED.

GOLD, 18-CARAT JEWELLERY, as manufactured by Mr. STREETER, possesses the following advantages:

DURABILITY,

CHEAPNESS,

EXCELLENCE of DESIGN and

WORKMANSHIP.

SPECIAL QUOTATION.
The *Daily Telegraph* of July 7 says:—"The Hall-mark system as at present exercised is little better than a delusion and a snare. One mark only is needed . . . and that mark should represent one unvarying standard of fineness—18 carats."

MR. STREETER, LONDON,

THE FIRST to ESTABLISH the
SYSTEM

OF 18-CARAT GOLD JEWELLERY

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

MR. STREETER, 18, New Bond St., London, W., the only Watchmaker in England whose stock consists uniformly of machine-made WATCHES, in 18-carat gold cases and standard silver ditto.

GOLD WATCHES—Keyless (open
face) £15 to £25.

SILVER WATCHES—for Artisans,
£5 to £10.

CLOCKS—Drawing Room, £8 to £100.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and
PRICE LIST for two stamps, of

MR. STREETER, 18, New Bond
Street, W.

18-CARAT GOLD.—"Mr. EDWIN W. STREETER marks upon his goods the quality of the gold supplied by him."—*The Times.*

18-CARAT GOLD.—"The use of ma-chinery in the manufacture of gold articles is of great advantage to the public."—*The Times.*

"MR. STREETER makes his parts of a watch in the same manner, saving an immensity of cost in labour, while at the same time he produces an accuracy of fit and proportion which can only be secured by machinery."—*Daily News.*

SOLE RETAIL ADDRESS:—
18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

GOLD.—Mr. STREETER'S NEW WORK on GOLD (from the German of Studnitz) 5th thousand Second Edition will shortly be ready.

HEIDELBERG.—HOTEL SCHRIEDER.—Renowned hotel, provided with every comfort. Moderate prices. Beautifully situate. Best view of the Castle. Opening of the Winter Season 1st of October. Very liberal arrangements for families and single persons. Low rates for pension.—A. HAEFNER, Proprietor.

SOUTH CARY HOUSE, CASTLE CARY, BATH.—Educational advantages, with home comforts. Principals—The Misses BEAKE. Terms, 40 guineas. Prospectus on application.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in Japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud et Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES
OF
VICHY.
Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the
Mineral Waters.

The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.
In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.
The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or anisette.
In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each.
VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.
In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each.
VICHY BARLEY SUGAR.
An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER
Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S SWEET SCENTS.—Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, White Rose, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 bottles in a case, 7s. The above sweet scents in sachet powder, 1s. 6d. each, can be forwarded by post. Sold by fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth, with the same facility as a book. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. Price lists post free.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and *Drapers*.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO.
Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best *Dentifrice* for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and *Perfumers* everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

HEALTHY SKIN AND GOOD COM-
PLEXION
PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,
is the Best for the
TOILET, NURSERY, & SHAVING.
Recommended in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*, edited by Mr.
ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,
used by
THE ROYAL FAMILY,
and Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

TOOTH-ACHE.
INSTANT CURE.
FORMS A STOPPING.
SAVES THE TOOTH.
J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief."
Of chemists, 1s. 1½d. per packet.

DEAR VANITY.—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the enviable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. A first black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed-for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.
TALON ROUGE,
Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877.

GLYKALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS
MEMBRANE.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy Specific; cutting Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes.

GLYKALINE is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF in
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Toothache; its timely use frequently obviates the necessity of having a tooth extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloureux.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says: "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 24th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and, in some cases, is successful by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED
CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agreeably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation or Excoriation of the Skin.

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of vegetable origin (without mineral adulterant), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,
THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses the Teeth from Tartar and all incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases the whiteness of the Teeth, brightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in conformity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invaluable to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the substance, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the external smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared in bottles, 1s., by post, 1s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S
PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES.
Gratis and Post Free.

MERCHANT SHIPPERS and the TRADE supplied on the most LIBERAL TERMS with all HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, both MEDICINAL and DIETETIC.

NOW READY

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE (No. 114).

Containing the following Popular Dance Music:—

TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS	Chas. D'Albert
CONSTANTINOPLE QUADRILLE	Chas. D'Albert
DIE FLEDERMAUS WALTZ	Johann Strauss
LES LOINTAINS WALTZ	Emile Waldteufel
MAIDEN'S DREAM WALTZ	Edward Hoffman
THE SCHOMBERG GALOP	Chas. D'Albert
FLORETTA POLKA	Chas. D'Albert
PIZZICATO POLKA	J. & J. Strauss
FORGET-ME-NOT GALOP	A. [illegible]

And a New Quadrille,
MOLLIE DARLING. By Chas. D'Albert.
Price One Shilling post free.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG

THE DISTANT SHORE. New Song by Arthur Sullivan. Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd during his Promenade Tour in October. Price (in E flat, F and G) 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

MARCH of THE PASHAS, for the Pianoforte. By John Pridham. Beautifully illustrated, with Portraits of Mehemet Ali, Suleiman Pasha, and Hobart Pasha. Price, post free, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

NEW POLKA BY CHARLES D'ALBERT

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA (New Edition)	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. Leybach. In 2 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 1s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE.

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter.

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.—50, New Bond Street.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Celebrated Song. "The Waltz of the Season." Price 2s. net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

Price One Shilling each.

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL INSTRUCTORS.

DR. CALLCOTT'S GRAMMAR OF MUSIC.
W. T. BEST'S FIRST ORGAN BOOK.
J. W. ELLIOT'S NEW HARMONIUM TUTOR.
HENNINGS' FIRST BOOK FOR THE VIOLIN.
CASE'S VIOLIN TUTOR.
BRINLEY RICHARDS' FIRST LESSONS FOR THE PIANO.
GEORGE MOUNT'S POPULAR PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
DR. SPARK'S HANDY-BOOK OF CHORAL SINGING.
BALFE'S BALLAD TUTOR.
VACCAI'S SINGING METHOD, without Solfeggi.
HATTON'S SINGING TUTOR FOR LADIES' VOICES.
HATTON'S SINGING TUTOR FOR MEN'S VOICES.
KAPPEY'S CLARIONET TUTOR.
EDWARD HOWELL'S FIRST BOOK for the VIOLONCELLO.
R. S. PRATTEN'S FLUTE TUTOR.
STANTON JONES' CORNET TUTOR.
CASE'S ENGLISH CONCERTINA TUTOR.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

NEW WALTZ, DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss). By Otto Müller. Performed at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre. This charming waltz, by the composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz, may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or duet, price 2s. net.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

LOVED AND LOST (Geliebt und Verloren) WALTZES, by Otto Müller (performed at the Promenade Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden). These celebrated WALTZES may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or Duet, 2s. net.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

ONLY LOVE CAN TELL. Song. By Berthold Tours. "Peculiarly fresh and charming, and will prove a great acquisition to soprano and mezzo-sopranos."—*Queen.* This popular song may be had of all musicsellers. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by Percy Fitzgerald, adapted to Müller's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

DRUMMER BOY'S POLKA. By Arditi. Great success. Re-demanded nightly with acclamation. "'The Drummer Boy's Polka,' by the same composer, introducing the drummers of the Coldstreams, was likewise uproariously re-demanded."—*Daily Telegraph.* Price 4s.—A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

LE TORTORELLE VALSE. By Arditi. Also encored nightly. "A delightfully flowing and melodious valse, from the pen of Signor Arditi. 'Le Tortorelle' obtained a hearty encore."—*Daily Telegraph.* Price 4s.
A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, Regent St., W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. Pianoforte Tutor.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent post free to any part of the World.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S YELLOW CATALOGUE for 1878, compiled expressly for the use of the Trade, Profession, and Schools, comprising a selection of upwards of 4,000 Standard Musical Works, will be ready early in December. Among the composers of Pianoforte Music will be found the names of Beethoven, Bach, Bertini, Chopin, Clementi, Czerny, Cramer (John), Dussek, Handel, Haydn, Heller, Hummel, Herz, Kalkbrenner, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Mozart, Scarlatti, Schubert, Schumann, Schulhoff, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c. Among the Vocal—Bishop, Braham, Arne, Dibdin, Callcott, Shield, Horn, Purcell, Haydn, Moore, Mazzinghi, Handel, &c., &c. Sent gratis and post free to any part of the world. All applications for trade terms must contain card, circular, or reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS are to be had of every Musicseller and Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, and India, or will be sent direct post free at half the marked price (bound works and cheap vocal part music excepted) to any part of the world on receipt of remittance or satisfactory reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE METHOD.
Price Five Shillings.

This unrivalled work is now firmly established as *the* Pianoforte Instruction-Book in nearly all the principal educational establishments in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States of America, India, Australia, New Zealand, &c. It is supplied direct by the Publishers, or may be had of any Musicseller in the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

	s.	d.
Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An Even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	2	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	2	0
On Song's bright pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	2	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêverie d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC PRIMERS. Edited by Dr. Stainer.

Second Edition, price Two Shillings.

THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By Ernst Pauer (Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the National Training School for Music). No. 1 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

Ready on October 15.

THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. Stainer. No. 3 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

In the Press.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. Cummings. No. 2 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

Second Edition, price Two Shillings.

CATHEDRAL PSALTER CHANTS. Edited by Rev. S. Flood Jones, M.A., James Turle, Rev. J. Troutbeck, M.A., Dr. J. Stainer, and Joseph Barnby.

SCHUMANN'S VOCAL ALBUM, containing Thirty Songs, with English and German words, by Robert Schumann. Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM for YOUNG PIANISTS, containing Fifty-six Short Pieces, by Robert Schumann (Op. 68 and Op. 15). Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM, containing Forty Songs, with the original German words, and an English version by John Oxenford. Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.,
1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 22, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

PENNY READINGS, POPULAR SONGS, VOCAL DUETS, TRIOS, and QUARTETS (Part Songs) selected from Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S Catalogue. This list may be had gratis and post free on application.

NEW DANCE MUSIC.

A SINGING QUADRILLE. By Cotsford Dick. An ingenious and highly amusing quadrille, founded on nursery tunes, well but easily arranged, and showily illustrated. Likely to be very popular with young people in the forthcoming festive season. 4s.

L'ECLAIR. Galop. By Cotsford Dick. A well-named and highly-attractive dancing galop, not difficult to play. 3s.

THE ENGLISH FLEET. Quadrille on Popular Melodies. By J. Pridham. The melodies upon which this quadrille is founded are all of a character suited to its title: and we recommend the set as equally good for listening to and for dancing. Capitally illustrated. 4s.—Vide *Queen*, Lady's Newspaper.

All post free at half-price.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

POPULAR QUADRILLES for the Pianoforte, as Solos and Duets. 4s. each; post free at half-price.

The United Service. F. Godfrey.
The Osborne. S. Glover.
The Globe. S. Glover.
The Gypsy. S. Glover.
The Holyday. S. Glover.
The True Friends. S. Glover.
The Pussey. A. Leduc.
Pretty Polly. A. Leduc.
The Canary. R. Linter.
The Goldfinch. R. Linter.
The Garden Party. W. Smallwood.
The Moselle. W. Smallwood.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

EASY MUSIC for SCHOOLS, arranged and fingered for the PIANOFORTE.

André's Blossoms of Opera (15 numbers)	1s. each.
Smallwood's (William) Little Buds (25 numbers).	1s. each.
Watson's (Michael) Little Fancies (15 numbers).	1s. each.
West's (G. F.) Rosebuds (12 favourite airs).	1s. each.
Bellak's Dewdrops (55 popular themes).	1s. each
Muller's Tunes for All Times (25 numbers).	1s. each
The Pupil's Daily Exercises. G. F. West.	4s.

All post free at half-price.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street, and of all Musicsellers.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.

ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S SPOONS AND FORKS.

Electro-Silver Plate on Nickel.	Fiddle or Plain	Best Qual.
12 Tablespoons or Forks, per doz.	£1 10 0	£2 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0
12 Teaspoons	0 12 0	0 16 0
Salt, Mustard, or Egg Spoons	0 5 0	0 8 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

PERRY and CO. are the largest PEN and PENCIL MAKERS in the world. They employ 1,300 hands; cut up about four tons of steel, making 5,000,000 pens per week. Works, Birmingham.

ASK YOUR STATIONER for PERRY and CO.'S 6d. Sample Box of 36 Selected Patterns of Steel Pens. Post free for 6d. in Stamps.

PERRY and CO. (Limited), STEEL PEN MAKERS. UNIVERSAL SCHOOL PENS, 1s. per Gross.—19 and 20, Holborn Viaduct, London.

PERRY and CO. (Limited).
THE HOLBORN VIADUCT PEN, 1s. per Gross.
THE GILT VIADUCT PEN, 3s. per Gross.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD. —Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"
MILD AND FRAGRANT.
WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"
A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."
Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

NOTICE. — LINOLEUM. — OETZMANN and CO. have now received all the new PRIZE DESIGNS in this favourite Floor Covering—warm, soft, and carpet-like in appearance. Prices reduced. A visit of inspection solicited. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Morocco Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.
OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'s FIVE GUINEA NONPAREIL BEDSTEAD and BEDDING is a marvel of quality and economy combined—consists of a 4 ft. 6 in. wide handsome Brass and Iron French Bedstead, one of O. and Co.'s patent Pallio Mattresses, and a good Wool Upper Mattress, good Feather Bolster, and two Pillows. Every one about to furnish should see this excellent set on view in the Show Rooms. Also to suit the above, two fine Linen Sheets, one ditto Bolster-case, two ditto Pillow-cases, three superior quality Blankets, and handsome white Marseilles Quilt, for 78s. 6d. the set.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN'S Patent Pallio Mattress supersedes the use of the old rigid Palliasse; is more cleanly, healthy, and elastic; combines the advantages of a Mattress and Palliasse at the cost of one article. Price from 16s. 9d. upwards. See page 123 in "A Guide to House Furnishing," sent post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS. **FURNITURE.**
CARPETS. **FURNITURE.**
CARPETS. **FURNITURE.**

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT. — Stout Tapestry Brussels Carpet, 1s. 9½d.; handsome pattern ditto, from 2s. 3d. to 2s. 9d. per yard; superior Brussels, new designs, from 2s. 11d. upwards. These prices are much below value. Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, 1s. 11d. per yard; Patent Felt Carpeting, from 12½d. per yard; Superior Rock Dye ditto, handsome designs, double width, 2s. 11d. per yard; excellent Stair Carpet, from 6d. per yard; Best Quality, all Wool, ditto, 2s. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.
OETZMANN and CO.

ELEGANT TAPESTRY CRETONNE CURTAINS, in various choice designs, adapted for drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, parlours, bedrooms, &c., lined throughout with the new Cretonne lining, and bound all round with best silk Paris lace or Cretonne binding, 3 yards long by 30 inches wide, 10s. 6d. per pair; ditto, 45 inches wide, 15s.; ditto, 3½ yards long by 45 inches wide, 17s. 6d. Also every description of materials used for curtains. One of the largest and best assortments in London to select from.

BOMBAY STRIPED CURTAINS.— The cheapest Curtains extant. Effective style, 3 yards long by 46 inches wide, 9s. 9d. per pair; 3½ yards, 11s. 9d.; 4 yards, 13s. 9d. Patterns on application.

KITCHEN REQUISITES. — OETZMANN and CO.'S TEN POUND SET (List No. 2A, page 231, in their "GUIDE TO HOUSE FURNISHING," sent post free on application), includes Tables, Chairs, Clock, &c., with the various culinary utensils and requisites, contains all the most useful articles required in every kitchen, each being of superior quality, and is the most practical selection extant.—OETZMANN and CO.

CHINA. **GLASS, &c.**
CHINA. **GLASS, &c.**
CHINA. **GLASS, &c.**

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.— OETZMANN and CO.—ORDERS sent per POST, whether large or small, receive prompt and careful attention. Those residing at a distance, or any to whom a personal visit would be inconvenient, desirous of leaving the selection to the Firm, may rely upon a faithful attention to their wishes and interest in the selection. This Department is personally supervised by a member of the Firm. For further particulars please see page 287 in Catalogue, sent free on application.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by Edward Joseph Mansfield, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—October 6, 1877.

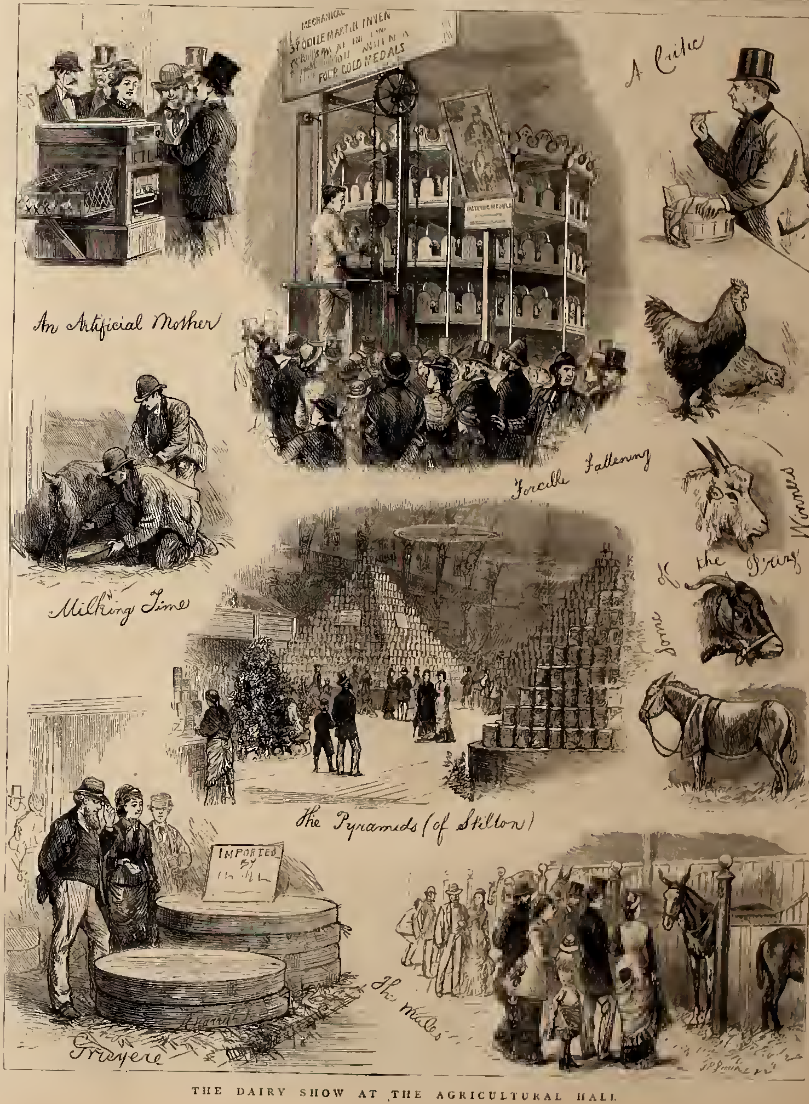
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 411
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny


MECHANICAL
FOUR GOLD MEDALS
A Critic
An Artificial Mother
Forcible Fattening
Some of the Dairy Winners
Milking Time
The Pyramids (of Stilton)
IMPORTED BY
Gruyere
The Mules

THE DAIRY SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL

Topics of the Week

M. Gambetta and the French Elections.——The tone adopted by M. Gambetta in his manifesto and in his great speech is not one that commends itself to the English mind. There is nothing we dislike so much in our own politics as vehemence and passion. Proposals must be moderately stated; enemies must be attacked in a cautious and calm spirit. Probably, therefore, most Englishmen have been dissatisfied with the rather violent energy of the ex-Dictator. It must, however, be remembered that his circumstances are very different from those of British politicians. Mr. Disraeli felt himself justified in charging Mr. Gladstone's Ministry with "plundering and blundering," but all the world knew that the words were meant to be taken *cum grano*. We have not for a long time had a Government that has thoroughly shocked and outraged the national feeling. But France is in the hands of a set of paltry conspirators: men whose sole aim is to force their will upon the country. Every mean device for gaining their end they have recourse to; and it is clear to all impartial observers that if they are not checked they will prepare for the French people a series of fresh disasters and humiliations. How can we wonder then that an honest statesman, in telling the country what he thinks of such men, should use language which is not kept within the strict bounds of propriety? Probably in the end it will be found that he has accurately gauged the temper of his countrymen. Frenchmen love stirring appeals. If there is to be a fight, they prefer that it should be thorough and decisive. And it is possible that the glowing words of M. Gambetta will reveal to many half-hearted Republicans the immensity of the danger to which France is exposed. What she is threatened with is Ultramontane rule; and that rule, if it is thoroughly established, whether under a Legitimist or a Bonapartist *régime*, will mean incessant disturbance at home, and ultimately war with Germany and Italy. No one perceives this more distinctly than M. Gambetta, and there is good reason to hope that he has communicated his own fiery indignation to multitudes of other Frenchmen. By prosecuting him anew, the Government is simply playing into his hands, and rushing the more rapidly to its doom. If the nation does not unmistakeably prove that it will no longer tolerate the insolence and trickery of those who are trying to crush it, it will forfeit the sympathy and admiration of the most enlightened half of Europe.

Mr. Gladstone in Ireland.——The ex-Premier has kept himself so persistently before the public since his so-called "retirement" that the Irish people may be excused for refusing to believe that his intended visit is of so purely private and personal a character as has been alleged. Besides, whatever may be Mr. Gladstone's intentions, celebrity has its accompanying penalties, and, in these days, when news is transmitted with such rapidity, and when photography has rendered every famous face familiar to the multitude, nothing, short of an elaborate disguise, would save a man of mark from being dogged by an army of sight-seers. Then comes the question: Supposing Mr. Gladstone to be actuated in his Hibernian trip by the most intensely personal considerations, will he be able, if beset by admiring crowds at railway stations and elsewhere, to refrain from making a speech, or a series of speeches? Even General Grant, who was reckoned to be about the most silent American extant, has developed a very respectable speech-making faculty in this country. What then will be the effect on Mr. Gladstone, himself a master of copious rhetoric, when he visits an island where every man, woman, and child possesses "the gift of the gab?" There is just a possibility that, by way of contrast, he may put a curb on his oratorical powers, and become known to future generations of Emerald Islanders as "William the Silent." This alternative, however, is not very probable. Judging from the tone of the Irish newspapers, Mr. Gladstone will meet with a cordial, if not an enthusiastic reception. The Irish are an eminently hospitable people, and it is, we may take this opportunity of remarking, a thousand pities that they have not had more frequent opportunities of exercising their hospitality towards certain exalted personages who rarely direct their steps westward. As for Mr. Gladstone, he is not likely to be otherwise than civilly treated. Nations are rarely ungrateful, and the Celtic Irish may condone his onslaughts on the Head of their Church in consideration of his having pulled down that "upas tree," the Anglican Establishment, and given the peasantry a "lift" at the expense of the landlords. If he does speak, we shall be anxious to hear what he says on Irish soil about Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone is somewhat lacking in moral courage, so that we shall be rather surprised if he denounces Home Rule as a sham. Will he, on the other hand, speak gracious words concerning it, and if so, will the young shepherd who now leads the Liberal flock in the House of Commons dance to the old shepherd's piping?

The Church Congress.——The speech with which the Archbishop of Canterbury opened the Church Congress was one of singular breadth and moderation. No clergyman in high office has ever more frankly recognised the fact that there are parties of diverse tendencies in the Church, and that if they cultivate a tolerant spirit there is room enough for all of them. Such assemblies are of very great service to the mass of clergymen. A gentleman who gets up every Sunday, and lays down the law on the vastest subjects of human thought, is apt to forget that, after all, he is, like his neighbours, liable to error. He broods in solitude over perplexing questions, forms his own theories respecting them, and has so little opportunity of hearing them discussed that he becomes absolutely certain he is possessed of the whole truth. At the Church Congress he comes into contact with men who have been occupied with the same problems, and who are as earnest as he in maintaining their conclusions. A little heat of debate is sure to result from the collision of opposed elements; but the ultimate consequence is equally sure to be a somewhat wider vision, and a more charitable temper. Our only regret is that the Congress seems to shun difficulties that might give rise to passionate utterances. There is the Burials question, for instance. The grievance has caused so much bitterness among Dissenters that a body of clergymen could hardly have spent a few hours more profitably than in trying to find a remedy; but those responsible for the arrangements did not see their way to the introduction of so fiery a theme. For our part, we think the Congress would do well to consider seriously not only how this particular barrier between the Church and Nonconformists can be broken down, but how all unnecessary barriers to union can be removed. That would be very much more practical and useful than talk about fantastic schemes for association with the Greek Church, or even than virtuous denunciations of the Ritualists.

Music, Skating, Dancing, and Drinking.——In October leaves fall, pheasants are shot, and applications are made for the renewal of music and dancing licenses. Let us deal here with the last of these three phenomena, and say again, as we have said in former Octobers, that it would be well for the public comfort if the responsibility of granting these licenses were conferred upon younger persons than the Middlesex magistrates usually are. Elderly men are not likely to be fair judges of pursuits which are usually followed by the young, and, in their corporate capacity, they are wont to deem amusements immoral which really conduce to morality. With drinking they appear to have a decided sympathy, so long as a man can carry away his liquor quietly, or surely they would not license such an unnecessary number of ginshops; but a skating-rink, if the skating be performed to the sound of a band, is something too shocking to be endured. At the recent Sessions all the applications for music in connection with skating rinks were bowled over like so many skittles. One of these rinks is at Canonbury, a highly decorous suburb, and the application was supported by a schoolmistress, whose "young ladies" were in the habit of using the rink. Principals of ladies' schools are usually pretty keen to scent out impropriety in any place to which their pupils resort, so, if this lady was satisfied, the magistrates ought to have been satisfied too. But they were not, and so Canonbury is plunged in grief, sighing for its musical rink. And it is rather strange to find, amid all this severity, that the license for the Argyll Rooms—which may be a most respectable establishment, but which is scarcely a place to which the principal of a young ladies' seminary would habitually conduct her pupils—was cheerfully granted by these same Rhadamanthine justices, only a few dissentients saying nay. Seriously, we wish our magistrates would take a more philosophical view of public amusements; and would bear in mind that all these pastimes, such as music, skating, and dancing, are really powerful aids to the great cause of temperance. That low, sottish bar-tippling, which is the curse of this country, is greatly due to dulness and vacancy of mind; and there can be no better antidote to it than an active amusement in which both sexes can participate.

Servia and Greece.——It is obvious that the two petty neighbours of Turkey are seriously hesitating whether or not they will fling themselves into the war. When the struggle began, Russia was not only quite willing that they should remain out of it, but would have been sorry if they had insisted on joining her. Their aid, it was thought, would only complicate the final settlement. But the conflict has been so different from the anticipations formed respecting it, that Russia would now be extremely glad to obtain the help she would once have despised. Both Greeks and Servians might inflict serious damage on Turkey; and in any case they would occupy the attention of a considerable portion of the troops which make themselves so disagreeable in Bulgaria. Great pressure, therefore, is being exercised both in Belgrade and Athens to induce the respective Governments to give up their neutrality forthwith. England will be very much to blame if she does not endeavour to counteract Russian influence in these capitals. The two States could gain nothing from a war with Turkey, and they would certainly bring upon themselves a vast amount of unnecessary misery. And there is no sort of excuse for their joining the Russians. The Servians received unexpectedly easy terms of peace on the distinct understanding that they would not again rush into a quarrel with which they had nothing to do. As for the Greeks, they could have no other object, in making war, than to snatch as much plunder as they could lay their hands on. By waiting patiently they will advance their cause much more effectually than by premature and selfish action. It is, to say the least, possible that the Turks will be in no way improved by recent experiences. In that case, notwithstanding their brilliant valour, they will ultimately have to give way to a more progressive race; and the Greeks have a far better chance of succeeding them, since Russia has shown her hand, than they ever had before. They can, however, become a great influence in the East only by honesty and self-control.

Columbus and Bixio.——Most people—most non-Roman Catholics, at all events—must have felt rather relieved to learn that, after due deliberation, the Vatican had decided not to canonise Columbus. To have made the great navigator a saint would have detracted from rather than have added to his renown. When some man of world-wide celebrity goes to Oxford, and has the degree of D.C.L. solemnly conferred upon him, it is generally understood that he rather confers an honour upon the University than the University upon him. But, with regard to the proposal to canonise Columbus, we may go further than this, and say plainly that there are a good many people in the Roman Calendar with whom "the discoverer of New York and Chicago"—by which title we have heard Americans affectionately style Columbus—would have had no sort of fellow-feeling. He would recognise, we may suspect, a far more kindred spirit in such a man as the restless, daring Genoese, Nino Bixio, whose remains were brought home the other day from the East Indies. But Bixio was a revolutionist, it was the dream of his life to wrest Rome from the Papacy, and make it the capital of a United Italy, he fought gallantly against Oudinot and his meddling Frenchmen in 1849, and he was before the Eternal City again when the Temporal Power fell in September, 1870. Bixio, consequently, stands rather less chance of being canonised by the Pope than either Dr. Cumming, or Dr. M'Neile; nevertheless, we firmly believe that Columbus, could his opinion be ascertained, would far sooner grasp Bixio's hand than the hand of some of those whom the Church of Rome delights to honour.

Germany and Italy.——There has been a good deal of speculation respecting the visit of M. Crispi to Berlin, and it is probably not altogether without foundation. We do not, indeed, believe that there is the least truth in the theory that Germany and Italy wish to arrive at an understanding against Austria. At the present moment Austria threatens neither the one country nor the other. Her attention is absorbed by the Eastern Question; and, if we may assume that her neighbours do not intend to intermeddle with it, we may be tolerably certain that they are quite willing to leave Austria alone. Their intentions with respect to France are not so clear. There can be no doubt that Marshal MacMahon, whatever he may have done for "moral order," has succeeded in thoroughly arousing the suspicions of both the Italians and the Germans. The latter are so deeply involved in the struggle with the Papacy that they could not regard with indifference the rapid growth of Ultramontanism in France; and the former know very well that the real question now before the French electors is whether or not an effort shall be made for the restoration of the Temporal Power. Italy and Prussia have already fought side by side with splendid effect against a common enemy; and they would gladly do so again if circumstances rendered their alliance desirable. France will indeed act with inconceivable folly if she does not at once remove the occasion for any such scheme. Even with the help of Russia she would have found resistance to Germany sufficiently hard; to fight unaided both Germany and Italy would be impossible.

AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Messrs. Clifford, Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, &c. Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K. Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, £200 A-YEAR. At 7.45, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, F. H. Macklin, Garner, A. H. Warren, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames F. Ritta, Compton, L. Clifton, C. Jecks, and Rachel Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON.

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—Patroness, Her Majesty the QUEEN; Patron, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.—Mr. RIGHTON has much pleasure in announcing his intention of giving a MORNING PERFORMANCE (under the patronage of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort), SATURDAY, Oct. 20, for the Benefit of the above-named Institution. At 2 o'clock a Comedietta, entitled £200 A YEAR. At 2.30 Recitation by Mr. HERMANN VEZIN. At 2.45 an appropriate Address, written by CLEMENT SCOTT, will be spoken by Mrs. STIRLING. At 3, for the first time these twenty years, Morton's Comedy, SPEED THE PLOUGH. Revised by Arthur Matheson and Edward Righton, with an Epilogue written expressly for the occasion by H. J. Byron.—GLOBE THEATRE.

THE MOONSTONE. By Wilkie Collins, at 8.30. A New Drama, altered from the Novel. EVERY EVENING. Box-office open daily from 11.0 to 5.0. No booking fees.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE MOONSTONE, by special request, on SATURDAY, Oct. 27, at 2.30. Box plan open.—ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at 6.45, the New Hibernian Drama, by Mr. R. Dodson, entitled DEOCH AN' DUR'ASS. Reddy Ryland, Mrs. S. Lane. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. J. F. Brian, The Allouttis, The Rowella Trio. Concluding with LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. Wednesday, The Hand in Hand Society's Benefit.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday and Thursday excepted) at Seven, CAGLIOSTRO, THE MAGICIAN. Characters by Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, Birchenough, George Conquest, Jun., Vincent, Nicholls, Inch, &c. Misses Mabel Verner, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with DEAD TO THE WORLD. On Wednesday DEAD TO THE WORLD and SUSAN HOPLEY. On Thursday, THE HUNCHBACK, AN ARTFUL DODGE, and THE BLIND WITNESS. Dancing on the New Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Children of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Also on view Portrait Models of the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, Count de Tourville, M. Thiers, and the Penge convicts. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe: also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement of Miss HEATH (of the Royal Princess's Theatre, London), accompanied by Mr. Walter Barratt, for Twelve Nights only (commencing MONDAY, Oct. 15), when will be produced the Popular Play, entitled JANE SHORE.

THE CONTINENT.—The Shortest, Cheapest, and Pleasantest Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is *via* the Great Eastern Railway and Harwich.

An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m., in connection with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4.45 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.

The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.

Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low through rates.

For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½*d.*

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1*d.* thin and 2*d.* thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
} *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. {
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

Our Illustrations

THE ISLINGTON DAIRY SHOW

A DAIRY SHOW without cows seems at first blush very like the play of *Hamlet* with the *title rôle* omitted, but the inexorable fiat of the Privy Council had gone forth that no bovine cattle sent into London should be allowed to go out again, and it would scarcely have served the purpose of the dairy farmers to send their valuable cows to be sold for butcher's meat. So the managers of the Show yielded with a good grace, and got together as fine a display of dairy produce as one could wish to see, supplemented by exhibits of poultry, mules, donkeys, milch-goats, and all kinds of labour-saving machinery and apparatus in connection with the special industry which gave its name to the Show. The most noticeable feature on entering the Hall was Mr. Nuttall's gigantic pyramids constructed of 4,000 cheeses of the kind usually known as "Stilton," but which it seems should be called "Leicester," as it comes from that county, and has only been called by the former name from the fact of its having been first sold there by retail. Mr. Nuttall took the gold medal of the Farmers' Association for this exhibit. Other kinds were there in great variety from all parts of the Kingdom, and from a number of other European countries, and there was also a large display of British and foreign butters, the latter being easily distinguishable from the former by the neat style of packing. Another attractive feature of the show was the poultry hatching and poultry feeding machines, the Continental system of cramming fowl of all kinds being illustrated by pictures, and shown in actual operation. The goats were in full force, there being more than 100 entries, and amongst them were specimens of the Cashmere, Persian, wild Punjaub, Norwegian, and Maltese varieties; the Countess of Egmont and Lady Pigott took the first and second prizes, and the Baroness Burdett Coutts was also an exhibitor. Some of the mules and jackasses were of gigantic proportions, the chief prize winners being Mr. C. L. Sutherland and the Duke of Wellington, the former of whom exhibited with other animals a beautifully spotted mule, bought last year in Kentucky, and named "Centennial Harry." His sire was a Spanish ass, and his dam a thoroughbred mare; he stands 14 hands 2 inches high; and is thought to be the only spotted mule in Europe.

The galleries of the Hall were chiefly occupied by the poultry pens, the exhibits including almost every known variety of domestic fowl, from the diminutive Bantam to the Brobdingnagian Cochin. The attendance during the week was good, the number of visitors ranging from 5,000 to 8,000 per day.

THE LATE MDLLE. TITIENS

THERESA JOHANNA CAROLINE TITIENS, or Tietjens, was of Hungarian descent, and was born at Hamburg in 1831, and while yet a child the sweetness of her voice attracted so much attention that her parents resolved upon educating her for the lyric stage. She made her first appearance in her native city in 1849 as Lucrezia, in Donizetti's favourite opera, and afterwards sang at Frankfort and Vienna, her reputation growing with marvellous rapidity. In April, 1858, she appeared at Her Majesty's Opera as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, and from that time forward became perhaps the most popular *prima donna* on the English stage. A few years ago she made a brilliant professional tour in the United States, and on her return took up her old position at Drury Lane; and when Mr. Mapleson removed to Her Majesty's Theatre, her name was still relied upon as one of the chief attractions. The painful internal disease which has now terminated her career was of long standing. It commenced at Brighton in 1875, but temporary relief was obtained by surgical treatment. It recurred in the following year while Mdlle. Titiens was in America; but she again recovered, and subsequently, during a provincial tour in this country, she sang for eighty nights as well as she had ever done in her life. Last April, however, the disease began rapidly to develop itself, and she sang for the last time, on the 19th of May, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. On that occasion she had to die a stage death, and she afterwards remarked to a friend that she thought she was really dying. She afterwards underwent several surgical operations, and for several months her condition was most critical. On the 18th of June she went to Worthing, and appears to have caught cold on the journey, and recently she returned to her residence at St. John's Wood, where she died last week. Much public anxiety was excited by her sufferings, and only the day before her death she received a kindly message from Her Majesty and the Princesses, expressing their sympathy and their admiration for her splendid voice and talents. The funeral took place on Monday last at Kensal Green Cemetery, in the presence of a large concourse of spectators, the behaviour of some of whom, we are sorry to hear, was not so decorous as the solemn nature of the ceremony demanded.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE TURKS—SULEIMAN PASHA WATCHING THE ATTACK ON FORT ST. NICHOLAS

OUR sketch represents one of Suleiman Pasha's desperate attempts to retake Fort St. Nicholas in the Shipka Pass from the Russians. This assault took place on the night of the 17th ult., and was undertaken by a force of about 3,500 men, who had volunteered for the service. They were divided into three detachments, one under Salih Pasha being told off to attack the height on the southern side, a second under Redjeb Pasha on the eastern, and a third under Veissel Pasha on the western side. The first and third column had almost reached the enemy's position when the attack was discovered by the Russians, who immediately opened a heavy fire upon the second column. The Turks, however, succeeded in capturing the foremost entrenchments on the western side, and partially silenced the artillery fire higher up. On the eastern side, however, the attacking party were less fortunate, the officers, mainly subalterns, leading their men badly, or, as our artist remarks, not leading them at all. Thus far the Turkish soldiers had evinced the greatest bravery and spirit, scaling almost impossible rocks to shouts of "Allah! Allah! Oudjoum! Oudjoum!" ("To the assault!") but Redjeb Pasha giving away on the east, the Russians rallied, made a desperate charge upon the Turks, and finally drove back the whole of the attacking force—the assault thus ending in utter defeat, owing, our artist writes, to the failure of Redjeb Pasha to support his colleagues at the critical moment.—Our sketch was taken at the moment when the Turks had taken the entrenchment.

OUR ARTIST'S JOURNEY TO SHIPKA

THE first sketch portrays the village of Shipka and the various Turkish positions on the heights round Fort St. Nicholas, seen in the centre of the sketch, the only position held by the Russians in the Shipka Pass, but one of such strength that it is almost impregnable, although nearly surrounded by the Turks. Moreover, as the northern portion of the fortress abuts on the Gabrova road, the Russians are thus able to convey supplies and reinforcements, notwithstanding all the efforts of Chakir Pasha, who holds the heights commanding the road.

Our other sketches depicts various incidents which our artist encountered on his way to Shipka from Philippopolis *viâ* Kezanlik. "At Philippopolis," he writes, "the only thing that attracted my attention was a gallows erected in the middle of the street, at the foot of which sat a cobbler on a stool quietly mending a boot. The road leading to Carlova, where I intended to sleep, is straight and level as far as the foot of the Karadja Balkans, where I halted at a military outpost. An old Turkish captain invited me to sit down and drink a cup of water with him. He asked a multitude of questions, and amongst others if the English were coming soon, to which I could only vouchsafe evasive replies. After leaving him I passed through a burnt village, and arrived in the evening at Carlova. I found the town quiet; Bulgarians and Turks were chatting together in the *cafés*. I settled myself at an inn occupied by soldiers, and slept in a little room on a straw mattress spread on the floor. The next day I witnessed the distribution of meat to the soldiers. The poor fellows were delighted to get something to make soup with, as meat is a luxury to Turkish troops. I reached Kezanlik in the evening, and went on to Shipka by a road which was strewed with corpses of Mussulmans who had been murdered by the Bulgarians. I saw also amongst them the bodies of two Bulgarians, which I recognised by their costume. This road inspired me with feelings of horror, for on every side lay human bodies scorched and dried by the sun. In the camp I found the tent of the Commander-in-Chief, Suleiman Pasha, situated behind a mound. I noticed in camp a Bulgarian spy being carefully guarded by the soldiers with fixed bayonets."

Another of the sketches on page 352 portrays the nearest Turkish battery on Fort St. Nicholas, and higher up the hill may be distinguished the Turkish infantry entrenchments. This, the southern side, is the least favourable for an assault, which is most practicable from the north-western slope. Our last sketch at Shipka requires little description, as the impetuous charge of the Turkish soldier is well known. With visions of Paradise before him, if he falls while fighting the "unbeliever" he cares little for death, and with the battle-cry of "Allah! Allah!" will dauntlessly dash himself against the most serried ranks of breech-loaders.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE FIELD

THESE illustrations are from further photographs in the field by M. Duschek, of Bucharest, with the exception of "Correspondents' Quarters in the Field," which is by our own artist. The various subjects are sufficiently explained by their titles; but we may remark upon the irony of fate shown in the humble dwelling of Prince Cerkasky, the "Governor-General of Bulgaria," whose post thus far has been a sinecure. The "Czar's Residence" is a house which belonged to a rich Bulgarian, who was not only a friend of the Turks, but had even secretly become a Mahomedan. When the Turkish population fled, this Bulgarian fled with them, and his house is now the temporary residence of the Emperor. Round about it tents have been put up for the persons attached to the Imperial head-quarters.

WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA

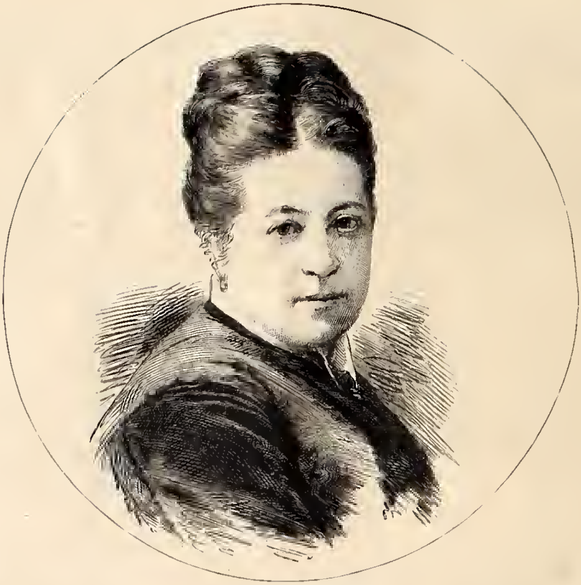
THESE sketches are by Captain H. McCalmont, one of the British Attachés with the Turkish Army in Asia. The first depicts the camp of Schéikh U. Heytullah, Chief of all the Kurds in Turkey and Persia. This chief has taken up arms for the Sultan, and is attached to the head-quarters of Ismail Pasha, and commands his immediate followers, some 2,000 irregular cavalry. The word "Kurd" is the Turkish for "wolf," and no appellation could better describe the Kurdish character. Plunder and pillage are their avocations in times of peace, while war affords them an excuse for greater crimes, and the country through which they then march becomes devastated far and wide. The costume of these irregulars is picturesque, a cloak of some bright hue, generally scarlet or light blue, richly embroidered, covering a uniform of the Zouave type; a broad sash or girdle encircles the waist, in which are carried at least a brace of old-fashioned pistols with silver mountings, a dagger, and a sword. In addition most of the Kurds carry a lance, and they have recently been supplied by the Turkish Government with Winchester repeating rifles. In the saddle from childhood, they ride well and gracefully. Many of their Arabian horses are of great beauty.

Another represents a recent "Skirmish between Kurdish Bashi-Bazouks and Russian Outposts in Front of Igdyr" (Russian territory). The fighting lasted from 10 A.M. till the evening. The Russians brought up four guns from Igdyr, in addition to eight squadrons of cavalry. The Turkish force consisted of some 700 Kurds, detachments of infantry being also in readiness to cover their retreat if necessary. In the sketch the foreground is occupied by Kurds, while between the Kurds and the nearest village, Khalfallau (alongside of which are the Russian guns in action), but not actually in sight, are the Russian cavalry skirmishers and squadrons concealed as much as possible by taking advantage of the undulations of the ground.

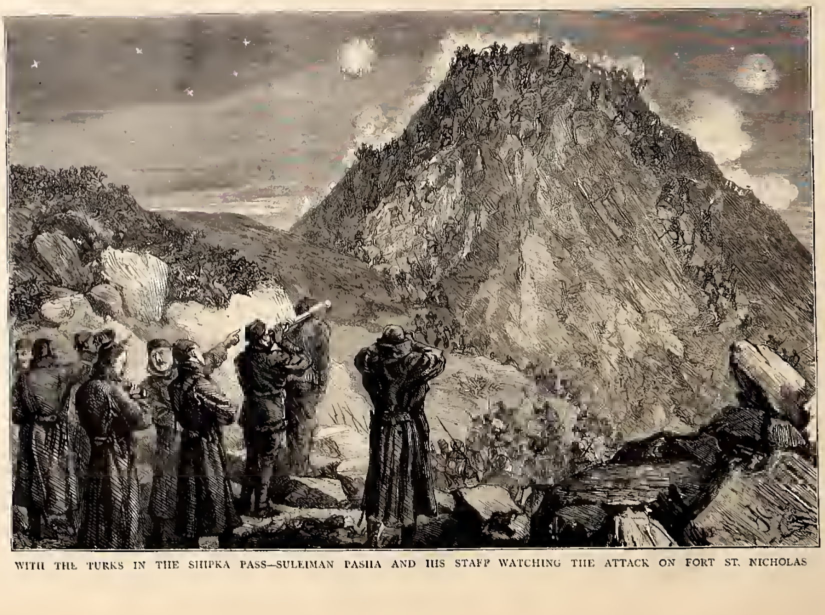
In the last sketch is shown the head-quarters of Ismail Pasha, on the Chatsituchuk Mountain, overlooking the Russian positions at Igdyr. Ismail Pasha commands the Second Army Corps of the forces in Asia Minor, and the camp in question is situated actually within Russian territory, which the army entered on August 6th. Below may be seen the fertile plain of Erivan.

VISIT OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE TO CARLISLE

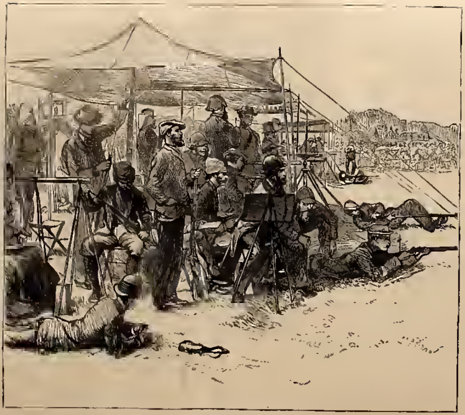
FULLY two hundred and sixty years having elapsed since the last public reception of a Royal personage in Carlisle, it is no wonder that the recent visit of the Princess Louise should have created an enthusiasm which has rarely been surpassed. Her Royal Highness's promise had been given nearly a year ago, and the preparations for welcoming her were of the most elaborate and magnificent description. The whole city was decked out with flowers and bunting, and lofty triumphal arches spanned the streets at several of the chief points past which the procession wended its way. Windows and pavements were thronged with spectators, who kept up a continuous shout of welcome as the Princess passed along, and the Yeomanry, Rifles, and Volunteers turned out in force to do honour to their Royal guest. Arriving by special train, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, the Princess was received at the station by the Mayor and Corporation. The procession went thence along the new road and



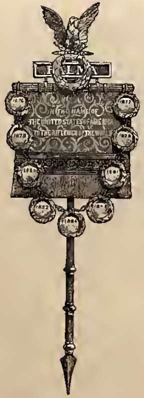
THERESA TITIENS
BORN IN HAMBURG JULY 17, 1831, DIED IN LONDON OCT. 3, 1877



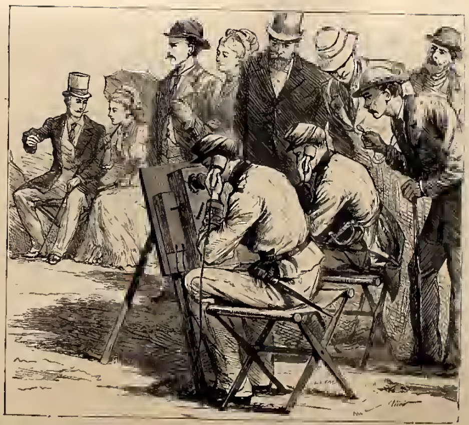
WITH THE TURKS IN THE SHIPKA PASS—SULEIMAN PASHA AND HIS STAFF WATCHING THE ATTACK ON FORT ST. NICHOLAS



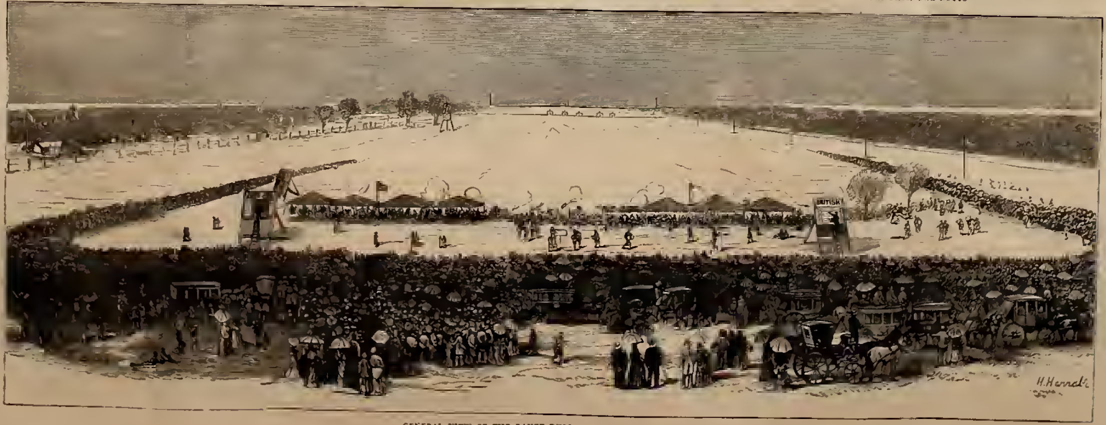
SHOOTING AT THE 1,000 YARDS RANGE


PALMA
IN THE NAME OF
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
TO THE RIFLEMEN OF THE WORLD
1876
1877

THE CHALLENGE TROPHY



TELEPHONIC MESSAGES FROM THE BUTTS


BRITISH
H. Harral

GENERAL VIEW OF THE RANGE DURING THE FINAL CONTEST

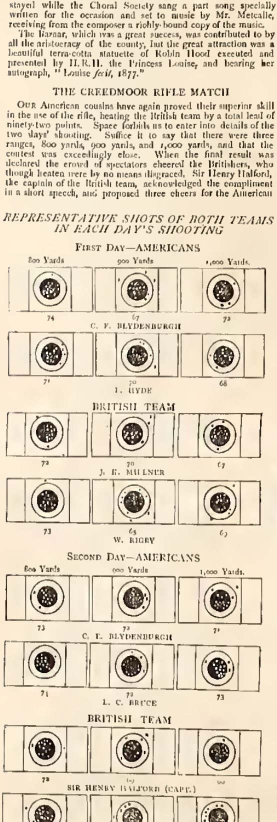
THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH AT CREEDMOOR, LONG ISLAND, UNITED STATES viaduct which connects the two sides of the city, and which the Princess declared open, christening it the "Victoria Viaduct," after Her Majesty the Queen. The Princess then passed on to the Infirmary, through the wards of which she was conducted by the Lord Bishop, President of the institution, and other officials, pausing at each bed to speak to the patients, and having introduced to her an old nurse, Mrs. Grierson, who is a relative of Thomas Carlyle. After this the Royal party visited the Abbey, and next proceeded to the Victoria Hall to open the Bazaar in aid of the Infirmary Fund. Here in presence of a brilliant assemblage the Princess was presented with two illuminated addresses, one from the Municipality and the other from the Infirmary Committee, the receipt of which was acknowledged by the Marquis of Lorne, who complimented the Corporation upon their new viaduct, and expressed a hope that the Bazaar would not only free the Infirmary from present debt but keep it free for many years to come. The Princess then made the tour of the stalls, making purchases at each, and subsequently lunched with the Mayor and Mayoress in the Albert Hall, which was most tastefully decorated. After luncheon the Princess returned to the Victoria Hall and stayed while the Choral Society sang a part song specially written for the occasion and set to music by Mr. Metcalfe, receiving from the composer a richly-bound copy of the music.

The Bazaar, which was a great success, was contributed to by all the aristocracy of the county, but the great attraction was a beautiful terra-cotta statuette of Robin Hood executed and presented by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, and bearing her autograph, "Louise *fecit*, 1877."

THE CREEDMOOR RIFLE MATCH

Our American cousins have again proved their superior skill in the use of the rifle, beating the British team by a total lead of ninety-two points. Space forbids us to enter into details of the two days' shooting. Suffice it to say that there were three ranges, 800 yards, 900 yards, and 1,000 yards, and that the contest was exceedingly close. When the final result was declared the crowd of spectators cheered the Britishers, who though beaten were by no means disgraced. Sir Henry Halford, the captain of the British team, acknowledged the compliment in a short speech, and proposed three cheers for the American riflemen, which were of course heartily given. The challenge trophy which was competed for is a unique piece of work, in the form of a triumphal standard. It is over seven feet in height, and is made of wrought steel inlaid with gold and silver, and mounted with copper. The staff is of steel, with fillets of copper with a foliated capital, over which is a panelled block bearing the motto "*Palma*," surmounted by a copper eagle with extended wings. The banner is of steel, with gold scroll-work; upon it in letters of silver is the legend, "In the name of the United States of America to the Riflemen of the World;" and its lower edge is ornamented with an elaborate gold frieze and a massive gilded fringe. Upon a copper chain attached to the *fasces* which support the banner, are nine copper plates enclosed in laurel wreaths of silver, having the dates from 1876 to 1884, with spaces for the names of each year's successful team.—Our engravings are taken from illustrations in *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper.*

REPRESENTATIVE SHOTS OF BOTH TEAMS IN EACH DAY'S SHOOTING



"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A new Story, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 345.

VICTOR HUGO

A few words concerning this famous French author may serve as a fitting introduction to his "History of a Crime," the publication of which we begin this week. He was born at Besançon, Feb. 26th, 1802, his father being a colonel in the French army. In 1822 and 1826 respectively he published two successive volumes of "Odes and Ballads;" in 1827 he composed his drama, *Cromwell*; and in 1829 his "Last Days of a Condemned Criminal." This latter attained an immense success. Both in art and politics he showed himself a Revolutionist. By his *Hernani*, first played at the Théâtre Français in 1830, he offended the upholders of the stiff and unnatural classical drama then in vogue; while his *Le Roi s'Amuse* was interdicted by the Government on account of its anti-monarchical tendencies. In 1841 he became a member of the Academy, and was created a peer of France by Louis Philippe. During the whole period of the Empire, for nearly twenty years, he was an exile from France, as he refused to avail himself of the amnesty of 1859, and spent much of the time in the Channel Islands. When the Empire fell he returned to France, and has since occupied a prominent position there, both as a literary man and as a politician. His political creed is of an ultra-Radical order, and his well-known sympathy with the Communists caused his expulsion from Belgium in 1871. M. Hugo has been a prolific writer. Among his prose writings those best known in this country are "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Misérables," "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," "L'Homme qui Rit," and "Quatre-vingt Treize." A translation of the latter, under the title of "Ninety-Three," appeared in our columns in 1874.—Our portrait is from a photograph by M. Carjat, of Paris.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

Victor Hugo's New Work is commenced on page 349.

CHARACTER SKETCHES AT MALTA

These engravings (which are from sketches by F. E. S.) really need little or no explanation. We only hope that our Maltese friends will accept them in good part, and will not regard them as intended to be typical of the entire population. In Malta, as elsewhere, there are personages who specially attract the pencil of the caricaturist, and it is upon these that our draughtsman has instinctively fastened. The "Strada Reale" is the High Street of Valetta, and here various specimens of clericality, both stout and lean, are frequently to be met with, as priests and friars form a large percentage of the island population. The "faldette" is a kind of silk mantilla much in vogue, and its effect is respectively shown on the shoulders of a young woman and one who has attained rotund middle age. The Maltese cabby, like his London comrade, is a bit of a character; but the latter would do well to imitate the sobriety and frugality of the Mediterranean Jehu. Every visitor to Malta goes to Civita Vecchia to visit the Monastery of the Capuchin Friars, whose dead are embalmed and suffered to decay above ground. The British soldiers irreverently style them "pickled monks." The other two sketches give a somewhat *outré* rendering of two island dandies. One is styled "Young Malta," the other might be dubbed "A Mediterranean Immensikoff."

HOME.

Political Affairs.——A Cabinet Council attended by all the Ministers was held on Friday, and lasted exactly two hours.—Sir Stafford Northcote presiding last week at a meeting of the Exeter Chamber of Commerce, said, that though the revenue was not very elastic, there was no reason to think that the receipts would be less then had been anticipated. Referring to the question of Free Trade, he deprecated the retaliative policy advocated by some, and urged his countrymen to abstain from the first step of what he believed would be a most unfortunate retrogression.—The question as to Mr. Gladstone's rumoured trip to Ireland is now definitely settled, he having written to a gentleman at Dublin, saying that the visit will be purely private and personal. It is his rule, he says, to decline all share in public celebrations with which he has no local connection; "nor," he adds, "do I think Ireland in its present state would have any reason to thank me for departing from that rule on the present occasion."—By the way, a funny story has obtained currency anent the ex-Premier's powers in the wood-cutting line. The other day a crowd of admirers gathered round a fine tree which he was about to fell, but before he had struck one blow the tree toppled over, having, so goes the story, been previously nearly cut through by some less illustrious woodman. Whether any speech was made, or moral drawn from the untoward event, the record sayeth not.—Colonel Loyd Lindsay, M.P., Financial Secretary to the War Office, speaking at an agricultural dinner at Maidenhead on Tuesday, said that great improvements had during recent years been effected in the condition of the soldier. In war there were two things to be accomplished: to shoot your enemy and to prevent your enemy shooting you; and the tools of the soldier were the spade for himself and the breechloader for his enemy. Ten minutes' spade work would generally give a regiment shelter from which the most daring and dashing enemy could not drive him. The Turks understood this, and if they would only stick to their spade-work tactics they might continue to hold in check all the power of Russia, including her Imperial Guards and all her reserves.—On Wednesday the Marquis of Salisbury opened a Convalescent Home at Rawley near Leeds, erected by Mr. H. W. Ripley, M.P., at a cost of 10,000*l*. Referring to the Eastern Question, he said that every member of the Government was prepared to do his utmost to stop a calamity, which was one of the most grievous that had befallen the human race in our time. With regard to the Indian Famine, as far as he was departmentally concerned, he should not object if Sir S. Northcote thought fit to impose a shilling income-tax for the relief of the sufferers, but it must not be supposed that there was now any want of money or food. The worst part of the misery had passed, and the difficulty of bringing the starving people to the relief camps was being surely and steadily overcome.—On Tuesday about thirty Home Rule members of Parliament met in Dublin under the presidency of Mr. Maurice Brooks. After an animated discussion, three resolutions were unanimously adopted. The first reaffirmed the unity of the party and Mr. Butt's leadership; the second asserted that it was the duty of the members to consult and agree together on all questions affecting Ireland; and the third pledged them to meet in national conference whenever this should be deemed necessary, individual action to continue in matters upon which no resolution had been come to by the party.—The libel action brought by Mr. P. Callan, M.P., against the editor of the *Nation* for falsely asserting that he had furnished reports of the proceedings at a Home Rule Meeting, has been withdrawn, Mr. Sullivan having apologised for the accusation which he is now satisfied was unfounded.—A memorial in honour of the well-known Lancashire writer and politician, Samuel Bamford, was unveiled on Saturday, at Middleton, near Manchester, by Mr. Hibbert, M.P. It consists of a stone obelisk, twenty-five feet high. Mr. Hibbert dwelt at some length on the useful career of the author of "Passages from the Life of a Radical."

Miscellaneous.——There was a high tide in the Thames on Monday, and many of the low-lying districts on the southern bank of the river were inundated, the Vestries not having taken the precaution of placing barriers. At Dover, Folkestone, Margate, Ramsgate, and Sheerness, the tide was very high, with a strong wind, and much damage was done. Captain Saxby, who predicted this high tide, now says that others may be expected on the 7th prox. or the 22nd of December, if the wind should blow from the north on either of those dates.—General Grant was publicly welcomed at Torquay on Wednesday last. On Monday or Tuesday next he will visit Birmingham. *On dit* that the Leamington Town Council are quarrelling as to who shall pay the expenses of the General's recent reception in that city.—Weston, the pedestrian, has appeared at Hull in a new character, that of public lecturer, his subjects being "Will Power," and "Some Results of Temperance."—Some letters from Mr. Stanley appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday, and another is promised on Monday next. Mr. Stanley, who is now at Kabinda, on the West Coast, gives an account of his five months' journey through West Central Africa along the Congo River, in the course of which he encountered fifty-seven cataracts, falls, and rapids, and fought thirty-two battles with various native tribes. His followers suffered much from dysentery, scurvy, and dropsy, and were at times reduced to the verge of starvation, owing to the natives refusing to barter food for the beads, cloth, &c., which they carried. On Aug. 6th they reached the village of Ni Sanda, whence Stanley sent messages with a letter to "any English-speaking gentleman at Emboma." This fell into the hands of Messrs. A. Motta Viega and J. W. Harrison, two merchants of that place, who sent immediate relief, the arrival of which was hailed with delight and wonderment by Mr. Stanley's people, who had almost given up hope of ever completing the journey. Mr. Stanley says that the commission with which he was entrusted has been fulfilled to the letter. Side by side with the account of his geographical achievements the *Telegraph* prints another letter descriptive of the horrors of slave-catching and dealing in Central Africa. This last letter is the duplicate of one sent by Mr. Stanley from Nyangwe in October last, but which has never come to hand.—Mr. Crawshay, the Iron King, who is said to be the richest man in Wales, has written a doleful letter to a Merthyr workman, saying that he sees no prospect of the resumption of work at Cyfarthfa. He does not think that he can possibly live very long, and if able he shall sell the works before he dies. There is nothing now to bind him to them, for he has been estranged from them by the conduct of the men. He always hoped and expected to die with the works going, and the same feeling amongst the men for their employer, but things have changed, and he goes to his grave feeling a perfect stranger, as all his old men are gone.—The Lords of the Admiralty had a practical experience of a collision on Saturday last, when the *Enchantress*, on board of which they were, ran into another vessel in Devonport harbour. The *Enchantress* had her bows smashed in, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, who was on the bridge at the time, was thrown down. Nobody was seriously hurt, however.—The Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *Avalanche* and *Forest* was concluded on Tuesday. The judgment of the Court was that the *Avalanche* was primarily responsible, but Capt. Lockhardt of the *Forest* was reprimanded for not keeping his eye on the light of the other vessel. No one was to blame for not having saved more lives.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN

The annual Exhibition of this Society, which is now open to the public at 5A, Pall Mall East, illustrates the immense progress which the art of photography has made during the last few years, and is altogether, with regard to the general high degree of excellence attained, the most satisfactory collection of sun-pictures yet brought together. As there are upwards of five hundred numbers in the catalogue, and as many equally meritorious works were, we understand, shut out for want of space, it is evident that this Exhibition is thoroughly appreciated by the professors of the art, whether amateur or professional, native or foreign. Without further prelude let us plunge at once into the catalogue, and begin by remarking on the capital work executed by the Royal Engineers' School of Photography, as, for example, in the two large pictures of the great Beech tree and the Oak, Knole Park, the former of which is an untouched silver enlargement. Messrs. Stillfried and Anderson, of Yokohama, send some characteristic samples of Japanese architecture, foliage, and people. Mr. Robert Crawshay, of Cyfarthfa Castle, a veteran amateur, exhibits some specimens of Breconshire scenery, very soft in effect. Mr. William England, whose Swiss photographs are so widely known, is represented here by numerous examples, remarkable for their extreme distinctness of definition. These are from dry plates. Next we have Colonel Stuart Wortley, whose photographs of sea and shore are so highly appreciated. Of course there is a certain amount of device about his "moonlight" effects, since "that orbed maiden with white fire laden" does not, like her big brother, the sun, do anything in the art way. Photography serves many useful purposes nowadays. For instance, it is a potent *aide-de-camp* to the scientific lecturer, as witness Mr. Edward Viles's enlargements of microscopic objects, such as a honey-bee's tongue, or a blue-bottle's proboscis. The *Pandora* Arctic Expedition is effectively illustrated by Mr. W. J. A. Grant's photographs. Next comes a frame which will delight mammas, Messrs. R. Faulkner and Co.'s instantaneous portraits of children. There are scores of them here, and the expressions are delightfully natural. Next we come to a foreigner, Bernard Mischewski, of Carlsruhe, whose portraits are remarkable for their excellence, especially those on a large scale, taken with a Dallmeyer 6A lens, after fifty or sixty seconds' exposure. Mr. A. Boucher, also a foreigner, though domiciled at Brighton, exhibits some capital work in the way of portraiture.

Nor must we forget in this connection Mr. Valentine Blanchard, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society, who exhibits some excellent portraits, one, for example, of Valentine Bromley, the promising young artist who was cut off so prematurely last spring; and another a head of Lear, the model for which was an old Frenchman, well-known to frequenters of the Strand, where he goes about bareheaded, selling oranges or newspapers. Photographs which aim, by a careful arrangement of figures and accessories, at depicting an incident such as a *genre* artist might choose for his pencil, are apt to fail, except on a small scale, and with comic subjects; there are exceptions to this rule, however, and at least three examples of this class in the Exhibition attain a high degree of success, namely, Mr. H. P. Robinson's old couple resting after the day's work, a thoroughly Faed-like study; Mr. R. Slingsby's "Alone," a girl seated on a sandhill by the sea; and Mr. Samuel Fry's birdstuffer surrounded with specimens, a subject recalling Mr. H. S. Marks' peculiar humour. Returning to portraits for a moment, we would call attention to those of Taeschler, and also point out Feilner's "Characteristic Heads of an Actor," interesting as showing the sitter's command of facial expression. Mr. Carlo Relvas, too, a Portuguese amateur, sends some good work both in portraiture and landscape. We have left out dozens of names equally deserving of mention, but space presses us, so we will in conclusion merely advise our readers to visit for themselves this most interesting Exhibition, not forgetting finally to look at No. 433, in which frame the Woodbury Company exhibit their process of surface printing from metal plates. The curious thing is that, on pressure being applied, the gelatine, which seems so soft, makes an impression on the pewter plate, which seems so hard, so that the latter can be printed from. The same phenomenon certainly obtains among human beings, for a soft, gentle woman often makes a very decided impression on a man who seems as hard as nails.

THEATRES

LORD LYTTON'S posthumous play produced at the COURT Theatre on Saturday evening may be accounted a success, though it will assuredly not take rank among the most brilliant of the works of its distinguished author. Its story is wanting in freshness, its characters are drawn after a somewhat conventional pattern, and the motives upon which they are supposed to act are often manifestly inadequate to bring about the serious consequences attributed to them. Not only the critical spectator, anxious not to miss either merits or defects, but the average playgoer, who goes only to be amused, cannot fail to feel at many points that there is something not explained, and not apparently explainable. When an audience begins to ask itself why the hero does this, or why the heroine neglects to do that, the interest is in danger of declining; and if prominent persons of the play use strong language or act excitedly under these circumstances the insincerity of the work is still more forcibly suggested. All this, however, may be charged against *The House of Darnley*; yet the performance was very far from failing absolutely to interest the audience. The late Lord Lytton's knowledge of stage effect was probably as complete as that of any dramatist of his time, and certainly more complete than that of any contemporary writer who had not had the advantage of practical familiarity with the resources and the artifices of the theatre. He knew, above all things, how to keep in view the central point of interest by subordinating mere incidentals to this purpose. Some of his plays—the comedy of *Money* for example—is crowded with characters to a degree which would inevitably have involved an inferior hand in confusion and ruin. Not only are types of character introduced which have no necessary connection with the main thread of the story, but these characters receive a certain completeness of outline, while their sayings and doings contribute much to the entertainment afforded. Yet the story is neither lost sight of nor overweighted. *The House of Darnley* is greatly inferior as a comedy to *Money*, but these qualities are nevertheless discernible in it; and to this that the fair measure of success achieved by the performance is in great degree to be attributed. The story is founded on nothing but the notion of a wife who leaves a husband on a groundless though plausible cause of jealousy, and who returns to him again and is reconciled after due explanations. This is the theme of Mr. Byron's *Cyril's Success*, to the plot of which play the story of *The House of Darnley* bears indeed no slight resemblance; but the experienced playgoer will easily recall other pieces produced during the last twenty or thirty years in which this notion is developed under various forms. On the French stage, to which source this germ of story seems to be originally traceable, strong interest is generally attained by representing the lady as on the brink of committing graver faults than that of merely quitting her home and leaving her children; but English standards of propriety being less tolerant of unpleasant subjects, our dramatists who adopt this theme are driven to seek the elements of pathetic interest in materials of a milder kind. Instead of being allured from her home the offended wife is generally only driven from it by horror at her husband's supposed offences. With this purpose in view it is found necessary to present the facts with a certain elaborate plausibility and emphasis which are ordinarily attained in a rather strained and arbitrary fashion. So it is in Lord Lytton's play; and it is to be observed that this fault cannot be charged to the account of Mr. Coghlan, who has been entrusted with the task of completing the play left unfinished by the author. Nothing is easier in fiction than to involve an innocent person in suspicious circumstances; but it is just because this is easy that the artifice is ordinarily too obvious to escape attention. In this instance the wife's suspicions are aroused by simply permitting certain facts to come to her knowledge, while other circumstances, which it is hardly conceivable that she could have failed to ascertain, are arbitrarily withheld as long as it suits the dramatist's convenience to withhold them. Thus a kind of entanglement is created, which is certainly conceivable, but which cannot excite much sympathy or apprehension in the minds of the audience, so obvious is it that sooner or later an explanation must be arrived at, and reconciliation effected. It is no slight testimony to the power of the acting of Mr. Kelly as Mr. Darnley, and Miss Ellen Terry in the part of the wife, that they were able even under these unfavourable conditions to interest the audience, and more than once even to move them in no slight degree. The acting throughout is indeed eminently satisfactory. The lighter characters of the play, sustained by Mr. Hare, Miss Amy Roselle, and Mr. Bishop, are rather thin character sketches, but they amuse. Mr. Titheradge, a new actor, plays, with excellent concentration of power and moderation, the ungracious part of a heartless profligate; and Miss B. Henri, in a more serious though not very prominent character, evinced ability of a high order. The "set scenes" represent interiors only, and therefore want the relief of contrast; but they are furnished and decorated with the profusion, and also with something of the eccentricity, in which managers have lately vied with each other. Such drawing-rooms as that of Mr. Darnley, with their rows of columns decked in garish blue and gold, may be assumed to be rare; nor perhaps do many noblemen build their libraries like Lord Fitzhollow in the form of the Chapter House at Westminster.

This evening a new extravaganza, entitled *Faust*, from the pen of Mr. Byron, will be produced at the GAIETY. An adaptation of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's comedy, entitled *La Cigale*, brought out with great success last week in Paris, is also in preparation at this theatre.

The QUEEN'S Theatre in Long Acre will reopen on the 27th instant under the management of Mr. Alex. Henderson, and with the new name of the NATIONAL. Romantic drama, for which its stage is pre-eminently fitted, having neither the bewildering vastness of Drury Lane nor the cramped confinement of smaller houses, is to be the feature of the new reign. A drama of this kind, entitled *Russia*, and founded on the striking, romantic, and spectacular play entitled *Les Exilés*, lately produced in Paris, will be the opening piece.

Miss Kate Santley has reopened the ROYALTY with a version of *La Marjolaine*, M. Lecocq's latest comic opera. The libretto has been adapted by Mr. Sutherland Edwards.

A special series of dramatic performances, under the direction of Mr. C. Wyndham, will be commenced at the CRYSTAL PALACE on the 16th instant.

BRITANNIA.——The latest attraction here is a new Hibernian drama, written by Mr. R. Dodson, entitled *Deoch an' Dur'ass—Angiicé*, "The Stirrup Cup." The action takes place at the time of the O'Connell Riots, and the incidents are of that exciting character which recommends itself to oriental audiences.

Books Received

Selections from the Authors of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family:" by a Friend. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Walks in Florence (2 vols.): Susan and Joanna Horner; The Fight of Faith (Second Edition): Rev. Stopford A. Brooke; Every Day Meals: Mary Hooper. Henry S. King and Co.

Wives and Mothers, or Readings for Mothers' Meetings (Second Series): Rosalind Marryat. Hatchards.

A Girl of a Thousand: Laura Beltairs. Walbrook and Co.

Cast Adrift: Mrs. Herbert Martin. Griffith and Farran.

Sacred Streams: P. H. Gosse, F.R.S.; The Vision of God and other Sermons: Henry Allon, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Home Naturalist: Harland Coultas; English Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil: Rev. Samuel Manning, LL.D., and Rev. S. G. Green, D.D.; Harrison Weir's Animal Pictures for Children; Natural History Pictures. Religious Tract Society.

The Life of Mozart (2 vols.): Trans. from German of Dr. Ludwig Nohl by Lady Wallace; Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn: Edited by her Sister. Longmans.

Lutchmee and Dilloo (3 vols.): Edward Jenkins, M.P. W. Mullan and Son.

A Man of Other Days—Beauregarde (3 vols.): Charlotte M. Young. Hurst and Blackett.

Primer of Pianoforte Playing: Franklin Taylor. Macmillan.

Bulbs and Bulb Culture, Part I.: D. T. Fish. *Bazaar* Office.

Pauline (2 vols.): L. B. Walford. W. Blackwood and Sons.

A Defence of Russia and the Christians of Turkey: Sir Tollemache Sinclair, Bart., M.P. Chapman and Hall.

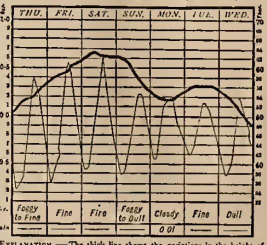
Through the Breakers (3 vols.): Rev. R. Bulkeley. Remington and Co.

The Trust (3 vols.): Jean le Peur; Lilian: G. Beresford Fitzgerald; The Reign of Rosas; E. G. Fernan; A Very Old Question (3 vols.): T. Edgar Pemberton; The House of Clarisford (3 vols.): Frederick Woodman. Samuel Tinsley.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

OCTOBER 4TH TO OCTOBER 10TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——During the whole of Thursday, Friday, and until midday on Saturday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th inst., the barometer rose steadily and rather briskly, the increase amounting to about 0·6 inches; but at that time the mercury began to get unsteady. For the first few hours it did not change much; but during the whole of Sunday afternoon, the 7th instant, and the early part of Monday, the 8th, it fell briskly, and though a slight recovery occurred during Tuesday, the 9th, it afterwards fell again very quickly. Temperature during the first few days showed a considerable range, as much as 25° on Friday, the 5th; but on the past three days it has been very much less, the difference between the maximum and the minimum on Tuesday, the 9th instant, being only 11°. The wind for the greater part of the time has been exceedingly light, calms, in fact, being reported at many of the eight a.m. observations, while light north-easterly breezes prevailed at other times; but since Sunday, the 7th instant, a moderate or fresh north or north-westerly breeze has been blowing. The weather has been very dry, and the sky moderately clear of cloud except on Wednesday, the 10th instant; but a great deal of fog has prevailed. The barometer was highest (30·68 inches) on Saturday, the 6th instant; lowest (29·90 inches) on Wednesday, the 10th instant: range, 0·78 inches. The thermometer was highest (62°) on Saturday, the 6th instant; lowest (35°) on Thursday, the 4th instant; range, 27°. Rain, 0·01 inches, on one day. A smart shower fell on Thursday morning.

Scraps

THE FAMOUS GERMAN TRAGEDIAN, DEVRIENT, has died at Frankfort.

"HAMLET" has been translated into Portuguese by the King of Portugal, who, however, publishes his work anonymously. The translation is said to be very well done.

A CONGRESS OF LIBRARIANS might do some good across the Atlantic, where in the classified index of one library Aristophanes' *Frogs* has been placed under the head of *Reptiles*.

TWO BIRDS OF PARADISE, from New Guinea, are now in the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation, the first living specimens ever brought to France. These birds are very rarely secured alive, as they are specially shy and difficult to approach.

COMIC WAR MAPS.——In reference to some recent remarks of ours on this subject, Mr. F. W. Rose, of 4, Cromwell Crescent, South Kensington, the designer of the Octopus War Map, informs us that he did not take the idea from Hadol's French map, having never seen it.

EPIDEMICS IN BURMAH are treated very vigorously by the natives. Directly any pestilence appears in a village the inhabitants light enormous fires in the streets, to the great danger of their inflammable houses, to frighten away the *nats* or evil spirits. The purifying influence of the fires, however, generally has the desired effect.

M. VICTOR HUGO'S "HISTORY OF A CRIME" was made the subject of a clever drawing last week in one of the Paris illustrated satirical papers. The poet was represented inscribing his work upon bronze, a dead eagle lying at his feet. The Censor, however, speedily pounced upon the drawing, and prohibited its publication.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE reached Gibraltar safely on Sunday, and after the *Olga* had taken in fresh coals, started next day for Falmouth, where she may be expected between the 15th and 20th inst. Mr. Dixon writes that the needle-ship pitches terribly at the rate of fifteen times per minute, but the drum on the bows acts as a good breakwater, while he thinks she would have been better with a sharper bow and stern. Sail does not help her much. The only casualty has been the parting of the towline on the 31st ult., which was easily repaired next morning.

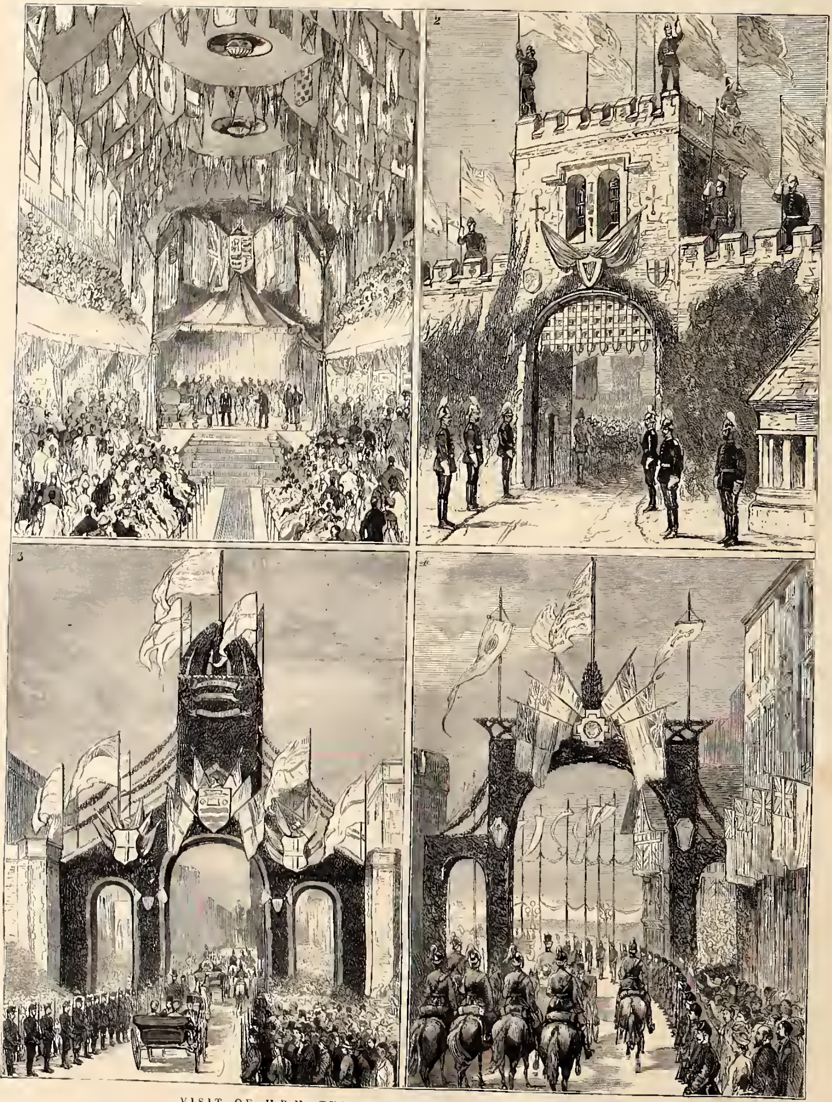
THE GELADA MONKEYS at the Alexandra Palace, the first of their kind ever brought alive to Europe, are six in number, and vary from a height of three feet to the size of a cat. They are covered with brown hair which becomes grey on the chest, have a long tail ending in a tuft like that of a lion, a pink hairless heart-shaped spot on their chest, and a similar space round the throat, which turns red when the animals are angry, while the males have a long thick mane. They prefer to eat Indian corn and grass, making the latter into tiny balls, and seem rather savage animals, as the two females and the biggest male had several fights on the first day of exhibition.

THE REWARD OF GOOD AND EVIL-DOERS IN A FUTURE WORLD, according to Chinese imagination, is curiously depicted on the walls of a Celestial Temple in Nevada, U.S. Hell is represented as a sort of brick oven, with folding-doors, by the side of which sits the Devil. Sinners are brought to the doors by minor devils, and the Prince of Darkness, looking on his victims with satisfaction, takes the keys from his waistcoat pocket and reaches out for his forked spear to poke the poor wretches into the oven. In Heaven the Blessed are seated on clouds of glory, surrounded by angels to fan away the flies, and are regaling themselves on the very prosaic diet of roast pig.

A FRESH ARCTIC EXPEDITION will be undertaken by Sir Allen Young in the *Pandora* next spring. He will probably try the Spitzbergen route, as Smith's Sound has now been so fully explored. Anent Arctic research, Professor Nordenskiold has decided on his route through the Polar regions next year. The Professor will leave Sweden in July, hoping to reach Nova Zembla in the beginning of August and the Yenisei shortly afterwards, will thence round the most northern point of Asia, called Tschieljuskin, and will arrive in Behring's Straits about the end of September. He will then skirt China and India, and return home by the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean. The Swedish Expedition will sail in a specially constructed steamer provisioned for two years, and will consist of a crew of twenty-two men, with a doctor and scientific staff.

LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week, and the deaths numbered 1,308, against 1,237 in the previous seven days, but were 66 below the average, while the death rate rose to 19·3 per 1,000. There were 14 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 1), 38 from scarlet fever (a decline of 11), 36 from diarrhœa (a fall of 16, and 29 below the average), 23 from measles (a rise of 7), 19 from fever (a decrease of 3, and 21 below the average), 21 from whooping-cough (an increase of 3), and 2 from diphtheria (a fall of 2). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 257 from 174, and were 60 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths, of which 36 were the result of negligence. There were 2,420 births registered, an increase of 10 and 75 above the average. The mean temperature was 49·4 deg. and 5·5 deg. below the average, while the duration of sunshine was 33·3 hours out of the 80·0 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.

A LARGE ALLEGORICAL PICTURE of the "Apotheosis of M. Thiers," intended for next year's Paris Salon, has been begun by MM. Detaille and Vibert, the former well known for his spirited battle pieces. M. Thiers is represented lying on a crape-covered couch, over which leans France, clad in mourning, shrouding the deceased statesman in a tri-coloured flag. Around are his various foreign decorations, and overhead is the flag of Belfort almost hidden by wreaths, and a large figure of Glory extending its right hand over M. Thiers' head. Above this, on the right, appears the Commune as a Fury expiring in the midst of smoke, which is consuming the arms of Paris, and on the left is represented the funeral ceremony at Père la Chaise, while Paris during the siege can be seen in the background. At the top of all is shown M. Thiers as statesman, historian, and President. The July Column and a view of the Corps Législatif typify his political career, his historical works are illustrated by miniature views of the principal events from 1789 to 1815, and last of all comes his review of the Versailles Army after the Commune. M. Detaille, however, has studied under M. Meissonnier, and the latter, who was engaged upon a portrait of M. Thiers, and made a sketch of him after his death, is seriously angry with his pupil for forestalling him in the subject. M. Detaille has accordingly given up his share in the picture, and M. Vibert will finish it alone.



VISIT OF H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE TO CARLISLE

1. Opening of the Bazaar in Victoria Hall: The Mayor and Town Clerk presenting the Municipal Address.—2. The "Irish Gate" manned by the Fire Brigade: A Wooden *fac-simile* of one of the Ancient Gates of the City.—3. Triumphal Arch between the Court Houses.—4. Triumphal Arch at the Entrance of the New Viaduct.

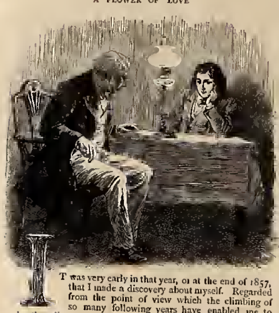
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FLOWER OF LOVE



It was very early in that year, or at the end of 1857, that I made a discovery about myself. Regarded from the point of view which the climbing of so many following years have enabled me to reach, the discovery seems a thing which might have been expected,—quite natural, and belonging to daily experience. At the time, I remember, it was most surprising.

I suppose no one would believe that a young man could come to the age of one-and twenty, and remain so little of a man as I did. But I was deformed. I was morbidly sensitive of ridicule. I was extremely poor. I had some pride of birth; I could not possibly associate with the professional men, the drawing, dancing, and music masters of the town, who might have formed my set. Their thoughts were not mine; their ways were not my ways. Not that I claimed any superiority. Quite the contrary. Men who could ride, hunt, shoot, play billiards, and do all the other things which belong to skill of hand and eye, seemed, and still seem to me, vastly superior to a being who can do nothing except interpret the thoughts of the great masters. In a country town, unless you belong to the young men of the place, and take part in the things which interest them, you fall back upon such resources as you have in yourself. There was nothing for me but my piano and my books for the evening, and Celia in the afternoon.

It was partly on account of my deformity that we were so much together. When Leonard went away I had hardly an acquaintance of my own age in the town—certainly not a friend; and I was at the age when the imagination is strongest, and the need for close companionship is felt the most. In adolescence the heart opens out spontaneously to all who are within its reach. The friends of youth are close and confidential friends, there is no distrust, no reserve. I think it is rare for such a friendship as that between Celia and myself to exist between two persons who are not of the same sex, neither brother and sister, nor lovers. Yet it existed, up to a certain time,—and then, without a break on her part, but after a struggle on mine, it was resumed, and has been since continued. There was no shadow of restraint between us, but only a perfect and beautiful confidence, when Celia was a girl and I was a boy. Like me, but for different reasons, she lived apart from other girls; she had no schoolgirl friendships; she never went to school, and had no masters, except myself. I taught her all I knew, which was not much, in a desultory and methodless fashion, and the girl poured out to my ear alone—it was a harvest sixty and a hundredfold—the thoughts that sprang up as clear and bright as a spring of Lebanon in her pure young heart. The thoughts of youth are sacred things; mostly because young people lack power of expression, they are imperfectly conveyed in the words of the poets, who belong especially to the young. Great utterances by the men of old sink deep into the hearts of those who are yet on the threshold of life. They fertilise the soil, and cause it to blossom in a thousand sweet flowers. There is nothing to me, a teacher, and always among the young, more beautiful than the enthusiasms and illusions of youth, their contempt of compromise, their impatience of diplomatic evasions, their fancied impartiality, and their eager partisanship. And I am sometimes of opinion that the government of the world—its laws—its justice—its preaching—its decisions on war and peace—its expenditure—should all be under the control of youth. Before five-and-twenty all but the hardest men are open to higher influences and nobler aims. The lower levels are reached, step by step, through long years of struggle for luxury and position. Let the world be ruled by the adolescent, and let the wisdom of the *senes*, who have too probably become cynical, disappointed, or selfish, be used for administration alone. Above all, no man should be Autocrat, King, President, or Prime Minister after his five-and-twentieth year. As yet, however, I have made no converts to my opinions, and I fear I shall not live to see this admirable reform.

I have had many pupils, and won some friendship among them, but Celia was my first and best. No one was ever like her in my eyes, so zealous for righteousness, so pitiful for wrongdoers, so sweet in thought. Perhaps we loved her so much—the Captain and I—that we saw in her more virtues than she possessed. It is the way of those who love. What would this world be worth without that power of illusion which clothes our dear ones, while yet in life, with the white robes of Heaven?

"Has she wings somewhere, do you think, Laddy?" said the Captain one evening. Turning over the pages of the Bible, he lighted on a chapter which, he announced to me, bore upon the subject, and he would read it. "Celia's price," he read, commentating as he went along, "is far above rubies. That is perfectly true. The heart of her husband—she shall have a good one—shall safely trust in her. If he can't trust in her, he won't be fit to be her husband. She shall rejoice—there is prophecy for us, Laddy—in time to come. Many daughters—listen to this—have done virtuously, but Celia excels them all. The woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised. Now, if that does not bear upon the girl, what does?"

It was not possible that our boy-and-girl confidences should remain permanently unchanged, but the change was gradual. I noticed, first of all, that Celia's talk grew less personal and more general. As I followed her lead, we ceased in a measure to refer everything that we read or played to our own thoughts. So that we grew more reserved to each other. An invisible barrier was rising between us that we knew nothing of. It was caused by the passage of the girl into womanhood, imperceptible as the rising of the tide, which you do not notice until you compare your landmarks, and see how the water has gained. It was the transformation of the child, open as the day, candid and unreserved, into the woman—the true emblem of her is this figure of the Veiled Nymph—who hides, nourishes, and guards her secrets, gathering them up in the rich garner of her heart till she can show them all to her husband, and then keep them for her son. A woman without the mystical veil is no woman, but a creature androgynous, amorphous, loathsome. So that Celia would never be again—I see it so well now—what she had been to me. Her face was the same as it had been, set grave at one moment with its fine delicate lines and ethereal look, and at the next bright and laughing like a mountain stream, but always sweet with the same kindness when she looked at me. Only it seemed at times as if I was groping about in the dark for the soul of Celia, and that I found it not.

"Cis," I said, one afternoon—we were in our old place, and she was leaning against the gun looking thoughtfully across the harbour. The tide was out, and instead of the broad lagoon was a boundless stretch of green and black mud intersected with a stream of sea water, up and down which boats could make their way at all tides.

"Cis, do you know that we are changed to each other?"

Almost as I said it I perceived that if Celia was changed to me I was no less changed towards her.

"What is it, Laddy?" she asked, turning gently, and resting her eyes on mine. They were so soft and clear that I could hardly bear to look into them,—a little troubled, too, with wonder, as if she could not understand what I meant. "What is it, Laddy? How are we changed?"

"I don't know. I think, Cis, it is because—because you are growing a woman."

She sat down beside me on the grass. She was so much taller than I that it was nothing for her to lay her hand upon my shoulder. We often walked so. Sometimes I took her arm. But now the gesture humiliated me. I felt angry and hurt. Was I then of such small account that she should change in thought, and yet retain the old familiar fashion, as if it mattered nothing what she said or did to me? It was a shameful and an unworthy feeling.

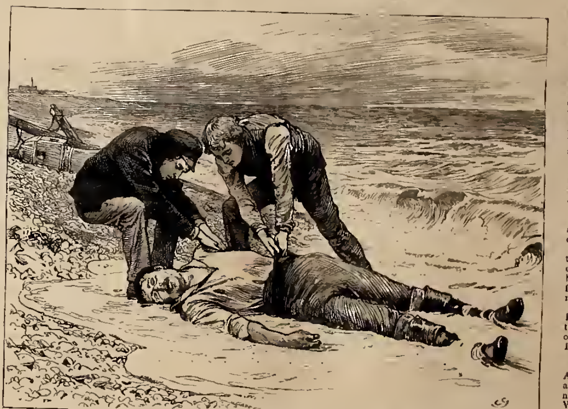
"Because I am grown a woman?" she repeated, quietly. "Yes, I believe I am a woman now."

She was, indeed, a stately, lovely woman, with the tall and graceful figure of Helen, and the pure face of Antigone, elastic in her tread, free in the movements of her shapely limbs, brave in the carriage of her head, full of strength, youth, and activity. Her face was long and oval, but her lips, which is not usual in oval faces, were as full and as mobile as the leaf upon the tree. Her features were straight and delicate. All about her was delicate alike, from the tiny coral ears to the dainty fingers and little feet, which, like mice, went in and out. A maiden formed for love, altogether and wholly lovable; sweet as the new-mown hay, inexhaustible in loveliness—like the Shulamite, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, lovely as Tirzah, a spring of living waters, but as yet a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. And as I looked up at her my heart sank down within me.

"But why should that make a difference between us, Laddy?"

I put her hand from my shoulder roughly, and sprang to my feet, because suddenly my heart overflowed, and words came bubbling to my lips which had to be repressed. I walked to the parapet, and looked across the harbour, battling with myself for a few moments. Then I turned. The girl was looking at me with wonder.

"Why should that make any difference, Laddy?" she repeated.



Once we came upon a dead man.

I was master of myself by this time, and could answer with a smile and lightly.

"Because you have put away the thoughts of a child, Celia. You no longer think or speak as you used to. Not any sudden change, Cis. Do not think that I complain. I was thinking of what we were a couple of years ago, and what we are now. You cannot help it. You show your womanhood in your new armour of reserve. Very bright and beautiful armour it is."

"I meant no reserve, dear Laddy. We always talked together since we were children, have we not? And told each other everything."

"Not lately, Cis, have we?"

She hesitated, and blushed a little. Then she evaded my question.

"Why, who could be more to me than you, Laddy? My companion, my tutor, my brother. What have I to hide from you? Nothing, Laddy, nothing."

"Not that you know of, Cis. But there is a change. I think that we do not talk so freely of our thoughts as we did. Do we?"

She pondered for a moment.

"I thought we did, Laddy. At least, I have not thought anything about it. There is no change indeed, dear Laddy. What if I am grown up, as you say, into a woman?"

"What, indeed, stately Cis? Only girls are so—they wrap themselves up in their own thoughts and become enigmas."

She laughed now.

"What do you know about girls, pray? We have so few thoughts worthy the name that we can hardly be said to wrap ourselves in them. And why should girls be enigmas any more than your own sex, sir?"

"I don't know. Perhaps because we want to find out more than they care to tell us about themselves."

"Perhaps because men always think and talk of women as a class. Why can they not give us individuality? You see, Laddy, we are different from men chiefly because we have no ambition for ourselves. I suppose it is in our nature—so far we are a class—that we desire peace and obscurity for ourselves, and greatness only for those men we care about. I have no hopes for myself in the future, Laddy. But I want to see Leonard famous, and you a great composer of beautiful music, and the dear old Captain happy in your success, and my father to grow in honour and reputation. That is all my prayer for myself and my friends. And I like to think of good men and women working all over the world to make us all better and happier. Perhaps it may come in my way some day to do something quietly for the love of God."

"You do something quietly already, Cis," I said, "because you live as you do live."

"Ah, Laddy, I have so many people who love me. Life is very easy when one is surrounded by the affection of so many. Suppose one had been born in the courts, where the voices are rough and men swear. Look at that troop of miserable men." She pointed to a gang of convicts passing through Liberty Gate. "What have been their temptations? How could they have lived the Christian life?"

"Their standard is lower than yours, Cis. Do you remember the statue of Christ, which was always higher than the tallest man? The higher one's thoughts carry one, the more wonderful, the more unattainable, seems the Christlike life. But our talk has led us into strange paths, Cis. All this because I said you were grown a woman."

"No, sir, you called me names. You said I was an enigma. See now, Laddy, I must never be an enigma to you. I promise this. If ever you think that I am hiding any thought from you ask me what it is, and I will confess it unless it is an unworthy thought, and then I should be ashamed."

"You could not have unworthy thoughts, Cis."

She shook her head.

"Foolish and frivolous thoughts. Vain and selfish thoughts," she said. "Never mind them now. Let us only continue as we always have been—my brother, my kind and sweetfaced brother."

Mine, indeed; but that she did not know. She took my hands in hers, laid her sweet fair cheek to mine, and kissed me on the lips and forehead. I think I feel her kisses still. I did not dare—I could not—return them. For when that ruby red-rose blossom of her lips met mine I trembled in all my limbs.

Think. I was small, mean of appearance, and deformed, but I was past twenty-one years of age. I was a man. And I loved the girl with an unbrotherly love, and with a passion which might even have belonged to a man whose back was straight.

If I trembled when she touched me, just as I rejoiced when I saw her, or heard the rustle of her dress, the kisses which she gave me struck my heart with a coldness as of death. Of course I knew it all along, but there is always a reserve power of illusion in youth, and I may have deceived myself. But now it came home to me with clearness as of crystal that Celia could never, never, by any chance, care for me—in that way.

I realised this in a moment, and pulled myself together with an effort, returning the gentle pressure of her soft warm hand just as if my heart was as calm as her own. Then I answered in commonplace and at random.

"Thank you, Cis. Some day, perhaps, I shall take you at your word, and make you confess all sorts of hidden things. Tutor and pupil is all very well, so is elder brother and younger sister. But you are six inches taller than I already."

I have always thought that this simple speech was just the wisest I ever made in my life, because I was so very near saying what I should have repeated ever after. Had I said what was in my heart, and almost on my lips, I might have destroyed the sweet friendship which existed then, as it still exists, pure and strong as the current of a great river. I thank God solemnly that I refrained my lips. "Whoso," says the wise man, "keepeth his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble." I loved her, that is most true; in those days when I was yet struggling with the impulses of a passionate love, there were moments when the blood ran tingling and coursing through the veins, and when to beat down the words running riot in my brain, was almost beyond my strength. We were so much together, and she was so unconscious. She could not understand how her voice fell upon my soul like the rain upon a thirsty soil. Even when we were apart there was no moment when Celia was not present in my thoughts. All the morning the music of my pupils, even the very scales, sang Celia, Celia, Celia, in accents which varied with my moods, now wild and passionate, now soft and pleading, now hopeful and now despairing.

There was one time—I do not know how long it lasted—a week or a dozen weeks—when I was fain to pretend illness because the misery of crushing this hopeless love was too great for me, and I craved for solitude.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE SEASHORE

In those days the new suburb, which is now a large town, had hardly yet been begun; there was no sea wall along the beach outside the harbour, and half a mile beyond the rampart you might reach a place perfectly lonely and deserted. There was a common, a strip of waste land where the troops drilled and exercised, and beyond the common an old castle, a square and rather ugly pile built by Henry VIII., when he set up the fortresses of Sandown, Walmer, and Deal. It was surrounded by a star fort, and stood on the very edge of the sea, with a sloping face of stone which ran down to the edge of the water at low tide and into the waves at high, protecting the moat which surrounded the town. As a boy I regarded this fortress with reverence. There had been a siege there at the time of the Civil War. It was held for the King, but the governor, after a little fighting with his Roundhead besiegers, surrendered the castle, and then the town itself capitulated. One pictured the townsmen on the wall, looking out to see the fortunes of the battle, the men for Church and King side by side with their sour-faced brethren who were for God and country, the discomfiture of the former when the Royal Standard was hauled down, and the joy of the Puritans when their party marched in at the town gates. Of course in my young imagination I supposed that the town walls were just the same then as now, with their bastions, curtains, ravelins, and glacis. It was a lonely place in those days, fit for a dreamy boy, or a moody man. Beyond the castle the beach stretched far far away under a low cliff of red earth, curving round in a graceful line; behind the beach was a narrow strip of ground covered with patches of furze, whose yellow and sickly sweet blossoms seemed to flourish independently of all seasons; on its scanty edge grew sea poppies; and here, amid the marshy ground which lay about, we used to hunt as boys for vipers, adders, and the little evvet, the alligator of Great Britain, who is as long as a finger and as venomous as a lamb. Sometimes, too, we would find gipsy encampments planted among the furze, with their gaudily painted carts, their black tents—every real Rommany has a black tent like the modern Bedawi or the ancient dweller in the tents of Kedar. While we looked at the bright-eyed children and the marvellous old women crouching over the fire of sticks and the great black pot, there would come out of the tents one or two girls with olive skins and almond eyes—not the almond eyes of Syria, but bolder, darker, and brighter. They would come smiling in Leonard's face, asking him to cross his hand with silver. When he said he had no silver they would tell him his fortune for nothing, reading the lines of his palm with a glibness which showed their knowledge of the art. But it was always a beautiful fortune, with love, fighting, wife, and children in it. Behind this acre or two of furze stood, all by itself, a mill, and there was a story about this mill because its centre pillar, on which the vanes revolved, had once been part of the mainmast of a French frigate taken in action. And higher up the beach again—because this was a place full of historic associations—stood two old earthwork forts at intervals of half a mile. The ramparts were green with turf, the grass all blown inland, and lying on the days of summer in long swathes upon the slopes, beaten down by the sea breeze; the moats were dry, and these, too, were grown over with grass; there was an open place at the back where once had been a gate and a drawbridge; there was a stonework well in the open part of the enclosure, only some inclined to the belief that it was only a sham well and masked, *prætexto sub nomine*, a subterranean passage to the Castle; the fronts of those forts were all destroyed and dragged down by the advancing tide. No ruined city in Central America, no temple of the Upper Nile, no Tell of Kouyounjik could be more desolate, more lonely, more full of imaginative associations than these forts standing upon the unpeopled beach in a solitude broken only by the footstep of the Coastguard. Before Leonard went away, and when we were boys together, this place was to us as the uttermost part of the world, a retreat accessible on a holiday morning, where one could sit under the cliff or on the grassy slopes of the fort; where I, at least, could dream away the hours. Before us the waves ran along the shingle with a murmurous sh—sh—sh, or, if the day was rough, rolled up their hollow threatening crests like the upper teeth of a hungry monster's jaw, and then dashed in rage upon the stones, dragging them down with a crash and roar which rolled unceasingly along the beach. In the summer months it was Leonard's delight at such times to strip and plunge to swim over and through the great waves, riding to meet them, battling and wrestling till he grew tired, and came out red all over, and glowing with the exercise. After a storm the beach was strewn with odds and ends; there were dead cuttle fish—Victor Hugo's *pieuvre*—their long and ugly arms lying powerless for mischief on the shingle; their backbone was good for rubbing out ink, and we had stores enough to rub out all the ink of the Alexandrian Library. There were ropes of seaweed thicker than the stoutest cables; if you untwisted the coils you found in them strange creatures dead and alive—the sea mouse, with its irridescent tufts of hair; little crabs with soft shells killed by the rolling of the pebbles; shells inhabited by scaly intruders, cuckoos among crabs, which poked out hard spiky legs, and were ready to do battle for their stolen house; starfish, ugly and poisonous; sea nettles and all kinds of sea-beetles. And lying outside the weed were bits of things from ships; candles, always plenty of tallow candles; broken biscuits, which like so many of Robinson Crusoe's stores were spoiled by the sea-water; empty bottles; bits of wood; and once we came upon a dead man rolling up and down. Leonard rushed into the water, and we pulled him up between two waves. He was dressed in sailor's clothing, and wore great sea boots, his face was bruised by the stones, and his black hair was cut short. Also he wore a moustache, so that he could not possibly be an English sailor. When we had got him beyond the reach of the waves, we ran to tell the Coastguard, who was on the cliff half a mile away, telescope in hand.

First he swore at us personally and individually for troubling him at all with the matter. Then, because Leonard "up and spake" in answer, he changed the object of his swearing, and began to swear at large, addressing the much-enduring ocean, which made no reply, but went on with its business of rolling along the beach. Then he swore at himself for being a Coastguardsman. This took altogether some quarter of an hour of good hard swearing, the excellent Solitary finding greater freedom as he went on. And he would have continued swearing, I believe, for many weeks if necessary, only that a thought struck him suddenly, like unto a fist going home in the wind, and he pulled up and gasped.

"Did you, did you?" he asked, "look in that dead man's pockets?"

We said "No."

Then he became thoughtful, and swore quite to himself between the teeth, as if he was firing volleys of oaths down his own throat.

"Now, lads," he said at last, "what you've got to do is this. "You've got to go straight away to the parish," which I suppose he took for a police office, "and tell the parish to come here and look after that man. I'm not stationed here to look after dead men. I'm for live smugglers, I am. You tell the parish that. Not but what it's proper for you to tell the Coastguard everything that goes on along the coast. And next time you fish up a drownded man you come straight to me first. No manner o' use to look in their pockets, because they've never got nothing in 'em. Them nasty fishes, you see, they gets into the pockets, and pulls out the purses." His belief in the emptiness of drowned men's pockets did not prevent him from testing its correctness. At least we looked back, and observed him searching diligently. But I suppose he was right, because the "parish" certainly found nothing in the pockets.

. . . .

It was to this place that I came, as to a wilderness, to struggle with myself. Here I was free to think, to brood, and to bring railing accusations against Providence because I could not marry Celia. Sitting on the lonely beach I could find a gloomy satisfaction in piling up my grievances against high Heaven. Who was I that I should be singled out for special and signal misfortune? Had I been as other men, tall, straight, and comely, Celia might have loved me. Had I come to her gallant and strong, rich and noble, one born in high station, the son of a brave and successful father, I might have had a chance.

Day after day I wandered here, brooding over my own wrongs, with bitter and accusing soul. The voice of the sea echoed the sorrow of my heart; the long roll from left to right of the ebbing or the rising wave was the setting of a song whose words were all of despair; the dancing of the sunlit waves brought no joy; my heart was dead to the blue sky, flecked with the white wing of seagull, and dotted along the distant horizon with the distant sails of passing ships. It pleased me to lie there, with my chin upon my hand, thinking of what ought to have been. During this time I was with Celia as little as possible, and at home not at all. Both she and the Captain, I remember now, were considerate, and left me alone, to worry through with the trouble, whatever it was. It was not all hopeless; it was partly that for the first time in my life I thoroughly understood what I was, what my prospects were, and what I might have been. I said at the beginning that it takes a long time for a hunchback entirely to realise what his affliction means; how it cuts him off from other men's pursuits; and how it isolates him from his youth upwards. I saw before me, as plainly as I see it now, a solitary life; I thought that the mediocrity of my abilities would never allow me to become a composer of eminence, or anything better than the organist of a church and the teacher of music in a country town; I should always be poor, I should never have the love of woman, I should always be a kind of servant, I should live in obscurity and die in oblivion. Most of us live some such lives; at least they can be reduced, in hard terms, to some such colourless, dreary wastes of weary years; but we forget the compensations. My dream was true of myself; I have actually lived the life of a mediocre musician; I have few friends; and yet I have been perfectly happy. I did not marry Celia; that I may premise at once; and yet I have been happy without her. For I retained her love, the pure and calm affection of a sister, which is with me still, making much of me, petting and spoiling me almost while I write, as it did twenty years ago. Surely there was never any woman before so good as Celia. The vision of my life was prophetic; it looked intolerable, and it has been more than pleasant. Say to yourself, you have thirty years to live; you will rise every morning to drudgery; you will live poorly, and will make no money; you will have no social consideration; you will make few friends; you will fail to achieve any reputation in your profession; you will be a lonely man—is that a prospect to charm any one? Add to this, that your life will be contented, that you will not dislike your work, that you will not live for yourself alone, that your days will be cheered by the steady sunshine of affection; and the prospect changes. Everything in the world is of magic. To some this old town of ours has seemed dirty, crowded, mean; to me it is picturesque, full of human interests, rich in association. To some my routine would be maddening; to me it is graceful and pleasant. To some—to most—a career which has no prizes has no joys. To me it is full of joys. We are what we think ourselves; we see everything though the haze of imagination; why—I am told that there is no such thing as colour in nature, but that it is an effect of light—so long as the effect is produced I do not care; let me only thank the Creator for this bunch of sweet peas in a glass before me, with their soft and delicate tints more beautiful than ever human pencil drew. We see what we think we see; people are what we think they are; events are what they seem to us; the man who least enjoys the world is the man who has the faculty of stripping things of their "effects;" who takes the colour from the flower, or the disinterestedness from love. That is common sense, and I would rather be without it.

One evening—it was after dusk and rather cold—I was still sitting in the enjoyment of a profound misery, when I became aware of a Voice addressing me. The Voice was inside my head, and there was no sound, but I heard it plainly. I do not pretend that there was anything supernatural about the fact, nor do I pretend to understand how it happened. It sprang from the moody and half-distracted condition of my mind: it was the return of the overstretched spring: it was the echo of my accustomed thoughts, for the last fortnight pent up and confined in narrow cells to make room for the unaccustomed thoughts. This is, exactly, what the Voice said to me:—

"You were a poor Polish boy, living in exile, and Heaven sent you the Captain to educate you, give you the means of living, and make you a Christian gentleman when you might have grown up among the companions of profligate sailors. You are an orphan, with neither mother, brother, nor sister. You have no relations to care for you at all. Heaven sent you Leonard to be your brother, and Celia to be your sister. From your earliest infancy you have been wrapped in the love of these two. You are deformed, it is true; you cannot do the things that some men delight in. Heaven has sent you the great gift of Music: it is another sense by which you are lifted above the ordinary run of men. Every hour in the day it is your privilege as a musician to soar above the earth, and lose yourself in Divine harmonies. You have all this—and you complain.

"Ungrateful! With these favours you sit here crying because you cannot have one thing more. You would have Celia love you, and marry you. Are you worthy of such a girl?

"Rouse yourself. Go back to your work. Show a brave and cheerful face to the good old man your benefactor. Let Celia cease to wonder whether she has pained you, and to search her heart for words she has never spoken; work for her and with her again; let her never know that you have hungered after the impossible even to sickness.

"And one more thing. Remember Leonard's parting words. Are you blind or are you stupid? With what face could you meet him when he comes home, and say, 'Leonard, you left me to take care of Celia; you trusted to my keeping the secret of your own love. I have betrayed your confidence, and stolen away her heart.' Think of that."

The Voice ceased, and I arose and walked home, changed.

The Captain looked up as I entered the room, in a wistful, sad way.

"Forgive me, sir," I said. "I have been worrying myself—never mind what about, but it is over now, and I am sorry to have given you trouble."

"You have fought it down, then, Laddy?" he asked, pulling off his spectacles.

I started. Did he, then, read my soul? Was my secret known to all the world?

Only to him, I think.

"When I was a young fellow," he went on, walking up and down the room with his hands behind him, "I fell in love—with a young lady—I believed that young lady to be an angel, and I dare say she was. But I found that she couldn't be my angel, so I went to sea, which was a very good way of getting through that trouble. I had a spell on the West Coast—caught yellow fever—chased the slavers—forgot it."

I laughed.

"Do you recommend me to go out slave-chasing, sir?"

"You might do worse, boy. She is a beautiful creature, Laddy; she is a pearl among maidens. I have always loved her. I have watched her with you, Laddy, and all the love is on your side. I have seen the passion grow in you; you have been restless and fidgety. I remembered my own case, and I waited. No, my boy, it can't be: I wish it could; she doesn't look on you in that light."

After supper he spoke allegorically.

"I've known men—good men, too—grumble at their posts in an action. What does it matter, Laddy, when the enemy has struck, where any one man has to do his duty? The thing is to do it."

This parable had its personal application, like most of the Captain's admonitions.

. . . .

"You have been unlike yourself, Laddy, lately," said Celia.

"Yes, Cis, I have been ill, I think."

"Not fretting, Laddy, over things?"

I shook my head.

"It seems hard, poor boy, sometimes, does it not? But your life will not be wasted, though you spend it all in teaching music."

She thought I had been brooding over my deformity and poverty. Well, so I had, in a sense.

Enough of my fit. The passion disappeared at length, the love remained. Side by side with such a girl as Celia one must have been lower than human not to love her. Such a love is an education. I know little of grown women, because I spend my time among girls, and have had no opportunity of studying woman's nature except that of Celia. But I can understand what is meant when I read that the love of woman may raise a man to Heaven or drag him down to Hell. Out of this earthly love which we share in common with the lowest, there spring for all of us, as we know, flowers of rare and wondrous beauty. And those who profit most by these blossoms sometimes express their nature to the world in music and in verse.

(To be continued)

DR. NEWMAN ON THE ANGLICAN "VIA MEDIA" *

THIS work, the first volume of which is now before us, may certainly claim to rank as a literary curiosity. For more than forty years the world has known Dr. Newman as a controversialist before whose logical spear few could hope to stand and live; now at last we find him in controversy with his former self. Dr. Newman of the Oratory here devotes himself to the refutation and exposure of what he now deems the mis-statements, baseless assumptions, and fallacious reasonings, put forth, exactly forty years ago, by the Rev. J. H. Newman, Fellow of Oriel, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, an opponent whom he treats with just the same strict measure of rigour and candour that he would show to any other. In the "Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church," which originally appeared in 1837, and are here republished, Dr. Newman's main object was, as he says in the introductory Lecture, "to furnish an approximation in one or two points towards a correct theory of the duties and office of the Catholic Church," a theory which should hold together, or be consistent, should be justified by the history of the Christian Dispensation, and "which is neither Protestant nor Roman, but proceeds along that *Via Media*, which, as in other things so here, is the appropriate path for sons of the Church of England to walk in." This attempt brought him necessarily across the existing teaching of Rome, and he had to attack it because, as he says in the same place, "it has pre-occupied the ground, and we cannot erect our own structure without partly breaking down, partly using what we find upon it." But, even at that date, Dr. Newman had to admit that there was force in the objection that, "while Protestantism and Popery are real religions, no one can doubt about them; they have furnished the mould in which nations have been cast;" this *Via Media* for which he was seeking an intellectual shape, and a logical standing ground, "viewed at an integral system, has never had existence except on paper." If the very limited space at our disposal permitted, it would be an interesting task to enter at some length upon the reasons put forward forty years ago by Dr. Newman for thinking this *Via Media* theory of his, though he allowed it had never been realised, "and that for 1,800 years the true Gospel, as regards his special aspect of it, had never been preached to the world," was yet "the nearest approximation to that primitive truth which Ignatius and Polycarp enjoyed, and which the nineteenth century has virtually lost," and upon the trenchant criticism which in subjoined notes he here applies to the many weak points he now detects in it. That in this curious controversy the Dr. Newman of our day has very much the advantage over his antagonist will be manifest to almost every one. In 1837 he had already conceded far too much to the claims of Church authority to be able, logically, to stop short where he then did. But, perhaps, the most striking and interesting portion of the book is the second section of the Preface, which is devoted to an explanation of the discordance which Dr. Newman allows at first sight presents itself between the formal teaching of Catholicism and its popular and political manifestations—"the active and political power . . . . expressively called Popery." As regards this discordance, Dr. Newman's explanation seems to us clear, and intellectually complete from his own point of view, though it will not satisfy, and he can hardly have put it forward with a view to aim at its satisfying those who deny the one premiss on which he proceeds all along—that the Roman Church really is all that she claims to be. But, pleasant as it would be to dwell farther on a work in all ways worthy of its illustrious author, we must bring our few remarks to a close, trusting that we have said enough to call attention to its appearance.

Magazines

IN a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Sir Julius Vogel put forth a proposal for uniting the colonies of the British Empire—including the Mother Country—in one grand Confederation. Lord Blachford, in the October issue, examines this scheme, and pronounces against its expediency on the ground of the divergent interests of the various colonies. We agree with Lord Blachford in thinking that any premature efforts towards Confederation would do more harm than good, but at the same time we rejoice that the Whig idea of treating colonies as troublesome encumbrances, to be got rid of as soon as possible, is no longer fashionable. Whatever else may happen in the future, we may confidently hope that no colony will part from us in anger as the United States parted.—The versatility of Mr. Gladstone's intellect is wonderful. Here in the midst of all his other avocations he has found time to write a learned article on "The Colour-Sense." His illustrations are chiefly drawn from Homer; and he concludes that this sense has been gradually developed, and that a modern child of three has more perception of varieties of colour than the keenest-eyed men of the olden times.—Professor Colvin is very severe on the Restorationists, and thinks they have done more mischief to the ancient buildings of Europe than the ravages of Time and War. The curious thing is that this discovery seems only lately to have been made, when most of the harm done is beyond recall, although Mr. Ruskin, whose opinion on such matters might have been expected to exercise considerable influence, has always opposed these wholesale alterations.—The "Symposium" on "The Soul and Future Life" is concluded in this issue. As Canon Barry observes, the Freethinkers seem to fight more fiercely against each other than against their recognised opponents, who believe in a divine revelation.

Mr. Lowe, in his noteworthy essay in the *Fortnightly*, entitled "A New Reform Bill," sticks manfully to the colours which he hoisted in 1867. Now, as then, he opposes any further lowering of the franchise. Genuine Liberalism, he says, is beyond the comprehension of a democracy; in France universal suffrage is coincident with despotism, in America with political corruption, and in England the extension of the franchise has only served to seat Toryism in power.—Mr. Hutton's reminiscences of the late Walter Bagehot are highly attractive. He was a bright, vivacious, witty man, epithets which can be rarely applied to writers on finance.—Mr. Giffen examines the phenomena of the long-continued depression of trade, and shows that it originated in the breaking down of the bad business of foreign investment, and that our home-industries have been very slightly affected.—The late Mr. Nassau Senior's "Conversations with M. Thiers in 1852" are very interesting, containing as they do observations on the Roman Expedition in 1849, and many trenchant remarks, some of them by no means flattering, on the character of our self-satisfied nation.—Dr. Bridges writes a very readable though somewhat discursive paper on the "Moral and Social Aspects of Health."

In the *Contemporary* Dr. Tuke writes an interesting summary of the Blue Book recently issued on the Lunacy Laws. On the whole he concludes that the existing safeguards are sufficient to prevent persons who are wrongfully alleged to be insane from being deprived of their liberty, and he indicates the objections which apply to the transfer of all lunatics from private institutions to public asylums. Nevertheless, it seems to us that such a transfer would be highly beneficial, because the pecuniary interest of the keepers of private asylums induces them to retain rather than to cure their patients, and because friends and relatives are often only too ready in this manner to get rid of troublesome persons. Once in an asylum the taint of insanity is on a man's reputation, and, in spite of Commissioners' visits, it is very difficult for him to prove his right to freedom.—Mr. Innes has written two papers on the double trial of Our Saviour, namely, that before the Jewish authorities and that before the Roman tribunal. In the present paper he examines the conduct of Pontius Pilate, and combats the conclusion arrived at by Sir J. F. Stephen to the effect that if the Roman Governor believed in good faith that the condemnation of the prisoner was necessary for the preservation of the public peace, he was right.—Mr. George Howell supplies much useful information on the important subject of "Apprenticeship," and points out how much could be done by the City Guilds in encouraging technical education, and that, with the advance of such education, the seven years' term, hitherto obtaining, might be reasonably shortened.

In the *New Quarterly* we have a pleasant gossiping paper by the Rev. F. Arnold on "Lord Chancellors and Chief Justices since Lord Campbell," embracing biographies of, among others, Lords St. Leonard's, Westbury, Chelmsford, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Selborne, and Lord Cairns.—Next, a memoir of Sir John Sinclair, the indefatigable improver of Caithnessshire land.—Then a paper advocating the transfer of the railways to the Government; and a brace of novelettes by Mrs. Lynn Lynton and Mrs. Trollope.

People in this country are apt to regard Algeria as rather a failure from the Colonial point of view, and no doubt it does not attract Frenchmen as Canada and Australia attract Englishmen; still, judging from Miss Betham-Edwards' agreeable sketch in *Fraser*, it is making rapid progress. The exports have multiplied threefold in five-and-twenty years, much wheat and barley is exported, good wine is made, and palatable beer is brewed, while the *Alfa* grass supplies a raw material for paper, and the dwarf palm for cordage.—"Clericality" is an essay reflecting on the tendency of our modern clergy to separate themselves into a caste. We do not, however, agree with the author in his remarks on clerical dress. Surely the present costume is an improvement on the waiter-like attire of thirty years ago.—Madame Jessie White Mario gives a spirited account of the unfortunate Garibaldian enterprise in France in 1870-1. Chiefly owing to the opposition of the clergy, the "red shirts" were very coldly received by the bulk of the inhabitants.

Macmillan opens with a learned paper by Mr. Gladstone on "Homeric Geography"—a subject more interesting to scholars than to the general public.—Next we have an account of the accidental discovery of an MS., by the first Lord Halifax, who was Privy Seal at the time of Lord Russell's execution.—Then a paper on the smuggling difficulty at Gibraltar. Our own opinion has always been that, as we hold Gibraltar for military purposes, we should endeavour to assimilate the "Rock" tariff to that of Spain. This is the object of the recently promulgated Customs' regulations; but as these tend to imperil various commercial interests which have grown up under the present system, a considerable outcry has been raised, with which the writer of the above essay appears to sympathise.

There is plenty of "go" in the new story in *Blackwood*, entitled "Mine is Thine," and the instalment this month is especially amusing. "The Irony of Life" is an interesting paper, though some of the illustrations, such as that of the ballet-girl at home and on the stage, are rather conventional.—"American Diplomacy in the East" contains some severe reflections on Mr. Schuyler for employing his diplomatic leisure in sending sensational letters to the newspapers.—"The Khedive's Egypt" is a review of Mr. De Leon's lately published book. The writer points out the misery inflicted on the people by the Khedive's system, and recommends him to place his affairs in the hands of trustees.—Some of Heine's ballads are very neatly and faithfully translated by Mr. Theodore Martin.

The planet Mars has been shining more brightly during August and September than for two and twenty years previous, and now by means of a powerful telescope two of his moons have been discovered. An interesting account of this appears in the *Cornhill;* where also will be found, among other attractive papers, a description of a former Indian famine, and a pleasant essay, chiefly based on Mr. James Thorne's book, on the Environs of London.

Biography is, as usual, to the fore in *Temple Bar*. The sketches of the younger Pitt, of Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Jordan, Bunsen, and D'Azeglio, are all good.—"A Lodging for the Night" is a forcibly-told but rather horrible story of Paris four hundred years ago.

Here we must stop, and simply acknowledge *All the Year Round*, *Tinsley's*, *London Society*, *Belgravia*, *Gentleman's*, *Good Words*, *Sunday Magazine*, *Lippincott's*, *Argosy*, *Dublin University*, *Leisure Hour*, *Month*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Chambers'*, and sundry others, including Messrs. Cassell's numerous serial publications.

A ROMAN RELIC

THERE is no more interesting collection of antiquities in the kingdom than the Brittano-Roman Museum at York. While wandering among Samian and Durobrivan ware, glass of opaline lustre and sepulchral ornaments, the visitor occasionally finds some object where all possess a sadness of their own, which especially touches his heart. Such are the child's toys of baked clay, or the little Samian jar with the *minium* still staining the bottom, which is thought to have been a child's paint pot. These trifling articles appeal to our common human nature, and affect us with regard to long past ages much as a mother might be affected on discovering in her nursery the little shoe of a child she had lost. But a still more touching relic has lately been added to the collection, the back hair of a Roman girl. The tresses of rich auburn yet retain their gloss after the darkness of sixteen or seventeen centuries, and are loosely pinned together, just as they were buried, by two jet pins of the kind not uncommonly discovered in Roman graves. On making excavations to lay the foundations of the new railway station at York in 1875 a stone coffin was found, which contained a leaden one, and inside it were traces of a cedar-wood shell. Liquid gypsum had been poured into this, which, on being opened, showed the form of a slender girl. The hair was perfectly preserved, as visitors to the Museum may now see for themselves.

Among the mingled feelings which these tresses, recovered from so many centuries of darkness, call forth—wonder, pity and awe, curiosity speedily asks Byron's question,

> But who was she, the lady of the dead?

And then, remembering her youth, muses,

> A cloud
> Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
> In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
> Heaven gives its favourites, early death.

No such questioning, however, can wring her secret from the tomb, and calling fancy to our aid we fall to guessing who was the owner of these luxuriant folds of hair. She was evidently of high birth, perhaps the daughter of the Dux Britanniarum himself, who commanded the victorious Sixth Legion which was stationed at York. Her father, whoever he was, may have smoothed these rich tresses before setting out to quell some outbreak of the northern barbarians, and a young Roman warrior, humming the while Horace's song on Neæra's hair, festooned them with strings of dusky pearls on his return with her sire victorious from the banks of the Tay. Was she the chief ornament of the brilliant Roman society which in Hadrian's time centred round York, then the chief city of Britain? Or was she related to the Emperor Severus, who died there in the next century? Or, once more, was she maid of honour to the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine (himself, perhaps, born at York, and certainly proclaimed Emperor there A.D. 306), to Helena, the discoverer of the True Cross, whose name is yet borne in mind in East Anglia from the dedication of many churches to her? How thankful would the visitor who stands a moment before the back hair of this Roman girl be for an answer to these speculations! Beyond the fact that in the midst of the martial society and the gaieties of the numerous Roman country houses round York, in the midst of her beauty and her conquests, whether maid or newly-married bride, black-robed Death claimed her, as she may have heard in her childhood's fairy tales that he erstwhile carried off the Pheræan Alcestis, the most diligent investigation is baffled. Imagination and fancy alike must own themselves vanquished. The matter-of-fact archæology of this busy age can discourse learnedly on the mode of her sepulture, and compare the stone coffin in which she was laid with the stone chest discovered near the road leading from Heslington to Grimston, which also contained traces of a female form and remains of her trinkets, earrings, bracelets, and glass beads; but the mind is in no humour to listen while contemplating these tresses. Here the heart and the affections hold sway. Better let them fashion their own story, inadequate though it seem to the cold eye of science. That bystander must possess an unenviable temperament who does not feel a thrill of pity for the unknown girl. One of her own writers first uttered the noble sentiment, "I am a man, and count all humanity akin to me."

A far more interesting theme for inquiry is opened by the conjecture, Did she die in hope with any grasp of Christianity? Dismissing the conversion of Britain by St. Paul as a mere guess, and that of King Lucius as a legend, there can be no doubt that the faith did gradually tincture Keltic barbarism and Roman civilisation in the second and third centuries. Whence could the owner of these tresses gather hopes of a resurrection? She probably lived after the time of Claudia, daughter of the British king Cogidubnus and wife of Pudens, himself a friend of Timothy; but tidings of the new religion might easily be disseminated through the land from the Eastern merchants who resorted to Cornwall for its tin. Or did she die like her forefathers in an hereditary belief of the old Pagan deities, resigned to the Fates, and looking on to Charon's bark, the loveless Styx, and the realms of dark Proserpine, while the images of the Deæ Matres (such as have been found in Yorkshire) and other newly-accepted divinities looked on with cold unyielding eyes as life slowly ebbed away? Here again baffled curiosity can but lay her hand on her mouth and be silent, reverently uttering the assured conviction of the Patriarch, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

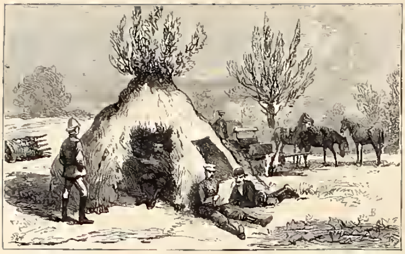
At all events we can easily realise the damsel's burial at the side of the great North Road, just as the celebrated names of her country's past glories sleep beside the Appian Way. A sympathising crowd from the neighbouring villas attends to swell the train of Libitina. The legionaries on the adjacent city walls lean sadly on the battlements beside their grounded weapons, for even their rough hearts have been not insensible to the grace and courtesy of the dead. Uncouthly-clad Brigantes look on, wondering at the unwonted ceremonies—the flowers and odours, the men in black, the women in white garments, marshalled by the *designator* (chief undertaker), the *præficæ* (mourning women), singing their dirges, the buffoons (strange contrast to the general gloom); then the purple-covered couch on which the body is carried, with these tresses crowned, it may well have been, with the wild roses of our own hedgerows; finally her relations and friends, her father perhaps, distinguished by his stoical indifference to the general grief. After the offerings of the Manes, the friends adjourn to the *Silicernium* or funeral feast—that mockery of feasting as well after a modern as an ancient funeral. And finally comes the blank in household life, the unavailing regret, the want of the buried one's presence at every meal, which must have touched even Romans, and spite of his outward calm have wrung the father's heart.

Such are the reflections induced by these tresses so long shut up in darkness. Little did her friends think when they laid her to rest what changes would take place in this distant province before these relics of their lost one should again see the light of day. And now, over the spot where she has slept so long, with rattle of mighty wheels and swift pulsations of steam, the heavy express trains rush on, in a few hours to pass beyond Hadrian's Wall into the Ultima Thule of the Romans, the mystic land of sea fog and savages. Let us take one more glance at the myrrhine hair in the case before us, and then pass on reverentially murmuring the last words uttered as the grave closed round it hundreds of years ago, *Ave, anima candida, molliter cubent ossa.*

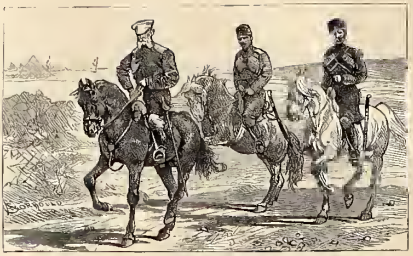
M. G. WATKINS

---

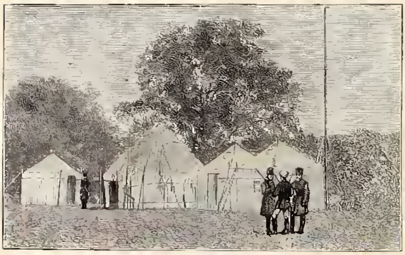
* The Via Media of the Anglican Church. Illustrated in Lectures, Letters, and Tracts written between 1830 and 1841. By J. H. Newman. With a Preface and Notes (2 vols.: Pickering).



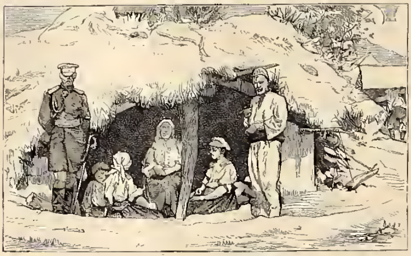
FIELD-QUARTERS OF THE "SCOTSMAN" AND "NEW YORK HERALD" AT PLEVNA



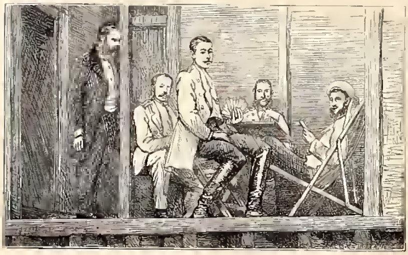
PRINCE MENTSCHIKOFF AT GORNY STUDEN



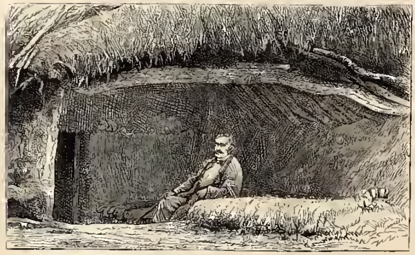
THE CZAREVITCH'S TENT AT OBRETENIK



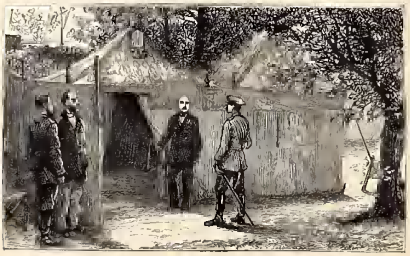
GENERAL STRUKOFF AT GORNY STUDEN



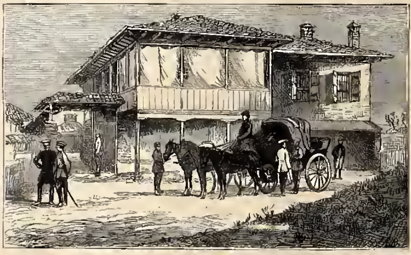
GORNY STUDEN—A GAME AT CARDS



PRINCE CERKASKY, GOVERNOR OF BULGARIA IN HIS HOUSE AT GORNY STUDEN

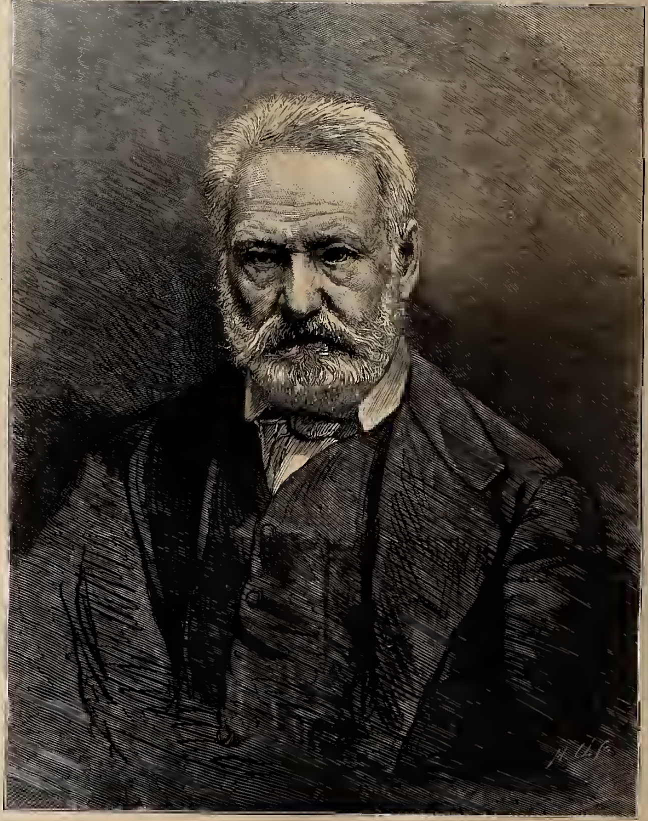


THE IMPERIAL TENTS AT BIELA



THE RESIDENCE OF THE CZAR AT GORNY STUDEN

WITH THE RUSSIANS—PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE FIELD



COMTE VICTOR MARIE HUGO

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

PREFACE.

THIS work is more than opportune; it is imperative. I publish it.—V. H. *Paris, Oct. 1, 1877.*

NOTE.——*This work was written twenty-six years ago at Brussels, during the first months of exile. It was begun on the 14th December, 1851, and on the day following the Author's arrival in Belgium, and was finished on the 5th May, 1852, as though Chance had willed that the anniversary of the death of the First Bonaparte should be countersigned by the condemnation of the Second. It is also Chance which, through a combination of work, of cares, and of bereavements, has delayed the publication of this History until this extraordinary year 1877. In causing the recital of events of the past to coincide with the events of to-day has Chance had any purpose? We hope not. As we have just said, the story of the* Coup d'État *was written by a hand still hot from the combat against the* Coup d'État. *The exile immediately became an historian. He carried away this crime in his angered memory, and he was resolved to lose nothing of it. Hence this book. The manuscript of 1851 has been very little revised. It remains what it was, abounding in details, and living, it might be said bleeding, with real facts. The Author constituted himself an interrogating Judge; all his companions of the struggle and of exile came to give evidence before him. He has added his testimony to theirs. Now History is in possession of it. It will judge. If God wills, the publication of this book will shortly be terminated. The continuation and conclusion will appear on the Second of December. An appropriate date.*

I.

THE FIRST DAY—THE AMBUSH

I.

"SECURITY"

ON December 1, 1851, Charras[*] shrugged his shoulders and unloaded his pistols. In truth, the belief in the possibility of a *Coup d'État* had become humiliating. The supposition of such illegal violence on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte vanished upon serious consideration. The great question of the day was manifestly the Devincq election; it was clear that the Government was only thinking of that matter. As to a conspiracy against the Republic and against the People, how could any one premeditate such a plot? Where was the man capable of entertaining such a dream? For a tragedy there must be an actor, and here assuredly the actor was wanting. To outrage Right, to suppress the Assembly, to abolish the Constitution, to strangle the Republic, to overthrow the Nation, to sully the Flag, to dishonour the Army, to suborn the Clergy and the Magistracy, to succeed, to triumph, to govern, to administer, to exile, to banish, to transport, to ruin, to assassinate, to reign, with such complicities that the law at last resembles a foul bed of corruption. What! All these enormities were to be committed! And by whom? By a Colossus? No, by a dwarf. People laughed at the notion. They no longer said What a crime! but What a farce! For after all they reflected; heinous crimes require stature. Certain crimes are too lofty for certain hands. A man who would achieve an 18th

---

[*] Colonel Charras was Under-Secretary of State in 1848, and Acting Secretary of War under the Provisional Government.

Brumaire must have Arcola in his past and Austerlitz in his future. The art of becoming a great scoundrel is not accorded to the first comer. People said to themselves, Who is this son of Hortense? He has Strasbourg behind him instead of Arcola, and Boulogne in place of Austerlitz. He is a Frenchman, born a Dutchman, and naturalised a Swiss; he is a Bonaparte crossed with a Verhuell, he is only celebrated for the ludicrousness of his imperial attitude, and he who would pluck a feather from his eagle would risk finding a goose's quill in his hand. This Bonaparte does not pass currency in the army, he is a counterfeit image less of gold than of lead, and assuredly French soldiers will not give us the change for this false Napoleon in rebellion, in atrocities, in massacres, in outrages, in treason. If he should attempt roguery it would miscarry. Not a regimant would stir. Besides, why should he make such an attempt? Doubtless he has his suspicious side, but why suppose him an absolute villain? Such extreme outrages are beyond him; he is incapable of them physically, why judge him capable of them morally? Has he not pledged honour? Has he not said, "No one in Europe doubts my word?" Let us fear nothing. To this could be answered, Crimes are committed either on a grand or on a mean scale. In the first category there is Cæsar; in the second there is Mandrin. Cæsar passes the Rubicon, Mandrin bestrides the gutter. But wise men interposed, "Are we not prejudiced by offensive conjectures? This man has been exiled and unfortunate? Exile enlightens, misfortune corrects."

For his part Louis Bonaparte protested energetically. Facts abounded in his favour. Why should he not act in good faith? He had made remarkable promises. Towards the end of October, 1848, then a candidate for the Presidency, he was calling at No. 37, Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, on a certain personage, to whom he remarked, "I wish to have an explanation with you. They slander me. Do I give you the impression of a madman? They think that I wish to revivify Napoleon. There are two men whom a great ambition can take for its models, Napoleon and Washington. The one is a man of Genius, the other is a man of Virtue. It is ridiculous to say, 'I will be a man of Genius;' it is honest to say, 'I will be a man of Virtue.' Which of these depends upon ourselves? Which can we accomplish by our will? To be Genius? No. To be Probity? Yes. The attainment of Genius is not possible; the attainment of Probity is a possibility. And what could I revive of Napoleon? One sole thing—a crime. Truly a worthy ambition! Why should I be considered mad? The Republic being established, I am not a great man, I shall not copy Napoleon; but I am an honest man. I shall imitate Washington. My name, the name of Bonaparte, will be inscribed on two pages of the history of France: on the first there will be crime and glory, on the second probity and honour. And the second will perhaps be worth the first. Why? Because if Napoleon is the greater, Washington is the better man. Between the guilty hero and the good citizen I choose the good citizen. Such is my ambition."

From 1848 to 1851 three years elapsed. People had long suspected Louis Bonaparte; but long-continued suspicion blunts the intellect and wears itself out by fruitless alarms. Louis Bonaparte had had dissimulating Ministers such as Magne and Rouher; but he had also had straightforward ministers such as Léon Faucher and Odillon Barrot; and these last had affirmed that he was upright and sincere. He had been seen to beat his breast before the doors of Ham; his foster sister, Madame Hortense Cornu, wrote to Mieroslawsky, "I am a good Republican, and I can answer for him." His friend of Ham, Peauger, a loyal man, declared, "Louis Bonaparte is incapable of treason." Had not Louis Bonaparte written the work entitled "Pauperism?" In the intimate circles of the Elysée Count Potocki was a Republican and Count d'Orsay was a Liberal; Louis Bonaparte said to Potocki, "I am a man of the Democracy," and to d'Orsay, "I am a man of Liberty." The Marquis du Hallays opposed the *Coup d'Etat*, while the Marquise du Hallays was in its favour. Louis Bonaparte said to the Marquis, "Fear nothing" (it is true that he whispered to the Marquise, "Make your mind easy"). The Assembly, after having shown here and there some symptoms of uneasiness, had grown calm. There was General Neumayer, "who was to be depended upon," and who from his position at Lyons would at need march upon Paris. Changarnier exclaimed, "Representatives of the people, deliberate in peace." Even Louis Bonaparte himself had pronounced these famous words, "I should see an enemy of my country in any one who would change by force that which has been established by law," and, moreover, the Army was "force," and the Army possessed leaders, leaders who were beloved and victorious. Lamoricière, Changarnier, Cavaignac, Le Flô, Bedeau, Charras; how could any one imagine the Army of Africa arresting the Generals of Africa? On Friday, November 28, 1851, Louis Bonaparte said to Michel de Bourges, "If I wanted to do wrong, I could not. Yesterday, Thursday, I invited to my table five Colonels of the garrison of Paris, and the whim seized me to question each one by himself. All five declared to me that the Army would never lend itself to a *coup de force*, nor attack the inviolability of the Assembly. You can tell your friends this."—"He smiled," said Michel de Bourges, reassured, "and I also smiled." After this, Michel de Bourges declared in the Tribune, "This is the man for me." In that same month of November a satirical journal, charged with calumniating the President of the Republic, was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for a caricature depicting a shooting-gallery and Louis Bonaparte using the Constitution as a target. Morigny, Minister of the Interior, declared in the Council before the President "that a Guardian of Public Power ought never to violate the law, as otherwise he would be—" "a dishonest man," interposed the President. All these words and all these facts were notorious. The material and moral impossibility of the *Coup d'État* was manifest to all. To outrage the National Assembly! To arrest the Representatives! What madness! As we have seen, Charras, who had long remained on his guard, unloaded his pistols. The feeling of security was complete and unanimous. Nevertheless, there was some of us in the Assembly who still retained a few doubts, and who occasionally shook our heads, but we were looked upon as fools.

II.

PARIS SLEEPS—THE BELL RINGS

ON the 2nd December, 1851, Representative Versigny, of the Haute-Saône, who resided at Paris, at No. 4, Rue Léonie, was asleep. He slept soundly; he had been working till late at night. Versigny was a young man of thirty-two, soft-featured and fair-complexioned, of a courageous spirit, and a mind tending towards social and economical studies. He had passed the first hours of the night in the perusal of a book by Bastiat, in which he was making marginal notes, and, leaving the book open on the table, he had fallen asleep. Suddenly he awoke with a start at the sound of a sharp ring at the bell. He sprang up in surprise. It was dawn. It was about seven o'clock in the morning.

Never dreaming what could be the motive for so early a visit, and thinking that some one had mistaken the door, he again lay down, and was about to resume his slumber, when a second ring at the bell, still louder than the first, completely aroused him. He got up in his night-shirt and opened the door.

Michel de Bourges and Théodore Bac entered. Michel de Bourges was the neighbour of Versigny; he lived at No. 16, Rue de Milan.

Théodore Bac and Michel were pale, and appeared greatly agitated.

"Versigny," said Michel, "dress yourself at once—Baune has just been arrested."

"Bah!" exclaimed Versigny. "Is the Mauguin business beginning again?"

"It is more than that," replied Michel. "Baune's wife and daughter came to me half-an-hour ago. They awoke me. Baune was arrested in his bed at six o'clock this morning."

"What does that mean?" asked Versigny.

The bell rang again.

"This will probably tell us," answered Michel de Bourges.

Versigny opened the door. It was the Representative Pierre Lefranc. He brought, in truth, the solution of the enigma.

"Do you know what is happening?" said he.

"Yes," answered Michel. "Baune is in prison."

"It is the Republic who is a prisoner," said Pierre Lefranc. "Have you read the placards?"

"No."

Pierre Lefranc explained to them that the walls at that moment were covered with placards which the curious crowd were thronging to read, that he had glanced over one of them at the corner of his street, and that the blow had fallen.

"The blow!" exclaimed Michel. "Say rather the crime."

Pierre Lefranc added that there were three placards—one decree and two proclamations—all three on white paper, and pasted close together.

The decree was printed in large letters.

The ex-Constituent Laissac, who lodged, like Michel de Bourges, in the neighbourhood (No. 4, Cité Gaillard), then came in. He brought the same news, and announced further arrests which had been made during the night.

There was not a minute to lose.

They went to impart the news to Yvan, the Secretary of the Assembly, who had been appointed by the Left, and who lived in the Rue de Boursault.

An immediate meeting was necessary. Those Republican Representatives who were still at liberty must be warned and brought together without delay.

Versigny said, "I will go and find Victor Hugo."

It was eight o'clock in the morning. I was awake and was working in bed. My servant entered and said, with an air of alarm,

"A Representative of the people is outside who wishes to speak to you, sir."

"Who is it?"

"Monsieur Versigny."

"Show him in."

Versigny entered, and told me the state of affairs. I sprang out of bed.

He told me of the "rendezvous" at the rooms of the ex-Constituent Laissac.

"Go at once and inform the other Representatives," said I.

He left me.

III.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT

PREVIOUS to the fatal days of June, 1848, the esplanade of the Invalides was divided into eight huge grass plots, surrounded by wooden railings and enclosed between two groves of trees separated by a street running perpendicularly to the front of the Invalides. This street was traversed by three streets running parallel to the Seine. There were large lawns upon which children were wont to play. The centre of the eight grass plots was marked by a pedestal which under the Empire had borne the bronze lion of St. Mark, which had been brought from Venice; under the Restoration a white marble statue of Louis XVIII.; and under Louis Philippe a plaster bust of Lafayette. Owing to the Palace of the Constituent Assembly having been nearly seized by a crowd of insurgents on the 22nd of June, 1848, and there being no barracks in the neighbourhood, General Cavaignac had constructed at three hundred paces from the Legislative Palace, on the grass plots of the Invalides, several rows of long huts, under which the grass was hidden. These huts, where three or four thousand men could be accommodated, lodged the troops specially appointed to keep watch over the National Assembly.

On the 1st December, 1851, the two regiments hutted on the Esplanade were the 6th and the 42nd Regiments of the Line, the 6th commanded by Colonel Garderens de Boisse, who was famous before the Second of December, the 42nd by Colonel Espinasse, who became famous since that date.

The ordinary night-guard of the Palace of the Assembly was composed of a battalion of infantry and of thirty artillerymen, with a captain. The Minister of War, in addition, sent several troopers for orderly service. Two mortars and six pieces of cannon, with their ammunition waggons, were ranged in a little square courtyard situated on the right of the Cour d'Honneur, and which was called the Cour des Canons. The Major, the military commandant of the Palace, was placed under the immediate control of the Questors.[*] At nightfall the gratings and the doors were secured, sentinels were posted, instructions were issued to the sentries, and the Palace was closed like a fortress. The password was the same as in the Place de Paris.

The special instructions drawn up by the Questors prohibited the entrance of any armed force other than the regiment on duty.

On the night of the 1st and 2nd of December the Legislative Palace was guarded by a battalion of the 42nd.

The sitting of the 1st of December, which was exceedingly peaceable, and had been devoted to a discussion on the municipal law, had finished late, and was terminated by a Tribunal vote. At the moment when M. Baze, one of the Questors, ascended the Tribune to deposit his vote, a Representative, belonging to what was called "Les Bancs Elyséens" approached him, and said in a low tone, "To-night you will be carried off." Such warnings as these were received every day, and, as we have already explained, people had ended by paying no heed to them. Nevertheless, immediately after the sitting the Questors sent for the Special Commissary of Police of the Assembly, President Dupin being present. When interrogated, the Commissary declared that the reports of his agents indicated "dead calm"—such was his expression—and that assuredly there was no danger to be apprehended for that night. When the Questors pressed him further, President Dupin, exclaiming "Bah!" left the room.

On that same day, the 1st December, about three o'clock in the afternoon, as General Le Flô's father-in-law crossed the boulevard in front of Tortoni's, some one rapidly passed by him and whispered in his ear these significant words, "Eleven o'clock—midnight." This incident excited but little attention at the Questure, and several even laughed at it. It had become customary with them. Nevertheless General de Flô would not go to bed until the hour mentioned had passed by, and remained in the offices of the Questure until nearly one o'clock in the morning.

The shorthand department of the Assembly was done out of doors by four messengers attached to the *Moniteur*, who were employed to carry the copy of the shorthand writers to the printing office, and to bring back the proof sheets to the Palace of the Assembly, where M. Hippolyte Prévost corrected them. M. Hippolyte Prévost was chief of the stenographic staff, and in that capacity had apartments in the Legislative Palace. He was at the same time editor of the musical *feuilleton* of the *Moniteur*. On the 1st December he had gone to the Opéra Comique for the first representation of a new piece, and did not return till after midnight. The fourth messenger from the *Moniteur* was waiting for him with a proof of the last slip of the sitting; M. Prévost corrected the proof, and the messenger was sent off. It was then a little after one o'clock, profound quiet reigned around, and, with the exception of the guard, all in the Palace slept. Towards this hour of the night a singular incident occurred. The Captain-Adjutant-Major of the Guard of the Assembly came to the Major and said, "The Colonel has sent for me," and he added, according to military etiquette, "Will you permit me to go?" The Commandant was astonished. "Go," he said with some sharpness, "but the Colonel is wrong to disturb an officer on duty." One of the soldiers on guard, without understanding the meaning of the words, heard the Commandant pacing up and down, and muttering several times, "What the deuce can he want?"

Half an hour afterwards the Adjutant-Major returned. "Well," asked the Commandant, "what did the Colonel want with you?" "Nothing," answered the Adjutant, "he wished to give me the orders for to-morrow's duties." The night became further advanced. Towards four o'clock the Adjutant-Major came again to the Major. "Major," he said, "the Colonel has asked for me." "Again!" exclaimed the Commandant, "this is becoming strange, nevertheless, go."

The Adjutant-Major had amongst other duties that of giving out the instructions to the sentries, and consequently had the power of rescinding them.

As soon as the Adjutant-Major had gone out, the Major, becoming uneasy, thought that it was his duty to communicate with the Military Commandant of the Palace. He went upstairs to the apartment of the Commandant—Lieutenant Colonel Niols. Colonel Niols had gone to bed, and the attendants had retired to their rooms in the attics. The Major, new to the Palace, groped about the corridors, and, knowing little about the various rooms, rang at a door which seemed to him that of the Military-Commandant. Nobody answered, the door was not opened, and the Major returned downstairs, without having been able to speak to anybody.

On his part the Adjutant-Major re-entered the Palace, but the Major did not see him again. The Adjutant remained near the grating of the Place Bourgogne, shrouded in his cloak, and walking up and down the courtyard as though expecting some one.

At the instant that five o'clock sounded from the great clock of the dome, the soldiers who slept in the hut-camp before the Invalides were suddenly awakened. Orders were given in a low voice in the huts to take up arms in silence. Shortly afterwards two regiments, knapsack on back, were marching upon the Palace of the Assembly; they were the 6th and the 42nd.

At this same stroke of five, simultaneously in all the quarters of Paris, infantry soldiers filed out noiselessly from every barrack, with their colonels at their head. The *aides-de-camp* and orderly officers of Louis Bonaparte, who had been distributed in all the barracks, superintended this taking up of arms. The cavalry were not set in motion until three-quarters of an hour after the infantry for fear that the ring of the horses' hoofs on the stones should wake slumbering Paris too soon.

M. de Persigny, who had brought from the Elysée to the camp of the Invalides the order to take up arms, marched at the head of the 42nd by the side of Colonel Espinasse. A story is current in the army, for at the present day, wearied as people are with dishonourable incidents, these occurrences are yet told with a species of gloomy indifference—the story is current that at the moment of setting out with his regiment one of the colonels who could be named hesitated, and that the emissary from the Elysée, taking a sealed packet from his pocket, said to him, "Colonel, I admit that we are running a great risk. Here, in this envelope which I have been charged to hand to you, are a hundred thousand francs in bank notes *for contingencies.*" The envelope was accepted, and the regiment set out. On the evening of the 2nd of December the colonel said to a lady, "This morning I earned a hundred thousand francs and my General's epaulets." The lady showed him the door.

Xavier Durrieu, who tells us this story, had the curiosity later on to see this lady. She confirmed the story. Yes, certainly! she had shut the door in the face of this wretch; a soldier, a traitor to his flag who dared visit her! She receive such a man! No! She could not do that, "and," states Xavier Durieu, "she added, 'And yet I have no character to lose.'"

Another mystery was in progress at the Prefecture of Police.

Those belated inhabitants of the Cité who may have returned home at a late hour of the night might have noticed a large number of street cabs loitering in scattered groups at different points round about the Rue de Jerusalem.

From eleven o'clock in the evening, under pretext of the arrival of refugees at Paris from Genoa and London, the Brigade of Surety and the 800 *sergents de ville* had been retained in the Prefecture. At three o'clock in the morning a summons had been sent to the forty-eight Commissaries of Paris and of the suburbs, and also to the peace officers. An hour afterwards all of them arrived. They were ushered into a separate chamber, and isolated from each other as much as possible. At five o'clock a bell was sounded in the Prefect's cabinet. The Prefect Maupas called the Commissaries of Police one after another into his cabinet, revealed the plot to them, and allotted to each his portion of the crime. None refused; many thanked him.

It was a question of arresting at their own homes seventy-eight Democrats who were influential in their districts, and dreaded by the Elysée as possible chieftains of barricades. It was necessary, a still more daring outrage, to arrest at their houses sixteen Representatives of the People. For this last task were chosen among the Commissaries of Police such of those magistrates who seemed the most likely to become ruffians. Amongst these were divided the Representatives. Each had his man. Sieur Courtille had Charras, Sieur Desgranges had Nadaud, Sieur Hubaut the elder had M. Thiers, and Sieur Hubaut the younger General Bedeau, General Changarnier was allotted to Lerat, and General Cavaignac to Colin. Sieur Dourlens took Representative Valentin, Sieur Benoist Representative Miot, Sieur Allard Representative Cholat, Sieur Barlet took Roger (Du Nord), General Lamoricière fell to Commissary Blanchet, Commissary Gronfier had Representative Greppo, and Commissary Boudrot Representative Lagrange. The Questors were similarly allotted, Monsieur Baze to the Sieur Primorin, and General Le Flô to Sieur Bertoglio.

---

[*] The Questors were officers elected by the Assembly, whose special duties were to keep and audit the accounts, and who controlled all matters affecting the social economy of the House.

Warrants with the name of the Representatives had been drawn up in the Prefect's private Cabinet. Blanks had been only left for the names of the Commissaries. These were filled in at the moment of leaving.

In addition to the armed force which was appointed to assist them, it had been decided that each Commissary should be accompanied by two escorts, one composed of *sergents de ville*, the other of police agents in plain clothes. As Prefect Maupas had told M. Bonaparte, the Captain of the Republican Guard, Baudinet, was associated with Commissary Lerat in the arrest of General Changarnier.

Towards half-past five the *fiacres* which were in waiting were called up, and all started, each with his instructions.

During this time, in another corner of Paris—the old Rue du Temple—in that ancient Mansion Soubise which had been transformed into a Royal printing-office, and is to-day a National printing-office, another section of the Crime was being organised.

Towards one in the morning a passer-by, who had reached the old Rue du Temple by the Rue de Vieilles Haudriettes, noticed at the junction of these two streets several long and high windows brilliantly lighted up. These were the windows of the work rooms of the National Printing Office. He turned to the right and entered the old Rue du Temple, and a moment afterwards paused before the crescent-shaped entrance of the front of the printing-office. The principal door was shut, two sentinels guarded the side door. Through this little door, which was ajar, he glanced into the courtyard of the printing-office, and saw it filled with soldiers. The soldiers were silent, no sound could be heard, but the glistening of their bayonets could be seen. The passer-by surprised, drew nearer. One of the sentinels thrust him rudely back, crying out, "Be off."

Like the *sergents de ville* at the Prefecture of Police, the workmen had been retained at the National Printing Office under plea of night-work. At the same time that M. Hippolyte Prévost returned to the Legislative Palace, the manager of the National Printing Office re-entered his office, also returning from the Opéra Comique, where he had been to see the new piece, which was by his brother, M. de St. Georges. Immediately on his return the manager, to whom had come an order from the Elysée during the day, took up a pair of pocket-pistols, and went down into the vestibule, which communicates by means of a few steps with the courtyard. Shortly afterwards the door leading to the street opened, a *fiacre* entered, a man who carried a large portfolio alighted. The manager went up to the man, and said to him, "Is that you, Monsieur de Béville?" "Yes," answered the man.

The *fiacre* was put up, the horses placed in a stable, and the coachman shut up in a parlour, where they gave him drink, and placed a purse in his hand. Bottles of wine and louis d'or form the groundwork of this kind of politics. The coachman drank and then went to sleep. The door of the parlour was bolted.

The large door of the courtyard of the printing office was hardly shut than it reopened, gave passage to armed men, who entered in silence, and then reclosed. The arrivals were a company of the Gendarmerie Mobile, the fourth of the first battalion, commanded by a captain called La Roche d'Oisy. As may be remarked by the result, for all delicate expeditions the men of the *Coup d'État* took care to employ the Gendarmerie Mobile and the Republican Guard, that is to say, the two corps almost entirely composed of former Municipal Guards, bearing at heart a revengeful remembrance of the events of February.

Captain La Roche d'Oisy brought a letter from the Minister of War, which placed himself and his soldiers at the disposition of the manager of the National Printing Office. The muskets were loaded without a word being spoken. Sentinels were placed in the workrooms, in the corridors, at the doors, at the windows, in fact, everywhere, two being stationed at the door leading into the street. The captain asked what instructions he should give to the sentries. "Nothing more simple," said the man who had come in the *fiacre*. "Whoever attempts to leave or to open a window, shoot him."

This man, who, in fact, was De Béville, the orderly officer to Bonaparte, withdrew with the manager into the large cabinet on the first story, a solitary room which looked out on the garden. There he communicated to the manager what he had brought with him, the decree of the dissolution of the Assembly, the appeal to the Army, the appeal to the people, the decree convoking the electors, and in addition, the proclamation of the Prefect Maupas and his letter to the Commissaries of Police. The four first documents were entirely in the handwriting of the President, and here and there some erasures might be noticed.

The compositors were in waiting. Each man was placed between two gendarmes, and was forbidden to utter a single word, and then the documents which had to be printed were distributed throughout the room, being cut up in very small pieces, so that an entire sentence could not be read by one workman. The manager announced that he would give them an hour to compose the whole. The different fragments were finally brought to Colonel Béville, who put them together and corrected the proof sheets. The machining was conducted with the same precautions, each press being between two soldiers. Notwithstanding all possible diligence the work lasted two hours. The gendarmes watched over the workmen. Béville watched over St. Georges.

When the work was finished a suspicious incident occurred, which greatly resembled a treason within a treason. To a traitor a greater traitor. This species of crime is subject to such accidents. Béville and Saint Georges, the two trusty confidants in whose hands lay the secret of the *Coup d'État*, that is to say the head of the President;—that secret, which ought at no price to be allowed to transpire before the appointed hour, under risk of causing everything to miscarry, took it into their heads to confide it at once to two hundred men, in order "to test the effect," as the ex-Colonel Béville said later on, rather naïvely. They read the mysterious document which had just been printed to the *Gendarmes Mobiles*, who were drawn up in the courtyard. These ex-Municipal Guards applauded. If they had hooted, it might be asked what the two experimentalists in the *Coup d'État* would have done. Perhaps M. Bonaparte would have woke up from his dream at Vincennes.

The coachman was then liberated, the *fiacre* was horsed, and at four o'clock in the morning the orderly officer and the manager of the National Printing Office, henceforward two criminals, arrived at the Prefecture of Police with the parcels of the decrees. Then began for them the brand of shame. Prefect Maupas took them by the hand.

Bands of bill-stickers, bribed for the occasion, started in every direction, carrying with them the decrees and proclamations.

This was precisely the hour at which the Palace of the National Assembly was invested. In the Rue de l'Université there is a door of the Palace which is the old entrance to the Palais Bourbon, and which opened into the Avenue which leads to the house of the President of the Assembly. This door, termed the Presidency Door, was according to custom guarded by a sentry. For some time past the Adjutant-Major, who had been twice sent for during the night by Colonel Espinasse, had remained motionless and silent, close by the sentinel. Five minutes after, having left the huts of the Invalides, the 42nd Regiment of the Line, followed at some distance by the 6th Regiment, which had marched by the Rue de Bourgogne, emerged from the Rue de l'Université. "The regiment," says an eye-witness, "marched as one steps in a sick room." It arrived with a stealthy step before the Presidency door. This ambuscade came to surprise the Law.

The sentry, seeing these soldiers arrive, halted, but at the moment when he was going to challenge them with a *qui vive*, the Adjutant-Major seized his arm, and, in his capacity as the officer empowered to countermand all instructions, ordered him to give free passage to the 42nd, and at the same time commanded the amazed porter to open the door. The door turned upon its hinges, the soldiers spread themselves through the avenue. Persigny entered, and said, "It is done."

The National Assembly was invaded.

At the noise of the footsteps the Commandant Meunier ran up. "Commandant," Colonel Espinasse cried out to him, "I come to relieve your battalion." The Commandant turned pale for a moment, and his eyes remained fixed on the ground. Then suddenly he put his hands to his shoulders and tore off his epaulets, he drew his sword, broke it across his knee, threw the two fragments on the pavement, and, trembling with rage, exclaimed with a solemn voice, "Colonel, you disgrace the number of your regiment."

"All right, all right," said Espinasse.

The Presidency door was left open, but all the other entrances remained closed. All the guards were relieved, all the sentinels changed, and the battalion of the night guard was sent back to the camp of the Invalides, the soldiers piled their arms in the avenue, and in the *Cour d'Honneur*. The 42nd, in profound silence, occupied the doors outside and inside the courtyard, the reception rooms, the galleries, the corridors, the passages, while every one still slept in the Palace.

Shortly afterwards arrived two of those little chariots which are called "forty sous," and two *fiacres*, escorted by two detachments of the Republican Guard and of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and by several squads of police. The Commissaries Bertoglio and Primorin alighted from the two chariots.

As these carriages drove up a personage bald, but still young, was seen to appear at the grating of the Place de Bourgogne. This personage had all the air of a man about town, who had just come from the opera, and, in fact, he had come from thence, after having passed through a den. He came from the Elysée. It was De Morny. For an instant he watched the soldiers piling their arms, and then went on to the Presidency door. There he exchanged a few words with M. de Persigny. A quarter of an hour afterwards, accompanied by 250 Chasseurs de Vincennes, he took possession of the Ministry of the Interior, startled M. de Thorigny in his bed, and handed him brusquely a letter of thanks from Monsieur Bonaparte. Some days previously honest M. de Thorigny, whose ingenuous remarks we have already cited, said to a group of men near whom M. de Morny was passing, "How these men of the Mountain calumniate the President! The man who would break his oath, who would achieve a *coup d'état*, must necessarily be a worthless wretch." Awakened rudely in the middle of the night, and relieved of his post as Minister, like the sentinels of the Assembly, the worthy man, astounded, and rubbing his eyes, muttered, "Eh! Then the President *is* a——"

"Yes," said Morny, with a burst of laughter.

He who writes these lines knew Morny. Morny and Walewsky held in the quasi-reigning family the positions, one of Royal bastard, the other of Imperial bastard. Who was Morny? We will say, "A noted wit, an intriguer, but in no way austere, a friend of Romieu, and a supporter of Guizot, possessing the manners of the world and the habits of the roulette table, self-satisfied, clever, combining a certain liberality of ideas with a readiness to accept useful crimes, finding means to wear a gracious smile with bad teeth, leading a life of pleasure, dissipated but reserved, ugly, good-tempered, fierce, well-dressed, intrepid, willingly leaving a brother prisoner under bolts and bars, and ready to risk his head, for a brother Emperor, having the same mother as Louis Bonaparte, and like Louis Bonaparte, having some father or other, being able to call himself Beauharnais, being able to call himself Flahaut, and yet calling himself Morny, pursuing literature as far as light comedy, and politics as far as tragedy, a deadly free liver, possessing all the frivolity consistent with assassination, capable of being sketched by Marivaux and treated of by Tacitus, without conscience, irreproachably elegant, infamous, and amiable, at need a perfect duke. Such was this malefactor.

(To be continued)

THE READER

In these days of "amateur Moltkes" by the score it is refreshing to turn to such thorough studies of strategic operations and of the victory that rewards the fewest mistakes as those contained in "Great Campaigns in Europe," revised and edited, from the lectures and writings of the late Major Charles Adams, by Capt. C. Cooper King (W. Blackwood and Sons). These notes of lectures by the late Professor of Military History at the Royal Military and Staff Colleges, though somewhat arbitrary in their selection of campaigns—we have nothing for instance about those of Wagram or of Moscow, or of any, except Waterloo, in which British forces were engaged—embrace on the whole the most instructive military operations on the Continent from 1796 to 1870—the bold initiative and happy daring of the campaigns of Montenotte and Marengo, the matured combinations of Austerlitz and Friedland, the alternate recklessness and hesitation of Montmirail and (after the first brilliant opening) of Waterloo, the instructive contrast between the Italian wars of '49 and '59, the last of the old "bayonet tactics" in the "model campaign" of Custozza, the triumphs of the newer system in the Franco-German War of 1870-71; while Capt. Cooper King's excellent summary of events between the campaigns analysed in each lecture knits all together into a continuous military history of the last eighty years. It is a volume solid and instructive rather than entertaining, for the severe tactician, to whom divisions and brigades are only so many red or blue pieces in the war-game, has no space or thought for those brave deeds of men and regiments to which a Kinglake or a Napier would give pages; even Waterloo's "*grandes lignes rouges*, immoveable as walls," are but "the tenacity of Wellington's soldiery which, enabled him to hold out against, on the whole, better troops." It is a book, too, that must not be read hastily or superficially, but followed page by page with constant reference to the outline maps, which Captain King has added, of the valleys of the Po and Danube, of Northern Europe and of Central France. But for the professional soldier or for the student who would understand aright on what narrow conditions of time and distance, what unexpected turns of merest chance the success of the most ingeniously devised movements may depend, it will be found a work of equal interest and ability.

In their substantial "Dictionary of Cookery," Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin have given us one of the most useful volumes for the kitchen with which we are acquainted. Prefaced with a very excellent introduction on "the principles of cooking," and supplemented with fair lists of dishes according to their seasons, of technical terms, and of the utensils needed for a well-regulated *cuisine*, it contains in the body of the work in alphabetical order, with cross references wherever there could be any difficulty, some nine thousand recipes after Ude, Carême, Soyer, Buckmaster, &c., for the preparation of all good things in the shape of meats, sauces, or cunningly compounded drinks for the digestion of the same—of punch alone are four-and-twenty varieties—all admirably simple and explicit, with general instructions besides on roasting, boiling, carving, choice of meat or fish in the market, probable cost of each dish, &c. Altogether a volume to which one may turn with confidence for every *plat* the most exacting housekeeper may require, and for very many that to nine housekeepers in ten will be absolute novelties.

What lover of graceful thought and picturesque phrase can fail to welcome "Addresses and Sermons," by A. P. Stanley, D.D. (Macmillan and Co.), or discourses delivered by him to the students of St. Andrew's, or preached within the walls of the town church in 1872, 1875, and 1877? Not certainly we should say the students and burgesses of that ancient city, who can have seldom heard so many sweet things of it before—of its topographical and historic claims to our attention, of its famous worthies, from that "young Marcellus" of the Scottish Church, whom death cut off too soon at Flodden, to the present "distinguished Principal of St. Mary's College," and from these by an easy transition to the great men of Scotland generally, Knox and Buchanan, Burns and Walter Scott. Yet somewhat strange one can hardly help thinking to minds brought up on the strong meat of the Westminster Confession must have been the contrast between their customary theological food and discourses such as these, where religion, science, morals blend together in somewhat vague and undefined unity, and the strictest dogmas of the sects, as in the sermon on the "Succession of Spiritual Life," melt away before our eyes in a gracious generalisation. All certainly is delightful reading, but it leaves behind it rather the impression of a general tendency towards what is good and noble than a theological substance easy to put in rigid form.

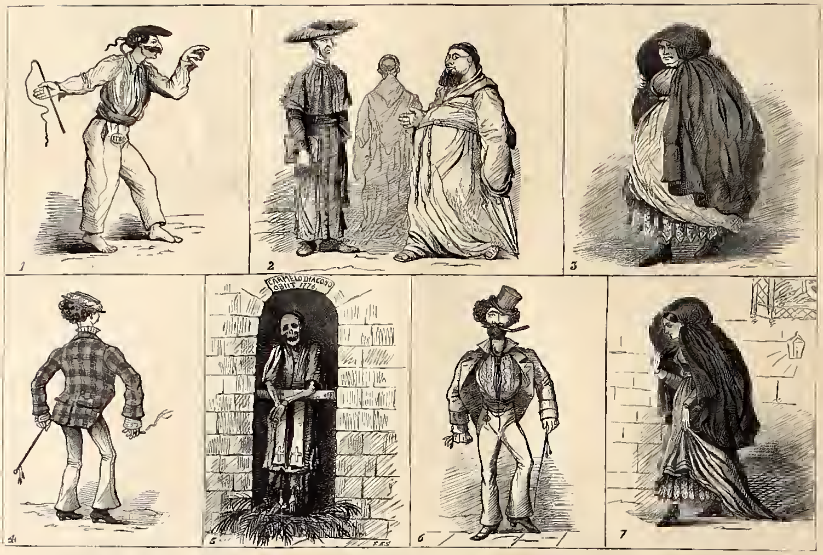
"Letters of William Cowper" (Religious Tract Society), or selections from the correspondence of the author of the "Task," will do good service in introducing to that wider circle of readers whom the original six-volumed edition might appal, compositions that have always ranked as models for thought and style of English letter-writing. A memoir of the poet's pathetic life prefixed to the collection is very fairly written, though hardly quite convincing in its efforts to disprove all connection between poor Cowper's mental ailments and the stern Calvinism of his religious friends.

"A Young Man's Difficulties with his Bible," by the Rev. D. W. Faunce, D.D. (3rd thousand: Hodder and Stoughton), has already stood the test of practical experience. As a little guide-book—popular, yet not unlearned—to the best way of meeting doubts that may arise from the supposed conflict between religion and science, from Bible miracles, or from the historic facts of Scripture, it may be pronounced at once able and suggestive.

"How to Draw a Straight Line," by A. B. Kempe (Nature Series: Macmillan and Co.), might be thought at first a simple question of a pencil and a ruler. A moment's reflection will show of course that this only puts the difficulty one step back; that whereas of the two natural figures, the straight line and the circle, the correctness of the latter (allowing for the infinitesimal error of imperfect instruments) is demonstrable at once, straightness of line or ruler's edge is a matter of much more difficult attainment. It is, in fact, a problem of "movement by link-work," first solved with sufficient nearness for many purposes by the famous Watt, but only completely overcome by M. Peaucellier eighty years after, with his seven-link apparatus, now simplified again in the Sylvester-Kempe "Quadruplane."

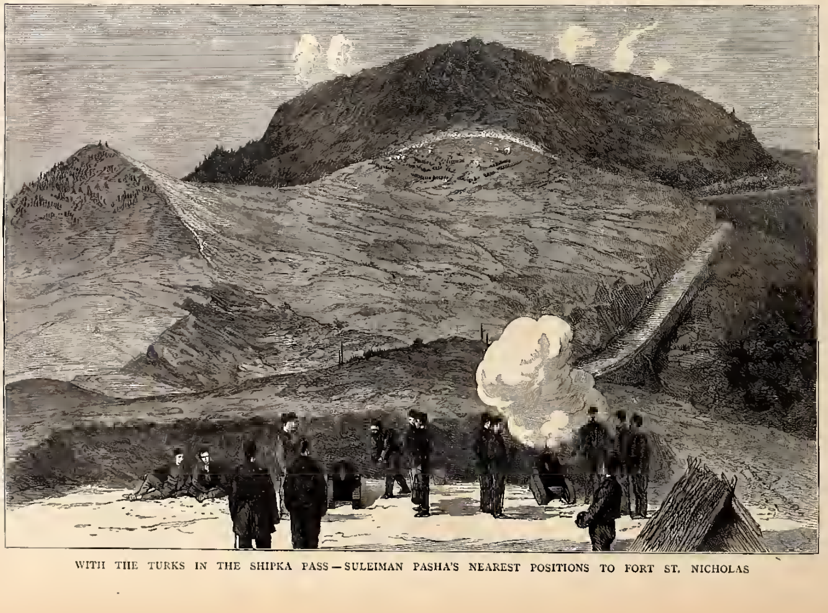
The story of the "Pretended Louis the Seventeenths"—of the claimants, that is, who have asserted themselves to be the boy prisoner of the Temple rescued by some ingenious substitution from the custody of Simon, and brought up in studied ignorance of his true origin and rights—has hardly perhaps yet taken its proper place beside those of the Perkin Warbecks, false Demetriuses, and other would-be sovereigns of history. Many, perhaps, are even unaware that England long owned one of these pretenders in the person of a Mr. Augustus Meves, whose claims, feebly asserted during his lifetime between 1830 and 1859, are now reiterated by his son, "Auguste de Bourbon," in an oddly-written volume entitled, "*Dieu et Mon Droit*" (R. Bentley and Son). It must certainly be a little vexing that while the "nobleman" at Dartmoor counts his adherents by the thousand, "Auguste de Bourbon" should be almost ignored.

Few authors probably of equal fame have been more written about and less generally read than has, at least in England, been the case with Voltaire. And thus a volume like Colonel Hamley's "Voltaire"—the new number of the Messrs. Blackwood's "Foreign Classics for English Readers"—gives scope, as you approach it from opposite sides, for favourable and unfavourable comparisons. As a sketch of the life and writings of Voltaire, it is quite a book to fill up a gap in the reading of the multitude. As a study of the man and of his times, it suffers by contrast with studies more powerful and thorough, *e.g.*, with Mr. Morley's able monograph. Still, though just a little commonplace, and a little over-anxious to prove Voltaire a reverent man *au fond*—one, indeed, who nowadays would hardly be considered extreme at all—it is a very useful little volume, especially for its specimen extracts in prose and verse

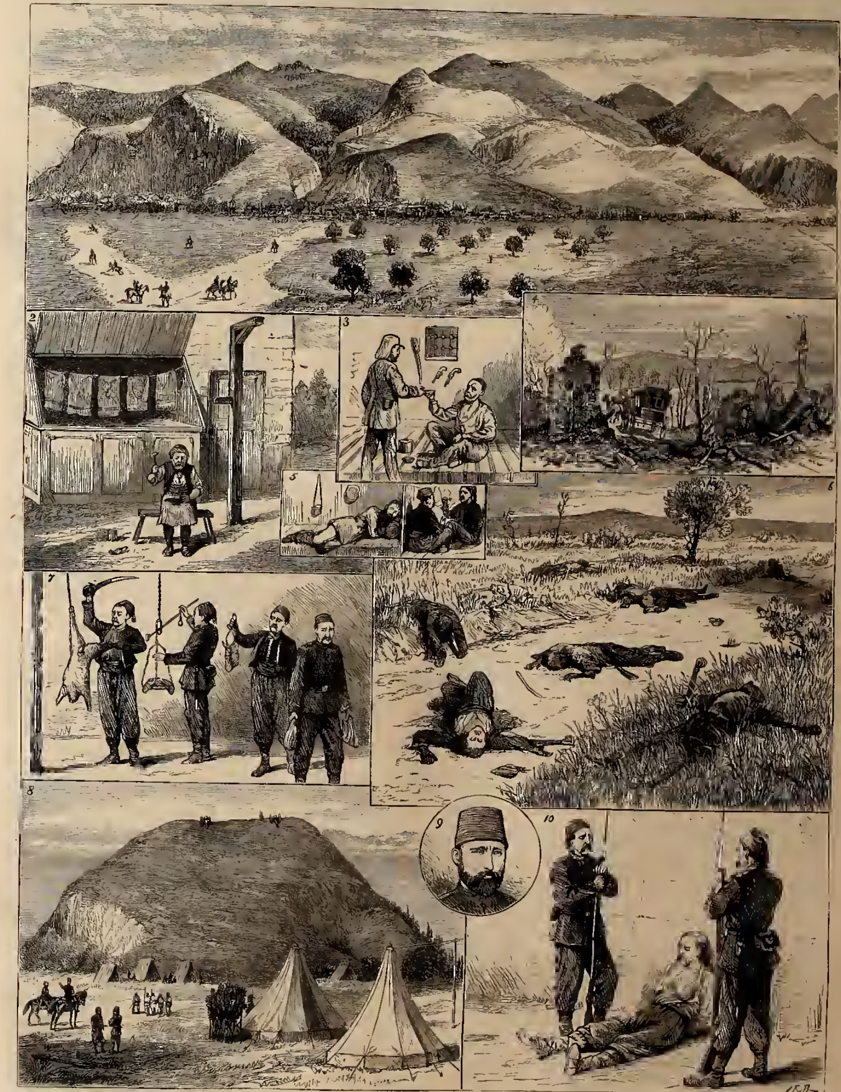


1. A Maltese "Cabby: "Sar! Four Wheeler, Sar?"—2. Some "Common Objects" on the Strada Reale.—3. The "Faldette:" "Fat and Forty."—4. "Young Malta."—5. "Old Malta:" A "Preserved" Capuchin Friar.—6. "Much the Expense but necessary I been to keep up my Positions."—7. The "Faldette;" "Sweet Seventeen."

CHARACTER SKETCHES AT MALTA



WITH THE TURKS IN THE SHIPKA PASS—SULEIMAN PASHA'S NEAREST POSITIONS TO FORT ST. NICHOLAS



1. View of the Village of Shipka and Mount St. Nicholas.—2. A Philippopolis Cobbler.—3. A Friendly Cup of Water.—4. Passing a Burnt Village by the Way.—5. Our Artist's Quarters at Carlova.—6. Corpses of Mussulmans Murdered by Bulgarians on the Road from Carlova to Kezanlik.—7. Distributing Meat to Turkish Soldiers at Carlova.—8. Shipka, Encampment of Suleiman Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief.—9. Suleiman Pasha.—10. A Bulgarian Spy.

WITH THE TURKS—OUR ARTIST'S NOTES OF A JOURNEY FROM PHILIPPOPOLIS TO SHIPKA *VIÂ* KEZANLIK

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——Both Turks and Russians have been diligently changing their commanding officers during the past week. Thus General Ivanosky is to command the Jantra Army in place of the Czarevitch, who assumes the direction of the Imperial Guard; General Gourko has been appointed head of the cavalry round Plevna; Prince Imeritinsky, who distinguished himself at Loftcha, is named Chief of the General Staff of the Russo-Roumanian Army, General Zotoff, whom he displaces, taking the Prince's former post; and General Skobeleff becomes head of the 16th Division. Reports are also abroad that General Kotzchue will succeed the Grand Duke Nicholas as Commander-in-Chief; while the Duke, who is seriously ill and disheartened, retires with his much-abused *protégé* Levitzky to St. Petersburg. The changes in the Turkish army we recorded last week. Mehemet Ali's recall is probably the result of jealousy and Mahmoud Damad's influence, but is due professedly to his refusal to attack the Czarevitch when he found himself too weak for any chance of success. He will go to the Montenegrin frontier, and Achmet Eyoub to Servia. Suleiman has accordingly been sent to the Lom with orders for prompt action, and his conduct in the Shipka proves that he will not shrink from encountering heavy odds. He is now concentrating between Rustchuk and Rasgrad, and threatens the forces on the Upper Lom. The weather has prevented any serious assault, but there was a Turkish success at Stroko on Wednesday week, and the bombardment of Rustchuk continues with unabated vigour. General Todleben has been minutely inspecting the works round Plevna, where there is a desultory bombardment. The Roumanians have finished their sapping operations, and only await the order to attack when their allies shall have completed their trenches. All the Guards have not yet arrived, although the last division passed through Gorny Studen on Saturday, and frequent councils of war are held, while there is some talk of removing the Russian headquarters to Sistova. A strict watch is now kept on the Plevna-Sofia road, and a Turkish convoy of provisions and medicine with 1,000 head of cattle was captured last week, the Russians also destroying the bridges at Radomirzi and Tscherwenberg. The Turks in Plevna seem inclined to be a trifle more courteous to the besiegers, as Ghazi Osman has received a Roumanian *parlementaire* to arrange for the burial of the dead still left on the field. Hitherto the Turks have fired on all burying parties. The Czar has resolved to stay with the army for the present; but it is still rumoured that he will shortly retire to Bucharest, where the Empress will join him. Preparations continue for winter supplies and accommodation for the soldiers. Fresh railway lines will be laid down, hospitals constructed, the best kind of bridge for the Danube is under consideration, and Sistova and Nicopolis are being strongly fortified. A foretaste of the difficulties of winter warfare has been given by the rising of the Danube, which for two days prevented communication by the Sistova and Nicopolis bridges, while the latter bridge had some of its pontoons carried away. At Silistria the Turks are fortifying the island of Chiciu, in the Borcea Lake on the Danube, and the Roumanians have thrown a bridge over one of the arms of the lake to cannonade their positions. Russian and Roumanian troops have been hurried up to Kalarash to prevent the Turks from landing, and the Grand Duke Constantine has also been sent in command. Meanwhile in the Shipka all is quiet save a Zeibeck reconnaissance in the Hain Boghaz Pass, and snow has fallen heavily.

The Russians in ASIA have suffered a fresh reverse. Bent on cutting off Mukhtar Pasha from Kars, the Grand Duke Michael attacked him on Tuesday week in three places—the Yanilar hills on the left of the Turkish position, Kizil Tepe in the centre, and Aladja Dagh on the left. The great Yagni hill was captured as well as the Aladja Dagh, but the Russians were soon repulsed from the latter heights, and failed to take the lesser Yagni. On Thursday, finding a lack of water, they retired from the great Yagni, but later in the day made another fruitless attempt on Kizil Tepe. Mukhtar Pasha regained communication with Kars next day, but on Monday abandoned Kizil Tepe and retired nearer Kars. The Russians pursued him next day, and were victorious at Iflenoni. The Russians are said to have lost 10,000 men, but the number is probably exaggerated. At all events, the Russian loss from the beginning of the campaign is officially estimated at 52,000 men.

SERVIA continues to intrigue with Russia, and although she has given fresh official pacific assurances to the Porte, she is also reported to have concluded a convention with Russia, and to have promised her co-operation to ROUMANIA. The latter Principality has been holding a Council to deliberate on a special convocation of the Chambers, and the popular feeling is by no means more amiable, while Russian troops and wounded still crowd Bucharest.—The Prince of MONTENEGRO has written to the Czar that as he has emancipated the population of Upper Herzegovina his campaign thus comes to an end. Nevertheless the Montenegrins have again attacked the fortresses of Spuz and Podgoritza.—The Hungarian plot continues to exercise the public mind in AUSTRIA, and there has been a scene in the Diet about a member, Herr Helfy, whose house was entered by the police. Herr Tisza, however, proved the affair to be due to a misunderstanding. The Austro-Hungarian Empire is said to be not quite so cordial as usual to Russia, as the Emperor's birthday was coolly ignored by the Czar.—In CONSTANTINOPLE the Sultan has reviewed the National Guard, and expressed his hope that at the close of the war they would aid him to carry out the reforms on which depend the prosperity and welfare of the people and country. Feeling in the capital is not over affectionate towards England, and the head of the chief Turkish College declares the British Government to be "the source of every political evil, of every crime." The Porte has apologised to Germany anent the Salonica convicts.

FRANCE.——To-morrow France, to use M. Gambetta's expression, "will say what she thinks" of the present situation, and the question of a Republican or a Conservative success will be decided. At this time it would be idle to prophesy the result of the elections, as the French are a nation of surprises. The chances of the Republicans, however, have been slightly impaired by M. Gambetta's manifesto, in which, abandoning his recent tone of studied moderation, he returns to the fiery style of former declarations, accuses the Government in no measured terms, styles the Marshal "a plebiscitary candidate," and reiterates the famous Lille phrase "to submit or to resign." Of course a fresh Government prosecution has followed, not for the publication of the speech in the journals, but for placarding it on the walls, and M. Gambetta was summoned before the Court of Appeal yesterday (Friday), when he would probably make default. A more cautious tone, however, ran through M. Gambetta's speech on Tuesday to his Belleville constituents at a "private" meeting. The electoral period had expired on the previous evening, and entrance to this meeting was only to be had by ticket. Over 6,000 persons were present, nearly all of the lower and more violent orders, yet not a single untoward incident occurred—a marvellous example of the recently acquired Republican discipline. M. Gambetta was firm in his belief of a strong Republican return, and, as hitherto, studiously placing himself in the background, put forth M. Grévy as the true leader of the party. The latter has also issued his address—a calm, temperate refutation of the charges against the late Chamber, and an echo in the main of M. Thiers' manifesto. Both Republicans and Conservatives have a "spectre" wherewith to frighten their more vacillating supporters into compliance. With the latter it is the "Red Spectre," with the former the "Black,"—Clericalism, and the Republicans have seized every opportunity to inveigh against priestcraft. The Left of the Senate, in their manifesto, warn the nation against the clerical agitation; MM. Grévy and Gambetta strike the same note; while M. Louis Blanc, in a recent speech, ascribes every French disaster to the Church, declaring that through clerical influence the Franco-Italian alliance failed at the most critical period, and that the loss of Alsace and Lorraine was due to the same source—an assertion calculated to touch his hearers to the quick. Stung by these charges, M. Fourtou has issued a circular to the prefects, bidding them to prosecute all those who spread the idea of clerical pressure on the Government throughout the provinces. M. de Broglie also, at a meeting of the Conservative Committee, warmly disclaimed undue ecclesiastical influence. The issue, he said, lay between Radicalism and Conservatism, Marshal Macmahon and M. Gambetta; and he accused the latter of wearing a mask, and sheltering himself now behind M. Thiers, now behind M. Grévy. Repressive measures have been more stringent than ever this week. Another Ministerial edict prohibits the reading aloud in a *café* of any newspaper, pamphlet, or electoral address, or the exhibition of any such document; M. Eugène Pelletan, a Republican senator, when recently at Arles, was persistently dogged by the police throughout his stay; one of the 363, M. Durieu, who had invited some friends to dine with him at Mauriac, could find no hotel permitted to receive them, and was obliged to dine alone, while the London papers were seized in Paris on Monday evening.

The Government has published no list of candidates, but official journals assert that a majority of twenty is confidently expected. The *Temps*, however, states that the official candidates comprise 240 Bonapartists, 98 Legitimists, 27 Orleanists, and 125 "dark horse" Royalists suspected of Bonapartist tendencies. Thus, should the Government be successful, the Imperialists will virtually command the Chamber. Hoping to impress the electors by the idea that the present Government is favourable to trade, the Finance Minister has published the 1878 Budget statement, showing a surplus of 861,437*l.* which is to be devoted to lightening the taxes. There has been a slight disturbance at Ajaccio, where the authorities interfered with the reception of Prince Napoleon, and the Prince has written a highly indignant epistle to the Minister of Justice. M. Jules Simon has been seriously ill from a carbuncle in the throat, but is now out of danger.

Paris has been occupied by two "first representations"—*La Petite Muette*, an opera by MM. Ferrier and Serpette, at the Bouffes, where the heroine loses her speech by a shock and recovers it through the potent influence of Love, and an amusing comedy by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, *La Cigale*, at the Variétés, in which Mdme. Chaumont plays a miserable tight rope dancer, who is rescued from her employers by an artist, and subsequently turns out to be an heiress, much after the style of *La Figlia*.

GERMANY.——Provincial reform in Germany is likely to lead to a Ministerial crisis. Several measures have been abandoned by the Ministers on the opposition of Prince Bismarck, and the Liberals are highly indignant. The Conservatives are now very strong, and should the Liberals not come to terms with the Government the Lower House will probably be dissolved. The result of the French elections is awaited with much anxiety, and the *North German Gazette*, after denying the conclusion of an Italo-German alliance, declares that the two countries would "certainly have a tendency to secure mutual cohesion if after the elections they were to find themselves confronted by a clerical, and therefore an aggressive, France."

UNITED STATES.—One Indian trouble is at an end. General Miles had an encounter with the Nez Percés on the Canadian Border, and besieged them vigorously for five days until the chief, Joseph, surrendered with 60 warriors. 400 wounded Indians were found in the camp. Congress meets on Monday, and the Democrats will probably nominate Mr. S. J. Randall as speaker. The Democrats have carried Ohio, and it will be a bitter disappointment to President Hayes to lose his native State.—There was a serious storm on the Atlantic coast last week, when considerable damage was done, especially to the railways, over a hundred persons being killed and injured.

INDIA.——The end of the Famine is at length in sight, and a good continuous rainfall is reported from most parts of India. The number on the relief works is fast decreasing, prices have fallen, and harvest prospects are good, nevertheless considerable suffering from weakness and poverty must yet ensue. The Viceroy intends to make a tour through Rajpootana, and has taken the head of the famine department.—Burmah has suffered greatly from heavy floods, which have washed away the paddy crops.—Eastern Bengal has recovered from the effects of last November's storm wave, which by the way caused the death of 165,000 people, and is prospering through the development of the jute trade.—The native Press is indulging in seditious language against the Government.

MISCELLANEOUS.——SWITZERLAND was visited by an earthquake on Monday, which was most severe at Geneva, and was felt also at Berne.—In ITALY the Pope has been ill again; and the usual winter pilgrimages are to be deferred until the spring to congratulate him on having exceeded in years St. Peter's pontificate at Antioch and Rome; a Railway Conference opened at Rome on Monday, and the Venetian Lagoons are to be improved.—There is a drought in AUSTRALIA throughout Queensland and New South Wales, and the defences of the former colony are being studied.

◆

THE COURT

THE Queen is still at Balmoral, with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold. Last week Her Majesty received the American Minister and Mrs. Pierrepoint, who came over from Aberdeen, and on Saturday morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice visited the Princess of Wales at Abergeldie. In the evening the Lord Chancellor and Principal Tulloch dined with Her Majesty. On Sunday the Queen and the Royal family attended morning service at Crathie Church, when Principal Tulloch officiated, and in the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice again drove to Abergeldie to see the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Lord Chancellor and Principal Tulloch joined the Royal party at dinner. Next day the Queen and her daughter drove to Murdern, and the Lord Chancellor, and Sir T. M. and Lady Biddulph dined with Her Majesty, while on Tuesday the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove round the "Lion's Face."

The Prince and Princess of Wales with their children will probably come south in about a fortnight's time, when they are likely to visit Dartmouth to instal their sons on board the training ship *Britannia*. The young Princes' quarters on the *Britannia* are on the upper deck, and occupy a space of fifty feet from the stern, screened off by canvas. There are a sitting-room, a bedroom with two hammocks, and an apartment for the tutor, in addition to a bath-room, while the suite communicates by a staircase with the schoolrooms below. The Princes will be treated entirely as the other cadets, with the exception of their separate apartments. Meanwhile the Prince and Princess of Wales remain at Abergeldie with their family.

Prince and Princess Christian have been staying with the Earl and Countess of Dudley at Black Mount, N. B.—The Duke of Edinburgh in the *Sultan* reached Syra on Saturday morning, and left at once for Malta, where he arrived on Wednesday. The Duke has sent 100*l.* and the Duchess 50*l.* to the Indian Famine Fund.—The Duke of Connaught has returned to Ireland. He concluded his visit to the Earl and Countess of Breadalbane at the end of last week, and crossed in the *Flame* from Glasgow to Belfast, whence he went on to stay with Lord Rossmore, at Monaghan. On Saturday the Duke unveiled a memorial fountain to the late Lord Rossmore, who was killed in a steeple-chase. There was a ball at Rossmore Castle in the evening. The Duke has been suffering from a bilious attack during his stay.

The marriage of the King of Spain with his cousin the Princess Mercedes is almost decided, as it has been arranged that her father, the Duc de Montpensier, shall quit Spain after the marriage and live at Bologna.

CHURCH NEWS

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.——The opening service of the Croydon Congress took place in the parish church on Tuesday, the sermon being preached from Ezekiel I, iv., by Canon Lightfoot, who said that the vision of the prophet was not a dead or dying story which had served its turn and now might pass out of mind. It lived still as the very charter of the Church of the Future. If in this nineteenth century Englishmen would do any work for Christ's Church which should be real, solid, abiding, they must follow in the lines here marked out for them. Mobility, spirituality, universality must inspire their efforts.

The Primate in his inaugural address spoke hopefully of the conditions of the Church, and asked his hearers with what country they would like to change Churches, or in what age were they prepared to say it would have been more satisfactory to have lived. He dwelt at length upon the importance of the meeting, and pointed out that whether it should be a blessing or not depended on the manner in which it was conducted by all who should take part in its deliberations. No one had a right to attend who was not willing to give and take. The English Church had always had its various phases of thought. Three very prominent and great names were attached to each—Andrewes, Hall, and Butler. Men of God of each school had been ready to feel for those of the others. While the Church slept there was no difficulty in keeping the peace, and when only one school of thought awoke there was little fear of collision. He thanked God that at the present moment there was no sect of theologians in this country which was not alive and awake, and anxious to do its duty according to its own convictions.

The first paper read was that by Bishop Steere on "Mahommedanism in its relation to Christianity," the discussion being taken up by Professor Palmer, Sir W. Muir, and Professor Monier Williams. The sectional discussions in the evening were on "Trades Unions," "Christian Faith and Sceptical Culture." On Wednesday the questions dealt with were—"The Promotion of Unity in the Church," "Pauper Children," "Representative Assemblies," "Charity Organisation," "Intemperance," and "Public Amusements." On Thursday "Church and State," "The Lord's Day," "Education," "Church Finance," and "Personal Religion;" and on Friday, the last day of the Conference, "Nonconformity," "Lay Help," "Biblical Knowledge," "Study and Prophecy," and "Children." To day, Saturday, there will be a closing service, at which Canon Farrar, D.D., will preach.

EXPLORATION OF PALESTINE.——Lieutenant Kitchener, R.E., the officer in command of this expedition, has sent a telegram to Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, announcing the completion of the scientific survey of Western Palestine. The observations which have been made (says Mr. Dixon) will enable the Committee to give the world such a geography of Palestine as will make the topography of the Bible for the first time completely intelligible. The map will consist of twenty-six sheets, each to be accompanied by its own memoir. These memoirs contain some thousands of names, very many of them of Biblical places heretofore not identified, together with many of those found in Talmudic, Early Christian, and Crusading histories. There are special detailed plans of the most important ruins, and there is a vast mass of information on Biblical subjects which Lieutenant Conder is now reducing to shape.

VARIOUS.——On Sunday last in all the Roman Catholic churches and chapels of the archdiocese of Westminster a pastoral letter was read from Cardinal Manning, calling the attention of his clergy and their flocks to the Indian famine, and desiring that on the following Sunday (to-morrow) collections should be made in aid of the fund.—The Bishop of Lincoln, presiding at the annual Diocesan Conference last week, said that the real object underlying the agitation in favour of Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burial Bill was the disestablishment of the Church; and declared that beyond assenting to the closing of many churchyards, and to the provision of cemeteries in every parochial district no concession or compromise was possible. To accept that which had been offered would not avert but rather hasten disestablishment, because it would weaken and disorganise the Church, and there would be no confidence existing between its

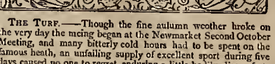
Bishops, clergy, and laity.—A correspondent of the *Scotsman* is informed that in the new Roman Catholic hierarchy for Scotland the Primate or Metropolitan is to be styled "Archbishop of St. Andrews." He will, however, reside in Edinburgh." The suffragan sees are to be those of Glasgow, Lismore, or Fort William, Aberdeen, and Moray.—The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland commenced its annual session at Newport (Monmouth) on Monday, about 1,000 ministers and delegates attending. On Monday the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown preached an inaugural sermon, in which he contended that denominationalism formed the strength and not the weakness of the Church. On Tuesday, in the debate on Foreign Missions, the Rev. James Smith, of Delhi, made the remarkable statement that the operations of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel were a far greater hindrance to the spread of Evangelical Christianity than all the opposition of the heathen, their system being simply one of "coat and blanket ecclesiastical charity." On the other hand, the Church Missionary Society was a grand and good society, and its clergy were doing a great work. The Rev. R. H. Robarts denounced the warlike measures adopted by Mr. Stanley in Central Africa, and remarked that Livingstone had never found it necessary to point a weapon at a single human being.—The Smithfield butchers and their wives took tea with Mr. Spurgeon on Tuesday, and were afterwards treated to an address in the reverend gentleman's well-known style. One of the anecdotes related to a miser whom he had known in his youth, and who was "told by the Lord" to give him half a sovereign with which to buy a new hat. The old gentleman, however, only gave three halfcrowns at first, but a day or two afterwards he pressed him to accept the balance, as he could not sleep at night. He therefore took the halfcrown to ease the man's conscience, and God, who knew that he wanted the hat, made the old gentleman "fork out" that ten shillings.—Messrs. Monk and Wait, the members for Gloucester, are reported to have purchased a piece of the stake used at the martyrdom of Bishop Hooper. Nothing is said about the price, or the evidence as to the genuineness of the relic.

MUSIC

Crystal Palace Concerts.——The first concert was a real success. The overtures of Weber and Auber, as well as the symphony of Beethoven, were admirably played. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, however, was a novelty, and welcome in the bargain. Like the opera to which it acts as orchestral prelude, it is fresh and sparkling from beginning to end, and no one would guess that its composer was over eighty. The other novelty, Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Incidental Music to *Henry VIII.*," once more more caused us to regret that but little chance is afforded in this country for the adequate production of an English—or, for all that, Italian—opera by one so eminently gifted to excel as a composer for the stage. The music was listened to with evident interest, the Pageant March, the ingeniously contrived "Graceful Dance," the Barcarole, &c., being received with hearty approval. A song, for baritone(with chorus), "Youth will needs have dalliance," the words of which are attributed to "Harry the Bluff" himself, is instinct with the spirit of old English melody, and being delivered in a simple, unaffected style by Mr. George Fox, obtained a unanimous "encore." In *Henry VIII.*, as in Schumann's picturesque "Gipsy Life," what has been said about the marked improvement of the Crystal Palace Choir was amply justified. The pianoforte concerto of Sir Julius Benedict, the opening movement of which was composed many years ago, the work being afterwards finished expressly for Madame Arabella Goddard, was a marked success. The work itself, in which we find Weber's favourite pupil following the footsteps of Mozart as regards form, rivalling Hummel in his *bravura* and Dussek in his *cantabile*, and, glancing here and there at the famous author of the *Concertstück*, endowing the whole with strong individuality, is in its way a masterpiece. Madame Goddard, who has introduced the concerto on several previous occasions, has never played it with more spirit, grace, and refinement. The other leading vocalist was Madame Sophie Löwe, who sang "Lieder" by Wagner, Chopin, and Kirchner. At the concert to-day the Spanish violinist, Señor Sarasate, is to play a concerto by Herr Max Bruch, who himself will conduct the performance, as well as that of his own orchestral prelude to the opera, *Lorelei*.

Promenade Concerts.——The Covent Garden Concerts seem especially prosperous. The Wednesday "classical" programmes this week included a most attractive selection from the works of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett. It comprised, among other things, the Symphony in G minor (No. 7), the overtures, entitled the *Wood Nymph* and *Paradise and the Peri*, and the Pianoforte Concerto in F minor (No. 4). There were also solo pieces for the piano, and various songs. The pianist was M. Henri Ketten; the singers were Miss Lisa Walton and Mr. F. H. Celli, the former of whom, it may be stated at once, gave "Gentle Zephyr" and "Castle Gordon," the latter "'Tis jolly to hunt," from the *May Queen*—each, if pure melody and distinctive character may count for anything, a veritable gem. M. Ketten played the concerto (no easy task) with remarkable spirit, and was well supported by the orchestra. The symphony and overtures were admirably executed by the fine orchestra which Signor Arditi conducts with so much skill and vigour; and the entire selection was a legitimate treat to all who care for music so refined, poetical, and scholarly.

Waifs.——Mdme. Christine Nilsson left England on Wednesday to fulfil a three months' engagement at Moscow and St. Petersburg. On Monday she sang in one of Mr. Kuhe's grand concerts at Brighton.—Mdme. Adelina Patti has been staying in London, pending the series of concerts for which she is engaged in the "provinces." From England she goes to Milan, and, it is rumoured, will pass the winter in Italy.—Mdme. Annette Essipoff, the charming Russian pianist, is taking a holiday at Venice, and intends paying us a visit either in the winter of this year or the spring of the next; so that, what with Rubinstein, Bülow, &c., we shall have enough to do with foreign pianistic virtuosos for a good time to come. We are of opinion that Mdme. Essipoff, who may fairly be styled the Russian Arabella Goddard, can hold her own against any of them.—Miss Minnie Hauck may shortly join Mr. Carl Rosa's Opera Company. She has also been in negotiation with the director of Her Majesty's Theatre.—Sir Michael Costa went to Vienna shortly after the Leeds Festival, and was represented at the funeral of Mdlle. Titiens by his brother, Signor Raphael Costa.—The members of the orchestra belonging to the Imperial Opera at Vienna intend giving a series of concerts in Paris during the "Exposition Universelle," under the direction, we hope, of that really great conductor, Herr Richter.—The score of Rameau's opera, *Castor et Pollux*, has recently been published, the figured bass, hitherto somewhat vaguely representing the accompaniments, being set forth in plain harmony, to satisfy modern requirements, by M. Charles Lecocq, composer of *La Fille de Madame Angot* (!)—The Italian operatic season at Moscow began with *Lucrezia Borgia*. At St. Petersburg the first performance is announced for the 15th inst.—So that the war throws no impediment in the way of this annual entertainment of the Muscovites, the chief expenses connected with which are defrayed from the Imperial Exchequer.



SPORTING

The Turf.——Though the fine autumn weather broke on the very day the racing began at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, and many bitterly cold hours had to be spent on the famous heath, an unfailing supply of excellent sport during five days caused no one to regret enduring a little bodily discomfort. Seldom, if ever, have more persons been sojourning at Newmarket, or more visitors arrived day by day to witness the sport. Want of space compels us to omit Monday's and Wednesday's racing, and to speak only of the Cesarewitch. The field numbered but twenty-five, four less than last year, and the horses were despatched at the first attempt. Luckpenny brought the fleet along at a rare pace, and kept the lead till near the Rowley Mile starting post, where he was done with. At this point conspicuous among the leaders were Zucchero, Duchess of Cambridge, Belphœbe, Pageant, Rosy Cross, and Macaroon. The favourite, on whom, according to instructions, M'Donald was sitting as quietly as possible, was in the ruck, but making the descent into the Abingdon Mile Bottom his jockey let him out, and from that moment the race was never in doubt, the favourite sailing away and winning in a canter by three lengths from Macaroon, Lord Hartington's Belphœbe taking third honours. Whether the two placed horses would have occupied those positions had not others been more or less eased when the pursuit of Hilarious was seen to be hopeless may be a question; and certainly not a few who saw the race declare that Rosy Cross could have been second. Hence, probably, the favour Mr. Sheriff East's animal is in for the Cambridgeshire. The result of the race confirms the public running of the winner, and there was no getting away from his recent victory over Lady Golightly. This filly, in the afternoon of the Cesarewitch day, beat Albert Edward and Norwich with consummate ease in the Royal Stakes; and had the exhibition taken place before the great race Hilarious would probably have started an even chance. Macaroon's second was the great surprise of the race, as he started at no price at all, only one bookmaker, it is believed, having written his name. It was the first time her owner's colours had been seen on a racecourse; and certainly to run second for a big race like this the first time of asking must be very inspiriting, though perhaps partly tantalising. Zucchero, who was probably backed for more money than any horse in the race, was well up at the Bushes, and pulling hard at Luke; but soon after he had shot his bolt, showing, as not a few good judges suspected from his breeding, that the distance would be too far for him. The almost perfect unanimity of the sporting "prophets" on the morning of the race in favour of Hilarious was remarkable. It may be noted that the last real Northern horse which won this great prize was Legerdemain in 1849.

Aquatics.——As probably all our readers interested in Aquatics know by this time, Higgins beat Boyd for the Championship of England on Monday last. Boisterous weather, which was thought to have militated against Higgins in his last contest with the Tyne man, again seemed to make the race a certainty for Boyd, but for once in a way the odds laid on a man in a boat race were upset, and Higgins was an easy winner. Boyd and his friends, however, are by no means satisfied, and the result will probably be that the men will row again, and even two matches are talked of.

Pedestrianism.——Again we are more than a day after the fair, and it seems hardly worth while to note as a matter of information that on Saturday afternoon last Gale finished his 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours. We are glad, however, to add that the most recent accounts of the man indicate that the health has not suffered from his almost superhuman exertions. "All's well that ends well;" but we are glad further to note that there appears a very general consensus among writers in the press and thoughtful people that the repetition of such feats is very far from desirable.

RURAL NOTES

Foreign Cattle and Dead Meat Imports.——Notwithstanding the new American and Canadian fields recently opened for the importation of live stock to supply the ever-growing wants of the rapidly increasing population of this country, we note from the Board of Trade Returns for the last nine months a falling-off in the general total of all classes of live stock from abroad. In the first three-quarters of last year we had 1,054,388, in the corresponding period of this year only 875,633. Up to September this year we paid for live stock 4,724,492*l.*, to contrast with an expenditure of 5,614,978*l.* From these figures it may be inferred that something more than usual has gone into the pockets of the stock farmers and flock masters of the country. The increase in the imports of fresh meat have been marked, being in the case of beef about five times as much as in the corresponding period of last year, and in the other twice as much. Our wheat expenditure has been much larger, and so also for other cereals, with the exception of Indian corn, which has fallen to the extent of two and a-half millions of money. We are glad to see that the poultry yard is being better attended to in this country, judging from the decline in the imports and the increase in home shows. There is much room for increased attention in this department of the farm, however, the number of eggs imported in the nine months being 596,154,120, and we got them at a cost of 1,970,596*l.* Altogether the foreigners' bill against us for the last nine months amounts well on to 70,000,000*l.* It could easily be reduced by better farming and greater security in land occupancy.

The Weather.——During the last fortnight the weather has been favourable for harvest operations in most of the localities where the god Pluvius had exercised his capriciousness too much in the earlier part of the season. The winds have been free and fresh, and have rattled through the stooks with savouring effect. Disease however, has appeared in the potatoes, but not to such an extent as will materially effect prices. The turnips are not progressing so favourably as could be desired, which is a misfortune, as we depend more upon or ought to depend more upon stock husbandry in England than on cereal. In some localities the turnips would be much advantaged by rain.

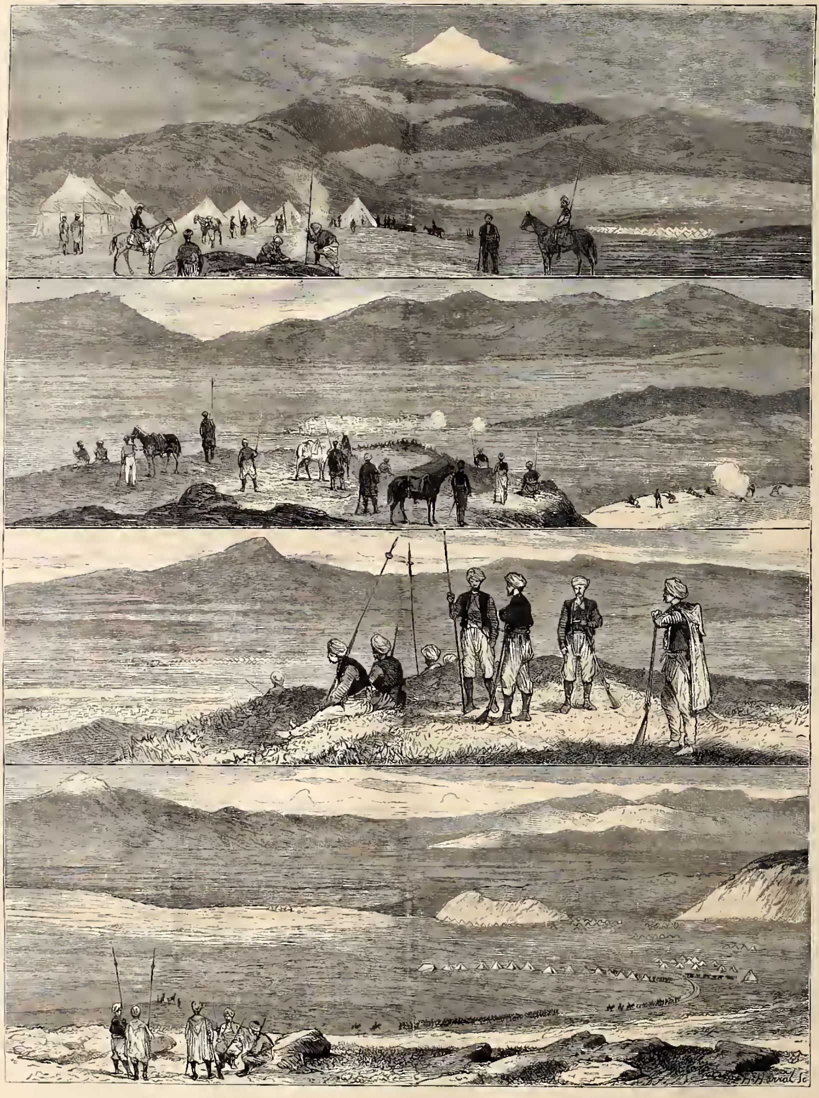
Miscellaneous.——From the *London Gazette* of Tuesday evening we learn that ten cases of that worst of all diseases in horses, glanders, have occurred during the week, four of which have been in the metropolis. Of farcy in horses, not communicable to human beings like glanders, there have been fourteen instances. From foreign countries, scheduled, 358 have been landed affected with foot-and-mouth disease and sheep scab; at the same time 51,105 animals came in healthy. A footnote gives us the satisfactory information that no case of contagious diseases from unscheduled countries has been detected in the course of the past month. We notice officially in the *Gazette* that the Home Secretary, on memorial, has resolved to consider whether the Hythe (Hants) Fair should not be abolished to the "convenience and advantage of the public." He takes till the 5th November to determine.—Mr. Elliott, M.P., and Mr. T. C. Booth, the celebrated shorthorn breeder, have publicly expressed their opinion that the only way of stopping the cattle plague in this country is the total prohibition of German cattle, a policy that can hardly be considered wise.—The shorthorn sales during the past fortnight have been numerous, and the prices more farmers' than fancy ones.

LEGAL

The City Road Burglary.——The coroner's inquest on the body of the unfortunate young man, Chalkley, has at least had the effect of clearing his memory from the stigma which had been cast upon it. The jury found that his death was the result of the accident in the Farringdon Road, spoken to by several witnesses, and that he was in no way connected with the burglary at Mr. Braham's. They added a rider censuring the police for removing him from the hospital, and for their subsequent treatment of him, and suggested that in future no prisoner should be removed without a written order from the hospital authorities. Chalkley appears to have been an honest, hard-working man, who was the main support of his widowed mother, for whom a subscription has been started, headed by Mr. Braham with a donation of 10*l.* The conduct of the police has excited much public indignation. Meetings have been held, and a memorial has been sent to the Home Secretary demanding a searching investigation into the case. "A Barrister," writing to a daily contemporary, calls attention to the conduct of the magistrate who remanded Chalkley for a week, refusing either to hear witnesses for the defence or to admit the accused to bail.

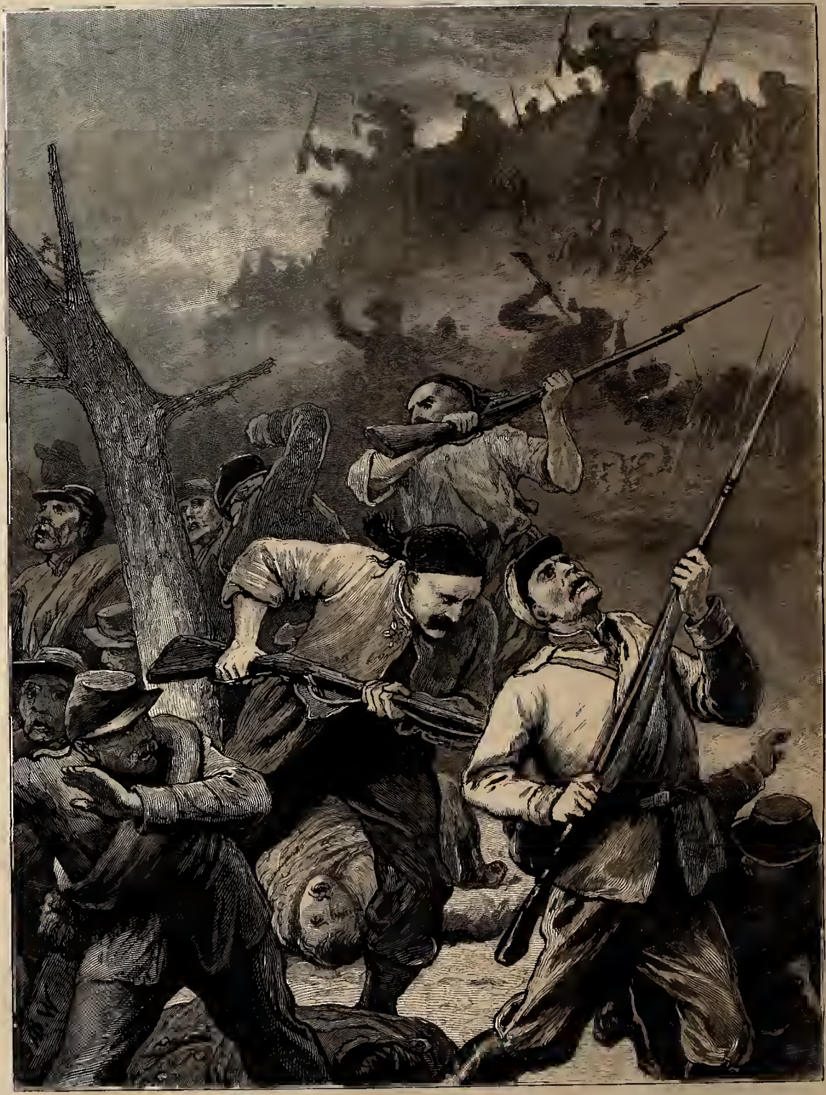
The Penge Murder still continues to occupy much public attention. Letters *pro* and *con* appear daily in the newspapers, and meetings have been held in London, Maidstone, and other places with the avowed object of influencing the Home Secretary in favour of a reprieve. The *Daily Telegraph* has published a second communication from Mr. C. Reade, who modestly proclaims that his Oxford training has enabled him to become a better judge of evidence than many other persons, and affirms that he is doing his "highest work" when he writes logic in a "great journal" upon a question of life and death. The four convicts have been told that they will be executed on Tuesday next, and they appear to have received the news with greater calmness than was anticipated. Patrick Staunton has denied several of the things alleged by Clara Brown in her supplementary statement; but, on the other hand, the girl has reiterated her allegations in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, and affirms that many of them can be corroborated by other persons.

Miscellaneous Items.——Jessie M'Lachlan, who was sentenced to death some fifteen years ago for the murder of Jessie Macpherson, but whose sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life, has just been set free on a ticket-of-leave. She declares her innocence.—At Tonbridge a woman has been committed for trial for the manslaughter of a publican, whom she bit in the leg while he was endeavouring to eject her from his house. The wound was dressed by a surgeon, but after four days the man died of *delirium tremens* caused by the bite. The doctor, however, stated that the patient might have recovered had he not been "saturated with alcohol."—The charge against a Portsmouth detective for obstructing the course of justice in the Gladstone divorce suit has broken down, and Captain Gladstone and one of his witnesses are to be indicted for "conspiracy."—The ringleaders of the recent mutiny at the Curragh Camp are to be tried by court-martial.—Three lads who are said to be respectably connected were the other night "playing at highwaymen" in a road near Kingston. Jumping suddenly from a ditch, one of them hailed the driver of a waggonette, with the cry, "Pull up; I am Dick Turpin," and at the same time the other two climbed up the back of the vehicle. The driver, who chanced to be a police inspector, immediately gave chase and caught one of the young rascals, and all three have since been bound over to keep the peace for six months. They ought to consider themselves lucky that the magistrate accepted their plea that "it was only done for a lark."—A young Austrian named Leonard Loth, who came over from Hamburg the other day, but who was so loth to pay for the voyage that he neglected to purchase a ticket, has been fined 1*l.* 15*s.*, with the alternative of three days' imprisonment.—A perplexing case of mistaken identity has just occurred at Bolton. One James Entwistle was summoned for wife desertion, but in court the woman declined to swear positively to him as her husband, although she affirmed that he "favoured" him very closely. The man's memory of his wife seems to have been equally defective, for he made no protest until he heard the witness say that her maiden name was Waddecar, when he exclaimed, "My missus's name was Flynn." Subsequent inquiry proved that there were two James Entwistles, both of whom were quarrymen, and both had deserted their wives at about the same time, some three years ago. The result was of course the release of the prisoner.—An equally strange case has just been heard at Worship Street Police Court, the subject of



1. Camp of Beytullah, Chief of the Kurds. Headquarters of the Turkish Invading Army under Ismail Pasha, near Igdyr, Georgia, Mount Ararat in Background.—2. Skirmish between Kurdish Bashi-Bazouks and Russian Outposts before Igdyr.—3. Kurds on Outpost Duty near Khalfallou.—4. Head-quarters: Camp of Ismail Pasha on the Chatsituchuk Mountain.

WITH THE TURKS AND ISMAIL PASHA IN ASIA



WITH THE TURKS AT SHIPKA—"ALLAH! ALLAH!" A TURKISH CHARGE AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL ASSAULT BY THE RUSSIANS dispute being a shawl instead of a husband. The garment had been stolen from a little girl, who afterwards with her mother met "a little old woman" wearing what they supposed to be the identical shawl, and accused her of taking it. Before the magistrate, however, the defendant proved that she had bought her shawl some months ago, and also produced a witness to identify it by a darn in the middle, which had been so neatly executed that there was some difficulty in finding it.—A printer's lad has been sentenced to a month's hard labour for damaging a machine belonging to his employer, his alleged object being to get a "mike"—*anglicè*, "holiday." A curious feature of the case was that the magistrate said he had no power to commit him for trial, although he could have done so had the machine been one used for manufacturing purposes.—Two women were the other day taken before the Bristol magistrates on the singular charge of endangering the life of an infant by exhibiting it. The child was thirteen weeks old, and was of such diminutive proportions that it only weighed 1 lb. 4 oz., and it was stated that as much as 16*l.* per day had been realised by the show. The prisoners were discharged on promising not to repeat the exhibition.

◆

A NEW GOVERNMENT FILTER has been invented, which will reduce strong tea and infusions of logwood to clear tasteless water. Major Crease is the inventor, and the filter was shown at the recent *soirée* at Guy's Hospital.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN FRANCE is decidedly safer than in our own country, to judge from some recent statistics. Thus between the years 1872-5 only one person was killed out of every 45,258,270 travellers on the French lines, and one person injured in 1,024,360, while during the same period in England one traveller was killed in 12,000,000 and one injured of every 336,000.

A BEAUTIFUL WHITE ALABASTER PIETÀ has been unearthed at the Parish Church of Breadsall, near Derby, now being restored. The Pietà apparently belongs to the fifteenth century, and is probably of Continental workmanship, while it is supposed to have been hidden away from the Puritans. It is about two feet six inches high, and bears traces of colouring and gilding, but unfortunately in the excavation the sculpture was slightly injured, part of the face of the Christ and the head and hands of the Virgin being damaged. The Pietà is, however, to be restored, and replaced in the church.

Now ready at all the Libraries,
NEW NOVEL BY MISS BRAMSTON.
"EM."
By MISS BRAMSTON,
Author of "The Carbridges," "Country Maidens," &c.
One Volume, price 10s. 6d.
MARCUS WARD and CO., London and Belfast.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Third Edition, cloth, post free 13 stamps.
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY.
"A clever *refutal* of the system."—*Medical Circular.*
London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

Ready on the 15th instant, price 3d., or by post, 3½d.,
OUR EGYPTIAN OBELISK: CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE. By ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.
BRAIN and CO., 26, Paternoster Row, and of all Booksellers.

Price 6d., or free by post, 8d.
MDME. DEMOREST'S
WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.
Information on Dress and Dressmaking. Contains nearly 500 miniature illustrations of Ladies and Children's Fashions for Autumn and Winter, with full descriptions of latest styles, &c., including materials, trimmings, walking, and outdoor costumes, dinner, evening, and other toilets, jewellery, laces, coiffures, millinery, and every new and desirable article connected with Ladies' and Children's Dress.
Just what every lady, milliner, dressmaker, draper, warehouseman, and outfitter wants to know about the Autumn and Winter Fashions.
Sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents, and at every Railway Station.—WILLIAM and ROGERS NEWS CO., General Agents for Demorest's Reliable Patterns, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London.

Price One Penny.
ALL engaged in Education should read "VIVISECTION IN ITS MORAL AND EDUCATIONAL ASPECTS." By Mrs. GORDON, Author of "Home Life of Sir David Brewster," &c.—London: M. WALBROOK, 180, Brompton Road, S.W.

COLLECTIONS of PHOTOGRAPHS, PRINTS, &c., arranged.—MARION and CO., 22 and 23, Soho Square, undertake to PUT INTO ORDER COLLECTIONS of PHOTOGRAPHS, Prints, &c.—to make them into convenient volumes for reference—to frame them for the Library or Dining Room—or to portfolio them with partitions in order to keep Countries separate—Patent Portfolios, folding into small space. Portraits enlarged, framed, and cased. Estimates given for work in general.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

ALBERT MEMORIAL COLLEGE, FRAMLINGHAM, SUFFOLK.
The PUBLIC DISTRIBUTION of PRIZES for the Year 1877 will be made by the Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP of NORWICH on THURSDAY, the 18th inst., in the College Dining Hall, at 2 p.m.
The Distribution of Prizes will be followed by the usual Concert by the College Choir at 4.30.
All applications for Tickets should be made without delay to the Head Master.

THE WANDERERS' CLUB, Pall Mall. This Club having now reached 1,378 Members, there remain only 200 VACANCIES.
Annual Subscription: Town Members, 8 guineas; Country Members, 4 guineas; Members Abroad, 2 guineas. Present Entrance Fee, 10 guineas.
For further information apply to
Major T. H. P. KENNAN,
Secretary.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.—The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel.
Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

EXHIBITION GALLERY.—To Artists, Exhibitors, and others.—A well-frequented gallery in the best position in London, the light perfect, available for a short period on moderate terms, with competent assistance, and every facility for advantageously exhibiting and selling, or for subscribing and publishing.—Only artists of recognized reputation or their representatives treated with.—Address E. G., Messrs. STREET BROTHERS, 5, Serle Street, W.C.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from face and arms without injury. 3s. 6d. Sent post free, carefully packed, for 54 stamps by Alex. Ross.

THE NOSE MACHINE applied to the nose for an hour daily so directs the soft cartilage of the nose that an ill-formed one is quickly shaped, 10s. 6d. Sent for stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.
BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 56, Cheapside, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price £4 to £120. Snuff Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC PRIMERS. Edited by Dr. STAINER.

Second Edition, price Two Shillings.
THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By ERNST PAUER (Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the National Training School for Music). No. 1 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

Ready on October 15.
THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. STAINER. No. 3 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

In the Press.
THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. No. 2 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

Second Edition, price Two Shillings.
CATHEDRAL PSALTER CHANTS. Edited by Rev. S. FLOOD JONES, M.A., JAMES TURLE, Rev. J. TROUTBECK, M.A., Dr. J. STAINER, and JOSEPH BARNBY.

SCHUMANN'S VOCAL ALBUM, containing Thirty Songs, with English and German words, by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM for YOUNG PIANISTS, containing Fifty-six Short Pieces, by ROBERT SCHUMANN (Op. 68 and Op. 15). Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM, containing Forty Songs, with the original German words, and an English version by JOHN OXENFORD. Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.
LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.,
1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

NEW and POPULAR WALTZES, performed at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre.
Geliebt und Verloren (Loved and Lost). Otto Müller. 4s.
Ditto, duet. 4s.
Der Letzte Kuss (The Last Kiss). 4s.
Der Letzte Kuss (The Last Kiss), duet. 4s.
Rêve d'Amour. G. Lamothe. 4s.
Ditto, duet. 4s.
Fontainebleau. 4s.
Sold at half-price.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford St.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MÜLLER'S Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

ESMERALDA. W. C. Levey's popular Song. "One of the brightest modern compositions of its kind."—*Standard.* The Song in D, E, or F, 4s.; for piano, by Kube, 4s.; Richards, 4s.; Rochard, 2s.; Waltzes, by Godfrey, 4s.—Half-price.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

A BIRD SANG IN A HAWTHORN TREE. J. L. HATTON'S most successful new song for soprano. "Exceedingly original, quaint, and truly charming—a song that will add to the composer's fame."—*Queen.* Sent for 2s.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte School.
Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

THE FOUR MARIES.
As sung in Mr. Kennedy's Entertainment of the "Songs of Scotland" in St. James's Hall.
Post free for 18 stamps from
METHVEN, SIMPSON, and CO., Dundee; or
C. JEFFERYS, Berners Street, London.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.
A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Tiercot.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*
Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

WOOD and CO.'s POPULAR PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Kuhe's Village Blacksmith (Weiss)	4s.	0d.
Kuhe's My Mother bids me bind my hair (Haydn)	4	0
Kuhe's Mermaid's Song (Haydn)	4	0
Kuhe's Adelaide (Beethoven)	4	0
Kuhe's Where the Bee Sucks (Arne)	4	0
Kuhe's Rigoletto, quatuor (Verdi)	4	0
Kuhe's Caprice on an Air of Louis XIII.	4	0

Post free 2s.
WOOD and CO., 3, Great Marlborough Street,
and all Musicsellers.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.
All for Her. No. 1 sop., No. 2 contralto. A. S. Gatty.
Maiden May. Two keys. A. S. Gatty. Sung by Madame Cave-Ashton.
Before the Storm. Baritone. A. S. Gatty.
Meha. No. 1 tenor, No. 2 baritone. V. Capoul. Sung by M. Capoul.
Be My Love. Baritone. G. Fox.
My Star. No. 1 contralto, No. 2 mezzo-sop. Julia Wolff.
Little Nannie. Soprano. Julia Wolff. Sung by Mrs. Osgood.
The Trooper's Dream. Baritone. Julia Wolff.
Post free 24 stamps each.
ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles Street, W.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20—GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL PRIZE MEDAL.
FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.
Of great value to Invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL
awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful to Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,
CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,
BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR
UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 8d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, 5s. 4d. per bushel, or 20s. per sack; buckwheat, maize, and barley meal, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 2s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for Invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

JOHNSTON'S (THE OLD HOUSE)
CORN FLOUR IS THE BEST.
"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, in packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their
CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | "THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES.
Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO. Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, otto of rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S SWEET SCENTS.—Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, White Rose, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 bottles in a case, 7s. The above sweet scents in sachet powder, 1s. 6d. each, can be forwarded by post. Sold by fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS, REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—
with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required),
without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
PETER ROBINSON, of Regent Street,
has just completed some large purchases
from the Lyons Manufacturers, at a great advantage,
and can supply really Good Black Silks,
at 2s. 6½d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
THE EMPRESS BLACK SILK, at 6s. 6d.
is specially recommended for Good Wear
by the Manufacturer.
Also DEGOVE'S PURE BLACK SILK,
which gives Universal Satisfaction,
at 5s., 7s., and 8s.
For Patterns address
PETER ROBINSON, REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262,
where the above can only be obtained.
BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS,
exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in LYONS VELVET, at 10s. 9d.
BLACK SILK TRIMMING VELVETS,
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
at PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.

For 4½ & 5 Gs.	formerly 6½ & 7 Guineas.
For 7 Guineas	formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas	formerly 14 Guineas.

Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
It is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

SPECIALE INFORMATION. — La Directrice des modes dans l'établissement de Messieurs JAY et CIE. a l'honneur d'informer sa clientèle de son retour de Paris avec un grand CHOIX de CHAPEAUX et COIFFURES pour L'AUTOMNE. Les Chapeaux sont différents, et des plus confortables formes. Les Bonnets et Coiffures sont élégants, et de formes tout à fait nouvelles.

SPECIAL INFORMATION. — The latest FRENCH SILK COSTUMES, for autumn wear, composed of Black Silk with Velvet, and some very novel Garnitures, have been imported by Messrs. JAY. Ladies are specially invited to view these productions of the French Modiste's art and good taste.

SPECIAL INFORMATION. — New Pattern BLACK SILK COSTUMES, trimmed handsomely with Velvet and other fashionable Garnitures, at 6½ guineas each Costume, including 3½ yards of Silk for making a Bodice.

SPECIAL INFORMATION.—Fashions for AUTUMN.—Messrs. JAY have received from Paris some beautiful specimens of French art and ingenuity, in a variety of Mantles, so diversified in style, texture, and material, as almost to constitute a new class in Ladies' Costume.
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

THE STOCK OF MADAME SILVESTRE,
late of Vere St., Cavendish Sq., W., Modiste by Appointment to Her Majesty, has been purchased at a large discount off by

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,

and is now on Sale, together with extraordinary purchases in anticipation of the Autumn Season in

SILKS, FURS, MANTLES, and COSTUMES.

For particulars please write for Circular.

A LARGE PURCHASE OF

NEW COLOURED SILKS,

at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., and 4s. 6d. per yard.
250 shades to select from. Patterns free.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF

BLACK GROS GRAINS.

This extensive purchase comprises Silks of the best and most reliable makes, and are specially recommended. Prices 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yard. Also richer goods from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

THE NEW

PEKIN BROCADES (Spun Silk),

In all the New Colours, at 4s. 11d. per yard. A novel material, having a pretty effect blended with plain coloured Silks. Patterns free.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS

to match every Silk. Short pile, well covered, suitable for Gowns, 6s. 11d. per yard, any length cut. Patterns free.

COLOURED SILK COSTUMES

of the latest designs and most fashionable description, in all the new colour Silks, commencing at 6½ guineas. Patterns of the Silks and Engravings post free.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES,

made from the new Paris Models in eight different styles of the most approved designs, as shown in Engravings, price with bodice complete, 5½ guineas. Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

AUTUMN COSTUMES.

New Designs in Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas. Specialities in Travelling Costumes, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas. Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas. Illustrations and Patterns Materials post free.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,

having concluded the purchase of large quantities of

SEAL FUR SKINS

and Squirrel Furs, they are now on sale as quoted below.
Russian Seal Fur Jackets, loose shapes, 24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Ditto fitting shapes, 30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 20 guineas.
South Sea Seals, loose shapes, 2 to 4 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN

MANTLES AND PALETOTS,

Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL

CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.

The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 18s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 47s.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR

AUTUMN and WINTER DRESSES,

in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour, From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.

CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.

This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced 43 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free. PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOS, all wool,

This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

A NEW FABRIC FOR PALETOTS, &c.

POIL DE CHAMEAU (Registered).

This elegant fabric, though very warm, is remarkably light and soft, and can be had in choice shades of Fawn, Drab, Grey, Light Brown, &c. 54 inches wide, from 5s. 6d. per yd. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St., W.

A VARIETY OF NEW MATERIALS FOR

WARM WINTER PETTICOATS,

including a large assortment of Silk Striped Cloth Skirtings, Reversible Felts, plain colours, New Striped Flannel Cashmere, &c., from 3s. 3d. to 5s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.

NOW ON SALE AT HALF-PRICE.

1,000 UNMADE PALETOTS (Black),

Richly embroidered on very fine Cashmere or Diagonal Cloth, full size and newest shapes, from 29s. 6d. to 42s. each, formerly 3 to 4 guineas.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS.

VELVET-FINISH'D VELVETEENS,

beautifully soft, rich, and very wide. This charming Fabric can be had in Black, from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

GASK and GASK.

NEW VIGONA CLOTH, 21½d. per yard, in new autumn shades; also FINE French Cachemires, 2s. 11d., double width; and the FASHIONABLE SNOW-FLAKE CLOTH, 16½d.; with a large collection of NEW DRESS FABRICS, from 10d. to 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
Oxford Street and Wells Street.

NEW AUTUMN COSTUMES, made

of the Fashionable Foreign and English Fabrics from novel and elegant PARIS MODELS, 2 guineas to 6½ guineas.
RICH BLACK SILK COSTUMES, exceptionally good, 4 guineas.
SILK COSTUME SKIRTS, 21s.; with a vast variety of Costumes of all kinds, equally cheap.
GASK and GASK, Oxford Street, and Wells Street.

GASK and GASK.

NEW LYONS SILKS, Black and Colours, still cheaper. The best makes of BLACK SILKS, recommended for wear, and every shade of colour in all qualities, 3s. 3d. to 7s. 9d. per yard.
NEW FANCY SILKS. Patterns free.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The

most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS.

Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

VELVET CARPETS, &c.

EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862: DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THROAT IRRITATION.

EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s., labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC

WAFERS instantly relieve asthma, consumption, bronchitis, coughs, colds, shortness of breath, phlegm, pains in the chest, rheumatism, and taste pleasantly. 1s. 1½d. per box.

HENRY GLAVE'S

GRAND EXHIBITION OF COSTUMES AND OTHER NOVELTIES
on MONDAY NEXT, the 15th, and following days.

At the Grand Autumn Exhibition and Costume Contest just concluded at the Alexandra Palace we exhibited upwards of Fifty very superior Ladies' and Children's French Model Costumes, and many new things in Mantles, Jackets, Millinery, Flowers, &c., which obtained 25 prizes, and were highly commended for style and cheapness; the Prize and other Costumes are enumerated below:

LADIES' COSTUMES.

"Liebhart"—Evening Dress. Pale Blue Silk, with Lace and Gauze, £8 18s. 6d.
"Fleur de Thé"—Evening Dress. Pink and Cream Brocaded Silk, £9 18s. 6d.
"Lady Teazle"—Ball Dress. Pale Blue Tulle and Chrysanthemums, £3 18s. 6d.
"Ophelia"—Ball Dress. White Tulle and Silk, with Velvet Leaves, £7 7s.
"Harrogate"—Promenade Costumes. Bronze Green Cachmere and Velveteen, £4 4s.
"Ventnor"—Promenade Costumes. Fawn, Homespun, and Brown Braid Jacket and Hat, £3 18s. 6d.
"Silverton"—Promenade Costumes. Brown Cachmere and Velveteen, £3 18s. 6d.
"Glenthorne"—Promenade Costumes. Prune Snowflake and Pink Silk, £2 10s. 6d.
"Bromley"—Promenade Costumes. Bronze Cachmere and Blue Silk, with Cape, £4 4s.
"Claremont"—Promenade Costumes. Fawn Serge and Brown Velveteen, £2 10s. 6d.
"Christine"—Promenade Costumes. Black Velveteen and Silk Jacket and Hat, £5 5s.
"Lymington"—Promenade Costumes. Fawn Matalasse and Velvet Galloon Jacket and Hat, £4 10s. 6d.
"Zarel"—Reception Dress. Brown Velveteen and Cream Brocaded Silk, £4 4s.
"Moscow"—Travelling Costumes. Fawn Camel's Hair Cloth, with Lynx Fur Jacket, Hat and Muff, £6 6s.
"Clyde"—Travelling Costumes. Fawn, Chameau Cloth and Raccoon Fur, Jacket, Hat and Muff, £5 10s. 6d.
"St. Malo"—Travelling Costumes. Prune Velveteen and Grey Fur, Jacket, Hat, and Muff, £5 18s. 6d.
"Bonnie Fishwife"—Yachting Costumes. Blue Serge and Red Twill, with Cap, £2 18s. 6d.
"Normandy"—Yachting Costumes. Green Serge and White Braid Jacket and Hat, £2 18s. 6d.
"Chiswick"—Deep Mourning Costume. Black Cachmere and Crape, with Bonnet, £4 10s. 6d.
"Chislehurst"—Complimentary Mourning Costume. Black Silk and Real Feather Trimming, £10 10s.
"Daybreak"—Dressing Gown. Pink Cachmere and Cream Braid, with Cap, £3 18s. 6d.
"Rainbow"—Dressing Gown. Striped Flannel, with Coloured Ruchings, £4 10s. 6d.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

"Leonora"—Bronze Cachmere and Silk Galloon, £2 5s. 6d.
"Lurline"—Brown and Pale Blue Silk Poplin, £2 2s.
"Valentine"—Brown and Cardinal Silk Poplin, £1 15s. 6d.
"Folly"—Claret Cachmere and Rose Silk, £1 17s. 6d.
"Surprise"—Navy Blue Cachmere and Pale Blue Silk, £1 19s. 6d.
"Iris"—White Flannel and Blue Braid, Jacket and Hat, £2 9s. 6d.
"Chipka"—Fawn Chameau Cloth and Raccoon Fur, Jacket, Hat, and Muff, £2 2s.
"Ida"—Pale Blue Cachmere and natural Feather Trimming, Jacket, Hat, and Muff, £2 12s. 6d.
"Patti"—Bronze Cachmere and Velveteen, £2 2s.
"Rosalice"—Navy Blue Velveteen and Pink Silk, £2 2s.
"Charmant"—Black Velveteen and Pale Blue Feather Trimming, Jacket, Hat, and Muff, £2 18s. 6d.
"Cossack"—White Flannel and White Fur, Jacket and Cap, £2 12s. 6d.
"Polo"—White Flannel and White Fur, Jacket and Cap, £2 18s. 6d.
"Silvio"—Blue Japanese and Torchon Lace, £1 11s. 6d.
"Caller Herrin"—Navy Blue Serge and Red Twill, with Cap, £1 18s. 6d.
"Pearl"—White Silk and Tulle, with Pearls, £2 9s. 6d.
"Rival"—Navy Blue Cachmere and Pale Blue Brocaded Silk, £1 19s. 6d.
"Cameron"—Green Cachmere and Pale Blue Brocaded Silk, £2 12s. 6d.
"Munroe"—Brown Serge and Pink Silk, £1 9s. 6d.
"Jessica"—Black Silk and Steel Buttons, £2 15s. 6d.
"Moonbeam"—Black Silk and Moonbeam Beads, £5 5s.
"Fairlight"—Dark Green Cachmere and Light Green and Silver Buttons, £1 17s. 6d.
"Winfred"—Ink Cachmere and Fawn Cachmere, £2 18s. 6d.

Patterns of Materials, Photographs, and every particular, post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S

GRAND EXHIBITION OF NOVELTIES
on MONDAY NEXT, the 15th, and following days.
In addition to the Prize Costumes in the above advertisement we shall show:—

10,000 pieces new fancy Dress Fabrics, including Serges of all kinds and at every price, commencing at 6¾d. a yard; also Diagonal Cloths, Matelasses, Estamenes, Shetlands, India and other fine Cachmeres, Scarboro Twills, Snowflakes, Camels'-hair, Vicuna Cloths, Rink Skirtings, with thousands of other new things, the production of every nation in Europe.

Patterns free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S

GRAND EXHIBITION OF NOVELTIES
On MONDAY NEXT, the 15th, and following days, will include:—
BLACK SILKS at 3s. 9d.
BLACK SILKS at 4s. 9d.
BLACK SILKS at 5s. 9d.
BLACK SILKS at 6s. 9d.
With various Cheap Lots from 1s. 11½d. to 9s. 11d. a yard; also Japanese and Coloured Silks of every kind at prices unprecedented
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

"FER BRAVAIS."

BRAVAIS' DIALYSED IRON.

THE ONLY PURE SOLUTION OF IRON WITHOUT ACID.

"IRON and OXYGEN combined, to the exclusion of all Acids, as Soluble Hydrate of Peroxide of Iron."
Vide Dr. J. RENGADE'S Report.

Prepared by RAOUL, BRAVAIS, and CO., 13, Rue Lafayette, Paris; London Office: 8, Idol Lane, Tower Street, E.C.
FIRST BRONZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875.
SOLE PRIZE, PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION, 1876.

This admirable Preparation does not CONSTIPATE, or disturb the digestive organs, and neither injures nor blackens the teeth. Its effect as a reconstituent are rapid and certain. IT HAS NO STYPTIC TASTE, and it is admirably adapted for all continuous treatment by Iron, possessing all the advantages of this MOST APPROVED TONIC in the highest degree. N.B. A LONDON PHYSICIAN WRITES: "I have given it to patients who have been unable to take Iron in any other form." PRICES: Bottle, full size, 4s. 6d.; small ditto, 3s.; in Card Box with drop measure complete. N.B. The full size bottles contain sufficient for about two months' regular treatment.

To be had of all leading Chemists and Druggists.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS

POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD

LIVER OIL (Registered).
The purest Oil, and by Almond flavouring, rendered palatable and easy of digestion.
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.

British Medical Journal says—Whilst securing the beneficial results traceable to Cod Liver Oil as a valuable tonic and dietetic, we have found no difficulty in inducing our little patients to take it.

Sanitary Record says—We have tried its effect on the most delicate constitutions with marked effect. So well are the odour and taste of the Oil disguised that children will take the preparation with avidity.

Medical Times says—The taste is decidedly masked by the almond flavouring.

Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists,
And Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited),
Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and

safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Gold chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43,

Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and

Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE

CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
3½ inch ivory, per doz.	15s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
3½ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
3¾ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	7s. 6d.
3¾ inch ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine ivory, per doz.	34s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

NOTICE.—CLEARANCE SALE OF

CHINA, EARTHENWARE, and GLASS, commencing OCTOBER 8.
Messrs. DAVENPORT and CO. beg to inform their friends and the Public generally that they intend disposing of the whole of their Surplus Stock of China, Earthenware, and Glass, on their Premises, 82, Fleet Street, London, and 30, Canning Place, Liverpool, at a reduction of 25 per cent. discount off usual prices. Commencing October 8, 1877.

ONE SHILLING MODEL RAILWAY

ENGINE, all Brass, with four wheels, smoke stack, steam dome. Travels at express speed. Post free, 15 stamps, large size 2s. MODEL STEAM ENGINE, 4-inch boiler, furnace, two cylinders, piston rods, driving wheel, &c., post free, 16 stamps, large size 2s.—W. WILTON, 9, Charles Street, St. James's Road, Holloway, London.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS

and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES

are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons.—

	£		
The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	3	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

DEANE and CO.'S London Kitcheners.—

DEANE and CO. manufacture, supply, and fix complete Cooking Apparatus, Kitcheners, Ranges, Hot Water Circulation, Bath Fittings, &c. Estimates free.

London Patt'n Close Fire.		London Patt'n Open Fire.		Flavel's Kitcheners.		Cheap Kitcheners.	
4 ft.	£13 10	4 ft. 6	£16 10	3 ft. 6	£10 0	3 ft.	£3 0
4 ft. 6	16 10	5 ft.	£20 0	4 ft.	£12 0	3 ft. 6	£6 0
5 ft.	19 10	5 ft. 6	£24 0	4 ft. 6	£13 10	4 ft.	£10 5

GAS CHANDELIERS and GASFITTINGS.

—The mansion, villa, or cottage fitted throughout.

	Two Light	Three Lights	Five Lights
	£ s. d. £ s. d.	£ s. £ s.	£ s. £ s.
Ormolu	0 18 6 to 2 0 0	2 10 to 6 6	4 10 to 10 10
Bronze	0 17 0 to 2 18 0	2 14 to 7 15	4 4 to 12 12
Crystal	. . . .	2 15 to 9 9	6 6 to 15 0

Manufactory and Workshops, No. 1, Jacob Street, Dockhead.
Deane and Co.'s complete Illustrated Catalogue post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, King William Street, London Bridge.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH

SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL

(SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. (Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND, HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER

PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CON-

STIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.
The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY.

Property of the French Government.
CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.
HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.
GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.
HOPITAL—For Stomach complaints, &c.
VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.
CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.
Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing,

and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d.
E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS.

BUDDHISM: Being a Sketch of the Life and Teaching of Gautama, the Buddha. By T. W. Rhys Davids, of the Middle Temple. With Map. 2s. 6d.

HINDUISM. By Monier Williams, M.A., D.C.L., &c. With Map. 2s. 6d.

ISLAM AND ITS FOUNDER. By J. W. H. Stobart, B.A., Principal, La Martinière College, Lucknow. With Map. 2s. 6d.

THE HEATHEN WORLD and ST. PAUL.

ST. PAUL IN GREECE. By the Rev. G. S. Davies, M.A., Charterhouse, Godalming. With Map. 2s.

ST. PAUL IN DAMASCUS AND ARABIA. By the Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A., Canon of Canterbury, Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford. With Map. 2s.

ST. PAUL AT ROME. By the Very Rev. Charles Merivale, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of Ely. With Map. 2s.

ST. PAUL IN ASIA MINOR AND AT THE SYRIAN ANTIOCH. By the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, Vicar of Bickley, Kent. With Map. 2s.

ANCIENT HISTORY FROM THE MONUMENTS.

BABYLONIA (The History of). By the late George Smith, Esq., of the Department of Oriental Antiquities, British Museum. Edited by the Rev. A. H. Sayce, Assistant Professor of Comparative Philology, Oxford. 2s.

GREEK CITIES AND ISLANDS OF ASIA MINOR. By W. S. W. Vaux, M.A., F.R.S. 2s.

MANUALS OF ELEMENTARY SCIENCE.

THE SPECTROSCOPE AND ITS WORK. By Richard A. Proctor, Author of "Saturn and its System," "The Sun," "The Moon," &c. With Coloured Diagram of the Spectra and Many Illustrations. 1s.

NEW SERIES OF TWELVE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

In Large Type, with numerous Illustrations. Each 1s.

NATURAL HISTORY TOY BOOKS.

Imperial 8vo. Each containing Ten Pictures printed in Colours, with Descriptive Letterpress, Ornamental paper cover, 6d.
No. 1. Wild Animals.
No. 2. Singing Birds.
No. 3. British Wild Birds.
No. 4. Seaside Birds.
No. 5. British Animals.
No. 6. Favourite Dogs.

FIFTH CONTINENT (The), with the

ADJACENT ISLANDS. Being an Account of Australia, Tasmania, and New Guinea, with Statistical Information to the latest date. By Charles H. Eden, Author of "Australia's Heroes," &c. With Map. 5s.

HORÆ PAULINÆ. By William Paley, M.A., Archdeacon of Carlisle. A New Edition, with Notes, Appendix, and Preface by J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. 3s.

ARGUMENT FROM PROPHECY (The). By the Rev. Brownlow Maitland, M.A., Author of "Scepticism and Faith," &c. 1s. 6d.

DRIFTED AWAY. A Tale of Adventure. With Three Full-page Illustrations on toned paper. 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

OUR VALLEY. By the Author of "The Children of Seeligsberg," &c. With three Full-page Illustrations on toned paper. 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

OWEN HARTLEY; OR, UPS AND DOWNS. A Tale of the Land and Sea. By William H. G. Kingston, Esq., Author of "The Settlers," &c. With Five Full-page Illustrations on toned paper. 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

SHEPHERD OF ARDMUIR (The). With Three Full-Page Illustrations on toned paper. 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

SNOWBALL SOCIETY (The): A Story for Children. By M. Bramston, Author of "Rosamond Ferrars," &c., &c. With Three Full-page Illustrations on toned paper. 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

SNOW FORT AND THE FROZEN LAKE (The); or, Christmas Holidays at Pond House. By Eadgyth. With Three Full-page Illustrations on toned paper. 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

GIRLS OF DREDEN (The); and Manor House Stories. By Mrs. Stanley Leathes. With Three Full-page Illustrations on toned paper. Crown 8vo, 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

TWO VOYAGES, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM. By the author of "Motherless Maggie," &c. With Three Full-page Illustrations on toned paper. 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

THE GREAT CAPTAIN: An Eventful Chapter in Spanish History. By Ulick R. Burke, M.A. With Two Full-page Illustrations on toned paper. 2s.; gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

SEPPI. Adapted from the German of *Franz Hoffmann.* By M. Montgomerie Campbell. With Three Page Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.; gilt edges, 2s.

STORIES FROM ITALIAN HISTORY. By D. Montgomerie Ranking. With Two Full-page Illustrations on toned paper. 1s. 6d.; gilt edges, 2s.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. Adapted from the German of Ernst Andolt. With Three Page Illustrations. 1s.; gilt edges, 1s. 3d.

WALTER CAMPBELL; OR, THE CHORISTER'S REWARD. By the Author of "Ellen Mansel," &c. With Three Page Illustrations. 1s.; gilt edges, 1s. 3d.

CARDS FOR CHRISTIAN SEASONS

and FRIENDLY GREETINGS, &c.

HAPPY GREETINGS. In a Packet containing Twelve Floral Cards printed in Colours, per packet, 1s.

BIRTHDAY LETTER CARDS. In a Packet containing Three Cards, printed in Colours, per packet, 6d.

COMPLIMENTARY LETTER CARDS. Uniform with the Birthday Letter Cards. In a Packet containing Three Cards printed in Colours, per packet, 6d.

LONDON: 77, GREAT QUEEN ST.,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS, W.C.;
ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and
48, PICCADILLY, W.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE

Containing the following Popular Dance Music:—

TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS	CHAS. D'ALBERT.
CONSTANTINOPLE QUADRILLE	CHAS. D'ALBERT.
DIE FLEDERMAUS WALTZ	JOHANN STRAUSS.
LES LOINTAINS WALTZ	EMILE WALDTEUFEL.
MAIDEN'S DREAM WALTZ	EDWARD HOFFMAN.
THE SCHOMBERG GALOP	CHAS. D'ALBERT.
FLORETTA POLKA	CHAS. D'ALBERT.
PIZZICATO POLKA	J. & J. STRAUSS.
FORGET-ME-NOT GALOP	A. HECKER.

And a New Quadrille,
MOLLIE DARLING. By CHAS. D'ALBERT.
Price One Shilling; post free, 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG.

THE DISTANT SHORE. New Song by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd during his Promenade Tour in October. Price (in E flat, F and G) 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE ROWAN TREE. New Song by M. W. BALFE. Will be sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling during her Tour in the Provinces. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

MARCH of THE PASHAS, for the Pianoforte. By JOHN PRIDHAM. Beautifully illustrated, with Portraits of Mehemet Ali, Suleiman Pasha, and Hobart Pasha. Price, post free, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	2 0
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2 0
SULTAN'S POLKA (New Edition)	1 6

All of the above are arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s; Septet, 2s. each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 2 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE.

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter.

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.—50, New Bond Street.

Price 2s. 6d. each volume, paper; 4s. cloth, gilt edges.

THE ROYAL SONG BOOKS.

RUBINSTEIN'S 50 SONGS.
RUBINSTEIN'S 18 VOCAL DUETS.
BEETHOVEN'S 76 SONGS.
MENDELSSOHN'S 60 SONGS.
SCHUMANN'S 75 SONGS.
THE SONGS OF GERMANY (100 Volkslieder).
The above have all German and English words.
THE SONGS OF ENGLAND (100 songs).
THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND (150 songs).
THE SONGS OF IRELAND (108 Songs).
THE SONGS OF WALES (62 songs).
The above form a complete collection of National Songs.
SACRED SONGS. ANCIENT AND MODERN (100 Songs.
HUMOROUS SONGS (72 New and Old Songs).
CHOICE DUETS FOR LADIES' VOICES (24 duets).
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London, and all Musicsellers and Booksellers.

Price One Shilling each.

BOOSEY'S MUSICAL INSTRUCTORS

DR. CALLCOTT'S GRAMMAR OF MUSIC.
W. T. BEST'S FIRST ORGAN BOOK.
J. W. ELLIOT'S NEW HARMONIUM TUTOR.
HENNINGS' FIRST BOOK FOR THE VIOLIN.
CASE'S VIOLIN TUTOR.
BRINLEY RICHARDS' FIRST LESSONS FOR THE PIANO.
GEORGE MOUNT'S POPULAR PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
DR. SPARK'S HANDY-BOOK OF CHORAL SINGING.
BALFE'S BALLAD TUTOR.
VACCAJ'S SINGING METHOD, without Solfeggi.
HATTON'S SINGING TUTOR FOR LADIES' VOICES.
HATTON'S SINGING TUTOR FOR MEN'S VOICES.
KAPPEY'S CLARIONET TUTOR.
EDWARD HOWELL'S FIRST BOOK for the VIOLONCELLO.
R. S. PRATTEN'S FLUTE TUTOR.
STANTON JONES' CORNET TUTOR.
CASE'S ENGLISH CONCERTINA TUTOR.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

Price 1s. each book.

BOOSEY'S CABINET CLASSICS.

203. RUBINSTEIN'S ALBUM (11 best pieces). 1s.
206. RUBINSTEIN'S SIX STUDIES, 1s.
207. RUBINSTEIN'S SIX PRELUDES, 1s.
204. BRAHMS' ALBUM (including 16 waltzes). 1s.
205. RAFF'S ALBUM (6 best pieces), 1s.
80. HELLER'S ALBUM (12 pieces). 1s.
111. HELLER'S PETIT ALBUM (10 pieces). 1s.
85. HELLER'S PROMENADES D'UN SOLITAIRE 1s
140. HELLER'S 24 STUDIES. 1s.
102. SCHUMANN'S KINDERSCENEN, &c. 1s.
113. SCHUMANN'S 1st ALBUM FOR YOUTH. 1s
159. SCHUMANN'S 2nd ALBUM FOR YOUTH. 1s.
160. SCHUMANN'S 3rd ALBUM FOR YOUTH. 1s.
117. CHOPIN'S WALTZES, complete. 1s.
143. CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS, complete. 1s
171. CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES, complete 1s.
208. CHOPIN'S 25 PRELUDES
190. FIELD'S TEN NOCTURNES (all the best). 1s.
33-35. MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS (Six books).
114 BEETHOVEN'S WALTZ ALBUM (45 waltzes).
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

With fifteen Illustrations, price 2s. 6d

LILLIE'S FIRST MUSIC BOOK (64 Pages, Music size. "The most admirable tutor extant for the pianoforte."—*Somerset Herald.*
BOOSEY and CO., London.

THE CHORALIST. Twelve Anthems and Sacred Part-Songs by Arthur Sullivan have been added to this popular series, which now contains 224 numbers, price one penny each. Specimen for one stamp.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST.

All Music post free at half-price.

I'D RATHER BE AN ENGLISHMAN. National and Patriotic Song by JOHN HART. "This song cannot fail to awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of all who hear it. The words are excellent, and the music is bold and stirring." Published in G for baritone or bass, and in C for tenor. Post free, 18 stamps.

WE ROAM AND RULE THE SEA. New Song. Words by Dr. W. C. BENNETT. Music by J. B. WALDECK, for baritone or bass. "At the present moment it would be difficult to meet with a song more worthy of a hearty reception, or more likely to prove acceptable to a British audience." Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONG by FLORIAN PASCAL. —DAWN-SONG (Aubade), with English and Italian Words. Sung with the greatest success by Signor Giannini at Arditi's Concerts. Post free, 24 stamps. The special attention of Tenors is invited to this most artistic and effective song.

PINSUTI'S POPULAR SONGS.

The Raft. Descriptive Song, Sung by Signor Foli. In F and G. 4s.
I Love My Love. Soprano, B flat, or Contralto, A flat. 4s.
What We Have Loved We Love For Ever. 4s.
Wilt Thou Be Mine. 3s.
The Maiden's Flower Song. 3s.
Love Will Shine All Through. 4s.
The Owl (Baritone or Bass). 4s.
"The above songs are universally acknowledged to be the finest productions of this most talented composer."

CAMPANA'S FAVOURITE SONGS.

Bessie's Mistake. 4s. Why Blooms the Rose. 3s.
Loving and Beloved. 3s. Far from My Eyes. 3s.
From Distant Lands. Sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling.
Also his very popular Duet—
Children's Voices. 3s.

SHALL I WEAR A WHITE ROSE? New Song. By EMILY FARMER. Poetry by SAVILLE CLARK. This charming Song is now being sung by Madame Trebelli at her Provincial Concerts with perfect success. Published in E flat and G, for Soprano or Contralto. Post free, 24 stamps.

VERY SUSPICIOUS! H. Clifton's renowned Serio-Comic Duet for Lady and Gentlemen, introducing popular songs. Also, the Medley Duet, "Love and Pride." "Just the thing for penny readings and amateur concerts." Either sent free, 24 stamps.

ROBINSON CRUSOE! H. Clifton's enormously popular Comic Medley. Humorously Illustrated. "His songs are always free from the vulgarity which is unfortunately characteristic of some modern comic songs." Lists of Clifton's Comic and Motto Songs gratis.

EDWARD TERRY'S COMPLAINTS, or, THE ILLS OF LIFE AND THEIR REMEDIES. By E. TERRY. "This song, without doubt, is one of the funniest of modern comic songs, and cannot fail to elicit the most hearty applause wherever sung." The recital of his complaints by the author is always well received and encored thrice. A New Edition now ready, with Comic Illustration of the Author, sent post free for 18 stamps.

POPULAR COMIC SONGS.

The Agreeable Young Man	Harry Clifton.
Don't Be After Ten	Do.
Artful Joe	Geo. Leybourne.
Captain Oo Wellington Boots	Do.
The Fairy Queen	Do.
Father Says I May	Do.
Ephriam Fox	Henry Clark.
Glycerina	Walter Howard.
It's Very Aggravating	G. Hunt.
Keep It a Secret	G. W. Moore.
Oh Nicodemus	Fred Coyne
Paddy's Dream	G. Ware.

All the above are Illustrated; may be sung anywhere by anybody, and sent post free, 18 stamps each.

POPULAR MOTTO SONGS.

Broken Down	Harry Clifton.
Pulling Hard Against the Stream	Do.
Seventy-two and as Hard as Steel	Do.
Shabby Genteel	Do.
Wait for the Turn of the Tide	Do.
Pull Slow and Steady	Harry Lynn.
Out in the Green Field	Walter Field.
Shun the Thing That's Wrong, Friend.	

All the above are specially recommended, being full of point and entirely free from all vulgarity. Post free, 18 stamps each.

HARRY HUNTER'S MOTTO SONGS.

Cheerily Ever. Nulli Secundus.
Keep a Good Heart. Take Things as They Are.
There's Danger in Delay. Jolly Good Humour.
Post free, 18 stamps each.

HARRY HUNTER'S COMIC SONGS.

It Hasn't Happened Yet. Kiss and be Friends.
Cadging I Roam. The Fancy Fair.
I Saw Esau. Peter Perfect.
I'm Sorry I Made the Remark.
Doctor Says I'm Not to Be Worried.
Post free, 18 stamps each. A List of 60 Songs by Harry Hunter sent free on application.

HARRY HUNTER'S BANJO SONGS, as sung by Walter Howard with the greatest success at St James's Hall.

Get Out. Poor Thing
His Name was Joshua.
Post free, 18 stamps each.—Note. There is no restriction on these songs.

HOW THAT POOR GIRL SUFFERED FOR ME. New Song by HARRY HUNTER. Sung Nightly by Walter Howard, and always encored. Illustrated with portrait of the singer in character. Post free, 18 stamps.

HOBART PASHA MARCH. By MICHAEL WATSON. Just issued. With splendid portrait in colours of this celebrity. Price 3s.

H. WEIST HILL'S COMPOSITIONS, performed with great success at the Alexandra Palace.

VALSES.
Alma. 4s
Son Image. 2s.
True Love. 1s

POLKAS.
Gertrude. 1s. 6d.
Belle of the Promenade. 1s 6d.

Gavotte, Madame de Pompadour (Beautifully Illustrated) 2s.
Bashi Bazouk Galop. 1s. 6d. Osmanli March. 1s. 6d.
To Paris in 10 Hours Galop. 1s. 6d.
Review—"Marked by far more thought and musical ability than dance music usually is"

ARDITI'S L'INGÉNUE. Morceau à la Gavotte. 3s. Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.

Berceuse. 3s. Also for Small Band, 1s net.
La Princesse. 3s. (Gavotte) Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
Performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts
Près le Lac, 2ième Méditation. 3s.
Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.
Pavane Royale de Louis XIV. 3s.
Air de Ballet. New Simplified Edition by Arthur Grenville. 3s.
Thematic lists of this favourite composer's sent free on application.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—AUTREFOIS (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). This charming little morceau has already run through several editions, and seems likely to rival the ever popular "Danse Favorite" of the same composer. Post free, 18 stamps

FLORIAN PASCAL.—UN BIJOU PERDU.—"M. Pascal is to be congratulated upon having rescued from oblivion this really exquisite little gem, the melody of which is so captivating that we venture to predict for it great popularity." As piano solo, now ready, 18 stamps.

CATALOGUES GRATIS AND POST FREE.

Shipping Orders on most favourable terms

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent post free to any part of the World.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S YELLOW CATALOGUE for 1878, compiled expressly for the use of the Trade, Profession, and Schools, comprising a selection of upwards of 4,000 Standard Musical Works, will be ready early in December. Among the composers of Pianoforte Music will be found the names of Beethoven, Bach, Bertini, Chopin, Clementi, Czerny, Cramer (John), Dussek, Handel, Haydn, Henselt, Hummel, Herz, Kalkbrenner, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Mozart, Scarlatti, Schubert, Schumann, Schulhoff, Thalberg, Weber, &c., &c. Among the Vocal—Bishop, Braham, Arne, Dibdin, Callcott, Shield, Horn, Purcell, Haydn, Moore, Mazzinghi, Handel, &c., &c. Sent gratis and post free to any part of the world. All applications for trade terms must contain card, circular, or reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS are to be had of every Musicseller and Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, and India, or will be sent direct post free at half the marked price (bound works and cheap vocal part music excepted) to any part of the world on receipt of remittance or satisfactory reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE METHOD.

Price Five Shillings.

This unrivalled work is now firmly established as *the* Pianoforte Instruction-Book in nearly all the principal educational establishments in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States of America, India, Australia, New Zealand, &c. It is supplied direct by the Publishers, or may be had of any Musicseller in the world
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto) This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

Piano Solo	4 0
Piano Duet	4 0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4 0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s. d.
An Autumn Leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3 0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3 0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3 0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3 0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1 0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1 0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2 6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1 0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3 0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2 0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3 0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3 0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2 6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1 0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4 0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1 0
On Song's bright Pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4 0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1 0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3 0
Rêverie au Bois (Study, Op. 45, No. 13)	1 0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2 0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1 0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3 0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1 0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 60, No. 2)	3 0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'s MUSICAL BOX. Caprice for the Pianoforte. By J. LIEBICH (the first he composed), and performed by him at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, and twice encored. Free by post for 24 stamps.

A FRAGMENT from MENDELSSOHN, arranged for the pianoforte by C. A. CASPAR. 4s.; post free, 24 stamps.—London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., and of all Musicsellers.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANOFORTE. 1,244th Edition.—This popular and standard book has been thoroughly modernised, and will now be found much more progressive. It begins at the lowest step of the ladder. Every little lesson has been carefully fingered and arranged, with a view to the position of the hand, and in the order of difficulty with reference to the keys. Solo duets have been added, and the part for the pupil placed over that for the teacher, in order further to explain the time-table. The improvements of the book will be found both practical and useful, and calculated to strengthen its position and increase its world-wide popularity. Post free for 28 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

POPULAR QUADRILLES for the Pianoforte, as Solos and Duets. 4s. each; post free at half-price.

The United Service. F. Godfrey.
The Osborne. S. Glover.
The Globe. S. Glover.
The Gypsy. S. Glover.
The Holyday. S. Glover
The True Friends. S. Glover.

The Pussey. A. Leduc.
Pretty Polly. A. Leduc.
The Canary. R. Linter
The Goldfinch. R. Linter.
The Garden Party. W. Smallwood.
The Moselle. W. Smallwood.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

THE SENTINEL'S MARCH, composed by JOHN PRIDHAM for the Pianoforte (finely illustrated title), 4s.; post free, 24 stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO. Order everywhere.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM; a Descriptive Fantasia for the Pianoforte. By J. PRIDHAM. Illustrated title, 4s.; post free, 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM; a Descriptive Fantasia for the Pianoforte. By J. PRIDHAM. Illustrated title, 4s.; post free, 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

LYSIS; Romaunt for the Pianoforte, composed by W. S. ROCKSTRO. 4s., post free, 24 stamps. "A graceful melody, skilfully managed, affording excellent practice for more advanced players."—Vide *Scotsman.*
London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., 6, New Burlington Street.

DANCING MADE EASY.–COULON'S HANDBOOK OF DANCING is the most complete treatise on the subject, containing full descriptions of all dances, new and old, illustrated by upwards of forty woodcuts Price 1s.; post free, 13 stamps.—A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, W. All new music half-price.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—On MONDAY and TUESDAY, the 15th and 16th October, Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. will OFFER for SALE an immense stock of FLANNELS, SERGES, and CALICOES, purchased for cash during the recent depression, and which will be sold off much below their usual cost. Reduced price lists will be sent post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO., Complete House Furnishers, 67 to 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, near Tottenham Court Road.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CARPETS.— OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received their new designs in Carpets for the present season, adapted to every class of furnishing, from the richest qualities and most artistic designs to the neat and inexpensive kinds. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Morone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.
OETZMANN and CO.

SIDEBOARDS, OETZMANN and CO. —Large and Handsome Mahogany or Oak Sideboards, with High Plate Glass Back and Carved Mountings, price 15 guineas; Massive Spanish Mahogany or Oak ditto, very handsome, 25 guineas; Noble Spanish Mahogany or Oak ditto, handsomely carved and lofty, Plate Glass Back, made and finished in the best possible manner, price 35 guineas. A variety of Early English and other designs, in rich Spanish Mahogany, or finest carved Oak, from 25 to 50 guineas.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas. Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas. Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards.—OETZMANN and CO.

BEDDING DEPARTMENT.—Strong Iron Bedsteads, from 6s. 6d. each; superior Iron French ditto, 15s. 9d.; handsome Arabian Bedsteads, from 27s. 6d. upwards; excellent Mattresses, full size, 12s. 6d.; good Feather Beds, full size, 30s.; ditto Bolsters, 7s. 6d.; ditto Pillows, 3s. 9d. each; handsome 3 ft. Mahogany Washstands, with Marble Top, 18s. 6d.; Mahogany Toilet Glass, Best Plate Glass (size of plate, 16 inches by 12 inches), 6s. 6d.

PAPER-HANGINGS. — OETZMANN and CO.—PAPER HANGINGS at WHOLESALE PRICES.—A great reduction in price. All the new patterns are now on view at the Show Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS. FURNITURE.
CARPETS. FURNITURE.
CARPETS. FURNITURE.
CARPETS. FURNITURE.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 3 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT. — Stout Tapestry Brussels Carpet, 1s. 9½d.; handsome pattern ditto, from 2s 2d. to 2s 9d. per yard; superior Brussels, new designs, from 2s. 11d. upwards. These prices are much below value. Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, 1s 11d. per yard; Patent Felt Carpeting, from 11½d. per yard; Superior Rock Dye ditto, handsome designs, double width, 1s. 11d. per yard; excellent Stair Carpet, from 6d. per yard; Best Quality, all Wool, ditto, 1s. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.
OETZMANN and CO.

DRAPERY DEPARTMENT.—Large white quilts, 2½ yards by 2 yards, 4s. 11d.; handsome marsella ditto, 9s. 9d.; white wool blankets, from 6s. per pair (see special reduced list sent post free); large Witney ditto, 2½ yards long, 9s 11d. per pair; handsome cloth table covers, from 4s. 11d.; magnificent ditto, large size, 10s. 11d.; good chintzes, new patterns, 4½d. per yard; Cretonne ditto, from 6d. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

MUSLIN and LACE CURTAINS.— CLEARING OUT.—Elegant design, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 and 56 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Tuileries lace curtains, 4 yards long by 72 inches wide, 21s per pair. A special reduced list of curtains, with size and description, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

EXHIBITION PATTERN COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the season much admired, handsomely japanned, and rich burnished gold ornamentation, with opal handles, strong loose lining, a great convenience and saving in wear. Price complete, 21s.—OETZMANN and CO

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT. —Alexandra pattern Toilet Services, ewer, basin, &c., complete—9 pieces, 7s. 11d.; handsome ditto, 9s. 9d.; richly cut Decanters, 7s 6d. per pair; cut Wines, from 2s. 6d. per dozen; superior ditto, richly cut, reduced to 5s. 9d. per dozen; Gilt Clocks, under glass shades, from 18s. 9d. upwards; Cottage Clocks, from 5s 9d. each; elegant Lustres, Vases, Parian Figures, &c.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway) Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—OCTOBER 13, 1877

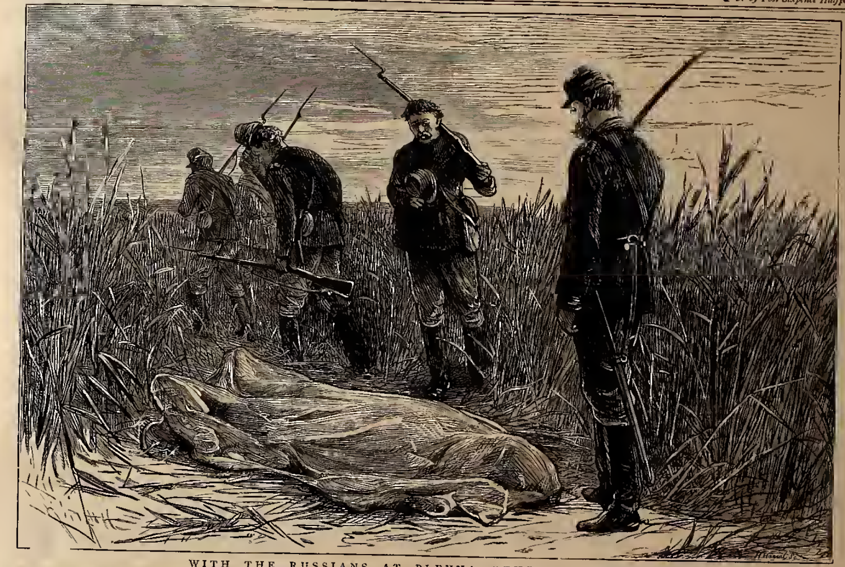
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

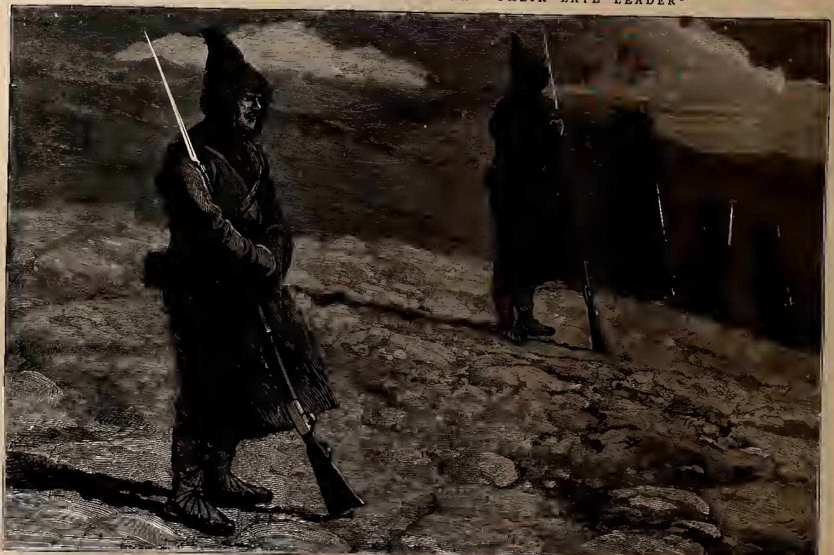
VOL. XVI.—No. 412
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



WITH THE RUSSIANS AT PLEVNA—"THEIR LATE LEADER"



WITH SULEIMAN PASHA—NIGHT SENTRIES IN CAMP AT SHIPKA

Topics of the Week

The French Elections.——It has often been said that France is the land of surprises, and the commonplace was never better illustrated than in the result of the elections which were looked forward to with so much intense eagerness. Many observers prophesied that the Republicans would gain a splendid victory; others were of opinion that the Government would be completely triumphant. Few supposed that neither of these things would happen; that both the Government and the Republicans would be disappointed. Yet the unforeseen is what has actually happened. It is true the Republicans go back to Versailles with a large majority; but their number is considerably smaller than in the last Chamber. The glowing anticipations of M. de Fourtou have not been realised; but the supporters of Marshal MacMahon have acquired a genuine increase of influence. The fact is of course mainly due to the enormous exertions of the Ministry. In the cities, where the power of the Home Office could make itself least felt, the verdict was in accordance with the hopes of M. Gambetta. Paris especially proved that she is thoroughly Republican, and will never resign herself either to the Legitimists or the Bonapartists. In small towns and remote country districts, however, the Ministry of the Interior can bring immense pressure to bear upon the electors; and it is among them that the Marshal has found his new allies. What next? is the question which now agitates all minds. The future would have been tolerably clear had the nation spoken either as Radicals or as Conservatives prophesied; but as matters are, both sides are visibly perplexed. Marshal MacMahon cannot but see that the intelligence of France is not with him in the high-handed policy he has recently adopted; M. Gambetta has also learned that caution on his part is more than ever necessary. A wise President would seize the opportunity to effect a compromise. If a Ministry of moderate tendencies were appointed, it is improbable that the Republicans would oppose it; and in the circumstances even the Bonapartists might make up their minds to the temporary predominance of the Left Centre. The Marshal, however, is in bad hands; and no one can feel quite sure that he will have insight or courage enough to break away from his advisers. Hitherto, at any rate, he has shown himself excessively obstinate and narrow-minded. Should he persist in retaining M. de Broglie, and should the latter move on the lines on which he has advanced since he rose to power, France has a very unquiet and dangerous period before her. The Chamber will be the scene of an incessant conflict, which will render a fresh appeal to the constituencies absolutely necessary. With Germany and Italy looking on with angry suspicion, every one who wishes well to France must sincerely hope that she will be spared this trial and humiliation.

The Penge Convicts.——Up to the time of writing this we do not know whether the Home Secretary holds that the four prisoners are legally innocent of the charge brought against them, or whether he holds that some of them are guilty of the less heinous offence of manslaughter. We say, some of them, for if this latter view be taken, Alice Rhodes must be altogether exonerated. Meanwhile one thing is certain, namely, that Mr. Cross would not have reversed the decision of the judge and jury but for the strong feeling which was manifested out of doors. It becomes, therefore, a matter of some importance to trace how this strong feeling originated. Up to the moment when sentence was passed public opinion was dead against the prisoners. The almost universal belief was that they all, with possibly varying degrees of guilt, had committed a murder of unparalleled barbarity. But when people got up on the following morning, and learnt from their newspapers that four of their fellow countrymen had been cast for death, two of the convicts being women, a marvellous revulsion of feeling took place. Instantly the sentimental side of the English character came into prominence, that national trait of ours which Continentals find it so hard to comprehend, which often impels to worthy deeds, but which sometimes sacrifices justice to misplaced tenderness. Had there been but one convicted murderer in the Penge case the popular conscience would have felt no twinge at his execution. But to hang four people at once, all of them young, and two of them women, seemed a dreadful and unheard-of thing. So the newspapers teemed with indignant correspondence, and by degrees it began to dawn on the public mind that the murder had not been so conclusively proved as was at first supposed. The increasing clamour caused the Government to take the matter up; the case was, for all practical purposes, tried over again; and the tribunal, guided chiefly by the opinion of some eminent medical men, concluded, as we are led to presume from the respite which has been announced, that there was not sufficient evidence to convict the prisoners of murder. We express no opinion as to whether the Home Office is right and the Old Bailey wrong, or *vice versâ;* all we desire to show is that this second official inquiry would not have taken place had not popular sentimentalism been deeply stirred by the impending horror of a quadruple execution.

The Aldermen and Sir John Bennett.——It is impossible not to regret the course the Court of Aldermen has seen fit to pursue in regard to Sir John Bennett. We have, of course, nothing to do with the grounds on which they have resolutely declined to accept him as one of their number. They have not made these grounds public, so that the subject is not a fair one for discussion. The broad fact is that the Court has felt itself justified in opposing the declared will of the electors. What was good enough for the inhabitants of the ward was not, it appears, good enough for the Aldermen; consequently they have three times exercised their right of veto. No one denies that this right belongs to them, but a public body may possess abstract rights which it is very inexpedient to use, and we cannot but think that this is true in the present instance. For ages we have gradually been making our public institutions more and more popular. We talk less than our French neighbours of the will of the majority, but in no country in the world is that will more influential. In the United States themselves the action of the Government is not so quickly controlled by public opinion as it is in England. The Aldermen may, therefore, be very sure that they will not long be allowed to play the despot. Electors may be right or wrong, but when they have proclaimed their decision the whole spirit of modern liberty requires that it shall be acted upon. Is it quite wise to force upon general attention the necessity for some such reform? So long as old institutions work, Englishmen are quite willing that they should be let alone; but it is dangerous to strain too severely antiquated principles. If a process of change is once begun, nobody can tell whether it will be confined within absolutely just limits.

A Russian Success.——Those journalists who only a few days ago confidently asserted that the campaign in Asia had virtually closed, and that the Russians would have to wait until the spring for any chance of retrieving their late reverses, will perhaps be for the future more chary of their predictions. The defeat sustained by Ghazi Mukhtar is the most serious and the most decisive which has befallen either side since the war began. The Russians, it is true, have suffered many reverses both in Europe and Asia since the first assault on Plevna, but they have never yet had an army cut in two, or been compelled to surrender a large portion of their forces to the enemy. It is fortunate for the Turks that the disaster has come so late in the season, for the severity of the weather may possibly prevent such a prolonged investment of Kars as would lead to its capture. Still, in spite of the aid of such powerful allies as Frost and Snow, the military prospects of the Turks in Asia are undeniably gloomy. Mukhtar was evidently overmatched, and the important question now is whether he can collect a fresh army in a region which has been nearly exhausted as a recruiting-ground in order to supply the needs of the Turkish generals in Europe.

A Truant School.——It is to be feared that although the boy who plays truant is not a model of all the virtues he commands a good deal of sympathy. The young rascal is generally full of life and energy; and he has in a high degree the supreme British quality—a passionate love of freedom. Even those who have a sneaking liking for him, however, admit that it is necessary to put him down. He makes anything but creditable progress with his work; and his influence on his fellows is far from encouraging to the schoolmaster. The London School Board, after much consideration, have resolved to deal with him by forming a school for his especial benefit. It is to be in Hackney, and its great peculiarity will be that except when lessons are being said, or when the children have occasion to address the teacher, absolute silence will be maintained. A truant will be sent by the magistrate for a week to this terrible institution when all other means of impressing him have failed. Fresh offences will expose the young criminals to the chance of being detained two, three, or even four weeks. We observe that the scheme has met with some opposition in the daily papers; and it certainly does sound somewhat harsh. But everything will depend upon the manner in which it is carried out. A firm but cautious and patient master may give effect to the idea of the Board without exciting against it the smallest prejudice. A great deal is now demanded of public elementary schoolmasters; they are expected to attain in their work a standard, in regard both to amount and quality, far beyond that reached by their class in the last generation. It is only fair that the conditions of their labour should be made as favourable as the circumstances of their rather trying calling will permit.

Cleopatra's Needle.——Mr. Dixon is a sanguine man, and possibly his cheerful anticipations may be verified, otherwise it seems improbable that the *Cleopatra*, with such an unwieldy cargo as the monolith on board of her, could keep afloat, after being abandoned, during a gale as severe as that of last Sunday night. The most lamentable part of the affair is the loss of the six brave fellows who went from the *Olga* to rescue the crew of the *Cleopatra*, and whose boat was swamped. We should be well content, provided their lives had been saved, that the obelisk should have gone irremediably to the bottom of the Atlantic. Would it not have been wiser to wait till next summer before undertaking a voyage involving so much risk? October is notoriously a treacherous month, as it is then that the so-called equinoctial gales, which usually come a month after the equinox, begin to blow. Should the obelisk be recovered, it will naturally become an object of greater interest than ever on account of the adventures which it has undergone, and, we may add, of the precious lives which it has sacrificed. Should it not be recovered, each of the æsthetic enthusiasts who have flooded the newspapers with their suggestions can amuse himself by fancying how well it would have looked in the pet spot of his own selection.

An International Tribunal.——General Grant deserves gratitude for a manly little speech he delivered the other day in Birmingham. It is not every soldier who has the courage to say that he regards the appeal to the sword as a brutal and essentially uncivilised mode of settling disputes; and a brilliantly successful soldier might be pardoned if he took a quite different view. Yet General Grant said nothing short of this to his Birmingham friends, and he added that he hoped a day would come when a tribunal would be established whose authority in regard to serious subjects of misunderstanding all the nations of the earth would recognise. Those who share this opinion must be pleased to find it supported by a man who has held so lofty a position, and who still exerts considerable influence. The impulse of most men is to pooh-pooh the notion as Utopian; but at any rate it is better to have a great political ideal than to go on from day to day as if we had already exhausted the possibilities of existence. For our part, we do not believe that the plan is so Utopian as it seems. The whole tendency of progress has been in this direction. In the Middle Ages the authority of the Papacy was almost the only influence which reminded nations that they had common rights and duties. Since then the vast body of international law has been slowly formed; and it must not be forgotten that at least in one instance two of the foremost nations of the earth, America and England, have disposed of a long-standing quarrel by arbitration. The Gladstone Government did much good work in its best days; but the time will probably come when its acceptance of the Geneva Tribunal will be ranked as the greatest of its achievements. If a few more men like General Grant would speak out as he has done, a real impetus would be given to the movement among the most active minds of the time.

Westminster School.——Although this is emphatically an age of great cities, no previous generation had, perhaps, so keen an appreciation as the present of the disadvantages of urban as compared to rural, or semi-rural, existence. Indeed, this love of green fields is one of the most potent reasons why our cities are growing so rapidly. Nearly every citizen who can afford it tries to live as near the edge of his town as possible, and so it comes to pass that the edge has to be continually pushed further outwards, and that the green fields, thanks to the combined efforts of thousands of determined ruralisers, are found every year to be further off. A couple of hundred years hence, perhaps, when aerial machines will be as common as cabs and omnibuses now are, there will be no residential towns at all. Everybody—a few care-takers and policemen excepted—will sleep in country air, and cities will be used for all that they are really fit for—namely, as temporary resorts for business or pleasure purposes. We are already on the road to this happy achievement, a large number of us are suburban dwellers, but we have not reached the goal yet, nor are we likely to reach it for some generations to come. Without referring here to the labouring classes, a good many people of the middle and higher ranks are still, owing to various circumstances, obliged to live in the central districts of London and other great towns. Most of these people have children, and as all parents, for sundry reasons, do not approve of boarding-schools, it is advisable that for such persons there should be good day-schools within a convenient distance. This is the most forcible argument for the retention of Westminster on its present site. If it were mainly a boarding-school, we should strongly advocate its removal, as Charterhouse has been removed, and, as we hope, Christ's Hospital will before long be removed; but, being what it is, it seems to fulfil a more useful function by staying where it is, than by emigrating into the country.

Weather Forecasts.——Speaking of weather predictions, Dr. Johnson is reported to have said that a weather-wise man might in the morning foretell what sort of weather there would be between that time and evening, but that he was powerless to predict the weather four-and-twenty hours in advance. Till recently this observation remained substantially true; but now, owing to the invention of the electric telegraph, and its ramification over the civilised world, the statement needs to be received with some modification. Formerly the meteorologist's field of observation was bounded by the limited horizon visible to his own eyes; whereas now he may sit in his office in London, and receive, from a staff of messengers, travelling more swiftly than the swiftest hurricane, a series of simultaneous reports from places as far distant apart as Bergen, Gibraltar, the Texel, and Valentia. The practical result of these improvements is that it is now possible to issue weather-warnings to seafaring persons and others, which are in the majority of cases absolutely verified; and to this cause it is no doubt in some degree attributable that the remarkable storm which swept over these islands on the night of Sunday last, and which did so much damage on land, caused, in comparison with its exceeding violence, little damage by sea. Mariners, having received timely warning, either sought shelter at once, or forbore from quitting the shelter in which they already lay. In enumerating some of the places from which a modern meteorologist receives his almost instantaneous reports, we purposely omitted to mention America, because it is doubtful whether, with our present stock of knowledge, any practical inferences of value can be drawn from the weather phenomena of a region separated from us by an ocean nearly 3,000 miles wide. The storm from New York, which was predicted to reach our shores on the 10th inst., certainly did not visit us on that day, which was remarkably calm; but at the same time it is possible that the great gale of Sunday night was part of the same convulsion, although it had been delayed four days on the road.

Notice.——*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 372 and 381.*

AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Messrs. Clifford, Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, &c. Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K. Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. Edward Righton.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, £200 A-YEAR. At 7.45, STOLEN KISSES. At 10, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, F. H. Macklin, Gaines, A. H. Warren, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames E. Ritta, Compton, I. Clifton, C. Jecks, and Rachel Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.—Patroness, Her Majesty the QUEEN; Patron, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES.—Mr. RIGHTON has much pleasure in announcing his intention of giving a MORNING PERFORMANCE (under the patronage of His Grace the Duke of Beaufort), TO-DAY, SATURDAY, Oct. 20, for the Benefit of the above-named Institution. At 2 o'clock a Comedietta, entitled £200 A YEAR. At 2.30 Recitation by Mr. HERMANN VEZIN. At 2.45 an appropriate Address, written by CLEMENT SCOTT, will be spoken by Mrs. STIRLING. At 3, for the first time these twenty years, Morton's Comedy, SPEED THE PLOUGH. Revised by Arthur Matheson and Edward Righton, with an Epilogue written expressly for the occasion by H. J. Byron.—GLOBE THEATRE.

THE MOONSTONE. By Wilkie Collins. A New Drama, altered from the Novel. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. Box-office open daily from 11.0 to 5.0. No booking fees.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE MOONSTONE, on SATURDAY, Oct. 27, at 2.30. Carriages at 5. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. No Fees for Booking.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. Lane.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, the New Hibernian Drama, by Mr. R. Dodson, entitled DEOCH AN' DUR'ASS. Reddy Ryland, Mrs. S. Lane. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. J. F. Brian, Miss Emmeline Cole, The Rowella Trio. Concluding with THE MAD GIRL OF ST. MARTIN'S. Wednesday, Mr. J. B. Howe's Benefit.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—NOTICE: The New Grecian Theatre will positively be opened on Monday, October 29.—EVERY EVENING at Seven, THE LION'S LOVE; or, STILL IN THE TOILS. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, Birchenough, George Conquest, jun., &c. Misses Mabel Verner, Victor, Denvil, Reed, &c. To conclude with CAGLIOSTRO, THE MAGICIAN. Dancing on the New Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN.—NOTICE.—On and after MONDAY, Oct. 22, the Café part of these celebrated CONCERT and SUPPER ROOMS will be thrown open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS every evening, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Children of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Also on view Portrait Models of the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, Count de Tourville, M. Thiers, and the Penge convicts. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton; leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. Nye Chart.—Engagement of Miss HEATH (of the Royal Princess's Theatre, London), accompanied by Mr. Walter Barratt, for Twelve Nights only (commencing MONDAY, Oct. 15). On MONDAY, Oct. 22, EAST LYNNE.

THE CONTINENT.—The Shortest, Cheapest, and Pleasantest Route to Holland, Germany, the Rhine, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and all parts of the Continent is *via* the Great Eastern Railway and Harwich.
An Express Train leaves the Liverpool Street Station daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m., in connection with the Steamer to Rotterdam, and at 4.45 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, in connection with the steamer to Antwerp.
The Steamers are the finest that run between England and the Continent.
Goods and Parcels carried to all parts of the Continent at low throughout rates.
For further information apply to the Continental Department, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.
S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply The Graphic.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt

France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video

Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of The Graphic (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½*d*.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1*d*. thin and 2*d*. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia Ceylon China	*Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition.	India Japan New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. Mansfield, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of The Graphic can be obtained on application to the publisher.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE RUSSIANS—THEIR LATE LEADER

Our first sketch depicts an incident which has been mournfully frequent during the past few months, Russian soldiers are paying their last respects to the officer who has fallen while heading the attack against the hated Moslem. While leading them on to "death" or "glory" death has been his lot, and his last resting place is a solitary and unknown grave in the plains of Bulgaria, through which a short time since he had so proudly hoped to march victorious to the gates of the city of the Sultans.

WITH SULEIMAN PASHA—NIGHT SENTRIES, SHIPKA

"The cold," writes our artist, "already begins to grow piercing in the Balkans, the glacial wind whistles through the trees of the oak woods, where we have our quarters on the left wing of the camp, with a frightful sound. The day before yesterday an alarm was given, and I at once set off to the front, and passing the outposts, looked in vain about for any signs of conflict. At last I made up my mind to return, and, coming back, noticed the enormous line of sentries which encircle the camp at from twenty to thirty yards distance from each other. The wind was so strong that I froze in my cloak, but on seeing these poor fellows standing in the wind and cold I felt comparatively luxuriously situated. These sentinels had heard some shots at a short distance, and a cry of 'Cossacks!' was at once passed from mouth to mouth until it arrived at the central camp."

WITH THE RUSSIANS—GENERAL SKOBELEFF

General Skobeleff, whose daring charges with his Circassian Cossacks so greatly hastened the capture of Lofteha, and have gained him so much renown at the successive attacks on Plevna, gained his first laurels in Central Asia, like so many of his colleagues, being previously known as "conqueror of Ferghana or Khokand," which he subdued and annexed for the Czar, and of which he subsequently was made the Governor. A writer in the *Daily News* last June describes him as a "tall, handsome man, with a lithe, slender, active figure, a clear blue eye, and a large, prominent, but straight, well-shaped nose, the kind of nose, it is said, Napoleon used to look for amongst his officers when he wanted to find a general, and a face young enough for a lieutenant, being aged only thirty-two, although a general—the youngest in the Russian army." The father of General Skobeleff, himself a general, is also with the army in Bulgaria, and as he is by no means an old man, the two bear a striking resemblance to each other. Skobeleff's reckless charges, of which we have heard so much, are proverbial even in the Russian army, by whom through his daring exploits he is looked upon as almost a madman who would fling away his own life and that of his troops without the slightest regard to consequences. This view is certainly unjust, for with all his rashness there generally is found not a little method and considerable calculation in all Skobeleff's reckless ventures, and he has achieved with them undoubtedly considerable success in Central Asia, where he gained his crowning victory by attacking the Khan of Khokand and 7,000 men with only 150 followers, and completely routing the enemy without the loss of a single man.

Our portrait is from a photograph by C. Szathmari, Bucharest.

WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA

The view of the town and citadel of Bayazid is taken from the rocky hills overlooking the town from the south-east, the position from which the Turks under Faik Pasha bombarded the citadel with mountain guns. The Citadel, or Château, is a noble building, about 150 years old. The walls, of a hardish sandstone, are of great thickness, and in the basement and lower chambers the garrison were thoroughly protected, owing to their massive structure, from the Turkish shells. But the Russian riflemen were placed at almost every point, even to the gallery of the minaret, whence their fire could tell upon the surrounding heights, and their losses in these comparatively exposed places must have been considerable. The walls of the citadel are covered with bullet marks, and rent and torn by shells. During the siege all supplies, including the water, were cut off from the beleaguered garrison by their assailants, the Turks, and thousands of Kurds from the district near Van. Russians were killed almost every night in the desperate attempt to obtain water from a small stream which trickles through the town at the foot of the rock, and the sufferings and privations of the troops, until released on the 10th of July by the army from Erivan, under General Tergukasoff, were intense. Many had died of starvation. But for a timely fall of rain the whole garrison would in all probability have succumbed.

The horrible massacre of the soldiers and townspeople by the Kurds, still fresh in the memory of our readers, occurred upon the road leading to the gate of the fortress. On the 2nd of August the Turkish army, under Ismail Pasha, had taken up a position in the centre of the plain represented in the sketch, near the River Alsaz, while the Russians occupied the mountains opposite, at the Pass of Karohulak, the entrance to Russian territory. Another sketch shows the interior of the Quadrangle in the citadel. The Mosque had been used for officers' quarters by the Russians. The stone carving, both exterior and interior, is very beautiful.

There is also a sketch of the Citadel and Mosque taken from the town of Bayazid. It was done in a minute or two because the "stench" was almost unbearable. At the foot of the Tower to the left hand can be seen the entrance to a kind of subterranean passage. It was from this point the Russian soldiers used to come down at night to the foot of the rock for water at the risk of their lives. The houses are roofless, having been burnt and plundered, &c., by the Kurds during the siege.

A fourth sketch depicts the head-quarters of Ismail Pasha, with a view of Mount Ararat in the distance. There is little need to describe this well-known mountain, which with the exception of Sinai has more sacred associations than any other mountain in the world. Apart from its Scriptural associations it is interesting geographically speaking, as on the top of its lower peak the dominions of the Czar, the Sultan, and the Shah, the territories of the three chief forms of faith which possess Western and Northern Asia, converge to a point.

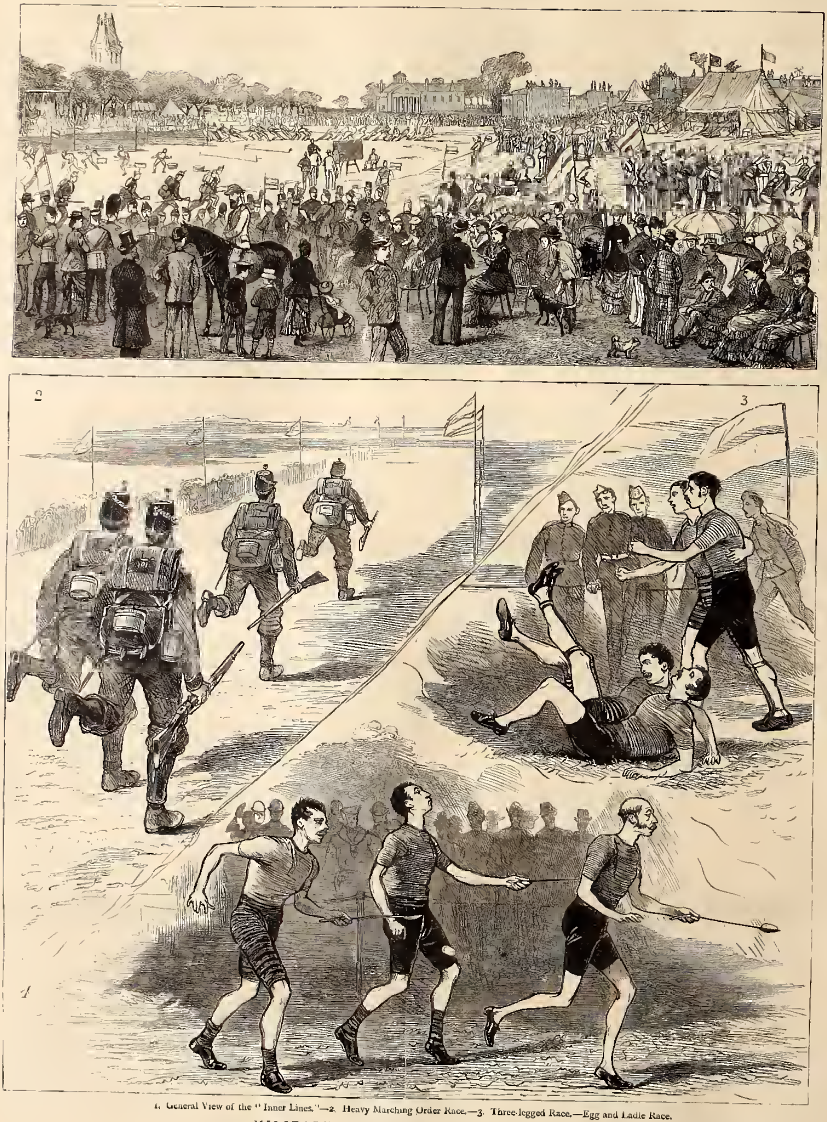
Our illustrations are from sketches kindly furnished to us by Captain McCalmont, one of the British Attachés with the Turkish forces in Asia.

MILITARY ATHLETICS AT CHATHAM

These sports took place on the 4th inst., the *locale* being the "Inner Lines," and the competitors the 2nd Battalion of the 24th Regiment. Fine weather favoured the event, and there was consequently a large gathering of spectators. The programme included the usual number of "flat" and "hurdle" races, with "high" and "long" jumping, and others of a more distinctive character, some of which our artist has chosen for illustration. The Heavy Marching Order Race was no joke for the runners, 300 yards at double-quick pace, with full accoutrements and rifle to carry. The Egg and Ladle Race, though not requiring so much physical power, was by no means less difficult of accomplishment. Each competitor was provided with a ladle, in the bowl of which was placed an egg, and the question to be decided was which should most quickly get over the 300 yards without dropping the egg. The fun arising from such a contest may be readily imagined, and the race was certainly not to the swift. Another difficult feat was the Egg and Basket Race, twenty-five eggs being placed in a line, a yard apart, and the runner having to make a separate journey to bring each one to the basket, which was eight yards distant from the nearest egg. The Three-Legged Race was also very provocative of mirth, the numerous tumbles proving indisputably that in some matters the proverb "Two heads are better than one," does not hold good.—Our engravings are from sketches by Captain H. G. Robley, 91st Highlanders, and Mr. C. D'Aguilar Pope, of the 24th Regiment.

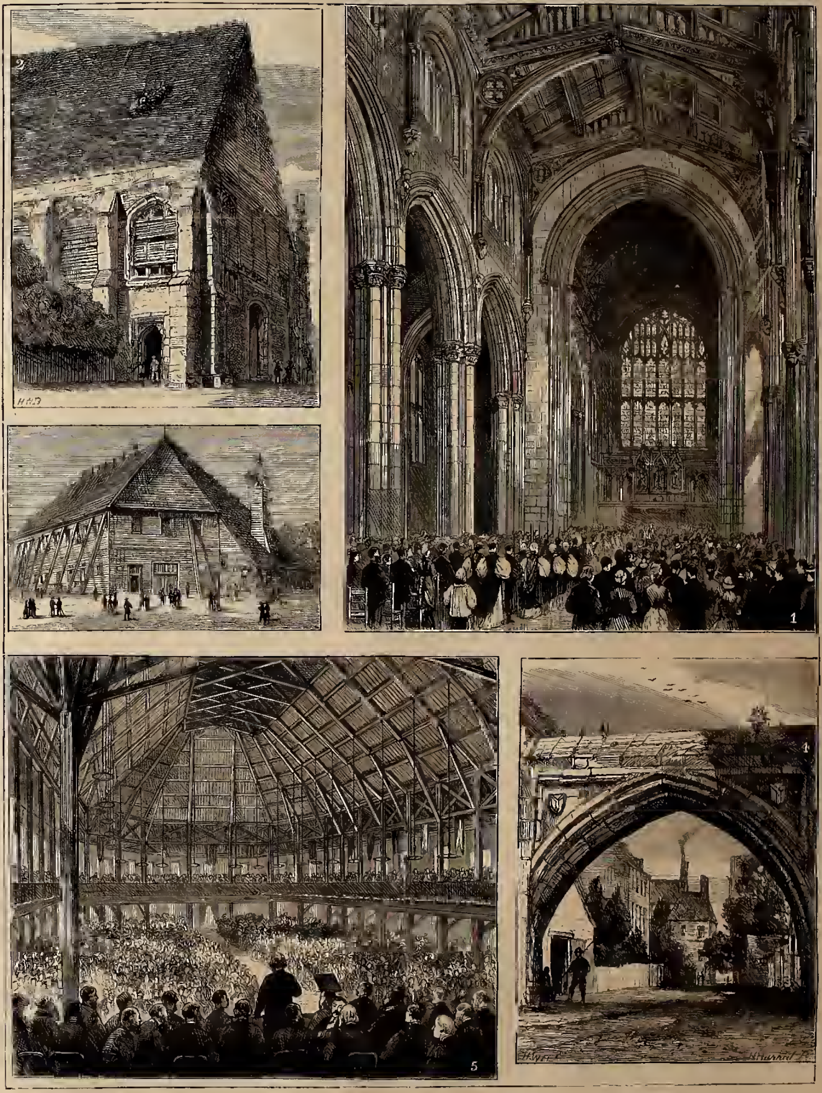
CHURCH CONGRESS AT CROYDON

Some account of the proceedings at the various meetings of the Croydon Congress will be found under the head of "Church News," so that here we need only speak of the subjects of our engravings. The first shows the interior of the Parish Church during the opening service, with the procession of Bishops, priests, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries passing up the aisle, conspicuous amongst them being the figure of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the President of the Congress. We have also views of the exterior and interior of the Congress Hall, a temporary structure erected in the short space of three weeks, at a cost of 2,000*l*. It is one of the largest buildings of the kind ever constructed, being capable of seating nearly 4,000 persons. It was here that the principal meetings took place, the "sections" assembling in the Public Hall of the town, while the Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition was held on a piece of land which had been a skating rink, part of which was roofed in, and the other part covered with large marquees. This exhibition comprised all kinds of Church vestments, altar ornaments, and Church plate, memorial brasses, stained glass, wood carvings, embroidery, &c., with many historical banners and pictures. One of the specialities was a portable Communion case, containing not only every ordinary requisite, but also two candlesticks, an "altar," and a reredos; and another was the Bishop's "Tennessee Satchel," contrived to hold the episcopal robes so as to prevent them being soiled by rain or crumpled by careless handling. In the Funeral Department there were several newly-invented funeral cars, hand-biers, and mourning carriages, and a variety of novelties in coffins, some made of bent wood, others of hardware, and again others of wicker-work, as suggested by Dr. Seymour Haden. The "Earth to Earth" system now in operation at the



1. General View of the "Inner Lines."—2. Heavy Marching Order Race.—3. Three-legged Race.—Egg and Ladle Race.

MILITARY ATHLETICS AT CHATHAM



1. Opening Service in the Parish Church : The Procession.—2. Great Hall of "Old Croydon Palace."—3. Exterior of the Congress Hall.—4. Ancient Gateway of the "Palace."—5. Interior of the Congress Hall.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT CROYDON

London Necroplis was illustrated by engravings, but not by actual specimens. The coffin in this case is of the ordinary appearance, but is made of more perishable material than usual.

Reverting to our engravings, we have views of the "Great Hall" and the "Gateway" of Old Croydon Palace, formerly the chief residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, where Queen Elizabeth was thrice entertained, first in 1567, again in 1573, and lastly in 1600. It was sold in 1780, and is now used as a bleaching factory. Our artist speaks of the Great Hall as one of the very finest in England, the roof being similar to that of Westminster Hall, and remarks that it is a disgrace to all parties concerned that it should ever have been allowed to fall into its present deplorable condition. Surely something might be done to rescue and preserve so fine a national monument.

FAMINE SCENES AT BELLARY (MADRAS PRESIDENCY)

OUR double-page engraving, which is composed from photographs taken on the spot by Capt. W. W. Hooper, 4th Madras Cavalry, and forwarded to us by Dr. Martin Wood, of Bombay, represents a Famine Relief Camp at Bellary. From a recent issue of the *Times of India*, we learn that the Camp at Avamali's Tope, Bellary, which may be taken as a typical example of these establishments, contained 3,600 inmates, all of whom were either suffering from ailments resulting from starvation, or were too weak to be able to labour on the relief works. Some gangs of weakly coolies and women were employed in light work about the neighbourhood, but no one was kept in camp who could do even half a day's work. The Camp is divided into two parts. In one are erected hospitals and sheds, while the other is divided off into large compartments surrounded by light bamboo railings, which support one side of a roof of matting. Under this strip of matting the inmates sheltered themselves from the vertical sun. The people are classified in the various compartments:—in one 600 "orphan" boys; in another some hundreds of girls; in a third the coolies; in a fourth women and children. There are eight hospital sheds. Nearly all the patients suffer from bowel complaints, and in cases of severe starvation dropsy supervenes. When persons are brought in almost starved, they are put on very small rations of milk or broth, and their clamours for plenty of food to fill themselves are disregarded. Dysentery or fatal diarrhœa would attack them, if they got much food while their digestive organs were unable to bear it. There are many men and more children, in the shed devoted to starvation cases, who are merely skeletons covered with wrinkles of discoloured skin. How they continue to breathe—generally the chief sign of life they give—it is difficult to understand. Yet many of them recover.

Our small engraving is from a drawing by Mrs. Alexander Harvey, of Bellary. For this also we are indebted to Dr. Martin Wood, of Bombay, who says: "It shows the terminal railway station of Bellary, crammed with bags of grain, which are being removed by the men-drawn carts of the period. Bellary is the western terminus of the Madras Railway, but an extension of the line further westward has been undertaken as a 'famine work.' This is to be laid far into the Dharwar Collectorate of the Bombay Presidency, where it will form a portion of the line that must eventually be taken up from Carwar on the Malabar Coast."

MR. ANDRIES STOCKENSTRÖM

THE newly-appointed Attorney-General of the Cape Colony is of Swedish extraction, his grandfather having left his native country in consequence of some political disturbances, and after going to the Cape, and taking service under the old Dutch Government, was killed in one of the native fights which made the life of the early settler in South Africa so full of privation and danger. His son Andries was in early life an officer in the British army, was afterwards appointed Landdrost (magistrate) of Graaff Reinet, in the Cape Colony, and subsequently rose to be Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony. He died in London in 1846, having been created a baronet. The present Attorney-General, who bears his father's name, and is heir presumptive to his title, is a native of Cape Colony, but received his education in England, going first to King's College, London, and afterwards to the London University, where he graduated B.A., in 1863. Two years later he was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, at the same time as Mr. de Villiers, the Chief Justice of the Cape. After practising a few months in the Supreme Court, he went to the Eastern Districts Court, Grahamstown, in 1866, and in September, 1875, was appointed Judge of the Land Court of Griqualand West, the difficult duties of which he discharged with as great credit to himself, and as much satisfaction to the people as the peculiarly unhappy circumstances of the times would admit.

Mr. Stockenström's appointment is looked upon as of great importance in its bearing on Lord Carnarvon's policy, and on South African politics generally; and it is received with general congratulation by the Eastern Province on account of the views he entertains in favour of the confederative union of these colonies by the Western Province.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. E. Bruton of Cape Town.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. DAVID MORIARTY

THIS distinguished Roman Catholic prelate was born near Tralee in 1814, and educated first at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and afterwards at the College of Maynooth. On the death of Father Hand of the Foreign Missionary College at Drumcondra, near Dublin, he succeeded to the Presidency of that Institution, a post which he held for many years. In 1854 he was chosen to be coadjutor to the Right Rev. Dr. Egan, Bishop of Kerry, entering the episcopacy as Bishop of Antigona *in partibus infidelium.* Dr. Egan died in 1856, and Dr. Moriarty succeeded to the See. He administered his diocese with a mild but firm rule, showing a hearty sympathy with every member of his extensive flock who suffered any real distress or wrong; while he steadily refused to countenance any movement of a character likely to produce illwill between different classes, to perpetuate sectarian strife, or promote social disorder. He inculcated principles of loyalty to the Crown and Constitution, and opposed all revolutionary schemes. He was perhaps the most conservative and the least Ultramontane of all the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland. In 1870 he attended the Vatican Council, and both spoke and voted against the opportuneness of defending the Papal infallibility, but when the Dogma was proclaimed he, like a dutiful son of the Church, accepted it in all its fulness. He was both an eloquent preacher and earnest worker, and his kindly and generous disposition made him widely respected and beloved, although his stern opposition to all kinds of violent political agitation made him at times extremely unpopular. His death was quite sudden and unexpected. On Saturday, the 29th ult., he officiated at the consecration of a new church near Killarney, founded by the Earl of Kenmare, and while engaged in the service he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which terminated fatally on the following Monday. The funeral obsequies took place at Killarney on Thursday last week, when the Cathedral was thronged with mourners, amongst whom were most of the higher dignitaries of the Irish Roman Catholic Church, and representative deputations from the Town Commissioners, Poor Law Boards, and other institutions in the South of Ireland. High Mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Limerick, and after the funeral service was over a meeting was held to elect a Vicar Capitular to hold office during the vacancy of the see, the Very Rev. Dean Mawe, parish priest of Tralee, being unanimously chosen. The Cathedral was draped and decorated for the service at the cost of the Countess of Kenmare, and the magnificent pall which covered the coffin was the gift of the Earl of Kenmare.

Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Lesage, 40, Sackville Street, Dublin.

THE FIRE AT INVERARY CASTLE

THIS disastrous conflagration, which nearly destroyed one of the most princely residences in the kingdom, broke out early on Friday morning last, and was first discovered by a fisherman, who, while on his way to the harbour, saw the glare of light from one of the upper windows, and immediately gave the alarm. The inmates, including the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne, were aroused, and their safety having been assured, every effort was made to save the building, the tenantry and many of the townsfolk having hurried to the scene in order to render what aid they could. The fire raged until nearly noon, and the grand central hall and tower were completely gutted. Most of the valuable pictures and articles of *vertu* were saved, but amongst the treasures destroyed were four highly-valued paintings of the duke's grandfather and grandmother—Miss Gunning, "the beautiful duchess," wife of two dukes in succession (Hamilton and Argyll) and mother of four dukes; and of the Great Marquis of Argyll and his rival Montrose; a fine organ placed in the north gallery was burnt, as were also the well-worn colours of the 91st Highlanders (the Princess Louise's Own), and about 200 flint-lock muskets, used at Culloden by the Argyllshire Fencibles, besides some ancient mail armour. Some of the pictures were destroyed by being hastily torn from their frames, and a fine porcelain vase, worth 500*l.*, was broken in removal. The historic wooden cup, which belonged to the illustrious Marquis of Argyll, was, however, saved, much to the gratification of the duke, who set a high value on it as a family relic. The castle, which was built about 140 years ago, on the site of the more ancient edifice, stands at the foot of the Hill of Duniquoich, near the head of Loch Fyne. It was a quadrangular building of slatestone, with round towers at the angles and a central tower of great height. The fire is supposed to have been caused by lightning, and the cost of restoration is estimated at between 15,000*l.* and 20,000*l.* After the fire had been extinguished, the Duke and Duchess made several calls upon the townspeople to thank them for their exertions; and the Duke wrote a letter to the Provost expressing the warm thanks of himself, the Duchess, and the whole family to all the people of Inverary for their zealous and effective aid in saving the castle and its contents from total destruction.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 373.

COFFEE CULTIVATION IN GUATEMALA

See page 375.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

VICTOR HUGO's new work is continued on page 377.

SINKING OF THE "REDOUTABLE" AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

AMONG the vessels of the combined French and Spanish squadron which were defeated by our fleet on the ever-memorable 21st October, 1805, the *Redoutable* (seventy-four guns) will always hold a place of special interest. It was from her mizen-top, at the time when she was lying between the *Téméraire* and the *Victory*, that the fatal musket-shot was fired at the quarter-deck of the latter vessel, which ended Lord Nelson's glorious career. Within an hour afterwards, while desperately contending with her two antagonists, the *Redoutable's* main and mizen-masts were shot away. The former fell upon the deck of the *Téméraire*, and formed a bridge of easy descent, along which a portion of the *Téméraire's* crew presently rushed, and took quiet possession of the gallantly-fought *Redoutable.*

At five P.M. of the following day, the *Redoutable*, which had been much damaged in the action, and which was in tow by the *Swiftsure*, was found to be sinking. Part of the prize-crew, and about 120 Frenchmen, which were as many as the boats could contain, were brought off from her, and at 10.30, the *Redoutable* having her stern entirely under water, the *Swiftsure* cut herself clear. At this time the weather was very bad. At 3.30 A.M. of the 23rd, attracted by the cries of people, the *Swiftsure* again sent her boats, and, from three rafts, which the French crew, amid a dreadful night of wind, rain, and lightning, had constructed from the spars of their sunken ship, saved fifty more of the sufferers. The remaining survivors of the *Redoutable's* officers and crew, together with thirteen of the *Téméraire's*, and five of the *Swiftsure's* men, perished in her.

The picture from which our engraving is taken was painted by Mr. C. Bolonachi, a Greek by birth, who is reckoned to be the best marine painter in Munich. The picture was exhibited at the Munich Art Union, from the secretary of which body, Mr. M. Wulfert, we have obtained permission to publish it.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Lord John Manners, M.P., the Postmaster-General, responding to the toast of "Her Majesty's Ministers," at a Conservative Banquet at Ipswich on Tuesday last, referred to the War as a subject on which it behoved all men to speak with great sobriety and diffidence. All he could venture to say was that as when the war broke out Great Britain was the first Power to express a decided opinion that it was unnecessary and uncalled for, so now the Government was most ready and eager to avail itself of the first favourable opportunity to interfere in order to terminate the conflict upon a satisfactory and equitable basis. If asked whether there was any prospect of such a favourable opportunity presenting itself, he should most respectfully decline to answer; but in the personal dispositions of the Czar and the Sultan he saw the best hope of so happy a consummation.—The Hon. E. Ashley, speaking at Poole, at the opening of a new Liberal Hall, said that the Government had caused Turkey to believe that when the first guns were fired they would bring allies on her side, and had thus induced the Turk to refuse the terms of the European Conference. It was certain that if Turkey proved the conqueror, a pressure of force must be used to ensure the reform of her government and protection of her Christian subjects, as she was powerless herself to make the slightest reform.—At a meeting of the Dublin Home Rule League last week, a National Conference was finally decided upon. It is to meet between the 16th of December and the 20th of January, and will consist of Members of Parliament, clergymen of all denominations, magistrates, members of Corporations, Poor Law Guardians, persons who have been at any time members of the original Home Rule League, and the representatives of local kindred associations and trade societies. It is said that at this Conference there will be produced a "black-book" now in preparation, containing the names of all members of the House Rule party who have been at all remiss in attending to their Parliamentary duties. The number of their attendances and votes on the Irish questions brought before the House of Commons in the last three sessions; and their attendances at the meetings of the "Irish parliamentary party," will also be given, and special attention will be called to the almost regular absence of about twenty of the hon. gentlemen.—Sir Tollemache Sinclair, in a long letter to the Liberal Committee of the county of Caithness, declares that he is still resolved to leave public life, but will not do so until the dissolution of the present Parliament, as he is afraid that a member might now be returned in his place who would support the Premier with regard to any pretext for going to war with our old friend and ally, Russia, and in favour of the unspeakable Turk. He repeats his complaint with regard to the treatment he has met with at the hands of the House of Commons, and says it was the experience of his father, as well as himself, to be beaten in the race by many inferiors in ability and knowledge.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, addressing his constituents at Carlisle on Wednesday, said that he differed from Mr. Gladstone with regard to exacting certain conditions from Turkey, because "exacting" meant either war or threatening war. He did not believe that war could have been prevented by the Powers uniting to coerce Turkey, nor did he agree with Lord Beaconsfield, whose rowdy after-dinner rhetoric, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against a great nation was unworthy of any man calling himself a statesman.—Mr. Gladstone arrived at Kingstown on Wednesday by the Holyhead steamer, and was greeted on landing by a solitary newsvendor, who shouted, "Welcome to Ireland." He is the guest of the Earl and Countess of Meath, and the visit is to be as private as possible.—The Polish Society of the "White Eagle" have sent an address to the Sultan of Turkey, expressing their sympathy in "the righteous struggle" which he and his subjects are so gallantly engaged for the protection of their territory and Faith; and stating their firm conviction that "the Almighty has destined the Ottoman nation to be the worthy instrument of effectually curbing the intolerable curse of Russian domination."

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.——The *Olga* steamer arrived at Falmouth on Wednesday night with the news that the *Cleopatra* was thrown on her beam ends during a heavy gale on Sunday night in the Bay of Biscay, in lat. 44, 53 N. long. 7·52 W., which is not far from the place where H.M.S. *Captain* went down. The men on board Mr. Dixon's vessel signalled for assistance, the *Olga* hove to, and sent a boat with the second mate and five men, all of whom were drowned by the swamping of the boat. Next day another boat succeeded in taking off the crew of the *Cleopatra*, and the Obelisk was cut adrift and abandoned. Mr. J. Dixon has expressed his belief that his strange vessel is sufficiently buoyant to carry the Obelisk safely out to sea until it can be picked up, but Captain Carter, who had charge of it during the voyage, is not so sanguine. The loss of the Needle, however, is of less consequence than the lives of the poor men who have been drowned.

ACCIDENTS AND DISASTERS.——The gale of Sunday night and Monday morning was general throughout the United Kingdom, and terrible accounts have been received from all quarters of loss of life and damage to property. In rural districts hundreds of trees were torn up, and in town an immense number of buildings were either totally or partially blown down, windows were broken in, and chimney-pots cast about in the streets, and in some places the police and other pedestrians were compelled to hold on to area railings to prevent themselves from being hurled down. A number of wrecks, some of them fatal, occurred upon the coasts, though the lifeboats did good service at several stations. At Dunbar there was a curious reversal of the usual order of things, the lifeboat after putting out became unmanageable, drifted out to sea, and capsized, two of the crew being drowned, and the remainder, who managed to scramble on board again, were saved by some fishing boats which put out to the rescue. In London the gale, though very violent, does not appear to have done nearly so much damage as at many provincial places.—A fatal colliery explosion occurred last week at Pemberton, near Wigan. Thirty-six of the miners who were at work in the pit were killed, and two of the exploring party, one of whom was the manager of the colliery, also lost their lives. The fire raged so fiercely that the working had to be bricked up in order to stop it, and it was several days before the ordinary work could be resumed. The cause is supposed to have been the firing of a shot, and there is some talk of petitioning for an Act to prohibit the use of gunpowder for this purpose in future.—Another colliery accident happened on Saturday at Ward Leigh, near Wigan, where an engine boiler exploded, and twelve workers at the bottom of the shaft were thus deprived of air. The air fan was worked by forty men to keep them alive, and after six hours they were all got out safely. The explosion was caused by the neglect of the fire-beater, who had allowed the boiler to run dry.—Two policemen were killed, and three others injured, by the sudden falling-in of a burning building at Newcastle on Friday last.—Two children have been killed by an express train at a level crossing near Goole.—Nine persons were badly injured the other day on Blackfriars Bridge by a runaway horse, the driver of which had been thrown out of his vehicle in consequence of the animal stumbling.

MISCELLANEOUS.——General Grant was in Birmingham on Tuesday, and was presented with addresses from the Corporation, the working-men of the city, and the Peace Arbitration Union. In response to the latter, he said that though he had been in many battles he would always have rather listened to some settlement other than by the sword, and he hoped that on some future day all the civilised nations of the earth would agree to settle disputes peacefully by some sort of International Congress. On Wednesday he went the round of the manufactories, and afterwards dined at the Town Hall.—The election of Sir J. Bennett as

Alderman of the Ward of Cheps has been vetoed for the third time by the Court of Aldermen, who still decline to give any reason for their opposition.—The London School Board are about to establish a "Truant School" for the whole of London. It is to be conducted on the "silent system," but how the urchins are to be compelled to hold their tongues is not stated.—The anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew was celebrated on Monday by the Catholic League of the Cross, who held a temperance meeting in Exeter Hall under the presidency of Archbishop Manning.—Rewards granted by the Board of Trade, and allotted out of public subscriptions sent to the Rector of Portland, have been distributed to the fishermen who helped to rescue the survivors of the *Forest* and *Avalanche*. It is proposed to build a small church in Portland as a memorial of the passengers and crew of the latter vessel. The body of the pilot of the *Avalanche* has been washed ashore at Lulworth. It was identified by the pilot's license found in a pocket.—On Wednesday Lord Hartington laid the foundation stone of a Memorial Hall which is to be erected at Chesterfield to the memory of George and Robert Stephenson, and is to serve as the head-quarters of the Derbyshire Institute of Engineers as well as a scientific and literary institute. The ceremony was conducted with full masonic honours.—A serious mutiny broke out on board the *New World*, an American vessel outward bound on Tuesday off the Nore. One man was killed by a pistol shot, and two others jumped overboard, and were drowned. A strong party of sailors and marines was sent from H.M.S. *Chesterfield*, and the *New World* will probably be brought back to London.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——Harking back for a moment to last week's Newmarket Meeting, we must put on record the victory of Beauclerc in the Middle Park Plate, for which a round score sported silk. Athol Lad, own brother to that grandest of modern sprinters, Prince Charlie, held the favouriteship, as was expected, to the fall of the flag; but after showing a bold front for some distance, the infirmity of roaring, which afflicted his illustrious relative, prevented his emulating his brother's feat or even getting a place. By the victories of Beauclerc and Hilarious the Northern stables show that they need not fear to antagonise the Southern even at the head-quarters of the Turf; and it must have been gratifying to Northern owners and trainers to find the hearty reception their successes met with. In the Champion Stakes, run on the same day as the Middle Park, Springfield, by his easy defeat of Silvio, thoroughly proved himself the best horse we have on the Turf. On the Friday old Ecossais, with 10st. 7lb. on his back, took the Third Welter, and so made up for his defeat by Golden Spur in a similar race on the Wednesday. In the last race of the meeting Lady Golightly gave us another taste of her quality by winning the Newmarket Derby from Jongleur and others, though she had the best of the weights with the French horse. This splendid filly has won ten races for Lord Falmouth this season, and stakes to the value of nearly 5,000*l*. The consistently good running of her ladyship has tended to uphold Hilarious as first favourite for the coming Cambridgeshire, as well as the easy victory of the colt himself in the Cesarewitch. It was rightly considered a most remarkable thing last year that the first occasion of the penalty of the Cesarewitch winner being increased should also be marked as the first occasion of the same horse carrying off the double event: it would be still more strange if the double event *coup* were to be repeated next week. Many good judges, however, think it will; but others, who rely on Manœuvre's close race with Lady Golightly in the St. Leger, think Earl Bradford's filly must beat the Northern colt considering the extra weight he has to give her. Not a few, again, swear by Rosy Cross, who ran fourth in the Cesarewitch, and receives a large allowance from Hilarious. Besides the animals just named few others seem backed with any spirit.

Though an off week, being the middle one between the two great Newmarket gatherings, there has been any amount of capital racing from Newcastle in the North to Sandown and Croydon in the South. At the Coal Capital the Autumn Plate proved the good thing it looked for Tentergate, and the Nursery Handicap fell to the Stella filly, while Telescope beat nine others in the Town Plate. Ranald McEagh scored on both days, taking the Meldon Stakes on the Tuesday and the Northern Nursery on the Wednesday. On the latter day Bogie, by winning the Welter, added another to his long list of recent victories. Umbria was made favourite in a field of ten for the Autumn Handicap, and won by a length from the second favourite, Fontarabian. Old Grand Flaneur, who generally seems hardly treated by the handicappers, had a chance given him in the Gateshead Plate, and took it. Good fields, too, and good racing were the order of the day at Croydon, where Little Fish beat eleven competitors in the Maiden Stakes, Memorandum nine in the Shirley Plate, and Little Shaver eleven in the Selling Nursery. But the great feature of the first day was the reappearance of Oxonian, the old and evergreen horse looking as fresh as ever. His good looks, comparatively light weight, and the memory of his former prowess made him first favourite, and he justified the compliment paid him by beating his five antagonists most handsomely. Maid of the Valley showed that she was still in the winning vein by taking the West Wickham Plate; and Electra ran clean away with the Stand Plate. The Steeplechase, won by Rattle, reminds us that the "legitimate" season is fast drawing to a close.

COURSING.——This favourite sport goes on merrily both in private and public. Most of the well-known names in the coursing world appear in the record of the meeting of the Ridgway Club (Lytham). Mr. Bell Irving's Iron Grey divided the North Lancashire Stakes with Mr. Clifton's Comrade; and, curiously enough, the same gentlemen divided the Lytham Cup with Czarevna and Cupid. The division of the stakes in these and other instances is much to be regretted. The North of England Club have had a grand meeting, at which Mr. Turner's Unexpected took the Longridge Cup, and Mr. Pringle's Royal Ann the Tenants' Cup. The coursing season seems likely to prove one of the most busy and interesting on record.

AQUATICS.——There is every reason to believe that a match will be made between Boyd and Higgins, to be rowed over the Tyne Champion Course. The only difficulty in the way seems to be the adjustment of some trifling points in the articles of agreement.

FOOTBALL.——The well-known Clapham Rovers have begun their season well, beating the Marlborough Nomads and the Mighty Wanderers, who, *per contra*, have opened badly by losing two matches. It must be remembered, however, that they did not play all their best men; and they are sure to show a much bolder front when they send their representatives into the field for the Association Challenge Cup. At Watford the Herts Rangers beat the Old Wykehamists by twelve goals to *nil*.

POLO.——During the last few weeks the Carabineers stationed at Colchester have played a series of matches with the East Essex Polo Club. Twenty-five games in all have been decided, the Carabineers winning 13 and the Essex men 12.

GOLF.——Considerable interest is felt in Scotland in reference to the match for 100*l*. between the well-known golfers, Davie Strath of North Berwick and Bob Ferguson of Musselburgh. The game is 72 holes, of which 36 have been played over Musselburgh Links, Strath being four holes to the good. The other 36 holes are to be played at St. Andrews' Links.

WRESTLING.——A reviving interest seems to be showing itself in connection with this once popular athletic sport. A grand match, after the West Country style, between Rundle of Plymouth and Chapman of London, for 100*l*., has just been decided at Kensal Green. Neither men had suffered defeat in previous contests, but in this Rundle showed great superiority. The proceedings were marked with a tone of fair play from beginning to end.

THEATRES

MR. BYRON'S new burlesque at the GAIETY is an amusing piece of extravagance which the management have liberally endowed with scenery and costume, while the action is contrived to furnish pretext for those topical songs and grotesque dances which are hailed with tokens of frantic delight by audiences who find pleasure in pieces of this kind. It is, perhaps, a trifle less pretty than the *Bohemian Gyurl*, which has just been withdrawn at the same theatre after a long career of popularity; but, like its predecessor, it does not rely entirely on caricature and humour, but includes much that is graceful and pleasant to the eye. Its title, *Little Doctor Faust*, may, perhaps, have led some persons to expect a new version of M. Hervé's *Le Petit Faust*. Mr. Byron, however, has simply taken the version of Goethe's poem which was prepared by a French playwright for the Gymnase Theatre nearly thirty years ago, and which has since become familiar as substantially the libretto of Gounod's opera. So far as it is a parody, indeed, Mr. Byron's piece is a parody of the opera scenes, which are travestied in the usual way by exaggeration and by ludicrous associations; but this is of little importance as compared with the indispensable features already referred to. The piece, supported by such popular performers as Miss Ellen Farren, Miss Kate Vaughan, Mr. Royce, Mr. Soutar, Miss Marion West, Mr. Edward Terry, and Miss Amalia, has been received by Gaiety audiences with much favour, and it may be expected to sustain its popularity.

M. Lecocq's *La Marjolaine*, produced at the ROYALTY Theatre on the occasion of the re-opening of this house under the management of Miss Kate Santley, is essentially a comic opera, displaying not only that pleasant vein of melody for which the composer is famous, but considerable skill in the management of concerted pieces, and generally in the orchestral accompaniments. The company are better able to interpret the humours of the libretto—which has been skilfully adapted and subjected to a moderately refining process by Mr. Sutherland Edwards—than to do justice to the music. On the whole, however, the performance, which is supported by Mr. Lionel Brough, Miss Santley, Mr. Walter Fisher, and other actors and actresses of note, passes pleasantly enough.

Mr. W. G. Wills's new spectacular drama at DRURY LANE Theatre, founded on Sir Walter Scott's *Peveril of the Peak*, seems to have been no more successful in pleasing the public than in satisfying the judgment of the critical. On Saturday next Mr. Chatterton will revive the late Mr. Halliday's *Amy Robsart*.

A morning performance will be given at the GLOBE Theatre to-day for the benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, an old and useful institution which commands the respect of the theatrical profession. Morton's *Speed the Plough*, a comedy which has not been performed in London for some years, will be revived, supported by a cast which, as usual on occasions of this kind, is of even embarrassing strength, inasmuch that the "plough boys" who figure in some scenes are to be represented by distinguished actors and actresses. An address, written by Mr. Clement Scott for the occasion, will be spoken by Mrs. Stirling.

The GRECIAN Theatre, a very popular house among playgoers residing in the northern suburbs, has been entirely rebuilt, and will be reopened on Monday, October 29. It claims to be now one of the most beautiful as well as one of the largest of London theatres. Unfortunately great size is not favourable to the display of the finer qualities of acting, but it seems to be an indispensable condition of management in the suburbs, where prices of admission are lower than in the theatres of the West End. It is satisfactory to observe, however, that the new house, which is built to accommodate five thousand persons, is provided with fifteen exits in case of alarm of fire or otherwise. A new romantic drama, written by Mr. George Conquest and Mr. Henry Pettitt, and entitled *Bound to Succeed*, will be produced on the opening night.

A new series of dramatic and musical *matinées* has been commenced at the ROYAL AQUARIUM Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Wybrow Robertson. The performances will be of a varied kind, and will be supported by popular performers. This week the company have appeared in Mr. Robertson's *Breach of Promise* and Messrs. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*.

A morning performance of Mr. Gilbert's new farcical comedy *Engaged* will be given at the HAYMARKET Theatre to-day.

Mr. Hollingshead has secured the English rights in MM. Meilhac and Halévy's new and very successful comedy *La Cigale*, a version of which will shortly be produced at the GAIETY.

◆

NEW YORK HAS BEEN THREATENED WITH A WATER FAMINE. Up to the 3rd inst., hardly any rain had fallen during the previous two months, and, accordingly, springs were drying up, small streams had disappeared, and the larger had considerably diminished. Fourteen lakes at present supply the department, one or two of which have never yet been tapped, and if rain did not speedily fall, it would be necessary to go to the lakes with steam pumps and dry them up.

Scraps

A NEW THEATRE has been opened in Paris—the Théâtre de la Porte St. Denis.

M. GOUNOD is writing an opera on the story of Abelard and Heloïse. It will be called *Maître Pierre*.

A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF MARTIN LUTHER, a schoolmaster, Herr Johann Ernst Luther, has died in Germany.

NORWEGIAN COFFINS are now imported to England, several hundreds ready for use having just arrived at an English port.

A CURIOUS WELL exists in Wise County, Texas, U.S. Although the well is 110 ft. deep and gives water abundantly at all times of the year, when a north wind has blown for twelve hours not a single drop of water can be drawn.

SIR PAUL PINDAR'S HOUSE in Bishopsgate Street, now divided into two houses, is shortly to be pulled down. The beautiful ceilings, however, are to be preserved, and one or more will be given to the South Kensington Museum.

A FAMILY OF SIX ESQUIMAUX are going to spend the winter at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation. They will form a regular Arctic encampment, as they bring with them their tents, furniture, and sledges, with the dogs and reindeer.

THE OLD EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FASHION of wearing two watches has been revived by the Chinese, who carry duplicate timepieces, so that "spose one makee sick and die" the other "still lives." Chinese watches show twenty-four hours on the dial.

JOURNALISM IS LIKELY TO HAVE A PATRON SAINT, as the Turin journals, backed by the devout Roman *Voce della Verita*, propose to petition the Pope to nominate St. Francis de Sales guardian of Catholic writers. "Sales" is an appropriate name for a commercial venture.

A MONUMENT TO THE LATE MR. MARGARY is to be erected at Shanghai. It will consist of a Gothic cross of red and green Ningpo stone on a granite base, supported on a pedestal of granite steps, and ornamented by shields bearing the Margary arms and those of the Municipality.

COPIES OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS taken during the late Arctic Expedition are to be presented to the British and South Kensington Museums, the United Service, Royal Artillery, and Royal Engineer Institutions, and other Government collections. The originals are now being exhibited by the Photographic Society.

M. VICTOR HUGO'S PIEUVRE has appeared in the waters round Vancouver's Island, where an Indian woman, bathing near Victoria, was seized and drowned by one of these devil-fish. Her body was seen next day lying at the bottom of the bay in the grasp of the octopus, and some Indians succeeded in recovering it by cutting the creature's tentacles.

THE CLARET VINTAGE OF 1877 IN THE MEDOC will be a good average crop this year, and will be superior to that of 1876. The vintage has been carried on under very disadvantageous circumstances, as the weather has been colder than had ever been known during the gathering of the grapes. The cold has, however, been partially beneficial in checking the growth of the foliage, and thus giving the grapes a better chance of development.

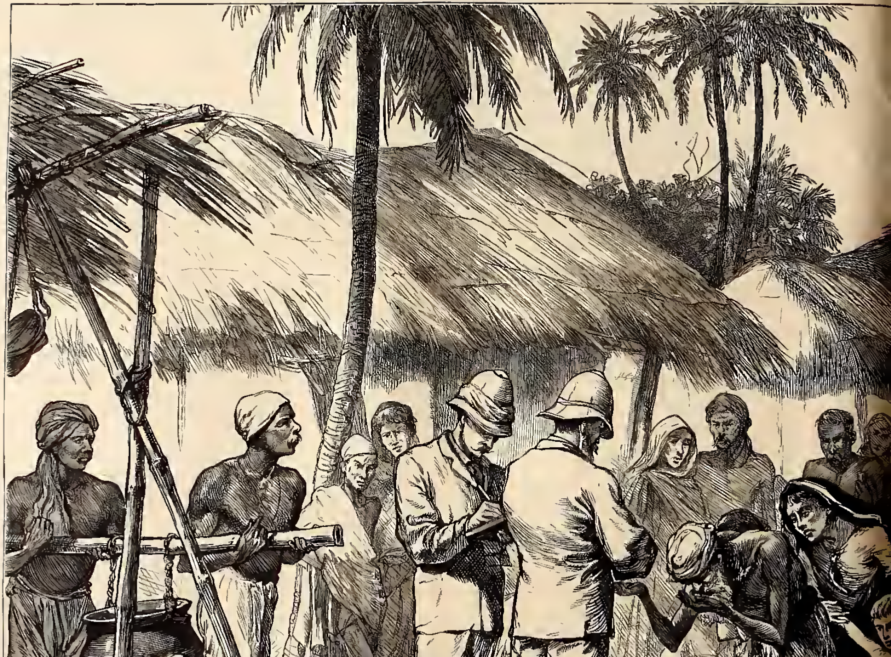
DRIVING BY ELECTRICITY is the latest invention across the Channel, according to the *Live Stock Journal*. An electro-magnet is placed under the coachman's seat, from which one wire is carried along the reins to the horse's bit, and another to the crupper, so that the whole length of the animal's spine forms part of an electric circuit. A sudden shock, which the driver can administer at discretion, will, it is said, arrest the most furious runaway, while a series of small shocks will stimulate a "screw" to marvels of pace and style.

A SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, ART, AND LITERATURE FOR LADIES has been established at the Alexandra Palace for the convenience of residents in the neighbourhood. Mr. Lindsay Sloper is the Director, and the course includes lessons, both public and private, in music and singing, languages, drawing and painting, mathematics, history, geography, &c., from well-known professors. There are three terms, and students are admitted free to the Palace on the days of their lessons, a similar admission being given to the lady who accompanies them.

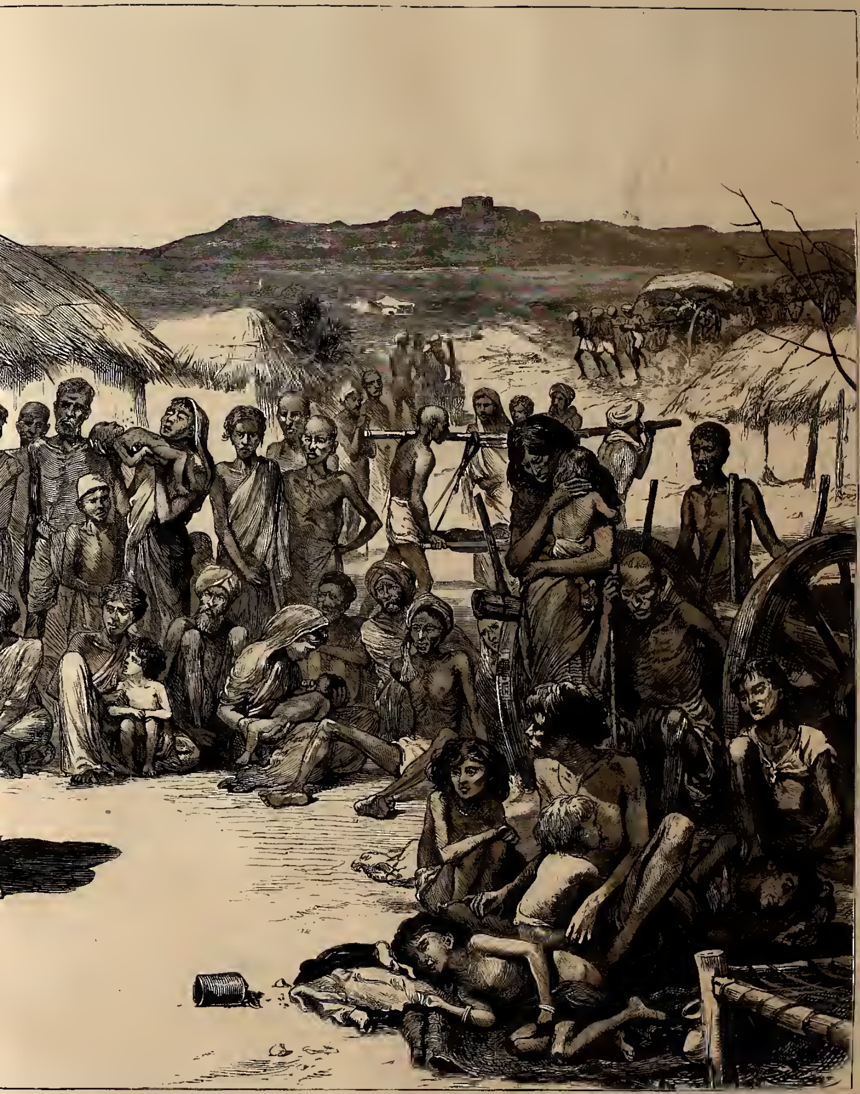
THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME is again causing considerable anxiety for its security, as the fissures and cracks in the upper part of the dome and its supports have much increased of late. A commission from the Russian Academy of Fine Arts has recently examined the dome, and it was found that almost every part of the structure was more or less cracked or dislocated. Bands of iron have been placed round the dome in previous years and marble tablets dove-tailed into the cracks, but numbers of the latter have been broken or torn by the widening of the fissures.

THE RENOVATION OF THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK TOWER is finished, and the scaffolding was removed on Saturday. The clock now reports its time to the makers twice a day by means of telegraphic apparatus, and the signal passes on to the Greenwich Observatory. It has been thoroughly cleaned, and although the works had been remarkably dirty since the beginning of the year, the variation never exceeded three seconds. A new escape-wheel has been added, so constructed that its several parts can never get loose, and the clock is going with great accuracy. The old escape-wheel was taken away to be repaired before the clock was stopped, but by the aid of a number of workmen it was kept going as well as if it had been controlled by its pendulum.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to increase, and the deaths last week numbered 1,321 against 1,308 in the previous seven days, but were 89 below the average, while the death rate rose to 19·5 per 1,000. Small-pox is on the increase, and although there were only 14 deaths the number of patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals rose to 145, and 45 new cases were admitted against 28 in the preceding week. There were 50 deaths from scarlet fever (a rise of 12), 48 from diarrhœa (an increase of 12), 33 from measles (a rise of 10), 29 from fever (an increase of 10, although 14 below the average), 11 from diphtheria (a rise of 9), and 10 from whooping-cough (a fall of 11). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 259 from 257, and were 40 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 51 deaths, of which 43 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,392 births registered (a decrease of 28, and 24 above the average). The mean temperature was 48 deg. (3 deg. below the average), and the duration of sunshine was 18 hours out of the 79·9 hours during which the sun was above the horizon.



THE FAMINE IN INDIA—DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF TO



SUFFERERS AT BELLARY, MADRAS PRESIDENCY

FOREIGN

The War in the East.——Plevna continues to be the chief point of interest in the Bulgarian campaign. When first attacked by the Russians on July 20th, Plevna was solely defended by a wall and a few blockhouses, but now the town is the centre of a circle of detached works, having a radius of from ten to twelve kilometres. Slowly and cautiously, however, the Russian and Roumanian trenches are being brought nearer the Turkish works, and it is believed that the fate of the fortress will be decided within the next month. The Turks have retired from the Osman redoubt on the Gravitza ridge, which the Roumanians have been sapping for some time past, but the latter have not yet occupied it, fearing that it has been mined. Before vacating the redoubt the Turks attacked the trenches, but were defeated. General Todleben is credited with the intention to starve out Osman Pasha rather than waste his men in fruitless assaults, but to succeed in this he must keep a better watch than hitherto on the Sofia road, as three convoys of provisions have entered Plevna, while Chefket Pasha has also been there to consult with Osman, and now holds a strong position at Radomirza, thus maintaining the road open. General Gourko failed to intercept one of these convoys, and some Turkish infantry fell on a Russian foraging expedition near Telich on Saturday, and captured a quantity of sheep, cattle, and horses, the sheep being sent into Plevna. Nevertheless it is rumoured that there is great distress for food and warm clothing at Plevna, that the soldiers wish to surrender, and Osman sternly refuses. The Grand Duke's dragoman has been into Plevna on a secret mission—whether to propose an armistice for the burial of the dead, or one of a more lasting character, is not known—and reports that the garrison are living on a pound of bread a man per day, while thirty Turkish deserters, who have entered the Russian lines, describe the state of their comrades as pitiable. The besiegers, however, are in but little better condition. Although fine weather has set in, the troops suffer much from cold and damp, notwithstanding the warm clothing now being rapidly supplied, and the mud is so deep and thick as to prevent the passage of any but very light waggons. Sistova is strongly fortified, and is to be connected by rail with the Plevna camp. The Danube is rising, and has carried carried away the Nicopolis bridge, so that rafts have to be used, while the Simnitza Bridge is also in a very shaky condition. Little is known of Suleiman Pasha's movements, but he is believed to be concentrating near Sarnasuflar, in front of Rasgrad. He has despatched the unruly Egyptian contingent to Varna, and is supposed to have sent reinforcements into the Dobrudscha, lest General Zimmerman should seize the Varna railway, and cut off his supplies. The Czarevitch has declared that his army cannot winter in Bulgaria unless Rustchuk or some other fortress surrenders, as the troops are suffering greatly from sickness and from the loss of their tents and greatcoats during the retreat from the Lom. Skirmishing goes on round Pyrgos and Metchka, Cossacks have occupied Opaka, Bashi-Bazouks have attacked Mahren, near Elena, without success, and there is still a mild bombardment of Rustchuk. Farther up the Danube, the Turks on Wednesday week attempted to cross from Silistria to damage the Roumanian works at Kalarash, but returned unsuccessful, and have now destroyed the bridge they had built. In the Shipka Pass the bombardment of the Russian positions has recommenced.

Fighting continues in Asia, where the Russians have gained a decided victory, as Mukhtar Pasha has been driven from the road to Kars. The Russians evidently soon reoccupied the Great Yagni on the Turkish left which they had abandoned, as on Saturday morning the Turks attacked the hill with no result; while on Sunday General Lazaroff, who had been manœuvring for six days, turned the flank of the Turks, and drove them towards Kars and Vezinkoi. Next day the Grand Duke Michael engaged Mukhtar Pasha on his right wing near Bazardjik, seized the Acolias Redoubt, and captured the Aladja Dagh. The Turkish army was cut in two, a large number of the troops were compelled to surrender, thirty-two guns falling into the hands of the Russians, and Mukhtar is said to have fled to Kars, the remainder of the army being pressed back on Erzeroum. Kars will now probably be reinvested, and winter weather will scarcely interfere with the siege, as precedents have shown that a winter campaign is quite posible in Asia. The Russian fleet also has met with some success, and has been bombarding Sulina, where a Turkish vessel was blown up by striking on a torpedo. Fresh reinforcements are being prepared in Russia, and St. Petersburg is forming thirty-six reserve battalions of Guards and one hundred and three of the Line reserves; while to stimulate a warlike spirit the Czar has decreed that every soldier at the front shall be capable of promotion to officers' rank for distinguished services. There are rumours of a Russian loan at 8 per cent. gold interest, issued at 95, and the paper currency is so diminishing in value that the paper rouble lately worth 3*s.* 3*d.* now only brings 1*s.* 10*d.*

Servia has been bargaining for war subsidies with Russia, and it is asserted that the Principality will be paid a million of roubles every month from the day the Servian army crosses the frontier until its return. Nevertheless hostilities are still delayed, and the Porte has sent a mild remonstrance on the subject of warlike preparations.—Roumania was said to have been invaded last week by a band of 1,500 Hungarians, but the invaders proved to be Austrian troops, who had been doubled on the frontier for the sake of caution.—In Montenegro most of the troops have been sent to plant the autumn crops, and Prince Nikita has gone to Cettinje.—Greece is still busied with her armaments, on which she intends to spend 1,280,000*l.*, and the King is going to Thebes to be present at the autumn manœuvres.

France.——The result of the elections has caused considerable disappointment to all parties. Marshal MacMahon's strenuous appeals to the country, aided by military pressure, have merely produced a Conservative minority; while the Republicans not only do not possess their estimated 400 seats, but even the historic 363 have not been returned in their entirety. Yet the Liberals will command in the new Chamber a majority of 120 or 125, and can seriously embarrass the Marshal if he persists in governing with a hostile Cabinet. The successful Conservatives at present number 199, divided into 99 Bonapartists, 44 Legitimists, 11 Orleanists, and 45 MacMahonites, while 59 of these are new to the Chamber. On the other hand the Republicans will have 317 seats, including 297 of the original 363, and 24 new men. A second ballot is necessary in fourteen places, and here the Government will probably be successful, as the several Conservative candidates will coalesce against their opponent. The four Colonial deputies are also not yet known, but they are pretty sure to be Republicans. The number of the Conservatives minority may be still further lessened when the Chamber meets, as all elections have to be verified, and M. de Fourtou's intrigues will make it easy for the Opposition to bring forward proofs of illegality. Indeed, when the last Assembly first met the Liberals only mustered 295, and it was by the Conservative invalidations that the number was raised to 363. There is already a threat of this storm, as the Left of the Senate have issued an address in which they reckon the seats of their party in the Lower House at 335, when the result of the elections shall have been finally settled, and promise an appeal to the Chamber to decide on those elections carried out under the system of official candidature. This system, by the way, has not much benefitted the Government, as out of 506 official candidates 307 were rejected. Clerical influence has prevailed in the north-west and south-west, but Brittany, the very fortress of Conservative doctrines, sends ten Republicans out of twenty-four Deputies, and in north-eastern France, with the exception of the Belgian frontier, the Republicans are almost entirely victorious, while even the arrondissement including La Forêt, the Marshal's own seat, returns a Liberal. Of course the larger cities returned Republicans, Paris showing an increase for the Radicals of 50,000 votes on the 1876 election, but it is remarkable that moderate Republicans have been far more successful than their Red colleagues. M. Grévy was elected in Paris for the Ninth Arrondissement, M. Thiers' old seat, and even polled 2,000 votes more than his predecessor, while he was also returned for his former constituency, Dôle. M. Gambetta was successful at Belleville, and on the Ministerial side M. de Fourtou and the Duc Decazes were duly returned. Three prominent Bonapartists, the Duc de Mouchy, M. de Maupas, and M. Raoul Duval have however been thrown out, while Prince Napoleon has been beaten in Corsica by Baron Haussmann. The number of abstentions is particularly small, and it is evident that Government pressure has rallied many provincials to the official side. Perfect calm prevailed during the elections alike in Paris and the provinces, and the only sign visible of any excitement was the crowd on the Boulevards waiting for the returns, and the scramble for newspapers. Up to the last moment each party strove hard for victory. The Marshal issued a fresh manifesto, curt and imperative, M. de Fourtou gave forth a solemn warning against Radicalism, and Ministerial speeches abounded, while the Left brought out a counter-manifesto, and M. Victor Hugo made a forcible speech at a meeting in support of M. Grévy. Now the Press on both sides are loud in their expression of discontent.

All attention is at present concentrated on the election for the Councils General on the 4th prox., when 1,500 members will have to be chosen. This election is of the highest importance to the Government, as the Councillors, in company with the Municipal Delegates, are the electors of the Senate, and should they be Republicans the renewal of a third of the Senate in 1879 will be materially affected. M. de Fourton has accordingly summoned the Prefects to Paris to arrange for the coming vote. No change is likely to be made in the Cabinet until after this election, but once the Chamber opens the Ministers can hardly continue in office in face of the majority. The Senate, also, is reported to be preparing for action, and as it meets on the 7th prox., before the new Chamber can be constituted, it may play a very important part. M. Gambetta's trial for his last week's electoral address came on last Friday, when he failed to appear, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 160*l.*

Germany.——The Ministerial crisis is at an end. The Emperor refuses to accept the resignation of Count Eulenburg, the Minister of the Interior, offered on the plea of bad health, but gives him leave of absence for six months. Dr. Friedenthal, Minister of Agriculture, will replace him *ad interim.*—A Government inquiry into the state of German industry and commerce will probably be held at the request of the Protectionists.—A case of cattle plague is reported from Geisenheim, in the Wiesbaden district, and some larvæ similar to that of the Colorado beetle has been discovered in a field at Hückeswagen, near Düsseldorf.

Italy.——Papal circles have been very anxious about the French elections. Prayers for the Marshal's success were ordered, and much regret is felt at the result. The Pope is busy with the vacant See of Naples, and wishes to appoint the Archbishop of Trani, while His Holiness even contemplates an autograph letter to the King, asking him to waive his right as patron of the See. There has been an inoffensive Congress of Italian Catholics at Bergamo.—Much speculation is still abroad anent Signor Crispi's Berlin visit, and a German alliance is freely canvassed.—Italy is fast organising her fleet. The ironclad *Duilio*, falsely reported unable to bear armour, will be finished next year, five more ironclads are being built, and two torpedo ships will be constructed.

United States.——Congress met on Monday for an extraordinary session, to make appropriations for the army. President Hayes' Message, which was read next day, contained nothing noteworthy. It stated that all subjects of public interest were left for next session, but that the army and navy estimates would be submitted, while it recommends that preparations should be made fitly to represent the country at the Paris Exhibition and the Stockholm Prison Congress. Mr. Randall, a Democrat, was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Democrats now have a majority of eleven in the Lower House, and the Republicans a smaller majority in the Senate. The new Ohio members are very violent, and declare the President to have been elected by fraud. They were serenaded on their arrival at Washington. Trade is steadily improving, and the commercial failures during the last quarter are less than in the two preceding, or than in the corresponding period in 1876. Railway freights are to be increased, and the Pennsylvania Railroad is being threatened by some of its shareholders with proceedings regarding the lease of the New Jersey Railroad.

India.——A good rainfall is reported in all parts of the country, and it is hoped the Famine will be over by February. This week's rain has saved the Government 4,000,000*l.* sterling, and at Madras rice has fallen 20 per cent., a fall which, however, threatens to paralyse the rice trade. There is now no fear of a famine in Northern and Central India, although high prices and distress throughout the Famine districts will continue for some time to come. The Famine will probably cost the Government fifteen millions, exclusive of the loss of revenue. Returns of the mortality in the Madras Presidency for the six months from November to April, show a total of 373,993 deaths, of which 182,114 were due to cholera. January was the most fatal month, and the deaths exceed the average by 188,945.

Miscellaneous.——Austria has been welcoming Signor Crispi.—In Egypt the Nile is falling, having only attained a maximum height of 16 ft. 8 in.—Canada is rejoicing in an exceptional wheat harvest.—The Cape is threatened with fresh disturbances in the Transkei.—There has been some fighting in the Niger river, where three English gunboats have destroyed the town of Emblena, to punish the natives for wrecking a trading steamer.

THE COURT

Winter has set in throughout the Highlands, and snow has fallen at Balmoral to the depth of two or three inches. Should this cold weather continue the Queen will probably return to Windsor sooner than originally intended. Her Majesty has been out every day, notwithstanding the piercing wind, has visited the Prince and Princess of Wales at Abergeldie, and last week received Princes Albert Victor and George to lunch and the Lord Chancellor to dinner. On Sunday, the Queen with the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold attended morning service at Crathie Church, the Rev. Dr. Lees officiating, and after the service the Prince and Princess of Wales with Princes Albert Victor and George lunched with Her Majesty. The Rev. Dr. Lees joined the Royal party at dinner. On Tuesday afternoon the Queen and the Princess Beatrice left Balmoral to spend a few days at the Glassalt Shiel.—The Queen has received an address from the inhabitants of Esher thanking Her Majesty for the erection of a drinking fountain.

The Prince of Wales and his two sons have left Scotland for the South, while the Princess remains behind at Abergeldie during the illness of her lady-in-waiting, Miss Knollys, who is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. Before leaving Abergeldie the Prince was present at a deer drive in Invercauld Forest, and entertained Prince Leopold to dinner on Sunday. On Monday morning the Prince of Wales and Princes Albert Victor and George drove from Abergeldie to Ballater, went on by train to Edinburgh, where they stayed to dine, and left a few hours afterwards for London, arriving in town on Tuesday morning. Whilst in town they stayed at Clarence House as Marlborough House is under repair. On Thursday the Prince was to visit Dartmouth to instal his two sons on board the *Britannia*, and a grand reception was prepared for the Princes. They were to be received with a guard of honour and presented with an address, while the town would be decorated and illuminated. The Prince was to return to town yesterday (Friday) after visiting the site of the new naval colleges.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her children are not expected to leave Marseilles for Malta before Tuesday, and the Duke has gone to Marseilles to escort his wife. The Duchess will occupy the Palace of San Antonio at Malta, where she stayed last winter, and may probably pay a visit to Villafranca. Prince Alfred of Edinburgh, the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess, was three years old on Monday, while Wednesday was the Duchess's twenty-fourth birthday.—The Princess Louise and her husband have not accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Argyll to Roseneath, but remain at Inverary Castle, their apartments having been uninjured by the fire.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck returned to England from Germany on Saturday, and are now at White Lodge, Richmond.

CHURCH NEWS

The Church Congress.——On Thursday last week, the principal subject discussed at the Croydon Congress was "The Relations between Church and State." Dean Stanley was to have opened this debate, but as he had not arrived from Switzerland, the first paper was read by Canon Gregory, who argued that the time had come for the Church to legislate for herself by means of a reconstituted Convocation. Disestablishment was deprecated by all the speakers. There was an interesting discussion on the Sunday Question, led off by Archdeacon Hessey, who admitted that the exigencies of society required that some amount of trading and of travelling should be allowed on Sunday, for both the existence and the recreation of the working classes and others. He also advocated the movement for open spaces and recreation grounds, but spoke strongly against the Sunday opening of art galleries and museums. On Friday the "Relations between the Establishment and Nonconformists" were considered, amongst the speakers were Mr. T. Hughes, whose remarks were frequently interrupted with expressions of disapproval. He suggested such a revision of the Prayer Book, especially of the Thirty-Nine Articles and the Rubrics, as would make the Church in fact what she is in name—national. Canon Ryle cautioned his hearers to beware of flirtation with Popery, as tending to keep Nonconformists outside the pale of the Church, and Mr. Beresford Hope said that all flirtation with Miss Rome or Miss Geneva was equally dangerous. The great historic flirtation of James II. was with the Dissenters, and the great opponents of that flirtation were the Seven High Church Bishops, who were sent to the Tower. This was the last day of the Congress, which wound up with a *conversazione* in the evening, at which the Archbishop of Canterbury made a second address, complimenting the various speakers on the moderate tone which had been preserved. On Saturday Canon Farrar preached in the Parish Church to a large congregation, amongst whom were the Primate, the Bishop of Winchester, Dean Stanley, Archdeacon Emery, and a number of clergymen. He said that the two chief enemies with which the Church had to contend were Infidelity and Intemperance. The one was to be fought, not with the futility of ignorant anathema, nor the assumption of repudiated authority, but by the calmest thought, the purest candour, the deepest learning, and, above all, by blameless lives. The other, that national sin which was making them the helots of the world, should not be met with smooth language, or false compromises, but, if they were honest and resolute, they would seize it by the throat, and wrench away the poison. The *Guardian* speaks of the Congress as "a great success." The *Nonconformist* says that "Churchmen may fairly congratulate themselves that, notwithstanding the sharp contrasts presented, and the burning questions discussed, the proceedings throughout were characterised by an amount of good feeling and mutual toleration which these great assemblies have rarely exhibited before;" while the *Rock* affirms that if "All parties were simply honest there could have been no Congress," and asks why the utterances of men in the Congress Hall should so greatly contrast with their speeches out of it. "Whence then this change of tone? It is due to the laws of Congressional propriety, which override the laws of godliness and truth. There is a virtual, if not an actual, agreement that all the sharp outlines of controversy are to be rounded off—all irritating topics on either side to be avoided, or gently handled; and things are as far as possible to be made pleasant all round."

VARIOUS.—The 38th autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union was opened at Leicester this week, under the presidency of Mr. H. Richard, M.P., about 1,000 delegates being present. The opening sermon was preached on Monday, by the Rev. A. Maclaren, it being the first time that the Association Sermon has been delivered by a minister of another Communion. In the evening there was a public meeting in furtherance of the temperance movement, and on Tuesday the chairman delivered his inaugural speech, the subject of which was the application of Christianity to Politics. He avowed his belief that if all ministers of the Gospel would, with one voice, constantly and courageously preach to the nations the truth of God, and would denounce war as not only costly, cruel, and barbarous, but as essentially and eternally un-Christian, another war would become impossible in Europe. On Wednesday the "Confessional" and several other subjects were discussed, and in the evening a public meeting for working men, and several special services were held. On Thursday, the Rev. Principal Fairbairne read a paper on "How best to meet the un-Christian and anti-Christian teaching of the day," and a lecture on Wycliffe was given by the Rev. Baldwin Brown.—The Floating Church promoted by the Bishop of Lichfield is nearly completed, and will soon be used on the canals within his lordship's diocese. It is built boat-fashion, but is much larger than an ordinary cabin boat, and will comfortably hold eighty persons. It cost between 300*l.* and 400*l.*—Bristol Cathedral, the restoration of which is now nearly complete, is to be opened on the 23rd inst.

LEGAL

THE PENGE MURDER.——A respite having been granted to the whole of the four convicts in this case, it remains to be seen whether they will all be relegated to penal servitude for life, or whether the Home Secretary will allot proportionate punishments to them according to the amount of guilt which he conceives to attach to each. The news of Her Majesty's clemency was communicated to them on Saturday, and they all appeared very thankful and greatly relieved in mind. The public agitation has now taken a new form, that of a demand for a rehearing of the case, as there is a very wide-spread opinion that with the evidence which has cropped up since their trial it would be impossible to obtain a conviction. The present position of affairs is certainly eminently unsatisfactory, and speaks as strongly as facts can speak in favour of the establishment of a regular Court of Criminal Appeal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Mr. Justice Lopes has refused to accede to the application made on behalf of Inspectors Druscovich and Palmer that they should be admitted to bail until the trial at the Central Criminal Court.—The three persons charged with defrauding the Midland Railway Company have been committed for trial. One of them is a brickmaker, of Maryport, near Carlisle, and the others were in the employ of the Company as inspectors of the permanent way. The charge relates to the misappropriation of a large quantity of building materials and the fraudulent employment of workmen and rolling stock.—A Somersetshire farm labourer has been fined 5*s.* and costs for keeping a living Colorado beetle in his house.—Eight summonses have been taken out against the Commercial Gas Company for neglecting to supply gas of the quality required by law. The case is not yet decided, but should the suit go against the Company they will be liable to penalties amounting to 400*l.*—The occupants of the steam-launch which in August last ran down a pleasure boat on the Thames were last week fined for infringing the bye-laws of the Thames Conservancy. The defence was that the accident resulted from the breaking of the rudder chains. The proprietor of the launch was also summoned, but was acquitted because he was not on board at the time.—The proprietors of the *Globe* are threatened with an action for libel for inserting a letter headed "A Heartless Advertisement," and signed "Etat Major," complaining of the manner in which Mr. Maddox exhibited in his window the coffin lid of the late Mdlle. Titiens.—A curious application was made the other day at Bow Street Police Court by a lady who refused her name and address, but who complained that every night after her first sleep "Algernon Joy" came to her and played draughts upon her. He worried her out of her life, and had been sent to her by Messrs, Maskelyne and Cooke for that purpose. Mr. Vaughan said that he could not interfere, and the poor lady, who is doubtless insane, went away quite disconsolate.—A man named Smith has been committed for trial for forging a cheque. The chief witness against him was his sweetheart, a domestic servant, o whom he had given the cheque to cash, and who, though unable to read, was able to swear to his handwriting in consequence of having received from him many love-letters which she got her mistress to read to her.—The Middlesex Justices are now engaged in attempting to solve the knotty question whether it is illegal for a publican to sell gin diluted with water. Professor Redwood, the analytical chemist, one of the "expert" witnesses, said that if a rectifier should send out gin fifty per cent. under proof he should still call that gin, but if any one else were to do so he should call it gin and water, a statement which not unnaturally was received with "loud laughter."—William Sheppard, aged fourteen, possibly a descendant of the notorious "Jack" of that ilk, is in custody for committing a burglary in Lambeth.—Two cabmen have been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for stealing a quantity of jewellery from a widow lady, who had engaged the vehicle driven by one of them. While on the journey she fell faint, and requested the driver to get her some brandy. Whether this liquor was drugged or not does not appear, but after drinking it she became insensible. The other cabman then got into the cab, and after the robbery had been effected, the two miscreants lifted their victim out and left her in a field on the Harrow Road, where she was subsequently found, still unconscious.—Starvation appears to be growing more and more fashionable since the revelations respecting the Penge murder or "mystery." Mr. Chance, the Lambeth magistrate, is now engaged in investigating a charge brought against two women for illtreating and neglecting to supply food to two infant children who are now in the infirmary, and who appear to have been rescued only just in time to save their lives, at Blairgowrie, near Dundee, an elderly lady has just died under suspicious circumstances, and her sister has been arrested on suspicion; and at Stepney an old woman of ninety has died from "disease of the heart, want of food, and privation," the parish authorities having stopped her allowance of 2*s.* per week because she refused to go into the house.—The *Liverpool Post* says that the presence in the streets of large numbers of drunken men is creating a new and profitable department of thievish enterprise. Waylaying inebriates is now regarded as an occupation of itself, and several experts have recently fallen into the hands of the police. On Monday two young roughs who had been previously convicted were sentenced to three months' imprisonment upon charges of frequenting the streets for this purpose.—There seems to be urgent need of reform in the hospital regulations regarding the removal of patients. On the 29th ult. a man named Thomas, who appears to have no relations, was admitted to University College Hospital suffering from dropsy and disease of the kidneys. Last week, either in a fit of delirium or bad temper, he spoke offensively to one of the nurses, and threatened to strike her, whereupon the house physician wrote to his former landlord saying that he must at once be removed. This man accordingly went to the hospital, and seeing that the poor fellow was in a dying state protested against his removal, which however was insisted upon, with the result that he died within a quarter of an hour after his arrival at the workhouse infirmary. The coroner's inquiry resulted in a verdict that death was the result of disease accelerated by the removal.—A groom residing at some stables near South Audley Street has been committed for trial for attempting to murder a fellow servant who lodged in the same building. It appears that there had been a quarrel, and the prosecutor having threatened to throw the defendant down stairs was shot at by him with a pistol loaded with powder and small shot. The defence was that the weapon went off accidentally.—John Lynch, the man who murdered his wife by cutting her throat in the streets at Islington, was on Monday executed at Newgate. He died penitent, acknowledging the justice of his sentence.

MUSIC

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.——At the second concert, under the direction of Mr. August Manns, a composer and a *virtuoso* appeared—both the welcomer because so little known among us. The composer was Herr Max Bruch, a German; the *virtuoso* was Señor Sarasate, a Spaniard. Both may be said to have gained a fairly legitimate success. Herr Max Bruch, if he had achieved nothing more, is entitled to consideration as the man who had the courage to set to music Geibel's book of *Lorelei*, written expressly for Mendelssohn, who had a long time previously composed a grand *finale*, an "Ave Maria," and a "chorus of vintagers," so eminently characteristic that to say the art-world, through his early and lamented death, has been deprived of another masterpiece is no more than to say the bare truth. Mendelssohn, however, having left us an incomplete work, it was natural that some other musician of standing and repute should ask himself why the libretto of a poet so highly esteemed as Geibel should be consigned to the shelf? That musician is Herr Max Bruch, from whose opera, *Lorelei*, the *Vorspiel* (orchestral prelude) was played, and admirably played, under the composer's own direction, on Saturday. Anything more weak and colourless could hardly be imagined. We could not detect in it one original idea, indeed, anything above flat and smoothly developed commonplace; and we sincerely believe that more than one young student in our Royal Academy of Music—not to name the Shakespeares, Winghams, &c.—would have contrived to produce a much better, more poetical, and more significant introduction than this. Herr Bruch's violin concerto in G minor and major is so well known here, through the remarkable performances of Joseph Joachim, that there is little to say about it—even if it contained (which it hardly does) anything to suggest a new idea. The concerto, however, brought forth Señor Sarasate, a really accomplished *virtuoso* (the term must be accepted for want of a better). The playing of this gentleman is in some respects of more than ordinary excellence. His mechanism is prodigious—no less emphatic epithet can be applied. At the same time certain inequalities of tone, certain irregularities of phrasing, and a prevalent overstraining of "sentiment"—as, for example, in the reading of the middle movement, sentimental enough in itself, without demanding any ardent striving on the part of the interpreter. Beyond these defects, and a somewhat too prevalent use of the "tremolo" (as again in the cited *andante*) we have only unqualified eulogy for the playing of Señor Sarasate. In his early youth Señor Sarasate was hailed as a boy-wonder—a Charles Filtsch, a future Joachim, but these expectations have not been precisely realised. In three movements from a *Suite* by the apparently exhaustless Joachim Raff—a "show-piece" at the best—the Spanish violinist afforded fresh proofs of his astonishing facility, especially in the execution of rapid movements ("prestissimos"), which he occasionally seems, to speak with deference, to play "quicker than possible," though not always with the desired accuracy. We are not cognisant of how many more "numbers" Herr Raff's *Suite* may consist; but judging by those we heard, three were more than sufficient. One might fancy that Herr Raff was a descendant of Lachesis, the coiler of the Parcæ, so many, and so long, are the threads he spins out. Cherubini's bright and effective overture to *Anacreon*; Haydn's B flat symphony—one of the finest of the Salomon set of twelve; and Mendelssohn's overture, *The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, a veritable "tone-poem," "tone-picture" (or whatever else it may be styled), if there ever was one, were the orchestral pieces—all played in perfection. Madame Nouvès and Mr. Barton M'Guckin (one of the youngest and most promising tenors of the day), were the solo vocalists. The third concert (to-day), comprising an unknown symphony by Schubert, a new orchestral piece by M. Saint Saens, and Sterndale Bennett's beautiful overture, *Parisina*, together with Mendelssohn's violin concert, played by Señor Sarasate, can hardly fail to be one of special interest.

◆

A MIRACULOUS MAD-STONE, warranted to prevent hydrophobia, is owned by a Kentucky farmer. The stone was bought from an Italian, who had brought it from Switzerland, and has cured fifty-nine dangerous bites in twenty-three years. It is a porous stone, something like bone, but much harder, weighs about 2 oz., and is 1 in. thick by 1½ in. long. When applied to a wound it adheres tightly until it has absorbed all the poison, and after being soaked in warm milk and water is again ready for use.

New Music

W. CZERNY.——Of more than ordinary merit, and replete with devotional feeling, is a sacred song, "Thy Gates are Opening" (*Crucifixus*), the music by J. Faure, words by J. Finlayson; the compass is from C below the lines to E on the fourth space.—But little inferior to the above is "An Angel Passed By," a popular Russian song, composed by N. B. Varlamov, the words translated from Lermontoff's poem by C. E. Marr. These two songs should be added to the *repertoire* of all mezzo-soprani who care to contribute their share to the enjoyment of a Sunday evening at home.—Two (as far as we know) new aspirants to fame have made a very successful *début* in a song entitled "Sunset" (*Tutto e Pace*), the English and Italian words written by Beatrice Ley, music by J. Hart Gordon.—W. Czerny has tastefully transcribed for the pianoforte and violin, "Un Petit Bijou, Fragment Musical, de L. Van Beethoven."—From so gifted a *pianiste* as Henry Ketten we are apt to expect something super-excellent as a composer, and are therefore disappointed to meet with two such mediocre compositions as "Sarabande pour le Pianoforte," and "Petite Marche Italienne," from his pen.—As a pianoforte piece, "Sweet Remembrances" (*Erinnerungen*), waltzes, by Eduard Kremser, are passably good, but dancers would condemn the constant breaks and changes in the time as halting and fidgety in the extreme.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.——Part 36, Vol. V., of *The Organist's Quarterly Journal*, commences with a melodious "Andante Espressivo," by James Stimpson; a spirited "Allemande," by F. Archer, calculated to show off a good organ, when manipulated by the composer thereof, comes second on the list; this is followed by a brief "Andante" by Dr. J. V. Roberts; a "Postlude," by W. H. Wale, Mus. Bac., Oxon.; a brilliant march, by W. A. Cruickshank, which is a clever work of a very Mendelssohnic type; and finally we have a charming "Andante Grazioso," by George Smith.—Decidedly uncommon, both as regards music and poetry, is "A Leave Taking," a song for a tenor or soprano; the words, by Algernon C. Swinburne, are vague and mysterious, the music, by Charles Salaman, agrees with its theme; those persons who can understand it will appreciate this composition.

MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.——There is something very taking in a dialect song well sung; a soprano who will take some pains to study her words may produce an excellent effect with "My Sailor Laddie," a Scottish ballad, written and composed by William Crawford.—By the composer of this successful ballad is "Forest Fairy," a *polka facile*, of the most commonplace description.—"Au Revoir" (Reverie), for the pianoforte, by T. Liebich, will be asked for again and again.

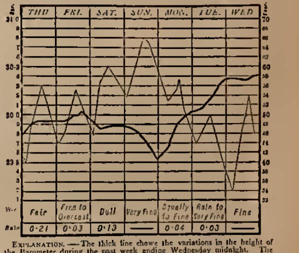
MESSRS. STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.——A useful study for steady practice is an "Allegro con Forza" (in B flat minor) for the pianoforte, by F. Westlake.—A tenor with a sweet voice and a cultivated taste cannot fail to make a hit with a song, "Beloved, it is Morn;" the poetry, by E. H. Hickey, is refined, the music, by H. A. Rudall, is very original.

MESSRS. SCHOTT AND CO.——The "Andante 3me Quintuor" (*en ut mineur*), of W. A. Mozart, has been faithfully transcribed for the violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, by G. Haddock, who has done equally well with the "Celebrated Minuet," by L. Boccherini, of which musical transcribers seem never to tire; these two duets are well calculated for the home circle during the long winter evenings.

◆

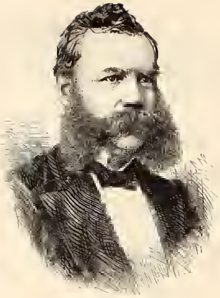
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

OCTOBER 11TH TO OCTOBER 17TH (INCLUSIVE)

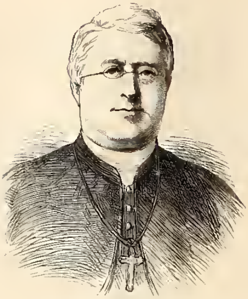


EXPLANATION.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

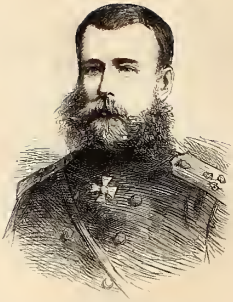
REMARKS.——Pressure has been very unsteady during this period. On the first few days the oscillations were comparatively slight, owing to barometrical disturbances which passed well to the westward and northward; but on Sunday, the 14th instant, a very quick fall occurred, lasting until midnight, occasioned by an exceedingly deep depression advancing on our coasts. As it passed away the barometer rose as quickly as it had fallen, the increase lasting until Wednesday, the 17th instant, when the mercury became almost steady, but rising slightly. Wind has varied considerably; on Thursday and Friday, the 11th and 12th, it was generally westerly and light in force; on Saturday, the 13th, however, it had backed to south-west and increased to a fresh breeze; this had fallen light again by Sunday morning, the 14th instant; but by six p.m. the same day it had risen again to a fresh breeze, and early on Monday morning, the 15th instant, it blew a hard gale. During Monday and Tuesday, the 15th and 16th, it was light from west again, and on Wednesday, the 17th instant, north-westerly. Temperature has changed very much. On the first few days the range was not very great; but on Sunday, the 14th instant, exceptionally hot weather was experienced, the thermometer not falling below 54° during the whole day, while in the afternoon it rose as high as 66°. Since then a steady decrease in the heat has been in progress, and on Wednesday morning, the 17th instant, 34° was registered in the shade. Weather was fine on Thursday and Friday, the 11th and 12th; but on Friday night, the 12th instant, the sky became overcast, and continued so until Sunday morning, the 14th instant, when it cleared, and exceedingly fine weather prevailed all day. Since that time it has been fair, but rather unsettled. The barometer was highest (30·41 inches) on Wednesday, the 17th instant; lowest (29·52 inches) on Sunday, the 14th instant; range, 0·89 inches. The thermometer was highest (66°) on Sunday, the 14th instant, lowest (34°) on Wednesday, the 17th instant; range, 32°. Rain has fallen on five days, the total being 0·44 inches; a dense fog and sharp frost on Thursday morning ushered in a brilliant day.



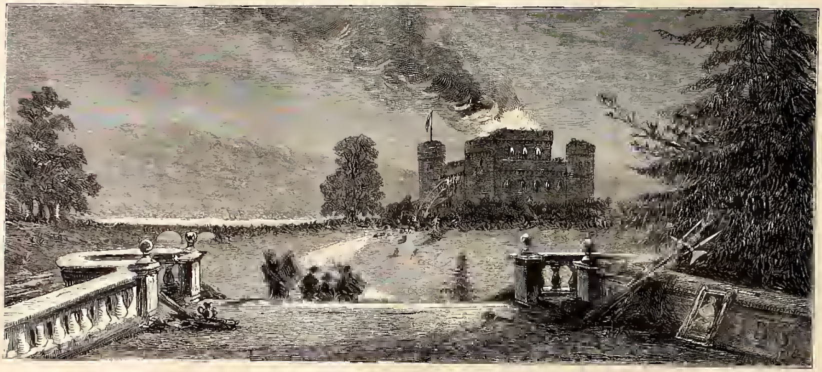
MR. ANDREAS STOCKENSTRÖM
New Attorney-General of Cape Colony



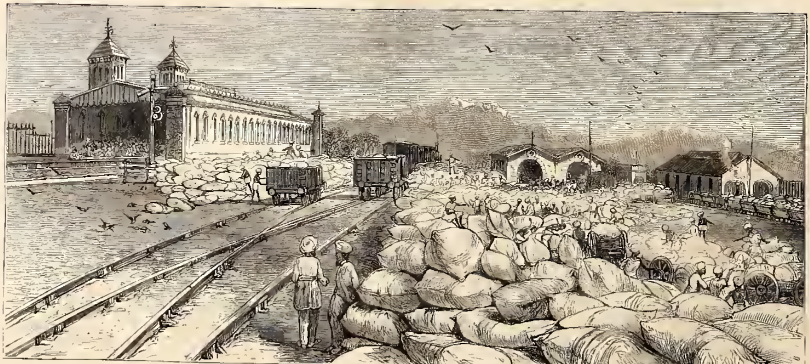
THE RIGHT REV. DR. DAVID MORIARTY, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF KERRY
Died Oct. 1, aged 63



GENERAL SKOBELEFF
One of the Leaders at Plevna



THE RECENT FIRE AT INVERARY CASTLE



THE FAMINE IN INDIA—DEPÔT OF GRAIN AT THE RAILWAY STATION, BELLARY, MADRAS PRESIDENCY

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

LA VIE DE PROVINCE

THE twenty-fourth of May was not only the Queen's birthday, and therefore kept a holiday in the port, with infinite official rejoicings and expenditure of powder, but also Celia's as well. On that account it was set apart for one of the Tyrrells' four annual dinner parties, and was treated as a Church festival or fast day. This was the period of early Christianity, when any ecclesiastical days, whether of sorrowful or joyful commemoration, were marked by a better dinner than usual, and the presence of wine. On Ash Wednesday and Good Friday we had salt fish, followed, at the Tyrrells', by a sumptuous repast, graced by the presence of a few guests, and illustrated, so to speak, by a generous flow of port, of which every respectable Briton then kept a cellar, carefully labelled and laid down years before. The *novus homo* in a provincial town might parade his plate, his dinner service, his champagne—then reckoned a very ostentatious wine. He might affect singularity by preferring claret to port, and he might even invite his guests to drink of strange and unknown wines, such as Sauterne, Bucellas, Lisbon, or even Hock. But one thing he could not do: he could not boast of his old cellar, because everybody would know that he had bought it. Mr. Tyrrell was conscious of this, and being himself a *novus homo* he evaded the difficulty by referring his wine to the cellar of Mr. Pontifex, the husband of Mrs. Tyrrell's aunt. Now Mr. Pontifex was a man of good county family, and his port, laid down by his father before him, was not to be gainsaid by the most severe critic. Criticism, in our town, neglecting Literature and the Fine Arts, confined itself to Port in the first instance, municipal affairs in the second, and politics in the third. As the two latter subjects ran in well-known grooves it is obvious that the only scope for original thought lay in the direction of Port. Round this subject were grouped the choicest anecdotes, the sweetest flowers of fancy, the deepest yearnings of the Over-soul. A few houses were rivals in the matter of Port. The Rev. Mr. Broughton, our old tutor, was acknowledged to have some '34 beyond all praise, but as he gave few dinner parties, on the score of poverty, there were not many who could boast of having tasted it. Little Dr. Roy had a small cellar brought from Newfoundland or New Brunswick, whither, as everybody knows, the Portugal trade carries yearly a small quantity of finer wine than ever comes to the London market. The Rev. John Pontifex inherited, as I have already said, a cellar by which Mr. Tyrrell was the principal gainer. There were two or three retired officers who had made good use of their opportunities on the Rock and elsewhere. And the rest were nowhere. As Mr. Broughton said, after an evening out of the "best" set, that is, the set who had cellars worth considering, the fluid was Lamentable. Good or bad, the allowance for every guest at dinner was liberal, amounting to about a bottle and a half a head, though seasoned topers might take more. It was Port, with rum and water, which produced those extraordinary noses which I remember in my childhood. There was the nose garnished like Bardolph's with red blossoms; there was the large nose, swollen in all its length; there was the nose with the great red protuberance, waggling as the wearer walked, or agitated by the summer breeze; and there was the nose which paled while it grew, carrying in its general appearance, not a full-voiced song and pæan of rum, like its brothers of the ruddy blossom and the ruby blob, but a gentle suspicion of long evening drinks and morning drams. Some men run to weight as they grow old; some dry up. It is matter of temperament. So some of those old topers ran to red and swollen nose, rubicund of colour and bright with many a blossom; while some ran to a pallid hue and shrunken dimensions. It is true that these were old stagers,—the scanty remnant of a generation most of whom were long since tucked up in bed and fallen sound asleep. The younger men—of George Tyrrell's stamp—were more moderate. A simple bottle of Port after dinner generally sufficed for their modest wants; and they did not drink rum at all. The Captain, for his part, took his rations regularly: a glass of port every day, and two on Sunday; a tumbler of grog every night and two on Sunday. To Sundays, as a good Churchman, he added, of course, the feasts and festivals of the Church.

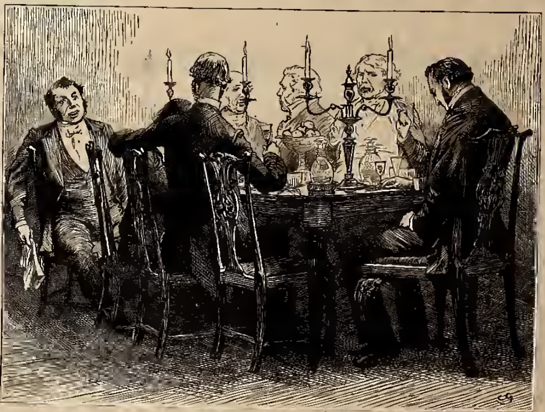
Let us return to these occasions.

On Good Friday, it was—it is still, I believe—*de rigueur* to make yourself ill by eating Hot Cross Buns, which were sold in the streets to the tune of a simple ditty, sung by the vendors. On Whit Sunday, who so poor as not to have gooseberry-pie, unless the season was very backward? Lamb came in with Easter, and added its attractions to heighten the spiritual joy of the season. Easter eggs were not yet invented; but everybody put on something new for the day. The asceticism of Lent had no terrors for those who, like ourselves, began it with more than the customary feasting, conducted it without any additional services, broke its gloom by Mothering Sunday, and ended it by two feasts, separated by one day only. The hungriest Christian faced its terrors with cheek unblanched and lips firm; he came out of it no thinner than he went in; as for the spiritual use he made of that season, it was a matter for his conscience to determine, not for me to resolve. We marked its presence in Church by draping the pulpit, reading desk, and clerk's desk with black velvet, instead of red. The Rev. Mr. Broughton always explained the bearings of Lent according to the ordinances of the Church, and explained very carefully that fasting, in our climate, and in high northern latitudes, was to be taken in a spiritual, not a carnal sense. It was never meant, he said, that Heaven's gifts were to be neglected, whatever the season might be. Nor was it intended by Providence, in the great Christian scheme, that we were to endanger the health of the body by excessive abstinence. This good shepherd preached what he practised, and practised what he preached. During Lent the hymns, until I became organist, were taken more slowly than at other seasons, so that it was a great time for the old ladies on the triangular brackets. The Captain, who had an undeveloped ear for music, said that caterwauling was not singing praises, but it was only fair to let every one have his watch, turn and turn about, and that if the commanding officer—meaning Mr. Broughton—allowed it, we had to put up with it. But he gave out the "tools" with an air of pitiful resignation. On Trinity Sunday, Mr. Broughton, in a discourse of twenty minutes, confronted the Unbeliever, and talked him down with such an array of argument that when the benediction came there was nothing left of him. It is curious that whenever I, which is once a year, read that splendid encounter between Greatheart and Apollyon, I always think of Mr. Broughton and Trinity Sunday. When Apollyon was quite worsted and we were dismissed, we went home to a sort of Great Grand Day dinner, a Gaudy, a City Feast, a Commemoration Banquet, to which all other Christian Festivals, except Christmas, were mere trifles. For on Trinity Sunday, except when east winds were more protracted than usual, there were salmon, lamb, peas, duckling, early gooseberries and asparagus.

From Trinity Sunday to Advent was a long stretch, unmarked by any occasion of feasting. I used to wonder why the Church had invented nothing to fill up that space, and I commiserated the hard lot of Dissenters, to whom their religion gave no times for feasting.

The influence of custom hedged round the whole of life for us. It even regulated the amount of our hospitalities. Things were expected of people in a certain position. The Tyrrells, for instance, could hardly do less than give four dinner-parties in the year. Others not in so good a position might maintain their social rank with two. Retired officers were not expected to show any hospitality at all. To be sure this concession was necessary unless the poor fellows, who generally had large and hungry families, were allowed to entertain, after the manner of Augustus Brambler, on bread and cheese. Mrs. Pontifex, again, who had very decided Christian views, but was of good county family, admitted her responsibilities by offering one annual banquet of the more severe order. A bachelor, like Mr. Verney Broughton, was exempt from this social tax. He gave very few dinners. To make up for this, he would ask one man at a time, and set before him such a reminiscence of Oriel in a solid dinner, with a bottle of crusted port after it, as to make that guest dissatisfied with his wife's catering for a month to come.

The guests were divided into sets, with no regard for their special fitness or individual likings, but simply in accordance with their recognised social status. The advantage of this arrangement was that you knew beforehand whom you would meet, and what would be talked about. I knew all the sets, because at most of their entertainments I was a guest, and at some a mere *umbra*, invited as *ami de famille* who would play and sing after dinner. On these occasions my profession was supposed to be merged in the more creditable fact of my illustrious birth. When strangers came I never failed to overhear the whisper, after the introduction, "Count Pulaski in Poland, but refuses to bear the title in England. Of very high Polish family." One gets used to most things in time. Mr. Tyrrell divided his dinner guests into four sets. In October we had lawyers, one or two doctors, perhaps a clergyman, and their wives. At the summer feast (which was the most important, and was fixed with reference to the full moon for convenience of driving home) there were the important clients, who came in great state, in their own carriages. In February we entertained a humbler class of townspeople, who were also clients. And in December we generally entertained the Mayor and officers of the borough, a thing due to Mr. Tyrrell's connection with the Municipality. The May banquet was wholly of a domestic character. The dinners were solid and heavy, beginning early and lasting an immense time. After dinner the men sat for an hour or two consuming large quantities of port. "If this," Celia used to say, "is Society, I think, Laddy, that I prefer Solitude." She and I used to sing and play duets together, after dinner, occasionally giving way to any young lady who expected to be asked to sing. The songs of the day were not bad, but they lasted too long. It is more than possible to tire, in the course of years, of such a melody as "Isle of Beauty" or "Love Not," (a very exasperating piece of long drawn music), or the "Sweet Young Page," a sentimentally beautiful thing; the men, some of whom had red faces after the port, mostly hung about the doors together, while the ladies affected great delight in turning over old albums and well-known portfolios of prints. Photographs began to appear in some provincial drawing-rooms in the early fifties, but they were not yet well-established. It was a transition period. Keepsakes and Books of Beauty were hardly yet out of fashion, while portrait albums were only just beginning. Daguerreotypes, things which, regarded from all but one point of view, showed a pair of spectral eyes and nothing else, lay on the table in red leather cases. Mural decoration was an art yet in its infancy, and there must have been, now one comes to think of it, truly Awful things to be witnessed in the shape of vases, jars, and ornamented mantel-shelves: the curtains, the carpets, the chairs, and the sofas were in colours not to be reconciled on any principle of Art. And I doubt very much whether we should like, now, the fashion in which young ladies wore their hair, dressed their sleeves, and arranged their skirts. Fashion is the most wonderful of all human vanities; and the most remarkable thing about it is that whether a pretty girl disguises herself in Queen Anne's hoops, Elizabethan petticoats, immense Pompadour *coiffure*, Victorian crinoline, or Republican scantiness, whether she puts patches and paint on her cheek, whether she runs great rings through her nose, whether she wears a coal-scuttle for a bonnet, as thirty years ago, or an umbrella for a hat, as last year, whether she displays her figure as this year, or hides it altogether as fifteen years ago, whether she walks as Nature meant her to



"Three-bottle men, were you?" said Dr. Roy

walk or affects a stoop, whether she pretends in the matter of hair and waist, or whether she is content with what the gods have given her—she cannot, she may not, succeed in destroying her beauty. Under every disguise the face and figure of a lovely woman are as charming, as bewitching, as captivating, as under any other. When it comes to young women who are not pretty—but, perhaps, as the large-hearted Frenchman said,—*il n'y en a pas*—there are no young women who are not pretty.

We were, then, ignorant of Art in my young days. Art in provincial towns as commonly understood did not exist at all. To be sure, we had an Art speciality of which we might have been proud. There was no place in the world which could or did turn out more splendid ships' figure heads. There was one old gentleman in particular, a genius in figure-head carving, who had his studio in the Dockyard, and furnished Her Majesty's Navy with bows, decorated in so magnificent a style, that one who, like me, remembers them, is fain to weep in only looking at the figure-headless ironclads of the present degenerate days.

As for conversation after dinner, there was not much between the younger men and the ladies, because really there was hardly anything to talk about except one's neighbours. In London, probably, people talked much as they do now, but in a country town, as yet unexplored by Mudie or Smith, there could be very few topics of common interest between a young man and a girl. The Great Exhibition of 1851 did one great service for country people; it taught them how easy it is to get to London, and what a mine of wealth, especially for after memory and purposes of conversation, exists in that big place. But remember that five-and-twenty years ago, in the family circle of a country town, there were no periodical visits to town, no holidays on the Continent, no new books, no monthly magazines; even illustrated newspapers were rarely seen; there was no love of Art or talk of artistic principles, or Art schools; there were no choral societies, no musical services; no croquet, or Badminton, or lawn tennis. And yet people were happy. Celia's social circle was too limited to make her feel the want of topics of conversation with young men. No young man except myself was ever invited to the house, and of course I hardly counted. When the formal dinner parties were held, the guests at these banquets were principally old and middle-aged people. At our birthday dinner only the very intimate friends and relations were invited. Mr. Tyrrell had no relations; or at least we never heard of them, but his wife was well connected; the Pontifexes are known to be a good old county family, and Mrs. Pontifex, Mrs. Tyrrell's aunt, often asserted the claims of her own ancestry, who were Toplingtons, to be of equal rank with her husband's better known line.

Of course, the Pontifexes always came to the dinners.

Mrs. Pontifex—Aunt Jane—was fifteen years older than her husband, and at this time, I suppose, about sixty-five years of age. She was small in person, but upright and gaunt beyond her inches. It is a mistake to suppose—I learned this from considering Mrs. Pontifex as a Leading Case—that gauntness necessarily implies a tall stature. Not at all. "If," I said to Cis one day, "if you were to wear, as Aunt Jane wears, a cap of severely Puritanic aspect, decorated with a few flowers which might have grown in a cemetery; if you were to arrange your hair, as she arranges it, in a double row, stiff curls, set horizontally on each side of her face; if you were to sit bolt upright, with your elbows square, as if you were always in a pew; if you were to keep the corners of your lips down—as Aunt Jane does—so—Cis—why even you would be gaunt. John of Gaunt, so called because he resembled Aunt Jane, was, I believe, a man under the middle height."

She married the Rev. John Pontifex, or rather they married each other, chiefly for money. They both had excellent incomes which united made a large income; they were both desperately careful and saving people; they held similar views on religious matters (they were severe views), and I suppose that Aunt Jane had long learned to rule John Pontifex when she invited him—even Cis used to agree that he would never have invited her—to become her husband.

Mr. Pontifex was a man of lofty but not commanding stature. Another mistake of novelists and people who write. You have not necessarily a commanding stature because you are tall. No one could have seen anything commanding in Mr. John Pontifex. He was six feet two in height, and, although by nature austere, he looked as meek as if he had been only five feet; the poor man, indeed, never had the chance of looking anything but meek; he had a pale face and smooth cheeks, with thin brown hair, a little grey and "gone off" at the temples. His features were made remarkable by a very long upper lip, which gave him a mutton-like expression as of great meekness coupled with some obstinacy. In fact, she who drove John Pontifex had at times to study the art of humouring her victim. Since his marriage he had retired from active pastoral work, and now passed his time in the critical observation of other men at work in his own field. He held views of the most Evangelical type, and when he preached at St. Faith's we received without any compromise the exact truth as regards future prospects. He spoke very slowly, bringing out his nouns in capitals, as it were, and involved his sentences with parentheses. But in the presence of his wife he spoke seldom, because she always interrupted him. He was fond of me, and, for some reason of his own, always called me Johnny.

In strong contrast with his clerical brother was the Perpetual Curate of St. Faith's, my old tutor, Mr. Verney Broughton. The latter was as plump, as rosy, as jolly, as the former was thin, tall, and austere. Calvin could not have looked on the world's follies with a more unforgiving countenance than the Rev. John Pontifex; Friar John could hardly have regarded the worldliness of the world with more benignity than the Rev. Verney Broughton. He was a kind-hearted man, and loved the world, with the men, women, and children upon it; he was a scholar and a student, consequently he loved the good things that had been written, said, and sung upon it; he was a gourmand, and he liked to enjoy the fruits of the earth in due season. Perhaps he loved the world too much for a Christian minister; at all events he enjoyed it as much as he could; never disguised his enjoyment, and inculcated both in life and preaching a perfect trust in the goodness of God, deep thankfulness for the gifts of eating and drinking, and reliance on the ordinances of the Church. Mr. Pontifex amused him; they were close companions, which added to the pleasures of life; and he entertained, I should say, dislike for no man in the world except Herr Räumer, whom he could not be brought to admire.

"He is a cynic," he would say. "That school has never attracted my admiration. He delights in the *double entendre*, and is never so much pleased as when he conveys a hidden sneer. I do not like that kind of conversation. Give me honest enthusiasm, admiration, and faith. And I prefer Englishmen, Ladislas, my boy, though you are only an Englishman by adoption."

CHAPTER XVI.

A DINNER PARTY

THERE were several other people who entertained similar views with regard to Herr Räumer. Mrs. Pontifex disliked him excessively for one. Everybody began with distrust of this man; then they grew to tolerate him; some went on to like him; all ended with cordial hatred—it would be hard to say why. His eyes, without the blue spectacles, which he put off indoors, were singularly bright, though rather small. He had a way of turning their light full on to a speaker without speaking, which was as embarrassing a commentary on what you had just said as you can imagine. It conveyed to yourself, and to everybody else, which was even more humiliating, the idea that you were really, to this gentleman's surprise, even a greater fool than you looked. Perhaps that was one reason why he was so much disliked.

You noticed, too, after a time, that he saw everything, heard everything, and remembered everything. When he spoke about his personal reminiscences, he showed an astonishing recollections of detail as if he preserved photographs of places and persons in his mind.

He was always about Mr. Tyrrell's office, and kept there a fire-proof safe, with his name painted on it in white letters. He carried the key in his own pocket. Of course I knew nothing of the nature of his business, but it was generally understood that he was a German who had money, that he chose to live in our town for his own pleasure and convenience, and that he invested his funds by Mr. Tyrrell's help and advice in local securities.

The Captain and little Dr. Roy always made up the party. Everybody liked the little doctor, who stood five feet nothing in his boots, a neat and well-proportioned abridgement of humanity, with a humorous face and a twinkling eye. He was an Irishman; he had been in America; and it was currently reported that if he ventured his foot on Canadian soil he would infallibly be hanged for the part he took in the rebellion of eighteen hundred and forty something. In certain circles he had the reputation of being an Atheist—he was in reality as good a Roman Catholic as ever touched holy water—because he was constantly crying out about bad drainage, and taunting people with the hundreds of lives wantonly thrown away, he said, every year, and struck down by preventible diseases. "As if," the people said, piously, "the issues of life and death were in man's hand." So typhus fever went on, and the town was not drained.

The birthday dinners were all alike, with the same guests. The year went on, and we met on the anniversary to drink Celia's health and talk the same talk. Let me take one of these dinners, the last at which this company met together for this purpose.

The Rev. Mr. Broughton took in Mrs. Tyrrell, so that Celia fell to Mr. Pontifex, and Mrs. Pontifex, of course, took Mr. Tyrrell's arm. The grace was "pronounced" by Mr. Broughton. He was less unctuous over the petition than poor Augustus Brambler, but he threw considerable feeling into the well-known words, and had a rich melodious voice, a fitting prelude to the banquet. Grace said, the benevolent divine surveyed the guests and the table with the eyes of satisfaction, as if he wished it was always feast time.

There were no *ménus* laid on the table in those days, and you did not know what was coming as you do now. But there was the smell of roast meats which, if you remembered what things belong to the season, was almost as good as a *ménu*. And the things were put on the table. There were no dinners *à la Russe*. You saw your food before you. The host carved, too, and very laborious work it was. But it was still reckoned part of a gentleman's education to carve with discretion and skill. I should like to have seen Mr. Broughton's face if he had been compelled to sit in silence during the mangling of a hare. Perhaps, however, he was too much of a martinet, and the exquisite finish with which he distributed a pheasant among half-a-dozen guests, however admirable as a work of Art, pointed to an amount of thought in the direction of dinner beyond what is now expected of the clergy. Mr. Pontifex, on the other hand, was a wretched carver. "I am now more at ease," he would say, "in the Pulpit than in the Place of the Carver, though, in my youth, when I was at Oxford, when, alas, the pleasures of the—ahem—the Table, were in my day placed above the pleasures of the Soul—I was considered expert in the Art of Carving. There was one occasion, I remember—with sorrow—when a Goose was placed upon the board——"

"I wish, Mrs. Tyrrell," interrupted Mr. Broughton—and indeed we had all heard the goose story before; "I wish I could persuade my landlady to give the same thoughtfulness to things as your cook. It is so difficult to make some women understand the vital importance of dinner. I can order the raw materials, but unfortunately I cannot cook them."

Mrs. Pontifex, I saw, sat opposite her husband, who took his dinner under her superintendence. I sat next to that divine, and felt pity for him as a warning or prohibition came across the table, and he had to shake his head in sorrowful refusal.

In his rich, mellow voice, Mr. Broughton, on receiving his fish, remarked, "The third time this year, and only the 24th of May, that I have partaken of salmon. The Lord is very good——"

"No, John Pontifex," said that clergyman's wife loudly, "no salmon for you."

"My dear," he ventured to expostulate feebly, because he was particularly fond of salmon.

"Ladislas Pulaski, who is young, may make himself ill with salmon and cucumber if he likes," said Aunt Jane, "but not you, John Pontifex. Remember the last time."

He sighed, and I took the portion intended for him.

"The Lord is very good," resumed Mr. Broughton, "to *nearly* all His creatures," as if Pontifex was an exception.

Dr. Roy began to talk of salmon fishing in the Saguenay River, and we were all interested except poor Mr. Pontifex, whose face was set in so deep a gloom that I thought he would have rebelled.

He picked up a little when an *entrée* of pigeons was allowed to stop at his elbow. But the undisguised enjoyment with which he drank his first glass of champagne brought his wife, who was at that moment talking of a new and very powerful tract, down upon him in a moment.

"No more champagne, John Pontifex," she ordered promptly.

"Another glass for me," cried Mr. Broughton, nodding his head. "A glass of wine with you, Mrs. Pontifex. I am a bachelor, you know, and can do as I like."

It was not manners to refuse, and Aunt Jane raised her glass to her lips icily, while Mr. Broughton drained his with an audible smack. In 1858 we had already, in provincial towns, passed out of the custom of taking wine with each other, but it was still observed by elderly people who liked the friendly fashion of their youth.

I thought this assertion of independence rather cruel to Mr. Pontifex, but it was not for me, belonging, with Celia, to the class of "young people" to say anything at a party unless previously spoken to or questioned. Then Aunt Jane began a talk with Herr Räumer, chiefly about the sins of people. As you came to know this German well, you discovered that, whenever he did talk about people, he had something bad to say of them; also when he spoke of any action, however insignificant, it was to find an unworthy motive for it. Perhaps, however, I am now in that fourth and bad stage mentioned above.

Mr. Tyrrell was silent during the dinner, perhaps because he had to carve industriously and dexterously; he drank wine freely; but he said nothing. Celia noticed her father's taciturnity, and I saw her watching him with anxiety. No one else observed it, and when the first stiffness of ceremony wore off, there began the genial flow of conversation which ought to rejoice the heart of a hostess, because it shows that every one is feeding in content. Mr. Tyrrell, a florid, high-coloured man, who usually talked fast and rather noisily, was looking pale; the nerves of his cheek twitched, and his hand trembled.

When the cloth was removed—I am not certain that the old fashion of wine and dessert on the polished dark mahogany was not better than the present—we all drank Celia's health.

"In bumpers," cried Mr. Broughton, filling up Mrs. Tyrrell's glass and his own to the brim with port. "In bumpers all. And I wish I was a young man again to toast Celia Tyrrell as she should be toasted. Don't you, brother Pontifex? Here is to your *beaux yeux*, my dear. Some day I will preach a sermon on thankfulness for beauty."

"God bless you, Celia, my child," said her father, with a little emotion in his voice. "Many happy returns of the day, and every one better than the last."

"The best thing," continued Mr. Broughton, "for young girls is a young husband—eh, Mrs. Tyrrell? What do you think?"

"Vanity," said Aunt Jane. "Let them wait and look round them. I was thirty-five when I married my first."

"When I was at Oxford," Mr. Pontifex began, glancing anxiously at his wife; "when I was at Brasenose, Oxford (where I was known, I am ashamed to say, as—as—as Co-rin-thian Pon-ti-fex, on account of the extraordinary levity, even in that assemblage of reckless youths, of my disposition), there were some among us commonly designated as—as—as Three—Bottle—Men!!!" He said this with an air of astonishment, as if it was difficult to credit, and a thing which ought, if printed, to be followed by several notes of admiration. "Three—Bottle—Men! The rule among us was—I regret to say—No—ahem—no Heeltaps."

"John Pontifex!" interposed his wife, severely. "Recollect yourself. No Heeltaps, indeed!"

"My dear, I was about to conclude this sad Reminiscence by remarking that it was a Truly Shocking State of Things."

He spoke in capitals, so to speak, and with impressive slowness.

"When young people are present," said Aunt Jane, "it is well to consider the religious tendency of anecdotes before they are related."

Mr. Pontifex said no more.

"I will tell you, by-and-bye, Pontifex," said the jolly old parson, whose face was a good deal redder than at the commencement of dinner, "I will tell you, when the ladies have left us, some of our experiences in Common Room. Don't be afraid, Mrs. Pontifex, we shall not emulate the deeds of those giants."

"In *my* house," said Aunt Jane to her niece, reproachfully, "it is one of our Christian privileges not to sit over wine after dinner; we all rise together."

"From a lady's point of view," observed Herr Räumer, "doubtless an admirable practice."

"Not at all admirable," cried the Captain, who had been quiet during dinner. "Why shouldn't we have half-an-hour to ourselves to talk politics and tell yarns, while the ladies talk dress?"

"In my house," said Aunt Jane, "the ladies do not talk dress. We exchange our experiences. It is a Christian privilege."

Dr. Roy uttered a hollow groan, doubtless from sympathy with Mr. Pontifex.

Just then Mrs. Tyrrell sat bolt upright, which was her signal, and the ladies left us.

"Aha!" cried Mr. Broughton, "confess, brother Pontifex, that you do not appreciate all the Christian privileges of your house."

He shook his head solemnly, but he did not smile.

"Three bottle men, were you?" said Dr. Roy. "Gad, sir, I remember at old Trinity, in Dublin, some of us were six bottle men. Not I, though. Nature intended me for a one pint man."

"It is only a German student," said Herr Raumer, "who can hold an indefinite quantity."

"I sincerely hope," said Mr. Pontifex, as he finished his glass, "that things have greatly changed since that time. I remember that the door was generally locked; the key was frequently thrown out of the window, and the—the—Orgie commenced. As I said before, the word was 'No Heeltaps.' It is Awful to reflect upon.—Thank you, Dr. Roy, I will take another glass of Port.—There were times, too, when, in the wantonness of youth, we permitted ourselves the most reckless language over our feasts. On one occasion I did so, myself. The most reckless language. I positively swore. My thoughtless companions, I regret to say, only laughed. They actually laughed. The cause of this—this Iniquity arose over a Goose. It is a truly Dreadful Event to look back upon."

"We used at Oriel," said Mr. Broughton, again interrupting the Goose story without compunction, "to drink about a bottle and a half a head; and we used to talk about Scholarship, Literature, and Art. And some of the men talked well. I wish I could drink a bottle and a half every night now; and I wish I had the Common Room to drink it in. It is a Beautiful Time for *me* to look back upon."

It was as if he tried in everything to be a contrast to his brother in Orders.

"The rising generation," said Dr. Roy, "who work harder, ride less, smoke more tobacco, and live faster, will have to give up Port and take Claret. After all, it was the favourite Irish wine for a couple of hundred years."

"Ugh!" from Mr. Broughton.

"The longer the Englishman drinks Port," said Herr Raumer, "Port and Beer, the longer be will continue to be—what he is."

As this was said very smoothly and sweetly, with the rasp peculiar to the voice, giving an unpleasant point at the end, I concluded at once that the German meant more than was immediately apparent.

"Thank you, Herr Räumer," said Mr. Broughton, sharply; "I hope we shall continue to remain what we are. The appreciation of your countrymen is always generous. As for Port, I look on that wine as the most perfect of all Heaven's gifts to us poor creatures. This is very fine, Tyrrell. From Pontifex's cellar? Brother Pontifex, you don't ask me to dinner half often enough. Forty-seven? I thought so. Agreeable,"—he held the glass up to the candles: we had wax candles for the dining room—"with little body, but quite enough. Rather dry," he tasted it again. "How superb it will be in twenty years, when some of us shall not be alive to drink it. The taste for Port comes to us by Nature—it is not acquired like that for claret and Rhine wines—pass me the olives, Roy, my dear fellow. It is born with some of us, and is a sacred gift. It brightens youth, adorns manhood, and comforts age. May those of us who are blessed by Providence with a palate use it aright, and may we never drink a worse glass of wine than the present. I remember," he went on sentimentally wagging his head, which was by this time nearly purple all over, "I remember the very first glass of port I ever tasted. My grandfather, the Bishop of Sheffield, gave it to me when I was three years old. 'Learn to like it, boy,' said his lordship, who had the most cultivated palate in the diocese. I did like it from that hour, though, unless my memory fails me, the Bishop's butler had brought up too fruity a wine."

The more port Mr. Broughton consumed the more purple the jolly fat face and bald head became. But no quantity affected his tongue or clouded his brain, so that when we joined the ladies he was as perfectly sober, although coloured like his favourite wine, as Mrs. Pontifex herself, who was making tea.

Mrs. Tyrrell was asleep when we came upstairs, but roused herself to talk with Dr. Roy, who had certainly taken more than the pint for which, as he said, Nature intended his capacity.

Celia was playing, and I joined her, and we played a duet. When we finished I went to ask for a cup of tea.

By the table was standing Mr. Pontifex, a cup in his hand and a look of almost ghastly discomposure on his face, while his wife was forcing an immense slice of muffin upon his unwilling hands.

"Muffin, John Pontifex," she said.

"My dear," he remonstrated with more firmness than one might have expected; "My dear, I—I do not wish for any muffin—ahem."

"It is helped, John Pontifex," said his wife, and leaving the unhappy man to eat it, she turned to me, thanked me sweetly for the duet, and gave me a cup of tea.

Mr. Pontifex retreated behind his wife's chair. As no one was looking I stole a plate from the table, and with great swiftness transferred the muffin from his plate to mine. He looked boundless gratitude, but was afraid to speak, and after a due interval returned the empty plate to the table, even descending so far in deception as to brush away imaginary crumbs from his coat. His wife looked suspiciously at him, but the muffin was gone, and it was impossible to identify that particular piece with one left in another plate. In the course of the evening he seized the opportunity of being near me, and stooped to whisper sorrowfully.

"I do not like muffin, Johnny. I loathe muffin."

The party broke up at eleven, and by a quarter past we were all gone. As I put my hat on in the hall I heard the voice of Herr Räumer in Mr. Tyrrell's office.

"This is the day, Tyrrell. After she was eighteen, remember."

"Have pity on me, Räumer; I cannot do it. Give me another year."

"Pity? Rubbish. Not another week. I am not going to kill the girl. Is the man mad? Is he a fool?"

I hastened away, unwilling to overhear things not intended for me, but the words struck a chill to my heart.

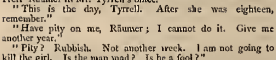
Who was "she?" Could it be Celia? "After she was eighteen"—and this Celia's eighteenth birthday. It was disquieting to hear Mr. Tyrrell asking that white-haired man with the perpetual sneer and the rasp in his voice for pity. Little as I knew of the world, it was clear to me that there would be small chance of pity in that quarter. Herr Räumer and Celia! Why he was sixty years of age, and more; older than Mr. Tyrrell, who was a good deal under fifty. What could he want with a girl of nineteen? It was with a sad heart that I got home that night, and I was sorely tempted to take counsel of the Captain. But I forebore. I would wait and see.

I met Mr. Pontifex next morning. He was going with a basket to execute a few small commissions at the greengrocer's. He acted, indeed, as footman or errand boy, saving the house large sums in wages.

He stopped and shook hands without speaking, as if the memory of the muffin was too much for him. Then he looked as if he had a thing to say which ought to be said, but which he was afraid to say. Finally, he glanced hurriedly up and down the street to see if there was any one within earshot. As there was no one, he laid two fingers on my shoulder, and said in agitated tones, and with more than his usual impressiveness—

"I am particularly partial to salmon, which is, I suppose, the reason why I was allowed none last night. When I married, however, I totally—ahem—surrendered—I regret to say—my independence. Oh! Johnny, Johnny!"

(To be continued)



THE READER

"Trans-Caucasia and Ararat," by James Bryce, D.C.L. (Macmillan and Co.). "When you get away up to Moscow and the interior of our country, you must be prepared to meet with rudeness, perhaps even with insults." So said St. Petersburg friends to Dr. Bryce and his companion when about to start, in the summer of 1876, by way of Nijni Novgorod and the Volga, for Trans-Caucasia and Ararat. But cosmopolitan St. Petersburg did scanty justice to the natural kindliness of the simple Russian towards any stranger, even an Englishman, in 1876, within his gates; nor had the travellers, though helpless at times as non-Russian-speaking folk must be, the slightest reason to complain of their reception. Their route for some of its stages was perhaps more hackneyed than Dr. Bryce appears to think. Few doubtless among holiday tourists choose for their rambles the vast distances of Southern Russia. *En revanche*, each one who does so writes a book; and so it comes to pass that the windings of the Volga below Nijni, the "change at Saratoff for Tiflis or Astrakhan," the swamps of Poti, and the "one-horse" Trans-Caucasian railway with its one train *per diem*, have quite a Clapham Junction air of familiarity to those whom choice or fate impels to skim the annual roll of books of travel. Dr. Bryce, however, is no commonplace tourist, nor can his after journey among the wild aborigines and modern settlers of the frozen Caucasus, close to the lines where Ghazi Mukhtar and the Russians confront each other even now, be classed with bits of every-day travelling. But its chief incident—*the* incident, indeed, of the tourist season for 1876—is the ascent single-handed, his companion being out of training, of Mount Ararat; its most interesting chapters those that tell of the legends that surround the Mount of Noah, of previous ascents by Parrot, Abich, and General Chodzo, and of the wondrous panorama from the summit high above "the repulsive snow-slope," the "broken *arrête*," the "rocky towers, red, grim, and terrible," that guard its south-eastern approaches. True, the climber must be prepared for disbelief when he comes down. "This Englishman," said Dr. Bryce's interpreter two days later to the Archimandrite of Etchmiadzin, "says he has ascended to the top of Ararat." The venerable man smiled sweetly. "No," he replied, "that cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible." But what is disbelief to one who has been 2,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, and seen from thence, in a glance, what might well be called "the cradle of the whole human race." Altogether, for genial pleasant description—none the worse for a slightly learned tinge—of the wild ways and races of these mountain lands, and shrewd clever comment—a little but not unreasonably Russophil in tone—on the ambition, resources, and administration of the Muscovite conqueror, Dr. Bryce's volume may fairly be pronounced one of the best books of travel in the Western Caucasus we have had.

"William Blake: Etchings from his Works, by W. Bell Scott, with Descriptive Text" (Chatto and Windus), will enable the many who did not find their way to the Burlington Club Exhibition of last year, and know not the Blake drawings in the Museum, to judge for themselves the merit of a painter, thought in his own days rather odd than great, deified almost in ours by a coterie of passionate admirers. The designs, ten only altogether, from which the etchings are taken, have been excellently chosen, as typical instances of the fancy and invention which characterised Blake above the men of his time, while free from the wild mystery and extravagance which make so many of his works unintelligible without a key. Whether all even of these will commend themselves at once to the uneducated eye—whether the "Nativity," for instance, and the "Creation of Eve," will be unhesitatingly accepted as inventions, in Mr. Scott's phrase, "really resembling revelations," by the plain taste which will readily acknowledge the sublimity of the conception of the "Flood" or the grave beauty of the angel in the "St. Matthew," is a question which we would rather not decide. Of the excellence of the etchings and the general opportuneness of the book there can be, happily, no possible doubt.

"Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn," edited by her sister (Longmans, Green, and Co.), bring before us one of those fair and tranquil lives which seem, while hardly giving in themselves the impression of distinguished talent, to attract to them by some subtle charm the noblest and most gifted of their contemporaries. Born in 1807, the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Watkins Williams-Wynn, the friend of Heber and of Southey; thrown at a very early age into the society of men of note, of Hallam, Mackintosh, Sydney Smith, &c.; brought somewhat later on, yet still much earlier than most of her countrywomen, into close contact with German Rationalism; the friend, almost the disciple, till her death, of F. D. Maurice, Charlotte Wynn moved through life, a learned lady without a touch of the blue-stocking, a Christian liberal to the extreme of breadth, yet with no laxness for all that in her grasp of the essentials of belief. Her letters—very many of them addressed to Varnhagen von Ense, the husband of that Rahel, of whom, in some ways, she seems to remind us—are often most interesting, above all those which describe the state of France at the *Coup d'État*—the general demoralisation which alone made the crime of December possible, and to some minds, to Montalembert's among others, even pardonable; the want of any common bond between the chiefs of parties; the real smallness, even in his hour of triumph, of the President. Still more, however, is there, as we go on, of philosophic than of political reflection in her letters—we hardly think she was quite *en rapport* with the new politics of '63 and '66—mingled with many pretty descriptions of the French, Swiss, and Italian towns to which failing health more or less impelled her to resort. A volume in fine which one reads with a certain *aisance*, an almost physical sense of contentment, as though with good company in a stately mansion.

"Shooting, Yachting, and Sea-fishing Trips" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall),—a second series of "Wild-fowler's" piquant sketches of sport with rod and gun by land and water, or in that doubtful region between the two, the happy hunting-ground of the amphibious duck-shooter—is quite a book for the scanty library of a yacht-cabin or a country shooting-box. Addressed *par excellence* to the thorough-going lover of sport, the man who can find perfect happiness, let us say, in shooting seagulls all a November afternoon between the grey sea and the greyish-green pastures of the Sussex coast, or in hauling up conger and skate, with here and there a brill, off Bognor rocks till every finger is fairly frozen, it will tell him of fifty different places between the Tees and the Channel Islands where these and similar pleasures may be enjoyed at will, and put him up as well to sundry "wrinkles" on the score of nets and tackle, build of guns, and filling of cartridges. At the same time it is sufficiently well written to be decidedly amusing even to the general reader.

"Hunting, Shooting, and Fishing," on the other hand (S. Low and Co.)—reprints, if we remember rightly, from some of our lighter magazines—is sporting fiction pure and simple, gay tales of steeplechases in the Emerald Isle, of adventures of would-be sportsmen (innocent novices or false impostors), of Cockney Highlanders, of inexperienced horse-buyers. But this, too, is a fairly amusing volume, though in a vein that has been somewhat overworked.

That the English nation are descendants of Ephraim and the true representatives of the Lost Tribes of Israel, although a theory that has been more than once advanced, has not yet, we believe, found general acceptance. In "The Covenant; or, Jacob's Heritage" (W. H. Guest), Mr. F. C. Danvers endeavours to prove it to demonstration by a comparison one by one of the prophecies which declare that Israel shall increase and multiply, be scattered over the isles of the sea, and have authority over nations, with the Blue Books showing that England, with her colonies, best answers this description, to say nothing of such minor evidence as the use of the bull, lion, and unicorn—symbols of Israel and Judah—as national emblems, and the crowning of our kings since the First Edward, on the "Jacob's Pillow," the miraculous Stone of Scone. But Mr. Danvers is good enough to add that possibly others of the Teutonic races may be collaterally descended from the Patriarchs, though we fear the case is a little hard for the Ancient Briton and the Irish Celt.

More curious again than either interesting or profitable is the "Survival, with an Apology for Scepticism" (Remington and Co.), or the diary of one whom the existence of evil in the world, the problems of conscious and unconscious cerebration, the difficulty of reconciling will and instinct, nobleness and humility, have driven to and fro on a troubled course of thought, in which a strained and nervous disregard of self is almost the only aim distinctly visible. It is hard to imagine any one being either the wiser or the better for its perusal.

A new edition after many years of "Sacred Streams," by P. H. Gosse (Hodder and Stoughton), or "The Ancient and Modern History of the Rivers of the Bible," deserves mention as a book of pleasant yet suitable Sunday reading.

◆

COFFEE CULTIVATION IN GUATEMALA

The plantation of Las Nubes is the most celebrated in Guatemala, and is owned by Mr. William Nelson, a Scotchman by birth, and citizen of the United States by adoption. The plantation has about a million and a half of trees in various stages of growth, and during the season of picking employs from two to three hundred hands. Picking at this elevation usually commences in September, or towards the close of the rainy season.

A coffee plantation is a very beautiful sight. The leaves of the plant are a brilliant green, the young ones being light, and growing darker as they get older. The flower somewhat resembles a jasmine, and emits a most agreeable perfume, more pleasant even than the scent of an orange grove. The berries are, when ripe, about the size and colour of a small dark red cherry, and surrounded with a similar "pulp." The trees are usually planted about five or six feet apart.

At Las Nubes, the temperature being cool, the Indians usually go fully clothed. During picking the scene is very animated. The pulp of the full ripe berry being very sweet, when the picker alights upon an extra large one it is usually placed in the mouth before being thrown into the basket, and thus the pulping machine is lightened of its labours, sometimes to a considerable extent. At Las Nubes the old methods of preparing the coffee have been superseded to a great extent by machinery driven by water-power. The extent of this plantation is about four square miles, and from 250,000 to 300,000 young trees are transplanted every year.

Although Guatemala is a republic, the Government is in effect despotic; and the Indians, though nominally free, are really slaves attached to the plantation. This anomaly is caused by the universal system of the Indians drawing pay in advance for work to be performed. They always insist on being in the planter's debt, and consequently are prohibited by law from working upon any other plantation until the debt is cancelled. Each plantation of any extent employs a detective to hunt up runaways, who, unless they elect to return to their plantation labours, are set to work in the chain-gang, making and repairing roads. This punishment, however, is limited to one month; but should an offender on its expiration still persist in declining to return to work, he is sentenced to another month, and so on. After a month or two the most refractory usually decide to return.

In some districts no seed is planted, but the young coffee plant is reared from the stray berries that fall from the trees; in others the berries are planted; and in the lower elevations (as shown in our second sketch) little sun-guards are erected, thatched with a light covering of reeds, to protect the infant plant from the sun. Weeds grow apace in the tropics, and the hoe is in constant requisition to prevent the young plants from being choked.

When the young plant is about two years old—sometimes less—it is transplanted to the spot where it is expected permanently to thrive. It begins to bear berries in its fifth year, and bears profitably for another ten or twelve years. It is best then either to cut it down, and let another tree spring therefrom, or to root it out altogether.

The average produce in Guatemala is not above 1 lb. per tree, but the full-grown specimen in our fourth picture, which was about sixteen feet high, was estimated to yield 8 lb. of coffee.

In the earlier days of coffee cultivation in Guatemala it was supposed that the best berries were those produced at a low elevation, but Mr. Nelson proved that with proper cultivation, and a due selection of locality and soil, coffee of a far superior flavour could be produced on much higher ground, say from 800 to 1,500 feet above the sea.

After the coffee-berry has undergone the operation of pulping, which removes the fruity exterior, the kernels are spread upon the "patio" to dry. In the higher localities, the drying process, if left unassisted, is often a slow one, so Mr. Nelson has had a kiln constructed for the purpose. The coffee is placed in shallow trays with perforated bottoms, and, as a current of warm dry air is allowed to circulate through the building, all vapour is rapidly carried off.

Our last engraving shows the shipment of coffee at Champerico by means of surf boats, as the breakers on this coast are very heavy, sometimes twenty-four feet high. A pier is now building at Champerico, from which the launches will be able to start outside the breakers. At present, a line is run from a buoy a few hundred yards out to the shore. The captain of the launch and his eight men carry about fifty bags of coffee, each weighing 180 lbs. They wait patiently for a favourable opportunity when the surf is comparatively quiet, and then pull as rapidly as possible at the line until they get past the dangerous spot.

Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. Muybridge, of San Francisco, and these photographs have been forwarded to us by Mr. D. H. Brandon, Civil Engineer, of 1, Rue Lafitte, Paris.

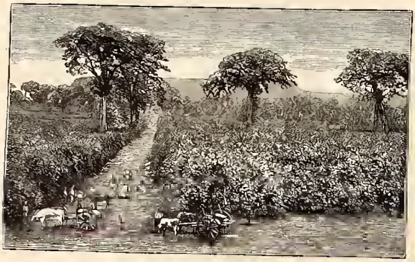
◆

BOOKS RECEIVED

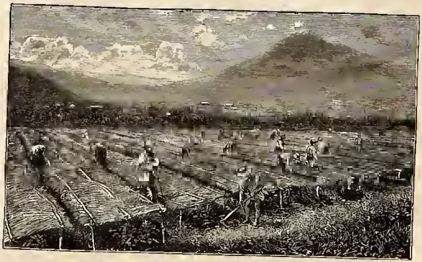
The Snow Fort and the Frozen Lake: Eadgyth: The Girls of Reedon: Mrs. Stanley Leathes; The Two Voyages: by the Author of "A Child of the Glens," &c.; The Heathen World and St. Paul (4 vols.). Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A.; The Great Captain: U. R. Burke, M.A.; Owen Hartley: W. H. G. Kingston; The Snowball Society: M. Bramston; The Shepherd of Ardmuir; Leppi: M. Montgomerie Campbell; Ancient History from the Monuments (2 vols.)—Babylonia: George Smith, Edited by Rev. A. H. Sayce; Greek Cities and Islands: W. S. W. Vaux, M.A., F.R.S.; Drifted Away; The Fifth Continent, with the Adjacent Islands: Charles H. Eden; Our Valley: By the Author of "The Children of Seligsberg," &c.; Stories from Italian History: B. Montgomerie Ranking; An Eventful Night: from the German of Ernst Andolt; Non-Christian Religious Systems (3 vols.)—Hinduism: M. Williams—Buddhism: Rhys Davids—Islamism: J. W. H. Stobart; Manuals of Elementary Science—The Spectroscope: R. A. Proctor; New Educational Code—Euclid, Books I. and II.: Edited by W. H. H. Hudson, M.A.—Elementary Mechanics: W. Garnett, M.A.; Algebra: W. H. H. Hudson, M.A.; T. G. Bonney, M.A., F.G.S., &c. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The Tennyson Birthday Book. Edited by Emily Shakespear. H. S. King and Co.

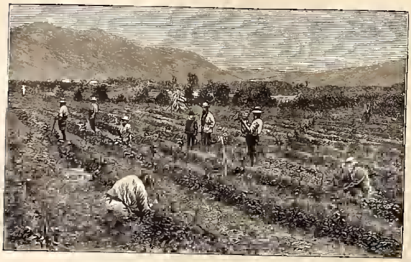
Those Unlucky Twins: A. Lyster; Ten of Them: Mrs. R. M. Bray; The Secret of Wexford: Esther Carr. Griffith and Farran.



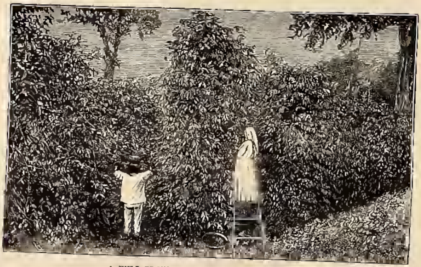
A COFFEE PLANTATION, LAS NUBES



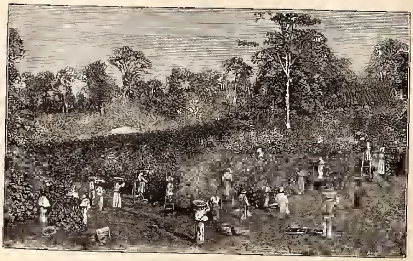
WEEDING AND PROTECTING THE YOUNG PLANT FROM THE SUN



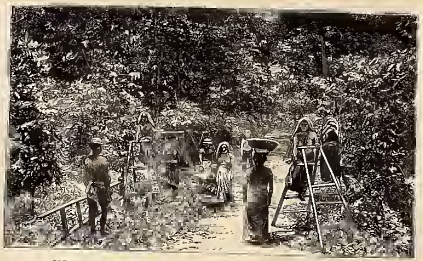
TRANSPLANTING THE YOUNG COFFEE TREE, ANTIGUA



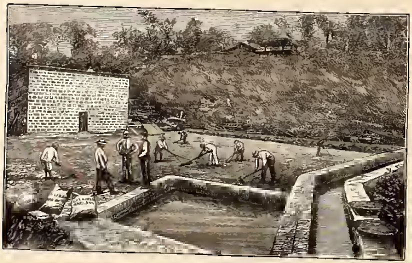
A FULL-GROWN COFFEE-TREE, LAS NUBES



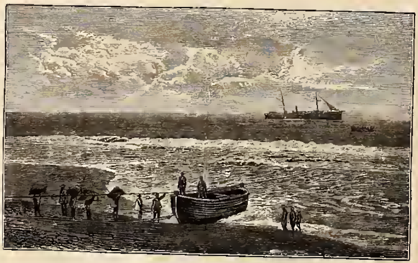
COFFEE HARVESTING AT LAS NUBES (6,000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL)



COFFEE HARVESTING AT SAN ISIDRO (1,500 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL)



DRYING COFFEE BERRIES ON THE PATIO



LOADING A COFFEE LAUNCH AT CHAMPERICO

COFFEE CULTIVATION IN GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.

THE FIRST DAY—THE AMBUSH

III.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT (*continued*)

It was not yet six o'clock in the morning. Troops began to mass themselves on the Place de la Concorde, where Leroy-Saint-Arnaud on horseback held a review.

The Commissaries of Police, Bertoglio and Primorin, ranged two companies in order under the vault of the great staircase of the Questure, but did not ascend that way. They were accompanied by agents of police, who knew the most secret recesses of the Palais Bourbon, and who conducted them through various passages.

General Le Flô was lodged in the pavilion inhabited in the time of the Duc de Bourbon by Monsieur Feuchères.

That night General Le Flô had staying with him his sister and her husband, who were visiting Paris, and who slept in a room, the door of which led into one of the corridors of the Palace. Commissary Bertoglio knocked at the door, opened it, and together with his agents, abruptly burst into the room, where a woman was in bed. The general's brother-in-law sprang out of bed, and cried out to the Questor, who slept in an adjoining room, "Adolphe ! The doors are being forced, the Palace is full of soldiers. Get up !"

The General opened his eyes, he saw Commissary Bertoglio standing beside his bed.

He sprang up.

"General," said the Commissary, "I have come to fulfil a duty."

"I understand," said General Le Flô, "you are a traitor."

The Commissary stammering out the words, "plot against the safety of the State," displayed a warrant. The General, without pronouncing a word, struck this infamous paper with the back of his hand.

Then dressing himself, he put on his full uniform of Constantine and of Médeah, thinking in his imaginative soldierlike loyalty that there were still generals of Africa for the soldiers whom he would find on his way. All the generals now remaining were brigands. His wife embraced him, his son, a child of seven years, in his nightshirt, and in tears, said to the Commissary of Police, "Mercy, Monsieur Bonaparte."

The General, while clasping his wife in his arms, whispered in her ear, "There is artillery in the court yard, try and fire a cannon."

The Commissary and his men led him away. He regarded these policemen with contempt, and did not speak to them, but when he recognised Colonel Espinasse, his military and Breton heart swelled with indignation.

"Colonel Espinasse," said he, "you are a villain, and I hope to live long enough to tear the buttons from your uniform."

Colonel Espinasse hung his head, and stammered, "I do not know you."

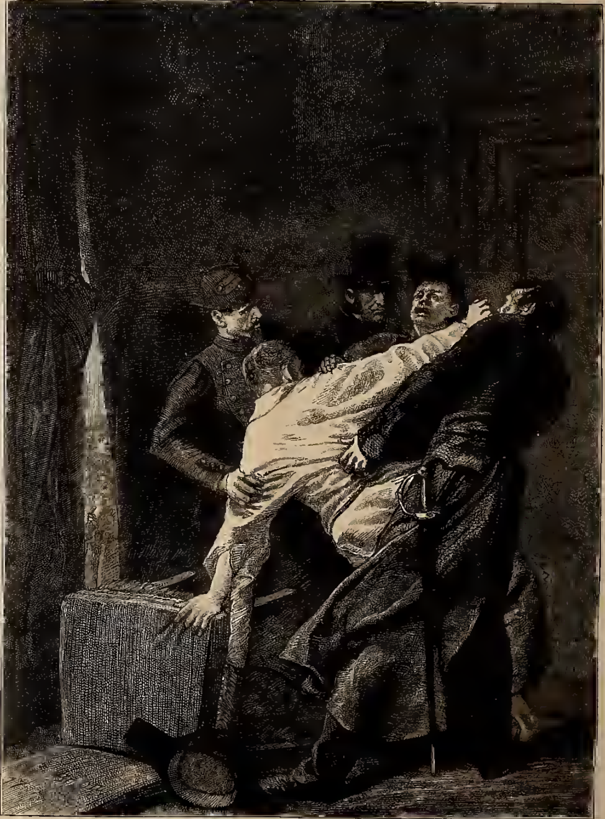
A major waved his sword, and cried, "We have had enough of lawyer generals." Some soldiers crossed their bayonets before the unarmed prisoner, three *sergents de ville* pushed him into a *fiacre*, and a sub-lieutenant approaching the carriage, and looking in the face of the man who, if he were a citizen, was his Representative, and if he were a soldier was his general, flung this abominable word at him, "Canaille !"

Meanwhile Commissary Primorin had gone by a more roundabout way in order the more surely to surprise the other Questor, M. Baze.

Out of Baze's apartment a door led to the lobby communicating with the Chamber of the Assembly. Sieur Primorin knocked at the door. "Who is there?" asked a servant, who was dressing. "The Commissary of Police," replied Primorin. The servant, thinking that he was the Commissary of Police of the Assembly, opened the door.

At this moment M. Baze, who had heard the noise, and had just awoke, put on a dressing-gown, and cried, "Do not open the door."

He had scarcely spoken these words when a man in plain clothes and three *sergents de ville* in uniform rushed into his chamber. The man, opening his coat, displayed his scarf of office, asking M. Baze, "Do you recognise this?"



A hand-to-hand struggle ensued, four against one. . . . "You are ruffians," cried out Monsieur Baze. They carried him away by main force, still struggling, his dressing-gown being torn to shreds, his body being covered with blows, his wrists torn and bleeding

"You are a worthless wretch," answered the Questor.

The police agents laid their hands on M. Baze. "You will not take me away," he said. "You, a Commissary of Police, you, who are a magistrate, and know what you are doing, you outrage the National Assembly, you violate the law, you are a criminal !" A hand-to-hand struggle ensued—four against one. Madame Baze and her two little girls giving vent to screams, the servant being thrust back with blows by the *sergents de ville*. "You are ruffians," cried out Monsieur Baze. They carried him away by main force in their arms, still struggling, naked, his dressing-gown being torn to shreds, his body being covered with blows, his wrist torn and bleeding.

The stairs, the landing, the courtyard, were full of soldiers with fixed bayonets and grounded arms. The Questor spoke to them. "Your Representatives are being arrested, you have not received your arms to break the laws!" A sergeant was wearing a brand new cross. "Have you been given the cross for this?" The sergeant answered, "We only know one master." "I note your number," continued Baze. "You are a dishonoured regiment." The soldiers listened with a stolid air, and seemed still asleep. Commissary Primorin said to them, "Do not answer, this has nothing to do with you." They led the Questor across the courtyard to the guardhouse at the Porte Noire.

This was the name which was given to a little door contrived under the vault opposite the treasury of the Assembly, and which opened upon the Rue de Bourgogne, facing the Rue de Lille.

Several sentries were placed at the door of the guardhouse, and at the top of the flight of steps which led thither, Baze being left there in charge of three *sergents de ville*. Several soldiers without their weapons, and in their shirt sleeves, came in and out. The Questor appealed to them in the name of military honour. "Do not answer," said the *sergent de ville* to the soldiers.

Baze's two little girls had followed him with terrified eyes, and when they lost sight of him the youngest burst into tears. "Sister," said the elder, who was seven years old, "let us say our prayers," and the two children clasping their hands, knelt down.

Commissary Primorin, with his swarm of agents, burst into the Questor's study, and laid hands on everything. The first papers which he perceived in the middle of the table, and which he seized, were the famous decree which had been prepared in the event of the Assembly having voted the proposal of the Questors. All the drawers were opened and searched. This overhauling of Baze's papers, which the Commissary of Police termed a domiciliary visit, lasted more than an hour.

Baze's clothes had been taken to him, and he had dressed. When the "domiciliary visit" was over, he was taken out of the guard-house. There was a *fiacre* in the courtyard, into which he entered, together with the three *sergents de ville*. The vehicle, in order to reach the Presidency door, passed by the *Cour d'Honneur*, and then by the *Cour de Canons*. Day was breaking. Monsieur Baze looked in the courtyard to see if the cannon were still there. He saw the ammunition waggons ranged in order with their shafts raised, but the places of the six cannon and the two mortars were vacant.

In the Avenue of the Presidency the *fiacre* stopped for a moment. Two lines of soldiers, standing at ease, lined the footpaths of the avenue. At the foot of a tree were grouped three men: Colonel Espinasse, whom M. Baze knew and recognised, a species of Lieutenant-Colonel, who wore a black and orange ribbon round his neck, and a Major of Lancers, all three, sword in hand, consulting together. The windows of the *fiacre* were closed; Monsieur Baze wished to lower them to appeal to these men, the *sergents de ville* seized his arms. The Commissary Primorin then came up, and was about to re-enter the little chariot for two persons which had brought him. "Monsieur Baze," said he, with that villainous kind of courtesy which the agents of the *Coup d'État* willingly blended with their crime, "you must be uncomfortable with those three men in the *fiacre*. You are cramped; come in with me."

"Let me alone," said the prisoner. "With these three men I am cramped; with you I should be contaminated."

An escort of infantry was ranged on both sides of the *fiacre*. Colonel Espinasse called to the coachman, "Drive slowly by the

Quai d'Orsay until you meet a cavalry escort. When the cavalry shall have assumed the charge, the infantry can come back." They set out.

As the *fiacre* turned into the Quai d'Orsay a picket of the 7th Lancers arrived at full speed. It was the escort; the troopers surrounded the *fiacre*, and the whole galloped off.

No incident occurred during the journey. Here and there, at the noise of the horses' hoofs, windows were opened and heads put forth; and the prisoner, who had at length succeeded in lowering a window, heard startled voices saying, "What is the matter?"

The *fiacre* stopped. "Where are we?" asked M. Baze. "At Mazas," said a *sergent de ville*.

The Questor was taken to the office of the prison. Just as he entered he saw Baune and Nadaud being brought out. There was a table in the centre, at which Commissary Primorin, who had followed the *fiacre* in his chariot, had just seated himself. While the Commissary was writing, M. Baze noticed on the table a paper which was evidently a gaol register, on which were these names, written in the following order: Lamoricière, Charras, Cavaignac, Changarnier, Le Flô, Thiers, Bedeau, Roger (du Nord), Chambolle. This was probably the order in which the Representatives had arrived at the prison.

When Sieur Primorin had finished writing M. Baze said, "Now, you will be good enough to receive my protest, and add it to your official report." "It is not an official report," objected the Commissary, "it is simply an order for committal." "I intend to write my protest at once," replied M. Baze. "You will have plenty of time in your cell," remarked a man who stood by the table. M. Baze turned round. "Who are you?" "I am the governor of the prison," said the man. "In that case," replied M. Baze, "I pity you, for you are aware of the crime you are committing." The man turned pale, and stammered a few unintelligible words.

The Commissary rose from his seat; Monsieur Baze briskly took possession of his chair, seated himself at the table, and said to Sieur Primorin, "You are a public officer; I request you to add my protest to your official report." "Very well," said the Commissary; "let it be so." Baze wrote the protest as follows:

"I, the undersigned, Jean Didier-Baze, Representative of the people, and Questor of the National Assembly, carried off by violence from my residence in the Palace of the National Assembly, and conducted to this prison by an armed force which it was impossible for me to resist, protest in the name of the National Assembly and in my own name against the outrage on national representation committed upon my colleagues and upon myself.

"Given at Mazas on the 2nd December, 1851, at eight o'clock in the morning. "BAZE."

While this was taking place at Mazas, the soldiers were laughing and drinking in the courtyard of the Assembly. They made their coffee in the saucepans. They had lighted enormous fires in the courtyard; the flames, fanned by the wind, at times reached the walls of the Chamber. A superior official of the Questure, an officer of the National Guard, Ramond de la Croisette, ventured to say to them, "You will set the Palace on fire?" whereupon a soldier struck him a blow with his fist.

Four of the pieces taken from the *Cour de Canons* were ranged in battery order against the Assembly; two on the Place de Bourgogne were pointed towards the grating, and two on the Pont de la Concorde were pointed towards the grand staircase.

As side-note to this instructive tale let us mention a curious fact. This 42nd regiment of the line was the same which had arrested Louis Bonaparte at Boulogne. In 1840 this regiment lent its aid to the law against the conspirator. In 1851 it lent its aid to the conspirator against the law: such is the beauty of passive obedience.

IV.

OTHER DOINGS OF THE NIGHT

DURING the same night in all parts of Paris acts of brigandage took place. Unknown men leading armed troops, and themselves armed with hatchets, mallets, pincers, crowbars, life preservers, swords hidden under their coats, pistols, of which the butts could be distinguished under the folds of their cloaks, arrived in silence before a house, occupied the street, encircled the approaches, picked the lock of the door, tied up the porter, invaded the stairs, and burst through the doors upon a sleeping man, and when that man, awakening with a start, asked of these bandits, "Who are you?" their leader answered, "A Commissary of Police." So it happened to Lamoricière, who was seized by Blanchet, who threatened him with the gag; to Greppo, who was brutally treated and thrown down by Gronfier, assisted by six men carrying a dark lantern and a pole-axe; to Cavaignac, who was secured by Colin, a smooth-tongued villain, who affected to be shocked on hearing him curse and swear; to Monsieur Thiers, who was arrested by Hubault (the elder), who professed that he had seen him "tremble and weep," thus adding falsehood to crime; to Valentin, who was assailed in his bed by Dourlens, taken by the feet and the shoulders, and thrust into a padlocked police van; to Miot, destined to the tortures of African casemates; to Roger (du Nord), who with courageous and witty irony offered sherry to the bandits. Charras and Changarnier were taken unawares. They lived in the Rue St. Honoré, nearly opposite to each other, Changarnier at No. 3, Charras at No. 14. Changarnier had dismissed the fifteen men armed to the teeth by whom he had hitherto been guarded during the night, and on the 1st December, as we have said, Charras had unloaded his pistols. These empty pistols were lying on the table when they came to arrest him. The Commissary of Police threw himself upon them. "Idiot," said Charras to him, "if they had been loaded you would have been a dead man." These pistols, we may note, had been given to Charras upon the taking of Mascara by General Renaud, who at the moment of Charras' arrest was on horseback in the street helping to carry out the *Coup d'État*. If these pistols had remained loaded, and if General Renaud had had the task of arresting Charras, it would have been curious if Renaud's pistols had killed Renaud. Charras assuredly would not have hesitated. We have already mentioned the names of these police rascals. It is useless to repeat them. It was Courtille who arrested Charras, Lerat who arrested Changarnier, Desgranges who arrested Nadaud. The men thus seized in their own houses were Representatives of the people; they were inviolable, so that to the crime of the violation of their persons was added this high treason, the violation of the Constitution.

There was no lack of impudence in the perpetration of these outrages. The police agents made merry. Some of these droll fellows jested. At Mazas the under-jailors jeered at Thiers, Nadaud reprimanded them severely. The Sieur Hubault (the younger) awoke General Bedeau—"General, you are a prisoner"—"My person is inviolable"—"Unless you are caught red-handed, in the very act."—"Well," said Bedeau, "I am caught in the act, the heinous act of being asleep." They took him by the collar and dragged him to a *fiacre*.

On meeting together at Mazas, Nadaud grasped the hand of Greppo, and Lagrange grasped the hand of Lamoricière. This made the police gentry laugh. A colonel, named Thirion, wearing a commander's cross round his neck, helped to put the Generals and the Representatives into gaol. "Look me in the face," said Charras to him. Thirion moved away.

Thus, without counting other arrests which took place later on, there were imprisoned during the night of the 2nd of December sixteen Representatives and seventy-eight citizens. The two agents of the crime furnished a report of it to Louis Bonaparte. Morny signed himself "Coffrés." Maupas signed himself "Bouclés." The one in drawing-room slang, the other in the slang of the galleys. Subtle gradations of language.

V.

THE DARKNESS OF THE CRIME

VERSIGNY had just left me.

While I dressed hastily there came in a man in whom I had every confidence. He was a poor cabinet-maker out of work, named Girard, to whom I had given shelter in a room of my house, a carver of wood, and not illiterate. He came in from the street; he was trembling.

"Well," I asked, "what do the people say?"

Girard answered me:

"People are dazed. The blow has been struck in such a manner that it is not realised. Workmen read the placards, say nothing, and go to their work. Only one in a hundred speaks. It is to say, 'Good!' This is how it appears to them. The law of the 31st May is abrogated—'Well done!' Universal Suffrage is re-established—'Also well done!' The re-actionary majority has been driven away—'Admirable!' Thiers is arrested—'Capital!' Changarnier is seized—'Bravo!' Round each placard there are *claqueurs*. Ratapoil explains his *coup d'état* to Jacques Bonhomme, Jacques Bonhomme takes it all in. Briefly, it is my impression that the people give their consent."

"Let it be so," said I.

"But," asked Girard of me, "what will you do, Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

I took my scarf of office from a cupboard, and showed it to him.

He understood.

We shook hands.

As he went out, Carini entered.

Colonel Carini is an intrepid man. He had commanded the cavalry under Microslawsky in the Sicilian insurrection. He has, in a few moving and enthusiastic pages, told the story of that noble revolt. Carini is one of those Italians who love France as we Frenchmen love Italy. Every warm-hearted man in this century has two fatherlands—the Rome of yesterday and the Paris of to-day.

"Thank God," said Carini to me, "you are still free;" and he added, "The blow has been struck in a formidable manner. The Assembly is invested. I have come from thence. The Place de la Revolution, the Quays, the Tuileries, the boulevards, are crowded with troops. The soldiers have their knapsacks. The batteries are harnessed. If fighting takes place it will be desperate work."

I answered him, "There will be fighting."

And I added, laughing, "You have proved that the colonels write like poets; now it is the turn of the poets to fight like colonels."

I entered my wife's room; she knew nothing, and was quietly reading her paper in bed.

I had taken about me five hundred francs in gold. I put on my wife's bed a box containing nine hundred francs; all the money which remained to me, and I told her what had happened.

She turned pale, and said to me, "What are you going to do?"

"My duty."

She embraced me, and only said two words:

"Do it."

My breakfast was ready. I ate a cutlet in two mouthfuls. As I finished, my daughter came in. She was startled by the manner in which I kissed her, and asked me, "What is the matter?"

"Your mother will explain to you."

And I left them.

The Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne was as quiet and deserted as usual. Four workmen were, however, chatting near my door; they wished me "Good morning."

I cried out to them, "You know what is going on?"

"Yes," said they.

"Well. It is treason! Louis Bonaparte is strangling the Republic. The People are attacked. The People must defend themselves."

"They will defend themselves."

"You promise me that?"

"Yes," they answered.

One of them added: "We swear it."

They kept their word. Barricades were constructed in my street (Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne), in the Rue des Martyrs, in the Cité Rodier, in the Rue Coquenard, and at Notre-Dame de Lorette.

VI.

"PLACARDS"

ON leaving these brave men I could read at the corner of the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne and the Rue des Martyrs, the three infamous placards which had been posted on the walls of Paris during the night.

Here they are:—

"PROCLAMATION

"OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC

"*Appeal to the People*

"FRENCHMEN! The present situation can last no longer. Every day which passes enhances the dangers of the country. The Assembly, which ought to be the firmest support of Order, has become a focus of conspiracies. The patriotism of three hundred of its members has been unable to check its fatal tendencies. Instead of making laws in the public interest it forges arms for civil war; it attacks the power which I hold directly from the People, it encourages all bad passions, it compromises the tranquillity of France; I have dissolved it, and I constitute the whole People a judge between it and me.

"The Constitution, as you know, was constructed with the object of weakening beforehand the power which you were about to confide to me. Six millions of votes formed an emphatic protest against it, and yet I have faithfully respected it. Provocations, calumnies, outrages, have found me unmoved. Now, however, that the fundamental compact is no longer respected by those very men who incessantly invoke it, and that the men who have ruined two monarchies wish to tie my hands in order to overthrow the Republic, my duty is to frustrate their treacherous schemes, to maintain the Republic, and to save the Country by appealing to the solemn judgment of the only Sovereign whom I recognise in France: the People.

"I therefore make a loyal appeal to the whole nation, and I say to you: If you wish to continue this condition of uneasiness which degrades us and compromises our future, choose another in my place, for I will no longer retain a power which is impotent to do good, which renders me responsible for actions which I cannot prevent, and which binds me to the helm when I see the vessel driving towards the abyss.

"If on the other hand you still place confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the great mission which I hold from you.

"This mission consists in closing the era of revolutions, by satisfying the legitimate needs of the People, and by protecting them from subversive passions. It consists, above all, in creating institutions which survive men, and which shall in fact form the foundations on which something durable may be established.

"Persuaded that the instability of power, that the preponderance of a single Assembly, are the permanent causes of trouble and discord, I submit to your suffrage the following fundamental bases of a Constitution which will be developed by the Assemblies later on:

"1. A responsible Chief appointed for ten years.
"2. Ministers dependent upon the Executive Power alone.
"3. A Council of State composed of the most distinguished men, who shall prepare laws and shall support them in debate before the Legislative Body.
"4. A Legislative Body which shall discuss and vote the laws, and which shall be elected by universal suffrage, without *scrutin de liste*, which falsifies the elections.
"5. A Second Assembly composed of the most illustrious men of the country, a power of equipoise, the guardian of the fundamental compact, and of the public liberties.

"This system, created by the First Consul at the beginning of the century, has already given repose and prosperity to France; it would still ensure them to her.

"Such is my firm conviction. If you share it, declare it by your votes. If, on the contrary, you prefer a government without strength, Monarchical or Republican, borrowed I know not from what past, or from what chimerical future, answer in the negative.

"Thus, for the first time since 1804, you will vote with a full knowledge of the circumstances, knowing exactly for whom, and for what.

"If I do not obtain the majority of your suffrages I shall call together a New Assembly, and shall place in its hands the commission which I have received from you.

"But, if you believe that the cause of which my name is the symbol,—that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of '89, and organised by the Emperor, is to be still your own, proclaim it by sanctioning the powers which I ask from you.

"Then France and Europe will be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, rivalries will have disappeared, for all will respect, in the decision of the People, the decree of Providence.

"Given at the Palace of the Elysée, 2nd December, 1851.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

"PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC TO THE ARMY

"SOLDIERS! Be proud of your mission. You will save the country, for I count upon you not to violate the laws, but to enforce respect for the first law of the country, the national Sovereignty, of which I am the Legitimate Representative.

"For a long time past, like myself, you have suffered from obstacles which have opposed themselves both to the good that I wished to do and to the demonstrations of your sympathies in my favour. These obstacles have been broken down.

"The Assembly has tried to attack the authority which I hold from the whole Nation. It has ceased to exist. I make a loyal appeal to the People and to the Army, and I say to them, Either give me the means of ensuring your prosperity, or choose another in my place.

"In 1830, as in 1848, you were treated as vanquished men. After having branded your heroic disinterestedness, they disdained to consult your sympathies and your wishes, and yet you are the flower of the Nation. To-day, at this solemn moment, I am resolved that the voice of the Army shall be heard.

"Vote, therefore, freely as citizens; but, as soldiers, do not forget that passive obedience to the orders of the Chief of the State is the rigorous duty of the Army, from the general to the private soldier.

"It is for me, responsible for my actions both to the People and to posterity, to take those measures which may seem to me indispensable for the public welfare.

"As for you, remain immovable within the rules of discipline and of honour. By your imposing attitude help the country to manifest its will with calmness and reflection.

"Be ready to repress every attack upon the free exercise of the sovereignty of the People.

"Soldiers, I do not speak to you of the memories which my name recalls. They are engraven in your hearts. We are united by indissoluble ties. Your history is mine. There is between us, in the past, a community of glory and of misfortune.

"There will be in the future community of sentiment and of resolutions for the repose and the greatness of France."

"Given at the Palace of the Elysée, December 2nd, 1851.

"(Signed) "L. N. BONAPARTE."

"IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE

"The President of the Republic decrees:

"ARTICLE I.

"The National Assembly is dissolved.

"ARTICLE II.

"Universal Suffrage is re-established. The law of May 31 is abrogated.

"ARTICLE III.

"The French People are convoked in their electoral districts from the 14th December to the 21st December following.

"ARTICLE IV.

"The State of Siege is decreed in the district of the first Military Division.

"ARTICLE V.

"The Council of State is dissolved

"ARTICLE VI.

"The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of this decree.

"Given at the Palace of the Elysée, 2nd December, 1851.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"De Morny, Minister of the Interior."

VII.

NO. 70, RUE BLANCHE

THE Cité Gaillard is somewhat difficult to find. It is a deserted alley in that new quarter which separates the Rue des Martyrs from the Rue Blanche. I found it, however. As I reached No. 4, Yvan came out of the gateway and said, "I am here to warn you. The police have an eye upon this house, Michel is waiting for you at No. 70, Rue Blanche, a few steps from here."

I knew No. 70, Rue Blanche. Manin, the celebrated President of the Venetian Republic, lived there. It was not in his rooms, however, that the meeting was to take place.

The porter of No. 70 told me to go up to the first floor. The door was opened, and a handsome, gray-haired woman of some forty summers, the Baroness Coppens, whom I recognised as having seen in society and at my own house, ushered me into a drawing-room.

Michel de Bourges and Alexander Rey were there, the latter an ex-Constituent, an eloquent writer, a brave man. At that time Alexander Rey edited the *National.*

We shook hands.

Michel said to me,

"Hugo, what will you do?"

I answered him,

"Everything."

"That also is my opinion," said he.

Numerous Representatives arrived, and amongst others Pierre Lefranc Labrousse, Théodore Bac, Noel Parfait, Arnauld (de l'Ariége), Demosthenes Ollivier, an ex-Constituent, and Charamaule. There was deep and unutterable indignation, but no useless words were spoken.

All were imbued with that manly anger whence issue great resolutions.

They talked. They set forth the situation. Each brought forward the news which he had learnt.

Théodore Bac came from Léon Fauchet, who lived in the Rue Blanche. It was he who had awakened Leon Faucher, and had announced the news to him. The first words of Léon Faucher were, "It is an infamous deed."

From the first moment Charamaule displayed a courage which, during the four days of the struggle, never flagged for a single instant. Charamaule is a very tall man, possessed of vigorous features and convincing eloquence; he voted with the Left, but sat with the Right. In the Assembly he was the neighbour of Montalembert and de Riancey. He sometimes had warm disputes with them, which we watched from afar off, and which amused us.

Charamaule had come to the meeting at No. 70 dressed in a sort of blue cloth military cloak, and armed, as we found out later on.

The situation was grave; sixteen Representatives arrested, all the generals of the Assembly, and he who was more than a general, Charras. All the journals suppressed, all the printing offices occupied by soldiers. On the side of Bonaparte an army of 80,000 men which could be doubled in a few hours; on our side nothing. The People deceived, and moreover disarmed. The telegraph at their command. All the walls covered with their placards, and at our disposal not a single printing case, not one sheet of paper. No means of raising the protest, no means of beginning the combat. The *Coup d'État* was clad with mail, the Republic was naked; the *Coup d'État* had a speaking trumpet, the Republic wore a gag.

What was to be done?

The raid against the Republic, against the Assembly, against Right, against Law, against Progress, against Civilisation, was commanded by African generals. These heroes had just proved that they were cowards. They had taken their precautions well. Fear alone can engender so much skill. They had arrested all the men of war of the Assembly, and all the men of action of the Left, Baune, Charles Lagrange, Miot, Valentin, Nadaud, Cholat. Add to this that all the possible chiefs of the barricades were in prison. The organisers of the ambuscade had carefully left at liberty Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself, judging us to be less men of action than of the Tribune; wishing to leave the Left men capable of resistance, but incapable of victory, hoping to dishonour us if we did not fight, and to shoot us if we did fight.

Nevertheless, no one hesitated. The deliberation began. Other Representatives arrived every minute. Edgar Quinet, Doutre, Pelletier, Cassal, Bruckner, Baudin, Chauffour. The room was full, some were seated, most were standing, in confusion, but without tumult.

I was the first to speak.

I said that the struggle ought to be begun at once. Blow for blow.

That it was my opinion that the hundred and fifty Representatives of the Left should put on their scarves of office, should march in procession through the streets and the boulevards as far as the Madeleine, and crying "Vive la République! Vive la Constitution!" should appear before the troops, and alone, calm and unarmed, should summon Might to obey Right. If the soldiers yielded, they should go to the Assembly and make an end of Louis Bonaparte. If the soldiers fired upon their legislators they should disperse throughout Paris, cry "To Arms!" and resort to barricades. Resistance should be begun constitutionally, and if that failed, should be continued revolutionarily. There was no time to be lost.

"High treason," said I, "should be seized red-handed, it is a great mistake to suffer such an outrage to be accepted by the hours as they elapse. Each minute which passes is an accomplice, and endorses the crime. Beware of that calamity called an 'Accomplished fact.' To arms!"

Many warmly supported this advice, among others Edgar Quinet, Pelletier, and Doutre.

Michel de Bourges seriously objected. My instinct was to begin at once, his advice was to wait and see. According to him there was danger in hastening the catastrophe. The *Coup d'État* was organised, and the People were not. They had been taken unawares. We must not indulge in illusion. The masses could not stir yet. Perfect calm reigned in the faubourgs; Surprise existed, yes; Anger, no. The People of Paris, although so intelligent, did not understand.

Michel added, "We are not in 1830. Charles X., in turning out the 221, exposed himself to this blow, the re-election of the 221. We are not in the same situation. The 221 were popular. The present Assembly is not: a Chamber which has been insultingly dissolved is always sure to conquer, if the People support it. Thus the People rose in 1830. To-day they wait. They are dupes until they shall be victims." Michel de Bourges concluded, "The People must be given time to understand, to grow angry, to rise. As for us, Representatives, we should be rash to precipitate the situation. If we were to march immediately straight upon the troops, we should only be shot to no purpose, and the glorious insurrection for Right would thus be beforehand deprived of its natural leaders—the Representatives of the People. We should decapitate the popular army. Temporary delay, on the contrary, would be beneficial. Too much zeal must be guarded against, self-restraint is necessary, to give way would be to lose the battle before having begun it. Thus, for example, we must not attend the meeting announced by the Right for noon, all those who went there would be arrested. We must remain free, we must remain in readiness, we must remain calm, and must act waiting the advent of the People. Four days of this agitation without fighting would weary the army." Michel, however, advised a beginning, but simply by placarding Article 68 of the Constitution. But where should a printer be found?

Michel de Bourges spoke with an experience of revolutionary procedure which was wanting in me. For many years past he had acquired a certain practical knowledge of the masses. His counsel was wise. It must be added that all the information which came to us seconded him, and appeared conclusive against me. Paris was dejected. The army of the *Coup d'État* invaded her peaceably. Even the placards were not torn down. Nearly all the Representatives present, even the most daring, agreed with Michel's counsel, to wait and see what would happen. "At night," said they, "the agitation will begin," and they concluded, like Michel de Bourges, that the people must be given time to understand. There would be a risk of being alone in too hasty a beginning. We should not carry the people with us in the first moment. Let us leave the indignation to increase little by little in their hearts. If it were begun prematurely our manifestation would miscarry. These were the sentiments of all. For myself, while listening to them, I felt shaken. Perhaps they were right. It would be a mistake to give the signal for the combat in vain. What good is the lightning which is not followed by the thunderbolt?

To raise a voice, to give vent to a cry, to find a printer, there was the first question. But was there still a free Press?

The brave old ex-chief of the 6th Legion, Colonel Forestier, came in. He took Michel de Bourges and myself aside.

"Listen," said he to us, "I come to you. I have been dismissed. I no longer command my legion, but appoint me in the name of the Left Colonel of the 6th. Sign me an order, and I will go at once and call them to arms. In an hour the regiment will be on foot.

"Colonel," answered I, "I will do more than sign an order, I will accompany you."

And I turned towards Charamaule, who had a carriage in waiting.

"Come with us," said I.

Forestier was sure of two majors of the 6th. We decided to drive to them at once, while Michel and the other Representatives should await us at Bonvalet's, in the Boulevard du Temple, near the Café Turc. There they could consult together.

We started.

We traversed Paris, where people were already beginning to swarm in a threatening manner. The boulevards were thronged with an uneasy crowd. People walked to and fro, passers-by accosted each other without any previous acquaintance, a noteworthy sign of public anxiety; and groups talked in loud voices at the corners of the streets. The shops were being shut.

"Come, this looks better," cried Charamaule.

He had been wandering about the town since the morning, and he had noticed with sadness the apathy of the masses.

We found the two majors at home upon whom Colonel Forestier counted. They were two rich linendrapers, who received us with some embarrassment. The shopmen had gathered together at the windows, and watched us pass by. It was mere curiosity.

In the meanwhile one of the two majors countermanded a journey which he was going to undertake on that day, and promised us his co-operation.

"But," added he, "do not deceive yourselves, one can foresee that we shall be cut to pieces. Few men will march out."

Colonel Forestier said to us: "Watrin, the present colonel of the 6th, does not care for fighting; perhaps he will resign me the command amicably. I will go and find him alone, so as to startle him the less, and will join you at Bonvalet's."

Near the Porte St. Martin we left our carriage, and Charamaule and myself proceeded along the boulevard on foot, in order to observe the groups more closely, and more easily to judge the aspect of the crowd.

The recent levelling of the road had converted the boulevard of the Porte St. Martin into a deep cutting, commanded by two embankments. On the summits of these embankments were the footways, furnished with railings. The carriages drove along the cutting, the foot passengers walked along the footways.

Just as we reached the boulevard, a long column of infantry filed into this ravine with drummers at their head. The thick waves of bayonets filled the square of St. Martin, and lost themselves in the depths of the boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.

An enormous and compact crowd covered the two pavements of the Boulevard St. Martin. Large numbers of workmen, in their blouses, were there, leaning upon the railings.

At the moment when the head of the column entered the defile before the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin a tremendous shout of "Vive la République!" came forth from every mouth as though shouted by one man. The soldiers continued to advance in silence, but it might have been said that their pace slackened, and many of them regarded the crowd with an air of indecision. What did this cry of "Vive la République!" mean? Was it a token of applause? Was it a shout of defiance?

It seemed to me at that moment that the Republic raised its brow, and that the *Coup d'État* hung its head.

Meanwhile Charamaule said to me, "You are recognised."

In fact, near the Chateau d'Eau the crowd surrounded me. Some young men cried out, "Vive Victor Hugo!" One of them asked me, "Citizen Victor Hugo, what ought we to do?"

I answered, "Tear down the seditious placards of the *Coup d'État*, and cry, 'Vive la Constitution!'"

"And suppose they fire on us?" said a young workman?

"You will hasten to arms."

"Bravo!" shouted the crowd.

I added, "Louis Bonaparte is a rebel, he has steeped himself to-day in every crime. We, Representatives of the People, declare him an outlaw, but there is no need for our declaration, since he is an outlaw by the mere fact of his treason. Citizens, you have two hands; take in one your Right, and in the other your gun and fall upon Bonaparte."

"Bravo! Bravo!" again shouted the people.

A tradesman who was shutting up his shop said to me, "Don't speak so loud, if they heard you talking like that they would shoot you."

"Well, then," I replied, "you would parade my body, and my death would be a boon if the justice of God could result from it."

All shouted "Long live Victor Hugo!" "Shout 'Long live the Constitution,'" said I.

A great cry of "Vive la Constitution! Vive la République!" came forth from every breast.

Enthusiasm, indignation, anger flashed in the faces of all. I thought then, and I still think, that this, perhaps, was the supreme moment. I was tempted to carry off all that crowd, and to begin the battle.

Charamaule restrained me. He whispered to me,

"You will bring about a useless fusilade. Every one is unarmed. The infantry is only two paces from us, and see, here comes the artillery."

I looked round; in truth several pieces of cannon emerged at a quick trot from the Rue de Bondy, behind the Chateau d'Eau.

The advice to abstain, given by Charamaule, made a deep impression on me. Coming from such a man, and one so dauntless, it was certainly not to be distrusted. Besides, I felt myself bound by the deliberation which had just taken place at the meeting in the Rue Blanche.

I shrank before the responsibility which I should have incurred. To have taken advantage of such a moment might have been victory, it might also have been a massacre. Was I right? Was I wrong?

The crowd thickened around us, and it became difficult to go forward. We were anxious, however, to reach the rendezvous at Bonvalet's.

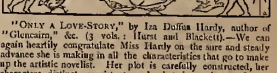
Suddenly some one touched me on the arm. It was Léopold Duras, of the *National.*

"Go no further," he whispered, "the Restaurant Bonvalet is surrounded. Michel de Bourges has attempted to harangue the People, but the soldiers came up. He barely succeeded in making his escape. Numerous Representatives who came to the meeting have been arrested. Retrace your steps. We are returning to the old rendezvous in the Rue Blanche. I have been looking for you to tell you this."

A cab was passing; Charamaule made a sign to the driver. We jumped in, followed by the crowd, shouting, "Vive la République! Vive Victor Hugo!"

It appears that just at that moment a squadron of *sergents de ville* arrived on the Boulevard to arrest me. The coachman drove off at full speed. A quarter of an hour afterwards we reached the Rue Blanche.

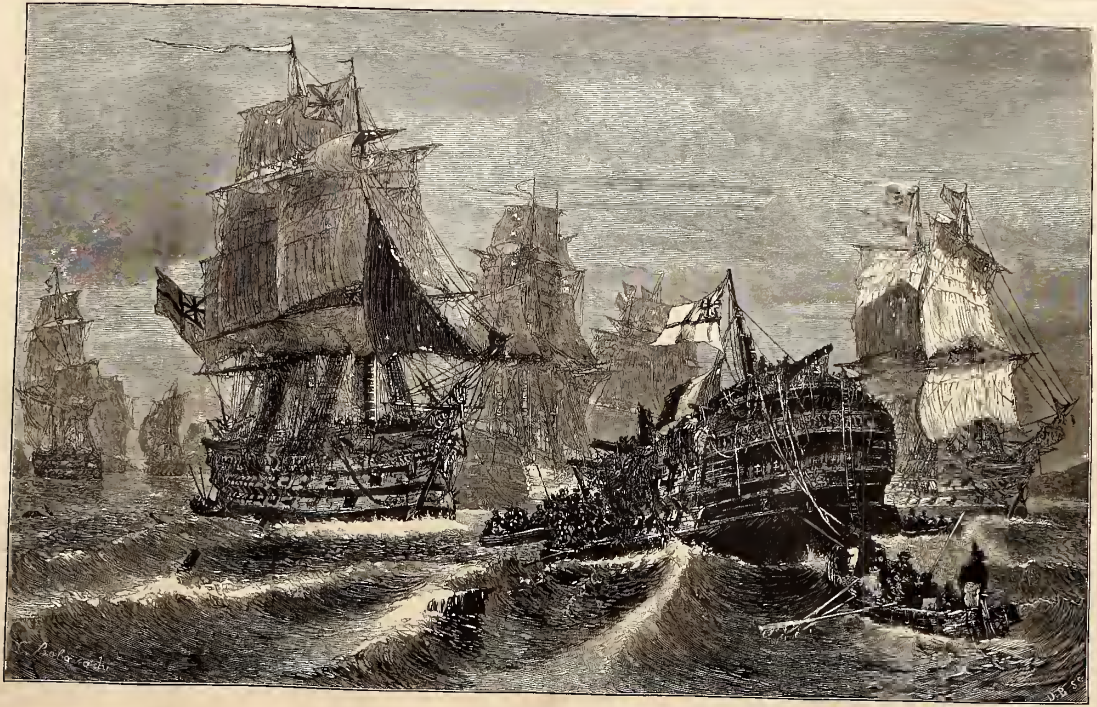
(To be continued)



"ONLY A LOVE-STORY," by Iza Duffus Hardy, author of "Glencairn," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—We can again heartily congratulate Miss Hardy on the sure and steady advance she is making in all the characteristics that go to make up the artistic novelist. Her plot is carefully constructed, her characters distinct, consistent, and what is, perhaps, of even more importance in the eyes of novel-readers, highly interesting, and her scenes strong without incurring the reproach of sensationalism. And again we note, as we noted in "Glencairn," that both Miss Hardy's conceptions and her manner of developing them are her own; there is so much distinctiveness about her workmanship that we believe that, were she now to publish anonymously or under a feigned name, we should still recognise the book as hers. The tale will probably disappoint many by ending sadly, but we think the author has rightly felt that no more cheerful *dénouement* would, artistically speaking, have been possible. She has certainly hit upon what, we take it, is a fresh situation in fiction, inasmuch as her heroine, as good and true a girl as could be found, is genuinely and loyally in love with two men at the same time. Calla Yorke is parted from her first lover, Felix Grey, by his own act, because he comes to believe that he has the taint of hereditary insanity in his blood, and must not marry, but his hold over her heart and conscience, though it may sleep at times, remains as potent as ever. And yet she loves Grey's dearest friend, Julius Lusada, the man whose splendid beauty and almost mesmeric personal influence have won her almost against her will, as well as his noble and chivalrous nature deserves to be loved. Calla's position with respect to her lovers is a difficult one to deal with, especially as the two men continue the warmest friends, and Calla is thrown into constant intercourse with both of them, but we think Miss Hardy has treated it satisfactorily, and made us feel it not unnatural or in the least repulsive, unusual as, of course, it is. Felix's sister, Isabel, the dreamy, serene girl, so dominated by habitual despondency and fatalistic fancies, is a singularly finely-conceived and interesting character, of whom, from a hint the author drops, we anticipate we may ere long hear again; and the "circle" in respectable Bohemia in which many of Calla's brightest hours are spent, is very cleverly described, many of its members being plainly sketched from life. But we have not the space to dwell on the merits of the tale as we should like, and must content ourselves with pronouncing it an unqualified success, and recommending it to our readers' attention.

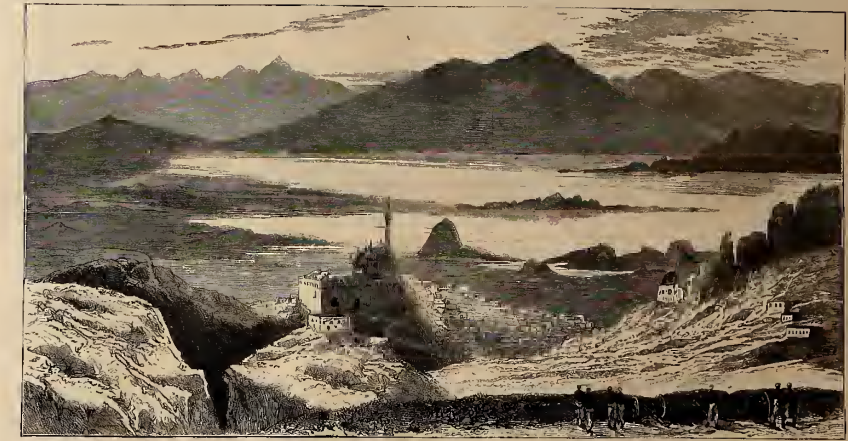
"The Breaking of the Storm," by Friedrich Spielhagen, translated from the German by S. E. A. H. Stephenson (3 vols.: Bentley).—There is a great deal that is really excellent in this novel, though this excellence is marred by the excessive complexity of a plot that almost defies comprehension, and by inordinate length, the story occupying considerably over 1,200 pages. We have in it a picture of Prussian society, such as it has been in the years that have followed the great Franco-German War. The picture is not a pleasant one. The old Prussian simplicity and frugality of life seem to have taken wing for ever, the artisans are represented as impregnated with socialistic theories, and ripe for revolt against the established order of things; the middle class know only one desire, to get rich by any means, fair or foul; and the aristocratic caste, while abating no jot of a pride of birth, coarsely and arrogantly expressed, are ready enough to join hands with the *parvenus* millionaires whom they despise, if so they may obtain valuable concesssions, and seats on the boards of bubble companies, and feather their own nests at the public expense. The group, which comprises the leading actors in the piece, is, it is true, quite free from the taint of the times, and most of them are as morally winning as all are effectively and spiritedly drawn. Bernhold Schmidt, merchant captain and lieutenant in the reserve, and his high-born lady-love, Elsa von Werben, are a

(Continued on page 382)

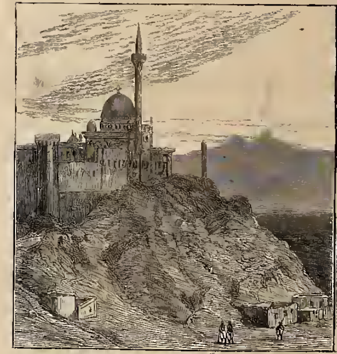

C. Bolanachi
D.B.Sc.

SINKING OF THE "REDOUTABLE" AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

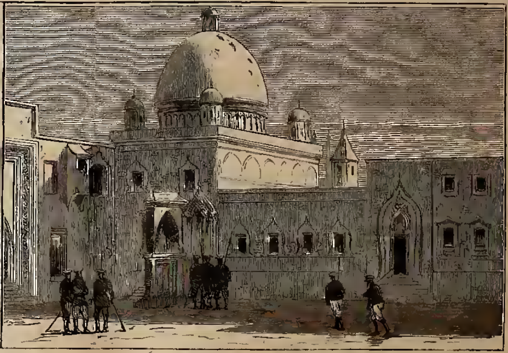
FROM THE PICTURE BY C. BOLANACHI



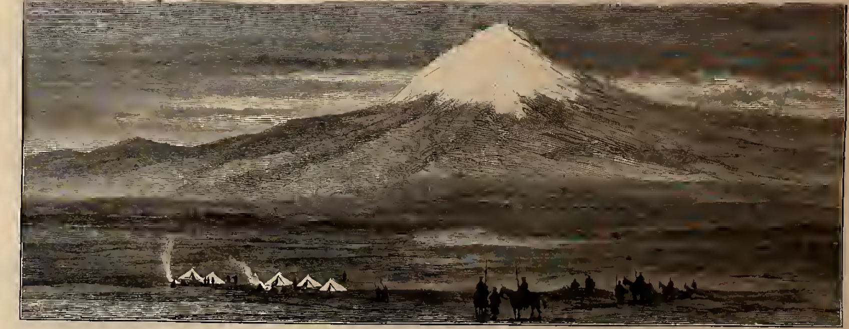
THE TOWN AND CITADEL OF BAYAZID, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST



CITADEL AND MOSQUE, FROM THE TOWN OF BAYAZID



THE QUADRANGLE OF THE CASTLE, BAYAZID



MOUNT ARARAT, FROM THE HEADQUARTERS OF ISMAIL PASHA

WITH THE TURKS AND ISMAIL PASHA IN ASIA

(Continued from page 379)

charming pair of lovers, and the girl's father, General von Werken, is a grand specimen of the old Prussian soldier-noble, to whom unsullied honour was infinitely dearer than wealth, position, or life itself. Nor are these three the only personages whom Herr Spielhagen has succeeded in presenting to us with a skill that leaves little or nothing to be desired. On the other hand, the minor characters are far too numerous, and their action is mysterious and confusing, so that the novel is singularly unequal, and it is only by fits and starts that we are able to see it as it might have been if the author's scheme had been more simple. It is his own fault that a story which contains many situations and passages of real power and beauty should yet leave on the mind a somewhat unsatisfactory impression.

"Against Her Will," by Annie L. Walker, author of "A Canadian Heroine," &c. (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—The heroine of this tale finds herself in the middle of the second volume, very much "against her will," converted by the will of a distant relative, the Earl of Stanmore, into one of the richest heiresses in England, and feels the wealth, of which she holds the successor to the title has been unjustly deprived, a burden and a curse. How she bears herself under her difficulties, anp finally discovers a most satisfactory escape from them, we shall leave readers to discover for themselves. The first volume, in which we see Nora Darcy as the presiding genius of her learned but incapable father's parish—to all intents and purposes, except as regards preaching and reading the service, the Vicaress of Woodside—is, perhaps, the best part of the book, and takes thorough hold of our attention by the brightness and pleasantness of many of the still-life scenes we come upon in the course of it. But, indeed, the book is full of good and careful work from end to end, and very much above the average level of merit.

"Crying for Vengeance," by Ellen C. Clayton, author of "Queens of Song," &c. (3 vols.: Tinsley).—There is a great deal of wickedness perpetrated in these three volumes which may well cry for vengeance, though the hero—so to call him—must we fancy be held a murderer only by accident. The vicissitudes of fortune that befall most of the *dramatis personæ* are extraordinary, and, in fact, not altogether comprehensible. It might be going too far to call the book unreadable, but it is feeble and inflated, and certainly not worth reading.

DEATH.

On the 12th inst., at the Rectory, Stirchley, Shropshire, the Rev. HUGO MORETON PHILLIPS, M.A., aged 81, for 50 years Rector of the above parish.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries.

A JEWEL OF A GIRL. By the author of "Queenie," &c. 3 vols.
MAUD LESLIE. By Lady CHARLES THYNNE. 2 vols.
TWO TALES OF MARRIED LIFE: HARD TO BEAR, by GEORGIANA M. CRAIK; and A TRUE MAN, by M. C. STIRLING. 3 vols.
GLORY. By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS. 3 vols.
ONLY A LOVE STORY. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY. 3 vols.
CHEAP EDITION of PHŒBE, JUNIOR. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 1 vol. 5s. bound and illustrated.
THE SQUIRE'S COURTSHIP. By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIEL. 3 vols. [Just ready.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 32 stamps.
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

Price 6d., or free by post, 8d.
MDME. DEMOREST'S
WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.
Information on Dress and Dressmaking. Contains nearly 500 miniature illustrations of Ladies and Children's Fashions for Autumn and Winter, with full descriptions of latest styles, &c., including materials, trimmings, walking, and outdoor costumes, dinner, evening, and other toilets, jewellery, latest coiffures, millinery, and every new and desirable article connected with Ladies' and Children's Dress.
Just what every lady, milliner, dressmaker, draper, warehouseman, and outfitter wants to know about the Autumn and Winter Fashions.
Sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents, and at every Railway Station.—WILLIAM and ROGERS NEWS CO., General Agents for Demorest's Reliable Patterns, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London.

24th Edition, 8vo, cloth, pp. 1,102, price 16s.
HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. LAURIE, M.D. Completely re-arranged and revised, by R. S. GUTTERIDGE, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eyes and their appendages, and illustrations shewing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 29th Edition, price 5s.
LEITH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

STANDARD MUSICAL WORKS for COLLEGES and SCHOOLS. By J. T. STONE.
FOR THE PIANOFORTE: THE FIRST SIX MONTHS AT THE PIANO. 5s.—ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS. Twentieth Edition. 5s.—FACILE INSTRUCTIONS. Sixteenth Edition. 4s.—CONCISE INSTRUCTIONS. 3s.
FOR THE ORGAN: COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS. Ninth Edition. 5s.—THE CLASSICAL ORGANIST. In Three Vols., £1 1s. each, or in Fifty-four Numbers, 2s. each.—THE ORGAN STUDENT'S COMPANION. In six vols., 7s. 6d. each; or in Twenty-four Books, 2s. each.
FOR THE HARMONIUM: COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS. 5s.—THE HARMONIUM MISCELLANY. In Twelve Numbers. 3s. each.
FOR SINGING:—THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS. 6s.
The Publishers confidently direct the attention of Professors and Teachers of Music to the above Works. The whole series have a large and increasing circulation.
London: BREWER and CO., 14 and 15, Poultry, Cheapside, and No. 23, Bishopsgate Street Within.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.
BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.—The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel.
Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

VIGNETTES BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED for 2s.—Address Mrs. RUSSELL, 30, Seafield, West Brighton.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

THE KENSINGTON SCHOOL OF ART EMBROIDERY will be opened November 1.—A Course of Four Lessons given in any description of Fancy Needlework for 10s. 6d. Crewel, best quality, as used by the School, 1s. 6d. per doz., all materials equally low.—95, High Street, Kensington.

WOOD-CUTTING for AMATEURS.—No previous knowledge required. Thousands of pretty things in Cut Wood, Baskets, Stands for Flowers, &c., Candelabras, Pipe Cases, &c., &c., can be cut by Lorin's Wood-cutting Machines, everything complete. Drawings, saws, &c., from 8s.—Wholesale and Retail, to be had at the Manufacturers, JACQUES LORIN FILS, 3, Rue de la Fidélité, Paris. Catalogues free on application.

THE WIZARD'S BOX of MAGIC. Instructions and Apparatus for performing Ten Capital Conjuring Tricks. One hour's amusement. Post free, 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street., W.C.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH.—A new Parlour Pastime, 50,000 comical transformations for Evening Parties. Post free for 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

MALVERN COLLEGE.
The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS and SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on December 20th and 21st.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S
SPOONS AND FORKS.

Electro-Silver Plate on Nickel.	Fiddle or Plain	Bet. Qual.
12 Tablespoons or Forks, per doz.	£1 10 0	£2 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 4 0	1 12 0
12 Teaspoons	0 12 0	0 16 0
Salt, Mustard, or Egg Spoons	0 5 0	0 8 0
1 Pair Sugar Tongs	0 2 6	0 3 6

MAPPIN and WEBB
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price List can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory, NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

NOTICE.—CLEARANCE SALE OF CHINA, EARTHENWARE, and GLASS, commencing OCTOBER 8.
Messrs. DAVENPORT and CO. beg to inform their friends and the Public generally that they intend disposing of the whole of their Surplus Stock of China, Earthenware, and Glass, on their Premises, 82, Fleet Street, London, and 30, Canning Place, Liverpool, at a reduction of 25 per cent. discount off usual prices. Commencing October 8, 1877.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons.—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

CHUBB'S SAFES and LOCKS.—128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, ST. PAUL'S. Communication by Special Private Wire with their West End Branch at 68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall; and Safe Factory, Old Kent Road, S.E. Lock Factory, Wolverhampton. Illustrated Price List sent free.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 6d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, 5s. 4d. per bushel, or 20s. per sack; buckwheat, maize, and barley meal, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 6d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

COCK'S READING SAUCE
Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured
FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.
CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.—In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

Established 1837.
CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.
ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble. Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers.—Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.
In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.
Manufactory—69, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."** UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Mr. Williamson, 9, South Street, Scarborough, writes:—"I have seen their beneficial effect for years in cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, &c." 1s. 1½d.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
PETER ROBINSON, of Regent Street,
has just completed some large purchases
from the Lyons Manufacturers, at a great advantage,
and can supply really Good Black Silks,
at 2s 6½d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 5s 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s 9d.
THE EMPRESS BLACK SILK, at 6s 6d.
is specially recommended for Good Wear
by the Manufacturer.
Also DEGOVE'S PURE BLACK SILK,
which gives Universal Satisfaction,
at 5s., 7s., and 8s.
For Patterns address
PETER ROBINSON, REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262,
where the above can only be obtained.
BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS,
exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s 6d.
A Special Bargain
in LYONS VELVET, at 10s. 9d.
BLACK SILK TRIMMING VELVETS,
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
at PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.

For 4½ & 5 Gs.	formerly 6½ & 7 Guineas.
For 7 Guineas	formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas	formerly 14 Guineas.

Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists.
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable to other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Speciality,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
It is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

GASK and GASK.
NEW VIGONIA CLOTH, 21½d. per yard, in new autumn shades; also FINE French Cachemires, 2s. 11d., double width; and the FASHIONABLE SNOW-FLAKE CLOTH, 16½d.; with a large collection of NEW DRESS FABRICS, from 10d. to 3s 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
Oxford Street and Wells Street.

NEW AUTUMN COSTUMES, made of the Fashionable Foreign and English Fabrics from novel and elegant PARIS MODELS, 2 guineas to 6½ guineas.
RICH BLACK SILK COSTUMES, exceptionally good, 4 guineas.
SILK COSTUME SKIRTS, 21s.; with a vast variety of Costumes of all kinds, equally cheap.
GASK and GASK, Oxford Street, and Wells Street.

GASK and GASK.
NEW LYONS SILKS, Black and Colours, still cheaper. The best makes of BLACK SILKS, recommended for wear, and every shade of colour in all qualities, 3s. 3d. to 7s. 9d. per yard.
NEW FANCY SILKS. Patterns free.
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS.
Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beaters, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GRAND EXHIBITION OF COSTUMES
AND OTHER NOVELTIES.
At the Grand Autumn Exhibition and Costume Contest just concluded at the Alexandra Palace we exhibited upwards of Fifty very superior Ladies' and Children's French Model Costumes, and many new things in Mantles, Jackets, Millinery, Flowers, &c., which obtained 15 prizes, and were highly commended for style and cheapness.
Patterns of Materials, Photographs, and every particular, post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GRAND EXHIBITION OF AUTUMN
DRESS FABRICS.
1,000 New Patterns of the choicest Shades and designs, the productions of various European nations.
2,000 yards of Autumn Serge, 10¾d. the yard.
A Diagonal Woven Texture, 6¾d.; wonderfully cheap.
Yachting Serges, 6¾d. and 10¾d. the yard.
Yachting Beges, 8¾d. and 11½d. the yard.
Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d. (Sage, Olive Green, &c.)
Estamene Serges, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
Homespun Estamene, 1s. 6½d., 27 in. wide.
New Fabrics, "Snowflakes," "Camel's Hair," and "Vienna Cloths."
Shetland Estamene, 27 in. wide, 1s. 4½d. the yard.
Poil de Chameau, French production, all wool, 20 in. wide, 1s. 9½d. the yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d. yard.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d. yd., superb colours.
Autumn Matalessé, 10½d. a yard.
Scarboro' Twill, 1s. 0½d.; Derby and Swiss Matelasse, 1s. 0½d.
New Autumn Rink Skirting, 1s. 11½d. the yard, 40 in. wide.
Indian Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 46 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. yard.
These and other Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW SILK PATTERNS are now ready.
The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d. } A New Make of
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d. } Extreme Richness
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.
BLACK SILKS, 1s. 6½d. to 10s. the yard.
The Queen's Black Silk, 7s. 11d.
The Queen's Black Silk, 8s. 11d. } Superb Goods &
The Queen's Black Silk, 9s. 11d. } Splendid Wear.
The Queen's Black Silk, 10s. 11d.
A special parcel of Coloured Silks, 2s. 11½d. yard.
Coloured Gros Grain Silks, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 6s. 11d. the yard.
Floral Silks for Trimmings, 3s. 9½d.
Japanese Figures, 1s. 3½d.
The Velvet and Velveteen Stock is now complete.
A Special Lot Black Velveteens, 1s. 11½d., and Colours, at 2s. 10½d.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.
Double-width Homespun Serge, 54 in. wide, 12½d. in Blue only.
Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 1s. 3½d.
Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s. 11½d.
Double-width Melton Cloths, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.
Any of the above are less by the piece of about 50 yards.
Fine Venetian Twills, 51 in. wide, 4s. 11d. a yard.
60-inch Waterproof Tweeds, 1s. 3½d., 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11d., and 3s. 11d.
Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 6s. 11d.
Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d.
Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard.
All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
UNDERCLOTHING and OUTFITTING.
A new Illustrated Price List is now ready, and can be sent free to any address.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

THE IRISH WAREHOUSE.—AUTUMN, 1877.

IRISH POPLINS. The Latest Fashions for the season, decidedly favouring plain dresses, guarantees a much larger demand than usual for this very favourite and most useful fabric. Amongst our new shades will be found all the latest additions in the several qualities, including our own special make, only to be had from us.
Patterns post free.

IRISH LINENS. IRISH LINENS, ready for immediate use. Every article of Linen requisite for the Household at Civil Service Prices.
IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, from the least expensive to the finest quality made.

AUTUMN HOSIERY.—Balbriggan, the new quality, brings these celebrated goods within the range of medium price hosiery. Black, Coloured, and Unbleached.
INGLIS and TINCKLER, 147, Regent Street, London, W.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 40s. and 45s. half-dozen.—41 and 44, Poultry. Branch—308, Oxford Street, London.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD LIVER OIL (Registered).
The purest Oil, and by Almond flavouring rendered palatable and easy of digestion.
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.
British Medical Journal says—Whilst securing the beneficial results traceable to Cod Liver Oil as a valuable tonic and dietetic, we have found no difficulty in inducing our little patients to take it.
Sanitary Record says—We have tried its effect on the most delicate constitutions with marked effect. So well are the odour and taste of the Oil disguised that children will take the preparation with avidity.
Medical Times says—The taste is decidedly masked by the almond flavouring.
Medical Press—Has an agreeable smell and flavour, and we can testify that the result is satisfactory.
Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists,
And Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited),
Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,
A LARGE PURCHASE OF
NEW COLOURED SILKS,
at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., and 4s. 4½d. per yard, also a richer quality at 5s. 3d., usually sold at 7s. 6d. per yard. 250 shades to select from. Patterns free.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF
BLACK GROS GRAINS.
This extensive purchase comprises Silks of the best and most reliable makes, and are specially recommended. Prices 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yard. Also richer goods from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS
to match every Silk, short pile, well covered, suitable for Gowns, 6s. 11d. per yard, any length cut. A special purchase of Black Lyons Velvet, all silk, at 9s. 11d. per yard. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

COLOURED SILK COSTUMES
of the latest designs and most fashionable description, in all the new colour Silks, commencing at 6½ guineas. Patterns of the Silks and Engravings post free.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES,
made from the new Paris Models in eight different styles of the most approved designs, as shown in Engravings, price with bodice complete, 5½ guineas. Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN
WINTER COSTUMES.
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Costumes suitable for Travelling, Promenade, and Indoor Wear, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas.
Illustrations and Patterns Materials post free.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING
MADE BALL AND WEDDING DRESSES.
Now ready several thousand charming Dresses in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas.
The "Dora," a favourite dress in Tarlatan, any colour, profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train, one guinea, a substantial box included.
A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours, for 28s. 9d., with material for bodice.
The Styles of the above, with many others, can be seen in the new book of engravings, which is sent post free on application to
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,
having concluded the purchase of large quantities of
SEAL FUR SKINS
and Squirrel Furs, they are now on sale as quoted below.
Russian Seal Fur Jackets, loose shapes, 24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Ditto fitting shapes, 30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 20 guineas.
South Sea Seals, loose shapes, 2 to 4 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN
MANTLES AND PALETOTS,
Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL
CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.
The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
WINTER DRESSES,
in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour, From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.
CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOS, all wool,
This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

A NEW FABRIC FOR PALETOTS, &c.
POIL DE CHAMEAU (Registered).
This elegant fabric, though very warm, is remarkably light and soft, and can be had in choice shades of Fawn, Drab, Grey, Light Brown, &c. 54 inches wide, from 5s. 6d. per yd. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St., W.

A VARIETY OF NEW MATERIALS FOR
WARM WINTER PETTICOATS,
including a large assortment of Silk Striped Cloth Skirtings, Reversible Felts, plain colours, New Striped Flannel Cashmere, &c., from 2s. 11d. to 5s. 6d. per yd. Patterns free.

NOW ON SALE AT HALF-PRICE.
1,000 UNMADE PALETOTS (Black),
Richly embroidered on very fine Cashmere or Diagonal Cloth, full size and newest shapes, from 29s. 6d. to 42s. each, formerly 3 to 4 guineas.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS.
VELVET-FINISH'D VELVETEENS,
beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black, from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.
The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *"It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families."*
Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES
OF
VICHY.
Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the Mineral Waters.
The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.
In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.
The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or aniseed.
In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each.
VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.
In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each.
VICHY BARLEY SUGAR.
An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

BLACK SILKS EXTRAORDINARY. £10,000 worth of Richest Lyons Black Silks. The cheapest ever offered. 1s. 11½d., 2s. 11½d., 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. yard. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

SILKS—SILKS—SILKS. The cheapest and best Black, Coloured, Fancy, and Japanese Plain and Figured Silks, from 21s full dress. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

SERGES—SERGES—SERGES. The New Estamene, Devonshire, Somerset, Wellington, Trouville, Scarborough, Plimsoll, stout, medium, and fine hand made Wool Serges of every colour and description, from 8½d. to 2s. 6d. yard. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

AUTUMN DRESS FABRICS.

From 8½d. yard. { All the New Snowflake Tweeds, Camelhair Cloths, Foule Serges, Cashmere, Vicughn, Twilled Flannels, Balcan and Molleton Serges, Fancy Materials, Repps, Satin Cloths, Saxony Wools (very soft), Satin Cloth Skirtings, and 100 other New Costume Cloths, from 8½d. to 2s. 6d. yard. Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP.

HIMALAYAN and FRENCH CASHMERINOS. 1,000 pieces, consisting of all the new and useful colours for autumn wear; also all the fine light colours for walking, dinner, or wedding costumes, from 15s. 6d. full dress. Patterns free.—198, Regent Street.

MATCHLESS COSTUMES.—CLOAKS. JACKETS.—New Engravings Free. The Newest, most Ladylike, and most reasonable-priced Costumes, Jackets, Ulsters, Cloaks, and Furs of every description. Engravings and Patterns Free.
BAKER and CRISP, Regent Street.

SPECIALITY.—VELVETEENS EXTRAORDINARY. The Rich Lyons Moleskin Silk Velveteens in Black from 17s. 6d. dress. In all the new colour, from 2s. 11d. yard.
Patterns Free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent St.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157a, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157a, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers

---

ROWLAND'S ODONTO. Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, altar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S SWEET SCENTS.—Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, White Rose, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 bottles in a case, 7s. The above sweet scents in sachet powder, 1s. 6d. each, can be forwarded by post. Sold by fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS's DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from face and arms without injury. 3s. 6d. Sent post free, carefully packed, for 54 stamps by Alex. Ross.

THE NOSE MACHINE applied to the nose for an hour daily so directs the soft cartilage of the nose that an ill-formed one is quickly shaped, 10s. 6d. Sent for stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER
Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

MORSON'S
PEPSINE,
AND ITS PREPARATIONS
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE NAME ON LABEL.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

As WINE, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 9s.
LOZENGES, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.
GLOBULES, at 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.
And as POWDER, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, AND THE MANUFACTURERS,
MORSON and SON,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist

---

"FER BRAVAIS."
BRAVAIS' DIALYSED IRON.
THE ONLY PURE SOLUTION OF IRON WITHOUT ACID.
"IRON and OXYGEN combined, to the exclusion of all Acids, or Soluble Hydrate of Peroxide of Iron."
Vide Dr. J. RENGADE'S Report.
Prepared by RAOUL, BRAVAIS, and CO., 13, Rue Lafayette, Paris; London Office: 8, Idol Lane, Tower Street, E.C.
FIRST BRONZE MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1875.
SOLE PRIZE, PHILADELPHIA EXPOSITION, 1876.
This admirable Preparation does not CONSTIPATE, or disturb the digestive organs, and neither injures nor blackens the teeth. Its effect as a reconstituent are rapid and certain. IT HAS NO STYPTIC TASTE, and it is admirably adapted for all continuous treatment by Iron, possessing all the advantages of this MOST APPROVED TONIC in the highest degree. N.B. A LONDON PHYSICIAN WRITES: "I have given it to patients who have been unable to take Iron in any other form." PRICES: Bottle, full size, 4s. 6d.; small ditto, 3s.; in Card Box with drop measure complete. N.B. The full size bottles contain sufficient for about two months' regular treatment.
To be had of all leading Chemists and Druggists.

ESTABLISHED
1832.
NONE
GENUINE
EXCEPT
IN
PINK PAPER
WRAPPERS.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.
AMONG THE CULTIVATED AND REFINED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS RENOWNED PREPARATION IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED FAVOURITE WITH BOTH SEXES. OVER FORTY YEARS' TRIAL AND EXPERIENCE HAVE ESTABLISHED ITS SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.
IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESTORE GREY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GREY, LOSES ITS LUSTRE, AND FALLS OUT, IT SIMPLY REQUIRES NOURISHMENT. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION, STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES THE HAIR, AND, BY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL CAUSES, GREY OR WHITE HAIR IS QUICKLY RESTORED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. IT WILL STOP ITS FALLING, AND INDUCE A HEALTHY AND MOST LUXURIANT GROWTH. USE NO OTHER PREPARATION WITH IT, NOT EVEN OIL OR POMADE, OR ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.
IS THE BEST
TO RESTORE GREY HAIR.
BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND PREPARED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL. OVER FORTY YEARS THE FAVOURITE PREPARATION. ENJOYING BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE, IT MUST BE THE BEST. IT DOES NOT DYE THE HAIR, BUT STRENGTHENS IT. GREY HAIRS SOON DISAPPEAR. BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION THE ROOTS ARE STRENGTHENED, THE SOFT AND SILKY TEXTURE OF HEALTHY HAIR FOLLOWS ITS USE.
Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles

MRS. S. A. ALLEN
manufactures two entirely distinct Preparations for the Hair.
One or the other is suited to every condition of the Human Hair. Both are never required at one time. For details as to each Preparation, kindly read above and below this paragraph. Readers can easily determine which of the two they require. These Preparations have a world-wide reputation. Enormous and increasing sale through Forty Years.
Every Chemist and Dealer in Toilet Articles has both Preparations.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
ZYLO-BALSAMUM.
For the
Growth and Preservation
of the Hair.
It is a cooling, vegetable, and transparent liquid, without sediment

A SIMPLE TONIC AND DRESSING OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO BOTH SEXES. THE FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NO GREY HAIR. IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR, BUT, BY EARLY USE, IT WILL PREVENT IT TURNING GREY. PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, SO COMMON IN THESE DAYS, MAY BE ENTIRELY PREVENTED BY THE USE OF ZYLO-BALSAMUM. PROMPT RELIEF IN THOUSANDS OF CASES HAS BEEN AFFORDED WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN COMING OUT IN HANDFULS. IT PROMOTES A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH. HAIR DRESSED WITH ZYLO-BALSAMUM IS ALWAYS CLEAN, FREE FROM DANDRUFF, AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS ONLY SEEN IN HEALTHY HAIR. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT. NO OIL OR POMADE SHOULD BE USED WITH IT.
CAUTION!—The Genuine only in Bluish Grey Wrappers.
Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles

---

THE FAVOURITE TOILET WATER OF THE AGE.
GOLDEN STAR
BAY LEAF WATER,
TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM THE FRESH LEAVES of the BAY TREE (*Myrcia Acris*),
FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.
A
Toilet Water
of peculiar and
delightful fragrance,
delicate and lasting,
refreshing and soothing.
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
triple distilled from the fresh leaves of
the Bay Tree (Myrcia Acris). Indispensable
and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY, and BATH.
A few drops on a Sponge or Towel moistened with water,
and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to
the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended
to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the BATH gives a
delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING
PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING OF INFANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for
a bath of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and
all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental
labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles,
2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists
and Perfumers, or on receipt
of stamps from the wholesale
depôt, 114 & 116,
Southampton Row,
London.

DEAR VANITY,—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. Surely that complaint is one of the lesser evils that flesh is heir to, and I think the man who has discovered a sure remedy for this plague ought to be ranked among the benefactors of the human race. The other morning I woke with that most uncomfortable of feelings, a general oppression, which is the certain precursor of a catarrh. A that black despair seized me, but luckily I remembered that if taken in time the mystic contents of a little green glass bottle might save me from the prospect of many days' discomfort to myself and others. I sped to the nearest chemist's, and found the longed for remedy, and before night was cured; it is called "Glykaline," a colourless, tasteless fluid, three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds. All this sounds rather like an advertisement, so I beg you to understand that I have no personal or pecuniary interest in the sale of Glykaline, and only sing its praises from a wish to spread its healing properties around, and, by recommending it, confer a boon on the suffering human race.
TALON ROUGE,
Vanity Fair, March 17, 1877.

GLYKALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE EFFECTUAL CURE OF
COLDS,
CATARRHS,
COUGHS,
HAY FEVER, and
ALL DISORDERS OF THE MUCOUS MEMBRANE.

GLYKALINE is a reliable and speedy Specific; curing Colds in a few hours.

GLYKALINE is very efficacious in Hay Fever, clearing the bronchial tubes.

GLYKALINE is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s.

NEURALINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
GIVES INSTANT RELIEF to
TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA,
RHEUMATISM,
GOUT, and
ALL NERVE AND LOCAL PAINS.

NEURALINE, most valuable for Toothache: its timely use frequently obviates the necessity of having a tooth extracted.

NEURALINE is of decided service in all cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloureaux.

MR. EDGAR, of Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewis, writing to Sir James Matheson, says "Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for the Neuraline. It proved the most successful remedy she had ever applied. The relief experienced was almost instantaneous."—Dated Nov. 27th, 1869.

NEURALINE is now in demand in all parts of the world. It gives relief in every case; in most cases, cures permanently; and, in some cases, is successful by a single application. Prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; by post, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Each bottle is accompanied by illustrated directions for using.

AUROSINE,
THE NEW REMEDY,
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT of
THE HANDS,
THE SKIN,
THE LIPS, and
THE EXCORIATED CUTICLE.

AUROSINE preserves the Hands agreeably soft, supple, white, and free from chaps.

AUROSINE is an excellent preparation for correcting the results of sea-air, and removing roughness of the skin.

AUROSINE will be appreciated by all whose lips are cracked.

AUROSINE is invaluable for Irritation or Excoriation of the Skin.

AUROSINE is not deleterious, is of vegetable origin (without mineral admixture), will not injure the tenderest skin, or soil the most delicate dress.

AUROSINE is recognised as a useful and beautiful toilet requisite, necessary to the proper keeping of the hands and skin. It is prepared by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all chemists, in bottles, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE,
THE NEW PREPARATION
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF
THE TEETH AND GUMS, is
AN ASTRINGENT,
A DETERGENT,
AN ANTISEPTIC, and
A PRESERVATIVE.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE cleanses the Teeth from Tartar and all Incrustations.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE increases the whiteness of the Teeth, brightens their enamel, fastens them when loose, and arrests the advance of decay.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is in conformity with the natural requirements of the Teeth, and may be implicitly trusted as it contains no objectionable ingredient.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is invaluable to all whose Gums are spongy, flaccid, or discoloured, as it hardens the substance, restores the brilliant ruby colour, and beautifies the Gums in every respect.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE adds to the external smoothness of the Gums, staunches the bleeding of them, and retains their healthy state.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE sweetens the breath, cools the mouth, dispels the odour of tobacco, and purifies the palate.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is simple in use, a few drops only being required to be let fall on the moistened toothbrush, or added to a wine glass of water to rinse the mouth.

ANTISEPTIC TINCTURE is prepared in bottles, 1s.; by post, 1s. 4d., by LEATH and ROSS, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, Oxford Street, W., and sold by all Chemists.

LEATH and ROSS'S
PLAIN DIRECTIONS
FOR THE
TREATMENT OF COMMON DISEASES
Gratis and Post Free.

MERCHANT SHIPPERS and the TRADE supplied on the most LIBERAL TERMS with all HOMŒOPATHIC PREPARATIONS, both MEDICINAL and DIETETIC.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE

Containing the following Popular Dance Music:—

TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS	CHAS. D'ALBERT.
CONSTANTINOPLE QUADRILLE	CHAS. D'ALBERT.
DIE FLEDERMAUS WALTZ	JOHANN STRAUSS.
LES LOINTAINS WALTZ	EMILE WALDTEUFEL.
MAIDEN'S DREAM WALTZ	EDWARD HOFFMAN.
THE SCHONBERG GALOP	CHAS. D'ALBERT.
FLORETTA POLKA	CHAS. D'ALBERT.
PIZZICATO POLKA	J. & J. STRAUSS.
FORGET-ME-NOT GALOP	A. HECKER.

And a New Quadrille,
MOLLIE DARLING. By CHAS. D'ALBERT.
Price One Shilling; post free, 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG.

THE DISTANT SHORE. New Song by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd during his Promenade Tour in October. Price (in E flat, F and G) 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE ROWAN TREE. New Song by M. W. BALFE. Will be sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling during her Tour in the Provinces. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

REMINISCENCES OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, and SCOTLAND. Selections of National Airs as played by all the Military Bands in Her Majesty's Service. Arranged for the Pianoforte by FRED GODFREY, B.M. Coldstream Guards. Price 2s. each net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

MARCH of THE PASHAS, for the Pianoforte. By JOHN PRIDHAM. Beautifully illustrated, with Portraits of Mehemet Ali, Suleiman Pasha, and Hobart Pasha. Price, post free, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET s.	d.
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2	0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1	6
RINK GALOP	2	0

All the above for Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.

N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. LEYBACH. In 3 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE- YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE.

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter.

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.—50, New Bond Street.

This day, price 2s. 6d., paper; 4s., cloth, gilt edges.

RUBINSTEIN'S 50 BEST SONGS. With German and English Words. Also

RUBINSTEIN'S 18 VOCAL DUETS. With German and English Words. Price 2s. 6d. paper; 4s., cloth, gilt edges.
RUBINSTEIN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM. Contains his Eleven Most Celebrated Pieces. Price 1s.
RUBINSTEIN'S SIX PIANOFORTE STUDIES. Price 1s.
RUBINSTEIN'S SIX PIANOFORTE PRELUDES. Price 1s.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

Each vol. price 2s. 6d. paper; 4s. cloth, gilt edges.

BEETHOVEN'S 76 SONGS.
Mendelssohn's 60 Songs.
With German and English words. The Royal Editions.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

Price 2s. 6d. paper; 4s. cloth, gilt edges.

SCHUMANN'S 75 SONGS, with German and English words. The Royal Edition.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

In 1 vol., 2s. 6d.; or 4s. cloth, gilt edges.

THE SONGS OF GERMANY. A Collection of 100 of the most celebrated Volkslieder, with German and English words, the latter by Miss Hayes.
The Royal Edition.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

This day, price 1s.

HANDY-BOOK FOR CHORAL SO- CIETIES. By Dr. STARK. A complete guide for the study and practice of Part Music, including 158 Exercises, Part Songs, Rounds, &c. (56 pages.)
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

This day, price 1s.

HENNING'S FIRST BOOK FOR THE VIOLIN. A Celebrated German Method. Now for the first time published in English. It includes 162 Progressive Exercises. 40 pages, music size.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

This day, price 1s.

W. T. BEST'S FIRST ORGAN BOOK. Forty pages, music size. An Elementary and Practical Guide for Organ Students.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

This day, price 1s.

DR. CALLCOTT'S GRAMMAR OF MUSIC. Boosey's New Edition.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Celebrated Song. The Waltz of the Season. Price 2s. net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

Price 2s. each net

SANTLEY'S POPULAR SONGS.

Polly.	The Vagabond.
Fair is My Love.	The Yeoman's Wedding

Also Santley's New Song Book, in the Musical Cabinet (170), contains 10 songs, published in no other work. Price 1s.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRU- MENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.
A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*
Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATA- LOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent post free to any part of the World.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. Sixty Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded gratis post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

	s.	d.
Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS are to be had of every Musicseller and Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, and India, or will be sent direct post free at half the marked price (bound works and cheap vocal part music excepted) to any part of the world on receipt of remittance or satisfactory reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE METHOD.
Price Five Shillings.

This unrivalled work is now firmly established as *the* Pianoforte Instruction-Book in nearly all the principal educational establishments in Great Britain, Ireland, Canada, the United States of America, India, Australia, New Zealand, &c. It is supplied direct by the Publishers, or may be had of any Musicseller in the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BEN- NETT'S BARCAROLLE (from the Fourth Concerto). This beautiful composition, which is universally admitted to be the representative pianoforte piece of this great English musician, is now published in the following forms:

	s.	d.
Piano Solo	4	0
Piano Duet	4	0
Organ, arranged by Dr. Steggall	4	0

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SELECT PIANOFORTE PIECES of STEPHEN HELLER.

	s.	d.
An Autumn Leaf (Romance, Op. 105, No. 3)	3	0
An even Song (Prelude, Op. 119, No. 16)	3	0
Aubade (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 7)	3	0
Barcarolle (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 23)	3	0
Berceuse (Study, Op. 47, No. 19)	1	0
Chanson de Mai (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 17)	1	0
Chant du Berceau (Prelude, Op. 81, No. 15)	2	6
Chant du Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 9)	1	0
Cradle Song (Chanson de Berceau, Op. 73, No. 3)	3	0
Feuillet d'Album (Study, Op. 16, No. 15)	2	0
Halte du Chasseur (Dans les Bois, Op. 86, No. 3)	3	0
Huntsman's Song (Chant du Chasseur, Op. 73, No. 1)	3	0
Jagdlied (Study, Op. 90, No. 7)	2	6
L'Avalanche (Study, Op. 45, No. 2)	1	0
La Truite (Caprice Brillant on the Song of Schubert, Op. 33)	4	0
Liedchen (Study, Op. 46, No. 8)	1	0
On Song's bright Pinions (Improvisata on Song of Mendelssohn, Op. 67)	4	0
Ondine (Study, Op. 45, No. 16)	1	0
Parting Song (Mendelssohn's Song transcribed)	3	0
Rêverie au Soir (Study, Op. 45, No. 12)	1	0
The Watermill (Study, Op. 45, No. 20)	2	0
Un Rayon du Soleil (Study, Op. 45, No. 1)	1	0
Une petite Feuille (Op. 110)	3	0
Une petite Histoire (Study, Op. 125, No. 6)	1	0
Wanderstunden (Rêveries d'Artiste, Op. 80, No. 2)	3	0

The above pieces are among the most popular Works of this esteemed Composer. A complete catalogue of his entire Works, Op. 1 to Op. 141, is now ready, and will be forwarded post free (on application) to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC PRIMERS. Edited by Dr. STAINER.

Second Edition, price Two Shillings.

THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By ERNST PAUER (Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the National Training School for Music). No. 1 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

Ready on October 15.

THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. STAINER. No. 3 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

In the Press.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. No. 2 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

Second Edition, price Two Shillings.

CATHEDRAL PSALTER CHANTS. Edited by Rev. S. FLOOD JONES, M.A., JAMES TURLE, Rev. J. TROUTBECK, M.A., Dr. J. STAINER, and JOSEPH BARNBY.

MENDELSSOHN.—LIEDER OHNE WORTE (Songs without Words). The best and ONLY COMPLETE EDITION, containing the SEVENTH and EIGHTH BOOKS. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, folio, 12s.; octavo, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.

RUBINSTEIN'S EIGHTEEN TWO- PART SONGS, with German and English words. The English Version by Madame NATALIA MACFARREN. Octavo, paper covers, 2s. 6d.; handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S VOCAL ALBUM, containing Thirty Songs, with English and German words, by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM for YOUNG PIANISTS, containing Fifty-six Short Pieces, by ROBERT SCHUMANN (Op. 68 and Op. 15). Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM, containing Forty Songs, with the original German words, and an English version by JOHN OXENFORD. Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.
LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.,
1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).— Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 56, Cheapside, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

BEETHOVEN'S SIX FAVOURITE WALTZES for the PIANOFORTE. Edited and Fingered by GEORGE FREDERICK WEST. 3s. each. Mozart's Favourite Waltzes, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, carefully and effectively arranged by Geo. F. West, 3s. each, post free at half-price. "In these days, when many people like to lay hands on little works by great men, these well-arranged trifles will doubtless be highly acceptable."—Vide *Midland Counties Herald.*
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

ANGELS' VISITS. Song written by Mrs. AYLMER. Music by FRANZ ABT. 3s., post free at half-price. Also by the same distinguished composer, two new vocal duets for soprano and contralto, &c., "City Bells" and "Summer Rain." 4s., post free 24 stamps each.
London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO.

NEW SONG by Berthold Tours.

A Message to Heaven. 3s.	The Dog and the Shadow. 3s.
My Little Picture. 3s.	A Little Bird's Story. 4s.

All post free at half-price.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM; a Descrip- tive Fantasia for the Pianoforte. By J. PRIDHAM. Illustrated title, 4s.; post free, 24 stamps. THE SAILOR'S DREAM; a Descriptive Fantasia for the Pianoforte. By J. PRIDHAM. Illustrated title. 4s.; post free, 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

NEWEST SONGS, issued by ROBERT COCKS and CO., all post free at half-price.

I Awake and Dream. Song. J. Blumenthal. 3s.	So Far Away. J. L. Roeckel. 3s.
Summer Rain. Vocal Duet. F. Abt. 4s.	The Moss Rose and the Laurel. H. P. Danks. 3s.
The Village Queen. Song. Ch. Schreiber. 3s.	Unforgotten Days. J. L. Roeckel. 3s.
The City Bells. Vocal Duet. F. Abt. 4s.	Droop Not, Young Lover. Handel. 3s.
The Cuckoo's Concert. Song. H. P. Danks. 3s.	Awake. Stephen Adams. 3s.
Spring Morning. Song. F. Abt. 3s.	Steering. F. H. Cowen. 4s.
Biddy Malone. Irish Ballad. W. C. Russell. 3s.	"Ay or No." F. H. Cowen. 4s.
	Don't Forget Me. C. Pinsuti. 3s.

London: 6, New Burlington Street.

COME UNTO ME. Sacred Song. Written by W. H. BELLAMY, Esq. Music by Mrs. M. LINDSAY (Mrs. Worthington Bliss). Finely Illustrated Title, 4s.; post free, 24 stamps. "The melody is graceful and flowing, and beautifully adapted to the words."—*Glasgow News.*
London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

DUFF and STEWART'S LIST of NEW and most SUCCESSFUL SONGS:

A Bird Sang in a Hawthorn Tree (soprano), Hatton. 4s.	Loved and Lost (mezzo-soprano), Mallet. 4s.
A Maiden Sat Alone One Day (mezzo-soprano), Smart. 4s.	Minet, The (baritone), Tours. 4s.
Angels are Watching (soprano), Abt. 4s.	Only Love Can Tell (soprano), Tours. 4s.
Better Land, The (mezzo-soprano), Gounod. 4s.	O, that We Two were Maying (soprano), Gounod). 4s.
Dream of Angels, Little One (soprano), Abt. 4s.	O, Willie, Boy, Come Home (mezzo-soprano), Virginia Gabriel. 4s.
Fly Forth, O Gentle Dove (soprano), Pinsuti. 4s.	Rose Song, The (tenor), Balfe. 4s.
Gone to their Rest (mezzo-soprano), Roeckel. 4s.	Under the Lamplight (mezzo-soprano), Louisa Gray. 4s.
King and the Beggar Maid, The (baritone), Levey. 4s.	When the Bairnies are Asleep (mezzo-soprano) Lady Baker. 4s.
Lord, whom my Inmost Soul Adoreth (contralto), Hiller. 4s.	

Sold at half-price, postage free, 147, Oxford Street.

THE FOUR MARIES. As sung in Mr. Kennedy's Entertainment of the "Songs of Scotland" in St. James's Hall.
Post free for 18 stamps from
METHVEN, SIMPSON, and CO., Dundee; or
C. JEFFERYS, Berners Street, London.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Piano- FORTE SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London: Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD. —Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"
MILD AND FRAGRANT.
WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"
A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."
Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." Thackeray, in the "Virginians," says: "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'" Sold only in Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World

SPECIAL NOTICE.—On MONDAY and TUESDAY, the 22nd and 23rd October, Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. will OFFER for SALE an immense stock of CARPETS and RUGS of every description; also a quantity of BORDERED CARPET COVERS, just purchased for cash under specially advantageous circumstances, and which will be sold off at prices much below their usual cost. Reduced price lists, with size and description, will be sent post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO., Complete House Furnishers, 67 to 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, near Tottenham Court Road.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CRETONNES. —OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received all their New Designs in FRENCH CRETONNES for the present Season, amongst which are some beautiful specimens of artistic design and colourings. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZ- MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PRE- MISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

PAINTINGS, OLEOS, CHROMOS, PHOTOS, and Engravings; a choice assortment in handsome frames. The paintings are by well-known artists, and the name guaranteed. Also, a large assortment of Bronzes, Statuettes, Vases, Clocks, Antique Furniture, and Artistic Furnishing Items. A catalogue of art department post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DE- PARTMENT.—Best Plate Chimney Glasses, in double gilt frames, elegant pattern, large size, 2 guineas; magnificent ditto, from 5 to 20 guineas; handsome Walnut Cheffoniers, shaped front, and richly carved mountings, 4ft., 3½ guineas; noble Mahogany Sideboards, 5ft., 6 guineas; 6ft., from 8 guineas upwards; Easy Chairs, from 14s. 9d. upwards; Drawing and Dining Room Chairs, from 10s. 6d. each.—OETZMANN and CO.

STANLEY DINING-ROOM SUITE in solid carved Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best maroon leather, comprising a noble couch, two easy chairs, and six chairs. Price 14 guineas. Quality guaranteed. A variety of other patterns on show, from 8 guineas upwards. Massive mahogany telescope dining tables, 8 ft. by 4 ft., patent metallic screw, £6 15s.—OETZMANN and CO.

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZ- MANN and CO.—Elegant Drawing Room Suite, richly carved Italian walnut-wood, upholstered very soft and comfortable, in best rep, consisting of a Couch, two Easy Chairs, and six Chairs, price 15 guineas; ditto, very handsome design, upholstered in rich Pekinade, made and finished in superior style, 20 guineas; ditto, very elegant design, richly upholstered in finest satin, and finished in the best possible manner, 33 guineas; also a variety of other Drawing-Room Suites, in Black and Gold, Early English, and other designs.

LODGINGS.—Extra Bed to accommo- date Visitors. A strong IRON FOLDING BEDSTEAD, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, with a wool mattress, bolster, and pillow, complete for 21s. Same items, 3 ft. wide, 25s. complete. Sent carefully packed; forms a portable package. Also, to suit the above, 2 white calico sheets, 1 ditto bolster-case, 1 pillow-case, 3 white Witney blankets, and 1 counterpane, for 28s. 6d. the set. Iron Easy-Chair Bedstead, 6 ft. by 2 ft., with cushions forming the mattress, price complete, 21s.—Address order to OETZMANN and CO.

BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.
BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.
BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.

LINOLEUM.—OETZMANN and CO. —LINOLEUM.—Warm, soft, carpet-like in appearance, and very durable. ALL the NEW PRIZE DESIGNS are NOW in STOCK. A visit of inspection solicited. Prices below those usually charged for this favourite floor covering. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO.

TURKEY CARPETS.—CLEARANCE SALE.—OETZMANN and CO.—A quantity of Turkey, Indian, Persian, Jabbalpore, Masulipatam, Farahan, Khorassan, Serabend, Koula, Ghiordes, and Kelim Carpets and Rugs, clearing out at greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 9d. to 80 guineas. A reduced Price List, with sizes and description, sent post free on application. Prices will be found much below those usually charged. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 15s. 9d. each; some very handsome ditto, at 35s. to 45s.
OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and Clothing combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable, with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CRETONNES.—OETZMANN & CO. CRETONNES.—An immense assortment of all the choicest designs in this fashionable material, in every variety of style and colourings: excellent imitations of rare Tapestries, some being exact copies of the finest GOBELIN Tapestry. Prices varying from 9¾d. to 4s. 11d. per yard. Patterns sent into the country by stating kind required.

BOMBAY STRIPED CURTAINS.— The cheapest Curtains extant. Effective style, 3 yards long by 46 inches wide, 9s. 9d. per pair; 3½ yards, 11s. 9d.; 4 yards, 13s. 9d. Patterns on application.

KITCHEN REQUISITES.—OETZ- MANN and CO.'S TEN POUND SET (List No. 2A, page 231, in their "GUIDE TO HOUSE FURNISHING," sent post free on application), includes Tables, Chairs, Clock, &c., with the various culinary utensils and requisites, contains all the most useful articles required in every kitchen, each being of superior quality, and is the most practical selection extant.—OETZMANN and CO.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—OCTOBER 20, 1877.

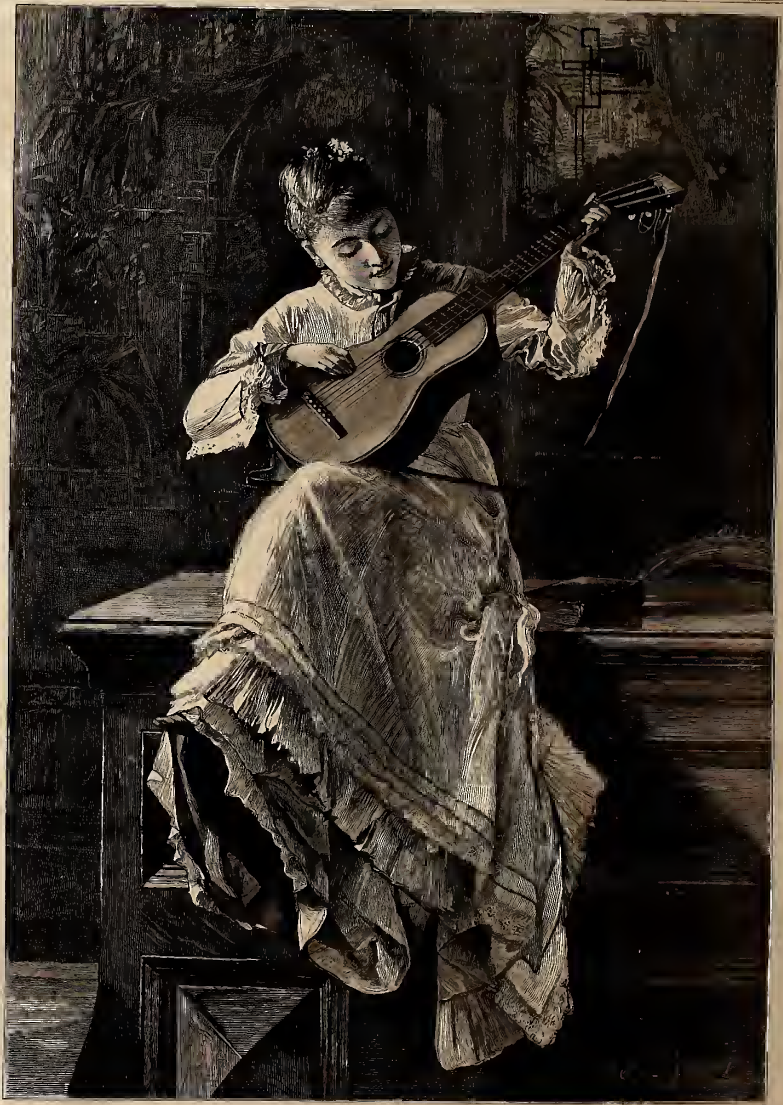
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—NO. 413
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



"MUSICAL MEMORIES'

Sitting on the table in an unaffected attitude,
  Finger-tips mechanically straying o'er the strings;
Giving to her instrument considerable latitude,
  Trusting to hap-hazard for the melodies it brings.

First a bit of Mendelssohn, and then a scrap of Offenbach,
  Then some bars of Sullivan, and then a comic air;
Then a nursery ditty sends her thoughts, which 'gin to soften, back
  To days when she wore pinafores, and mother did her hair.

Possibly, however, she is diligently practising,
  Privately rehearsing, with her mind upon the stretch;
If so, we must ask pardon, since so small a slice of fact is in
  The lines in which we've striven to explain the artist's sketch.

ARTHUR LOCKER

Topics of the Week

MINING ACCIDENTS.——It is to be hoped that the terrific explosion at High Blantyre will have at least one good result; that it will force the whole subject of mining accidents thoroughly upon public notice. It is disgraceful that such accidents have not been long ago made practically impossible. The usual remark made when the question is raised is that the men are so careless that it is hopeless to expect them to conform to the most obvious rules of safety. And this is quite true. Familiarity with danger undoubtedly blunts the sense of its greatness. We cannot realise that conditions in the midst of which we live day by day are perilous; and risks are so often run without any bad result that there is a continually recurring temptation to run them again for the sake of some slight convenience. We maintain, however, that the arrangements should in no way depend upon the will of the men. It should be taken for granted that if the smallest loophole is left to them they will recklessly endanger their own lives and those of others. It is idle to say that in that case no remedy is possible. Science has grappled with far more difficult problems, and solved them; and if the nation chooses that it shall be so, science will triumph over this difficulty too. Suppose that by some strange law the sons of all the dukes in the kingdom were compelled to work for a year in mines. Does any one imagine that they would be allowed to run risks? We may be very certain that society would quickly awaken to the necessity of determined action. Within a few weeks means would be devised to make it as safe to ply the pickaxe in a coal pit as to shoot partridges in the Highlands. The plain truth is that many owners of mines, so long as they are allowed to go on in the old way, will not be at the expense of providing thoroughly for the security of those to whose labour they owe their fortunes. It is high time for effective pressure to be brought to bear upon them; and Government will deserve severe blame if it does not forthwith see that the pressure is applied. Much may be hoped from the fact that Mr. Cross has promptly ordered an official inquiry to be made into the causes of the Blantyre disaster.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.——The Americans appear sanguine that the Great Indian Council which has lately been meeting at Washington will have important results, and that the removal of the Sioux and Arrapahoes from the Black Hills Country to the waters of the Upper Missouri will put an end to the wars and massacres which have raged for twenty years past on the north-west frontier. The speeches of Spotted Tail and his companions display a curious but by no means unusual mixture of child-like simplicity and shrewdness. There is something pathetic in their idea—supposing that they honestly entertain it—that the possession of farming apparatus and seed will at once eradicate their nomad instincts, and make them as patiently laborious as New England farmers; while their preference for short-horn cattle proves that they have their eyes widely open to the qualities of stock. Altogether, they are such interesting savages that we earnestly hope their forced emigration from their native homes may be of benefit both to themselves and to the whites. Yet the prospect, it must be confessed, is somewhat discouraging. As years go on, the ceaseless tide of white emigration will reach the Upper Missouri, and then, as President Hayes forcibly told the Indian delegates, "If you live roaming about without homes, the white people will sweep over you like a great flood of water." It has often been asked—and by none more so than by those Americans who are weary of the scandal and misery of these Indian wars—how it comes to pass that the Indians are so much better managed in British America than in the United States. This is partly due to the fact that the central government is far more powerful in the British Empire than in the American Republic. The authority of the Queen carries as much, if not more weight in the remotest part of her dominions as under the shadow of Windsor Castle. But in the back-settlements of the United States the pretensions of Uncle Sam are little regarded, and the inhabitants are law-abiding or lawless just as it pleases them. Hence in British America the Government looks after the rights of the aboriginal population, who, on the Republican side of the border, are left to the tender mercies of hunters, trappers, and miners. But besides this, it is but fair to remember that the greater part of British North America is little more than a vast hunting-field, and that the Indians can be profitably employed in this congenial occupation; whereas further south the savages roam over vast tracts of soil so fertile that industry is alone needed to convert them into rich corn lands. At the same time, we cannot but think that the American Government might do more for the Indians than they have done hitherto. Between the life of a wild huntsman and the life of a plodding farmer there are many degrees, and the red man might surely be fitted for some of these occupations, as for example, stock-raising and sheep-breeding. And at the worst, it would be cheaper to feed and clothe every warrior, squaw, and papoose in the United States than to continue these miserable wars.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.——A considerable change has passed over public feeling in France since the results of the general election were made known. M. Gambetta had so confidently predicted that the nation would return 400 Republicans that the first impulse of nearly every one was to consider that he and his party had suffered a serious check. Subsequent reflection has brought out the real character of the national decision. The general feeling now is surprise that M. De Fourtou, notwithstanding his unscrupulous exercise of authority, achieved so little; and all France sees how grave is the position of Marshal MacMahon, confronted as he is by a majority of more than 120 ardent Republicans. The only course open to him, if he is honourably to maintain his place, is to admit that he was misled by rash counsellors, and to accept the will of the country. But he so foolishly committed himself to a side that there is little prospect of his immediately adopting this plan. Yet he seems determined not to resign. On the other hand, the Republicans are not less resolved to offer an uncompromising opposition to his policy; and it is impossible to blame them, since the country has entrusted them with a definite task, to neglect which would be to violate all the obligations imposed upon them by a genuine Parliamentary system. There is a report that the Marshal intends, if the Chamber refuses to vote the supplies, to demand a fresh dissolution. In this way the difficulty would be simply postponed, for it is incredible that the constituencies would return to a new appeal any other answer than that which they have already given. But, according to the most trustworthy evidence, the Senate would not consent to a demand for another general election. Should this prove to be the case, it is asserted by some observers that Marshal MacMahon will try a *plébiscite*. The statement seems scarcely probable; but if he does not make so rash an experiment, and will neither submit nor resign, his only alternative will be a *coup d'état*. Even he, confident as he appears to be in the power of his personal influence, cannot be sure that he would be supported in such a step by the army. There is nothing in his career, or in the hopes he can hold out, to stir enthusiasm; and, besides, the Republicans will take good care not to give him an excuse for violent action. On the whole, the chances seem to be altogether against him. His friends have driven him into a corner from which there is literally no agreeable mode of escape. He may well look upon them coldly, for never was a man in a great position more completely deceived by a set of reckless conspirators.

MAD DOGS.——The public have good reason to feel serious uneasiness at the present time on the subject of hydrophobia. No less than thirteen deaths from this frightful disease have been registered in London alone during the present year, and a large portion of the columns of last week's *Lancet* (a journal not likely to be unduly alarmist) was occupied with reports of cases and correspondence on this subject. As far as our present knowledge extends, we may take it for granted that canine *rabies*, either in man or beast, is incurable. Alleged specifics have been set forth, but hitherto they have failed when practically tested. Pending therefore the discovery of a genuine remedy, nothing but prevention remains. At present, no clear information exists as to how *rabies* originates. The old theory, that it was caused by the heat and drought of summer, is not supported by facts. Hydrophobia is more prevalent in the temperate zones than in the tropics, and it occurs in the temperate zones at all seasons of the year. This much, however, is significant. The mysterious dog, which appears in a town or village, and which bites or attempts to bite the human beings and animals there, is usually a masterless wastrel. Does not this point to the conclusion that misery and neglect help to originate this frightful malady? We do not believe in muzzling. The annoyance produced—even by the humane wire muzzle of the Continent—overbalances the possible protection afforded. The best preventive remedy is that every one who owns dogs should see that they have proper food and exercise, and that they are not allowed to stray about uncontrolled. All dogs found without a master should be remorselessly seized by the police, and only released on payment of a small fine by the owners. This is supposed to be the law now, but it is not carried out with sufficient stringency. Lastly, the Inland Revenue would benefit, and many stray curs would be put to death, if the dog-tax were more equitably levied. No man who begins to own a dog, say in October, likes to pay a whole year's impost for the privilege of keeping the animal between that time and the 31st December—so he often shirks the tax altogether. Either the year should be computed from the day the tax is paid—for example, a certificate taken out October 26th should be good till the 25th October following—or else the tax should be payable quarterly, say in eighteen-penny instalments, so as to give an advantage of a shilling to those who pay up a whole year on January 1st.

A PARLIAMENT WITHOUT MINISTERS.——The Prussian Parliament, which was opened last Sunday, came together in anything but good humour. It had been announced that during the Session the great question of debate would be a scheme of municipal reorganisation, to be proposed by Count Eulenburg, the Minister of the Interior, as the completion of his measures of administrative reform. Before the meeting of Parliament, however, Prince Bismarck intervened, and the scheme was either wholly given up, or so modified that Count Eulenburg insisted on resigning. Instead of accepting his resignation, the Emperor gave him six months' leave of absence, arranging that his place should be temporarily taken by the Minister of Agriculture. In like manner the office of Prince Bismarck as President of the Cabinet is temporarily occupied by Herr Camphausen, the Minister of Finance. Thus the two most important members of the Government are away; and this means that for a time no legislation of any particular value can be attempted, since their substitutes can do no more than carry on routine business. Much indignation has been expressed at this state of things, and with good reason. Prussia is not yet in so happy a position that her Parliament can afford to spend a whole Session in doing nothing. On the contrary, there are many problems which urgently require solution. Above all, the financial state of the country is eminently unsatisfactory. There is a large deficit in the Exchequer, and at the same time public works must be begun, partly to give employment to the multitudes of labourers who are out of work. The truth is, however, that Prince Bismarck is not in the mood for troubling himself about the internal affairs of the kingdom. He is a thorough Conservative, and wishes to leave what he considers well alone, devoting his whole energy to the business of the Empire, and to the international relations of Germany. The Prussian Liberals, who have hitherto supported him, are becoming restive under this treatment, but he is not likely to give much heed to their expostulations. He acts as a thorough autocrat, and the aged Sovereign never ventures to call his decisions in question. For any real change in the policy of the Government the party of progress must wait until the Chancellor has retired.

AUCTIONEERS AND THEIR VICTIMS.——In a recent issue of the *Echo* a correspondent tells a story, which, we presume, must be substantially true, as no contradiction of it has yet appeared, and which, if true, deserves the fullest publicity. A poor widow, having failed to make a livelihood by letting lodgings, determined to sell the best part of her furniture by auction, with the object of starting a small shop. An auctioneer, to whom she applied, entered fully into her views, and generously insisted, although unasked, upon advancing her 30*l.* on account, assuring her that it would cost her nothing. There, however, his good nature ceased, for the sale, which took place at her house, was conducted in a most unsatisfactory manner. Her best things were recklessly sacrificed, being knocked down almost as soon as put up; and her instructions as to reserve bids were entirely ignored. Then a week elapsed before, in spite of repeated applications, she could obtain a settlement. The amount realised by the sale was only 70*l.* 6*s.*, from which the following deductions were made: Cash advanced, 30*l.*; goods bought in, 5*l.* 6*s.*; interest on advance, 10*l.*; commission, at 5 per cent., 1*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; expenses of auction (held, be it remembered, at the poor woman's own house) 14*l.* 16*s.*, leaving a miserable balance of 8*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* payable to the widow. The exorbitancy of the items, "interest on advance," and "auction expenses" is too glaring to need any comment, and it is plain that, even if the sale was fairly conducted, one-third of the proceeds have been unjustly retained by the auctioneer. The experience furnished by subsequent correspondents of the *Echo*, added to our own personal knowledge, leads us to the conviction that helpless and ignorant persons are very grossly victimised by unworthy members of the auctioneering fraternity. We are not in general too fond of invoking Government interference, but with regard to this particular trade we think the State is bound to exercise a more efficient control than now exists. Publicans are subject to fine and loss of license for numerous trade offences; pawnbrokers are restricted to a certain rate of interest; why not carry this paternal legislation a little further, and take care that the auctioneer, who pays an annual fee of 10*l.* to the Crown for the privilege of carrying on his calling, is a fit man to exercise such a calling. If the renewal of license was withdrawn from persons guilty of such malpractices as those described above, a good many familiar faces, we suspect, would cease to appear in the commercial "pulpit."

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR THE POOR.——In his speech to the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institution on Tuesday Mr. Forster urgently insisted that we should not be content with the degree of education which is at present imparted in Board Schools. Nearly all Englishmen will agree with him that it is highly desirable to give every child in the kingdom as good a training as circumstances will permit; but it may be questioned whether the particular method of which he approves is the best that could be devised. He proposes that the masters of elementary schools should teach more and higher subjects than they now attempt. In other words, our primary institutions should be made, as nearly as possible, like secondary schools. But this scheme is not upheld by the history of the various educational systems throughout Europe. It has hitherto been found that when the same teacher is obliged to give both elementary and advanced instruction, his tendency is to devote too much time to pupils likely to do him credit. It is impossible for him to make truly cultured men of them, yet the attention he bestows upon them withdraws his energy from the mass of children under his care. A far better plan is one which has often been urged by educational reformers. We mean a system in which there would be regularly graduated institutions, ample scholarships being provided which should be within the reach of every clever and energetic pupil. According to this method, the elementary schoolmaster would confine himself to his proper work; yet exceptional talent would have full opportunity and stimulus for development. The great difficulty is, how are the scholarships to be obtained? So many appeals are now made to private generosity that it seems almost hopeless to expect large sums for this purpose. We should not despair, however, if the proposal were taken up in earnest by those interested in popular education. It is certain that rich men who are anxious to do some good with their money could find no better channel for any surplus funds at their disposal.

NOTICE.——*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 396 and 405.*

AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Messrs. Clifford, Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, &c. Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K. Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, £200 A-YEAR. At 7.45, STOLEN KISSES. Also, THE LION'S TAIL. Messrs. Ryder, F. H. Macklin, Garner, A. H. Warren, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames E. Ritta, Compton, L. Clifton, C. Jecks, and Rachel Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON.

MORNING PERFORMANCES every Saturday, at 2.—TO-DAY, Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2, THE RIVALS. Messrs. Ryder, C. Warner, and E. Righton; Mesdames E. Ritta and Mrs. Stirling.—GLOBE THEATRE.

THE MOONSTONE. By Wilkie Collins. A New Drama, altered from the Novel. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. Box-office open daily from 11.0 to 5.0. No booking fees.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE MOONSTONE, TO-DAY, SATURDAY, Oct. 27, at 2.30. Carriages at 5. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. No Fees for Booking.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

SURREY THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven, THE DRESS COAT. At 7.45, FATES AND FURIES. Mr. G. M. Ciprico. Messrs. J. A. Arnold. H. Taylor, H. C. Sidney, A. Williams, A. C. Lilly, W. D. Gresham, W. Brunton, F. Hinde, &c.; Mesdames Lamartine, A. Stuart, Nellie Russell, L. Lilly, Mrs. Brunton.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, CHARLES THE SECOND. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. The Pholtes, Minnie Gough, D'Alvini, Emmeline Cole. Concluding with (Saturday excepted) when it will be played first, DEOCH AN' DUR'ASS. Reddy Ryland, Mrs S. Lane. Concluding on Saturday with GUY FAUX and Grand Display of Fireworks.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—NOTICE: The New Grecian Theatre will be opened on Monday, October 29.—On Monday night will be produced a new and original drama by Messrs. George Conquest and Henry Pettitt, entitled BOUND TO SUCCEED. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, Birchenough, George Conquest, jun., &c. To conclude with FALSE AND TRUE. Dancing on the New Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL (sixth season), on Monday, November 5, at St. James's Hall, at half-past 3. Vocalist, Mr. Santley. Accompanyist, Mr. Zerbini. Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission 1s.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell's; usual agents; and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN. — NOTICE. — These celebrated SUPPER ROOMS are now open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS, specially trained by and under the direction of Mr. F. Jonghmans, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES. Proprietor, J. B. AMOR.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Children of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Also on view Portrait Models of the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, Count de Tourville, M. Thiers, and the Penge convicts. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH CLASS PICTURES is NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOOTH'S GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (Opposite Her Majesty's Theatre), from 10 till 7 o'clock. Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue.

BRIGHTON.—A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAIN runs Every Day between Victoria and Brighton, leaving Victoria, 10.0 a.m. Weekdays, and 10.45 a.m. Sundays; and Brighton, 5.45 p.m. Weekdays, and 8.30 p.m. Sundays.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m. calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE. — Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Opening of the Winter Season.—MONDAY, Oct. 29, for the Benefit of Mrs H. NYE CHART, commencing at 7, with WHICH OF THE TWO? Concluding with MONEY. Mr. H. M. Pitt, Mrs. H. Nye Chart, &c. On THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Nov. 1 and 2, GRAND AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES for the Benefit of the Sussex County Hospital, &c. Thursday, SCHOOL and MONSIEUR JACQUES. Friday, OURS and BOX AND COX.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom, £1 10 0 | United States, . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia, Ceylon, China } *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. { India, Japan, New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

Our Illustrations

"MUSICAL MEMORIES"

See page 375.

RUSSIAN FEMALE REVOLUTIONISTS

IF a sturdy British Radical who departed this life some three-and-twenty years ago were to wake up at the present time, he would rub his eyes with astonishment. "What, my old mates!" he would exclaim, "are you on the side of Russia, the very incarnation of despotism, absolutism, and tyranny; the oppressor of Poland and Hungary, the land of the knout, of the secret police, and of Siberian exile?" Whereupon, the modern Radicals, Messrs. Gladstone, Freeman, and Co., would hasten to explain to their defunct friend that *nous avons changé tout cela*; that the existing Czar, unlike Nicholas, is a very nice man, that he has extinguished serfdom, and that substantially the mass of the people have as much freedom as they wish for.

There can be no doubt that Russia has made considerable progress, both material and political, since the severe lessons of the Crimean War, and the collapse of the Emperor Nicholas's autocratic ascendancy over his neighbours, but much of the old leaven of official oppression and corruption still taints the body politic, and consequently discontent is rife. Discontent is a sentiment which is easily convertible into disaffection and disloyalty, and in Russia these feelings take the outward visible shape of so-called Secret Societies, whose members aim at emulating the deeds of the Revolutionary heroes of France. We use the qualifying adjective, "so-called," because the existence of these secret societies is too often known to the police from the outset. Their proceedings are reported by spies, who assume the guise of rabid patriots, and then, when "the pear is ripe," the police make a melodramatic ending of the affair. A small army of gendarmes, horse and foot, surround the houses of the devoted socialists at dead of night. Then a detachment of police, booted, spurred, and armed with sabres and revolvers, seize the suspected persons. Among them are sure to be some students, both male and female, a sprinkling of educated artisans, some Civil Service clerks out of employment, and a bankrupt tradesman or two. They are dragged from their beds, and conveyed in covered vans to the nearest prison. The day following the arrest a jury is empanelled. Ostensibly it is an impartial one; but in reality it is as "packed" as autocratic science can make it. During the course of the trial scanty reports appear in the columns of the daily press, and finally, the culprits, having all been found guilty by the jury, are sentenced either to imprisonment in a fortress, to hard labour in the penitentiaries, or to exile in Siberia. We have borrowed some of the above details from the *Globe* of July 31st, and an interesting paper by Mr. Mackenzie Wallace on the same subject appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of last August.

A fortnight before the declaration of war against Turkey, one of these political trials took place at St. Petersburg. Of fifty accused, forty-seven were condemned, of whom seventeen were women. Of eight of these women we publish the portraits. They were all students of medicine at the Zurich University, from whence in 1873 they were withdrawn by an edict of the Czar, which threatened with punishment any who remained. The charge against them was that they belonged to a revolutionary society, and that they were disseminating seditious literature among the working classes. Their behaviour during their trial was becoming, and excited general commendation. Some commutations of the sentences (which are given underneath each portrait) have since been made. The six years' penal servitude, which was superadded to perpetual exile, is remitted in the case of Vera Lubatovich, who now is simply exiled for life, with loss of all rights as a noblewoman. Mr. Ernest Seidhold, to whom we are indebted for these portraits and for some of the above information, tells us that another batch of 195 revolutionists are now awaiting trial under a new law expressly made for the occasion.—The portraits are from photographs by A. and J. Bool, 86, Warwick Street, and 14, Stockbridge Terrace, S.W.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE TURKS—ON THE LOM

THE battle of Tcherkovna was fought on Sept. 21st between Mehemet Ali Pasha, his Egyptian ally, Prince Hassan, on the Lom, and the Russians posted at Yenin Verboca. We have already given a full account of the battle, in which the Turks, who were the attacking party, failed in their attempt to dislodge the Russians from their positions, and we need only reproduce our artist's notes:—"My sketch depicts the battle of Tcherkovna or Yenin Verboca. In the foreground is Verboca lying between the hills. Below, at the foot of the left hill, is a large wood. On the shoulder of the hill, lying to the right of Verboca, is a vineyard, the remainder of the upper part of the incline being covered with wood. The attack was made by a long flank march of Ismail Pasha's division. He reached the right of the enemy about 1 P.M., and sent into action his Turkish battalion, he himself remaining well in the rear. The Turks behaved magnificently, but not receiving any reinforcements, had to retire, although they had actually reached the enemy's guns which were on that side. An attack was then made from our hill on the left of the foreground. As, however, the Turks had to traverse a good deal of ground to reach the Russian positions, the intended diversion was a failure. A last attack on the vineyard was then made. The vineyard and the village were taken, but, no supports being forthcoming, they had to retire; in fact, the whole expedition was ruined by the extraordinary economy which the commanders displayed in affording reinforcements. The Egyptians did not go into action at all; while the Turks had only nine battalions engaged out of forty-eight, and twenty-three guns out of fifty-four. Everything failed."

BAKER PASHA AND HIS STAFF

"AFTER the battle of of Tcherkovna I sketched the pretty little camp of General Baker Pasha, which is on a grassy slope within 500 yards of the Turkish batteries. The tent in the foreground is that of Baker Pasha and Major Sartorius, while the one on the extreme left is occupied by his two staff officers—Col. Briscoe (late of the 15th Hussars), and Major Allix (late of the Grenadier Guards). Of General Baker, his gallantry and his exploits are well-known. The same may almost be said of Col. Briscoe and Major Allix, who were engaged in the two days' fighting at Yenikoi. There, under General Baker, they led the famous attack when, with only 200 men and fifty cavalry, they gained the principal heights under a fire of two batteries of Russian guns, the heights being occupied by 8,000 Russian troops. In this position they remained unsupported for two hours, when reinforcements came up. These officers were next present at the battle of Kara-hassankoi, where their gallantry was rewarded by General Baker being decorated with the order of the Osmanie, and Col. Briscoe and Major Allix with the Medjidié, on the field of battle. These officers were also engaged at the battle of Cherkovna. I may add that at the battle of Kara-hassankoi, a shell bursting between them badly wounded the horses of Baker Pasha and Col. Briscoe.

"Another of my sketches represent a Council of War held in Baker Pasha's tent, where it is reported that many good plans were determined upon, of which none were ever carried out. These Turkish councils of war in their deliberations and ensuing results represent the pavement of the road to a certain district below. While this council was being held a Red Cross man was brought in who walked straight into our lines. He was strongly suspected of being a spy, but as he has the red cross on his arm he is simply to be sent back, but naturally by another way than that which he came. He says he is a Polish Jew, and won't go back, but wants to join the Polish Legion. Still, in any case, they won't keep him, as it might lead to misunderstandings."

MAJOR SARTORIUS

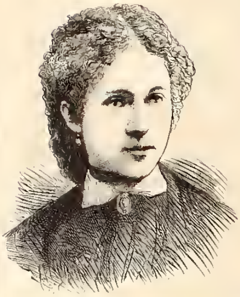
THIS officer, who belongs to the Bombay Staff Corps, is the military correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* with the Turks in Bulgaria. "His well-known military capacity," writes our artist, "and his accuracy of description lend to his letters peculiar interest, while his genial disposition and good-nature render him deservedly popular in the camp. His one fault lies in his too reckless exposure to danger in the discharge of his duties."

WITH THE TURKS

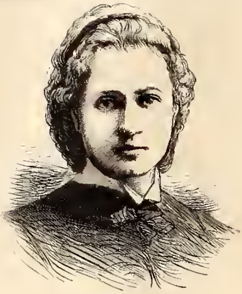
SOME of our sketches on pages 389 and 396 are sufficiently explained by their titles, but respecting "A Turkish Look-Out" we may mention that the hut in question was constructed of faggots of brushwood, supported by poles, and was situated on a hill overlooking Papaskoi. In the background soldiers are at work throwing up a battery. "The Bulgarian Church" depicted was sketched at Kopatche, a small village situated some twenty miles east of Biela. As there was considerable want of accommodation for the sick, the Turkish authorities transformed the building into a hospital—all the sacred pictures and books being turned out into the graveyard; even the tombstones receiving scanty respect, as they were chipped and broken by the ruthless Bashi-Bazouks.

BUCHAREST—OUTSIDE THE BOURSE

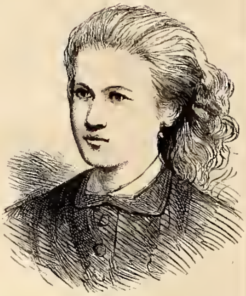
WE have heard a great deal of the harsh treatment of members of the Israelite persuasion in Roumania of late years, how, although born in Roumania they are not Roumans, how that they cannot reside in any town or village without special permission, and how that they are prohibited from purchasing or renting land, or keeping inns, or even from trading in tobacco, but on further examination there seems to be some reason for all these harsh measures. The Roumanians, from the greatest Boyard to the humblest peasant, are all head and ears in debt, and nevertheless insist on maintaining a magnificent style, which necessitates great expense. Bucharest tries to imitate Paris and her fashions, and as the Roumanians by no means possess the income or resources of the Parisians, they have but one alternative, to borrow money. "The Roumanian," writes a *Standard* correspondent, "is quite happy when his love affairs go smoothly, and the usurer has advanced 25 per cent. upon his whole revenue. . . . What matters any 'necessary' in the world if costly superfluities be obtainable at any price, and Chloe do not frown. They ask nothing of the gods but to be left in peace to their eternal lovemaking, until the deluge comes and the Jews have



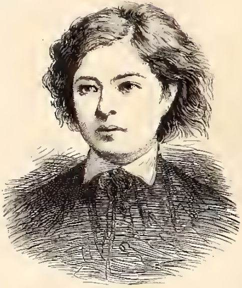
MARIA SOOBOTIN
Exiled to Siberia



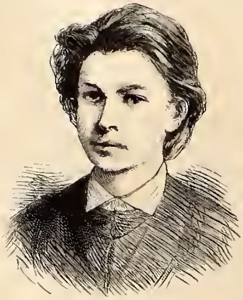
VERA LUBATOVITCH
Exiled to Siberia, with Six Years' Hard Labour



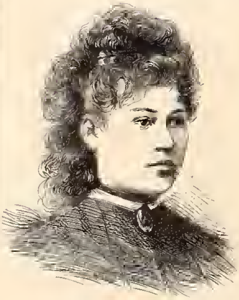
EUGÉNIE SOOBOTIN
Exiled to Siberia



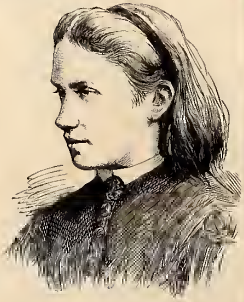
OLGA LUBATOVITCH
Exiled to Siberia, with Nine Years' Hard Labour



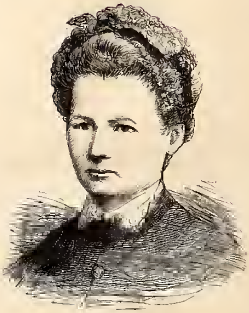
ALEXANDRA KHORJEVSKI
Exiled to Siberia, with Five Years' Hard Labour



KATHERINE HAMKRCLIDZE
Sentenced to Six Weeks' Imprisonment

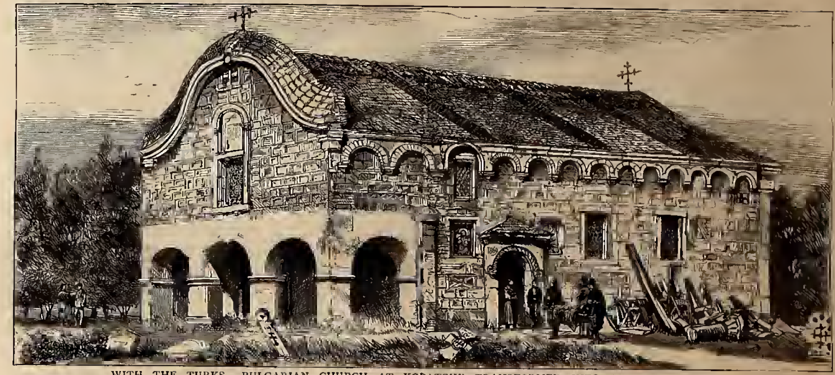


ANNA TOPORKOFF
Sentenced to Imprisonment with Four Years' Hard Labour

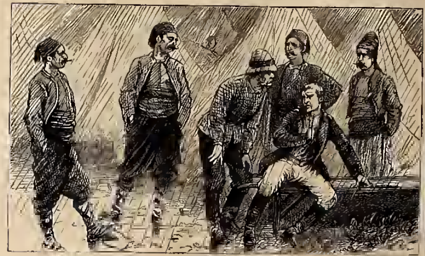


SOPHIA BARDIN
Exiled to Siberia, with Nine Years' Hard Labour

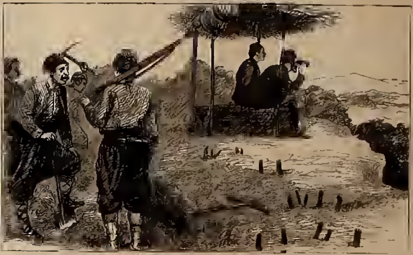
SECRET SOCIETIES IN RUSSIA—CONDEMNED FEMALE REVOLUTIONISTS



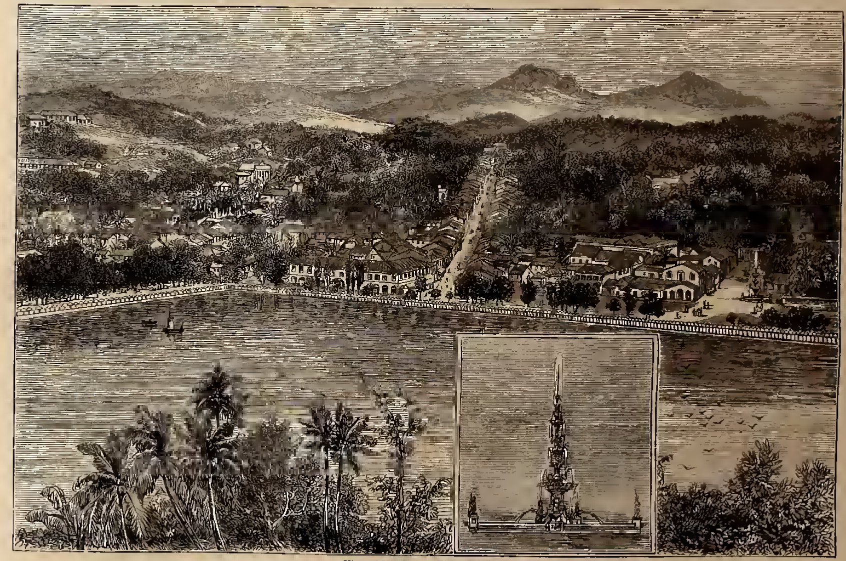
WITH THE TURKS—BULGARIAN CHURCH AT KOPATCHE TRANSFORMED INTO A TURKISH HOSPITAL



A RUSSIAN PRISONER



TURKISH LOOK-OUT OVER PAPASKOI



1. View of Kandy.—2. The Fountain.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO INDIA—MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, KANDY, CEYLON eaten them up." After this it is hardly to be wondered at that the Government is doing its best to stave off the "deluge," for if the Jews were allowed to hold land, and admitted to all social and mercantile privileges, there is little doubt but that the Roumanian himself would quickly sink into a position of utter poverty and insignificance. Our sketch represents the exterior of the Bucharest Bourse, now somewhat more thronged than usual with gentlemen of the Israelitish persuasion, who have, as may be seen by their white caps, taken service in large quantities under the Russian Government in the Commissariat and Supply Department, a branch of army business which Jews have almost monopolised from time immemorial.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN AT KANDY, CEYLON

KANDY, which is the largest inland town of Ceylon, and the headquarters of the great coffee interest of the island, is built on the shores of an artificial lake, over a mile in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, which stands at an elevation of 1,678 feet above the sea. Here the Governor and most of the leading officials have residences, that of the former being the finest building in the island. The town is girdled by a rampart of hills.

When the Prince of Wales visited Ceylon at the close of 1875 a fund was subscribed by the planting community to make H.R.H.'s reception worthy of the occasion, and, as a balance remained after all expenses were defrayed, it was resolved to spend it in erecting a drinking fountain for the town of Kandy as a memorial of the Prince's visit. The column of the fountain stands in a basin, 14 feet across, surrounded by a dwarf wall, on four points of which boy-figures stand on water jars, from which water flows. The column itself is adorned by boy figures sitting on dragons, from whose mouths water is spouted. Above these is a smaller basin, from which water falls drippingly, producing rainbow effects when the sun is low. Above this are four dragons throwing up jets of water, and two smaller basins again above these. From the open top of the column water is thrown to the height of three or four feet. From the base to the highest reach of ejected water the distance is nearly twenty feet, and the fountain when completed will add another charm to the lovely esplanade of the mountain capital. The fountain has been designed by Mr. G. E. Philip, 19, Waterloo Street, Glasgow; and the work executed by Messrs. George Smith and Co., of the Sun Foundry, Glasgow. The cost on this side has been about 300*l*. The fountain bears the following inscription:—" Erected by the Coffee Planters of Ceylon in commemoration of the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to Kandy in December, 1875." The fountain is now on its way to the East, and will, it is expected, be publicly inaugurated on or about the second anniversary of the Royal visit.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "CLEOPATRA"

MR. DIXON'S ingeniously constructed vessel enclosing the "Needle" left Alexandria in tow of the *Olga* on the 21st inst. She was built of iron and rigged as a cutter, and had a crew of eight men, including the captain, Mr. H. Carter. The *Olga*, commanded by Captain Booth, was a small vessel of 130 horse-power, but this was considered ample, as it would not have been practicable to tow the obelisk at any great speed. All went well until the night of Sunday, the 14th inst., when after several hours' squally weather a violent gale arose, the two vessels being then in the Bay of Biscay. The ballast of the *Cleopatra* shifted, and she was struck by a heavy sea, which threw her on her beam ends. Captain Carter tried to right her by replacing the ballast, but had only partially succeeded when she was again thrown over. A boat from the *Olga* then went to her assistance, but the six brave men who manned it were unable to hold the rope thrown to them, and the little craft drifted away and was doubtless soon swamped in that fearful sea. The life-boat of the *Cleopatra* was got out, but was immediately smashed under the rudder yoke. The mast was then cut away, and the ballast being again replaced, the vessel nearly righted, but falling off with the wind, was thrown over on her port beam ends, and the tow-rope connecting her with the *Olga* was cast off. Very skilfully and at great risk Captain Booth manœuvred his vessel close enough to cast a line to the *Cleopatra*, whose crew were then rescued by hauling a small boat to and fro between the vessels. After steaming about for some time in the hope of picking up the lost boat's crew, the *Olga* gave up the search, and as nothing was now to be seen of the *Cleopatra*, Captain Booth made for Falmouth, which be reached on the following Wednesday. Meanwhile the *Cleopatra* was on Tuesday picked about up ninety miles north of Ferrol Bay by the steamer *Fitzmaurice*, and she is now safely at anchor in Ferrol Bay, where she must remain until the difficult question of salvage is satisfactorily settled. As an antiquarian relic the Obelisk may be considered beyond all price; but, on the other hand, the intrinsic value of the stone is almost *nil*, so that, unless the owners of the *Fitzmaurice* are liberal-minded, there will be some nice work for the lawyers. Whatever may be the solution of this knotty question, we trust that the fund which has been started for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the six brave men who lost their lives in the endeavour to save those of their comrades, and which has been headed with a donation of 250*l*. from Mr. Dixon, will swell to such proportions as the nation need not be ashamed of. Perhaps the best means of collecting subscriptions would be by at once placing a box at the foot of the model obelisk in Parliament Square, and another in a similar position at the base of the monolith itself whenever and wherever it may be erected. The condition of things shown in our engraving is well described in the last entry made by Captain Carter in his log at five P.M. on the night before the *Cleopatra* was abandoned —"This is a most unpleasant night; the swell of the sea is very high, and the *Olga* seems determined to tow us through or under the water. Almost wish she would break down. The great pitching (16 pitches per minute) is almost unbearable. The water is rolling over us fore and aft. My bed on the foresail is saturated with water, and I prefer walking the deck to staying below, where all is unbearable and hot."

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 397.

THE YOUNG PRINCES ON BOARD THE "BRITANNIA"

PRINCES ALBERT VICTOR AND GEORGE, the sons of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, having the characteristic British liking for a seafaring life, have just commenced their professional studies on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, which is now stationed at Dartmouth. The vessel is used as an academy or college for naval cadets, and the young princes are in no way privileged above their fellow students except in being accommodated with private apartments which have been specially fitted up for them in the poop of the vessel. The ages of the cadets vary from thirteen to sixteen, and the daily routine of their life is as follows:—They rise at 6.30 A.M., winter and summer alike, and, after taking a morning bath and drilling from 7.15 to 8 o'clock, assemble for prayers and breakfast. At 8.45 the muster-roll is called over, and the rest of the forenoon is devoted to study. They dine at 12.15, after which they have an hour on shore, and then resume study until 4 P.M., when they again go ashore to indulge in cricket or other games until 6.30, when they return on board to tea, which is served at seven o'clock. This is followed by another hour's tuition, and at 9.15 they assemble for prayer, and retire to rest at 9.30. Their diet is of a liberal and wholesome kind, the *menu* being varied on certain days of the week, and such little luxuries as blancmange, jellies, &c., appearing on the table on Sundays. The private apartments of the young Princes are fitted up and furnished in a very plain but comfortable manner, the statement that their decoration cost 2,000*l*. being of course an absurd exaggeration. The young Princes, who are now in their fourteenth and fifteenth years, joined the *Britannia* on Thursday last week, having been taken down to Dartmouth by the Prince of Wales himself, who was cordially welcomed by the inhabitants and Corporation of the town, and who remained the guest of Captain Fairfax until the following day. The town was gaily decorated during the day, and brilliantly illuminated at night. The uniform worn by the *Britannia* cadets is of the usual Navy blue, with buttons and capbands of gold. The Royal cadets are shown no special favour in consequence of their rank, but have been placed in the starboard watch and in the lowest class, from which they will rise, like their fellow students, with greater or less rapidity, according to the progress which they may make in their studies. That they may be successful in those studies, and one day become distinguished members of the profession they have chosen, must be the fervent hope of every loyal British heart.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

VICTOR HUGO'S new work is continued on page 402.

THE GREAT TAY BRIDGE

THIS triumph of engineering skill is the work of Mr. Bouch, C.E., the engineer of the North British Railway Company, for whose traffic it has been constructed by a specially formed Company at a cost of about 350,000*l*., the foundation-stone having been laid in July, 1871. The bridge begins about a mile and a half above Newport, on the south side of the river, where the depth of water at high spring tides is 45 feet, and the velocity of the current sometimes reaches five knots an hour. It consists of 85 spans, varying in length from 67 to 245 feet, the central portion of thirteen spans having a clear height of 88 feet above high water, from which it slopes down to the Fife side with a gentle gradient, and also towards the Dundee side, where it takes a curve to the eastward in order to join the land line. The first twelve piers on the Fife side are of brick, and the remainder are iron cylinders filled in with brickwork and concrete. Each span is formed by two girders, connected by transverse braces, the depths varying according to the width of the space to be crossed, the minimum being twelve feet. To provide for expansion by heat, which will amount to about seven feet in the whole length of the bridge, the girders have been adjusted to the piers to allow a certain amount of free play. The bridge has been calculated for a rolling load of a ton and a half to the foot run, a greater burden than could be brought upon any span by filling its whole length with loaded goods waggons. No part of the structure will have to undergo a strain of more than four tons to the square inch, but it is actually capable of sustaining a strain of twenty-one tons to the square inch. The bridge is connected with the main line of the North British Railway by a branch striking off at Leuchars Junction and running up to the south end of the bridge, the distance being about five miles. On the north side a junction is formed with the Caledonian Railway by means of a viaduct, and afterwards a tunnel carried alongside the Dundee Docks. The contractors were Messrs. Hopkins, Gilkes, and Co., of Middlesborough.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Lord Hartington is to visit Edinburgh on the 6th prox., when a great Liberal Demonstration will be made and several meetings held, at the chief of which Lord Rosebery will preside. On the 7th he goes to Glasgow, where he will be presented with the Freedom of that city, where more political gatherings will take place.—Lord Lyttelton, speaking the other day at a meeting of the Worcestershire Union of Workmen's Clubs and Institutes, of which be is the President for the year, recommended good novels as the best kind of reading for working-men, and said that it was absurd to expect them after a hard day's work to read anything but fiction. Referring to the Eastern Question, he recommended them to weigh it well, so that they could form a right judgment, by which England should come out of the matter without material loss or dishonour. How they are to do this if they confine their studies to fiction he did not condescend to explain.—Professor Fawcett has commenced a series of lectures on "Free Trade and Protection" the Arts School at Cambridge.—Speaking at a Nottinghamshire agricultural dinner on Tuesday, Earl Cowper said that though he was rather glad the Russians did not at once march to Constantinople, yet considering how terrible would be the fate of the Christian subjects of Turkey if the Russians were driven out, and if their provinces were reoccupied by Mohammedans, for the sake of humanity he must hope that Russia would be successful in the end.

MR. GLADSTONE IN IRELAND.——The ex-Premier seems to be getting on famously with the Irish people. His welcome at Kilruddery was of course a warm one, and he remained in that neighbourhood until Saturday, when he visited Dublin, and after being conducted over Christ Church by Mr. Street, the architect to whom the restoration of the building is confided, he was received by the Duke of Marlborough at the Viceregal Lodge. While walking in the streets, a policeman on duty stood at "attention" as he passed, and a couple of labourers recognised and saluted him. On Sunday he attended Divine Service at Bray, and on his way back was button-holed by Mr. Joseph Barnes, the eccentric barrister, who has cut rather a prominent figure at Trinity College Elections and in the Hall of the Four Courts for some years, and who persisted, notwithstanding several rebuffs from Mr. Gladstone and Lord Meath, in condemning "the blunders" of the ex-Premier's Administration, contending that the Clerkenwell Explosion was "got up" by persons in the pay of the Government of the day, and that the man who was hung in connexion with the affair was in Manchester at the time it occurred. He continued to expound to Mr. Gladstone his views of Fenianism and other Irish questions, until at last, as the party approached Kilruddery Castle, Lord Meath dismissed him in terms that were not to be mistaken. On Monday Mr. Gladstone went to Trinity College, the students of which succeeded in extracting a short and good-humoured speech from him. He afterwards made a visit to the Bank, outside of which he was greeted by a crowd of admirers, who shouted "God be wid ye," "Good luck to ye," and other salutations equally friendly. There is some talk of offering him the Freedom of the City of Dublin, but it is considered doubtful whether he will accept the honour.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The colliery explosion at Wigan which we reported last week has been eclipsed by a disaster still more terrible at Blantyre, in Scotland, more than 200 lives having been lost. The cause of the catastrophe is not yet known, but it seems that the suicidal practice of using naked lights was in vogue in the pit. An official inquiry has been ordered by the Home Secretary. Her Majesty the Queen has expressed her sympathy and anxiety by frequent telegrams asking for news as to the success of the exploring parties. At a meeting of miners at Hanley on Tuesday Mr. Macdonald, M.P., said that he cared not what men called these "disasters," he unhesitatingly proclaimed in the face of the civilised world that they were murders, and murders of the worst kind, because they were carried on to get cheap coal irrespective of care for human life. He proceeded to say that in Scotland there were no coroner's inquests in such cases, and called upon the meeting to pass a resolution demanding a Government inquiry into the Blantyre explosion, an invitation which was unanimously acceded to.—General Grant, who started for Paris on Tuesday, was on Saturday the guest of the Corporation of Brighton at a banquet given in the Royal Pavilion. In responding to the toast of the evening he said that if England and the United States remained as good friends as they now were the English-speaking peoples would become the greatest in the world.—The Barnardo Investigation, which has occupied the attention of the arbitrators for so long, has ended in a manner hardly satisfactory to either party. The judgment exonerates Dr. Barnardo from most of the charges brought against him, but the arbitrators confess that their opinions might have been materially modified had not Dr. Barnardo declined to answer the question which was put to him respecting the authorship of the letters signed "A Clerical Junius," and thus caused Mr. Reynolds to withdraw from the inquiry. It is rather singular that the trustees of the Institution, whom one would imagine should be more anxious than any one to have the matter cleared up, have now forbidden Dr. Barnardo to publish the reply which he has prepared to the accusations of the Charity Organisation Society.—The Court of Aldermen have elected Mr. Breffit as Alderman of the Ward of Cheap, but Sir John Beanett's supporters have decided to stick by him, and not to recognise in any way the nominee of the Court of Aldermen. Mr. Under-Sheriff Crawford has published a letter, in which he cites a complete precedent for the action taken by the Court. It occurred in 1831, when Mr. Scales was thrice elected for the Ward of Portsoken, and as many times rejected by the Aldermen. The case went on appeal through the Courts of Queen's Bench and Exchequer, and finally to the House of Lords, and was everywhere decided in favour of the right of veto.—This is the thirteenth week of the London masons' strike, and the dispute is still unsettled. Some Italian and German workmen are engaged upon the New Low Courts, and the former having been last week mobbed and maltreated by some roughs, with whom the men on strike disclaim all connection, now live and sleep in the building itself. On Wednesday about sixty workmen arrived from America; but the vigilant "pickets" met them on landing, and; without any attempt at coercion, carried one-sixth of their number off in triumph. It is said that these foreign workmen were told that they were not required in consequence of a strike, but this is denied by the employers.—Last week a singular collision occurred in the Channel. The steamer *Knapton Hall* seeing a dismantled ship (the *Loch Fyne*) in distress, went to her assistance, but was driven into her by the force of the wind and waves, and was so badly damaged that she sank soon afterwards. Captain Murray and eleven of the crew went down with her, but his wife and the rest whom he had put into a boat were taken on board the *Loch Fyne* and saved. —Two persons were killed and several badly injured in a railway collision which took place last week between Northampton and Wellingborough.—A fatal fire occurred at Mile End on Tuesday. One of the persons killed was an invalid youth, and the other was his father, who sacrificed his own life in the endeavour to save that of his son. Complaints are made respecting the late arrival of the engines and fire-escapes.

THEATRES

THE promise of a new play, "of a very superior class, and totally differing from the so-called Transpontine drama," together with the announcement of the first appearance of a "great American actor" in the leading character, attracted a large audience to the SURREY Theatre on Saturday last. The title of the play is *Fates and Furies*; the name of the actor is Ciprico. *Fates and Furies* is one of those elaborate spectacular dramas, dealing with the period of the old *régime* and the first French Revolution, in which the playwrights of the Porte St. Martin were wont to exhibit an inexhaustible faith. Of late years these pieces have been more rare; but they have all borne a strong resemblance to each other, and he who has seen one will have no difficulty in imagining the stirring incidents, the magniloquent speeches, the exaltation of honest poverty, the uncompromising exposure of wealthy villainy and subtle craft, furnishing the principal matter of the six acts into which this formidable production is divided. To give even the barest outline of the story of the persecuted hero, "Albert the Artist," would make a larger demand upon our space than it is possible to satisfy. We will therefore content ourselves with a synopsis of scenes as given in the playbill, which indeed will convey, to one who is not familiar with works of this kind, a very fair notion of the character of the piece. The synopsis is as follows:—"Tableau I.: Albert's Villa, near the Tuileries, Paris, 1791—The Slumbering Revolution—The Artist's Studio—The Glass of Milk—The Recognition. Tableau II.: Mansion of Mons. Martilly—Evening Reception—Matilde's Love for Albert—Reynard's

Hatred—Albert's Disgrace—The Duel. Tableau III. : The Desolate Home—Auction Sale of the Artist's Pictures—The Dying Daughter—The Political Offence—Albert's Banishment. Tableau IV. : St. Hedwig's Church, Berlin—Winter—The Cold Snow—The Broken-hearted Wanderer—Albert's Awakened Hope—The Clue. Tableau V. : Fisherman's Hut on the Tiber, Rome—The Coliseum—Struggle in the Dark—The Lightning Flash—The Assassin's Knife—A Watery Grave—The Bandit—Albert's Rescue. Tableau VI. : House of Martilly, Paris, 1794—The French Convention—Reign of Terror—The Guillotine—Matilde's Sacrifice—The Approaching Marriage—Albert's Return—The Fates have Smiled at Last—The Triumph."

The American author of this drama, Mr. C. B. Densmore, is, it appears, a poet, for though his dialogue is in prose he moralises in the playbill on the *dénouement* as follows :—

What is Life? 'Tis a beautiful shell,
Thrown up by Eternity's flow;
On Time's bank of quicksands to dwell,
And a moment its loveliness show;
Gone back to its element grand,
In the billow that washed it ashore,
See! another now washes the strand,
And the beautiful shell is no more.

Fates and Furies exhibits a considerable degree of the playwright's skill, but it is skill of a coarse kind, and altogether the managerial repudiation of the "so-called Transpontine drama" does not on this occasion come with a good grace. As regards Mr. Ciprico it is not quite correct to call him a "great actor," though he has some qualifications for melodrama. Like the piece in which he acts, his style is showy, and his art is essentially of the suburban melodramatic kind. He is somewhat short in stature, but of most robust physique, and the play in which he chose to make his *début* gave him ample opportunity of displaying his muscular development by frequent and picturesque changes of costume. Miss Augusta Stuart and Miss Lamartine, specially engaged to support him, acted with much grace and intelligence, and amongst the members of the regular company the most noticeable were Mr. Arnold and Mr. Sydney. The new scenery, consisting of six elaborate set scenes, was very effectively arranged, and the crowded audience of Saturday last was enthusiastic in its demonstrations of approval.

The experiment of reducing prices by one half at the QUEEN'S Theatre—henceforth to be called the NATIONAL—is a bold one, and if it succeeds the fact will be of some importance to playgoers of slender means. The new management, who will open their doors this evening with a romantic play entitled *Russia*—an adaptation, we believe, of *Les Exilés*, recently produced in Paris with great success—appear to think that it is better to have a full house at low charges than a house only half full at the ordinary prices of admission. In this they are no doubt right, though the temptation is naturally very strong to maintain prices in the height of the season when theatres fill easily. The stage of the National is admirably suited for romantic plays which require scenic illustration and breadth of handling—being large enough without that gloomy vastness which renders it impossible to distinguish the finer qualities of acting. Of course if there were to be a corresponding fall in the standard of performances, there would be little reason to congratulate playgoers on the new scale of prices; but the National reopens with a very strong company, including Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Billington, Brooke, Shiel Barry, and Miss Henrietta Hodson, Miss Carlisle, and Miss Eleanor Bufton, and there are other tokens of a spirited policy.

The late Mr. Halliday's drama, entitled *Amy Robsart*, has been revived at DRURY LANE with all the original pictorial effects. This is a stirring romantic play of the kind to which the frequenters of Drury Lane have been accustomed. Its spirited revival will help to atone for the production of Mr. Wills's adaptation of "Peveril of the Peak," which has been withdrawn after a brief career of unpopularity.—The management of the ADELPHI also continue to rely upon revival of past successes. This evening Mr. Boucicault's *Formosa* will be substituted for the same author's *After Dark*.

The new burlesque at the GAIETY—*Little Doctor Faust*, by Mr. Byron—has proved to have great attractions for visitors to that popular house. The Gaiety *matinées* will shortly recommence.

The programme of morning performances at the AQUARIUM Theatre is of a very extensive and varied kind. Some of the best standard comedies are to be revived, supported by Messrs. Phelps, Farren, C. Warner, and Mrs. John Wood, Miss Litton, Miss Brennan, and other popular performers. During the present week *Breach of Promise* and *Trial by Jury* have been performed daily. On Monday, the management will revive *London Assurance*.

◆

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Settler and the Savage: R. M. Ballantyne. James Nisbet and Co.

Letters on Music: Louis Ehler. W. Reeves.

Some Fancy Stationery from Mullord Bros., Hoxton.

Victoria C. Woodhull's Life Sketches.

Lessing, His Life and Writings (2 vols.): J. Sime; The Mount: Thomas Sinclair, M.A.; The Barent's Relics: J. K. J. de Jonge. Trübner and Co.

History of French Literature, Henri Van Laun: Agamemnon of Æschylus: Robert Browning. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Illustrious Irishwomen (2 vols.): E. Owens Blackburne. Tinsley Bros.

History of Protestantism, Vol. III.: Rev. J. A. Wylie: The Chicken Market, and other Fairy Tales: Henry Morley; Pet's Posy of Pictures and Stories; Little Talks with Little People; Woodland Romances: C. L. Matéaux; Stories of Girlhood: Sarah Doudney. Cassell.

Matthew Morrison: S. R. Whitehead; Cooper's Poetical Works; Side Lights on Scripture Texts: Francis Jacox, B.A.; The Origin of the World: J. W. Dawson, M.D., F.R.S. Hodder and Stoughton.

Thoreau, His Life and Aims: H. A. Page; Cyclopædia of Costume, Part XVII. Chatto and Windus.

European Colonies (Historical Course for Schools): E. J. Payne. Macmillan.

Our Trip to Blunderland: Jean Jambon; Col. Meadows Taylor—The Story of My Life: Edited by his Daughter. W. Blackwood and Sons.

A Knight of the Nineteenth Century: Rev. E. P. Roe; Two Men of Sandy Bar, &c.: Bret Harte. Ward, Lock, and Co.

The Sixth Year of the Crèche: Marie Hilton. Morgan and Scott.

Eastern Christianity and the War: Joseph Brown, Esq., Q.C.: Handbook of Brazil: M. G. and E. T. Mulhall. E. Stanford.

A New System of Needlework: by a Lady Manager. Central School Depôt.

A Jewel of a Girl (3 vols.): by the Author of "Queenie;" Phœbe Junior: Mrs. Oliphant. Hurst and Blackett.

The Egyptian Obelisk: Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. Brain and Co.

May Young England Smoke? S. W. Partridge and Co.

The Queen of Bohemia (2 vols.): J. Hatton; Sir Robert Walpole: A. C. Ewald. Chapman and Hall.

Little Rainbow: Mrs. C. Garnett; "Them Boots:" William Gilbert. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

Essex (a Play): D. C. D. Campbell. Williams and Norgate.

Annals of N. America: Edward Howland. Sampson, Low, and Co.

Fénelon's Spiritual Letters to Women. Rivingtons.

The Story of Avis: E. S. Phelps. Routledge.

The Précis Book: W. Cosmo Monkhouse. Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.

Hand and Heart, Vol. II.

Mists of the Valley (Second Edition): Agnes Giberne: Oriental Records: W. H. Rule; Egyptian Obelisks: W. R. Cooper. S. Bagster and Sons.

Shelley, a Critical Biography: George Barnett Smith. David Douglas, Edinburgh.

Tales and Poems: John Harris. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Practical Observations on the Teeth: Edwin Cox. Elliot Stock.

NEW MUSIC

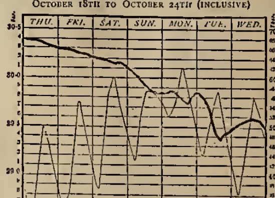
J. BATH.——A merry song for Christmastide, or any feast-tide, is "Our Toast," written and composed for a bass voice by Messrs. R. Reece and W. C. Levey.—Smoothly written and sentimental, but somewhat tame, is "Unfulfilled," a ballad for a medium voice, words by Augusta Webster, music by J. E. Webster.—Book IV. of "Bath's Musical Museum for the Harmonium," selected and arranged by Michael Watson, is as cheap a shilling's-worth as can be met with in the musical publishing world. It contains twenty-two pieces for that instrument, including a popular "Volkslied," by Mendelssohn, the "Kyrie Eleison" from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," a "Rondo," by Dussek, a "Bourée" and Gavotte, by Bach—in fact, most of our great ancient and modern composers have contributed a share to this excellent little work.—Different in its character, but equally useful in its way, is "Bath's Shilling Dance Album," which contains six contributions from various popular dance-music writers; the coloured frontispiece is prettily got-up by Messrs. Stannard and Son, who have been equally successful in their department with "The Adeline Waltz," the music of which, by G. J. Ruhlni, is not up to his usual standard of excellence.—"The Sleigh Bells Galop," by G. Richardson, and "The Myrtle Waltz," by J. C. Drane, are carefully written, and will be found useful for the coming winter season at carpet dances, &c.

MESSRS. HOWARD AND CO.——W. Fitz-Norman Ellis has supplied the fairly poetical words for four ballads, entitled respectively, "Bid the Welcome Home," the music of which by Berthold Tours (for a tenor) is pleasing; "Floweret in the Desert," by W. J. Wrighton; "Amy," by W. C. Levey; and "Footsteps at the Gate," by A. Harvey, are of a very ordinary type, and will add nothing to their composers' fame.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

OCTOBER 18TH TO OCTOBER 24TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The weather during this week has been much more generally wet and unsettled than that for several weeks preceding it. The barometer fell continuously from the beginning of the period till Sunday night, the 21st instant, after which the fall became very irregular. The weather then became dull and showery. On Tuesday, the 23rd instant, the rainfall was very heavy in many of the northern counties; but in the south the fall was only about three-tenths of an inch. The barometer was highest (30·38 inches) on Thursday, the 18th instant; lowest (29·36 inches) on Tuesday, the 23rd instant; range, 1·02 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (62°) on Monday, the 22nd instant; lowest (32°) on Thursday and Friday, the 18th and 19th; range, 30°. Sharp frosts occurred on the grass on Thursday, the 18th, Friday, the 19th, and Wednesday, the 24th. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·38 inches, on four days; greatest fall, 0·29 inches, on Tuesday, the 23rd instant. The barometer was falling the whole of Wednesday night, the 24th instant, and the weather was very dull and rainy on Thursday morning, the 25th instant.

M. OFFENBACH has been seriously ill, but has now nearly recovered.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA is going to revisit Europe next spring. This time he will travel *incognito*.

THE LATE MISS MARY CARPENTER is to be commemorated at Bristol by the erection of Homes for Working Boys and Girls.

A SECOND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION is to be held at Capetown next April, in consequence of the great success of the first.

THE WELL-KNOWN "PIPING BULLFINCH" which was shown at the London Exhibition of 1862 has at last found a home in San Francisco.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS executed by the Students of the Female School of Art, Queen Square, was held at the School yesterday (Friday) and to-day.

ENGLISH FOX-HUNTING is to be introduced across the Atlantic, and meets are to be held twice a week this autumn at Long Island, near New York. Coaching has already been imported with considerable success.

THE FAÇADE OF THE DUOMO AT FLORENCE, so long left unfinished, is at length likely to be completed, and the Pope has duly blessed the designs. His Holiness has given a beautiful mosaic of Raphael's "Madonna di Foligno" (now in the Vatican), to be placed in the Duomo.

SEASON TICKET HOLDERS at the Paris Exhibition, following the fashion of the Philadelphians last year, will all have to paste a photograph on their vouchers, a duplicate photograph being pasted in the book whence the voucher was withdrawn. The price of the season-ticket will be 4*l*.

THE COMPANION OBELISK TO CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE has been offered by the Khedive, says the New York *World*, to the American nation, and an English firm have proposed to undertake the transit operations for 20,000*l*. American engineers, however, are anxious to manage the transport themselves, as they put in a plea for home talent.

A PUGILISTIC GHOST—the spirit of J. C. Heenan has been materialised at Rochester, New York State, for a few moments, when the departed Benicia Boy invited any disbeliever to "stand up." No one, however, felt inclined to put the realism of the vision to so practical a test, so J. C. Heenan's spirit quietly returned to its resting-place, leaving a profound impression upon the more than usually gratified spiritualistic audience.

THE QUEEN'S SHORTHORNS.——Mr. Thornton sold forty-four cattle from the Shaw Farm, Windsor, on Tuesday. No fancy prices were realised, the highest for a cow being 72 guineas. Her Majesty has wisely resolved to confine her attention to a class of shorthorns profitable as milkers and meat-producers. The whole forty-four did not value much more than a fourth portion of one heifer sold at Windermere the other week; but 4,100 guineas was quite an adventitious price. It will rejoice farmers' hearts to find that superior animals of excellent pedigree can be bought for sums to which their purse is equal, and that such animals are the kind Her Majesty delights to honour.

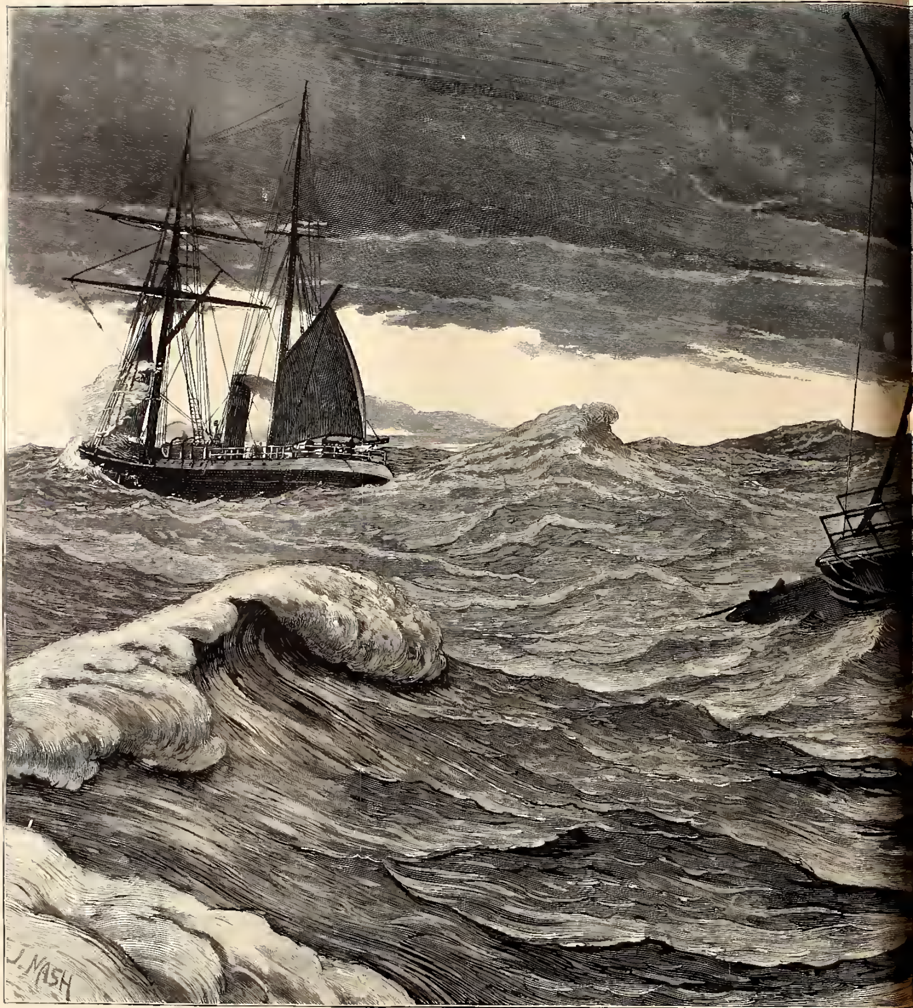
A MEMENTO OF TRAFALGAR is threatened with destruction according to a correspondent of *The Times*. Two pieces of wood from the *Victory*—apparently portions of the bowsprit or yard-arm, and perforated with musket shots—were secured by William IV. when Duke of Clarence, and placed in a temple on the lawn of Bushey House, where he was then living. When, however, the Duc de Nemours removed to Bushey the pieces of wood were taken to Hampton Court, and the obscure outbuilding containing them is now being pulled down; so, as the inscription on the wood is nearly illegible, and few of the Palace officials are aware of these facts, there is every prospect of the relics being thrown away as lumber. The correspondent suggests the removal of these remnants of Nelson's old ship to some secure place where they might be publicly exhibited.

THE CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL IN FRANCE has increased enormously within the last 40 years, and the increase is specially noticeable since 1873, when 55,000 cases of drunkenness were tried against 82,000 in 1876. The hardest drinkers are in Brittany, Normandy, and round Paris, while the least alcohol is taken in the southern departments. Wine is habitually drunk in 72 departments, cider in 7 of the north-eastern districts, and beer in 4 of the northern departments, although the use of cider is gradually diminishing and that of beer proportionately augmenting. Spirits distilled from corn, potatoes, beetroot, and molasses are found to be far more harmful than those made from wine, as cases of violent death and madness are most frequent in the departments which consume these drinks. The white wines however produced in the Vendée and the Charente Inférieure are fully as dangerous as spirits.

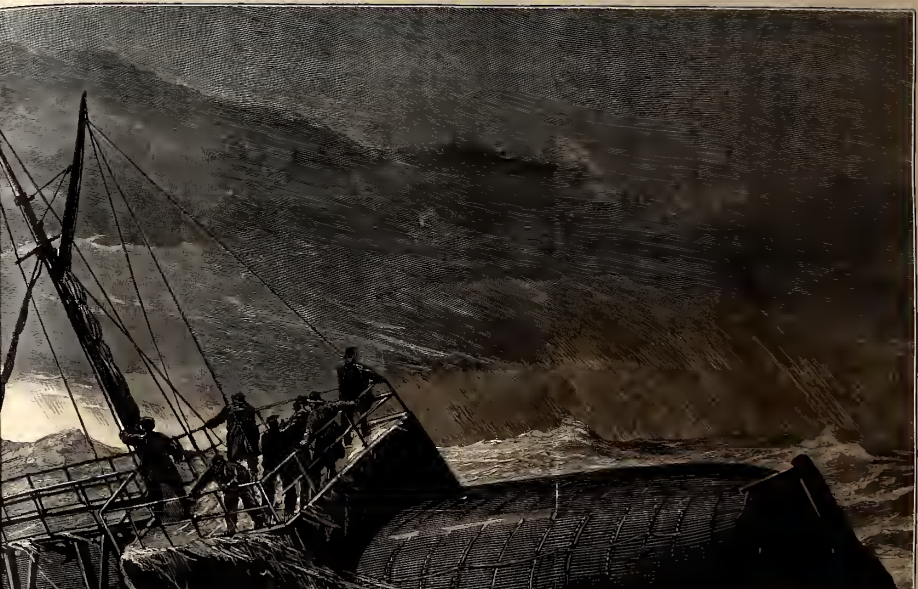
LONDON MORTALITY still continues to increase, and last week 1,403 deaths were registered against 1,321 during the previous seven days, an increase of 82, but being 48 below the average, and at the rate of 20.7 per 1,000. There were 8 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 6), 36 from measles (a decline of 3), 68 from scarlet fever (an increase of 18), 9 from diphtheria, 21 from whooping-cough (an increase of 11), 47 from different forms of fever (an increase of 18, showing the highest number returned in any week since October, 1873, and being 10 above the average), and 25 from diarrhœa (a decline of 23). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 297 (an increase of 40), of which 178 resulted from bronchitis and 89 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths; 39 were the result of negligence or accident, one being referred to hydrophobia, being the thirteenth fatal case that has been registered in London since the beginning of the present year. There were 2,527 births last week, being 103 above the average. The duration of registered sunshine was 35 hours, the sun being 73.7 hours above the horizon. The mean temperature was 46·7 deg., or 3·1 deg. below the average.

ART IN HOSPITALS.——Dr. Lawrence Hamilton, whose praiseworthy efforts to promote cheerfulness in hospital wards by means of numerous bright pictures we have often mentioned, has designed a special picture-frame for hospitals, noticeable alike for cheapness and for hygienic advantages. Dr. Hamilton's frame is constructed of some metal such as tin, has a smooth surface, and is japanned black, and thus being non-absorbent can be cleaned by soap and water, carbolic acid, or baked in a disinfecting oven without sustaining the slightest injury. It is reversible, being made to contain two pictures, not glass-covered but varnished, one on each side of a central plate, a plan which not only abolishes the absorbent backs of porous wood and brown paper, but enables the picture to be varied at will. If each frame were reversed regularly once a week it would thus exhibit two pictures at the cost of one, and would furnish a proof that the frames had been properly dusted. Dr. Hamilton also calls attention to the usual practice of hanging pictures in private houses, by tilting the upper edge forward, and so forming an "aerial dust-bin," which remains undisturbed for months. His frames would hang flat to the wall, and would also be procurable at the moderate rate of 4*s*. for a frame measuring 26 in. by 20 in.

THE WRECK CHART AND REGISTER FOR 1875-6 shows a larger number of wrecks and casualties than have been recorded in any previous year, although the increase is partially due to the return of minor accidents, which formerly would not have been registered. Three thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven wrecks, casualties, and collisions occurred on our coasts during the twelve months ending June 30, 1876, an excess of 167 on the preceding year, but, happily, thanks in a great measure to the efforts of the lifeboats, only 778 lives were lost—148 less than in 1874-5. In these 3,757 disasters 2,982 were wrecks and casualties, including 425 cases of total loss, and 775 collisions, 77 resulting in total loss; 4,554 ships were concerned, while of the 502 total losses 37 were iron ships, 31 of these being steamers. The East Coast was, as usual, most prolific of wrecks, but the largest number of lives were lost on the West Coast. Out of the 425 total wrecks 176 are registered as from stress of weather, 111 from carelessness, inattention, or neglect, 29 from defects in the ship, 64 from various causes, and the remainder as unknown. There were 851 serious and 1,706 minor casualties, of which 357 and 1,099 respectively were caused by the weather, 202 and 221 by carelessness, and 94 and 86 by defects in the ship. The 775 collisions included 41 between two steamships both under way. River disasters amounted to 1,011, of which 39 were total losses, 286 serious casualties, and 686 minor disasters, while this number includes 610 collisions, of which 79 were between steamships under way. The loss of life was at the rate of 1 in every 22 disasters, occurred in 171 ships, and is divided into 73 persons drowned in foundered vessels, 166 in collisions, 325 in stranded ships, 158 in missing vessels, and the remaining 56 were lost from various causes. The lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution, however, which now comprise a fleet of 267, assisted by the Board of Trade rocket apparatus, and boats belonging to ships, coastguards, and fishermen, saved no fewer than 4,358 lives during the year.



CLEOPATRA'S NEE



DLE—ON THE VOYAGE

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The Turks can chronicle a success since our last record—once more at Plevna, where a Roumanian assault upon a redoubt has been completely repulsed. For some weeks the Roumanians had been pushing forward their operations from the Gravitza redoubt, and on the 19th they left their 4th parallel to storm the nearest redoubt. They succeeded in reaching the trenches, but were received with a withering fire from the Turks which forced them to retire with losses admitted by official sources to be 1,000 killed and wounded. The Russians took no part whatever in the affair, and are wholly occupied with drawing round the town that "circle of steel" which General Todleben has promised. The Imperial Guard are arriving in detachments, and General Gourko, with a cavalry force of some 13,000 men, is doing his utmost to complete the "circle" on the western or Orkhanie side. As no correspondents whatever on the Russian side are admitted round Plevna, it is difficult to gain a correct estimate of the actual situation, for while on the one side *The Times'* correspondent of Monday gave a most glowing description of the comfort—nay, almost luxury, in which the Russian troops were living—their horses "standing up to their knees in hay," and a most deplorable account of the starvation and miseries the Turks are enduring in Plevna, the *Daily Telegraph* and *Standard* correspondents (who, be it said, have been in Plevna, and do not write from Bucharest), represent matters as fairly prosperous in the town, state that the investing "circle" is by no means complete, and draw the most desponding pictures of the Russians in Bulgaria—officers and men alike being half-starved, the horses dying at a terrible rate, some being actually suffocated by the liquid mud with which the roads are covered. That the Russians are not in such clover as *The Times'* correspondent (whom the *Pall Mall Gazette* facetiously terms Imperial Cock Crower to the Czar of All the Russias) would make out is manifest—both from impartial accounts and the recent revelations of the immense frauds and shortcomings in the Commissariat department—but other revelations regarding the manner in which *The Times'* correspondents are treated by the Russians may perhaps account for his rose-coloured spectacles. To come back to Plevna, however, the Russians appear to be carrying on a vigorous bombardment, and there is little doubt that they are exerting themselves to the utmost to reduce Ghazi Osman to surrender, and that the "victorious" Pasha, even with his army of 60,000 men, will find it difficult to hold out against the practised tactics of the hero of Sebastopol, whose forces now amount to upwards of 100,000 men.

Farther east Suleiman Pasha, professedly sent to supersede Mehemet Ali, because the latter showed a disposition to retreat, has created considerable surprise by quietly carrying out his predecessor's plans, and withdrawing altogether from the line of the Lom, where he was facing the Czarevitch, and taking up his position further south, at direct right angles to his former front. This movement, which manifests unexpected and admirable generalship on Suleiman's part, is due to a sudden disposition of General Zimmerman and his Dobrudscha army to show signs of life, and acting with the Czarevitch to take Suleiman Pasha between two fires. Now, however, by throwing his right wing upon Bazardjick, his centre upon Rasgrad and Shumla, and his left upon Eski Juma, Suleiman has frustrated the design, has shown both the Czarevitch and Zimmerman a firm front, and moreover by his left has covered the passes of the Balkans by which he can receive reinforcements from the south, while Varna is well guarded by his centre and right. The only drawback to this manœuvre is that Rustchuk and Silistria are left open to investment, but they are exceedingly strongly fortified, and well able to take care of themselves. Prince Hassan and his Egyptians, unable to withstand the rigorous weather of the autumn, have gone into winter quarters at Varna.

In the Shipka Pass there appears to have been some desultory bombarding, but Reouf Pasha is principally devoting his attention to interrupting the Russian communications on the Gabrova side, and thus reducing Mount St. Nicholas by starvation.

To turn to ASIA, the Russian victory which the Grand Duke Michael, General Melikoff, and General Heimann gained on the heights of Evlin Tepé over Mouktar Pasha, turns out to have been a serious disaster for the Turks, although hardly so crushing as at first reported. Mouktar Pasha is at Yenikoi on the western side of the Saghanli Dagh, where he is re-collecting his army, but Ismail Kurd Pasha is in a dangerous position on the Sara Dagh, being closely pursued and harassed by General Tergukassof. The report that the Russians at once intended to re-invest Kars seems to have been exaggerated, as no decided steps to that effect have as yet been recorded.

The headquarters of the Czar still remain at Gorny Studen, which, however, is represented as being eminently unhealthy, and infested with a perfect plague of mice. Great rejoicings celebrated the recent victory, throughout the Russian lines from Gorny Studen to St. Petersburg, which city is sorely perplexed with money matters, and with the continual frauds practised by the army contractors. Terrible sickness undeniably prevails in both Turkish and Russian camps, and typhus and typhoid fevers are carrying off thousands, including many doctors and non-combatants. This week Dr. Greck of the Red Crescent and Major Leader, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, are included in the list of the victims, while Dr. Harry Crookshank lies seriously ill at Varna.

There have been the usual weekly rumours of "mediation," of Servian participation in the conflict, and of the resumption of active hostilities by the Montenegrins, of which the last named is the best founded.

FRANCE.——The situation remains unchanged, and the Ministers having announced by an official note that they do not intend to resign before the Chamber meets, all eyes are anxiously fixed upon to-morrow's complementary elections and the elections to the Councils-General on Sunday week, the 4th prox. The latter are creating almost all-absorbing interest, for in January, 1879, seventy-five senators will have to retire, according to the terms of the Constitution, and it will be the duty of the General and other Departmental councils to fill up the vacancies, and moreover, by the Treveneuc law, if the Assembly is forcibly dissolved at any time it will be their duty to organise a National Assembly among themselves. The Marshal and his advisers show no signs of giving way, and are as energetically exercising all possible official pressure and influence as during the recent Parliamentary elections. The most incredible, illegal, and disgraceful measures appear to have been practised by the Government in the Departments in order to compel the peasants o vote for the official candidates—newspaper offices have been surrounded by gendarmes at the hour of going to press, and the proofs taken to the Prefect before a copy is allowed to be printed, opposition candidates' addresses torn down from the walls, and reports spread abroad that they have been arrested, gendarmes stationed in the polling-places (contrary to law), and the electors' tickets inspected, so that if their vote was unfavourable to the Government it was designedly mutilated by the gendarme and refused reception by the Maire, polling places violently closed, and only Government voters admitted by ticket, troops being employed to keep the Republican electors back—such are the means of terrorism which the admirable provincial correspondent of *The Times* tells us the Duc de Broglie has employed to wrest 50 seats from the Republican grasp. Moreover another correspondent tells us that even in Paris the Duc takes the most stringent measures to prevent any one penetrating to the Marshal, who is as isolated as the Chinese Emperor or the old Tycoon of Japan. Only properly edited papers, such as the *Figaro*, are permitted within the Elysée, while the Marshal is told that as he has won fifty seats this time, another dissolution will bring him sixty more—in fact a majority. Thus both in Conservative and Republican circles there is a general feeling that the Marshal, on the meeting of the Assembly will at once request the Lower Chamber to vote the Budget, and if the Deputies venture to suggest that the Ministry should be censured or impeached as a preliminary measure, that he will then ask the Senate for a second dissolution. Some considerable doubt is felt whether his request will be granted, for as it is the Conservative majority in the Upper House are anything but homogeneous, and the Republicans may possibly succeed in defeating the Marshal on his own ground. Moreover, the Orleanists are beginning to doubt the prudence of further extreme high-handed measures, and while the *Constitutionel* advocates a compromise Ministry, the *Soleil* advises the Marshal frankly to accept the verdict of the country in favour of a Republican and Parliamentary Government. If at the last moment the Marshal should show signs of yielding to the popular voice, it is thought that he will send for M. Andral, Vice President of the Council of State, and a thorough man of "Conciliation."

Nevertheless the Republicans on their side are working as hard as ever, and if not so cool-headed and dignified as a few months ago, still continue to show admirable signs of discipline and moderation. M. Grévy, their nominal leader, has selected Dôle, not Paris, as his future seat, the candidate for the vacancy in the capital being M. Devoucoux, who proposed the want of confidence vote in the late Chamber. M. Gambetta, their actual leader, has gone to the Nièvre to superintend the election of the Republican candidate to-morrow. Although condemned to two separate terms of imprisonment, neither he nor various other deputies who have been condemned for "insulting the Marshal" in their electoral addresses can be arrested—except by special permission of the Chamber—until the end of the Session. The Left of the Senate have issued a circular, exhorting their followers to vote unwaveringly in the Departmental elections. In the meantime the Press carry on a brisk wordy war; the Republican organs, undeterred by the sentence on their leader, never weary of repeating that the Marshal must "submit or resign;" while their Conservative contemporaries are equally addicted to quoting the President's favourite mottoes, *J'y suis, J'y reste*, and "My duty becomes greater with the peril. I will not submit to the dictates of the Demagogy."

Paris has been apparently very quiet throughout the crisis, and the crowds round the newspaper kiosques have been the only signs of the intense inward agitation which is prevailing. Socially speaking, the signs of the coming season are multiplying, and the inevitable "first representations" are beginning. At the Opéra a talented young Conservatoire pupil, Mdlle. Richard, has made a most successful *début* in the *Favorita*; the Odéon has reopened with George Sand's *Mauprat*; at the Cluny, M. Louis Figuier has brought out a magnificent five-act spectacular drama, *Les Six Parties du Monde*, which, despite the scenery, is next door to a failure, and at the Château d'Eau there has been a revival of *Les Pauvres de Paris*, the original of the *Streets of London*.

GERMANY.——There are symptoms of a very severe Parliamentary storm in the Prussian Diet, which is by no means satisfied with the extended leave of absence accorded to Prince Bismarck and Count Eulenberg, and which has been somewhat surprised by the Government asking for permission to raise a loan ostensibly for "public works," but actually to support the tremendous military preparations which it is still thought necessary to push forward. The Diet was opened on Sunday with a Speech from the Throne, read by Herr Camphausen, which principally dealt with finance, and promising as a sop to the Chamber measures completing the "administrative reforms" which have been inaugurated in the towns and will now be carried into the provinces. The speech concluded with expressions of gratitude for the warm reception of the Emperor by the provinces during his recent tour.

As with the Government, "finance" is becoming a serious difficulty with the people. Large quantities of Russian securities are held in Berlin, and indeed throughout all Germany, and are being buoyed up fictitiously in the hope of Russian successes, while the Stettin failure has brought about the liquidation of the bank of Henckel and Lange, the most aristocratic firm in the country, and largely used by great landowners.—A monument commemorating the war of 1870 has been unveiled at Hamburg by the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Schwerin.

INDIA.——Rain continues to fall, and prospects are universally brighter. The recent relief measures are beginning to bear fruit, the decrease of the number on the relief works in Madras being 56,929, and of those fed gratuitously being 237,289, while 300,000 persons have returned to their ordinary avocations. Prices are falling, and the crops are in flourishing condition.—Uneasiness still prevails with regard to the Khelat frontier, and the Khan is stated to be thoroughly dissatisfied with his position.

UNITED STATES.——The Indian difficulty continues to occupy considerable attention, and the subject has been opened by the recent visit of the friendly chiefs to Washington, during which they displayed some dissatisfaction at being transferred into the Missouri district, though ultimately appearing ready to obey the "Great Father." As, however, they were to be treated as white settlers, they asked for various advantages which white settlers possessed, and each chief made unlimited demands for carts, oxen, mowing machines, ploughs, sheep, big school-houses, Catholic priests in long robes to teach their children, overcoats, and portmanteaus wherein to stow the overcoats. The two last named requests were accorded, together with a small sum of money, and the chiefs returned to their agencies rejoicing; although whether they will definitively abandon the war-paint and feathers in which they paid their first visit to the Great Father Hayes for the coats and white ties in which they appeared at the second interview may be regarded as somewhat doubtful.

The wheat crop is said to be the largest ever produced in the United States.—The majority of the Congressional Silver Commission have reported to the Senate in favour of the full restoration of the double standard gold and silver currency, and the unlimited coinage of both.—A motion has been made in the Senate for the appointment of a Select Committee to revise the law now in force for ascertaining and declaring the result of the Presidential election.

MISCELLANEOUS.——Another fire has occurred in St. Johns, NEW BRUNSWICK, 2,000 persons being rendered homeless.—Signor Crispi has terminated his visit to AUSTRIA, and returned to ITALY. He saw Count Andrassy, but nothing is known about the interview. The Pope has insisted upon the expulsion of Father Curci from the Society of Jesus for denying that the possession of temporal power is necessary to the Pope.—The King of GREECE will stay at the camp at Thebes for a fortnight. The camp will be maintained during the winter.—In VICTORIA (Australia) the Budget was presented to Parliament on August 16th. The financial year closed with a credit balance of 205,671*l.* The Government has proposed new taxes amounting to 250,000*l.*, the expenditure for the coming year being estimated at 4,860,000*l.*—In NEW ZEALAND a new Ministry has been formed by Sir George Grey, who assumes office as Premier, with Messrs. Larnach, M'Andrew, Sheehan, and Fisher.—From CAPE TOWN we learn that fighting has commenced in the Transkei, the Galekas having attacked the Fingoes and police at South Mapassa.

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice returned to Balmoral at the end of last week, after a stay of three days at the Glassalt Shiel. On Saturday the Princess of Wales and her three little girls lunched with Her Majesty, and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning Divine Service was held at the castle, when the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold were present, and the Princess of Wales and her daughters came over from Abergeldie to attend the service. On Monday Her Majesty drove out with the Princess of Wales, and in the evening the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Marquis of Hertford, Sir T. M. and Lady Biddulph, and Mr. Charles Peel, dined with the Queen. On Tuesday Her Majesty held a Council.—The weather continues very cold in the Highlands, and the snowfall has been heavier round Balmoral than in any other district.

The Prince of Wales returned to town last week from Dartmouth, leaving his two sons on board the *Britannia*. On Saturday he went down to Windsor and had a day's pheasant shooting with Prince Christian in the Park, lunching afterwards with Princess Christian. On Monday the Prince left town for Newmarket to stay with Mr. Chaplin, and on the following day was present at the race for the Cambridgeshire.—The Princess of Wales remains at Abergeldie with Miss Knollys, who continues in a weak condition, although the crisis of the illness has passed favourably. There was an alarm of fire at Abergeldie last week some woodwork in one of the bedrooms having become ignited. The fire, however, was discovered in time and was speedily extinguished.—There is some talk of the Prince and Princess spending Christmas at Copenhagen with the Danish Royal family.

The Duchess of Edinburgh and her children reached Berlin on Sunday, and after paying and receiving visits from the Emperor, and the Imperial Prince and Princess, left next day for Marseilles to meet the Duke, who had arrived in the *Sultan* some days previously. The *Sultan* has excited great interest at Marseilles, and numerous visitors have been viewing the vessel. Some of the visitors, however, met with slight accidents in going up the side as, there being but one ladder for ascent and descent, a slight crowding caused several persons to fall into the water. They were, however, immediately rescued. The Duchess arrived at Marseilles on Wednesday, being received by the Duke, the Prefect, and the various municipal authorities.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have gone to Rosencath with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll.

The Empress of Austria will probably come to England soon after Christmas.—Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is going to spend the winter in Madrid. She will previously stay for a few weeks at Seville, and will pay a short visit to her mother, Queen Christina, at Paris.—General Grant has gone to Paris.

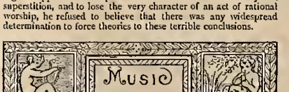
CHURCH NEWS

REOPENING OF THE CATHEDRALS OF EXETER AND BRISTOL.——The reopening services at Exeter Cathedral, the restoration of which has occupied seven years, and cost 50,000*l.*, were held last week. On Thursday the Bishops of Winchester, Oxford, Exeter, Truro, Salisbury, Bath and Wells, and Bishop Tozer, and 300 clergymen joined in the inaugural procession. (The *Guardian* says that the respectful demeanour of the spectators towards this surpliced throng marked a curious change from the days when a single clergyman was subjected to personal violence and abuse for wearing his white robe in the pulpit of St. Sidwell's in the same city.) The preachers were the Bishops of Winchester and Oxford, and after the service Dr. Temple was presented with a handsome pastoral staff of ebony and ivory, subscribed for by a number of residents in his diocese. On Friday the services were continued, the Bishop carrying his staff in procession, and sermons being delivered by the Bishop of Salisbury and the Bishop of Bath and Wells.—On Tuesday the new nave of Bristol Cathedral, which has cost about 15,000*l.*, and has been ten years in progress, was opened with a special service. The inaugural ceremony consisted of a mixed procession of clerical and civic dignitaries, but owing, it is said, to some misunderstanding between the Dean and the clergy of the city, there was not a very large attendance. Besides this, the unfortunate dispute respecting the statues of the four Latin fathers which were removed from the north porch has not been cleared up, as was shown by the absence of Mr. Wait, M.P., the donor of the north porch, and Canon Norris, who were specially named in the Bishop's sermon as the principal promoters of the work, together with Canon Wade, who opposed in the Chapter the removal of the statues.

Mr. Samuel Morley, the member for the city, attended, but Mr. Hodgson, his colleague, was too unwell to do so. A few members of the Restoration Committee also attended, though they threw up the work when the statues were removed. The morning sermon was preached by Bishop Ellicott, and that in the evening by the Bishop of Bath and Wells. On Wednesday there was a continuation of the services, the preachers being the Deans of Westminster and Canterbury.

CHURCH DIFFERENCES.——Archdeacon Denison, speaking last week at the annual meeting of the English Church Union at Bristol, referred to what he called "the supremely ridiculous, the painfully absurd platitudes and conventionalities which had been expressed at the Croydon Congress." It was simply silly idle mockery, if it were not worse, to talk about "agreeing and being at peace," and about "non-essentials" and the like trash. Within the pale of the Church of England there had been for some 300 years past two religions—the Catholic and the Protestant, but now there were sub-divisions both of Catholic and Protestant. There was the Catholic Ritualist; the non-Catholic Ritualist, the old Evangelical, and the young Evangelical. When he was prosecuted more than twenty years ago for teaching the doctrine of the Real Presence he had more sympathy from the old Evangelicals than from the High Churchmen of that time. It was the young Evangelicals who tried to stamp him out. Then there was the religion of the Acts of Parliament, which was a very young religion. Of this sort of religion he was obliged to speak, because the time for mincing one's words had gone by, and he could think of no two more notable examples than the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of that diocese. It was a great question what those men meant. Their religion was not his religion. He would no more think of going to them about any point of doctrine, than they would think of going to him. They were as opposed to each other as it was possible for any two persons to be opposed, and that being so, what was to become of that nonsense of agreement? Then there was the Broad Church, which some people called the Church of the future. The only certain thing known about it was that it had no resemblance of any kind to the Church of the past and the present. It was the Church of intellectual license, not of "the faith." Now, did any man in his senses, who was not filled up to the brim with either ignorance or prejudice, suppose that these elements of belief and unbelief were going to be fused together? If there were such a man he ought to be caught and preserved in spirits at the British Museum. Referring to the question about the book called "The Priest in Absolution," he said the Church Association was very crafty, and the Primate of England was the craftiest man he ever knew. He ventured to say that it was not possible to cram into any other year so much ignorance as had been crammed down the mouths of English people and into their ears as had been done this year about that book and about the subject of Confession. No number of Archbishops and Bishops should make him take their religion instead of his own, and his advice to his hearers was "Stand fast and give up nothing."

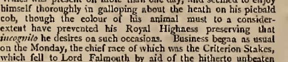
VARIOUS.——The *Post* learns "with astonishment, not to say alarm" that a few influential authorities both in Church and State are bent upon the revision of the Baptismal and Ordination Services, as well as the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, with a view to the elimination of those parts which appear to sanction the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession and Auricular Confession.—The *Church Times* prints a letter from the Rev. P. C. Ellis, of Llanfairfechan Rectory, referring to the recent letter sent by the Bishop of Bath and Wells to the Church of England Working Men's Society, in which he said that "It is sad that men professing to fear God should be the first to essert that seven of the most eminent judges have wilfully given a judgment contrary to the plain letter of the law." Mr. Ellis writes for the encouragement of these men, to let them know that they are not the first to make this assertion, and that in doing so, they are in accord with the opinion very strongly expressed to him in July last, by the Lord Chief Baron Kelly, when he was in attendance upon him as Sheriff's Chaplain. "His lordship's words were, that the judgment was 'an iniquitous one, that it was not a judgment based upon law, but upon policy.'"—The Right Hon. Lord Plunkett, Bishop of Meath, speaking a few days ago at the Annual Diocesan Synod, said that the dear old Church was at last emerging from the ordeal to which she had been subjected for the last six or seven years. He always felt sanguine, but never more so than at present, as to the future of the Irish Church.—The Bishop of Manchester, preaching last Sunday at Oxford University, on "The Moral Basis of Christianity," said that though a degrading materialism seemed to be infecting many types of religious thought, and some of our sacramental theories which claimed to be the highest appeared to drop into an almost unfathomable abyss of superstition, and to lose the very character of an act of rational worship, he refused to believe that there was any widespread determination to force theories to these terrible conclusions.



MUSIC

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——The Director of Her Majesty's Theatre announces his intention to give a series of performances of Italian Opera during the forthcoming winter. In the list of his principal singers we find the names of several more or less distinguished during the spring and summer season of the actual year. Among the ladies, for example, are Caroline Salla, Mila Rodani, Marie Rôze, and Alwina Valleria, each of whom will be heartily welcome, inasmuch as each possesses not only unquestionable talent but a certain individuality prepossessing on its own account. These, with the addition of Mdlle. Anna de Belocca, whose successful *début* at Her Majesty's Opera (Drury Lane) two or three years since as Rosina in the *Barbiere di Siviglia* is not unremembered, form a sufficiently attractive company; and if the characters are so dealt out as to allow them all a fair chance of shining in the sphere of action best suited to their immediate capacities they will have little reason to complain. With no Titiens, Nilsson, Gerster, Trebelli, &c. to absorb the chief leading parts of the repertory, a proportionate distribution of labour must be easy enough for an experienced manager who has learnt how to humour the fancies and caprices inseparable from the various members of his "troop" (pass the word). Thus—since the respectable phrase, "*comprimaria*," signifying plainly "*seconda donna*," has gone out of date, and every aspiring operatic songstress is now "*prima donna assolutissima di primo cartello*," or nothing—each "*prima donna*" will have cause for satisfaction, and for mentally exclaiming, "*contentissima son' io!*" Then in the catalogue we perceive the names of the veteran contralto, Madame de Merie Lablache, who can safely undertake anything and everything, and the scarcely less versatile light soprano, Madame Bauermeister. Two *débutantes* are also advertised—Mdlles. Parodi and Lisa Perdi, about whom, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. If Mdlle. Parodi has any consanguinity with her namesake, the late Mr. Benjamin Lumley's Parodi, at Her Majesty's Theatre many years ago, we have a right to expect something from her as from one springing from a legitimate source. When it is added that Signors Fancelli, Gillandi, Rinaldi, and Bettini are among the tenors, Signors Del Puente and Galassi being the chief baritones, Signor Zoboli the "*buffo*," Signor Foli the principal bass, and that with them are associated others more or less esteemed (among them Signor Runcio, a stranger), it will be seen that the masculine department promises to be no less efficient than the feminine. About the orchestra and chorus we have as yet no definite particulars; but it is said that the conductor will be Mr. Weist Hill, who at the Alexandra Palace showed himself so zealous and competent a director of orchestral performances. The Director enters into some explanations as to the advisability and the feasibility of his present undertaking. References are made to the old arguments about England being considered or not considered "a musical nation," Italian opera being, or not being, "an entertainment exclusively intended for the aristocracy," and about "favourable opportunities afforded" for doing virtually what is *not* done during the halcyon period when "fashionable classes" (for Fashion's sake) do not object to high prices—all, by the way, beside the question. Further than this, the Director rejoices in the occasion offered him of departing "from the ordinary routine, by which no operas are presented to the public but those with which it is thoroughly familiar." Such a preamble was wholly superfluous. Few can be unaware that in "extra seasons," when cheap prices are adopted and "evening dress is waived," the attractive works are those in which opera-goers generally take most delight. Ordinary amateurs cannot afford the charges maintained during the "fashionable period," and for that reason avail themselves eagerly of the chance to hear such works while the "unfashionable" prevails. No one knows this better than the Director of Her Majesty's Theatre, who might have dispensed with a preamble so utterly worn out. A simple invitation to support his proposed series of operatic performances would have answered all purposes—the more emphatically because all that is promised by way of novelty is an opera on the subject of *Ruy Blas*, by Signor Marchetti—"represented with great success in *every part* of Italy" (no powerful recommendation by the way), and Verdi's revised edition of *La Forza del Destino*, produced at the old theatre in the Haymarket some years ago, and, as the Director himself may remember, with indifferent results. Nevertheless, we heartily wish prosperity to the winter season of Italian Opera, because it cannot fail to interest a large number of amateurs unable to attend under different conditions, and because, judging by the official announcement, care seems to have been taken that the performances shall be as good as practicable. No special pleading was necessary in laying the scheme before the public. It is a fair, above-ground undertaking; and, if carried out in the spirit of the prospectus, deserves success on its own merits.

WAIFS.——Mr. Arthur Chappell begins the twentieth series of his unprecedentedly successful "Popular Concerts" on the evening of Monday fortnight. Before that date we shall have some few remarks to offer upon the intentions of the active director and the general prospects of his forthcoming season.—It is said that the Adelphi Theatre has been chosen for the next series of representations by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, which has recently been performing with great success at various towns in Scotland.—Some of the German papers inform us that the entire Tetralogy of Wagner's *Ring des Niebelungen* will be given at Munich, in the summer of 1878, and that the town itself accepts all the responsibilities..



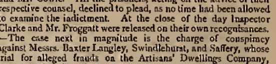
SPORTING

THE TURF.——The Houghton Meeting at Newmarket has been hardly a whit less interesting than the Second October a fortnight ago. It was hardly favoured with as fine weather, but in all other respects was as enjoyable a gathering as a lover of racing pure and simple could wish to take part in. Every year Newmarket loses more and more of its old exclusiveness, and increases in popularity with the multitude, and it may be safely said that on no previous occasion did so many spectators witness the race for the Cambridgeshire on Tuesday. The Prince of Wales was present on more than one day, and seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly in galloping about the heath on his piebald cob, though the colour of his animal must to a consider-extent have prevented his Royal Highness preserving that *incognito* he desires on such occasions. Business began as usual on the Monday, the chief race of which was the Criterion Stakes, which fell to Lord Falmouth by aid of the hitherto unbeaten Jannette, Clementine, the Doncaster Champagne winner, being second. In a field of seventeen, Lord Stamford's Emily filly, over a course just suited to her, managed to get home first; and two rogues, Chevron and The Ghost, for once took it into their heads to run straight, and secured the First Welter and Flying Stakes respectively. The great short-distance handicap of the season, known now for nearly forty years as the Cambridgeshire, came on for decision, according to custom, on the Tuesday. Though there had been some changes in the speculation market during the few days previous to the race, the three favourites of the previous week, Hilarious, Manœuvre, and Rosy Cross, maintained their position, the last-named assuming the first place at 4 to 1 before the start, so confident of success were the trainer and the Heath House party. Not less satisfied with their prospects were those who believed that Hilarious, the Cesarewitch winner, would, like Rosebery last year, carry his 14 lb. penalty to victory. What the Stanton stable really thought of their chances with Manœuvre may be hard to say, but a very large body of the public and many first-class judges considered the mare could not well lose if she only ran up to her St. Leger form with Lady Golightly. Of the outsiders the erratic Shillelagh and Belphœbe seemed backed to win and for a place for most money. Thirty-four runners came to the post after drawing lots for places, and for the first time a considerable portion of the course was flagged out as a guidance to the jockeys. Rosy Cross was the only strongly-fancied animal which drew a place far down on the lower ground, the disadvantages of which are so manifest that the wonder is the Jockey Club still adheres to the old course when so many other tracts are available. After several breaks away a capital start was effected, and Avontes, with the Monk in attendance, was the first to show in advance. It would require almost a column to give the details of the race, and we therefore must content ourselves by saying that before the Red Post was reached the favourites had held out signs of distress. After passing the Old Duke's Stand Avontes was beaten, and Monk took up the running, but was soon done for. The race then became left to Jongleur, Belphœbe, and Gladia, who passed the winning post in the order mentioned, Arbitrator being fourth, and Avontes fifth. The Cambridgeshire of 1877 will be long remembered if only for the fact that not one of the three first favourites were in the first ten at the finish. The sporting prophets, who had been unusually voluminous and confident about the race, have been floored to a man. The performance of the winner was for a three-year-old a most excellent one—perhaps the best handicap performance of modern days, as he carried no less than 8 st. 4 lbs., See-Saw as a three-year-old having had 2 lbs. less on his back when he won in 1868, and Montargis 5 lbs. in 1873. Jongleur is a French horse, the property of Prince d'Arenberg, and among other races has won the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket and the French Derby. At the Second October Meeting he beat Thunderstone and Placida, giving them both weight, and he was forthwith made a Cambridgeshire favourite; but on succumbing to Lady Golightly later in the week his chances were put down as almost hopeless, though no very long odds were laid against him. It would seem however that the fact of the French horse giving 11 lbs. to Lady Golightly was not duly taken into consideration. It is to be noted that of the last five Cambridgeshires no less than three have been taken by French horses, Montargis and Peut-être being the winners in 1873 and 1874, and that the veteran Harry Jennings was the trainer of them all. Perhaps the victory of Jongleur will tend to resuscitate the question of "Turf reciprocity;" but, however this may be, the gallant victory of a good horse could not have been better received than was that of Jongleur on Tuesday last, the cheering being literally, as the reporters often say, "loud and continuous." How many thousands of English sovereigns will follow Jongleur to France it would be impossible to say; but certain it is that "perfidious Albion" will suffer considerably in pocket; while the third, Gladia, also a French animal, will abstract additional coin. The enthusiasm of the French division at Newmarket was unbounded, and several of the most enthusiastic embraced the trainer then and there after the manner of their country. One main feature of the race was that Rosebery, who came in first last year, came in last this, having been pulled up lame. On the Cambridgeshire day that grand horse Trappist took the All Aged Stakes, and made another winning mark on the Wednesday by beating ten others in the Stand Handicap.

COURSING.——The Lurgan Open Meeting, under the patronage of Lord Lurgan, was everything that could be desired. The Derrymacash Stakes were divided between Mr. Hornby's Herzegovina and Mr. Wise's Wedding Tour, and the Brownlow Cup was won by Lord Headley's Wild Orphan.

AQUATICS.——The new match between Boyd and Higgins has not yet been concluded, the latter still holding out for the employment of cutters. It is by no means unlikely that Boyd will give way on this point.—The old antagonists and the ex-champions Sadler and Kelly are both reported well and in good fettle for their match, which is to come off on Monday week.

PEDESTRIANISM.——Gale has started on another walk at the Agricultural Hall, having set himself the task of walking 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive ten minutes. The whole thing is much to be regretted, as it is simply a question of testing a man as to his powers of doing without sleep. There is not a particle of sport in it, and if the public would only absent themselves from such absurd or rather painful exhibitions, they would not be persevered in, as they would not pay.

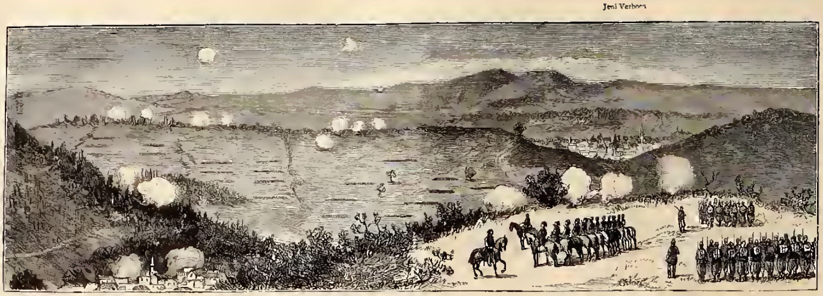


LEGAL

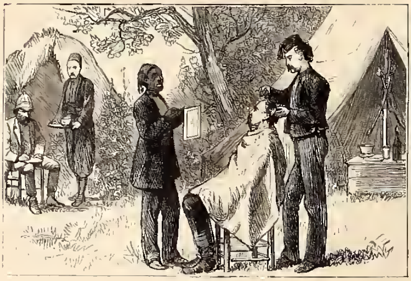
TRIALS AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.——The two foolish youths who disported themselves as highwaymen on Blackheath have been convicted and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.—The "big thing" of the sessions will be the trial of the detectives and Mr. Froggatt for their complicity in the De Goncourt frauds. There are four indictments, one of which contains 220 counts, and 110 witnesses have been subpœnaed for the prosecution. The case began on Wednesday before Mr. Baron Pollock, the prosecution being conducted by the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Gorst, Q.C., Mr. Bowen, and Mr. Cowie. All the prisoners, acting on the advice of their respective counsel, declined to plead, as no time had been allowed to examine the indictment. At the close of the day Inspector Clarke and Mr. Froggatt were released on their own recognisances.—The case next in magnitude is the charge of conspiracy against Messrs. Baxter Langley, Swindlehurst, and Saffery, whose trial for alleged frauds on the Artisans' Dwellings Company, commenced on Tuesday.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Lord Justice Amphlett is about to retire from his seat in the Court of Appeal. It is said that Sir J. Hannen will be his successor, and that Baron Huddleston will be transferred to the Probate Division.—The Home Secretary has declined to receive a deputation respecting the death of the young man Chalkley, who was wrongfully charged with the City Road burglary. It is, however, stated that the alleged misconduct of the police is being "carefully considered."—The men of the 19th Hussars who were concerned in the recent *emeute* at the Curragh Camp, have been tried by court-martial at the Royal Barracks, Dublin, and the finding of the Court is now under consideration at the War Office.—The Middlesex Magistrates have decided the question of Gin *v.* Gin-and-water, their judgment being that it is not legal to sell the latter under the name of the former. The disappointed publicans will therefore have to pay not only their original fines, but also the costs of the appeal. The Hull stipendiary magistrate has taken a similar common-sense view.—A singular charge of abduction was inquired into the other day at Greenwich, whither a little girl of eight, who resided in Lambeth, had been taken by a young man who gave a false name and address. The journey was performed in a tramcar, and the crying of the child attracted the attention of the conductor, who put the affair into the hands of a policeman.—A Sheffield tradesman being annoyed by the smoke which issued from the wigwam of a travelling photographer which had been pitched near his house, put an end to the nuisance by the very

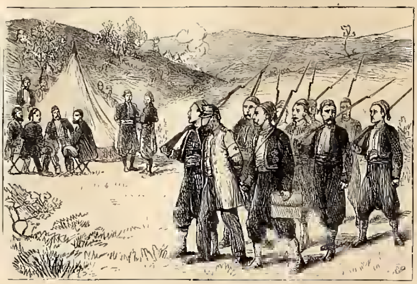
(Continued on page 406)



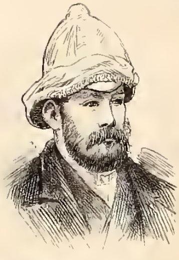
THE BATTLE OF CHERKOVNA, OR JENI VERBOCA



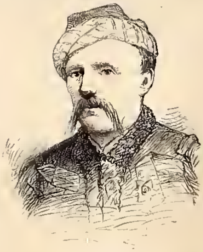
THE CAMP BARBER



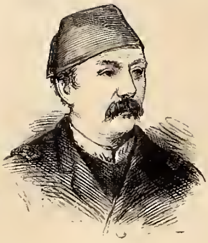
A "RED CROSS" OFFICIAL ARRESTED AS A SPY



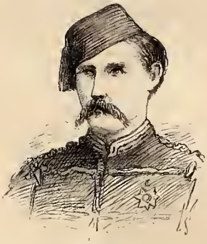
CAPTAIN SARTORIUS
Military Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*



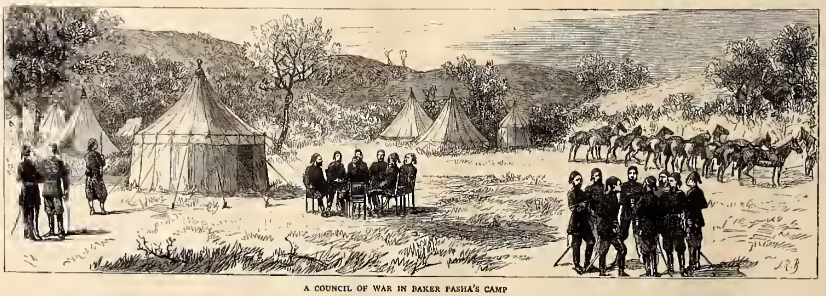
COLONEL BRISCOE
Formerly of the 15th Hussars, now Staff Officer to Baker Pasha



BAKER PASHA



MAJOR ALLIX
Formerly of the Grenadier Guards, now Staff Officer to Baker Pasha



A COUNCIL OF WAR IN BAKER PASHA'S CAMP

WITH THE TURKS—ON THE LOM

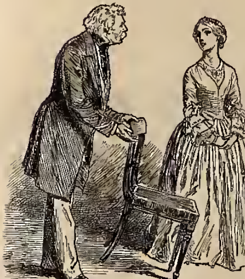
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OLD PROMISE



AFTER a disquieted and uneasy night, haunted with Cassandra-like visions of coming trouble, I arose, anxious and nervous. "Am I going to kill the girl? Wait till she was eighteen?" What could these words mean except one thing? To connect Celia, even in thought, with this smooth and cynical old German was worse than any union of May and December. Innocence and trust: belief in high aims and pure motives on the one hand—on the other that perfect knowledge of evil which easteth out faith. A maiden whose chief charm, next to her beauty, to the adept of sixty, was her strange and unwonted ignorance of the world and its wickedness. And yet—and yet—we were in this nineteenth century, and we were in England, where men do not give away or sell their daughters, unless in novels: how could it be possible that a man of the world, a successful man, like Mr. Tyrrell, should contemplate, even for a moment, the sacrifice of his only child on such an altar?

As our misfortunes always fall together, I received, the next morning, on my way home from giving my last lesson, a second blow, from an equally unexpected quarter. This time it was from Wassielewski. The old man, who had been dejected and resigned since the failure of his schemes in 1854, was walking along upright, swinging his arms with an elated air. When he saw me he threw up his long arms, and waved them like the sails of a windmill.

"It is coming," he cried. "It is coming once more. This time it will be no failure. And you shall take your part. Only wait a week, Ladislas Pulaski, and you shall know all. Silence, until you are admitted into our plans."

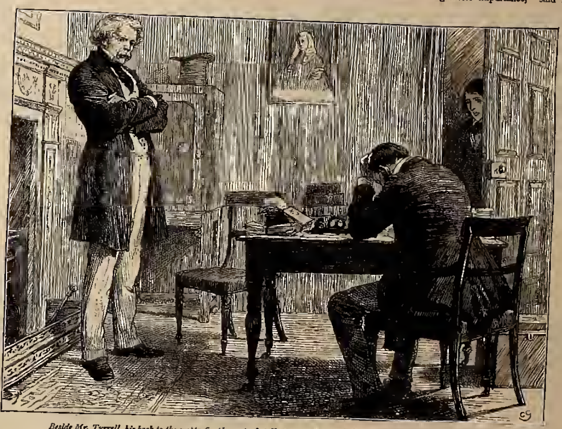
He shook my hand with a pressure which meant more than his words, and left me, with his head thrown back, his long white hair streaming in the wind, tossing his arms and gesticulating.

I had almost forgotten that I was a Pole, and the reminder came upon me with a disagreeable shock. It was like being told of some responsibility you would willingly let sleep—some duty you would devolve upon others. And to take my part? Strange transformation of a cripple and a music-master into a conspirator and a rebel.

For a week nothing was said by Mr. Tyrrell, and I was forgetting my anxiety on that score when, one afternoon, I went, as usual, to see Celia. There were, as I have said, two entrances, that of the front door, which was also the office door, and that at the end of the garden, which was used by Celia and myself. This afternoon, by some accident of choice, I went to the front door. To the right was Mr. Tyrrell's private office; as I passed I saw that the door was open—that he was sitting at his table, his head upon his hand in a dejected position, and that beside him, his back to the empty fireplace, stood, tall, commanding, as if the place belonged to him, Herr Räumer.

He saw me, and beckoned me to enter the office.

"Here is Celia's private tutor, adviser, and most confidential friend," he said, in his mocking tones. "Here is Ladislas Pulaski. Why not confide the task to him? Let him speak to Celia first, if you will not."



Beside Mr. Tyrrell his back to the empty fireplace, stood, tall, commanding, as if the place belonged to him, Herr Räumer

What task?

Mr. Tyrrell raised his face, and looked at me. I think I have never seen a more sorrowful face than his at that moment—more sorrowful, or more humiliated. I had always known him bold, confident, self-reliant, of a proud and independent bearing. All that was gone, and in a single night. He looked crushed. Now, it was as if another spirit possessed the well-known features, for they were transformed. What had this man done to him—what power over him did he possess that could work this great and sorrowful transformation?

Herr Räumer had taken off his blue spectacles, and his sharp keen eyes were glittering like steel. If the man was cynical, he was also resolute. Years of self-indulgence had not softened the determination with which he carried out a purpose.

"Ladislas Pulaski," he went on, seeing that Mr. Tyrrell did not speak, "knows Celia better than you, even—her father—or than myself, her future husband."

"Your what!" I cried, as he announced the thing in a calm judicial way, like the voice of Fate.

"Her future husband," he repeated. "The words are intelligible, are they not? Celia will become my wife. Why do you look from Mr. Tyrrell to me in that extraordinary manner? Is there, then, something monstrous in the fact?"

"Yes," I replied, boldly. "Celia is eighteen, and you are sixty."

"I am sixty-two," he said. "I shall live, I dare say, another eight or ten years. Celia will make these ten years happy. She will then be at liberty to marry anybody else."

"What you hear, Ladislas," said Mr. Tyrrell, speaking with an effort, and shading his eyes as if he did not venture to look me in the face; "what you hear from Herr Räumer is quite true. Celia does not know yet—we were considering when you arrived how to tell her—does not know—yet—our friend here insists upon her being told at once. The fact is, my dear Ladislas," he went on, trying to speak at his ease, and as if it were quite an ordinary transaction, "some years since——"

"Ten years," said Herr Räumer.

"Ten years since, our friend here did me a service of some importance."

"Of *some* importance only, my dear Tyrrell?"

"Of very great importance—of vital importance. Never mind of what nature."

"That does not matter, at *present*," said Herr Räumer. "Proceed, my father-in-law."

"As an acknowledgment of that favour—as I then believed—yes, Räumer, it is the truth, and you know it—as I then believed, in a sort of joke——"

"I never joke," said the German.

"——I promised that he should marry Celia."

"That promise I have never since alluded to until last night," Herr Räumer explained. "It was a verbal promise, but I knew that it would be kept. There were no papers or agreements between us; but they were unnecessary. As friends we gave a pledge to each other. 'My dear Tyrrell,' I said, 'you are much younger than I am; almost young enough to be my son. You have a daughter. If I am still in this town when she is eighteen years of age you must let me marry her, if I am then of the same mind.' My friend here laughed and acceded."

"But I did not think—I did not understand——"

"That is beside the mark. It was a promise. Celia was a pretty child then, and has grown into a beautiful woman. I shall be proud of my wife. Because, Tyrrell,"—his brow contracted—"I am quite certain that the promise will be kept."

"The promise did not, and could not, amount to more than an engagement to use my influence with Celia."

"Much more," said the other. "Very much more. I find myself, against my anticipations, still in this quiet town of yours. I find the girl grown up. I find myself getting old. I say to myself—'That was a lucky service you rendered Mr. Tyrrell.' And it was of a nature which would make the most grateful man wish silence to be kept about it. And the promise was most providential. Now will my declining years be rich in comfort."

"Providential or not," said Celia's father, plucking up his courage; "if Celia will not accept you, the thing is ended."

"Not ended," said Herr Räumer, softly. "Just beginning."

"Then God help us," burst out the poor man, with a groan.

"Certainly," responded his persecutor. "By all means, for you will want all the help that is to be got. Mr. Pulaski, who is entirely *ami de famille*, is now in a position to understand the main facts. There are two contracting parties. One breaks his part of the contract—the other, not by way of revenge, but in pursuance of a just policy, breaks his. The consequences fall on the first man's head. Now, Tyrrell, let us have no more foolish scruples. I will make a better husband for your girl than any young fellow. She shall have her own way; she shall do what she likes, and dress—and—all the rest of it, just as she chooses. What on earth do women want more?"

I felt sick and dizzy. Poor Celia!

Herr Räumer placed his hand upon the bell.

"I am going to send for her," he said. "If you do not speak to her yourself I will do so. As Ladislas Pulaski is here to give us moral support"—the man could not speak without a sneer—"it will be quite a *conseil de famille*, and we shall not have to trouble Mrs. Tyrrell at all. You can tell her this evening, if necessary."

He rang. Augustus Brambler, as the junior clerk, answered the bell. I noticed that his eyes looked from one to the other of us, as he took the message from the German, in a mild wonder. Augustus ran messages of all sorts with equal alacrity, provided they were connected with the office. He would have blacked boots, had he been told to do so, and considered it all part of the majesty of the law.

When Celia came Herr Räumer made her a very profound and polite bow, and placed a chair for her.

She looked at her father, who sat still with his head on his hand, and then at me.

"What is it, papa? What is it, Laddy?" she asked.

"Your father has a communication to make to you of the very greatest importance," said Herr Räumer, softly and greatly. "Of so great importance that it concerns the happiness of two lives."

I hardly knew the man. He was soft, he was winning, he was even *young*, as he murmured these words with another bow of greater profundity than would have become an Englishman.

Then Mr. Tyrrell rose to the occasion. Any man, unless he is an abject coward, can rise to the occasion, if necessary, and act a part becomingly, if not nobly. You rarely hear of a man having to be carried to the gallows, for instance, though the short walk there must have a thousand pangs for every footfall. Mr. Tyrrell rose, and tried to smile through the black clouds of shame and humiliation.

"Celia, my dear child," he said, "Herr Räumer to-day has asked my consent to his becoming, if you consent, my son-in-law."

"Your son-in-law, papa?"

"My son-in-law, Celia," he replied, firmly; the plunge once made the rest of the work appear easier. "I am quite aware that there are many objections to be advanced at the outset. Herr Räumer, you will permit me, my friend, to allude once and for all to——"

"To the disparity of age?"

No wooer of five-and-twenty could have been more airily bland, as if the matter were not worth mentioning seriously.

"The disparity of age? Certainly. I have the great misfortune to be forty-four years older than Miss Tyrrell. Let us face the fact."

"Quite so. Once stated—it is faced," said Mr. Tyrrell, gaining courage every moment. "The objection is met by the fact that our friend is no weak old man, to want a nurse, but strong and vigorous, still in the prime of life."

"The prime of life," echoed the suitor, smiling.

"He is, it may also be objected," said Mr. Tyrrell, as if anxious to get at the worst aspect of the case at once; "he is a foreigner—a German. What then? If there is a nation with which we have a national sympathy, it is the German nation. And as regards other things he has the honour of——"

"Say of an Englishman, my friend. Say of an English lawyer and gentleman."

Mr. Tyrrell winced for a moment.

"He is honourable and upright, of an excellent disposition, gentle in his instincts, sympathetic and thoughtful for others——"

"My dear friend," the Herr interposed, "is not that too much? Miss Tyrrell will not believe that one man can have all those perfections."

"Celia will find out for herself," said her father, laughing.

"And now, my child, that you know so much, and that we have considered all possible objections, there remains something more to be said. It is now ten years since this project was first talked over between us."

"Ten years!" cried Celia.

"As a project only, because it was impossible to tell where we might be after so long a time. It was first spoken of between us after an affair, a matter of business, with which I will only so far trouble you as to say that it laid me under the most lively obligations to Herr Raumer. Remember, my dear, that the gratitude you owe to this gentleman is beyond all that any act of yours can repay. But we do not wish you to accept Herr Räumer from gratitude. I want you to feel that you have here a chance of happiness such as seldom falls to any girl."

"In my country, Miss Tyrrell," said Herr Räumer, gravely, "it is considered right for the suitor to seek first the approbation of the parents. I am aware that in England the young lady is often addressed before the parents know anything of—of—of the attachment. If I have behaved after the manner of my people, you will, I doubt not, forgive me."

I ventured to look at Celia. She sat in the chair which Herr Raumer had given her at the foot of the table, upright and motionless. Her cheeks had a touch of angry red in them, and her eyes sought her father's, as if trying to read the truth in them. "You should know, dear Celia," Mr. Tyrell went on, "not only from my friend's wish, but also mine, I—I—I think, that we can hardly expect an answer yet."

"Not yet," he murmured; "Miss Tyrrell will give me another opportunity, alone, of pleading my own cause. It is enough to day that she knows what her father's hopes are, and what are mine. I would ask only to say a few words, if Miss Tyrrell will allow me."

He bowed again.

"Ten years ago, when this project—call it the fancy of a man for a child as yet unformed,—came into my brain, I began to watch your progress and your education. I saw with pleasure that you were not sent to those schools where girls' minds are easily imbued with worldly ideas"—good Heavens! was Herr Räumer about to put on the garb of religion?—"Later on I saw with greater pleasure that your chief companion and principal tutor was Mr. Ladislas Pulaski, a gentleman whose birth alone should inspire with noble thoughts. Under his care I watched you, Miss Tyrrell, growing gradually from infancy into womanhood. I saw that your natural genius was developed; that you were becoming a musician of high order, and that by the sweetness of your natural disposition you were possessing yourself of a manner which I, who have known Courts, must be allowed to pronounce—Perfect. It is not too much to say that I have asked a gift which any man, of whatever exalted rank, would be proud to have; that there is no position however lofty which Miss Tyrrell would not grace; and that I am deeply conscious of my own demerits. At the same time I yield to no one in the resolution to make that home happy which it is in Miss Tyrrell's power to give me. The slightest wish shall be gratified; the most trifling want shall be anticipated. If we may, for once, claim a little superiority over the English, it is in that power of divining beforehand, of guessing from a look or a gesture, the wishes of those we love, which belongs to us Germans."

It was the first and the last time I have ever heard this mysterious power spoken of. No doubt, as Herr Raumer claimed it for his countrymen, they do possess it. Most Germans I have ever seen have struck me as being singularly cold persons, far behind the French in that subtle sympathy which makes a man divine in the manner spoken of by Herr Räumer.

The speech was lengthy and wordy; it was delivered in the softest voice, and with a certain impressiveness. Somehow—so far, at least, as I was concerned, it failed to produce a favourable effect. There was not the true ring about it. Celia made a slight acknowledgment, and looked again at her father.

Then Herr Raumer turned effusively to me.

"I have no words," he said, "to express the very great thanks which I—which we—owe to you for the watchful and brotherly care which you have given to Miss Tyrrell. It is not in the power of money——"

"There has never been any question of money," said Mr. Tyrrell, quickly, "between Ladislas and us."

"I know. There are disinterested people in the world, after all," Herr Räumer said with a smile. "You are one of them, Mr. Pulaski. At the same time," he added airily, "you cannot escape our thanks. You will have to go through life laden with our gratitude."

Celia got up and gave me her hand.

"You do not want me to say anything now, Papa," she said. "We will go. Come, Laddy."

We closed the door of the office behind us, and escaped into the garden, where the apple blossoms were in their pink and white beauty; through the gate at the end, to our own resort and rest, by Celia's Arbour. We leaned against the rampart and looked out, over the broad sloping bank of bright green turf, set with buttercups as with golden buttons, across the sunny expanse of the harbour. The grass of the bastion was strewn with the brown casings of the newly-born leaves, the scabbards which had kept them from the frost. We could not speak. Her hand held mine.

Presently she whispered—

"Laddy, is it real? Does Papa mean it?"

"Yes, Celia."

"And yesterday I was so happy."

Then we were silent again, for I had no word of comfort.

"Laddy," she cried, with a start of hope, "what is to day? The first of June. Then in three weeks' time Leonard will be home again. I will give no answer for three weeks. Leonard will help us. All will be right for us when Leonard comes home."

CHAPTER XVIII.

FROM THE ORGAN LOFT

In three weeks. Leonard would be home in three weeks. We had been so long looking forward that, now the time was close at hand, the realisation of its approach came on us like a shock.

We stared at each other.

"Three weeks, Cis! How will he come home?"

"I do not know. He will come home triumphant. Laddy, a moment ago I was so wretched—now I am so hopeful. He will come home and help us. We are like shipwrecked sailors in sight of land."

We did not doubt but that he would be another Perseus to the new Andromeda. What he was to do, more than we could do ourselves, we did not know. But he would do something. And that conviction, in the three weeks which followed, was our only stay and hope. We could not take counsel with the Captain, and even Mrs. Tyrrell was not informed of what had happened. She was to be told when Celia gave her answer. Meantime, Celia's lover made for the moment no sign of impatience. He came to the house in the evenings. He listened to Celia's playing and singing; he ventured with deference on a little criticism; he treated her with such respect as a lady might get from a *preux chevalier* of the old school; he loaded her with *petits soins*; he never alluded in the slightest way to their interview in the office; his talk was soft, and in presence of the girl he seldom displayed any of the cynical sayings which generally garnished his conversation; and he assumed the manner of a Christian gentleman of great philanthropic experience, and some disappointment with human nature. I was a good deal amused by the change, but a little disquieted, because it showed that he was in earnest. There was to be no brutal force, no melodramatic marriage by reluctant consent to save a father from something or other indefinite. He was laying siege in due form, hoping to make the fortress surrender in due time, knowing that the defences were undermined by the influence of her father.

The Sunday after the first breaking of the matter he astonished me by appearing in the Tyrrells' square pew. I saw him from the organ loft, and watched him with the utmost admiration. He was certainly a well set-up man, tall and straight. His full white moustache gave him a soldierlike look. He wore a tightly-buttoned frock, which was not the fashion of the day, with a rosebud in the button-hole, and new light lavender gloves. The general effect produced was exactly what he desired, that of a man no longer young, but still in vigorous life; a man remarkable in appearance, and probably remarkable, did the congregation know it, for his personal history. In church he laid aside the blue spectacles which he always wore in the street. His manner was almost theatrically reverential, although he showed a little uncertainty about getting up and sitting down. I have already explained that this was leisurely among occupants of the square pews at St. Faith's, so that his hesitation was less marked than it would be in an advanced church of the more recent type. I do not know whether he sang, because my back was necessarily turned to the congregation while I played for them, and among the curious mixture of discordances which rose to the organ loft, and together made up the hymn, I could not distinguish the German's deep bass with the unmistakeable rasp in it. There was the squawk of the old ladies who sat along the aisle—you made that out easily by reason of their being always half-a-dozen notes behind; there was the impetuous rush of those irregular cavalry, the charity children, who sat round the altar rails, and always sang a few notes in advance; there was the long-drawn hum of the congregational "joining in," which, taken in the lump, as one got it up in the organ loft, was like the air played slowly on a barrel organ with a cold, or like a multitude attempting a tune through their noses. And there were sporadic sounds, issuing, I had reason to suppose, from individual singers, from him who tried tenor, and from her who attempted an alto. And sometimes I thought I could distinguish the sweet voice of Celia, but that was probably fancy.

The hymn over, I was free to turn round, and, through an uplifted corner of the red curtain to watch Herr Räumer. The preacher on this Sunday was the Rev. John Pontifex, and it was a pretty sight to see the rapt attention with which the Teutonic proselyte followed the argument, as if it was something strange, original, and novel. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Pontifex's one sermon. He only had one. Like Single-speech Hamilton, he concentrated all the logic at his command into one argumentative discourse. Unlike Single-speech, he went on preaching it whenever he was asked to preach at all. To be sure, he introduced variations in the text, in the exordium, and in the peroration. But the body of the discourse was invariably the same. And it was not a cheerful sermon. On the contrary, it was condemnatory, and sent people home to their dinners with a certainty about the future which ought to have taken away all their appetites.

Up in the organ loft you had advantages over your fellows. The church lay at your feet, with the people in their pews sitting mute and quiet, and yet each man preserving in his attitude, in his eyes, in the pose of his head, his own individuality. Mr. Tyrrell, for instance, showed that he was ill at ease by his downcast eyes and drooping head. His daughter and I alone knew the reason of his disquietude, with that stranger who sat in the same pew with him. Behind Mr. Tyrrell was the Captain in a long pew. Years before he had sat there Sunday after Sunday with two boys. Was the old man thinking that in three more Sundays he might sit there with the wanderer back again? He entertained great respect for a sermon, as part of a chaplain's duties ashore, but it would have been difficult to discover from any subsequent remarks that he ever listened. Looking at him now, from my lofty coign of vantage, I see from his eyes that his thoughts are far away. Perhaps he is with Leonard, perhaps he is tossing on a stormbeat sea, or slave-chasing off the West Coast, or running again into Navarino Bay on a certain eventful afternoon. There is a calm about the old man's face which speaks of peace. What are the denunciations of the Rev. John Pontifex to him?

"——Whither you will all of you—alas!—most infallibly go unless you change your ways——"

Within the Communion rails, the Rev. Mr. Broughton, his legs stretched out, his feet upon a footstool, and his hands clasped across his portly form, is sitting comfortably. His part of the morning exercises is finished. His eyes are closed and his head nodding. Happy Perpetual Curate! On the red baize cushions round the rails are twenty or thirty school children, recipients of some charity. Why do they dress the poor girls in so perfectly Awful a uniform? And why is the verger allowed to creep round during the sermon, cane in hand, to remind any erring infant that be must not sleep in church? It ought not to be allowed.

Look at the faces of the congregation as they are turned up vacantly to the roof. No one is listening—except Herr Räumer. What are they all thinking about? In this hive of a thousand people, there is not one but has his heart and brain full of his own hopes and fears. What are the terrible forebodings of the preacher—"No hope for any but the Elect. Alas! They are very few in number. For the rest of you, my brethren"——What are these words, which ought to generate a maddening despair, to the present anxieties and troubles of the people? The fat and prosperous grocer in the square pew is worried about a bill that falls due to-morrow; his daughter is thinking that a dear friend has treacherously copied the trimmings of her bonnet; the boys are wishing it was over; and so on. Did such words as the Rev. John Pontifex is now uttering ever have any real meaning? Or did they always lose their force by being applied, as we apply them now, to our neighbours. "Elect? Well, of course, I am one. Let us hope that our friends are also in the number. But I have my fears." We are in a Dead Church, with a Preacher of Dead Words; the old Calvinistic utterances drop upon hearts which have fallen away from the dogma and are no longer open to their terrors. Such a sermon as the one preached by the Rev. John Pontifex on that Sunday morning would be impossible now. Then it was only part of the regular Church business. Well, that is all changed; we have new dangers and new enemies; among them is no longer the old listlessness of service.

"Lastly, my brethren——" See,—Mr. Broughton wakes up; the children nudge each other; the Captain's eyes come back to the present, and he instinctively gathers together the "tools," and puts them back in their box; a twitter of expectancy, with a faint preliminary rustle of feminine garments, ascends to my perch.

"Remember, that you, too, are included, one and all, in the sentence upon Ca—per—na—um."

So; he has finished. Herr Räumer sits back with a long breath, as if the argument had convinced him. Mrs. Tyrrell shakes her head solemnly. The clerk gives out the final hymn.

Oh! may our earthly Sabbaths prove
A foretaste of the joys above.

Poor charity children! They go home to a cold collation insufficient in quantity; they have been caned for inattention; they have to attend three services like this every Sunday. And yet they pray for a continuance of these joys.

"Oh! Ladislas," cries Mrs. Tyrrell, with a sigh of rapture, when I came up with the party after playing them out. "What a sermon! What Gospel truth! What force of expression! It is astonishing to me that Uncle Pontifex has never been made a bishop. He is coming to dinner on Tuesday," she resumes, with an entirely secular change of voice, "with Aunt Jane. Come, too, Ladislas, and talk to aunt. There will be the loveliest pair of ducks."

Herr Räumer is walking beside Celia. She is pale, and, from the manner in which she carries her parasol, I should say that she is a little afraid lest her suitor should say something. But he does not. He is content to hover round her; to be seen with her; to accustom people to the association of himself with Celia Tyrrell. It is easy to divine his purpose. Suddenly to announce an engagement between an elderly man of sixty and a girl of less than twenty would be to make a nine days' wonder. Let them be seen together, so that when the right moment shall arrive to make the announcement there shall seem nothing strange about it.

One thing let me say. I have, least of all men, reason to love this German. That will be presently apparent. But I wish to be just to him. And I think he loved Celia honestly.

I am, indeed, sure he did. I saw it in the way he followed her about with his eyes, in the softened tone of his voice; in the way in which he sought me out, and tried to learn from me what were her favourite books, her music, her tastes, so that he might anticipate them. The jealousy of my own affection for Celia sharpened my senses. What I saw in him I recognised as my own. I wonder how much that strange passion of love might have done to softening the man. For as regards the rest of the world he remained the same as before, cold, cynical, emotionless, without affections or pity. A man turned out by a machine could not have been more devoid of human sympathy. For instance, he was lodged in Augustus Brambler's first floor, and he was waited on by the best and prettiest of all Augustus's numerous olive branches, little Forty-Four. She was like her father, inasmuch as she was unceasingly active, always cheerful and brave, always patient and hopeful, always happy in herself. Unlike her father, the work she did was good work. She kept her lodger in luxurious comfort, cooked his dinner as he loved it, and left him nothing to desire.

Yet he never spoke a word to her that was not a command, never thanked her, never took the slightest notice of her presence. This bright-eyed, pleasant-faced, obliging girl, who did a hundred things for him which were not in the bond, was, in fact, no more to him than a mere machine. Sometimes, observing this strange disregard of all human creatures, it occurred to me that he might have learned it by long continuance in military service. A soldier is a creature who carries out orders—among other things. Perhaps the soldiers in Herr Räumer's corps were nothing else. That would be a delightful world where all the men were drilled soldiers, and military manœuvres the principal occupation, the art of war the only study, and victory the only glory. And yet to this we are tending. Whenever I tried to interest him in his landlord's family he would listen patiently, and change the subject.

"The Brambler people?" he asked with no show of interest. "Yes—I have seen them—father who runs messages." Poor Augustus! This all the majesty of the Law!—"uncle who reports for paper—children who fall down the stairs. What have I to do with these *canaille?*"

I ventured to suggest that they were poor and deserving—that, &c.

"Bah!" he said. "That is the cant of English charity, my young friend. You will tell me next that men are all brothers. Do not, I beg, fall into that trap set for the benevolent."

"I will not, with you," I said. "I suppose you think that men are all enemies."

I said this with my most withering and sarcastic smile.

"I do," he replied, solemnly. "All men are enemies. For our own advantage, and for no other reason, we do not kill each other, but unite in societies and kill our neighbours. Come, you want me to pretend benevolent sympathy with the people in this house, because the father is a fool and they are poor. There are an infinite number of poor people in the world. Some of them, even, are starving. Well, it is not my fault. Let them starve. It is my business to live, and get the most out of life."

"Do all your countrymen think like you?" I asked.

"All," he replied. "In Berlin we are a clear-sighted people. We put self-preservation first. That means everything. I do not say that we have no delusions. Machinery called charitable exists: not to so extensive and ruinous a degree as in England: still there is hope for the weakest when he goes to the wall that some one will take care of him."

"You would let him die."

"I do not actively wish him to die. If I saw that his life would be of the slightest use to me, I should help him to live. Let us talk of more agreeable things. Let us talk of Celia. Take a glass of hock. So."

He lit another cigar and lay back in his chair, murmuring enjoyable words.

"You told me, a little while ago, that the man you admired most in the world, the noblest and the best, I think you said, after the Captain, was Mr. Tyrrell. Do you think so now?"

I was silent.

"You do not. You cannot. That is a lesson for you, Ladislas Pulaski. Remember that there is no man noblest and best. Think of yourself at your worst, and then persuade yourself that all other men are like that."

I said nothing to that, because there was nothing to say. It is one way of looking at the world; the best way, it seems to me, to drag yourself down and to keep down everybody round you.

"I said then, but you were too indignant to accept the doctrine, that every man had his price. You may guess Mr. Tyrrell's. Every woman has her's. Celia's price is—her father; I have bought her at that price, which I was fortunately able to command."

"You do not know yet."

"Yes, I do know. All in good time. I can wait. Now, Ladislas Pulaski, I will be frank with you. I intended this *coup* all along, and have prepared the way for it. I admire the young lady extremely. Let me, even, say that I love her. She is, I am sure, as good and virtuous as she is pretty. Of all girls I have ever seen, I think Celia Tyrrell is the best. It is, I know, partly due to your training. She is the pearl of your pupils. Her manner is perfect; her face is perfect; her conversation is admirable; her general cultivation is good."

"She is all that you say," I replied.

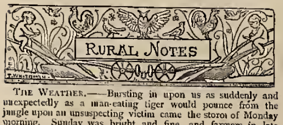
"You love her, I believe, like a brother. At least, Celia says so. When I was your age, if I did not love a young lady like a brother I made it a rule always to tell her so at the earliest opportunity. That inability to love a girl after the brotherly fashion has more than once endangered my life. Like a brother, is it not?"

"Like a brother," I murmured, passing over the covert sneer.

"Very well, then. It is a weakness on my part, but I am willing to make sacrifices for this girl. I will study her wishes. She shall be treated with the greatest forbearance and patience. I do not expect that she will love me as I love her. That would be absurd. But I hope that, in a little while, a month or two,"—I breathed freely, because I feared he was going to say a day or two,—"she will receive my attentions with pleasure, and learn to give me the esteem which young wives may feel for elderly husbands. I am not going to be ridiculous; I am not a Blue Beard; I know that women can be coaxed when they cannot be forced. *J'ai conté fleurettes*—it is not for the first time in life that one makes love at sixty.

"After all," he went on, cheerfully, "Celia ought to be a happy girl. I shall die in ten years, I suppose. She will be a widow at eight-and-twenty. Just the age to enjoy life. Just the time when a woman wants her full liberty. What a thing—to be eight-and-twenty, to bury an old husband, and to have his money!"

(To be continued)



RURAL NOTES

The Weather.——Bursting in upon us as suddenly and unexpectedly as a man-eating tiger would pounce from the jungle upon an unsuspecting victim came the storm of Monday morning. Sunday was bright and fine, and farmers in late districts were congratulating themselves that soon the later corn would be ready for reaping, and that that in stooks would be garnered speedily. Those who had got their crops in and their fields cleared for cultivation feared no harm. The Sabbath's evening sky looked peaceful—the morrow showed stacks in the farmyards overturned, unthatched, barns unroofed, and portions of the not too plentiful crop blown away altogether. In the north of Scotland, where harvest is very late, much damage was done by rivers overflowing their banks, and it was with difficulty that stock could be rescued from pastures adjoining the angry waters. The Tay rose six feet above its normal autumn flow, and whirled away the stooks standing in the fields remorselessly. From the North of England there are numerous reports all agreeing that the crop is short, that turnips and mangolds are not looking growthy, and that potatoes are getting touched with disease, in some districts very virulently so. From the west of Scotland the tenor of the communications are that the cut crops are in a miserable plight, and where they have been carted and stacked heating has ensued, which, of course, means pulling down and rebuilding, which means deterioration in quality of the grain and expense to the farmer. Autumn cultivation in the Home and Midland counties is fairly forward.

The Wheat Crop of this Year.——Mr. J. B. Lawes, of Rothamsted, the great agricultural scientist, and not above practice, who for thirty years in succession has grown wheat on the same plots without and with the aid of different kinds of manures, is of opinion that the yield of wheat as tested on the threshing floor is not so deficient as he had expected from its look in the fields. Without farmyard manure the result was a little better in quantity this year than last, so also was it with dung, but on certain plots manured with artificial compounds there was a falling-off. Noticeably, however, there is a sad lack of quality this year as compared with last, and the opinion arrived at by this eminent authority is that we shan't have more than 10,000,000 quarters of home produce, and that consequently we shall need about 13,000,000 quarters from abroad. It should not be forgotten that such estimates by the best calculators are at this time of the year only rough guess work.

Landlords, Farmers, and Labourers.——There has been a truce to the feud between farmer and labourer. The hot-headedness of the latter has been cooled down by a slight douche of experience, mingled with a modicum of common sense, and farmers also have found it advisable not to be quite so contumacious as they were three or four years ago. So far as farmers and labourers are concerned, the agricultural mills are working pretty smoothly at present, so far as can be judged from the hiring fairs now going on. Changes are not frequent, and wages, in some places a little lower, in others a little higher, than at the previous hiring, are taken and given without growling. We were extremely glad to see that Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson the other day urged upon landlords the necessity of building better cottages for the sons of the soil. Ever since the agricultural strike was inaugurated it has been maintained in this column of *The Graphic* that the want of decent house accommodation for ploughmen lay at the root of the agitation. The Under Home Secretary entirely bears out our views, and we trust that, coming from such an authority, they will have due effect. His words were that "he hoped to see the welfare of the labourer promoted by a combination of the landlords throughout the country to give him a better house." With a better cottage, let to him, as it ought to be, at a reasonable rent, Hodge would be "able to live and labour in hard times like these without striking for an increase of wages." A man who is bound to live in a hovel worse than a pig stye, which many of the English labourers have to do, is not likely to cherish much regard for those who compel him to live in such a condition.

Cattle Disease.—It is gratifying to note from the reports made at the various quarter sessions throughout the county that there is a great diminution in pleuro-pneumonia and foot-and-mouth disease. In the great dairy county of Cheshire the cases of pleuro-pneumonia had decreased from 77 in 1876 to 32 in 1877. In Warwickshire there are only 5 cases, as compared with 80 in the corresponding term of last year. In other counties the area of disease has been proportionately reduced, and some even show a clean bill of health. The reduction of pleuro-pneumonia is attributed to the stringent measures taken at the beginning of the year to prevent ravages by cattle plague. Speaking of pleuro-pneumonia, it may be noted that two reports have recently been made by scientific men as to whether the flesh of cattle affected with pleuro-pneumonia was injurious to health or not. One report was made under the auspices of the Irish Cattle Defence Association, the other under the direction of the Dublin Sanitary Association. The framers of the former do not think that there is any evidence to show that meat cut from cattle affected with pleuro in its incipient stage is harmful, while the latter reporters would not allow such meat to be sold at any price whatever. In our own experience we have seen the flesh of animals slightly affected with lung complaint eaten freely without the slightest injurious results, but we should hardly recommend such beef to our friends for all that.

Miscellaneous.——The late Prince Consort's handsome twenty guinea cups presented by the Queen for the best root cultivation in the Royal East Berks and Royal South Bucks district have been awarded to field crops of Sutton's improved varieties of roots.—The stubbornness and stupidity of the pig have been recognised by all naturalists and Irish pigowners, but there is one quality that has hitherto escaped their notice—viz., "Grumphy's" life-saving powers. A Welsh pig fell into a brick kiln, and, being unable to extricate itself, it was confined, therefore, without meat or drink for sixteen days. When rescued we are told the pig was able to eat, and did not seem at all in a bad condition. If the pig bears not a charmed life the tenacity is wonderful, if true.—The prices of donkeys in Poitou ranges from 200*l*. to 400*l*. The one shown by Mr. Sutherland at the dairy show, and illustrated in *The Graphic* of October 13, cost 300*l*. This jackass at thirty months old stands 14 hands 3 inches high, has strong bone, and great substance. He is intended for breeding draught mules from cart mares.—The gale in the Atlantic has caused great loss of Canadian and Spanish cattle and American meat—altogether on three consignments about 2,000.

New Novels

"Glory," by Mrs. Linnæus Banks, author of "The Manchester Man," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—There can hardly be said to be an attempt at plot in this novel, and it does not contain a single character of anything like fascinating interest; but, all the same, we have seldom come upon a story that takes a stronger hold upon the reader's attention. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the freshness and novelty of Mrs. Banks' theme, but still more, we fancy, to the effective realism of her treatment of it. The book is, in the main, a picture of English rural life at the close of the last and the opening of the present century, and the author writes of the period of the great French war as though she had herself lived through it. Her hero is one Jesse Wilton, wheelwright and small farmer in a straggling Wiltshire village on the highway between Marlborough and Devizes, whose acquaintance we first make in the year 1796. Well pleased we watch him prospering in his calling, and in his wooing of the good and pretty Rosanna Beckingham, daughter of the clerk of St. Mary's, Marlborough, and follow him through the first happy years of his married life. Then Jesse, under artful instigation, little by little slides into habits of intemperance, and allows himself to be so carried away by the martial ardour prevailing at the time throughout the country that he can think or speak of nothing but "glory," the glory of being a soldier, and doing battle in the cause of Old England. At last, in a fit of intoxication, he is entrapped into taking the King's shilling, and so puts himself under the power of the base and cruel young officer who hates him for having carried off the girl whose dishonour this fine Lieutenant Tempest was plotting. The latter takes every opportunity that his position gives to wreak his spite in persecution and injustice. We follow Jesse as a soldier to Holland, to Egypt, and to the Peninsula, and the author's sketches of actual warfare, if they do not seem quite so real as those of life in Wiltshire country towns and villages, are certainly vivid and forcible—the description of Sir John Moore's famous retreat upon Corunna, in particular, deserving very high praise. How Rosanna plays the part of the devoted wife through all her unfortunate husband's trials and troubles, and how he ultimately comes out of them, we cannot attempt to tell here. We must remark, however, that Mrs. Banks writes of military glory too much as if under the inspiration of Mr. Bright. She appears to regard all wars as acts of criminal infatuation on the part of the nation that wages them, and all soldiers as fools insensible to the claims of duty. Yet she seems ready enough to denounce the ambition of Napoleon as a menace to England and to Europe which had to be resisted, and how was it to be resisted except by war? But if we think her ethics mistaken, this does not detract from the pleasure we have found in her unusually attractive story.

"Pauline," by L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith: a Part of His Life" 2 vols.: Blackwood).—Clever book as this is, we cannot help feeling it somewhat unsatisfactory. The central interest—the love of the pure, high-minded, and deeply conscientious Pauline La Sarte for the scapegrace Ralph Blundell—strikes us as weak, because we do not see or know enough of Blundell to comprehend the fascination he exercises over a girl like Pauline, to whom a man's reputation for wildness would be anything but an attraction. In fact, what we are to think of Blundell, and whether we are to hold him really a reprobate or not, remains a mystery to the end, and we are driven to the conclusion that the author had not the power to work out his own conception. His method of telling his story, too, is not always the best; it is apt to be obscure and jerky, and to make rather heavy demands on the reader's acuteness and attention. At the same time there can be no question of his ability, or of the excellence of large portions of his work. Perhaps the best scenes are the pictures of the upper sections of the society of a country neighbourhood, and of those who would fain be thought to belong to the upper sections, in the second part of the story entitled "Blundellsaye." The silly, vain, good-hearted widow, Mrs. Wyndham, Pauline's aunt; her vulgar, toadying sister-in-law, Mrs. Jermyn, and the latter's clever and outspoken daughter Charlotte, who has such a gift for mimicry, are enough of themselves to save the reputation of a book with which there was more fault to find than there is with "Pauline." Pauline's devices for outwitting her aunt Lady Calverly, so as to give her brother Tom an opportunity of coming to an "understanding" with his pretty, petulant cousin Elsie, form another episode of great spirit and humour. If only the heroine's own love-history had been set before us with less vagueness we think we might have congratulated the author on a success equal to that achieved in "Mr. Smith."

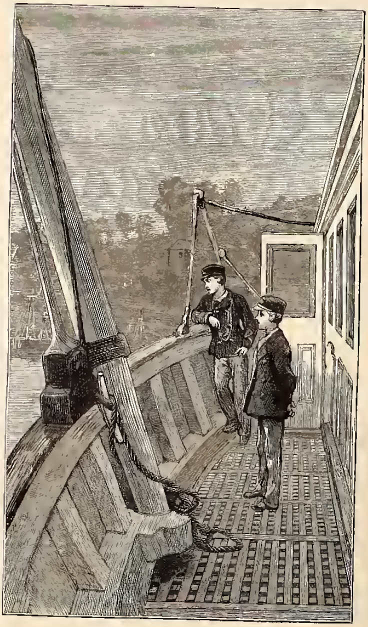
"A Thing of Beauty," by Mrs. Alexander Fraser, author of "Guardian and Lover," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Plot, characters, sentiment, and dialogue here are all conventional and, so to say, "common-form," showing perhaps the influence of Miss Broughton more than of any other writer; but the story is far from being a bad one of its kind. The exquisitely beautiful and wilful heroine, with one of those faces for which, from the time of Samson, men have been fools enough to go blind and mad, to lay down "life and honour," &c., the humble and faithful boy-lover whom she snubs, and the haughty and cynical lover, the sad stern man with a past, before whom she bows, are all familiar acquaintances, and the complications to which the story introduces us cannot boast of much in the way of novelty. Still, there is no harm either in Val Egerton, the "Thing of Beauty," or in her history, and, as novels go, it may be pronounced lively enough to be readable.

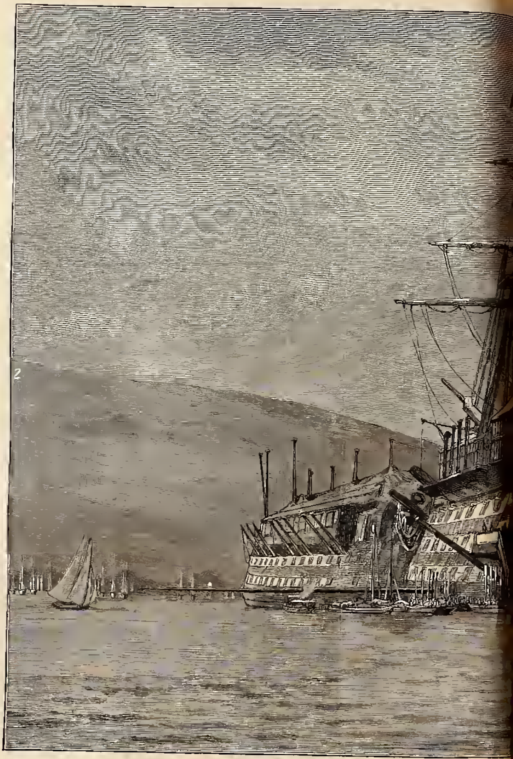
THE READER

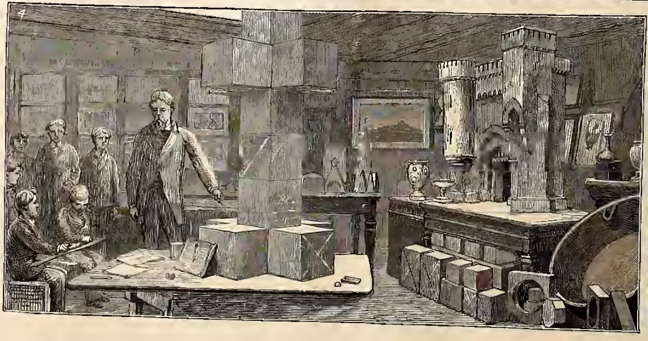
"Lessing: His Life and Writings," by James Sime (2 vols.: Trübner and Co.), is a work of genuine interest and worth. A classic now as ever in his own country, to few Englishmen even of those fairly up in Schiller, Goethe, or Heine, is Lessing more than the shadow of a name. Beyond his famous but rarely read "Laocoon," his "Nathan the Wise," and "Emilia Galeotti," it might puzzle them to name another of his works. Yet the father of modern German literature well deserves to be better known alike for his own merits and for his almost unique position in the history of letters. Critic, poet, dramatist, philosopher, he filled in eighteenth-century Germany a place hardly smaller than that occupied by Voltaire in France; from the purely artistic point of view, one indeed, that was even higher. In his hands the language of the German people became once more a literary weapon. The Thirty Years' War, which some eighty years before his birth had all but destroyed Germany as a nation, had quite destroyed for many a long day her culture and her literature. The language of the Saxon Bible, of the Heldenbuch, of the Meister-Sänger had been expelled from the polite world. The early bloom of the German Renascence had withered in the cold shade of theological disputations. The famous Leibnitz, like his follower Wolff and his precursor Spinoza, wrote by preference in Latin. The Court of the Great Frederick thought French the only tongue for the well-born. To France or to England Germany turned instinctively for all models of prose or verse. There was need at once of a critical intellect and a creative genius to restore the nation to itself, and in Lessing happily it found them both. Mr. Sime's clever introductory sketch of this twilight of German literature, and of the precise period at which young Lessing took up the pen—the period of that prehistoric war of Classicism and Romanticism, which raged under the now-forgotten banners of Gottsched and Bodmer—prepares us pleasantly for his very successful attempt to weave into a threefold cord of narrative the incidents of Lessing's life, the character of his literary activity, and the analysis of his greater works. Nor in all this have we servile imitation simply of Stähr or Danzel, but good evidence of original thought and independent judgment based on the best of all foundations, a careful study of the master's writings. Space would fail us did we attempt to linger on the light and shades of Lessing's history, the passing clouds of slight Bohemianism, the brief contentment of his wedded life, his incessant but ever honourably conducted warfare against the pretentious and the false in philosophy and art; or trace the phases of a literary career that ranged from lyrics upon love and wine to the subtle thought of the "Education of the Human Race." Enough to say that Mr. Sime has given us a careful loving study of Lessing and his writings from every side—one too which even readers with little taste for Leibnitzian philosophy or Aristotelian criticism, will find amply worth perusal for its pleasant naturally told story of the life of Lessing, as the dramatist and the scholar.

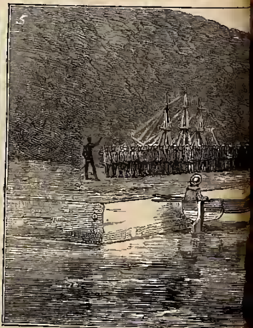
For the biography of another famous German—a greater even in his kind than Lessing—we may turn to Lady Wallace's graceful translation of the sympathetic, if somewhat gushing, "Life of Mozart," by Dr. Ludwig Nohl (Longmans, Green, and Co.). The complement rather than the rival of the earlier but more purely scientific memoir by Otto Jahn, it reveals to us the man no less than the artist—if in Mozart the two can ever be conceived as separate; in its first volume, through his *Wander-jahre* from Salzburg to Italy, to Munich, and to Paris, with a gay heart under every trouble, even the tyranny of the Archbishop of Salzburg or the indifference of the Elector of Bavaria, and an infinite capacity for making love to the Bäsle, the Cannabich, Aloysia Weber, and a hundred more; in its second, though though his maturer *Meister-jahre* in Vienna or at his beloved Prague, a married man but to Costanze not to her sister Aloysia, with a spirit refined by bitter trial, though lightsome and elastic still, and led, through contact with the deeper musical thought of the Northern Germans, in the works of Handel, and above all of Bach, to a knowledge of the higher things of art, till from the powerful but dramatically incomplete *Idomeneo*, or the light Church music of his Salzburg days, we rise to the heights of the *Flauto Magico* and the *Requiem*. A life not to be read without a tinge of sadness—so hard, it seems, that its brightness should be marred by jealous rivals and niggard patrons till proffered wealth comes all too late—but one which will be welcome to every lover of the art, sad to many will indicate whole stores of musical wealth of which a generation that chiefly knows Mozart from the *Figaro*, the *Don Juan*, and the *Flauto Magico* is hardly conscious.

We seem to touch the confines of romance—in taking up "A Man of Other Days; or, Recollections of the Marquis Henri Joseph Costa de Beauregard," by his great-grandson, edited from the French by Charlotte M. Yonge (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). The scene is on the mountains of Savoy, the time the period between the earliest mutterings of the revolutionary storm and the absorption, by "the man of Marengo," of Piedmont and Savoy in France. To the lords of Chateau Villard and of Beauregard, the patriarchal Seigneurs of a feudal tenantry, the Revolution was as an evil dream, its partisans as demons from the Pit. Living in



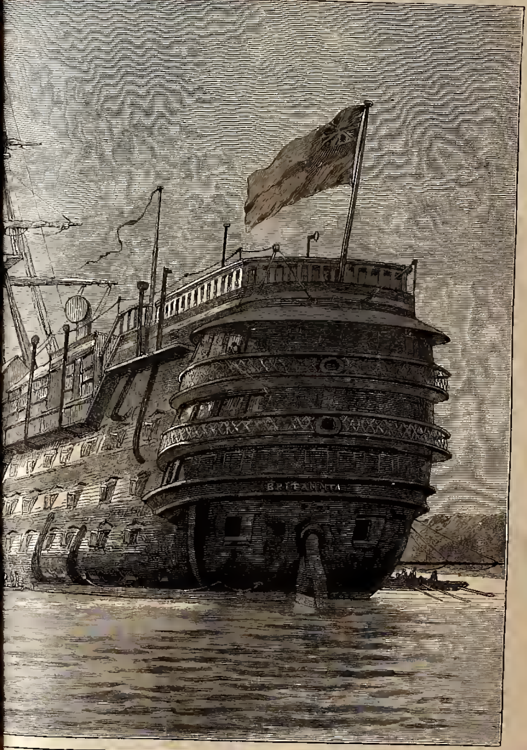


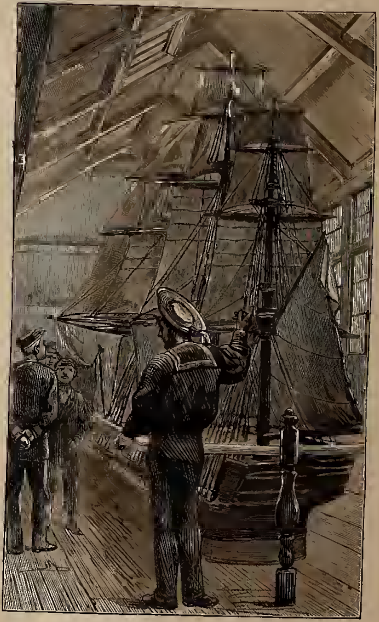


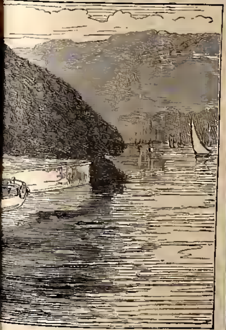


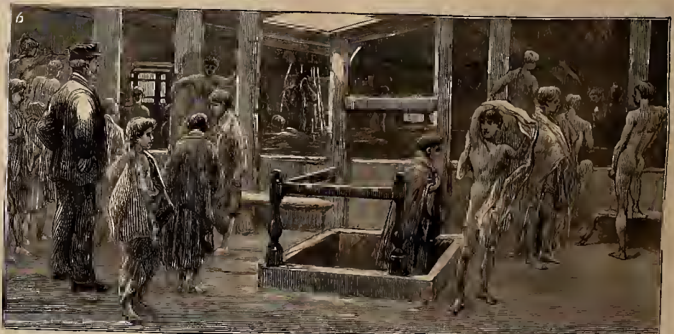
1. THE PRINCES' QUARTERS.—2. H.M.S. "BRITANNIA" AND "HINDOSTAN."—3. THE

THE HOME OF THE YOUNG PRINCES — THE









DEL SHIP.—4. THE DRAWING STUDY.—5. DRILL ASHORE.—6. THE BATH, 6 A.M.

RAINING-SHIP "BRITANNIA" AT DARTMOUTH

stately retirement with a faithful Abbé and a Chevalier or two of Malta as honoured guests in perpetuity, doing acts of charity to the poor, explaining away the problems of the State, much as the Abbé explained the tale of Joseph to the young demoiselles of the Chateau, fighting, if need be, for the Crown, "though it hung upon a bush"—was not this the best of worlds? In such an atmosphere grew up the Marquis Henry—a bright, clever, slightly priggish boy of fourteen, with a taste for painting which he was wise enough to give up on making the acquaintance of Raphael and Titian—a true soldier in his adult years when fighting for his King against the French—a man, despite his bringing up, of much breadth and liberality of mind, a bosom friend through life of the severer and better-known De Maistre. The gems of the narrative are the sketches of simple life in the Savoyard *château*—the "bringing home of the bride," above all—the descriptions of the war between 1792 and 1800, more especially the accounts of interviews with Bonaparte and with Suwarrow, and the somewhat touching picture of the *emigrés* life at Lausanne, and the visit of the Marquis to ruined Beauregard across the lake. A book on the whole, which it is good to read, though not without an occasional mental reserve, more especially where the hero's great-grandson has done his best to spoil it with a commentary.

As stout a soldier even as De Beauregard, yet one whose higher glory it was to rank among those rarer Englishmen of modern times, who like the Outrams and the Lawrences have really touched the hearts of the natives of India, is he whose history is told from his own lips in "The Story of My Life, by the late Col. Meadows Taylor" (2 vols.: Blackwood and Son). No novel reader of thirty-seven years ago will have forgotten the author of "Confessions of a Thug," that startling tale of secret murders, on the track of whose perpetrators Col. (then Capt.) Taylor was the first to light, though circumstances compelled him to abandon the quest to other hands. Few, interested in Indian stories, will have failed to glance at those later novels—"Seeta" and "Tara" perhaps the best—which hardly seemed the work of Western hands. The last of the "European adventurers," who owed their start in life neither to Crown nor Company, and to whom the Indian Government when it took them over dealt out the hard measure due to "uncovenanted servants," Meadows Taylor was all the more brought into early contact with the natives. It was as an officer of the Nizam that he first made a name; it was in the somewhat ambiguous position of agent at the semi-independent Court of Shorapoor that he laid the foundations of that popularity among the tribes of Southern India which enabled him in the Mutiny to hold Berar for the Company single-handed. No Competition Wallah who aspires in due time to become a Commissioner or a Resident should fail to get Colonel Taylor's book, and learn from his own narrative and letters how such things are done. We may add for the lovers of the marvellous that it contains two most curious instances of the fulfilment of a horoscope.

Last, strangest, and in some respects most interesting of our five biographies—though more a "study" than a memoir—comes "Thoreau: His Life and aims" (Chatto and Windus), by H. A. Page. The hermit of "Walden Pond, near Concord, Mass.," the man from whom Hawthorne took the first hint of his Donatello, who, like St. Francis, could lure the fish from the stream, and the squirrel from the woods, has often been taken for a moody egotist. That he was anything but this, the briefest survey of his life, the testimony of friends like Emerson and Channing, his own enthusiasm in the cause of abolition, are ample proof. That the keen observer who went out into the woods that he might live his life and widen his sympathies by the study of nature, who could analyse John Field, the Irish emigrant, or the Canadian hired man with the same keen insight and quiet humour with which he would morally dissect the squirrel or the woodpecker, had something in him of the Stoic is probable enough. For our own part we should be content to take Thoreau as we find him at Walden, the naturalist who realised above all his fellows the mysterious brotherhood of man and bird and beast, the observer in whose every line despite some harshness of expression we find such truth as in a sketch of Bewick's. And as such we cannot study him to more advantage than in this little volume of Mr. Page, with its charming collection of extracts from his papers.

The mantle of Jules Verne has fallen upon M. Léon Cahun, whose tales of adventure are very similar in character to the fictions of his brother novelist. M. Cahun, however, chooses historical subjects rather than the miraculous, and goes back to very ancient days. Thus last year he took us among the Phœnicians, and now "The Blue Banner," translated by R. Collett-Sandars (Sampson Low), depicts the times of Genghis Khan, when that doughty conqueror was as yet beginning his victories, and was only known as simple Temujin. Pleasantly combining truth and fiction, M. Cahun has produced a novel and interesting work.—Christmas stories come early this year with the frosts, and "The Christmas Story Teller" (Sampson Low), a collection of amusing stories both old and new, will be acceptable light reading for winter evenings; while a tasteful gift book for children is "Prince Ritto," by F. W. Currey (Sampson Low), a prettily-written fairy tale with some fair illustrations.

Abandoning the vein of humour which has won him his reputation, Mr. J. Habberton, in "Some Folks" (Routledge), trespasses on Mr. Bret Harte's domain by his glimpses of mining life. Cleverly drawn and heartily amusing as the sketches are, they lack the delicate touches of "Sandy Bar" and its fellows, while they certainly suffer from being collected together, as there is too much similarity in the volume. The author is more happy in his scenes in the provincial villages. A batch of American stories comes from the same publishers. "The Four Irrepressibles" is a milk-and-watery imitation of the everlasting "Helen's Babies;" the evils of a mother's residence with her married children are duly bewailed by a victim in "My Mother-in-Law," and "Mr. Miggs of Danbury," by J. M. Bailey, is a specimen of American humour scarcely likely to be appreciated on this side of the Atlantic, as it consists of a would-be witty chronicle of events in a country village, which reads like roughly-collected clippings from Transatlantic journals.—Of a very different type is "The Ross-shire Buffs," by J. Grant (Routledge), wherein Mr. Grant is thoroughly at home with his pet themes of Scotland and soldiering; while "When We Were Young," by M. M. Pollard (F. Warne), affords a refreshing change from stories of the present day by recording the history of a West Country farmer's family in the times of Nelson and Trafalgar.—The heroine of "Cast Adrift," by Mrs. Martin (Griffith and Farran), first makes her appearance as a lost child at a country railway station, and after being adopted by a charitable lady, passes through many vicissitudes until we leave her on the eve of a happy marriage. Mrs. Martin adopts the religious tone without any cant, and "Cast Adrift" is thoroughly fitted for a gift book.—Insurance companies might well circulate Mrs. G. L. Banks' "Geoffrey Olivant's Folly" (J. W. Allingham) as an advertisement, for dire are the misfortunes which overtake those of Mrs. Banks's characters who have failed to insure either their lives or property, while the prudent and fully-insured personages flourish and grow rich.—Reminiscences of an autumn trip to Sussex are recorded in "Figaro at Hastings—St. Leonards," by Cuthbert Bede (A. Heywood), a lively series of letters which have already appeared in the *Figaro*.—Salmon-preserving in Wales does not meet with much assistance from the natives, if we are to credit "The Confessions of a Welsh Salmon Poacher," by Griffith Jones (J. M. Johnston). Squire, minister, and farmer alike conspire to evade the laws and blind the water-bailiffs, while the very magistrates who try the fishery cases are themselves head and chief of the poachers.

Now that gardens are beginning to look bare and wintry, Mr. D. T. Fish's "Bulbs and Bulb Culture," Part I. (The *Bazaar* Office), will prove useful to amateurs intending to plant their beds ready for spring.—"Lawn Tennis" (the *Country* Office) comes rather late in the season, but novices will do well to study this practical treatise in order to be versed in the laws of the game by next summer.—Jokes and pictures galore adorn the pages of "The Funny Fellows' Comic Annual" (Ward, Lock, and Tyler), while "Attire and Attraction" (A. Lynes) queerly intermingles light fiction and clothing advertisements.

As a prophet has no honour in his own country, so the beauties of England are scantily appreciated by numbers of Englishmen. "English Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil," by the Revs. S. Manning and C. Greene (Religious Tract Society), points out the many lovely spots of our own land, and the artistic drawings and pleasant descriptions will tempt many a traveller to choose a field nearer home for his next holiday.—Boys are fond of collecting curiosities in their rambles, and the arrangement of these collections is a fertile source of amusement. "The Home Naturalist," by H. Coultas (Religious Tract Society), is intended to assist young collectors, and gives sound advice as to the best means of capture, preservation, and arrangement of insects, fish, plants, minerals, &c. From the same Society come "Harrison Weir's Animal Pictures for Children," excellent coloured drawings with simple descriptions; a number of similar pictures and letterpress on detached sheets fit for nursery walls; "Words of Cheer and Comfort," a tasteful series of texts surrounded by flower-wreaths; and "Floral Greetings," similar productions on a less elaborate scale.—We have also received "Self-Examination Questions on the Ten Commandments," by the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson (W. Wells Gardner.)

THE INDIAN FAMINE FUND.——An entertainment in aid of this fund will be given on Saturday evening next, (Nov. 3rd), at St. James's Theatre, by Mr. Marlande Clarke, the well-known Reader and Lecturer. The performance, which is under the special patronage of the Lord Mayor and the Mansion House Committee, will consist of selections from *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Lady of Lyons*, in which Mr. Clarke will be supported by Miss M. Harlande as Juliet and Pauline; and Mrs. Sedley as the Queen of Denmark and Lady Macbeth. There will also be vocal and instrumental music by Miss A. Sinclair, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Rudolph (of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels), and Mr. Alfred Cox.

The History of a Crime:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.

THE FIRST DAY—THE AMBUSH

VIII.

"VIOLATION OF THE CHAMBER"

AT seven o'clock in the morning the Pont de la Concorde was still free. The large grated gate of the Palace of the Assembly was closed; through the bars might be seen the flight of steps, that flight of steps whence the Republic had been proclaimed on the 4th May, 1848, covered with soldiers; and their piled arms might be distinguished upon the platform behind those high columns, which during the time of the Constituent Assembly, after the 15th of May and the 23rd June, masked small mountain mortars, loaded and pointed.

A porter with a red collar, wearing the livery of the Assembly, stood by the little door of the grating. From time to time Representatives arrived. The porter said, "Gentlemen, are you Representatives?" and opened the door. Sometimes he asked their names.

M. Dupin's quarters could be entered without hindrance. In the great gallery, in the dining-room, in the *salon d'honneur* of the Presidency, liveried attendants silently opened the doors as usual.

Before daylight, immediately after the arrest of the Questors MM. Baze and Le Flô, M. de Panat, the only Questor who remained free, having been spared or disdained as a Legitimist, awoke M. Dupin and begged him to summon immediately the Representatives from their own homes. M. Dupin returned this unprecedented answer, "I do not see any urgency."

Almost at the same time as M. Panat, the Representative Jerôme Bonaparte had hastened thither. He had summoned M. Dupin to place himself at the head of the Assembly. M. Dupin had answered, "I cannot, I am guarded." Jerôme Bonaparte burst out laughing. In fact, no one had deigned to place a sentinel at M. Dupin's door; they knew that it was guarded by his meanness.

It was only later on, towards noon, that they took pity on him. They felt that the contempt was too great, and allotted him two sentinels.

At half-past seven fifteen or twenty Representatives, among whom were MM. Eugène Sue, Joret, de Rességuier, and de Talhouet, met together in M. Dupin's room. They also had vainly argued with M. Dupin. In the recess of a window a clever member of the Majority, M. Desmousseaux de Givré, who was a little deaf and exceedingly exasperated, almost quarrelled with a Representative of the Right like himself whom he wrongly supposed to be favourable to the *Coup d'État*.

M. Dupin, apart from the group of Representatives, alone, dressed in black, his hands behind his back, his head sunk on his breast, walked up and down before the fireplace, where a large fire was burning. In his own room, and in his very presence, they were talking loudly about himself, yet he seemed not to hear.

Two members of the Left came in, Benoît (du Rhône), and Crestin. Crestin entered the room, went straight up to M. Dupin, and said to him, "President, you know what is going on? How is it that the Assembly has not yet been convened?"

M. Dupin halted, and answered with a shrug which was habitual with him.

"There is nothing to be done."

And he resumed his walk.

"It is enough," said M. de Rességuier.

"It is too much," said Eugène Sue.

All the Representatives left the room.

In the meantime the Pont de la Concorde became covered with troops. Among them General Vast-Vimeux, lean, old, and little; his lank white hair plastered over his temples, in full uniform, with his laced hat on his head. He was laden with two huge epaulets, and displayed his scarf, not that of a Representative, but of a general, which scarf, being too long, trailed on the ground. He crossed the bridge on foot, shouting to the soldiers inarticulate cries of enthusiasm for the Empire and the *Coup d'État*. Such figures as these were seen in 1814. Only instead of wearing a large tri-coloured cockade, they wore a large white cockade. In the main the same phenomenon; old men crying, "Long live the Past!" Almost at the same moment M. de Larochejaquelein crossed the Place de la Concorde, surrounded by a hundred men in blouses, who followed him in silence, and with an air of curiosity. Numerous regiments of cavalry were drawn up in the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées.

At eight o'clock a formidable force invested the Legislative Palace. All the approaches were guarded, all the doors were shut. Some Representatives nevertheless succeeded in penetrating into the interior of the Palace, not, as has been wrongly stated, by the passage of the President's house at the side of the Esplanade of the Invalides, but by the little door of the Rue de Bourgogne, called the Black Door. This door, by what omission or what connivance I do not know, remained open till noon on the 2nd December. The Rue de Bourgogne was nevertheless full of troops. Squads of soldiers scattered here and there in the Rue de l'Université allowed passers by, who were few and far between, to use it as a thoroughfare.

The Representatives, who entered by the door in the Rue de Bourgogne, penetrated as far as the Salle des Conferences, where they met their colleagues coming out from M. Dupin.

A numerous group of men, representing every shade of opinion in the Assembly, was speedily assembled in this hall, amongst whom were M.M. Eugène Sue, Richardet, Fayolle, Joret, Marc Dufraisse, Benoît (du Rhône), Canet, Gambon, d'Adelsward, Crépu, Répellin, Teillard-Latérisse, Rantion, General Leydet, Paulin Durrieu, Chanay, Brilliez, Collas (de la Gironde) Monet, Gaston, Favreau, and Albert de Rességuier.

Each new comer accosted M. de Panat.

"Where are the Vice-Presidents?"

"In prison."

"And the two other Questors?"

"Also in prison. And I beg you to believe, gentlemen," added M. de Panat, "that I have had nothing to do with the insult which has been offered me, in not arresting me."

Indignation was at its height; every political shade was blended in the same sentiment of contempt and anger, and M. de Rességuier was no less energetic than Eugène Sue. For the first time the Assembly seemed only to have one heart and one voice. Each at length said what he thought of the man of the Elysée, and it was then seen that for a long time past Louis Bonaparte had imperceptibly created a profound unanimity in the Assembly—the unanimity of contempt.

M. Collas (of the Gironde) gesticulated and told his story. He came from the Ministry of the Interior. He had seen M. de Morny, he had spoken to him, and he, M. Collas, was incensed beyond measure at M. Bonaparte's crime. Since then that crime has made him Councillor of State.

M. de Panat went hither and thither among the groups, announcing to the Representatives that he had convened the Assembly for one o'clock. But it was impossible to wait until that hour. Time pressed. At the Palais Bourbon, as in the Rue Blanche, it was the universal feeling that each hour which passed by helped to accomplish the *Coup d'État*. Every one felt as a reproach the weight of his silence or of his inaction; the circle of iron was closing in, the tide of soldiers rose unceasingly, and silently invaded the Palace; at each instant a sentinel the more was found at a door, which a moment before had been free. Still, the group of Representatives assembled together in the Salle des Conferences was as yet respected. It was necessary to act, to speak, to deliberate, to struggle, and not to lose a minute.

Gambon said, "Let us try Dupin once more; he is our official man, we have need of him." They went to look for him. They could not find him. He was no longer there, he had disappeared, he was away, hidden, crouching, cowering, concealed, he had vanished, he was buried. Where? No one knew. Cowardice has unknown holes.

Suddenly a man entered the hall. A man who was a stranger to the Assembly, in uniform, wearing the epaulet of a superior officer and a sword by his side. He was a major of the 42nd, who came to summon the Representatives to quit their own House. All, Royalists and Republicans alike, rushed upon him. Such was the expression of an indignant eyewitness. General Leydet addressed him in language such as leaves an impression on the cheek rather than on the ear.

"I do my duty, I fulfil my instructions," stammered the officer.

"You are an idiot, if you think you are doing your duty," cried Leydet to him, "and you are a scoundrel if you know that you are committing a crime. Your name? What do you call yourself? Give me your name."

The officer refused to give his name, and replied, "So, gentlemen, you will not withdraw?"

"No."

"I shall go and obtain force."

"Do so."

He left the room, and in actual fact went to obtain orders from the Ministry of the Interior.

The Representatives waited in that kind of indescribable agitation which might be called the Strangling of Right by Violence.

In a short time one of them who had gone out came back hastily, and warned them that two companies of the *Gendarmerie Mobile* were coming with their guns in their hands.

Marc Dufraisse cried out, "Let the outrage be thorough. Let the *Coup d'État* find us on our seats. Let us go to the Salle des Séances," he added. "Since things have come to such a pass, let us afford the genuine and living spectacle of an 18th Brumaire."

They all repaired to the Hall of Assembly. The passage was free. The Salle Casimir-Perier was not yet occupied by the soldiers.

They numbered about sixty. Several were girded with their scarves of offices. They entered the Hall meditatively.

There, M. de Rességnier, undoubtedly with a good purpose, and in order to form a more compact group, urged that they should all instal themselves on the Right side.

"No," said Marc Dufraisse, "every one to his bench." They scattered themselves about the Hall, each in his usual place.

M. Monet, who sat on one of the lower benches of the Left Centre, held in his hand a copy of the Constitution.

Several minutes elapsed. No one spoke. It was the silence of expectation which precedes decisive deeds and final crises, and during which every one seems to respectfully listen to the last instructions of his conscience.

Suddenly the soldiers of the *Gendarmerie Mobile*, headed by a captain with his sword drawn, appeared on the threshold. The Hall of Assembly was violated. The Representatives rose from their seats simultaneously, shouting "Vive la République!"

The Representative Monet alone remained standing, and in a loud and indignant voice, which resounded through the empty hall like a trumpet, ordered the soldiers to halt.

The soldiers halted, looking at the Representatives with a bewildered air.

The soldiers as yet only blocked up the lobby of the Left, and had not passed beyond the Tribune.

Then the Representative Monet read the Articles 36, 37, and 68 of the Constitution.

Articles 36 and 37 established the inviolability of the Representatives. Article 68 deposed the President in the event of treason.

That moment was a solemn one. The soldiers listened in silence.

The Articles having been read, Representative d'Adelsward, who sat on the first lower bench of the Left, and who was nearest to the soldiers, turned towards them and said:

"Soldiers, you see that the President of the Republic is a traitor, and would make traitors of you. You violate the sacred precinct of National Representation. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of the Law, we order you to withdraw."

While Adelsward was speaking, the major commanding the *Gendarmerie Mobile* had entered.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have orders to request you to retire, and, if you do not withdraw of your own accord, to expel you."

"Orders to expel us!" exclaimed d'Adelsward, and all the Representatives added, "Whose orders? Let us see the orders! Who signed the orders?"

The major drew forth a paper and unfolded it. Scarcely had he unfolded it than he attempted to replace it in his pocket, but General Leydet threw himself upon him and seized his arm. Several Representatives leant forward, and read the order for the expulsion of the Assembly, signed "Fortoul, Minister of the Marine."

Marc Dufraisse turned towards the *Gendarmes Mobiles*, and cried out to them:

"Soldiers, your very presence here is an act of treason. Leave the Hall."

The soldiers seemed undecided. Suddenly a second column emerged from the door on the right, and at a signal from the commander, the captain shouted,

"Forward! Turn them all out!"

Then began an indescribable hand-to-hand fight between the gendarmes and the legislators. The soldiers, with their guns in their hands, invaded the benches of the Senate. Repellin, Chanay, Rantion, were forcibly torn from their seats. Two gendarmes rushed upon Marc Dufraisse, two upon Gambon. A long struggle took place on the first bench of the Right, the same place where MM. Odilon Barrot and Abbatucci were in the habit of sitting. Paulin Durrieu resisted violence by force, it needed three men to drag him from his bench. Monet was thrown down upon the benches of the Commissaries. They seized d'Adelsward by the throat and thrust him outside the Hall. Richardet, a feeble man, was thrown down and brutally treated. Some were pricked with the points of the bayonets; nearly all had their clothes torn.

The commander shouted to the soldiers: "Rake them out."

It was thus that sixty Representatives of the People were taken by the collar by the *Coup d'État*, and driven from their seats. The manner in which the deed was executed completed the treason. The physical performance was worthy of the moral performance.

The three last to come out were Fayolle, Teillard-Latérisse, and Paulin Durrieu.

They were allowed to pass by the great door of the Palace, and they found themselves in the Place Bourgogne.

The Place Bourgogne was occupied by the 42nd Regiment of the Line, under the orders of Colonel Garderens.

Between the Palace and the statue of the Republic, which occupied the centre of the square, a piece of artillery was pointed at the Assembly opposite the great door.

By the side of the cannon some Chasseurs de Vincennes were loading their guns and biting their cartridges.

Colonel Garderens was on horseback near a group of soldiers, which attracted the attention of the Representatives Teillard-Latérisse, Fayolle, and Paulin Durrieu.

In the middle of this group three men, who had been arrested, were struggling vigorously, crying "Long live the Constitution! Vive la Republique!"

Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérisse approached, and recognised in the three prisoners three members of the majority, Representatives Toupet-des-Vignes, Radoubt Lafosse, and Arbey.

Representative Arbey was warmly protesting. As he raised his voice, Colonel Garderens cut him short with these words, which are worthy of preservation:—

"Hold your tongue! One word more and I will have you thrashed with the butt-end of a musket."

The three Representatives of the Left indignantly called upon the Colonel to release their colleagues.

"Colonel," said Fayolle, "you break the law three-fold."

"I will break it six-fold," answered the Colonel, and he arrested Fayolle, Durrieu, and Teillard-Latérisse.

The soldiers were ordered to conduct them to the guard-house of the Palace, then being built for the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

On the way the six prisoners marching between a double file of bayonets met three of their colleagues, Representatives Eugène Sue, Chanay, and Benoît (du Rhône).

Eugène Sue placed himself before the officer who commanded the detachment, and said to him,

"We summon you to set our colleagues at liberty."

"I cannot do so," answered the officer."

"In that case complete your crimes," said Eugène Sue. "We summon you to arrest us also."

The officer arrested them.

They were taken to the Guardhouse of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, and, later on, to the barracks of the Quay d'Orsay. It was not till night that two companies of the line came to transfer them to this ultimate resting place.

While placing them between his soldiers the commanding officer bowed down to the ground, politely remarking, "Gentlemen, my men's guns are loaded."

The clearance of the Hall was carried out, as we have said, in a disorderly fashion, the soldiers pushing the Representatives before them through all the outlets.

Some, and amongst the number those of whom we have just spoken, went out by the Rue de Bourgogne, others were dragged through the Salle des Pas Perdus towards the grating opposite the Pont de la Concorde.*

The Salle des Pas Perdus has an ante-chamber, a sort of crossway room, upon which opened the staircase of the High Tribune, and several doors, amongst others the great glass door of the gallery which leads to the apartments of the President of the Assembly.

As soon as they had reached this crossway room which adjoins the little rotunda, where the side door of exit of the Palace is situated, the soldiers set the Representatives free.

There, in a few moments, a group was formed, in which the Representatives Canet and Favreau began to speak. One universal cry was raised, "Let us search for Dupin, let us drag him here if it is necessary."

They opened the glass door, and rushed into the Gallery. This time M. Dupin was at home. M. Dupin, having learnt that the gendarmes had cleared out the Hall, had come out of his hiding-place. The Assembly being thrown prostrate, Dupin stood erect. The Law being made prisoner this man felt himself set free.

The group of Representatives, led by MM. Canet and Favreau, found him in his study.

There a dialogue ensued. The Representatives summoned the President to put himself at their head, and to re-enter the Hall, he, the man of the Assembly, with them, the men of the Nation.

M. Dupin refused point blank, maintained his ground, was very firm, and clung bravely to his nonentity.

"What do you want me to do?" said he, mingling with his alarmed protests many law maxims and Latin quotations, an instinct of chattering jays, who pour forth all their vocabulary when they are frightened. "What do you want me to do? Who am I? What can I do? I am nothing. No one is any longer anything. *Ubi nihil, nihil.* Might is there. Where there is Might the people lose their Rights. *Novus nascitur ordo.* Shape your course accordingly. I am obliged to submit. *Dura lex, sed lex.* A law of necessity we admit, but not a law of right. But what is to be done? I ask to be let alone. I can do nothing. I do what I can. I am not wanting in good will. If I had a corporal and four men I would have them killed."

"This man only recognises force," said the Representatives. "Very well, let us employ force."

They used violence towards him, they girded him with a scarf like a cord round his neck, and, as they had said, they dragged him towards the Hall, begging for his "liberty," moaning, kicking—I would say, wrestling if the word were not too exalted.

Some minutes after the clearance, this Salle des Pas Perdus, which had just witnessed Representatives pass by in the clutch of *gendarmes*, saw M. Dupin in the clutch of the Representatives.

They did not get far. Soldiers barred the great green folding doors. Colonel Espinasse hurried thither, the commander of the *gendarmerie* came up. The butt ends of a pair of pistols were seen peeping out of the commander's pocket.

The colonel was pale, the commander was pale, M. Dupin was livid. Both sides were afraid. M. Dupin was afraid of the colonel; the colonel assuredly was not afraid of M. Dupin, but behind this laughable and miserable figure he saw a terrible phantom rise up—his crime, and he trembled. In Homer there is a scene where Nemesis appears behind Thersites.

M. Dupin remained for some moments stupefied, bewildered, and speechless.

The Representative Gambon exclaimed to him:

"Now then, speak, M. Dupin, the Left does not interrupt you."

Then, with the words of the Representatives at his back, and the bayonets of the soldiers at his breast, the unhappy man spoke. What his mouth uttered at this moment, what the President of the Sovereign Assembly of France stammered to the *gendarmes* at this intensely critical moment, no one could gather.

Those who heard the last gasps of this moribund cowardice hastened to purify their ears. It appears, however, that he stuttered forth something like this:—

"You are Might, you have bayonets, I invoke Right, and I leave you. I have the honour to wish you good day."

He went away.

They let him go. At the moment of leaving he turned round and let fall a few more words. We will not gather them up. History has no rag-picker's basket.

IX.

AN END WORSE THAN DEATH.

We should have been glad to have put aside, never to have spoken of him again, this man who had borne for three years this most honourable title, President of the National Assembly of France, and who had only known how to be lacquey to the majority. He contrived in his last hour to sink even lower than could have been believed possible even for him. His career in the Assembly had been that of a valet, his end was that of a scullion.

The unprecedented attitude that M. Dupin assumed before the *gendarmes* when uttering with a grimace his mockery of a protest, even engendered suspicion. Gambon exclaimed, "He resists like an accomplice. He knew all."

We believe these suspicions to be unjust. M. Dupin knew nothing. Who indeed amongst the organisers of the *Coup d'État* would have taken the trouble to make sure of his joining them? Corrupt M. Dupin! Was it possible? And, further, to what purpose? To pay him? Why? It would be money wasted when fear alone was enough. Some connivances are secured before they are sought for. Cowardice is the old fawner upon felony. The blood of the law is quickly wiped up. Behind the assassin who holds the poniard, comes the trembling wretch who holds the sponge.

Dupin took refuge in his study. They followed him.

"My God!" he cried, "can't they understand that I want to be left in peace?"

In truth they had tortured him ever since the morning, in order to extract from him an impossible scrap of courage.

"You ill-treat me worse than the *gendarmes*," said he.

The Representatives installed themselves in his study, seated themselves at his table, and while he groaned and scolded in an arm-chair, they drew up a formal report of what had just taken place, as they wished to leave an official record of the outrage in the archives.

When the official report was ended Representative Canet read it to the President, and offered him a pen.

"What do you want me to do with this?" he asked.

"You are the President," answered Canet. "This is our last sitting. It is your duty to sign the official report."

This man refused.

X.

THE BLACK DOOR.

M. Dupin is a matchless disgrace.

Later on he had his reward. It appears that he became some sort of an attorney-general at the Court of Appeal.

M. Dupin renders to Louis Bonaparte the service of being in his place the meanest of men.

To continue this dismal history.

The Representatives of the Right, in their first bewilderment, caused by the *Coup d'État*, hastened in large numbers to M. Daru, who was Vice-President of the Assembly, and at the same time one of the Presidents of the Pyramid Club. This Association had always supported the policy of the Elysée, but without believing that a *Coup d'État* was premeditated. M. Daru lived at No. 75, Rue de Lille.

Toward ten o'clock in the morning about a hundred of these Representatives had assembled at M. Daru's home. They resolved to attempt to penetrate into the Hall where the Assembly held its sittings. The Rue de Lille opens out into the Rue de Bourgogne, almost opposite the little door by which the Palace is entered, and which is called the Black Door.

They turned their steps towards this door, with M. Daru at their head. They marched arm in arm and three abreast. Some of them had put on their scarves of office. They took them off later on.

The Black Door, half-open as usual, was only guarded by two sentries.

Some of the most indignant, and amongst them M. de Kerdrel, rushed towards this door and tried to pass. The door, however, was violently shut, and there ensued between the Representatives and the *sergents de ville* who hastened up a species of struggle in which a Representative had his wrist sprained.

At the same time a battalion which was drawn up on the Place de Bourgogne moved on and came at the double towards the group of Representatives. M. Daru, stately and firm, signed to the commander to stop; the battalion halted, and M. Daru, in the name of the Constitution, and in his capacity as Vice-President of the Assembly, summoned the soldiers to lay down their arms, and to give free passage to the Representatives of the Sovereign People.

The commander of the battalion replied by an order to clear the street immediately, declaring that there was no longer an Assembly; that as for himself he did not know what the Representatives of the People were, and that if those persons before him did not retire of their own accord he would drive them back by force.

"We will only yield to violence," said M. Daru.

"You commit high treason," added M. de Kerdrel.

The officer gave the order to charge.

The soldiers advanced in close order.

There was a moment of confusion. Almost a collision. The Representatives, forcibly driven back, ebbed into the Rue de Lille. Some of them fell down. Several members of the Right were rolled in the mud by the soldiers. One of them, M. Etienne, received a blow on the shoulder from the butt-end of a musket. We may here add that a week afterwards M. Etienne was a member of that concern which they styled the Consultative Committee. He found the *Coup d'État* to his taste, the blow with the butt-end of a musket included.

They went back to M. Daru's house, and on the way the scattered group re-united, and was even strengthened by some new comers.

"Gentlemen," said M. Daru, "the President has failed us, the Hall is closed against us. I am the Vice-President; my house is the Palace of the Assembly.

He opened a large room, and there the Representatives of the Right installed themselves. At first the discussions were somewhat noisy. M. Daru, however, observed that the moments were precious, and silence was restored.

The first measure to be taken was evidently the deposition of the President of the Republic by virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution. Some Representatives of the party which was called *Burgraves* sat round a table and prepared the deed of deposition.

As they were about to read it aloud a Representative who came in from out of doors appeared at the door of the room, and announced to the Assembly that the Rue de Lille was becoming filled with troops, and that the house was being surrounded.

There was not a moment to lose.

M. Benoît d'Azy said, "Gentlemen, let us go to the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, there we shall be able to deliberate under the protection of the Tenth Legion of which our colleague, General Lauriston, is the Colonel."

M. Daru's house had a back entrance by a little door which was at the bottom of the garden. Most of the Representatives went out that way.

M. Daru was about to follow them. Only himself, M. Odilon Barrot, and two or three others remained in the room when the door opened. A captain entered, and said to M. Daru,

"Sir, you are my prisoner."

"Where am I to follow you?" asked M. Daru.

"I have orders to watch over you in your own house."

The house, in truth, was militarily occupied, and it was thus that M. Daru was prevented from taking part in the sitting at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement.

The officer allowed M. Odilon Barrot to go out.

XI.

THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE

While all this was taking place on the left bank of the river, towards noon a man was noticed walking up and down the great Salle des Pas Perdus of the Palace of Justice. This man, carefully buttoned up in an overcoat, appeared to be attended at a distance by several possible supporters—for certain police enterprises employ assistants whose dubious appearance renders the passers-by uneasy, so much so that they wonder whether they are magistrates or thieves. The man in the buttoned-up overcoat loitered from door to door, from lobby to lobby, exchanging signs of intelligence with the myrmidons who followed him; then came back to the great Hall, stopping on the way the barristers, solicitors, ushers, clerks, and attendants, and repeating to all in a low voice, so as not to be heard by the passers-by, the same question. To this question some answered "Yes," others replied "No." And the man set to work again prowling about the Palace of Justice with the appearance of a bloodhound seeking the trail.

---

* This grating was closed on December 2, and was not reopened until the 12th March, when M. Louis Bonaparte came to inspect the works of the Hall of the Corps Legislatif.

He was a commissary of the Arsenal police.

What was he looking for?

The High Court of Justice.

What was the High Court of Justice doing?

It was hiding.

Why? To sit in judgment?

Yes and no.

The commissary of the arsenal police had that morning received from the Prefect Maupas the order to search everywhere for the place where the High Court of Justice might be sitting, if perchance it thought it its duty to meet. Confusing the High Court with the Council of State the Commissary of Police had first gone to the Quai d'Orsay. Having found nothing, not even the Council of State, he had come away empty-handed, at all events had turned his steps towards the Palace of Justice, thinking that as he had to search for justice he would perhaps find it there.

Not finding it he went away.

The High Court, however, had nevertheless met together.

Where, and how? We shall see.

At the period whose annals we are now chronicling, before the present reconstructions of the old buildings of Paris, when the Palace of Justice was reached by the Cour de Harlay, a staircase the reverse of majestic led thither by turning out into a long corridor called the Gallerie Mercière. Towards the middle of this corridor there were two doors, one on the right which led to the Court of Appeal, the other on the left which led to the Court of Cassation. The folding-doors to the left opened upon an old gallery called St. Louis, recently restored, and which serves at the present time for a Salle de Pas Perdus to the barristers of the Court of Cassation. A wooden statue of St. Louis stood opposite the entrance door. An entrance contrived in a niche to the right of this statue led into a winding lobby ending in a sort of blind passage, which apparently was closed by two double doors. On the door to the right might be read "First President's Room;" on the door to the left, "Council Chamber." Between these two doors, for the convenience of the barristers going from the Hall to the Civil Chamber, which formerly was the Great Chamber of Parliament, had been formed a narrow and dark passage, in which, as one of them remarked, "every crime could be committed with impunity."

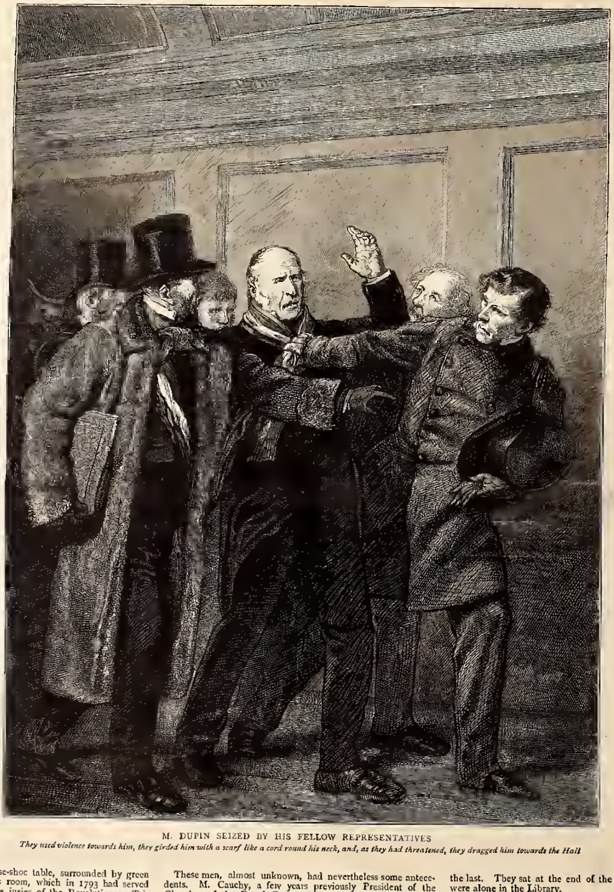
Leaving on one side the First President's room, and opening the door which bore the inscription "Council Chamber," a large room was crossed, furnished with a huge horse-shoe table, surrounded by green chairs. At the end of this room, which in 1793 had served as a deliberating hall for the juries of the Revolutionary Tribunal, there was a door placed in the wainscoting, which led into a little lobby, where were two doors on the right, the door of the room appertaining to the President of the Criminal Chamber, on the left the door of the Refreshment Room. "Sentenced to death!—Now let us go and dine!" These two ideas, Death and Dinner, have jostled against each other for centuries. A third door closed the extremity of this lobby. This door was, so to speak, the last of the Palace of Justice, the farthest off, the least known, the most hidden; it opened into what was called the Library of the Cour de Cassation, a large square room lighted by two windows overlooking the great inner yard of the Conciergerie, furnished with a few leather chairs, a large table covered with green cloth, and with law books lining the walls from the floor to the ceiling.

This room, as may be seen, is the most secluded and the best hidden of any in the Palace.

It was here,—in this room, that there arrived successively on the 2nd December, towards eleven o'clock in the morning, numerous men dressed in black, without robes, without badges of office, affrighted, bewildered, shaking their heads, and whispering together. These trembling men were the High Court of Justice.

The High Court of Justice, according to the terms of the Constitution, was composed of seven magistrates; a President, four Judges, and two Assistants, chosen by the Court of Cassation from among its own members and renewed every year.

In December, 1851, these seven judges were named Hardouin, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, Cauchy, Grandet, and Quesnault, the two last-named being Assistants.



M. DUPIN SEIZED BY HIS FELLOW REPRESENTATIVES

They used violence towards him, they girded him with a scarf like a cord round his neck, and, as they had threatened, they dragged him towards the Hall

These men, almost unknown, had nevertheless some antecedents. M. Cauchy, a few years previously President of the Chamber of the Royal Court of Paris, an amiable man and easily frightened, was the brother of the mathematician, member of the Institute, to whom we owe the computation of waves of sound, and of the ex-Registrar Archivist of the Chamber of Peers. M. Delapalme had been Advocate-General, and had taken a prominent part in the Press trials under the Restoration; M. Pataille had been Deputy of the Centre under the Monarchy of July; M. Moreau (de la Seine) was noteworthy, inasmuch as he had been nicknamed "de la Seine" to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Meurthe), who on his side was noteworthy, inasmuch as he had been nicknamed "de la Meurthe" to distinguish him from M. Moreau (de la Seine). The first Assistant, M. Grandet, had been President of the Chamber at Paris. I have read this panegyric of him: "He is known to possess no individuality or opinion of his own whatsoever." The second Assistant, M. Quesnault, a Liberal, a Deputy, a Public Functionary, Advocate General, a Conservative, learned, obedient, had attained, by making a stepping-stone of each of these attributes, to the Criminal Chamber of the Court of Cassation, where he was known as one of the most severe members. 1848 had shocked his notion of Right, he had resigned after the 24th of February, he did not resign after the 2nd December.

M. Hardouin, who presided over the High Court, was an ex-President of Assizes, a religious man, a rigid Jansenist, noted amongst his colleagues as a "scrupulous magistrate," living in Port Royal, a diligent reader of Nicolle, belonging to the race of the old Parliamentarians of the Marais, who used to go to the Palais de Justice mounted on a mule; the mule had now gone out of fashion, and whoever visited President Hardouin would have found no more obstinacy in his stable than in his conscience.

On the morning of the 2nd December, at nine o'clock, two men mounted the stairs of M. Hardouin's house, No. 10, Rue de Condé, and met together at his door. One was M. Pataille; the other, one of the most prominent members of the Bar of the Court of Cassation, was the ex-Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg). M. Pataille had just placed himself at M. Hardouin's disposal.

M. Martin's first thought, while reading the placards of the *Coup d'État*, had been for the High Court. M. Hardouin ushered M. Pataille into a room adjoining his study, and received Martin (of Strasbourg) as a man to whom he did not wish to speak before witnesses. Being formally requested by Martin (of Strasbourg) to convene the High Court, he begged that he would leave him alone, declared that the High Court would "do its duty," but that first he must "confer with his colleagues," concluding with this expression, "It shall be done to-day or to-morrow." "To-day or to-morrow!" exclaimed Martin (of Strasbourg); "Mr. President, the safety of the Republic, the safety of the country, perhaps, depends on what the High Court will or will not do. Your responsibility is great; bear that in mind. The High Court of Justice does not do its duty to-day or to-morrow; it does it at once, at the moment, without losing a minute, without an instant's hesitation."

Martin (of Strasbourg) was right, Justice always belongs to To-day.

Martin (of Strasbourg) added, "If you want a man for active work I am at your service." M. Hardouin declined the offer; declared that he would not lose a moment, and begged Martin (of Strasbourg) to leave him to "confer" with his colleague, M. Pataille.

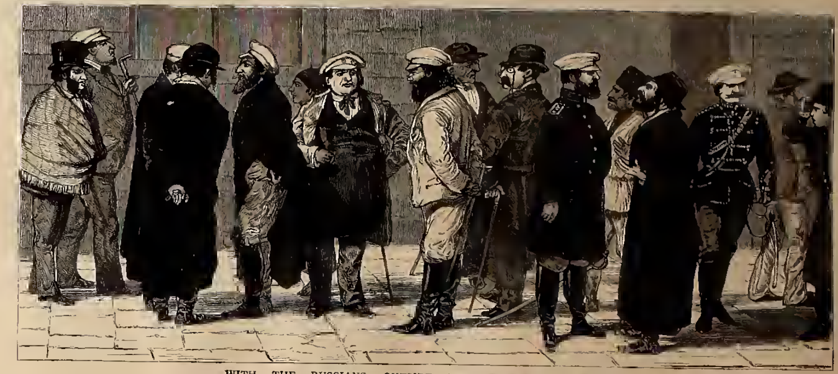
In fact, he called together the High Court for eleven o'clock, and it was settled that the meeting should take place in the Hall of the Library.

The Judges were punctual. At a quarter-past eleven they were all assembled. M. Pataille arrived the last. They sat at the end of the great green table. They were alone in the Library.

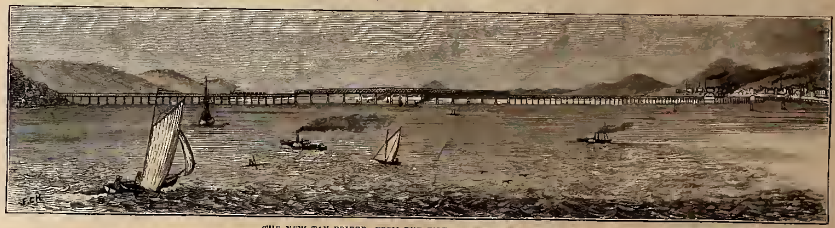
There was no ceremonial. President Hardouin thus opened the debate: "Gentlemen, there is no need to explain the situation, we all know what it is."

Article 68 of the Constitution was imperative. It was necessary that the High Court should meet *under penalty of high treason*. They gained time, they swore themselves in, they appointed as Recorder of the High Court M. Bernard, Recorder of the Court of Cassation, and they sent to fetch him, and while waiting requested the librarian, M. Denevers, to hold his pen in readiness. They settled the time and place for an evening meeting. They talked of the conduct of the Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg), with which they were offended, regarding it almost as a nudge of the elbow given by Politics to Justice. They spoke a little of Socialism, of the Mountain, and of the Red Republic, and a little also of the judgment which they had to pronounce. They chatted, they told stories, they found fault, they speculated, they spun out the time. What were they waiting for?

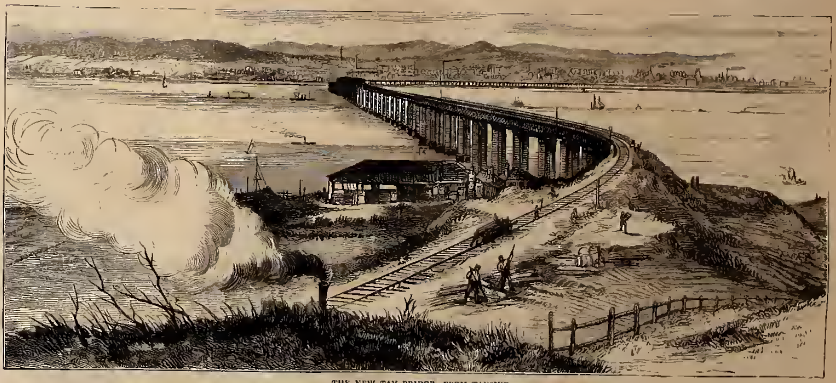
(To be continued)



WITH THE RUSSIANS—OUTSIDE THE BOURSE AT BUCHAREST



THE NEW TAY BRIDGE, FROM THE FIRTH, LOOKING UP STREAM



THE NEW TAY BRIDGE, FROM TAYSIDE

THE LONGEST RAILWAY BRIDGE IN THE WORLD

(Continued from page 395)

summary process of pouring water down the chimney. The result was that the art-treasures of the "gallery" were irretrievably ruined, and the artist has recovered 50*l*. damages by a county court action.—The Birmingham police made a raid on Saturday last on the "Caledonian Club," which is said to have been illegally conducted. About sixty persons were found in the billiard-room, all of whom, as well as to the proprietor, will be prosecuted.—Mr. Atkinson, the secretary of the Leeds Anti-Vaccination Society, has been fined for the sixth time for refusing to have his children vaccinated. He did not appear in answer to the summons, but instead sent the following polite note:—"To Mr. Thomas Holmes, Vaccination Spy, Guardians' Office, Leeds.—John Ewbank Atkinson is not going to be murdered to please you or a thousand spies, tools, fools, guardians, Local Government Board, or anybody else. Take that for your answer, inform the *Mercury* of it, and take proceedings as soon as you like." Has Mr. Atkinson ever heard of "contempt of court," or of the Keighley Guardians?"—A miserly old dairyman of Brighton, who though living in a most penurious manner had between 700 and 800 sovereigns in his house, has been robbed of his hoard by a burglar, who was cunning enough to leave untouched a roll of bank notes and a valuable watch which lay beside the gold.—A burglar armed with a loaded revolver has been arrested *in flagrante delicto* at Sunbury, and has confessed himself to be the perpetrator of several house-robberies which have been committed in the neighbourhood during the last few weeks, and which had so alarmed the inhabitants that a "vigilance committee" had been formed to patrol the streets.—Another burglar has been committed for trial at Chesterfield. He broke into a house occupied by a brave old lady of eighty-eight, who grappled with and held him for some time, and though he ultimately got away, leaving her senseless upon the floor, he dropped a cap and key, and these, with certain scratches on his face and neck led, to his apprehension and identification.—A dreadful double murder was committed at Wymondham, near Norwich, on Saturday last by a blacksmith, who, having quarrelled with a fellow workman, knocked him down with his fist and afterwards beat him about the head with a heavy bar of iron, saying as he did so that he might as well kill him at once as he should be hung for it. His employer, an old man of seventy, who ran across the road to expostulate with the assassin, was immediately knocked down with the same weapon, and died shortly afterwards. The whole scene was witnessed by a servant girl from an opposite window.

MARRIAGES.

On the 8th Inst., at St Giles's, Camberwell, Mr. CHARLES T. GARNER, of 14, Peckham Grove, to ANNIE CAROLINE, only daughter of Mr. HENRY WELLS.

On the 23rd inst., at Holy Trinity Church, Cloudesley Square, Islington, by the Rev. A. L. Hunt, JOHN ANGOLD, eldest son of Mr JOHN ANGOLD, of Diss, Norfolk, to CAROLINE, only daughter of Mr GEORGE ANGOLD, of Islington.

DEATH.

On the 25th Inst., at 25, Walnut Tree Walk, Lambeth, the eldest son of J. A. GALLOWAY, aged 12 years.

Now ready. Price 7d.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE
for NOVEMBER contains—

WOMEN WHO HAVE RISEN.
HOW THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS MANAGED.
WHAT IS PRODUCED BY HEAT.
A DOCTOR'S HOLIDAY.
SOME NEGLECTED ARTICLES OF FOOD.
THE VALUE OF SIMPLE REMEDIES.
HOUSE LINEN: ITS WEAR AND TEAR.
TWO COBWEBS: AN OLD MAN'S TALE.
CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS. By Our Paris Correspondent.
MEMORY. Song with Music.
PAUL KNOX, PITMAN. Serial Story.
STONE STEPS AND WOODEN STAIRS. Serial Story.
THE GATHERER, &c.

Now Ready, price 6d.

THE QUIVER FOR NOVEMBER.
Forming the First Part of a New Volume.
CONTENTS:

THE RESTING-PLACES OF OUR SAVIOUR AND THE SCENES OF HIS SECLUSION.
LAST WORDS OF THE BOOKS OF GOD.
SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME.
OUT-OF-THE-WAY PAPERS.
WHAT HE WAS MADE FOR.
"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.
EARLY PILGRIMS: THEIR JOURNEYING, AND THEIR REST.
CHRIST OUR EXAMPLE.
HEIRS OF GOD.
THE PARABLES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.
"JESUS SHALL REIGN!" New Hymn Tune.
MORE THAN CONQUEROR. New Serial Story.
A CHRONICLE OF BARHAM. New Serial Story, &c.

Now ready, price 6d.

LITTLE FOLKS FOR NOVEMBER,
containing:

THE ADVENTURES OF A SNAIL.
A CHAT ABOUT VIRGIL AND HIS WORKS.
PRETTY WORK FOR LITTLE FINGERS—TATTING.
THE PROPHETS OF THE BIBLE—ISAIAH.
DAD RYAN'S LUCK.
THE STORY OF THE MONTH—NOVEMBER.
A TRIP TO WOOLWICH ARSENAL.
THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.
STORIES ABOUT THOR.
THE STORY OF A SOAP BUBBLE.
THE DESERT HORSE.
MUSIC—PEASE PUDDING HOT.
PAGES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.
THE YOUNG BERRINGTONS; or, The Boy Explorers. Serial Story.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE of CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN'S PUBLICATIONS, containing a List of SEVERAL HUNDRED VOLUMES, including Bibles and Religious Works, Fine-Art Volumes, Children's Books, Dictionaries, Educational Works, History, Natural History, Household and Domestic Treatises, Hand-Books and Guides, Science, Travels, &c., together with a Synopsis of their numerous Illustrated Serial Publications, sent post free on application to CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, Ludgate Hill, London.

THE NEW WEEKLY PAPER.
On November 3, 1877, and every succeeding Saturday.

BRIEF: a Weekly Epitome of Current NEWS, THOUGHT, and CRITICISM.

"An abstract and brief Chronicle of the time."—*Shakespeare.*

Under the above title will be published, every Saturday, at the price of One Penny, a popular summary of the sayings and doing of the current week, as recorded in the public Press. The First Number will appear on Saturday, November 3rd, 1877.

"BRIEF," presenting the Press compressed—concentrated essence of Press in fact—giving a bird's-eye view of the contents of many Journals; marshalling together the different opinions of various Leaders of National Thought; impartially representing all Parties and Schools of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art, must appeal to a very large number of readers, and, while indispensable to many, prove acceptable to all. "BRIEF" will be thoroughly well printed on good paper.

Yearly Subscription, post free, 6s. 6d.
OFFICE: 81, GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.

WITH THE LADIES' TREASURY for NOVEMBER will be given ELEVEN DESIGNS for WINTER MANTLES of the NEWEST SHAPES. With also Ten Engravings of the Latest Fashions, and a Large Coloured Fashion Plate, Designs in Needlework, &c. Price 6d.; by post, 7d.
BEMROSE'S, 10, Paternoster Buildings, London.

Price 6d., or free by post, 6d.
MDME. DEMOREST'S

WHAT TO WEAR, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

Information on Dress and Dressmaking. Contains nearly 500 miniature illustrations of Ladies and Children's Fashions for Autumn and Winter, with full descriptions of latest styles, &c., including materials, trimmings, walking, and outdoor costumes, dinner, evening, and other toilets, jewellery, laces, coiffures, millinery, and every new and desirable article connected with Ladies' and Children's Dress.

Just what every lady, milliner, dressmaker, draper, warehouseman, and outfitter wants to know about the Autumn and Winter Fashions.

Sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents, and at every Railway Station.—WILLIAM and ROGERS NEWS CO., General Agents for Demorest's Reliable Patterns, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, London.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

The NEXT TERM will begin on Monday, January 28.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

THE FOUR MARIES. As sung in Mr. Kennedy's Entertainment of the "Songs of Scotland" in St. James's Hall.
Post free for 18 stamps from
METHVEN, SIMPSON, and CO., Dundee; or
C. JEFFERYS, Berners Street, London.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.
A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*
Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

STANDARD MUSICAL WORKS for COLLEGES and SCHOOLS. By J. T. STONE.
FOR THE PIANOFORTE: THE FIRST SIX MONTHS AT THE PIANO. 5s.—ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS. Twentieth Edition. 5s.—FACILE INSTRUCTIONS. Sixteenth Edition. 4s.—CONCISE INSTRUCTIONS. 3s.
FOR THE ORGAN: COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS. Ninth Edition. 5s.—THE CLASSICAL ORGANIST. In Three Vols., £1 1s. each, or in Fifty-four Numbers, 3s. each.—THE ORGAN STUDENT'S COMPANION. In six vols., 7s. 6d. each; or in Twenty-four Books, 2s. each.
FOR THE HARMONIUM: COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS. 5s.—THE HARMONIUM MISCELLANY. In Twelve Numbers. 3s. each.
FOR SINGING:—THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS. 6s.—The Publishers confidently direct the attention of Professors and Teachers of Music to the above Works. The whole series have a large and increasing circulation.—London: BREWER and CO., 14 and 15, Poultry, Cheapside, and No. 23, Bishopsgate Street Within.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.
All for Her. No. 1 sop., No. 2 contralto. A. S. Gatty.
Maiden May. Two keys. A. S. Gatty. Sung by Madame Care-Ashton.
Before the Storm. Baritone. A. S. Gatty.
Mcha. No. 1 tenor, No. 2 baritone. V. Capoul. Sung by M. Capoul.
Be My Love. Baritone. G. Fox.
My Star. No. 1, contralto, No. 2 mezzo-sop. Julia Woolf.
Little Nannie. Soprano. Julia Woolf. Sung by Mrs. Osgood.
The Trooper's Dream. Baritone. Julia Woolf.
Post free 24 stamps each.
ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles Street, W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

NEW WALTZ, DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss). By OTTO MULLER. Performed at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre. This charming waltz, by the composer of the celebrated "Geliebt and Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz, may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or duet, price 2s. net.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

LOVED AND LOST (Geliebt und Verloren) WALTZES, by OTTO MULLER (performed at the Promenade Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden). These Celebrated WALTZES may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or Duet, 2s net.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MULLER'S Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.
BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

ESTY AMERICAN ORGANS, cheapest and best for quality, &c. LOW PRICES FOR CASH, or by monthly payments (in London and Suburbs only). Lists on application.—J. A. MILLS, 60, Moorgate Street, E.C.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 22, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

COLLECTIONS of PHOTOGRAPHS, PRINTS, &c., arranged.—MARION and CO., 22 and 23, Soho Square, undertake to PUT INTO ORDER COLLECTIONS of PHOTOGRAPHS, Prints, &c.—to make them into convenient volumes for reference—to frame them for the Library or Dining Room—or to portfolio them with partitions in order to keep Countries separate—Patent Portfolios, folding into small space. Portraits enlarged, framed, and cased. Estimates given for work in general.

WOOD-CUTTING for AMATEURS. —No previous knowledge required. Thousands of pretty things in Cut Wood, Baskets, Stands for Flowers, &c. Candelabras, Pipe Cases, &c., &c., can be cut by Lorin's Wood-cutting Machines, everything complete. Drawings, saws, &c., from 8s.—Wholesale and Retail, to be had at the Manufacturers, JACQUES LORIN FILS, 3, Rue de la Fidelité, Paris. Catalogues free on application.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 34, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

MAPPIN and WEBB
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
3½ inch ivory, per doz.	15s. od.	11s. od.	7s. od.
3½ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. od.	15s. od.	7s. od.
3¾ inch ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. od.	16s. od.	7s. 6d.
3¾ inch ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. od.	23s. od.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine ivory, per doz.	34s. od.	24s. od.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

NOTICE.—Manufacture of Spoons and Forks.—Messrs. ELKINGTON and CO. beg to announce that having succeeded in carrying out several important improvements in the above manufacture, they are now enabled to offer their guaranteed qualities at such prices as, while fully maintaining their high quality, place them within the reach of all classes. Revised Illustrated Price Lists can be had on application.
ADDRESS—ELKINGTON and CO.
LONDON—22, Regent Street, W.
42, Moorgate Street, E.C.
LIVERPOOL—25, Church Street.
MANCHESTER—St. Ann's Square, or to the Manufactory,
NEWHALL STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

DUPLEX TABLE LAMP, with instantaneous extinguisher.—The Lamp of the Season for petroleum or rock oil, gives an intense, pure, and beautiful light, equal to that of 24 sperm candles, at a cost of about one farthing per hour. Deane and Co. have a large stock on sale in Crystal, China, Ormoulu, and Bronzes. Prices from 17s. 6d. to £6 6s.
Deane and Co.'s Illustrated Priced List for 1877 post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, King William St., London Bridge.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 2 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

GROSVENOR SCHOOL OF ART, 16, NORTH AUDLEY STREET, W. Miss DIGBY WILLIAMS, Principal. Preparations for Royal Academy and South Kensington Examinations. Separate Day and Evening Classes for Ladies and Gentlemen. Life Model and Antique, &c.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD LIVER OIL (Registered).
The purest Oil, and by Almond flavouring rendered palatable and easy of digestion.
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.

British Medical Journal says—Whilst securing the beneficial results traceable to Cod Liver Oil as a valuable tonic and dietetic, we have found no difficulty in inducing our little patients to take it.

Sanitary Record says—We have tried its effect on the most delicate constitutions with marked effect. So well are the odour and taste of the Oil disguised that children will take the preparation with avidity.

Medical Times says—The taste is decidedly masked by the almond flavouring.

Medical Press—Has an agreeable smell and flavour, and we can certify that the result is satisfactory.

Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists,
And Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited),
Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,
A LARGE PURCHASE OF
NEW COLOURED SILKS,
at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., and 4s. 4½d. per yard, also a richer quality at 5s. 3d., usually sold at 7s. 6d. per yard.
250 shades to select from. Patterns free.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF
BLACK GROS GRAINS.
This extensive purchase comprises Silks of the best and most reliable makes, and are specially recommended.
Prices 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yard.
Also richer goods from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS
to match every Silk, short pile, well covered,
suitable for Gowns, 6s. 11d. per yard, any length cut.
A special purchase of Black Lyons Velvet, all silk,
at 9s. 11d. per yard. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

COLOURED SILK COSTUMES
of the latest designs and most fashionable description,
in all the new colour Silks, commencing at 6½ guineas.
Patterns of the Silks and Engravings post free.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES,
made from the new Paris Models in eight different
styles of the most approved designs, as shown in
Engravings, price with bodice complete, 5½ guineas.
Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN
WINTER COSTUMES,
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Costumes suitable for Travelling,
Promenade, and Indoor Wear, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas.
Illustrations and Patterns of Materials post free.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING
MADE BALL AND WEDDING DRESSES.
Now ready several thousand charming Dresses
in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas.
Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen
in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN.
THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black),
profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train,
1 guinea, a substantial box included.
A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours,
for 28s. 9d., with material for bodice.
Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
WINTER DRESSES,
in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour,
From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.
CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and
richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced.
48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool,
This most useful material can be had in every new shade
of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 3d. to
2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

A NEW FABRIC FOR PALETOTS, &c.
POIL DE CHAMEAU (Registered).
This elegant fabric, though very warm, is remarkably
light and soft, and can be had in choice shades of Fawn, Drab,
Grey, Light Brown, &c. 54 inches wide, from 5s. 6d. per yd.
Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St., W.

A VARIETY OF NEW MATERIALS FOR
WARM WINTER PETTICOATS,
including a large assortment of Silk Striped Cloth
Skirtings, Reversible Felts, plain colours, New Striped Flannel
Cashmere, &c., from 2s. 11d. to 5s. 6d. per yd. Patterns free.

NOW ON SALE AT HALF-PRICE.
1,000 UNMADE PALETOTS (Black),
Richly embroidered on very fine Cashmere or
Diagonal Cloth, full size and newest shapes,
from 29s. 6d. to 42s. each, formerly 3 to 4 guineas.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS.
VELVET-FINISH'D VELVETEENS,
beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black,
from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades
of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,
having concluded the purchase of large quantities of
SEAL FUR SKINS
and Squirrel Furs, they are now on sale as quoted below.
Russian Seal Fur Jackets, loose shapes,
24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Ditto fitting shapes, 30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 20 guineas.
South Sea Seals, loose shapes, 2 to 4 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN
MANTLES AND PALETOTS,
Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL
CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.
The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.
Patterns and Engravings free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP of
GASK and GASK.
SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK of
Silk Mercery, General Drapery, &c.
ALL NEW THIS SEASON.
Commencing on MONDAY NEXT.
Mr. HENRY GASK being compelled by ill-health
to retire from the business.
Great reductions in price will be made
throughout all the departments, and all goods
marked in plain figures at the lowest prices,
for ready money only.
Silks, Costumes, Mantles, Dress Fabrics, Linens,
Blankets, Gloves, Hosiery, Lace Goods, Mournings, &c., &c.
Doors will be opened at 10 o'clock.
GASK and GASK,
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street, and Wells Street.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS. Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GRAND EXHIBITION OF AUTUMN DRESS GOODS.

1,000 New Patterns of the choicest Shades and designs, the productions of various European nations.
7,000 yards of Autumn Serge, at 6¾d. and 10½d.
Autumn Beges, 8¾d. and 11½d. the yard.
Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d. (Sage, Olive Green, &c.)
Estamene Serges, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
Homespun Estamene, 1s. 6½d., 27 in. wide.
New Snowflakes, Camel's Hair, and Vienna Cloths.
Shetland Estamene, 27 in. wide, 1s. 4¾d. the yard.
Poil de Chameau, French production, all wool, 30 in. wide, 1s. 9¾d. the yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d. yard.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d. yd., superb colours.
Autumn Matelassé, 10½d. a yard.
Scarboro' Twill, 1s. 0½d.; Derby and Swiss Matelasse, 1s. 0½d.; New Autumn Rich Skirting, 1s. 11½d. the yard, 40 in. wide; Indian Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. yard.
These and other Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW SILK PATTERNS are now ready.

The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.
A New Make of Extreme Richness
BLACK SILKS, 1s. 6½d. to 10s. the yard.
The Queen's Black Silk, 7s. 11d.
The Queen's Black Silk, 8s. 11d.
The Queen's Black Silk, 9s. 11d.
The Queen's Black Silk, 10s. 11d.
Superb Goods & Splendid Wear.
A special parcel of Coloured Silks, 2s. 11½d. yard.
Coloured Gros Grain Silks, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 6s. 11d. the yard.
Floral Silks for Trimmings, 3s. 9½d.
Japanese Figures, 1s. 3½d.
The Velvet and Velveteen Stock is now complete.
A Special Lot Black Velveteens, 1s. 11½d., and Colours, at 2s. 10½d.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.

Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 1s. 3½d.
Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s. 11½d.
Double-width Melton Cloths, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.
Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s. 11d. to 6s. 11d.
Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d.
Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard. All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GRAND EXHIBITION OF COSTUMES, &c.

as lately shown at the Grand Autumn Exhibition and Costumes Contest at the Alexandra Palace.
"Harrogate"—Bronze Green Cachmere and Velveteen Costumes, £4 4s.
"Ventnor"—Fawn, Homespun, and Brown Braid, Jacket and Hat, £3 18s 6d.
"Silverton"—Brown Cachmere and Velveteen, £3 18s. 6d.
"Glenthorne"—Prune Snowflake and Pink Silk, £2 10s. 6d.
"Bromley"—Bronze Cachmere and Blue Silk, with Cape, £4 4s.
"Clairmont"—Fawn Serge and Brown Velveteen, £2 10s. 6d.
"Christine"—Black Velveteen and Silk Jacket and Hat, £5 5s.
"Lymington"—Fawn Matelasse and Velvet Galloon, Jacket and Hat, £4 10s 6d.
"Zarel"—Brown Velveteen and Cream Brocaded Silk, £4 4s.
"Moscow"—Fawn Camel's Hair Cloth, with Lynx Fur Jacket, Hat and Muff, £6 6s.
"Clyde"—Fawn, Chameau, Cloth and Raccoon Fur, Jacket, Hat and Muff, £5 10s. 6d.
"St. Malo"—Prune Velveteen and Grey Fur, Jacket, Hat, and Muff, £5 18s. 6d.
"Bonnie Fishwife"—Blue Serge and Red Twill, with Cap, £2 18s. 6d.
"Normandy"—Green Serge and White Braid Jacket and Hat, £2 18s. 6d.
"Chiswick"—Deep Mourning Costume. Black Cachmere and Crape, with Bonnet, £4 10s. 6d.
"Chislehurst"—Complimentary Mourning Richly Trimmed Black Silk, £6 6s.
Patterns of Materials, Photographs, and every particular, post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
UNDERCLOTHING and OUTFITTING.

A new Illustrated Price List is now ready, and can be sent free to any address.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S
Photographs of the new Lace Sets, Collarettes, and Cuffs, in real and imitation Valenciennes, Torchon and Maltese Lace. Sets, 1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d., 10s. 9d., 15s. 9d., 21s., 25s. 6d. Collarettes, 6¾d., 9¾d., 1s. 0½d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 10s. 9d. Cuffs, 6¾d., 9¾d., 1s. 0½d., 1s. 6d., 3s. 11d.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
£20,000 worth.

Faithfully recommended to their Customers by Messrs. JAY. These Silks are unweighted, pure in quality, and may be fully relied on to wear well.

Present price . .	3s. 9d.	Last year's price . .		5s. 9d.
"	4s. 3d.	"	" . .	6s. 6d.
"	4s. 9d.	"	" . .	7s. 3d.
"	5s. 3d.	"	" . .	8s. 3d.
"	5s. 9d.	"	" . .	9s. 6d.
"	6s. 9d.	"	" . .	10s. 3d.

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The
most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.

ÆGIDIUS.—A New ELASTIC OVER-
SHIRT, as warm as wool, as soft as silk. It will entirely dispense with the ever-shrinking coloured flannel, 13s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. each. Patterns of material and self-measure free by post.—FORD and CO., 41 and 44, Poultry, London.

MILLINERY.—See our Autumn Novel-
ties in Bonnets and Hats in all the newest designs and colours. Our Guinea Bonnet and Hat will be found worthy of special attention.
N.B.—G. W. JONES, 101, Oxford Street.

CAPS and HEAD-DRESSES, in choice
and extensive variety, from the simple Bow or Coiffure to the Old Ladies' Cap.
N.B.—G. W. JONES, 101, Oxford Street,
Corner of Great Portland Street.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.

VELVET CARPETS, &c.

EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862: DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

HEALTHY SKIN AND GOOD COMPLEXION.
PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,
Is the Best for the
TOILET, NURSERY, & SHAVING.
Recommended in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*, edited by Mr.
ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,
used by
THE ROYAL FAMILY,
and Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER
or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well
as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
PETER ROBINSON, of Regent Street,
has just completed some large purchases
from the Lyons Manufacturers, at a great advantage,
and can supply really Good Black Silks,
at 2s. 6½d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
THE EMPRESS BLACK SILK, at 6s. 6d.
is specially recommended for Good Wear
by the Manufacturer.
Also DEGOVE'S PURE BLACK SILK,
which gives Universal Satisfaction,
at 5s., 7s., and 8s.
For Patterns address
PETER ROBINSON, REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 261,
where the above can only be obtained.
BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS,
exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in LYONS VELVET, at 10s 9d.
BLACK SILK TRIMMING VELVETS,
at 4s. 6d., 5s 6d., 6s. 9d.
at PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.
For 4½ & 5 Gs. . . . . . formerly 6½ & 7 Guineas.
For 7 Guineas . . . . . formerly 9 Guineas.
For 10 Guineas . . . . . formerly 14 Guineas.
Perfectly new styles.
Exquisitely cut and trimmed by French Artists,
Photographs and Patterns of the Silks free.
Address PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
59s. 6d. and 3½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9 guineas.
36 inches long for 10½ guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
it is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

MR. HERON, 10, Arthur Street, Belfast,
writes: "DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS allayed the inflammation of my throat, relieved the cough, and gave me ease at once." Price 1s. 1½d.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S
EMACIATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND, & HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER
PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing,
and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d. E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.
VICHY.
Property of the French Government.

CELESTINS.—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.
HAUTERIVE.—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.
GRANDE-GRILLE.—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.
HOPITAL.—For Stomach complaints, &c.
VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.
CAUTION.—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.
Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

PALACE SOAP, 20s. per lb., for State
Apartments.—PIESSE and LUBIN, 2, New Bond Street, are the only makers of this exquisite soap. Single cakes, 5s., or six in a carton, 27s. 6d. Piesse and Lubin also make some charming flower-scented soaps, at 10s. per lb., such as opoponax soap, violet soap, frangipanni soap, attar rose soap, and others, in cakes, 2s. 6d. each, suitable for superior use.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S SWEET
SCENTS.—Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, White Rose, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 bottles in a case, 7s. The above sweet scents in sachet powder, 1s. 6d. each, can be forwarded by post. Sold by fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO
NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s 6d.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL
PRIZE MEDAL.
FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.
Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL
awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.
Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,

CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,

AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,

AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR

UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.
JAMES EPPS AND CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN
COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 6d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, 5s. 6d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; buckwheat and maize, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; barley meal, 5s. 6d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; Indian corn, 5s. 6d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for Invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

FISH AND ICE.—EDWIN GILSON,
Fishmonger by Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 10, Haymarket, S.W., supplies country families with the best Fish the market produces at lowest possible prices. A choice dish of fish forwarded carriage free within fifty miles of London for Half-a-crown.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.—
The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel.
Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—
Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY
"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."
UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS.
5, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street,
London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their
CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE"
CIGARETTES
Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES."
"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'THREE CASTLES.'"—Vide "The Virginians." Sold only in Packets, protected by the Name and Trade Mark of
W. D. and H. O. WILLS.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION, with
soft and lustrous skin, also teeth of pearl-like whiteness, and fragrant breath, assured by using Dr. DURAND'S HEALTH SOAP and DENTIFRICE. 6d. per tablet, 5s. per box of 12.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, London, S.W., or of any Chemist.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT
BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE
OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO.
Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Hol-
born, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from face and arms without injury. 3s. 6d. Sent post free, carefully packed, for 54 stamps by Alex. Ross.

THE NOSE MACHINE applied to the
nose for an hour daily so directs the soft cartilage of the nose that an ill-formed one is quickly shaped, 10s. 6d. Sent for stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS
POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 80, Southwark St., London.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CON-
STIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.
The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families."*
Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 65, Southwark Street, London.

CONSUMPTION.
WHY HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil)
ENTIRELY SUPERSEDES the use of plain COD LIVER OIL.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) is equal
to ten times the quantity of Cod Liver Oil. The nauseous taste of Cod Liver Oil is removed by Hydration. Easier to administer than Cod Liver Oil. Contains ready-digested Cod Liver Oil. Can be taken by the most delicate stomach. Is immediately assimilated. Produces rapid increase in flesh and weight. HYDROLEINE has been described as partially-digested oil, which will nourish and produce increase in weight in those cases where oils or fats not so treated are difficult or impossible to digest. All tendency to emaciation and loss of weight is arrested by the regular use of HYDROLEINE, which may be discontinued when the usual average weight has been permanently regained. Hydrated Oil is superior to any Emulsion or Pancreatised Oil ever known.

THE CHEMICAL PRINCIPLES upon
which Hydrated Oil is prepared were first described in a Treatise on the "ASSIMILATION AND DIGESTION OF FATS IN THE HUMAN BODY," by H. C. BARTLETT, Ph.D., F.C.S. (Published by Messrs. J. and A. Churchill, New Burlington Street, London)—"Fat in the Human Body." Page 41. "Nothing appears to restore the healthy functions of the liver and pancreas in these cases except the frequent ingestion of oil or liquid fat, so treated artificially that it is already partially transformed by fermentation and the reaction of bile. Seized on with avidity by the absorbents, it is insensibly assimilated by the digestive organs, until they gradually become strengthened, not only to provide their own nourishment, but to transform a sufficient quantity of fat to supply the inevitable waste throughout the body." And in "NOTES ON CONSUMPTION AND WASTING DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED BY HYDRATED OIL, WITH CASES SHOWING THE IMMEDIATE INCREASE IN WEIGHT PRODUCED BY IT." G. OVEREND DREWRY, M.D., Physician to the National Free Dispensary for Consumption and Wasting Diseases, Gower Street, W., Author of "Common Sense Management of the Stomach," &c. (Published by Diprose, Bateman, and Co., Sheffield Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields), referring to Cases treated at the National Free Dispensary, says that "Hydrated Oil produces an effect such as neither Cod Liver Oil nor any preparation of it with which I am acquainted even faintly approaches."—Page 15. And on page 21, "Patients are unanimous in the statement that the appetite is much increased by taking Hydrated Oil, and that so far from possessing the unpleasant taste of ordinary Cod Liver Oil, the taste of Hydrated Oil is agreeable rather than the reverse, and is described by some as resembling Devonshire cream. These, I submit, are very important points, in cases usually attended by great irritability of stomach." "The general improvement in strength shown within a fortnight was in many instances surprising even to myself, who had seen already in private practice many startling results from its use. My experience, however, shows that in cases where Cod Liver Oil or an emulsion of it has been depended upon, increase of weight is rarely obtained."—Page 26.

"THERE are many in these days of
feverish work and continued strain who insensibly are drifting towards degeneration of nerve tissue, without the evidence of any special disease, excepting nervous irritability and sleeplessness. In these cases I have found Hydrated Oil act like a charm, tranquillising and restoring tone to the nervous system with startling rapidity (Page 44). It is an exceedingly difficult preparation to make: but from many hundred samples examined by Dr. Bartlett and myself, I am in a position to say that in the Hydrated Oil manufactured by Messrs. J. M. RICHARDS and CO., of Great Russell Street, London, all the chemical changes necessary to transform the oil from its original state to one of partial solubility in water are perfectly produced. The unstable nature of such a combination is one of its most valuable characteristics, and it frequently happens that changes of temperature and exposure to light cause a certain small separation of watery extractives from the essential hydration, which is, however, invariably permanent to the requisite extent. This is of no consequence, sufficient combination being again produced instantaneously by shaking the bottle" (Page 35).

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) is not a
SECRET PREPARATION. Is not a PATENT MEDICINE. The Formula is on every Bottle.

HYDROLEINE is economical in use and
certain in result. The agreeable character of HYDRATED OIL is conclusively shown by the fact that Delicate Women and Young Children take it with avidity; and in the case of Infants who do not thrive upon the food given, the nourished and well-conditioned appearance of the child after this treatment is most marked. To Brain Workers of all classes, HYDRATED OIL is invaluable, supplying as it does THE TRUE NERVE FOOD. The ordinary so-called emulsions of Cod Liver Oil and other fats, whether pancreatised or not, merely remain in the form of a coarse mechanical mixture for a short time after agitation. The digestion of oil, having in no sense been artificially produced, still devolves upon those functional powers the deficiency of which is the most prominent symptom in these cases.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil). From
its valuable tonic effect on the nervous system, in addition to its special stimulating action on the organs concerned in the production of fat in the body, it also causes marked increase in weight in persons of naturally thin habit who do not present any evidences of disease. The permanence and perfection of the emulsion and the extreme solubility of the HYDRATED OIL is shown by its retaining its cream-like condition as long as the purest Cod Liver Oil will retain its sweetness. Unlike the preparations mentioned, or simple Cod Liver Oil, it produces no unpleasant eructation or sense of nausea, and should be taken in such very much smaller doses, according to the directions, as will ensure its complete assimilation; this at the same time renders its use economical in the highest degree.

ANALYTICAL REPORT.
HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil).
Laboratory, 39, Duke Street, Grosvenor Sq., W.,
July 31, 1877.

Messrs. J. M. Richards and Co.

Gentlemen,—In compliance with your instructions I have to report that the samples of Hydrated Oil (Hydroleine) taken by me from bulk before bottling during the last nine months have in every instance been composed in accordance with the formula given on the labels. The necessary conditions of transformation of the oil have always been attained in the manufacture, and by means of the artificial digestion so produced this preparation is far more easy of assimilation than ordinary Cod Liver Oil, or any emulsion of fat or oil which I have analysed.—I am, faithfully yours,

H. C. BARTLETT, Ph.D., F.C.S.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) is imme-
diately assimilated. Unlike ordinary Cod Liver Oil, it does not Purge, does not produce Sickness, or what is so well known as biliousness, nor does it pass through the body unchanged, as it is already partially digested, and suitable for immediate absorption and assimilation. Hence its economical value, none being wasted.

WEAKLY INFANTS thrive on it.
Appetite is improved, digestion assisted, and strength increased by HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil). A true Nerve Tonic, a REAL DIGESTIVE, and POWERFUL NUTRITIVE.

ALL Persons taking HYDROLEINE
are particularly urged to keep an ACCOUNT FROM WEEK TO WEEK of THEIR WEIGHT, that the gain and improvement may be shown.

MESSRS. J. M. RICHARDS and CO.,
having devoted special attention to perfecting a process by means of which uniformity in the production of HYDRATED OIL is secured, desire to direct the attention of the medical profession and the public to this preparation, to distinguish which the name of HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) has been registered under the Trade Marks Act by them.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil), in Half-
pound Bottles, price 4s. 6d.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

MANUFACTURED by

J. M. RICHARDS and CO.—Office and
Warehouse, Great Russell Street Buildings, Great Russell Street (corner of Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury), London.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE.
Containing the following Popular Dance Music:—

TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS	Chas. D'Albert.
CONSTANTINOPLE QUADRILLE	Chas. D'Albert.
DIE FLEDERMAUS WALTZ	Johann Strauss.
LES LOINTAINS WALTZ	Emile Waldteufel.
MAIDEN'S DREAM WALTZ	Edward Hoffman.
THE SCHOMBERG GALOP	Chas. D'Albert.
FLORETTA POLKA	Chas. D'Albert.
PIZZICATO POLKA	J. & J. Strauss.
FORGET-ME-NOT GALOP	A. Hecker.

And a New Quadrille,
MOLLIE DARLING. By Chas. D'Albert.
Price One Shilling; post free, 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE BALKANS. Descriptive Piece for the Pianoforte, by Jules de Sivrai, introducing Turkish and Russian airs; illustrated, 2s. net.
SCHIPKA PASS. Grand March for the Pianoforte, by Wm. Smallwood; illustrated, 1s. 6d. net.
MARCH OF THE PASHAS. For the Pianoforte, by J. Pridham; illustrated, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG.
THE DISTANT SHORE. New Song by Arthur Sullivan. Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd during his Promenade Tour in October. Price (in E flat, F and G) 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE ROWAN TREE. New Song by M. W. Balfe. Will be sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling during her Tour in the Provinces. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

MAIDEN MINE. By W. Sterndale Bennett. Mr. W. Shakespeare will sing the above favourite song at all Concerts during his provincial tour. Price 2s net.—CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THOU'RT PASSING HENCE. Mr. Santley will sing Arthur Sullivan's new song at the first Saturday Popular Concert, on November 17th, at St. James's Hall. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0

All the above for Orchestra, 3s; Septet, 2s. each.
N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. Leybach. In 2 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE.

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter.

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.—50, New Bond Street.

LOUIS DIEHL'S SONGS.—DEAR ENGLAND, C to F.—Signor Foli always receives an ovation with this song. "True Hearts," D to F; "Mother, the Tots and Me," E to F. Each post free for 18 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

LATEST SONGS, issued by ROBERT COCKS and CO., all post free at half-price.

I Awake and Dream. Song. J. Blumenthal. 3s.	So Far Away. J. L. Roeckel. 3s.
Summer Rain. Vocal Duet. F. Abt. 4s.	The Moss Rose and the Laurel. H. P. Danks. 3s.
The Village Queen. Song. Ch. Schreiber. 3s.	Unforgotten Days. J. L. Roeckel. 3s.
The City Bells. Vocal Duet. F. Abt. 4s.	Droop Not, Young Lover. Handel. 3s.
The Cuckoo's Concert. Song. H. P. Danks. 3s.	Awake. Stephen Adams 3s.
Spring Morning. Song. F. Abt. 3s.	Steering. F. H. Cowen. 4s.
Biddy Malone. Irish Ballad. W. C. Russell. 3s.	"Aye or No." F. H. Cowen. 4s.
Gold and Gray. O. Barri. 3s.	Don't Forget Me. C. Pinsuti. 3s.
	The Lifeboat. H. F. Limpus. 3s.

London: 6, New Burlington Street. Order everywhere.

MIDLOTHIAN. Fantasia for the Pianoforte on the Scotch Air, "Donald." By W. S. Rockstro. Post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

TWEEDSIDE. Fantasia for the Piano on an ancient Scotch melody attributed to David Rizzio. By W. S. Rockstro. Post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC PRIMERS. Edited by Dr. Stainer.

Second Edition, price Two Shillings.
THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By Ernst Pauer (Principal Professor of the Pianoforte at the National Training School for Music). No. 1 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

Now Ready.
THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. Stainer. No. 3 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

In the Press.
THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. Cummings. No. 2 of Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.

Second Edition, price Two Shillings.
CATHEDRAL PSALTER CHANTS. Edited by Rev. S. Flood Jones, M.A., James Turle, Rev. J. Troutbeck, M.A., Dr. J. Stainer, and Joseph Barnby.

MENDELSSOHN.—LIEDER OHNE WORTE (Songs without Words). The best and ONLY COMPLETE EDITION, containing the SEVENTH and EIGHTH BOOKS. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, folio, 12s.; octavo, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.

RUBINSTEIN'S EIGHTEEN TWO-PART SONGS, with German and English words. The English Version by Madame Natalia Macfarren. Octavo, paper covers, 2s. 6d.; handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S VOCAL ALBUM, containing Thirty Songs, with English and German words, by Robert Schumann. Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM for YOUNG PIANISTS, containing Fifty-six Short Pieces, by Robert Schumann (Op. 68 and Op. 15). Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.

GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM, containing Forty Songs, with the original German words, and an English version by John Oxenford. Paper covers, 2s. 6d. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.
LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.,
1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

Price 2s. 6d. each volume, paper; 4s. cloth, gilt edges.
THE ROYAL SONG BOOKS.
RUBINSTEIN'S 50 SONGS.
RUBINSTEIN'S 18 VOCAL DUETS.
BEETHOVEN'S 76 SONGS.
MENDELSSOHN'S 60 SONGS.
SCHUMANN'S 75 SONGS.
THE SONGS OF GERMANY (100 Volkslieder).
The above have all German and English words.
THE SONGS OF ENGLAND (100 songs).
THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND (150 songs).
THE SONGS OF IRELAND (108 Songs).
THE SONGS OF WALES (62 songs).
The above form a complete collection of National Songs.
SACRED SONGS, ANCIENT AND MODERN (100 Songs).
HUMOROUS SONGS (72 New and Old Songs).
CHOICE DUETS FOR LADIES' VOICES (24 duets).
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEYS' SHILLING INSTRUC-TORS.
DR. CALLCOTT'S GRAMMAR OF MUSIC.
W. T. BEST'S FIRST ORGAN BOOK.
J. W. ELLIOTT'S NEW HARMONIUM TUTOR.
HENNINGS' FIRST BOOK FOR THE VIOLIN.
CASE'S VIOLIN TUTOR.
BRINLEY RICHARDS' FIRST LESSONS FOR THE PIANO.
GEORGE MOUNT'S POPULAR PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
DR. SPARK'S HANDY-BOOK OF CHORAL SINGING.
BALFE'S BALLAD TUTOR.
VACCAJ'S SINGING METHOD, without Solfeggi.
HATTON'S SINGING TUTOR FOR LADIES' VOICES.
HATTON'S SINGING TUTOR FOR MEN'S VOICES.
KAPPEY'S CLARIONET TUTOR.
EDWARD HOWELL'S FIRST BOOK for the VIOLONCELLO.
R. S. PRATTEN'S FLUTE TUTOR.
STANTON JONES' CORNET TUTOR.
CASE'S ENGLISH CONCERTINA TUTOR.

Price 1s. each Book.
BOOSEYS' CABINET CLASSICS.
203. RUBINSTEIN'S ALBUM (11 best pieces). 1s.
206. RUBINSTEIN'S SIX STUDIES, 1s.
207. RUBINSTEIN'S SIX PRELUDES, 1s.
204. BRAHMS' ALBUM (including 16 waltzes). 1s.
205. RAFF'S ALBUM (6 best pieces), 1s.
80. HELLER'S ALBUM (12 pieces). 1s.
161. HELLER'S PETIT ALBUM (10 pieces). 1s.
85. HELLER'S PROMENADES D'UN SOLITAIRE. 1s.
140. HELLER'S 24 STUDIES. 1s.
100. SCHUMANN'S KINDERSCENEN, &c. 1s.
113. SCHUMANN'S 1st ALBUM FOR YOUTH. 1s.
159. SCHUMANN'S 2nd ALBUM FOR YOUTH. 1s.
160. SCHUMANN'S 3rd ALBUM FOR YOUTH. 1s.
117. CHOPIN'S WALTZES, complete. 1s.
143. CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS, complete. 1s.
171. CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES, complete. 1s.
208. CHOPIN'S 25 PRELUDES.
190. FIELD'S TEN NOCTURNES (all the best). 1s.
33-35. MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS (Six books).
214. BEETHOVEN'S WALTZ ALBUM (45 waltzes).

BOOSEYS' SHILLING BALLAD BOOKS, in the MUSICAL CABINET.

Santley's 10 New Songs.	A. S. Gatty's 12 Ballads.
Santley & Foli's 22 New Songs.	Claribel's 12 Ballads.
Arthur Sullivan's 10 Songs.	Virginia Gabriel's 10 Songs.
Hatton's 10 New Songs.	Dolores' 12 Songs.
Longfellow & Balfe's 10 Songs.	Gounod's 10 Songs.

BOOSEYS' SHILLING OPERAS for PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Ballo in Maschera.	Lohengrin (2s.).
Barbière.	Lucia.
Crown Diamonds.	Lucrezia Borgia.
Dame Blanche.	Madame Angot.
Dinorah (2s.).	Martha.
Domino Noir.	Masaniello.
Don Juan.	Norma.
Don Pasquale.	Nozze di Figaro.
Ernani.	Oberon.
Favorita.	Rigoletto.
Fidelio.	Robert le Diable.
Figlia del Reggimento.	Semiramide.
Flauto Magico.	Sonnambula.
Flying Dutchman (2s.).	Tannhäuser (2s.).
Fra Diavolo.	Traviata.
Freischütz.	Trovatore.
Grand Duchess.	William Tell.
Huguenots (2s.)	Zampa.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEYS' SHILLING ORATORIOS and MASSES.

Beethoven's Mount of Olives. 1s.	Haydn's Creation (8vo.). 1s.
Bach's Passion (S. Matthew). 1s. 6d.	Haydn's Creation (4to.). 1s.
Bach's Passion (Chorales). 6d.	Haydn's Imperial Mass. 1s.
Handel's Messiah (8vo.). 1s.	Mendelssohn's Walpurgis Night. 1s.
Handel's Messiah (4to.). 1s.	Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise. 1s.
Handel's Acis and Galatea. 1s.	Mozart Twelfth Mass. 1s.
Handel's Dettingen Te Deum. 1s.	Mozart's Requiem Mass. 1s.
Handel's Israel in Egypt. 1s.	Rossini's Stabat Mater. 1s.
Handel's Judas Maccabæus. 1s.	Beethoven's Mass in C. 1s.
	Gounod's Messe Solennelle. 1s.

BOOSEYS' SHILLING ORGAN BOOKS.
BACH'S 100 CHORALES.
HENRY SMART'S 50 PRELUDES AND INTERLUDES.
JOHNSON'S CONCLUDING VOLUNTARIES.
BATISTE'S 67 PRELUDES, INTERLUDES, &c.
HATTON'S SMALL ORGAN BOOK.
HILES' SHORT VOLUNTARIES (WITHOUT PEDALS).
WELY'S OFFERTORIES.
ANDRE AND HESSE'S VOLUNTARIES.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

Price 2s. each net.
SANTLEY'S POPULAR SONGS.

Polly.	The Vagabond.
Fair Is My Love.	The Yeoman's Wedding.

Also Santley's New Song Book, in the Musical Cabinet (170), containing 10 songs, published in no other work. Price 1s.
Nava's Baritone Method. Edited by Santley. Price 10s. 6d.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Celebrated Song. The Waltz of the Season. Price 2s. net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRU-MENTS FOR AMATEURS.
THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.
The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO.
No. 1 CONTAINS:

Reise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe.
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.
Six Waltzes by Joseph Gung'l.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Grafenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schönster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tour du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancée Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps.
N.B.—Violin and Concert Accompaniments to each number 6d. each.
A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS."
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.
The undermentioned arrangements are in the press:
QUADRILLES by Arban. Price 4s.
SUITE DE VALSES by O. Metra. Price 4s.
BRILLIANT FANTASIA by E. Moniot. Price 3s.
COMPLETE OPERA PIANO SOLO. Price 2s. 6d. net.
SELECTIONS OF AIRS IN TWO BOOKS by Cramer. 3s. each.
N.B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.
London: JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W., and 123, Cheapside.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S NAAMAN.
Vocal Score, complete, Octavo Edition. 4s. net.
Do. do. bound in cloth. 6s. net.
All the numbers of "Naaman" can also be had separately, including the celebrated Aria, "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," 3s.; and the Triumphal March, "Naaman," as Piano Solo, 3s. Piano Duet, 3s.; and also as Organ Solo, with Pedal, 3s.

SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S WORKS for the PIANOFORTE, in two vols. Cheap Edition now ready, including the celebrated Toccato, Scherzo, Op. 13; Capriccio, Op. 27; Three Sketches, &c. Price 6s. net each vol.; or, bound, cloth, 8s. net.

FRANZ ABT'S NEWEST SONGS.
ONE LITTLE WORD. 3s.
"Destined to be one of the reigning favourites. This gifted composer has written nothing more beautiful since 'When the Swallows.'"—*Empire.*
'TIS I, MY LOVE. 3s.
"The music is of Abt's best, the melody is full of variety and charm."—*Illustrated News.*
New Vocal Duets by same Composer:—
THE FAIRY DELL. 3s. EVENTIDE. 3s.
FAIR JEANETTE. 3s.

AS SUNG BY SIGNOR GIANINI AT PROMENADE CONCERTS, COVENT GARDEN.
DAWN SONG (L'AURORA).
Florian Pascal.
Compass E to F Sharp. Key of D.
English and Italian words. Post free 18 stamps.

MAIDEN'S FLOWER SONG.
Composed by Ciro Pinsuti.
"A boon to sopranos."
Compass D to E. Key of G. Post free 18 stamps.

NEW NATIONAL SONG.
WE ROAM AND RULE THE SEA.
Words by Dr. W. C. Bennett. Music by J. B. Waldeck.
"A truly patriotic song."
Compass A to E (in G).
Post free, 18 stamps.

SPRING SONG. By J. Leybach.
ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN WORDS.
"A perfect little gem, easy to sing and play."
Compass D to F (in C).
Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONGS by J. Leybach.
LIFE'S AUTUMN (in A). Compass E to G flat.
THE SIRENS (in F). Compass C to F.
BRIGHT STARS OF HEAVEN (in C). Compass D to F.
MAIDEN AND THE BIRDS (in B flat). Compass D to F.
Post free, 18 stamps each.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S NEW PIECES.
PRES DU LAC (Meditation), artistically illustrated. Price 2s. net.
UN BIJOU PERDU, artistically illustrated. Price 2s. net.
BERCEUSE. Price 1s. 6d. net.
LES VIEUX TEMPS. Gavotte. Price 1s. 6d. net.
LA PRINCESSE. Gavotte moderne. 1s. 6d. net.
TRANSCRIPTIO BRILLANTE (Braham). As played by Madame Arabella Goddard). 2s. 6d. net.

A BOON TO YOUNG PIANISTS.
A. GRENVILLE'S LA PRINCESSE. Price 1s. 3d. net.
A. GRENVILLE'S AIR DE BALLET. Price 1s. 3d. net.
J. RUMMEL'S BELLONA POLKA MAZURKA. Price 1s. 3d. net.
J. RUMMEL'S CHASSE GALOP. Price 1s. 3d. net.
J. RUMMEL'S LUCY VALSE. Price 1s. 3d. net.
PETITE COQUETTE POLKA. Price 1s. 3d. net.

NEW PIANO DUETS.
FOUR HANDS.

Pascal's Gavotte, Louis XIV.	Rummel's Preciosa (Weber).
Pascal's Marche Au Tournoi.	Rummel's La Sirène (Auber).
Hill's March	Rummel's Der Freischutz (Weber).
Nollet's La Perle du Rivage.	Rummel's Pré Aux Clercs (Herold).
Nollet's L'Heure de Couvre-feu.	Rummel's Othello (Rossini).
L'Gregh, Les Bergers Watteau.	Rummel's Figaro (Mozart).

POPULAR COMIC SONGS.

The Agreeable Young Man	Harry Clifton.
Don't Be After Ten	Do.
Artful Joe	Geo. Leybourne.
Captain De Wellington Boots	Do.
The Fairy Queen	Do.
Father Says I May	Do.
Ephriam Fox	Henry Clark.
Glycerina	Walter Howard.
It's Very Aggravating	G. Hunt.
Keep It a Secret	G. W. Moore.
Oh Nicodemus	Fred Coyne.
Paddy's Dream	G. Ware.

All the above are illustrated; may be sung anywhere by anybody, and sent post free, 18 stamps each.

POPULAR MOTTO SONGS.

Broken Down	Harry Clifton.
Pulling Hard Against the Stream	Do.
Seventy-two and as Hard as Steel	Do.
Shabby Genteel	Do.
Wait for the Turn of the Tide	Do.
Pull Slow and Steady	Harry Lynn.
Out in the Green Field	Walter Field.
Shun the Thing That's Wrong, Friend.	

All the above are specially recommended, being full of point and entirely free from all vulgarity. Post free, 18 stamps each.

HARRY HUNTER'S MOTTO SONGS.

Cheerily Ever.	Nulli Secundus.
Keep a Good Heart.	Take Things as They Are.
There's Danger in Delay.	Jolly Good Humour.

Post free, 18 stamps each.

ARDITI'S L'INGÉNUE. Morceau a la Gavotte. 3s. Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.
Berceuse. 3s. Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
La Princesse. 3s. (Gavotte). Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
Performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts.
Pres le Lac, sixième Meditation. 3s.
Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.
Pavane Royale de Louis XIV. 3s.
Air de Ballet. New Simplified Edition by Arthur Grenville. 3s.
Thematic lists of this favourite composer's sent free on application.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—AUTREFOIS (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). This charming little morceaux has already run through several editions, and seems likely to rival the ever popular "Danse Favorite" of the same composer. Post free, 18 stamps.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—UN BIJOU PERDU.—"M. Pascal is to be congratulated upon having rescued from oblivion this really exquisite little gem, the melody of which is so captivating that we venture to predict for it great popularity." As piano solo, now ready, 18 stamps.

CATALOGUES GRATIS AND POST FREE.
Shipping Orders on most favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

ROYAL WORCESTER CHINA, from the celebrated ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS, can be obtained from OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, who are also SOLE VENDORS of the CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICES (ewer, basin, &c., complete—9 pieces), from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive price lists of the same can be had post free on application.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZ-MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a home throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PRE-MISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

DINING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZ-MANN and CO.—Handsome Mohogany Dining-Room Suite, consisting of a Couch, Six Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, well upholstered in best leather, price 20 guineas; Superior ditto in Oak or Spanish Mahogany, with handsome Lounge, Six Stuffed Back Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, upholstered in best leather, and finished in a superior manner, price 28 guineas; Handsome Early English and Mediæval Dining-room Suites, in Oak, consisting of a large Divan Lounge, Six Chairs, and Two Noble Easy Chairs, upholstered in best leather and finished in the best possible manner, price 35 gs.

THE SANDRINGHAM EASY CHAIR, full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable for any room, price 25s.; lady's ditto, smaller size, 21s. Also the Sandringham Couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable, price 2 guineas. Every one about to furnish should see these marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and despatched same day on receipt of order per post.

THE "NONPAREIL" Bedroom Suite, complete, 6½ guineas, superior to any hitherto produced at the price, is enamelled imitation of Amboyna, Satinwood, or any other handsome Woods—also enamelled in Drab or White ground, decorated with fine lines—any colour. Ditto, but having a larger Wardrobe with Silvered Plate Glass in door, and a marble top to washstand complete, 9 guineas.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW BLINDS and SCREENS.—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS.	**FLOORCLOTH.**
CARPETS.	**FLOORCLOTH.**
CARPETS.	**FLOORCLOTH.**

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at a little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d. A large stock of real Turkey carpets at reduced prices.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.—A quan-tity of ready-made carpets will be cleared out a bargain. Quotations forwarded per post upon receiving size and description required. Large-size Hearthrugs, 4s. 9d. each; super ditto, 8s. 11d.; Axminster ditto, 12s. 9d.; best Axminster ditto, 15s. 6d.—usual price, 21s.; stout Floor Cloth at 9d. per yard; Patent Linoleum Floor Cloth and Stair Cloth, from 2s. 9d. per yard; Hemp Dutch Carpet, yard wide, 8d. per yard; large Kitchen Hearth Rug, 3s. 9d.; Sheepskin Hearthrugs, from 15s. 9d. upwards; ditto mats, from 2s.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CURTAIN DEPARTMENT.—Hand-some Damask and Rep Curtains, from 25s. per pair, the largest, cheapest, and best assortment in London; Cretonne ditto, from 15s. per pair; Madeid stripe ditto, all wool, 15s. per pair; Muslin and Lace Curtains, elegant designs, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 to 64 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s. 9d.; magnificent Guipure Lace Curtains, 4 yards long by 60 inches wide, 14s. 9d. per pair.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY DE-PARTMENT.—Strong bronzed Fenders, from 1s. 6d. each; super ditto, 3s. 9d.; handsome drawing-room fenders, steel top, 8s. 9d.; ditto, with polished steel mouldings, new design, from 12s. 9d. to 5 guineas; fire-irons, from 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, 4s. 9d.; burnished steel ditto, from 7s. 6d. to 2 guineas per set; Japanned Oval Tea Trays, from 3s. 11d. per set of three—16, 24, and 30 inches; handsome ditto, chaste pattern, gilt and enamelled, 7s. 6d. per set; elegant ditto, from 12s. 6d. to 5 guineas per set.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

WEDDING PRESENTS, USEFUL and ARTISTIC.—Intending Purchasers should inspect OETZMANN and CO.'S vast Display of ELEGANT VASES, Lustres, Figures, Clocks, Bronzes, Pictures, Cut-Glass Decanters, Wines, Tumblers, &c.; Electro Silver Plate and Table Cutlery, best quality, at lowest possible prices. A Descriptive Catalogue post-free. Country orders taken from the Catalogue receive prompt and careful attention.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE,
THE BEST FURNISHING GUIDE
EXTANT,
POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by Edward Joseph Mansfield, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—October 27, 1877.

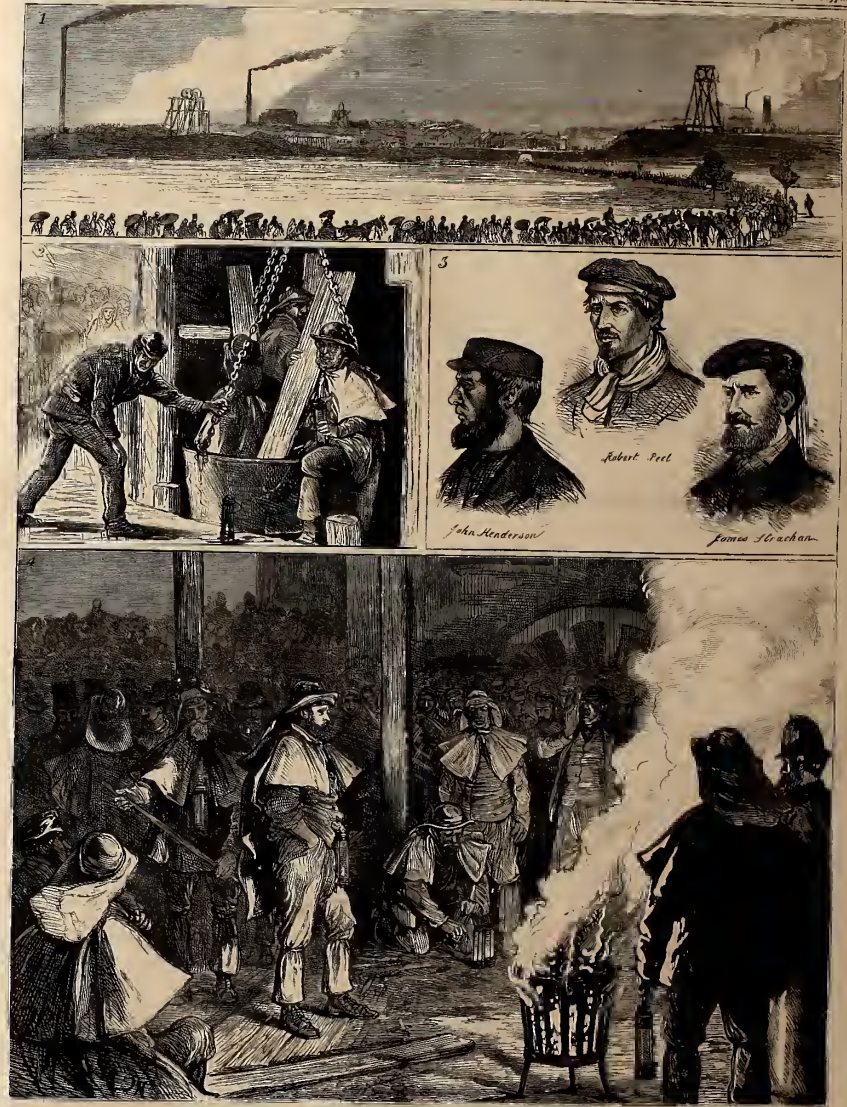
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 414
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny


1
2
3
4
Robert Peel
John Henderson
James Strachan

1. General View of the District, looking South.—2. "Shankers" descending in the "Kettle" to clear the "Shank."—3. Some of the First Volunteer Explorers.—4. Volunteer "Shankers" waiting their Turn to descend, October 23, 12.30 P.M.

THE COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT HIGH BLANTYRE

Topics of the Week

Marshal MacMahon's Dilemma.——During the present week the opinion has gained ground in France that Marshal MacMahon will so far yield to the popular will as to accept a Ministry from the Left. If he will neither resign nor attempt a *coup d'état*, and if the Senate will not consent to a fresh dissolution, there is absolutely no other course open to him. Should he submit to the inevitable, his humiliation will be greater than any which has been forced upon a public man in our time. For in the struggle which preceded the elections he exhausted every means in his power to convince France that he would never carry on the government by means of the Radicals; and by the Radicals he showed that he meant the most moderate as well as the most extreme Republicans. To act as if he had never taken up this position would be to convict himself of incredible rashness, weakness, and folly. We suspect that his submission would only be temporary. There seems to be no doubt that he is wholly subject to priestly influences. These induced him to dismiss M. Jules Simon, and it is all but certain that they would sooner or later induce him to dismiss M. Grévy. He is evidently, although sincere, a man of the narrowest type of intellect; and nothing would be easier than to convince him that France was going to ruin, and that it was his clear duty to save her. There would then be a repetition of the violent conflict in which he and his friends have played so undignified a part. On the whole, the best solution both for France and for himself would be his resignation. That would afford the best possible proof that he has the sense of honour and self-respect which are expected in a Marshal of France. M. Thiers resigned when he saw that he was no longer in harmony with the Assembly. It is the nation itself which has pronounced against Marshal MacMahon; and it has done so in spite of all sorts of pressure brought to bear upon it from the highest quarters. The reasons for Marshal MacMahon's resignation are, therefore, far more urgent than those which determined the action of M. Thiers. Only very sanguine politicians, however, hope that the problem will be thus directly and simply solved. The Marshal has convinced himself that he has a "mission," and it is doubtful whether he even yet realises how completely he has been rejected by France. Should he persist in the policy he has hitherto pursued, he will be driven steadily in the direction of a *coup d'état*; and all the most trustworthy evidence goes to prove that any attempt of that kind would result in his own ruin.

The Next Pope.——The individual character of the personage who is destined—probably at no very distant period—to succeed Pope Pius the Ninth is perhaps a matter of less importance than some people imagine. All the possible aspirants to the Papacy form a very limited body, most of them are of an age when people are more likely to be too cautious than too rash, while the method of the election renders it likely that, other things being equal, a "safe" commonplace man will get more votes than a man of energy and originality. Such being the case, it is not probable that the attitude towards the outer world of the Roman Catholic Church—itself the most unchanging of corporations—will undergo any noteworthy alteration because one Cardinal has taken the place of another in St. Peter's Chair. The personal power of the Pope, speaking generically, is, like that of most other official chiefs, much smaller than appears at first sight; he is, after all, little more than the spokesman and declarant of the feelings and wishes of the multitude, lay and clerical, who own his allegiance, and his public acts and words are usually the faithful echo of their demands. The present Pope, it is true, exercises a considerable personal influence, but this will not easily be accorded to his successors, unless they can match his great age and the vicissitudes of his career. Then comes the interesting and important question, Does the Roman Catholic body throughout the world on the whole approve of that line of conduct—commonly known as Ultramontanism—which at present finds favour at the Vatican, or would it prefer a return to the colourless and unaggressive policy which characterised the Popes of two or three generations ago? If it would prefer the latter, the accession of a new Pope would undoubtedly form a favourable opportunity for effecting a change, but it must be confessed that few symptoms are apparent of a change in this direction being desired either by clergy or laity. Notwithstanding that Spain and Italy, the ancient strongholds of Romanism, have become Voltairian and indifferent, France and Belgium are blazing with a newly-kindled religious fervour; while Irish immigration and Ritualistic tendencies have furnished a host of zealous recruits for the Pope in countries which were not long ago almost entirely Protestant, namely in Great Britain and the United States. And any influence which may be exerted at the time of the Pope's demise by Governments avowedly hostile to the Papacy, such as those of Germany and Italy, will assuredly tend to increase rather than lessen the sympathy for Ultramontanism among the general body of Roman Catholics.

The Penge Convicts.——Mr. Cross had a very trying duty to perform in revising the sentence upon the Penge convicts, and we do not think he could have decided the question more satisfactorily. Whatever may be thought of the character of Alice Rhodes, she was certainly not bound to attend to the wants of Harriet Staunton; and, even if it had been admitted that the latter was murdered, there would not have been sufficient proof to convict her of cognisance of the fact. The three others may or may not have committed murder, but it must be allowed that there is a doubt in the case. The majority of medical men unquestionably agree in representing that death may have been caused, not by starvation, but by disease. That the sufferer was treated with shameful neglect is, however, certain. Nothing was ever more clearly proved than the brutal heartlessness of the husband and his two relatives; and their failure in fulfilling the most elementary duties of humanity must, of course, have hastened the end of the deceased woman. Whether murderers or not, they stand, at any rate, only on a slightly lower level of guilt; so that to have set them free, or to have inflicted upon them any less penalty than that which they have actually to endure, would have been culpable weakness. It is to be hoped we have now heard the last of the vile case, and that it will at least have one good effect—that of forcing upon public attention the question whether our present arrangements for the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy are quite satisfactory. It may be doubted whether it is right to throw upon a single individual the whole responsibility of granting or withholding a free pardon. The Home Secretary himself would probably prefer that a regularly appointed Council should be associated with him in deciding such questions. The judgment of such a body would naturally carry with it greater weight than can be attached to the opinion of even the wisest Minister.

Household Suffrage in Counties.——Just because at present there is no popular enthusiasm about the suffrage question, a good opportunity is afforded for discussing it dispassionately, and the public have the advantage of listening to two distinguished champions of either side in the persons of Messrs. Gladstone and Lowe. The worst of Mr. Lowe's arguments is that they are too convincing. They not only prove that household suffrage in counties is objectionable, but that all suffrages whatever are objectionable. In the abstract, there is a good deal to be said in favour of Mr. Lowe's views. A National Council in lieu of the present House of Commons, nominated by the Crown, with the same sense of serious responsibility under which Bishops and Judges are now nominated, would be probably a far more efficient law-making machine than the "collective wisdom" which is now gathered together at St. Stephen's by what Mr. Carlyle styles "count of heads." But somehow, however admirable as individuals the members of nominee Legislative Chambers may be, the experience of France and of our own colonies in former days proves that out-of-doors such bodies are either disliked or are regarded as dummies, simply because they lack the popular breath. It may seem absurd to discuss such an obsolete conception as that of a nominee Assembly, but if it be true that its powers are paralysed for want of a *vox populi* behind it, it seems to follow that the wider the constituency which chooses a legislative body the more powerful that body ought to become. In practice, however, this is not found to be the case; the British House of Commons undoubtedly commands more influence with a restricted suffrage than its French and American congeners with a universal suffrage, and it was probably more influential before 1867, when the suffrage was enlarged, than it is now. Moderate minded men then might incline to say, Why not leave matters as they now are? The objection to this is that the present restrictions are very invidious. The town artisan or labourer possesses a privilege which is denied to the rural workman, who in morals, if not in intellect, is generally the better man of the two. The present Government, if only from motives of policy, would probably be willing to put the countryman on the same footing as the townsman, were it not for the inevitable redistribution of seats which must follow, and which would probably tend more to alter the character of the House of Commons than any mere extension of voting power. As might be expected, Mr. Gladstone, who has intellectually little affinity to Mr. Lowe, takes the genial popular side; he has no fear of the multitude, he believes that the privilege of a vote is in itself an educational influence, and though he admits that the old unreformed Parliaments before 1832 were in some respects superior to their successors, he holds that it is more important to have "an alert, well-taught, and satisfied people than a theoretically good legislative machine."

The War.——For some back the Russians have unquestionably been making the most of their successes. They tried to make the world believe that the Turks were negotiating for the capitulation of Kars; but it is now tolerably certain that no such negotiations were ever begun. At any rate, if they were, they have been very speedily broken off. We hear also of a Russian bombardment of the town; but until the outworks fall, there can be no bombardment in the true sense, and if there is an ample supply of provisions the place should hold out for many weeks to come. The same spirit of exaggeration has marked the Russian reports from the seat of war in Europe. Teliche was not taken with the *éclat* at first described, nor does the capture of Dubnik seem to have been so complete a success as was originally represented. At the same time, it must be allowed that the fortune of war has of late been decidedly against the Turks. It is in their favour that the winter will soon set in; but if the road between Plevna and Sophia is really blocked, their immediate prospects are by no means bright. For our part, we have never doubted that the ultimate success of the Russians was only a question of time. We think they are engaged in a most unjust war; and now that we have the important testimony of Mr. Archibald Forbes as to the circumstances and character of the Bulgarians, a good many people who have hitherto stood up for Russia are likely to revise their opinions. But, whether just or unjust, the Russians have the largest resources on which to fall back; and the history of the American Civil War is the best proof that in the long run the weakest must go to the wall. If Turkey were wise, therefore, she would conclude peace at the earliest possible opportunity. Were she to show herself willing even at this late date to adopt a scheme of genuine reform, both England and Austria would be only too glad to do what they could for her. To both these Powers the triumph of Russia would bring with it serious perils.

Glove Fights.——Two exhibitions have lately taken place at Sadler's Wells Theatre, high prices being paid for admission, which, save and except that the combatants wore gloves, bore a very close resemblance to the prize fights of former days, which are now forbidden by law. But an admirer of the P.R. may say, "The use of the gloves makes all the difference; these were merely innocent and elegant sparring exercises." The reports of the respective combats do not bear out this conclusion. In the contest between Goode and Rees the former in the third round had his left arm broken just above the wrist, a circumstance which was evident to all the spectators, yet they allowed the poor plucky fellow to endure the punishment of his antagonist for nearly two hours afterwards, until the police marched upon the stage, and stopped what was, to all intents and purposes, a prize fight. In the contest between Gilbert and Allen, the men were very unequally matched, and Gilbert, the smaller and weaker man, was so severely punished by his opponent, whose gloves were saturated with blood, that he lost his temper, seized him round the loins, and attempted to throw him. Whereupon Tom Allen "picked him up, raised him on a level with his head, and dashed him with great force on the wooden stage, the 'thud' resounding through the building. This closed the fray, which ended in great disorder, Gilbert's second claiming the fight as a "foul." These facts show that the gloves act rather as a screen against the police than as a protection to the limbs and features of the combatants, and though we are by no means opposed to the acquisition of the "noble art of self-defence," when administered in the form of legitimate boxing lessons, we are strongly of opinion that such exhibitions as these are brutalising both to actors and spectators, and should be put down forthwith.

Provincial Universities.——One of the Governors of Owen's College, Manchester, wrote to *The Times* this week, protesting against the idea of conferring on that institution the right of granting degrees. His chief argument was that if the concession is made to one educational establishment, there will be no logical reason for refusing it to several others. It does not seem to have occurred to him that this is one of the circumstances which commend the scheme to a good many people; yet such is the case. We see no sufficient ground for drawing a hard and fast line, and saying that beyond that the number of Universities in the land shall not be allowed to go. On the contrary, it appears to us that it would be a very good thing to have a University in every important centre of life in England. The prestige of Oxford and Cambridge is so great that the wealthy classes will always send their sons to one or other of these Universities; but there are many persons who would like to secure a

University education for their children, but are not able to give them the highest advantages. No doubt there is the London University; but it merely gives degrees, it does not provide that there shall be a regularly graduated system of instruction carried on under the best intellectual influences. Why should not England have as many Universities as Germany, in proportion to its population? The plan works admirably in that country, for the Universities not only educate the youth of the neighbourhood in which they are situated, but diffuse around them a spirit of intelligence and culture. We hope the Manchester people will not rest until they have obtained their University, and that when they have succeeded their example will be followed by the inhabitants of half a dozen other cities.

AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Messrs. Clifford, Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, &c. Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K. Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, £200 A-YEAR. At 7.45, STOLEN KISSES. At 9.45, ISAAC OF YORK. Messrs. Ryder, F. H. Macklin, Garner, A. H. Warren, C. Collette, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames C. Loseby, C. Lewis, Lucette, E. Ritta, Compton, I. Clifton, R. Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

MORNING PERFORMANCES every Saturday, at 2.—TO-DAY, Saturday, Nov. 3, the highly successful Drama, LIZ. Messrs. J. G. Taylor, J. H. Beveridge, A. Matthison, F. Gould, and Miss Rose Leclercq.—GLOBE THEATRE.

THE MOONSTONE. By Wilkie Collins. A New Drama, altered from the Novel. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. Box-office open daily from 11.0 to 5.0. No booking fees.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE MOONSTONE, SATURDAY, Nov. 10, at 2.30. Carriages at 5. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. No Fees for Booking.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

SURREY THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven, THE DRESS COAT. At 7.45, FATES AND FURIES. Mr. E. M. Ciprico. Messrs. J. A. Arnold, H. Taylor, H. C. Sidney, A. Williams, A. C. Lilly, W. D. Gresham, W. Brunton, F. Hinde, &c.; Mesdames Lamartine, A. Stuart, Nellie Russell, L. Lilly, Mrs. Brunton.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, BOUND TO SUCCEED. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, Birchenough, George Conquest, jun., &c. To conclude with on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, GUY FAWKES and Grand Display of Fireworks. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, FALSE AND TRUE. Dancing on the New Platform. The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—MONDAY and SATURDAY, at 6.45, DEOCH AN' DUR'ASS. Reddy Ryland, Mrs S. Lane. GUY FAUX and Fireworks. WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, CHARLOTTE CORDAY. Concluding with DEOCH AN' DUR'ASS. Every Evening, about 8 o'clock, MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. The Phoites, Minnie Gongh, W. W. Whitlock, Slater and Dora.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL (sixth season), on Monday, November 5, at St. James's Hall, at half-past 3. Vocalist, Mr. Santley. Accompanyist, Mr. Zerbini. Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission 1s.—Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell's; usual agents; and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN.—NOTICE.—These celebrated SUPPER ROOMS are now open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS, specially trained by and under the direction of Mr. F. Jonghmans, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES. Proprietor, J. B. Amor.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Children of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Also on view Portrait Models of the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, Count de Tourville, M. Thiers, and the Penge convicts. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement of the Celebrated Artiste, Miss ADA CAVENDISH (for Twelve Nights only, commencing on MONDAY, November 5). Monday, Nov. 5, THE LADY OF LYONS. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 6 and 7, ROMEO AND JULIET. Thursday, Nov. 8, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Friday, Nov. 9, AS YOU LIKE IT. Saturday, Nov. 10, CLANCARTY. SPECIAL MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY (Saturday, Nov. 3), of STOLEN KISSES, supported by Mr. Righton's entire Globe Company.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia } *Via* Brindisi, { India
Ceylon } 36s. thin edition. { Japan
China } 45s. thick edition. { New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

Our Illustrations

THE COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT HIGH BLANTYRE

THIS terrible disaster, beside which the Pemberton catastrophe sinks into insignificance, occurred on the 19th inst., and though the work of exploration has been going on unceasingly since then, the task is not yet complete. The long delay was caused by the blocking up of the shaft and some part of the workings by the force of the explosion, which blew away the supports and dislodged huge masses of earth through which a new passage had to be cut ere the workings beyond could be explored. The number of those who have perished is set down as 208, representing the almost total annihilation of the male population of the village of Stonefield. A Relief Fund which has been established, headed by Her Majesty the Queen with a donation of 100 guineas, has already reached 1,500*l.* The cause of the disaster is at present the subject of conjecture, the incautious use of naked lights being thought to be the most probable theory. The Government inquiry will, however, be of the most searching character, and without endorsing the extreme views propounded by Mr. Macdonald as to the responsibility of pit-owners, we cannot help hoping that it may lead to some more stringent legislation than has hitherto been in force. Our artist describes the scene in the smithy where the bodies were laid out for identification as most heartrending. There were men of all ages, but the majority were in the prime of life and of splendid *physique.* One, in particular, he noticed, might have served as the model for Foley's "Caractacus," whilst beside him lay that of a young lad whose calm features told of a sudden and painless death. Many, however, were scorched and mutilated in a shocking manner.

THE PEMBERTON COLLIERY EXPLOSION

WE have here the portraits of three of the gallant fellows who led the first exploring party after the recent disastrous explosion at the King's Pit, Pemberton, near Wigan, which resulted in the loss of forty-seven lives. The first intimation of the accident was given by a cloud of dust and smoke issuing from the pit's mouth. Messrs. Watkin, Cook, and Laverick at once formed an exploring party and descended into the workings; and, like the brave men they were, they went forward leaving the others in the main air-way. These at length became alarmed at their long absence, and on search being made they were found about 200 yards from the mouth of the working lying prostrate and unconscious, with their heads in the direction of the shaft, towards which they had evidently turned when they found the fatal gas rushing upon them. They were carried to the ventilated portion of the pit, and every means was used to restore life; but the choke-damp had done its fatal work, and by-and-bye the bodies of the noble martyrs were removed from the pit and carried to their homes through crowds of mourning men and weeping women. Mr. Watkin, who was only thirty-nine years of age, was the son of S. Watkin, Esq., of Penshaw House, Durham, and Kennet Park, North Wales, and was married to a daughter of the late Thomas Douglas, a shipowner, of Sunderland.—Our portrait of him is from a photograph by S. Eastham, 217, Lord Street, Southport; that of Mr. Laverick from one by J. Cooper, Wigan; and that of Mr. Cook by C. Watson, Tudhoe Grange, Market Place, Spennymoor.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE RUSSIANS—A STREET CORNER IN SIMNITZA

MUD is one of the great difficulties with which the Russians have to contend in their Bulgarian campaign. In summer, notwithstanding the scorching sun and the simooms of dust, in winter, despite the deep snow and the terrible icy winds from the mountains, locomotion is possible; but when the spring and autumn rains transform the highways and by-ways into seas of liquid filth deep enough to drown a fallen horse, and through which it is impossible to drag cannon or even provision waggons, all operations come virtually to a standstill. Our sketch depicts the aspects of Simnitza after a storm. "The streets," writes our artist, "are literally lakes of mud, with dead horses and cattle planted at every few paces. Simnitza now resembles an American backwoods' mushroom city in its streets and people—the Jews always excepted. Gambling goes on openly night and day; horse-trading is a favourite pursuit; and there is a constant noisy wrangle in the streets. Booths line the highways, where every conceivable article can be bought for fabulous prices. Restaurants are enormously dear, and lodgings almost unattainable at any price, for hotel-keepers have given up their best rooms to gamblers."

THE IMPERIAL GUARD ON THE MARCH

OUR sketch represents a detachment of those long-wished-for troops, the Imperial Guard of Russia, who are looked upon as the flower of the Russian army, and whose special mission now is to retrieve all the recent misfortunes which Russian arms have suffered. Their first destination is Plevna, and large bodies have been passing through Roumania to the front for the past few weeks, while the Czar has been holding reviews of them at Gorny Studen. To all appearance they are magnificent men, though whether they will stand the inevitable hardships and unhealthiness of a Bulgarian autumn and winter any better than their colleagues of the Line may be somewhat doubted. In numbers they muster when complete upwards of 77,000 of all ranks and arms, and at their full war strength comprise 49,000 bayonets, 7,500 sabres, 144 field-pieces, and 36 horse-artillery guns. The Czarevitch is their nominal commander, but at the present time they are acting under Generals Todleben and Gourko.

GENERAL TODLEBEN

THIS well-known general, whose celebrated defence of Sebastopol in 1853 has ever been regarded as one of the most marvellous feats of military engineering, has been entrusted with the task of subduing Ghazi Osman Pasha and his army at Plevna. He has already shown proof of his cool calculation and skill by avoiding all such rash hot-headed onslaughts as have twice brought about defeat and havoc in the Russian ranks, and by slowly and surely drawing round the doomed city a "circle of steel," which, combined with patient waiting, will sooner or later bring the Turkish pasha to terms through the dread medium of starvation. General Todleben, at the time of the siege of Sebastopol, was only a second captain, and was barely thirty-five years of age. After the war he was promoted to the rank of general for his great services, and has since gained laurels in another field by his "History of the Crimean War," written from a Russian point of view, and which, in all that regards the Russian army and its proceedings, is accepted by all as unimpeachable. After the second failure of the Russians in their attacks on Plevna, General Todleben was appointed Chief of the Staff to Prince Charles of Roumania, and subsequently was placed in practical charge of all the operations before Plevna.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—RECONNAISSANCE ON THE LOM

THESE sketches portray an incident during a recent reconnaissance of some cavalry regiments of the army of the Czarevich on the Lom under Prince Manlerloff and Baron Kaulbars. Various Bashi-Bazouks were captured, and in a valley near Solenlik a company of Hussars found a camp of regular cavalry, Circassians, and Bashi-Bazouks. They surprised the whole band asleep on mats in the straw huts, and killed and captured twenty-five. "I was on the spot," writes our artist, "immediately afterwards; but nothing of value was discovered in the camp, the weapons excepted." The Bashi-Bazouks were conducted, in the manner shown in our second sketch, to the village of Kara Verbovcka, on the Lom, where they were taken before Baron Kaulbars. They all expressed considerable surprise at not being killed at once by the soldiers instead of being merely made prisoners.

WITH THE TURKS—PRINCE HASSAN

PRINCE HASSAN, who commands the Egyptian contingent of troops which the Khedive has sent his Suzerain to assist his army in fighting the Russians in Bulgaria, is the third son of the Khedive, and is twenty-four years old. He has received a thorough military education in Germany, being a lieutenant in a Prussian dragoon regiment, and has already seen a good share of practical warfare in the recent Abyssinian war under Gordon Pasha. In the present campaign, however, he has done nothing whatever, and his apparent reluctance to support the Turkish troops in action has been the subject of general remark. He has now retired with his troops to winter quarters at Varna, as it is thought that the constitution of the Egyptians would be unable to stand the rigour of a Bulgarian winter in the field. Prince Hassan was made a D.C.L. of Oxford in 1872, and in 1876 again visited England, and was received by the Queen.

THE MONTENEGRIN CAMPAIGN—NICSICS

THIS important fortress, which so long held out against the attacks of the Montenegrins, and which ultimately succumbed to Prince Nikita a few weeks since, stands on a plateau commanding the whole of South-eastern Herzegovina, and constitutes the principal entrance to that district. Indeed, the only practicable path from the plateau into the Herzegovinian Valley leads directly under the guns of the fortress. Our artist writes:—"A road runs from the Ostrog to the Duga Pass across the plain of Nicsics, and the town stands nearly in the middle of the plain, this road forming its 'bazaar' street. It is a straggling city, whose scattered houses cover a large area. Round it rise rocky eminences which are all crowned by rough fortifications. Its chief defence is the citadel, and this—except one far smaller building—is the only work constructed of regular masonry. Under the shadow of the great rock, crowned by the citadel, the town of Nicsics has grown up. The rough broken walls and the three great towers of the citadel bear in their splintered masonry evident marks of the obstinacy with which they were defended, and its white walls and red roofs are exceedingly picturesque. I showed the second of these sketches to a Turkish lieutenant whom I met in the Adriatic. He had been with Suleiman Pasha in the Ostrog Pass last year, and his eyes glistened excitedly as he explained how the Turkish army had to traverse the regular pass which winds round the foot of the great bluff seen in the distance, terribly galled meanwhile by the mountaineers who had posted themselves on the top. It was lower down in the pass that the severest fighting occurred." The Turks are highly confident of being able to retake Nicsics, and the Montenegrins are equally so that they can keep it, especially as they hold all the forts which command the town and in the Duga Pass. Our sketches, "With the Turks—"Forgotten" and "A Wounded Circassian," are sufficiently explained by their titles.

RUSSIANS CAROUSING AFTER A VICTORY

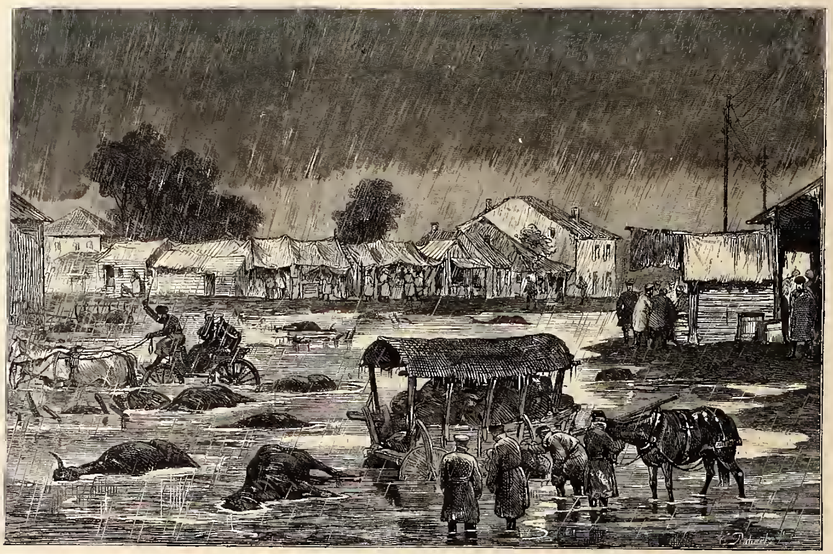
HERE we have a party of the gallant Muscovite "defenders of the Cross" making merry over the defeat of the hated Moslem. The scene is eminently characteristic of the Russian soldier. Dauntless in the hour of danger, he is reckless in his hours of leisure, and will speedily spend his last copeck on the filthy *vodka* with which the Jew camp-followers of the army are only too ready to supply him at an exorbitant rate. Far better would it be for him if he would imitate the one virtue which even the most arrant Turcophobist is ever willing to acknowledge that his hereditary foe possesses—sobriety—a virtue which has other than theoretical advantages in the field, for the Turkish soldier with less than ordinary care rapidly recovers from wounds and injuries to which members of a dram-drinking nation rapidly succumb.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

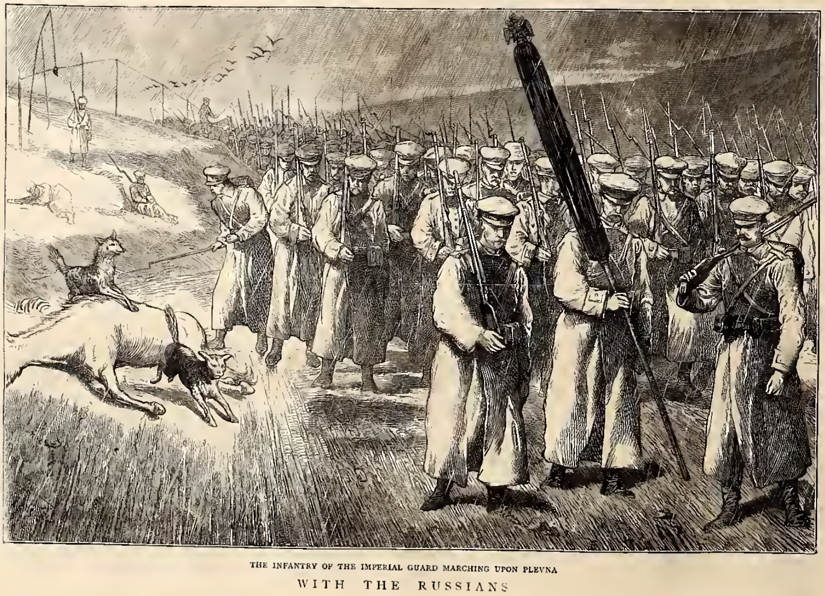
THESE engravings are especially appropriate just now, when there is some idea of removing this ancient foundation into the country. We have already expressed our opinion that schools which, like Charterhouse, are mainly boarding schools, are far better away from the smoke and turmoil of great cities, but that if all day schools of the higher class are also to be removed from London, many persons who are compelled to live in London will suffer serious loss.

A school for the education of the young was attached to most abbeys and monasteries from the earliest dates, and the germ from which the present Westminster School originated was in existence during, if not before, the reign of Edward the Confessor. The school, however, did not substantially assume its present form till the reigns of Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth, and the latter monarch especially deserves to be regarded as the royal foundress of the College. The foundation, as she left it, consisted of a head master, a second master or "usher," and forty King's (or Queen's) Scholars, who are maintained and educated free of cost and charge, with the privilege of election annually to three Studentships at Christ Church, Oxford, and the same number of Scholarships at Trinity College, Cambridge. Since 1872 these exhibitions have been thrown open to competition among the whole school. The school has fluctuated considerably in its numbers. In 1729 it had 429 scholars; in 1771 they had declined to 248, in 1818 they had risen to 324, in 1841 they were only 67. There are now about 200.

The College Hall, which serves as a refectory for the King's Scholars, was originally the refectory of the abbot's house, and dates from the reign of Edward III. It is a very handsome Gothic building, adjoining the Jerusalem Chamber;

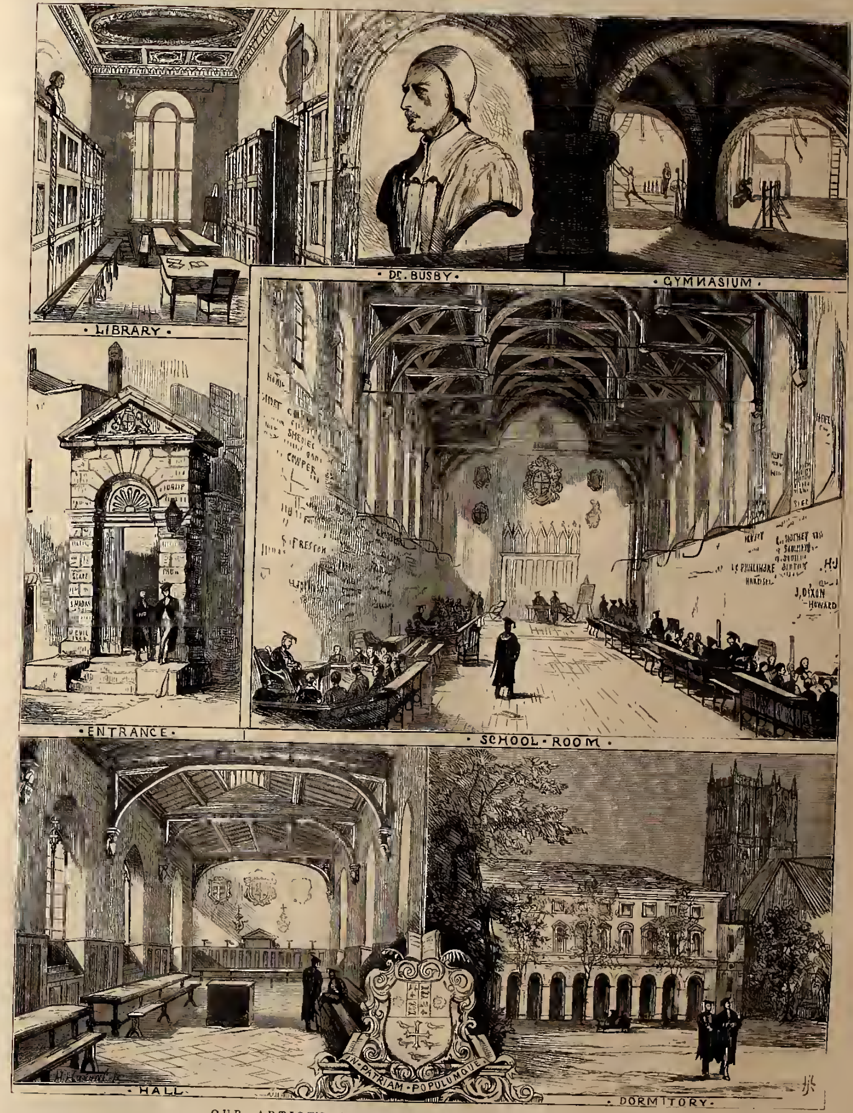


A STREET CORNER AT SIMNITZA AFTER A STORM

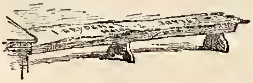


THE INFANTRY OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD MARCHING UPON PLEVNA

WITH THE RUSSIANS


LIBRARY
DR. BUSBY
GYMNASIUM
ENTRANCE
SCHOOL ROOM
COWPER
S. PRESTON
J. DIXON
HOWARD
HALL
IN PATRIAM POPULUMQUE
DORMITORY

OUR ARTIST'S NOTES AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL on each side are two long and massive tables of chestnut wood, taken from the wreck of one of the vessels belonging to the Spanish Armada. The schoolroom is a spacious but gloomy apartment, and was originally the dormitory of the monks. It has a handsome Gothic roof of wood, supported by iron bars. The walls bear on every side the names of "Old Westminsters," with the dates of their leaving. The dormitory, which was first erected for the King's Scholars by the Earl of Burlington, when Bishop Atterbury was Dean of Westminster, was, until some forty years ago, a dreary, comfortless chamber. It is now cut up in small, snug *cubicula*. It is in a portion of this building,



fitted up for the occasion as a theatre, that the Latin plays are annually represented by the King's Scholars. Many anecdotes are related concerning Dr. Busby, who was head master of the school during the reigns of Charles II. and James II. It was he who kept on his hat when the King visited the school, on the ground that "it would never do for his boys to think that there was anybody superior to himself," and there must have been some magic in his frequent canings, since he used to boast that out of the then bishops sixteen had been educated by him.—We have taken the above details from Mr. Walford's "Old and New London" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin).

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 417.

AN ANGLING EXCURSION IN NOVA SCOTIA

THE salmon streams of the Atlantic coast of North America are chiefly to be found in Canada East. Excellent sport is afforded by some of the rivers which run into the St. Lawrence below Quebec, and still more by those of the districts of Gaspé and Restigouche. Good fishing is also to be had in the northern part of New Brunswick, and on the south-east coast of Nova Scotia below Halifax. Our sketches, which are by Captain D. T. C. Belgrave, 97th Regiment, stationed at Halifax, apply to Nova Scotia. The Canadian Government, we may observe, exercises complete control of the principal salmon streams, both in their tidal and fluvial parts. Leases are commonly given for several years, and, in the case of the best rivers, in the likelihood of a vacancy, numerous applicants bring influences of all sorts to bear in hope of securing the chance. The citizens of the United States highly appreciate salmon fishing, and it is a frequent remark that it is more difficult to lease a good salmon stream than to secure an election to Congress. To the serious cost of stream and tackle must be added the uncertainty of getting fish. *Salmo salar* is one of the most capricious of mortals, and often discomfits the plans of the most experienced fishermen. In 1875, for example, with scores of salmon, by actual count, in the different pools of the Canadian rivers, often not more than one in a pool could be tempted to rise to the fly. All these combined causes make the number of salmon anglers small.—Our engravings explain themselves to every one who has the least knowledge of fishing. Flies and mosquitoes are far more numerous than in Europe, and anglers frequently carry a small vial of a preparation called "fly oil" to alleviate their stings. We have borrowed the above details from an interesting paper which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for October, 1876.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

VICTOR HUGO's new work is continued on page 421.

"THE HUNTSMAN'S COURTSHIP"

MR. CHARLTON has already earned a high reputation for the skill which he possesses in delineating animals, especially dogs and horses. Here he has chosen a congenial theme, and contrived very cleverly to bring a little bit of love sentiment into an atmosphere redolent of dogs and horses. We must not suppose, however, that the worthy huntsman always goes a-courting attended by such a numerous retinue. If, for example, he desired a *tête-à-tête* indoors with the lady of his choice, he would find his four-footed followers rather *de trop*. Probably the scene depicted represents an early stage in his amatory progress. In military parlance, he is cautiously sapping up to the fair Plevna who confronts him.

MONUMENT TO THE VICTIMS OF THE "THUNDERER" EXPLOSION

THIS monument, which has recently been erected in Haslar Burial Ground in memory of the unfortunate sufferers by the terrible explosion on board H.M.S. *Thunderer* in July, 1876, is the result of a purely private subscription amongst the members of the Steam Reserves and the *employés* at Portsmouth Dockyard, supplemented by liberal donations from the Messrs. Humphries, the makers of the *Thunderer's* machinery, and other engineering firms. The subscription was originated by Captain Waddilove, late in command of the Portsmouth Steam Reserve, and who was on board the *Thunderer* at the time of the accident. Owing to a strike among the quarrymen of the Aberdeen Granite Works great delay occurred in finishing the monument, but when completed it gave great satisfaction to all who saw it. It is placed over the graves of the two Engineer officers who were killed, and is in the centre of the line of graves of the victims, the greater part of whom were buried at this spot. It is in the form of an obelisk, and stands on a magnificent Yorkshire stone base, 8 ft. square. The two lower bases, or plinths, are of red polished Aberdeen granite, the rest being composed of polished Sicilian marble, the whole standing about 16 ft. in height. Upon one side of the pedestal is an inscription detailing the purpose of the memorial.

THE ROSSMORE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

THIS monument, to the memory of the late Right Hon. Henry Cairns, fourth Baron Rossmore, who was killed in a steeplechase at Windsor in March, 1874, when only twenty-three years of age, was erected by public subscription amongst the friends and retainers of the Rossmore family. It stands in the centre of the Diamond in the town of Monaghan, and is about 50 ft. in height, its cost is about 1,000*l.*, the architects and contractors were Messrs. Robinson and Sons, of Belfast, and the inscription upon it is as follows:—"Erected by mourners of every class as a testimony of their esteem and affection for one who during his short life attached to him the love of all." The unveiling ceremony, which had at the desire of the Queen and the Prince of Wales been reserved for a member of the Royal Family, was performed on the 5th inst. by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who was most enthusiastically welcomed by the townsfolk. After the members of the Memorial Committee had been introduced to his Royal Highness, and the fountain had been formally handed over to Colonel Lloyd as chairman of the Town Commissioners, some of the water was drawn from the fountain in a massive silver goblet, and handed by Lady Rossmore to the Duke of Connaught, who paid a brief tribute of respect to the memory of the late Lord Rossmore, and then drank of the water and declared the fountain open. After the ceremony Lord Rossmore, His Royal Highness, and a distinguished company of guests, including the members of the Memorial Committee and the Town Commissioners, were entertained at a *déjeûner* at the Court House by Colonel Lloyd, J.P., and in the evening a ball was given at Rossmore Castle.

FOREIGN MASONS AT THE NEW LAW COURTS

THERE appears to be little prospect of an early settlement of the unfortunate dispute between the master builders and the working masons of London. The men want more money and shorter hours, and as the masters refused to grant either the men struck, and for several weeks all the buildings in progress in London in which stone had to be employed have been at a standstill. The chief of these is the New Law Courts now being erected in the Strand, nearly opposite the office of this journal, and as the men remained obstinate the masters have combined together to bring workmen over from foreign countries. A few weeks ago some were brought from Belgium, but they were soon "got at" by the numerous "persuasion pickets" set to watch the works by the Strike Committee, and they have now returned home. Subsequently some Italian and German operatives were imported, and some of these with others who have been brought from America are still at work. The Italians were set upon in the streets a day or two after their arrival by some roughs, with whom, however, the men on strike repudiate all connection, and since then they have been fed and lodged within the building upon which they are at work. The statements issued by the opposing parties respecting the progress of the strife are of such a conflicting nature that it is almost impossible to get at the truth. To begin with, the men allege that the foreign workmen were not told of the existence of the strike, and their statement seems to be corroborated by the readiness with which many of them have yielded to the arguments of the pickets, although it is flatly denied by the agents who engaged them. It is also said that, since the new hands have been lodged and fed within the building, they have been treated more like dogs than men, and have been charged most exorbitant prices for their board and lodging. This statement is also denied, the masters alleging that they are charged only 2*s.* per day. The men on strike, however, allege that even if this be true it is a breach of the Truck Act, which prohibits payment in kind, and have memorialised the First Commissioner of Works against what they allege to be the illegal use of the new Law Courts, a Government building, as a "common lodging house." That the foreign workmen are not completely satisfied with their treatment by the employers is manifest by the application made on Tuesday by some of the Italians to the Strike Committee for assistance to carry them home, and their disappointment when the request was not granted, besides which complaint has been made respecting the alleged illegal detention of tools belonging to the foreign malcontents. Thus far the men seem to have had the best of the battle, which must be a costly one to both sides. During the last few days there has been some talk of submitting the dispute to arbitration, and although no definite proposition to that effect has yet been made, it is to be hoped that some amicable settlement will soon be brought about.

THE NEW NAVE OF BRISTOL CATHEDRAL

THE ceremony of reopening Bristol Cathedral, to which a new Nave has been added, which was attended by the Mayor, High Sheriff, and Corporation of the City, was performed by the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by a large number of clerical dignitaries, among whom were the Deans of Westminster and Canterbury, Archdeacon Randall, and Canons Reeve and Girdlestone. There was an imposing procession of clergy, choristers, and lay clerks, and after the service a sermon was preached by the Bishop. The new portion of the cathedral consists of a Nave, which has been erected on the site of the old Nave, which had so entirely disappeared that for some time it was held doubtful whether a Norman Nave had ever existed. The question was, however, set at rest in 1867, when in digging out the foundation for the present structure the remnants of the old walls were found. The new Nave, which has been built by Mr. Street, has been constructed to harmonise with the portion of the building which was restored in 1861 by local architects, and the effect produced is magnificent and most impressive.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Parliament has been further prorogued until the 19th of December.—Lord Beaconsfield has written to the Principal of Glasgow University, saying that he regrets that his indifferent health and the great pressure of public affairs will prevent him bidding a personal farewell to the students on the occasion of his retirement from the post of Lord Rector of the University.—Rumour says that the Marquis of Lorne is about to be raised to the Peerage, and that the seat for Argyllshire in the House of Commons which he will then vacate will be contested by Mr. William Malcolm, junior, of Poltalloch, in the Conservative interest, and as strong a Liberal candidate as can be brought forward.—Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, M.P., has been lecturing at Liverpool on "Ireland, the Civiliser of Europe." According to the reports he appears to have forgotten the subject of his discourse, and devoted his time to an attack upon the Government for their treatment of "political prisoners." He defined the House of Commons as "the accumulated essence of multiplied and magnified meanness," and as "the shabbiest assembly of reactionary politicians in Europe," and urged his hearers to be "obstructive" until perfect educational liberty and freedom had been guaranteed to the Irish people.—Mr. W. E. Baxter, M.P., addressing his constituents at Arbroath the other day, said that the War had disposed of the alarm as to the dangers of Russian aggression, and proved that while England really attended to her own interests she had nothing to fear from any Power. He predicted that it would not end before Bulgaria, from the Danube to the Balkans, was as free as Servia and Roumania.—The new Radical Club and Association of Southwark was inaugurated last week, the chief speakers being Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., and Miss Helen Taylor, who dilated on the necessity of extending the franchise, and recommended the working classes to take their full share in all local matters. An address was voted to M. Gambetta.—Messrs. Cave and Waddy, the members for Barnstaple, addressed their constituents on Monday. The former spoke of the internal condition of Russia, and said that Englishmen had no sympathy with a nation which went to war in the name of Christianity and at the same time persecuted its own people. Mr. Waddy reviewed the action of the Government, and said that Mr. Gladstone was the means of committing this country to a policy of neutrality. A bronze statue of the late Mr. J. Laird, the first M.P. for Birkenhead, has been erected in that town, and was unveiled on Wednesday last.

MR. GLADSTONE IN IRELAND.——Mr. Gladstone left Kilruddery for Rathdrum and Glendalough on his way to Earl Fitzwilliam's seat at Coolattin. On the journey he separated himself from his friends and rode in a third class carriage, his object being to improve his acquaintanceship with the Irish people. We are not told that any notable incident occurred during the trip, but next day he was interviewed by the Rev. Mr. Guinness, Rector of Rathdrum, who being a teetotaller entered into a long argument in favour of Mr. Smyth's Sunday Closing Bill. Mr. Gladstone listened patiently for twenty minutes, but declined to commit himself to any expression of opinion until he had studied the other side of the question. After visiting some tenants of Mr. Parnell, M.P., who seemed prosperous and contented, he went on by train to Coolattin, where a crowd met him at the railway station. On Saturday he went over some of the farms on the Fitzwilliam estate in County Wicklow, and was caught in a drenching rain-shower. On Sunday he attended Divine Service at Shillelagh, and afterwards went by rail to Bray, stopping for a short time at Aughrim, where he was presented with a sprig of shillelagh cut from the famous Shillelagh Oak, and had an interview with the Roman Catholic priest, who complained of the policy of the late Government with regard to the Irish University Bill. The ex-Premier reiterated the statement which he had made a day or two previously to the students of Trinity College, that his desire was to see that University a thoroughly national one. The conversation was cut short by the starting of the train for Bray, where Mr. Gladstone was proceeding to visit Lord and Lady Powerscourt, and where he had a very warm welcome. On Tuesday he went over the Roman Catholic Reformatory at Glencree and made a short speech to the lads, recommending them to be grateful to their teachers, and to practice modesty and humility as the sure means of attaining excellence. On Wednesday Mr. Gladstone visited the National and Roman Catholic Schools at Enniskerry, and on Thursday left Powerscourt for Charleville, where he would be the guest of Lord Limerick.—By the way, an amazing discovery has been made by a Turkish newspaper, the *Zemar and Bassiret*, respecting Mr. Gladstone. He is, it appears, the son of a Bulgarian pig-dealer, and at the age of sixteen he stole some pigs and ran away to London, where he changed his name from Trozadin to Gladstone, which signifies "Lust for Gold." Fortune favoured him until he became Prime Minister, but he has no virtues, and gold is his god. The Ottoman Government offered him five thousand pounds to put their finances in order, but subsequently withdrew the offer, and his vexation at this, combined with his bad Bulgarian nature, caused his opposition to the Turks. These biographical details will probably be as novel and interesting to Mr. Gladstone himself as to the rest of the world.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——Mr. Alderman Breffit has offered the position of deputy of the Ward of Cheap to Sir John Bennett, who, however, has declined to accept it, declaring that it would be inconsistent with his personal dignity and the rights of the electors if he stooped to recognise, much less to take office under, one who sits solely as the nominee of the Court of Aldermen, and in defiance of the will of the ward.—A strange story comes from Penzance. It is said that one of the keepers of the Longship Lighthouse off the Land's End was last week washed off the rocks and drowned, and that for several days communication by boat has been impracticable, and signals of distress have been flying at the lighthouse, but owing to a change in the code they cannot be understood by those on shore.—The strike amongst the Bolton cotton-spinners is now over, and work has been resumed. It lasted eight weeks, about 1,800 spinners and minders striking, and some 10,000 carders and other operatives being thrown out of work without having any voice in the matter. It is calculated to have cost the men about 100,000*l.*, and the employers have also suffered considerably. The distressed condition of the carders was very great, and would have been worse had it not been for the relief funds organised by two or three local associations.—At a meeting held at the Mansion House the other day it was resolved to establish an industrial home for the reclamation of women who have become habitual drunkards, and also to send a deputation to the Home Secretary to ask his co-operation in the attempt to diminish the vice of drunkenness.—Yet another colliery fatality is reported. On Tuesday, at the South Kirby Pit, near Barnsley, the lifting rope broke, and the contents of the truck attached to it fell upon some men working below, four of whom were killed and two others severely injured.—The new Thames Steam Ferry between Wapping and Rotherithe, which is expected to divert a great deal of heavy traffic from London Bridge, was opened on Wednesday by the Lord Mayor, who crossed the river in his State carriage.

THEATRES

THE reopening of the QUEEN'S Theatre in Long Acre—henceforth to be known under the new name of the National—has been the occasion for the production of a new romantic play by Messrs. Farnie and Reece which bears the title of *Russia*. Mr. Henderson, the new manager, has made known to the world that he has a policy—a course which is both commendable and novel. The great increase in the number of our theatres renders it more and more important that each should choose some special field, and endeavour to obtain a reputation for the particular class of pieces which it favours; but, with one or two exceptions only, our managers seem to be as yet unconvinced of this fact, and hence they often pursue a vacillating course which is as bewildering to the public as it is injurious to the efficiency of their representations. Mr. Henderson is not one of these managers. He believes that there is a large section of playgoers who like picturesque story plays—melodramas as they are occasionally contemptuously called; nor does the management of the Queen's shrink from adopting this description for their new piece. Simultaneously with this venture they have determined to lower prices to one half the usual rates for the popular parts of the house, and to very little more than one half for the stalls. All this betokens spirit and enterprise—more particularly as the management have assembled a strong company, and are liberal almost to excess in the matter of scenery and other accessories. Considering, therefore, how many people there are—and these not merely among the unlettered class—who find pleasure in a romantic play, even though it should display some of the characteristic exaggerations of melodrama, it is impossible not to sympathise with Mr. Henderson's venture. Unfortunately, however, he has not been able to start under circumstances altogether favourable. *Russia* fails to awaken much interest, not because it is a melodrama, but because it is not a good melodrama. No doubt melodrama is a dish which depends for its success in great measure upon the sauces with which it is served up; but it is not wise to make any dish depend entirely on sauces. This, however, is what Messrs. Reece and Farnie have done, with the additional objection that the foundation of their dish is of an oppressively indigestible character. *Russia*, it is true, is compounded after old and well-established recipes for the production of pieces of its class. Its fundamental idea is that of an unscrupulous rascal who loves a virtuous maiden, and pursues her with a determination to make her his bride by coaxing, or if that fails by fraud and force. Even the manifest loathing of the object of this passion has no effect in cooling this romantic ardour, and this also is strictly within the rules. Then there are other worthy people involved in a nefarious plot, and unjustly condemned to exile in Siberia, and among these is a blithe and facetious gentleman, with an Irish servant of most unexceptional brogue. "With sich a organ as that," the late Mr. Robson was wont to observe in his famous character of Jem Baggs, "why you ought to make a fortun." In like manner we can conceive a veteran East End drama expressing inability to conceive bow the authors of *Russia*, with such elements as these, could have failed to produce a respectable melodrama. But they have failed, and the reasons are obvious enough. There is no sincerity in their treatment of the terrible tale of exile to Siberia, terrific encounters, and hair-breadth escapes; no harmony in the general effect—no tone in the picture. Melodrama, let it work to ever such happy ends, should, at least occasionally, "thrill;" but Messrs. Reece and Farnie's play never thrills. The terrors of their tale are to them manifestly a joke, and the audience are made to feel that they are a joke. Perhaps the authors have not that faith in melodrama which Mr. Henderson exhibits; possibly old habits of making fun of stage conventionalities were too much for them; or it may be that too deep a sense of the paramount importance of the scenic artist and the limelight may have induced that recklessness which comes of a conviction that it matters little what one does. Mr. Hermann Vezin's fine performance of the scoundrel Schelm is a redeeming feature; but Miss Henrietta Hodson, delightful actress as she is, cannot inspire interest in a part which fulfils no function in any well-planned story. *Russia* is founded on a novel by Prince Lubomirsky, entitled "Tatiana," which also furnished the plot of *Les Exilés*, a drama by M. Nus, produced last summer at the Porte St. Martin Theatre.

Mr. Righton has revived at the GLOBE Theatre the burlesque entitled *Isaac of York*, which was very popular at the Court a few years ago. His performance of the Jew has lost none of its grotesque force and humour; but the piece is not free from the vulgarities which so often render modern extravaganzas offensive to persons of good taste and right feeling.

Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama, *The Moonstone*, at the OLYMPIC Theatre is to be withdrawn. In its place Mr. Tom Taylor's *Henry Dunbar*, a drama founded on Miss Braddon's novel of that name, will be revived for a limited number of nights, and pending the revival of Mr. Burnand's *Turn of the Tide.* New comedies by Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Burnand are also announced as in preparation at this theatre.

The new GRECIAN Theatre, which was opened on Monday last, is a magnificent building, capable of accommodating about 5,000 persons. The architect, Mr. J. T. Robinson, has succeeded in arranging the auditorium so that a clear view of the whole stage may be obtained from even the most remote corners of the house, and the acoustic properties of the building are admirable. The decorations are very tasteful, blue quilted satin being very effectively employed in conjunction with other colours and material. The house was well filled on Monday, when Mr. Conquest took his annual benefit, and a new melodrama, entitled *Bound to Succeed*, was produced. The scene is laid first in Tasmania and afterwards in England; and the plot, which is of a most exciting nature, turns upon the evil designs of an adventurer to obtain possession of the hard-earned money of a civil engineer. A variety of schemes are adopted in succession to get rid of the rightful owner in order that the villain may personate him and claim the property; but each is thwarted in turn, and, after many thrilling situations, all is made to come right at the end. The characters were very fairly sustained, Mr. G. Conquest making a decided hit as a "neglected genius" with a large family and a great capacity for invention, and his son doing all that could be done with the small part of "a nervous gentleman." The after-piece was the comedy-drama of *False and True; or, Marriage by Lottery.* The immense audience seemed to be perfectly satisfied with both the house and the performance, and their exclamations of delight and approval were vociferous and profuse.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL.——*A Happy Bungalow* will be withdrawn on Saturday next, the 10th inst., and a new first part, entitled, *Once in a Century*, from the pen of Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett, the music by Vivian Bligh, will be produced on Monday evening, the 12th inst. A novelty by Mr. Burnand is to follow in a few days.

Mr. G. E. Fairchild's Readings at LANGHAM HALL last Saturday attracted a large and appreciative audience. The programme was judiciously arranged, grave and humorous selections alternating, and Mr. Fairchild's rendering was all but faultless.

◆

THE LATE CARLIST WAR.——His Majesty the King of Spain has nominated Mr. John Furley a Commander in the Order of Isabella the Catholic, in recognition of his services to the wounded during the Carlist war, and especially in the three days' battle of Estella in June, 1874. These services were acknowledged by letter at the time; but, owing to the change of Government which subsequently occurred, no decoration was then awarded to Mr. Furley. We may add that this gentleman was acting in Spain as an independent volunteer, and not as representative of the British National Aid Society or any other association.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——Though the curtain fell last week on the last scene of the great yearly Turf drama as enacted at Newmarket, and fell too, let it be truly said, with no slight amount of applause, the legitimate racing season is by no means dead; and nowadays the month of November, perhaps, more than any month of the year, evidences the innate vitality of the sport of racing. Years ago no respectable Turfite would be seen at a meeting after the Newmarket Houghton, and among other reasons was this excellent one, namely, that there was hardly a meeting to be seen at. But "we have altered all that now," and during the next three or four weeks larger fields on an average will be seen contesting events at Liverpool, Shrewsbury, and elsewhere than are usual at the most popular meetings earlier in the season. Reserved, patched-up, and hitherto unfortunate horses will be pulled out by the dozen to make an attempt to earn their hay and corn for the winter, while owners of successful animals will not spare their horseflesh, with trainers' bills and the dull season before them. Hence we may expect first-class racing, as far at least as the number of horses goes, next week at Liverpool, and after that at the Great Shropshire gathering; and if only the bright autumn, or, as we must now say, winter days last, the well accoutred Turfite can watch his favourite sport with greater comfort than under a hot sun. The meetings of this week have been numerous, and each has suffered in the way of attendance from clashing with one or more others. At Brighton there was a full complement of visitors to the course, for the town itself can always supply that, but the counter attractions of Lincoln took many of the chief supporters of racing northwards. But somehow or other these two autumn trysts are unlike those held earlier in the year; they appear to lack spirit, and, Newmarket being excepted, there seems to be some law of nature in operation which renders the success of two meetings at the same place during the season something more than doubtful. However, the racing at both the places just mentioned was good in itself. The Brighton Nursery Handicap saw the upset of a hot favourite in Ultimus, Preciosa, who was but little fancied, winning; and Fay took the Preston Plate, scoring again in the Juvenile Handicap on the Wednesday. Mr. C. Bush, on whom fortune seems to have been smiling more freely of late, had the Ovingdean Plate credited to him by aid of Berzelius. The Autumn Handicap was a failure as regards the number of runners, only three starting, but the race was a most exciting one, Rhidorroch beating Julius Cæsar, the favourite, by a short head. In the Sussex Welter on Wednesday Lord Rosebery had a turn, Strathavon easily beating eight others. The Stewards' Cup, like the Autumn Handicap, failed to produce a decent field, and Dalham, with any odds on him, had only to do an exercise canter to beat Miss Ethus. Lewes, as in the summer, followed Brighton with a meeting, and secured the usual support. At Lincoln Cincinnatus added another to his list of recent victories by taking the Chaplin Stakes, Millicent won the Gamby Nursery, and Grand Flaneur the Johnstone Plate. A fair field of a dozen faced the starter for the popular Great Tom Stakes, Lyceum being made a 2 to 1 favourite, with Ambergris and Umbria next in demand. A sad blow for followers of public form was in store, and Fontarabian, who "on paper" had no possible chance, came in an easy winner by three lengths, the favourite having to put up with second honours.—All lovers of a good horse will regret to hear that it has been found necessary to destroy Thorn, as the bones of the leg would not unite. He took part in no less than sixty races during his career, and up to the day of his accident was as sound as a bell. We have so few horses which train on like Thorn that his loss to the Turf as a stud horse is a very appreciable one.

FOOTBALL.——The Association Contest, which produces many of the most attractive games of the season, is making progress; the Clapham Rovers, High Wycombe, and Maidenhead, having beaten Grantham, Wood Grange, and Reading respectively.—Among the Rugby Union matches, two of the most important have been between Richmond and the Old Cheltonians, won by the former, and between Blackheath and the Engineer College, Cooper's Hill, won by the latter.

AQUATICS.——As we ventured to anticipate, Boyd has given way to Higgins in the matter of cutters, which will be allowed. The race is to take place over the Tyne Championship course on the 14th of January next.—The American Sculling Championship, rowed over a five-mile turning course on the Alleghany River, at Hulton, Philadelphia, has been won for the fifth time by Evan Morris. His antagonist was Patrick Luther, who can claim to have beaten our Higgins at the Centennial Regatta last year.

BICYCLING.——The Fifty Miles Amateur Bicycle Championship was decided on Saturday last at Lillie Bridge in favour of Mr. Harry Osborne, of the Surrey Bicycle Club. He did the distance in 3 hours 18 min. 55 sec., which is the best amateur time on record, and a marvellously good one considering the weather and heavy state of the ground. It is quite possible that with a little more riding Mr. Osborne will be as good a man as the professional champion, J. Keen.

BOXING.——"Fight for the Championship" has been the heading to many of the reports of the "gloved" proceedings at Sadler's Wells Theatre, reminding us of the days of the P.R. It is as well to call things by their right names. This "boxing," as carried out on these occasions, is practically prizefighting, and it ought to be put down at once. Many a blow from a glove is as bad as one from the bare fist. If we are to have this kind of thing why not revive the ancient *cestus* at once, with its lead and leather thongs?

◆

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME" is to be translated into Spanish, with a preface by Señor Castelar. The sale of the second edition of the work in Paris has already reached 125,000.

THE CAXTON CELEBRATION AND THE WICLIF QUINCENTENARY of the past summer are to be commemorated this month by the publication of a curious *Biblia Pauperum* by Messrs. Unwin Brothers, of the Gresham Press. The *Biblia* will contain thirty-eight wood blocks illustrating the Life, Parables, and Miracles of our Saviour, with typical subjects from the Old Testament, engraved in 1470, which appear never to have been used, and which were discovered at Nuremberg in 1832. These blocks will be accompanied by illustrative readings from Wiclif's New Testament, printed in Caxton type on paper made in imitation of that used in the fifteenth century. Dean Stanley will contribute a preface to the volume, which is to be dedicated to Mr. Gladstone, and the proceeds are intended for the "Caxton Commemoration Fund."

SCRAPS

BICYCLES IN LIVERPOOL are now obliged to carry bells after dark on account of the many recent accidents.

A SCHOOL OF ART is to be established in Hyderabad by Sir Salar Jung, who intends to place it under the direction of an Italian artist.

MR. H. M. STANLEY is to receive a special gold medal from the King of Italy. The medal will bear the inscription—"To the intrepid explorer of Equatorial Africa; given by Victor Emmanuel."

THE NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE TAY having proved so successful, the Firth of Forth will probably be bridged in the same manner, according to *Engineering*, and the scheme is to be brought forward in the next Session of Parliament.

THE COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS OF THE PHOTO-MEZZOTINT EXHIBITION, which were sold by auction on the dissolution of the firm of Messrs. Fradelle and Marshal, has been purchased by Mr. Albert E. Fradelle. Although the Gallery will not be open as heretofore, Mr. Fradelle is still engaged in adding to the collection for the purpose of making the series of portraits historical in character.

THE ICE TRADE IN THE UNITED STATES is yearly increasing, and has already reached large proportions, the capital invested reaching something like 6,000,000*l.*, five million tons being annually cut for the United States consumption alone. At least, so the *Ice Trade Journal*, our latest Transatlantic contemporary, tells us. The same paper also prophesies a severe winter. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE is to remain at Ferrol during the winter, while the question of salvage is being decided by the Admiralty Court. The sister needle, which has been offered to the Americans, will probably ornament the New Country before long, as an anonymous New Yorker has promised the 20,000*l.* required for transport expenses. The obelisk, however, is not regarded with particular reverence across the Atlantic, and the New York *Christian Union* grumbles at 20,000*l.* being expended on "a venerable old carved block of syenite."

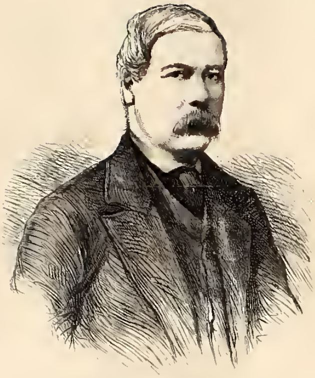
THE ANGLER FISH recently added to the Brighton Aquarium seems healthy and likely to thrive, and will be the first of its kind ever naturalised in a tank, as all other specimens have died in captivity. The fish has a curious method of attracting its prey. At the top of its head, near the nostrils, is a filament with a glittering piece of skin at the end, which the creature works like a rod and fly to serve as a lure to small fish. The prey are speedily attracted and swim round the bait, not noticing the angler, which buries itself in the sand and opens its mouth to engulf the victims.

A SUBMARINE TELEPHONE has been sunk at the entrance of the harbour of San Francisco, and connected with the Science Academy for the purpose of making experiments. It was found to transmit sound perfectly, as the experimentalists clearly distinguished the movement of a great body passing over the instrument, and the cry of sailors hauling in the ropes, proving the entry of a ship at the Golden Gate. As, however, the tide interfered with the telephone it was moved, and a net full of rock cod were suspended over it, when the noise of the fish struggling to escape was quite audible, while sounds were heard as if the fish uttered cries such as "Ga-a," "Ke-a," "Pi-a," "Ta."

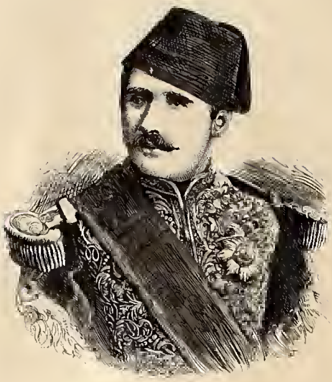
AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE, *Mayfair* tells us, was celebrated the other day at Moscow, the bride being a lady of considerable beauty, boundless wealth, and aged twenty-two. The bridegroom was four-score and six, and his profession was that of begging. The fact is that the young lady's fortune could come to her only upon marriage. Her relatives had fixed upon a *parti* who was particularly obnoxious to her. Still she wanted her fortune, and accordingly she cast her thoughts upon an old beggar man to whom she had been generous for some years, and she undertook to pay him 300 roubles if he would marry her and straightway depart, never to see her any more. These conditions he cheerfully accepted, and the marriage took place, all the beggars of the town assembling to see the ceremony.

LONDON MORTALITY still further increased last week, and 1,499 deaths were registered, against 1,403 during the previous seven days, showing an increase of 96, being 30 above the average, and at the rate of 22·1 per 1,000. There were 14 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 6), 67 from measles (an increase of 31), 6 from diphtheria (a decline of 3), 28 from whooping-cough (an increase of 7), 39 from different forms of fever (a decline of 8, being 5 below the average), 23 from diarrhœa, and 64 from scarlet fever (a decline of 4). The Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals and the London Fever Hospital contained 154 scarlet fever patients on Saturday last. Owing to the effect of the recent cold nights, deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs further rose to 371, an increase of 74, and exceeding the average by 84, including 212 from bronchitis and 113 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths. There were 2,474 births registered, against 2,527 the previous week. The duration of registered sunshine was 10·8 hours, the sun being 70·7 hours above the horizon. The mean temperature was 49·7 deg., or 1·8 deg. above the average.

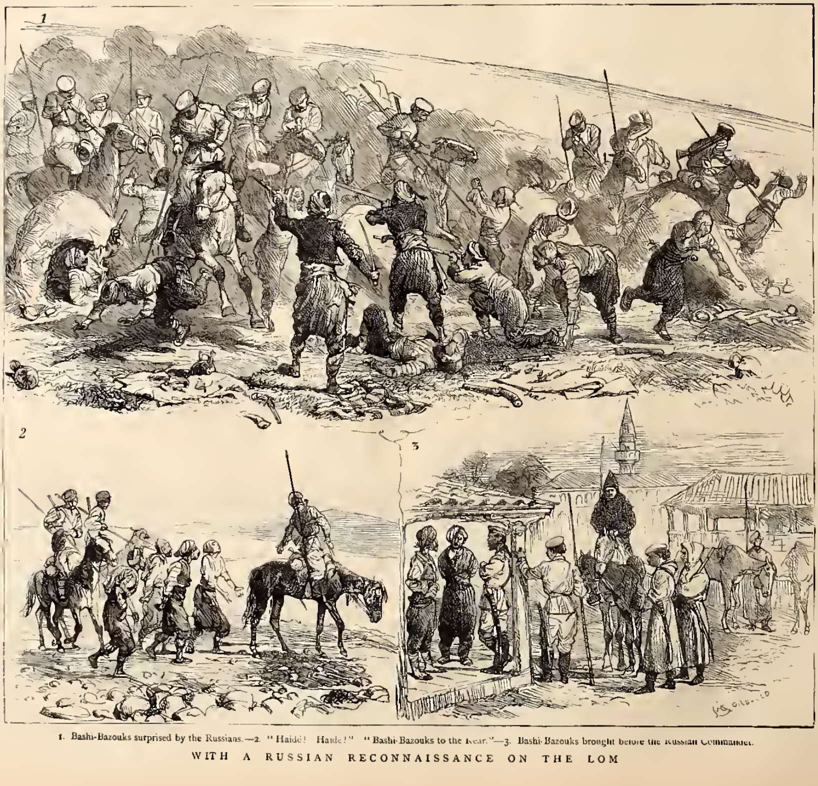
GENERAL GRANT has not been allowed to enjoy his visit to Paris in peace, as a zealous reporter of the *Figaro* took the first opportunity to interview him, hoping to break through the ex-President's proverbial taciturnity. The reporter did not gain very much information. Asking what was the general's impression of Paris, General Grant replied that he had not formed an opinion, as he had driven from the railway to the hotel in a closed carriage, and he had only seen the cushions of the vehicle. "But you have visited Marshal MacMahon," persisted the "special," "what do you think of our President?" "Oh, we did not understand each other very well," was the reply. "I cannot speak a word of French nor he a word of English, so he nodded to me and I to him, he offered me his hand, I gave him mine, and that was all." General Grant, however, was much pleased with Madame MacMahon, and was surprised that a Frenchwoman should speak English so beautifully. On French politics the General refused to offer an opinion, saying he had not studied the subject, and the reporter retired vanquished. General Grant, however, is an adept at disposing of troublesome people. During his Presidency he was much worried by some one asking for an appointment, and at last, out of patience, told the importunate person to learn Spanish, and come back to him in six months. The man hoped for a diplomatic appointment in Spain, and appeared in due time declaring triumphantly that he perfectly understood Spanish. "Well," said Grant, "go and read 'Don Quixote' in the original, I hear it's much more interesting than the translation."



WITH THE RUSSIANS—GENERAL TODLEBEN
The Defender of Sebastopol, now Directing the Operations before Plevna



WITH THE TURKS—PRINCE HASSAN
Son of the Khedive of Egypt, and Commander of the Egyptian Contingent



1. Bashi-Bazouks surprised by the Russians.—2. "Haidé! Haide!" "Bashi-Bazouks to the Rear."—3. Bashi-Bazouks brought before the Russian Commander.

WITH A RUSSIAN RECONNAISSANCE ON THE LOM

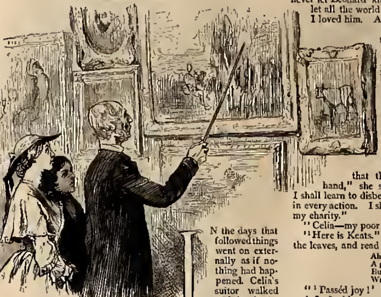
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PONTIFEX COLLECTION



IN the days that followed things went on externally as if nothing had happened. Celia's suitor walked with her in the town, was seen with her in public places, appeared in church morning and evening—the second function must have exercised his soul heavily—and said no word. Mr. Tyrrell, deceived by this appearance of peace, resumed his wonted aspect, and was self-reliant, and sometimes as blusterous as ever. Celia alone seemed to remember the subject. For some days she tried to read and talk as usual, but her cheek was paler, and her manner *distraite*. Yet I could say nothing. The wound was too fresh, the anxiety was still there, it was one of those blows which, though their worst effects may be averted, leave scars behind which cannot be eradicated. The scar in Celia's soul was that for the first time in her life a suspicion had been forced upon her that her father was not—had not been——Let us not put it into words.

To speak of such a suspicion would have been an agony too bitter for her, and even too bitter for me. Yet I knew, by the manner of the man, by the words of the German, that he was, in some way, for some conduct unknown, of which he was now ashamed, under this man's power. I could not tell Celia what I knew. How was she to tell me the dreadful suspicion that rose like a spectre in the night unbidden, awful? We were only more silent, we sat together without speaking; sometimes I caught her eye resting for a moment on her father with a pained wonder, sometimes she would break off the music, and say with a sigh that she could play no more.

One afternoon, three or four days after the first opening of the business, I found her in the library, a small room on the first floor dignified by that title, where Mr. Tyrrell kept the few books of general literature he owned, and Celia kept all hers. She had gathered on the table all the books which we were so fond of reading together—chiefly the poets—and was taking them up one after the other, turning over their pages with loving, regretful looks.

She greeted me with her sweet smile.

"I am thinking, Laddy, what to do with these books if—if—I have to say what Papa wants me to say."

"Do with them, Cis?"

"Yes," she replied, "it would be foolish to keep things which are not very ornamental and would no longer be useful."

"Our poor poets are a good deal knocked about," I said, taking up the volumes in hope of diverting her thoughts; "I always told you that Keats wasn't made for laying in the grass," and indeed that poor bard showed signs of many dews upon his scarlet cloth bound back.

"He is best for reading on the grass, Laddy. Think of the many hours of joy we have had with Hyperion under the elms. And now, I suppose, we shall never have any more. Life is very short, for some of us."

"But—Cis—why no more hours of pleasure and poetry?"

"I do not know when that man may desire an answer. And I know that if he claims it at once—to-morrow—next day—what answer I am to give. I watch my father, Laddy, and I read the answer in his face. Whatever happens, I must do what is best for him."

"Put off the answer, Cis, till Leonard comes home."

"If we can," she sighed—"if we can. Promise me one thing, Laddy—promise me faithfully. If I have—if I must consent—never let Leonard know the reason: never let any one know; let all the world think that I have accepted—him—because I loved him. As if any woman could ever love him!"

Then he had not deceived her with her smooth and plausible manner.

"I promise you so much at least," I said. "No one shall know, poor Cis, the reason. It shall be a secret between us. But you have not said 'Yes' to him yet."

"I may very soon have to say it, Laddy. I shall give you all this poetry. We have read it together so much that I should always think of you if I ever try and read it alone. And it would make me too wretched. I shall have nothing more to do with the noble thoughts and Divine longings of these great men: they will all be dead in my bosom; I shall try to forget that they ever existed. Herr Räumer—my husband," she shuddered—"would not understand them. I shall learn to disbelieve everything: I shall find a base motive in every action. I shall cease to hope: I shall lose my faith and my charity."

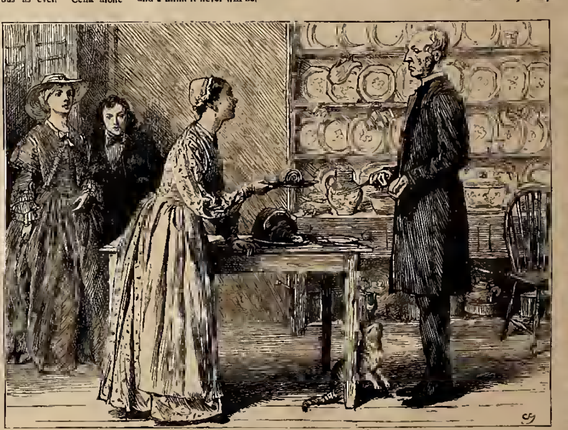
"Celia—my poor Celia—do not talk like that."

"Here is Keats." She opened him at random, turned over the leaves, and read aloud—

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passéd joy?

"'Passéd joy!' We shall not be able to go out together, you and I, Laddy, any more, nor to read under the elms, nor to look out over the ramparts up the Harbour at high tide, and you will leave off giving me music lessons—and when Leonard comes home he will not be my Leonard any more. Only let him never know, dear Laddy."

"He shall never know, Cis. But the word is not spoken yet, and I think it never will be."



"That is not for me, Anne"

She shook her head.

"There is our Wordsworth. Of course he must be given up too. When the whole life is of the earth, earthy, what room could there be there for Wordsworth! Why," she looked among the sonnets, "this must have been written especially for me. Listen—

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
To think that now our life is only dressed
For show . . . .
. . . .
The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone: our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

"Fancy the household laws of Herr Räumer," she added, bitterly.

She was in sad and despairing mood that morning.

I took the book from her hand—what great things there are in Wordsworth, and what rubbish!—and found another passage.

"Those first affections
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may
Are yet the fountain light of all our day
Are yet a masterlight of all our seeing,
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seems moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never:
Which neither listlessness nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy."

"Do you think, you silly Celia, if things came to the very worst—if you were—let me say it out for once—if you were tied for life to this man, with whom you have no sympathy, that you would forget the beautiful things which you have read and dreamed? They can never be forgotten. Why, they lie all about your heart, the great thoughts of God and Heaven, what this beautiful earth might be and what you yourself would wish to be; they are your guardian angels, who stand like Ithuriel to ward off evil dreams and basenesses. They cannot be driven away because you have placed them there, sentinels of your life. If—if he—were ten times as cold, ten times as unworthy of you as he seems, he could not touch your inner life. He could only make your outer life unhappy. And then, Celia, I think—I think—I think that Leonard would kill him."

"If Leonard will care any more about me," she murmured through her tears. "But he will not. I shall be degraded in his eyes. He will come home with happier recollections of brighter scenes and women far better and more beautiful than I can be, even in his memory."

"Celia," I cried hotly, "that is unkind of you. You cannot mean it. Leonard can never forget you. There will be no scenes so happy in his recollection as the scenes of the boyhood; no one whom he will more long to see than little Celia—little no longer now, and—oh! Cis—Cis, how beautiful you are!"

"Laddy, you are the best brother in all the world. But do not flatter me. You know I like to think myself pretty. I am so vain."

"I am not flattering you, my dear. Of course, I think you are the most beautiful girl in all the world. Ah! if I could only draw you and put all your soul into your eyes as a great painter would. If I were Raphael I would make you St. Catharine—no, St. Cecilia—sitting at the organ, looking up as you do sometimes when we read together, as when I play Beethoven, and your soul opens like a flower."

"Laddy—Laddy."

"I would make your lips trembling, and your head a little bent back, so as to show the sweet outlines, and make all the world fall in love with you. . . . Don't cry, my own dear sister. See, Leonard will be home again soon triumphant, bringing joy to all of us. Our brave Leonard—and all will be well. I know all will go well. And this monstrous thing shall not be done."

She put her arms round my neck, and laid her cheek against mine. "Thank God," she said simply, "for my brother."

By this time I had mastered my vain and selfish passion. Celia was my sister, and could never be anything else. As if in the time when companionship is as necessary as light and air, it was not a great thing to have such a companion as Celia! In youth we cling to one another, and find encouragement in confession and confidence. David was young when he loved Jonathan. It is when we grow older that we shrink into ourselves and forget the sweet old friendships.

This little talk finished, Celia became more cheerful, and we presently stole out at the garden gate for fear of being intercepted by the suitor, who was as ubiquitous as a Prussian Uhlan, and went for a ramble along the beach, where a light breeze was crisping the water into tiny ruffles of wavelets, and driving about the white-sailed yachts like butterflies. The fresh sea air brightened her cheek, and gave elasticity to her limbs. She forgot her anxieties, laughed, sang little snatches, and was as merry as a child again.

"Let us go and call at Aunt Jane's," she cried, when we left the beach, and were striking across the furze-covered common.

To call upon Mrs. Pontifex was never an inspiriting thing to do. She had a way of picking out texts to suit your case and hurling them at your head, which sent you away far more despondent about the future than her husband's sermons. There is always this difference between a woman of Aunt Jane's persuasion and a man of the same school; that the woman really believes it all, and the man has by birth, by accident, by mental twist, for reasons of self interest, talked himself into a creed which he does not hold at heart, so far as he has power of self examination. Mr. Pontifex had lost that power, I believe.

They lived in a villa overlooking the common. Mrs. Pontifex liked the situation principally because it enabled her to watch the "Sabbath breakers," viz., the people who walked on Sunday afternoon, and the unthinking sinners, who strolled arm in arm upon the breezy common on summer evenings. The villa had formerly possessed a certain beauty of its own, being covered over with creepers, but Mrs. Pontifex removed them all, and it now stood in naked ugliness, square and flat-roofed. There was a garden in front, of rigid and austere appearance, planted with the less showy shrubs, and never allowed to put on the holiday garb of summer flowers. Within, the house was like a place of tombs, so cold, so full of monumental mahogany, so bristling with chairs of little ease.

To our great joy, Mrs. Pontifex was out. Her husband, the servant said, with a little hesitation, was at home.

"Then we will go in," said Celia. "Where is he, Anne?"

"Well, Miss," she said, in apology, "at present master's in the front kitchen."

In fact, there we found the unhappy Mr. Pontifex. He was standing at the table, with a most gloomy expression on his severe features. Before him stood a half-cut, cold boiled leg of mutton. He had a knife in one hand and a piece of bread in another.

"This is all," he said, sorrowfully, "that I shall get to-day. Mrs. Pontifex said that there was to be no dinner. She has gone to a Dorcas meeting——No, thank you, Anne, I cannot eat any more—ahem—any more boiled mutton. The human palate—alas! that we poor mortals should think of such things—does not accept boiled mutton with pleasure. But what is man that he should turn away from his food? A single glass of beer, if you please, Anne."

"Do have another slice of mutton, sir," said the servant, in sympathising tones.

"No, Anne,"—there was an infinite sadness in his voice. "No, I thank you."

"There's some cold roly-poly in the cupboard, sir. Try a bit of that."

She brought it out. It was a piece of the inner portion, that part which contains most jam.

Mr. Pontifex shook his head in deep despondency.

"That is not for ME, Anne," he said, "I always have to eat the ends."

"Then why do you stand it?" I said. "You are a man, and ought to be master in your own house."

"You think so, Johnny?" he replied. "You are young. You are not, again, like St. Peter—ahem—a married man. Let us go upstairs."

He led us into his study, which was a large room, decorated with an immense quantity of pictures. The house, indeed, was full of pictures, newly arrived, the collection of a brother, lately deceased, of the Rev. John Pontifex. I am not learned in paintings, but I am pretty sure that the collection on the walls were copies as flagrant as anything ever put up at Christie's.

But Mr. Pontifex thought differently.

"You have not yet seen my picture gallery, Johnny," he said. "The collection was once the property of my brother the Rev. Joseph Pontifex, now,—alas!—in the bosom of Abraham. He was formerly my coadjutor when I was in sole charge at Dillmington. It was commonly said by the Puseyites at the time that there was a Thief in the Pulpit and a Liar in the Reading Desk. So great—ahem!—was our pulpit power that it drew forth these Fearful denunciations. I rejoice to say that I was the—ahem! the—Liar."

It was hard to see where the rejoicing ought properly to come in. But no doubt he knew.

"They are beautiful pictures, some of them," said Celia, kindly.

Mr. Pontifex took a walking-stick, and began to go round like a long-necked, very solemn showman at a circus.

"These are 'Nymphs about—ahem—to Bathe.' A masterpiece by Caracci. The laughter of those young persons has probably long since been turned into mourning.

"'The Death of Saint Chrysostom,' supposed to be by Leonardo Da Vinci. The Puseyites go to Chrysostom as to a father. Well; they may go to the muddy streams, if they please. I go to the pure—the pure Fountain, Johnny.

"'Pope Leo the Tenth,' by one Dosso Dossi, of whom, I confess, I had never heard. I suppose that there are more Popes than any other class of persons now in misery."

He shook his head, as he said this, with a smile of peculiar satisfaction, and went on to the next picture.

"A soldier, by Wouvermans; on a white horse. Probably the original of this portrait was in his day an extremely profligate person. But he has long since gone to his long—no doubt his very long—account.

"That is the 'The Daughter of Herodias Dancing.' I have always considered dancing a most immoral pastime, and in the days of my youth found it so, I regret to say.

"'The Mission of Xavier.' He was, alas! a Papist, and is now, I believe, what they are pleased to call a saint. In other respects, he was, perhaps, a good man, as goodness shows to the world. That is, a poor gilded exterior, hiding corruption. How different from our good Bishop Heber, the author of that sweet miss—i—o—na—ry poem which we all know by heart, and can never forget.

From Greenland's icy mountains—
From Greenland's icy mountains—
From Greenland's—ahem!—icy—

—but my memory fails me. That is, perhaps, the result of an imperfect meal."

"Sit down, my dear uncle," said Celia. "You must be fatigued. What was Aunt Jane thinking of to have no dinner?"

"Your great-aunt, Celia," said Mr. Pontifex, with a very long sigh, "is a woman of—ve—ry—remarkable Christian graces and virtues. She excels in what I may call the—the—ahem—the very rare art of compelling others to go along with her. To-day we fast, and to-morrow we may be called upon to subdue the natural man in some other, perhaps—at least I hope—in a less trying method."

We both laughed, but Mr. Pontifex shook his head. "Let me point out one or two more pictures of my collection," he said. "There are nearly one thousand altogether, collected by my brother Joseph, who resided in Rome, the very heart of the Papacy—you never knew Joseph, Celia—during the last ten years of his life. That landscape, the trees of which, I confess, appear to me unlike any trees with which I am personally acquainted—is by Salvator Rosa; that Madonna and Child—whom the Papists ignorantly worship,—is by Sasso Ferrato; that group" (it was a sprawling mass of intertwisted limbs) "is by Michael Angelo, the celebrated master; the waterfall which you are admiring, Celia, is a Ruysdael, and supposed to be priceless; the pig—alas! that men should waste their talents in delineating such animals—is by Teniers; the cow by Berghem; that—ahem!—that infamous female" (it was a wood nymph, and a bad copy) "is a Rubens. The Latin *rubeo* or *rubesco* is—unless my memory again fails me—to blush. Rightly is that painter so named. No doubt he has long since—but I refrain."

"Do you think, Celia," I asked on the way home, "that Mr. Pontifex dwells with pleasure in the imagination of the things which are always on his lips?"

CHAPTER XX

THE RIGHT OF REVOLT

THE Polish Barrack in 1858 had ceased to exist. There were, in fact, very few Poles left in the town to occupy it. A good many were dead. Some went away in 1854 to join the Turks. Some, grown tired of the quasi-garrison life, left it, and entered into civil occupations in the town. Some, but very few, drifted back to Poland and made their peace with the authorities. Some emigrated. Of all the bearded men I knew as a boy scarcely twenty were left, and these were scattered about the town, still in the "enjoyment" of the tenpence a day granted them by the British Government. I seldom met any of them except Wassielewski, who never wearied of his paternal care. The old man still pursued his calling—that of a fiddler to the sailors. The times, however, were changed. Navy agents were things of the past—a subject of wailing among the Tribes. Sailors' Homes were established; the oiled curls had given way to another and a manlier fashion of short hair. The British sailor was in course of transformation. He no longer made it a rule to spend all his money as fast as he received it; he was sometimes a teetotaller; he was sometimes religious, with views of his own about Election; he sometimes read; and, though he generally drank when drink was in the way, he was not often picked up blind drunk in the gutter. The Captain said he supposed men could fight as well if they were always sober as if they were sometimes drunk; and that, always provided there were no sea-lawyers aboard, he saw no reason why a British crew should not be all good-character men, though in his day good character often went with malingering. The trade of fiddling, however, was still remunerative, and Wassielewski—Fiddler Ben, as the sailors called him—the steadiest and liveliest fiddler of all, had a large *clientèle*.

At this juncture the staunch old rebel, as I have explained, was in spirits, because he had wind of a new movement. The Poles were to make another effort—he was really five years too early, because the rebellion did not begin till 1863, but that was not his fault; it would be once more the duty of every patriot to rally round the insurrection and strike another blow for Fatherland. Not that he looked for success. No one knew better than this hero of a hundred village fights that the game was hopeless. His policy was one of simple devotion. In every generation an insurrection—perhaps half-a-dozen—was to be got up. Every Pole who was killed fertilised the soil with new memories of cruelty and blood. It was the duty, therefore, of every Pole to get killed if necessary. No Red Irreconcileable ever preached a policy so sanguinary and thorough. Out of the accumulated histories of rebellion was to arise, not in his time, indignation so universal that the whole world would with irrepressible impulse rush to rescue Poland from the triple grasp of the Eagles. To bring about this end but one thing was needed—absolute self-sacrifice.

I knew when he met me, the day after Celia's birthday, and told me that the time was coming, what he meant. I, like himself, was to be a victim to the Holy Cause. I was a hunchback, a man of peace, even a Protestant. That did not matter. I bore a historic name, and I was to give the cause the weight of my name as well as the slender support of my person. And, as I have no desire to pose as a hero, I may at once confess that I felt at first little enthusiasm for the work, and regarded my possible future with feelings of unworthy reluctance.

I suppose that Wassielewski saw this, because he tried to inflame my passion with stories of Russian wrong.

As yet I knew, as I have said, little or nothing about my parentage or the story of my birth. That I should be proud because I was a Pulaski; that I should be brave because I was a Pulaski; that I owed myself to Poland, because I was a Pulaski—was all I had learned.

I suppose, unless the old patriot lied—and I do not think he did—that no more revolting story of cruel repression exists than that of the Russian treatment of Poland between the years 1830 and 1835. Wassielewski, with calm face and eyes of fire, used to pour out these horrors to me till my brain reeled. He knew them all; it was his business to know them, and never to forget them or let others forget them. If he met a Pole he would fall to reviving the old memories of Polish atrocities—if he met a "friend of Poland" he would dilate upon them as if he loved to talk of them.

History is full of the crimes of nations, but there is no crime so great, no wickedness in all the long annals of the world, worse than the story of Russia after that revolution of hapless Poland. We are taught to believe that the wickedness of a single man, in some way, recoils upon his own head, that sooner or later he is punished—*raro antecedentem scelestum*—but what about the wickedness of a country? Will there fall no retribution upon Russia, upon Prussia, upon Austria? Have the wheels of justice stopped? Or, in some way which we cannot divine, will the sins of the fathers be visited upon the children for the third and fourth generation? We know not. We see the ungodly flourish like a green bay tree, his eyes swelling out with fatness, and there is no sign or any foreshadowing of the judgment that is to fall upon him. We do not want judgment and revenge. We want only such restitution as is possible; for nothing can give us back the men who have died, the women who have sorrowed, the children who have been carried away. But let us have back our country, our liberty, and our lands.

A dream—an idle dream. Poland is no more. The Poles are become Austrians, Prussians, and, above all, Muscovites.

Wassilewski, a very Accusing Spirit, set himself to fill my mind with stories of tyranny and oppression. The national schools suppressed, a foreign religion imposed, the constitution violated, rebels shot—all these things one expects in the history of conquest. What, however, makes the story of Russian barbarism in Poland unique in the History of Tyranny seems the personal part taken by the Czar and the members of his illustrious family. It was the Czar who ordered, in 1824, twenty-five thousand Poles to be carried to the territory of the Tchernemovski Cossacks. The order was issued, with the usual humanity of St. Petersburg, in the dead of winter, so that most of them perished on the way. It was the Czar who, in 1830, on the occasion of a local outbreak in Sebastopol, ordered with his own hand that the only six prisoners—who had been arrested almost at random—should be shot: that thirty-six more were to be apprehended and knouted: that all the inhabitants without distinction should be expelled the town and sent to the villages of the Crimea; and that the place should be razed to the ground. Every clause except the last was exactly carried into effect. It was the Czar who ordered the library of Warsaw to be transported to St. Petersburg. It was the Czar who formed the humane project of brutalising the Polish peasantry by encouraging the sale of spirits by the Jews. It was the Czar who transported thousands of Polish nobles and soldiers to Siberia. And it was the Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Constantine, whose brutality precipitated the rebellion of 1832.

There were two things which Wassielewski as yet hid from me, because they concerned myself too nearly, and because I think he feared the effect they might have upon me. That, so far, was kind of him. It would have been kinder still had he never told them at all. Even now, nearly twenty years since I learned them, I cannot think of them without a passionate beating of the heart: I cannot meet a Russian without instinctive and unconquerable hatred: I cannot name Czar Nicholas without mental execration: and not I only, but every Pole by blood, scattered as we are up and down the face of the world, hopeless of recovering our national liberty, content to become peaceful citizens of France, England, or the States, cannot but look on any disaster that befalls Russia as a welcome instalment of that righteous retribution which will some day, we believe, overtake the country for the sins of the Romanoffs.

In those days, however, I had not yet learned the whole. I knew enough, in a general way, to fill my soul with hatred against the Russian name and sympathy with my own people. I had, as yet, received no direct intimation from the old conspirator that he expected me, too, to throw in my lot with him. But I knew it was coming.

I was certainly more English than Polish. I could not speak my father's language. I belonged to the English Church, I was educated in the manners of thought common to Englishmen, insular, perhaps, and narrow; when the greatness of England was spoken of I took that greatness to myself, and was glad. England's victories were mine, England's cause my own, and it was like the loss of half my identity to be reminded that I was not a Briton at all, but a Pole, the son of a long line of Poles, with a duty owed to my country. Like most men, when the path of duty seems confused I was content to wait, to think as much as possible of other things, to put it off, always with the possible future unpleasantly visible, a crowd of peasants armed with scythes and rusty firelocks—I among them—a column of grey coats sweeping us down, old Wassielewski lying dead upon the ground, a solitary prisoner, myself, kneeling with bandaged eyes before an open grave with a dozen guns, at twenty paces, pointing straight at my heart. Nor did I yet feel such devotion to Poland as was sufficient to make the prospect attractive. Also I felt, with some shame, that I could not attain to the exasperation at which Wassielewski habitually kept his nerves.

"I hear," said Herr Räumer one evening, "I hear that your friends in Poland are contemplating another insurrection."

"How do you learn that?" I asked.

"I happened to hear something about it from a foreign correspondent," he replied carelessly. "The Russians, who are not fools, generally know what is going on. Up to a certain point things are allowed to go on. That amuses people. It is only by bad management that conspiracies ever get beyond that point. The Grand Duke Constantine in '31 made enormous mistakes. Well, I had a letter from Berlin to-day, and heard something about it. Here we are at the respectable Bramblers'. Come upstairs, and talk for half-an-hour."

"Besides"—after he had lit a cigar, got out his bottle of Hock, and was seated in his wooden armchair—"besides, one gets foreign papers, and reads between the lines if one is wise. There is a bundle of Cracow papers on the table. Would you like to read them?"

I was ashamed to confess that I could not read my native tongue.

"That is a pity. One multiplies oneself by learning languages."

"Music only has one language. But how many do you know?"

"A few. Only the European languages. German, Russian, French, English. I believe I speak them all equally well. Polish is almost Russian. He who speaks German easily learns Danish, Swedish, and Dutch. Turkish, I confess, I am only imperfectly acquainted with. It is a difficult language."

"But how did you learn all these languages?"

He smiled superior.

"To begin with," he said, "the Eastern Europeans—you are not yourself a stupid Englishman—have a genius for language. There we do not waste our time in playfields, as these English boys do. So we learn,—that is nothing—to talk languages. It is so common that it does not by itself advance a man. It is like reading, a part of education. Among other things you see it is useful in enabling me to read papers in Polish, and to get an inkling how things look in that land of patriots. But you do not want papers, you have your friends here. Of course they keep you informed?"

"I have one or two friends among the few Poles that are left. Wassielewski, my father's devoted servant, is one of them."

"Your father's devoted servant! Really! Devoted? That is touching. I like the devotion of that servant who leaves his master to die, and escapes to enjoy an English pension. One rates that kind of fidelity at a very high value."

The man was nothing unless he could sneer. In that respect he was the incarnation of the age, whose chief characteristic is Heine's "universal sneer." No virtue, no patriotism, no disinterested ambition, no self-denial, no toil for others, nothing but self. A creed which threatens to grow, because it is so simple that every one can understand it. And as the largest trees often grow out of the smallest seeds, one cannot guess what may be the end of it.

"You are right, however," he went on, nursing his crossed leg. "At your age, and with your imperfect education, it is natural that you should be generous. It is pleasant in youth to think that a man can ever be influenced by other than personal considerations. I never did think so. But then my school and yours are different."

"Then what was the patriotism of the Poles?"

"Vanity and self-interest, Ladislas Pulaski. Desire to show off—desire to get something better. Look at the Irish. Look at the Chartists. Who led them? Demagogues fighting for a Cause, because the Cause gives them money and notoriety."

"And no self-denial at all?"

"Plenty. For the satisfaction of vanity. Vanity is the chief motive power in life. All men are vain; all men are ambitious; but most men in time of danger—and this saves us—are cowards. I am sixty-two years of age. I have seen——" here he hesitated a moment—"I have seen many Revolutions and insurrections, especially in 1848. What is my experience? This. In every conspiracy, where there are three men, one of them is a traitor and a spy. Remember that, should your friends try to drag you into a hopeless business. You will have a spy in your midst. The Secret Service knows all that is done. The other two men are heroes, if you please. That is, they pose. Put them up to open trial and they speechify; turn them off to be shot and they fold their arms in an heroic attitude. I believe," he added, with a kind of bitterness, "that they actually enjoy being shot."

"You have really seen patriots shot?"

"Hundreds," he replied, with a careless wave of his hand. "The sight lost its interest to me, so much alike were the details of each."

"Where was it?"

"In——Paris," he replied. "Of course the papers said as little as could be said about the shootings. I am sure, in fact, now I come to remember, that they did enjoy being shot. The Emperor Nicholas, whose genius lay in suppressing insurrections, knew a much better plan. He had his rebels beaten to death; at least after a thousand strokes there was not much life left. Now, not even the most sturdy patriot likes to be beaten to death. You cannot pose or make fine speeches while you are walking down a double file of soldiers each with a stick in his hand."

The man's expression was perfectly callous: he talked lightly and without the slightest indication of a feeling that the punishment was diabolical.

"Except the theatrical heroes, therefore, the gentlemen who pose, and would almost as soon be shot or not, provided it is done publicly, every man has his price. You only have to find it out."

"I would as soon believe," I cried, "what you said last week—that every woman has her price, too."

"Of course she has," he replied. "Woman is only imperfect man. Bribe her with dress and jewels; give her what she most wants—Love—Jealousy—Revenge—most likely she is guided by one of those feelings, and to gratify that one she will be traitor, spy, informer, anything."

I suppose I looked what I felt, because he laughed, spoke in softer voice, and touched my arm gently.

"Why do I tell you these things, Ladislas Pulaski? It is to keep you out of conspiracies, and because you will never find them out for yourself. You have to do with the *jeunes élèves*, the *ingenues*, the *naives*, the innocent. You sit among them like a Cherub in a seraglio of uncorrupted houris. Happy boy!

"Keep that kind of happiness," he went on. "Do not be persuaded by any Polish exile—your father's servant or anybody else—to give up Arcadia for Civil War and Treachery. I spoke to you from my own experience. Believe me, it is wide. If I had any illusions left, the year of Forty-eight was enough to dispel them all. One remembers the crowd of crack-brained theatrical heroes, eager to pose; the students mad to make a new world: the stupid rustics who thought the Day of no work, double pay, and treble rations was actually come. One thinks of these creatures massacred like sheep, and one gets angry at being asked to admire the leaders who preached the crusade of rebellion."

"You speak only of spies, informers, and demagogues. How about those who fought from conviction?"

"I know nothing about them," he replied, looking me straight in the face. "My knowledge of rebels is chiefly derived from the informers."

It was a strange thing to say, but I came to understand it later on.

He threw his cigar ash into the fireplace, and poured out a glass of the pale yellow wine which he so much loved.

"Never mind my experience," he said, rising and standing over me, looking gigantic with his six feet two compared with my bent and shrunken form, crouched beneath him in a chair. "I am going to rest and be happy. I shall do no more work in the world. Henceforth I devote myself to Celia. Here is the health of my bride. Hoch!"

(To be continued)

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER

THE discussion of bridal attire seems scarcely appropriate to the gloomy foggy month of November, yet so many fashionable weddings have recently come off and are about to take place, that we think it well to devote some space to this subject. From a host of charming wedding toilettes we have selected a few for description. Bridal dress of rich white satin, made with a long Court-train fastened at the shoulders; the front of the dress, from the throat to the hem, trimmed with chain wreaths of orange-blossom and myrtle at intervals; large plain tulle veil thrown over the *coiffure*, and falling in soft folds almost to the ground. The bridesmaids' dresses were a mixture of pale salmon-coloured cashmere and silk, bonnets to match, as did also the boots and gloves. The costumes of the guests were remarkably handsome, for the most part of velvet, in warm dark shades; one was of rich maroon velvet, made with a square train over a dress of cream-coloured satin, elaborately trimmed with Mechlin lace, bonnet to match. Another was of myrtle-green velvet over pale sea-green satin. At another wedding the youthful bride wore pearl-white satin, with long plain train, the front breadth embroidered in seed pearls; her plain tulle veil was fixed on with a coronet of pearls; sprays of orange-blossom were placed in her hair. The six bridesmaids wore delicate pink poplin train dresses, trimmed *en tablier* with puffings of pink satin, Valenciennes lace, and insertion, wide at the hem, graduated till the trimming was quite narrow at the throat, the sleeves of poplin were puffed with satin, the deep lace cuffs were nearly up to the elbow; the hats were of pink poplin lined with fluted satin; very long ostrich feathers encircled the crown, on the left side of each hat was a tiny humming bird, not one of the six like the other, a style of trimming cruel, but very effective. On all occasions, whether for wedding or other dress toilettes, the boots or shoes should match the dress in colour if not in material. At a third wedding, the bride wore a very rich white satin dress, with a long square train, on the front was a cascade of lace; white satin bonnet and feathers, over which was thrown a magnificent Brussels lace veil. The bridesmaids wore Princess dresses of pale fawn-coloured cashmere, with *laveuse* tunics of real Cardinal red silk, sashes to match, the bonnets were of stone-coloured felt, helmet shape, trimmed with stone-coloured and Cardinal feathers. The bride's travelling dress, of Navy blue—very fine serge—was simply made buttoned down the left side, as was also the jacket, the bonnet of dark brown felt was relieved with touches of blue.

Fortunately for bridesmaids, who are often called upon to officiate for their friends and relatives, the stereotyped "locket with the initials of the bride and bridegroom elect" is no longer considered the orthodox gift from the happy pair to the *demoiselles d'honneur*. Fans, hand-painted on silk or satin, and mounted in ivory or mother-of-pearl, rings, bracelets, or other useful ornaments of every description are now given.

In anticipation of a very severe winter, which is prognosticated by *savants*, materials which combine warmth with lightness are in great request, foremost amongst them is camel's hair, which is the leading woollen material of the season. A stone-coloured costume of camel's hair trimmed with fur, velvet, or *passementerie*, is both elegant and comfortable; two other materials, which are not quite so warm as the above, but almost equally in favour, are *bourrette*, a pliable mixture of silk and wool, and a French cord which is known by the plebeian name of corduroy. Velvet, and its useful substitute velveteen, are much used both for costumes and for trimming. As we stated last month green of every shade and variety is the favourite colour for this winter; anybody and everybody can wear one or other of its variations of hue; it is a colour that will blend with any other, pale blue, pink, cream, cardinal. Nature has taught us this long ago, for what is the most beautiful flower without foliage? A very pretty walking dress was recently shown to us, it was made thus: Materials, rifle green and a lighter shade of cloth; on the dark skirt was a pleated flounce about seven inches deep, corded top and bottom with the light shade; the upper skirt was made in three tiers, each one corded; a jacket corded to match, on which were three capes, the first, reaching to the shoulder, was seven inches, the second five and a half, the third three and a half deep. Down the front of the upper skirt were round gilt buttons put on very thickly; they were also on the pocket and sleeves. On the back of the skirt was a very long wide sash fastened in a loop and end. A costume which came from Paris, intended for a demi-toilette, consisted of a petticoat of salmon-pink corded silk, trimmed with alternate narrow flounces and puffings of the same, over which was a long polonaise of garnet velvet, buttoned from the throat half-way down the skirt, when the ends were turned back to show the underskirt, faced with velvet and trimmed with a wide rich fringe at the edge, and a gimp to correspond; this trimming was carried round the back, which was also arranged with *revers* to match the front: long tight sleeves with deep Honiton lace cuffs and collarette. This very becoming costume may be made in poplin and satin, silk and cashmere. In white corded silk and satin, with chenille and pearl fringe, it is most elegant.

As a trimming both for mantles and costumes fur is very much used, and when real is stylish and seasonable, but our readers who cannot afford to pay a good price for fur should avoid all the dyed and common imitations, which lose their lustre in a very few weeks, and look shabby and deplorable. A long paletot of sealskin, semi-tight, is very fashionable, but at the same time very costly. Mantles lined with fur are warm and pleasant to wear, but more often than not the hair comes off upon the dress, and is most difficult to brush off.

The materials used for bonnets are plush, velvet, satin, and silk; felt, made very soft and pliable, is a light and warm fabric whether for rough weather, when a simple band is all the trimming needful, or for dress occasions, when white or the most delicate shades, stone or brown, may be trimmed with a rich contrasting colour to match the costume with which the hat or bonnet is to be worn; feathers of every description, natural and unnatural, are much used for trimming; velvet and silk flowers are exquisitely copied from nature, for instance, chrysanthemums, roses, and various exotics, are real works of art. An important adjunct to the toilette at this season is a veil; we hear from Paris of the *voile Sita*, a double fichu of tulle embroidered in small flies and edged with fringe; the two ends are tied negligently at the back of the head. There is quite a rage for caps, which are worn by young married people as well as their seniors; they are to be had in an endless variety for all times and seasons, in fact they are quite a speciality. Collars and cuffs are worn very large, and more often than not fastened at the back; a lace Richelieu collar and deep gauntlet cuffs make an ordinary velveteen or cashmere walking costume look quite dressy for evening wear in the home circle, in fact there are so many stylish varieties of *fichus*, collars, &c., that a plain black silk dress may be varied for every evening in the month.

THE READER

"SIR ROBERT WALPOLE: A Political Biography," by A. C. Ewald (Chapman and Hall).—The careful labours of Archdeacon Coxe—for ever associated with Macaulay's brilliant essay—have left but little to be revealed of the history of the statesman who first taught the art of governing by Parliamentary majorities, and from the Lower rather than the Upper House. The utmost to which later biographers can aspire is to group the materials thus provided in more attractive form, to arrange the picture better for the fall of light and shadow, to advance their own interpretation of the work and character of the politician, or haply give fuller particulars of some detail lightly dwelt upon or slurred over—*e.g.*, Sir Robert's second marriage. Within these modest limits Mr. Ewald has done good work. His book presents to us the story of the time in a continuous narrative, in which letters, reports, speeches are cleverly incorporated, not relegated, to the reader's secret discontent, to appendices and notes. It is not perhaps a pleasing time, that of England under Anne and the first Georges; but it is one of a still living interest—the true commencement, in fact, of Parliamentary Government in the modern sense. The personality of Walpole himself; the rough, seemingly careless, life of the young squire of Houghton—a life, amidst all its rustic jollity, rich in experience of men and business; the first appearance in debate—a failure as conspicuous as Disraeli's; the gradual rise to the command of the House; the genially selfish but desperate ambition, so happily hit off in the comedy of M. Scribe, which would risk a fall rather than share power with another; the "head for figures," which made him the first Finance Minister of the day—the anticipator, in some respects, of the enlightened commercial policy of after times—are all admirably described. Nor less able is Mr. Ewald's general estimate of the man whom vulgar historians hold up as the typical "patron of corruption." Dishonest, no doubt, in many things as Walpole was—take only his opposition to Stanhope in 1718—grossly immoral in his private conduct, neither hostile committees in his lifetime nor adverse critics after death could securely fix on him the charge of peculation. With much more reason did Sir R. Peel conclude that he was really, as Minister, a man careless to profusion, free from all taint of baser greed, and, in an age when most men had their price, no worse nor better in buying their services than those who went before or followed him. Though containing little perhaps that is really new to the accomplished student of the early Georgian epoch, Mr. Ewald's is none the less a most readable volume—a just and well-proportioned study of the great "peace Minister" of the eighteenth century.

Three of those prettily illustrated and instructive volumes for middle-class drawing-room or library tables, for which the Messrs. Cassell have quite a speciality, next present themselves on our list. Vol. III. of Dr. Wylie's "History of Protestantism" brings the serial to a close with the triumph of the Protestant Religion in England through the accession of Dutch William; the revival in France of the "Churches of the Desert," by Antoine Court and Paul Rabaut; the division of the freed Hollanders into Arminians and Calvinists; the desolation of the Protestant Churches of Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia. Of the intense interest of the narrative—a succession of glances into the dark places of history—we have spoken in our notice of the earlier volumes. The present, with its tales of the Revolt of the Netherlands, of Scottish Covenanters and French Camisards, though dealing with times more generally known, is almost equally attractive; most of all, perhaps, for its excellent account of the campaigns of William the Silent and its pictures (after Freytag) of the ravages of the Thirty Years' War in the once prosperous States of Central Germany. Nor, though decidedly Protestant in tone—a little too much so, possibly, in speaking of Titus Oates' Plot—is Dr. Wylie, in treating of facts, either partial or unfair. His volumes are well suited to a time when general tolerance in things religious is not unfrequently made by Romanists an occasion for aspersing the deeds and memory of the Protestant martyrs of an earlier and more earnest day.—"The National Portrait Gallery (Third Series)," a volume of some twenty well-executed prints from photographs, gives as usual an excellent and well-varied choice—Beaufort and Westminster among our dukes, Sims Reeves and Santley among artists, Archbishop Thomson and Canon Farrar among the clergy, &c. The biographies, too, as a rule, are accurately and pleasantly written, though we must make an exception of what seems to us the rather confused sketch of Sikh history affixed to the notice of Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.—Vol. II. of the "Library of English Literature," or "Illustrations of English Religion," arranged and edited by Professor Morley, is an able survey of religious literature in England from the time when all literature was religious and all writers Churchmen—the days of Ceadmon, Bede, Alcuin, and their successors—down to the modern names of Newman, Maurice, and Kingsley. Biography, quotation, and critical analyses are very happily blended in the volume, though prose perhaps suffers a little in comparison with poetry, so much more easily analysed and quoted, and the writers of the last century and a half in comparison with those penmen of Stuart, Elizabethan, or yet earlier times, among whom Professor Morley more especially delights to linger. Still, every period receives fair notice; while, as especially new to many readers, we would notice the charming specimens of the quaint old sermons of seventeenth and sixteenth century divines.

To the many good books which have appeared of late about the land of the Khedive, we must add yet another in the "Upper Egypt" of Dr. Klunziger, with Preface by Dr. Georg Schweinfürth (Blackie and Son). It is not, however, with the Egypt of politics or finance, but with the Egypt of the common people that we have now to deal. "Sanitary physician" for many years at Zoseir on the Red Sea—a favourite but decaying port of call for Mecca pilgrims—Dr. Klunziger made his home, far from European life, among the Arabs and the Fellaheen, the fishermen of the coast and the negro from the Soudan. His book is in a way a pendant to the classic "Modern Egyptians" of the late Mr. Lane, but with this difference, that while the accomplished Englishman wrote chiefly of the wealthy Egyptian of the cities, Dr. Klunziger delights to tell of the simpler and more natural life of the Fellah of the Upper Country. To ordinary books of Egyptian travel the volume offers from the first the widest contrast. We do not sail in lordly *dahabeeahs*, but mix in humble country boats with the rowers and the peasantry on the banks. We do not watch from the deck the Fellah at the waterwheel, but follow him to his little hut, and note the details of his everyday life. We stroll into the village courts of justice, where the Kadi and the Sherrif wrangle amicably over some police case, and the "just judge," who administered the law without fear or favour, would be regarded by all concerned as a "hard man," with no bowels of compassion for human weaknesses; we inspect the slily tolerated slave markets and the more questionable haunts of *almeh* and *ghawasi*; or, fired with scientific ardour, count up the scanty *flora* of the desert, and grope for shells and coral along the rock ledges of the Red Sea, or cram our notebooks with quaint Egyptian folk-lore and ancient Calendars of full time-honoured precepts for fisherman or farmer. Far short of the warm glow of works like Lane's, or the dainty humour of Lady Duff-Gordon, with chapters, indeed, here and there that smack of the common magazine article for the *Ausland* or for *Westermann's*, Dr. Klunziger's is yet a methodic picture of common Egyptian life in all its details, such as perhaps only German patience could produce—high praise, if not the highest, that could be given.

From the simple realism of the German doctor we turn to German fantasy *in excelsis*, in Louis Ehlert's "Letters on Music" (W. Reeves), translated by Fanny Raymond Ritter. A critic of the new romantic school, Herr Ehlert reviews the world of modern composers and their works with a somewhat elephantine play of fancy which strikes us as modelled, not too happily, on the light grace of Schumann's earlier critiques. Beyond doubt there is much in these letters of æsthetic value—a practical hint on the way to play Beethoven's choral symphony; a delicate comparison (from which, however, the translator differs) between Schumann, Franz, and Schubert; a refined but all too *schwärmerisch* note on Chopin. But on the whole we move too much among the clouds for ordinary mortals. Need even an art-critic always speak in metaphors and riddles?

Under the title of "Every-Day Meals" (H. S. King and Co.), the fair author of that popular volume, "Little Dinners," gives us a fresh collection of receipts, not for dinners only—though dinners there are here as well—but even more for breakfasts and luncheons, or dishes that might be served up at any meal, all admirably clear and practical in their instructions, and all, or almost all, within the means of the most economical of households. Ladies who groan under the plague of hired cooks should invest in Mrs. Hooper's volume, and solve the great kitchen question for themselves.

Lastly, from Dresden (G. Schönfield), comes a second edition of the "Guide de l'Amateur d'Objets d'Art et de Curiosité," or "List of Monograms of the Chief Armourers, Jewellers, Enamellers, Workers in Stone, Wood, Ivory, &c., of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and Rococo Periods," by Dr. Theodore Grasse, the well-known author of a famous manual of "Marks in Pottery and Porcelain." The present guide—the first, we believe, of its kind—will doubtless prove most valuable to the collector. The list of armourers and their marks seems especially complete.

BOOKS RECEIVED

My Rambles in the New World: Lucien Biart; The Child of the Cavern: Jules Verne; The Two Supercargoes: W. H. G. Kingston; Men of Mark. S. Low and Co.

The Red Night of Germany (3 vols.): Peter Boyle. Charing Cross Publishing Company.

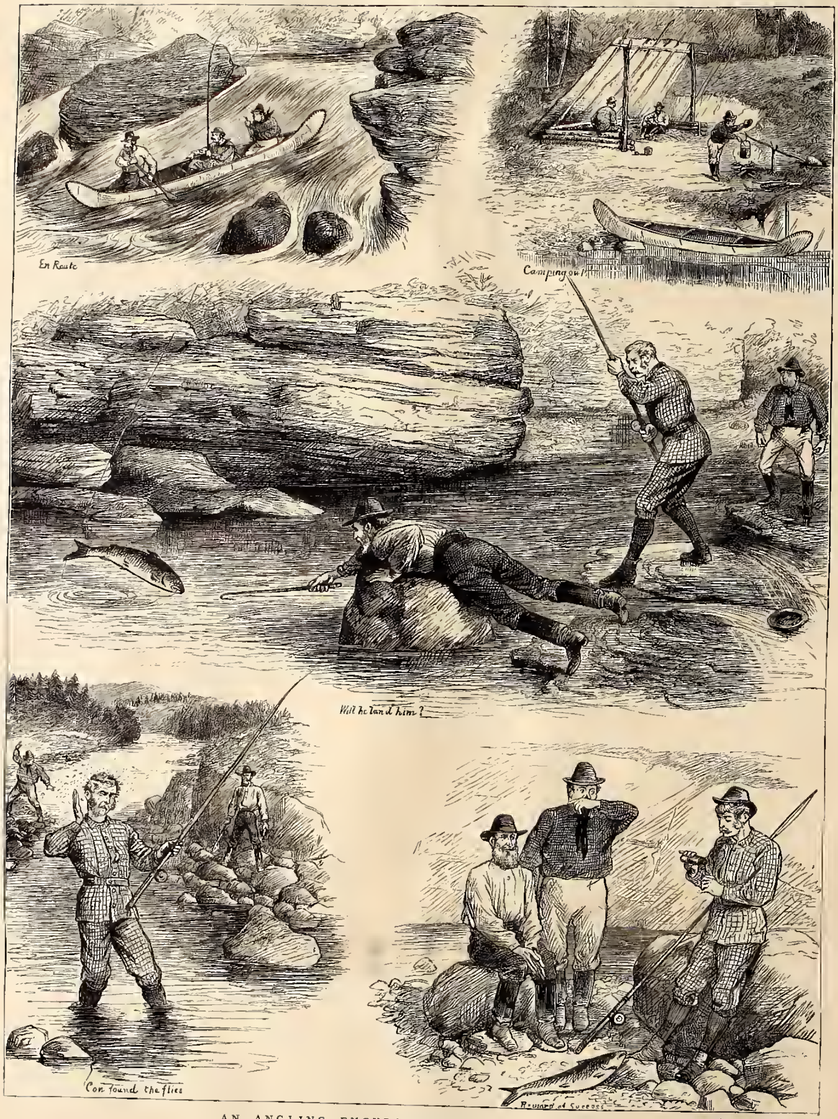
Multum in Parvo Gardening: Samuel Wood. Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.

Prometheus, the Fire-Giver; The Art of Beauty: Mrs. H. R. Haweis. Chatto and Windus.

Jungle, Peak, and Plain: Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.; *The Quiver*, Vol. XII.; Library of English Literature: Henry Morley; The Great Painters of Christendom: J. Forbes-Robertson. Cassell.

Lettice Eden: Emily S. Holt; A Knight of Todan: L. T. Meade. J. F. Shaw and Co.

Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar. George Kenning, Fleet Street.



En Route

Camping out

Will he land him?

Confound the flies

Reward of Success

AN ANGLING EXCURSION IN NOVA SCOTIA

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.

THE FIRST DAY—THE AMBUSH

XI.

THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE (*continued*)

We have related what the Commissary of Police was doing for his part in his department.

And, in reference to this design, when the accomplices of the *Coup d'État* considered that the people, in order to summon the High Court to do its duty, could invade the Palace of Justice, and that they would never look for it where it was assembled, they felt that this room had been excellently chosen. When, however, they considered that the police would also doubtless come to expel the High Court, and that perhaps they would not succeed in finding it, each one regretted to himself the choice of the room. They wished to hide the High Court, they had succeeded too well. It was grievous to think that perhaps, when the police and armed force should arrive, matters would have gone too far, and the High Court would be too deeply compromised.

They had appointed a Recorder, now they must organise a Court. A second step, more serious than the first.

The judges delayed, hoping that fortune would end by deciding on one side or the other, either for the Assembly or for the President, either against the *Coup d'État* or for it, and that there might thus be a vanquished party, so that the High Court could then, with all safety, lay its hands upon somebody.

They lengthily argued the question, whether they should immediately decree the accusation of the President, or whether they should draw up a simple order of inquiry. The latter course was adopted.

They drew up a judgment, not the honest and outspoken judgment which was placarded by the efforts of the Representatives of the Left and published, in which are found these words of bad taste, *Crime* and *High Treason*; this judgment, a weapon of war, has never existed otherwise than as a projectile. Wisdom in a judge sometimes consists in drawing up a judgment which is not one, one of those judgments which has no binding force, in which everything is conditional, in which no one is incriminated, and nothing is called by its right name. There are species of intermediate courses which allow of waiting and seeing; in delicate crises men who are in earnest must not inconsiderately mingle with possible events that bluntness which is called Justice. The High Court took advantage of this, it drew up a prudent judgment; this judgment is not known; it is published here for the first time. Here it is. It is a masterpiece of equivocal style:—

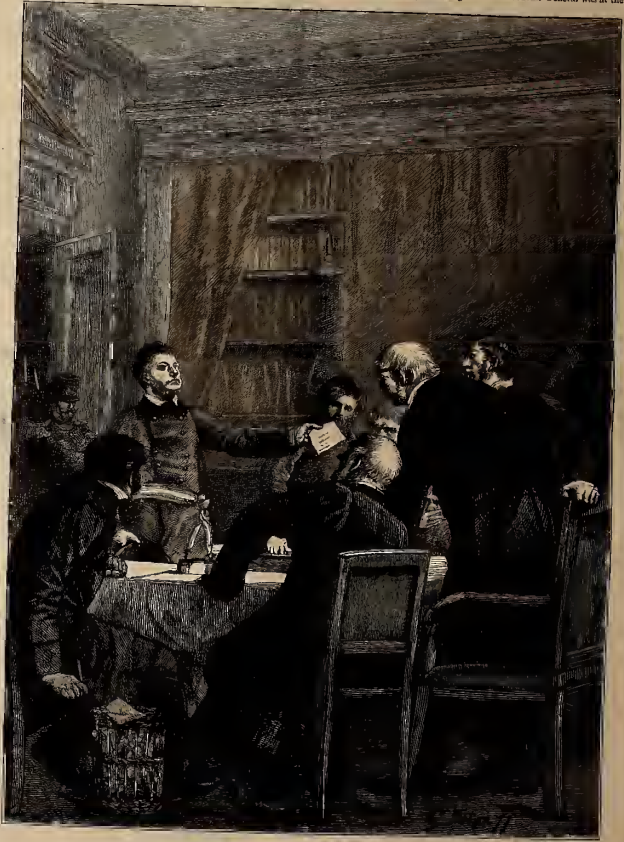
Extract
From the Registry of the High Court of Justice

"The High Court of Justice.

"According to Article 68 of the Constitution, considering that printed placards beginning with these words, 'The President of the Republic,' and ending with the signatures, 'Louis Napoléon Bonaparte' and 'De Morny, Minister of the Interior,' the said placards ordaining amongst other measures the dissolution of the National Assembly, have been posted to-day on the walls of Paris, that this fact of the dissolution of the National Assembly by the President of the Republic would be of the nature to constitute the case provided for by Article 68 of the Constitution, and renders, in the terms of the aforesaid article, the meeting of the High Court indispensable.

"It is declared that the High Court of Justice is organised, that it appoints *. . . . to fulfil with it the functions of the Public Ministry; that M. Bernard, the Recorder of the Court of Cassation, should fulfil the duties of Recorder, and in order to proceed further, according to the terms of the aforesaid Article 68 of the Constitution, the Court will adjourn until to-morrow, the 3rd of December, at noon.

"Drawn up and discussed in the Council Chamber, where were sitting MM. Hardouin, President, Pataille, Moreau, Delapalme, and Cauchy, judges, December 2, 1851."



THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE
The President asked this strange question, which implied the acceptance of an order. "Have you a warrant?" The Commissary answered, "Yes." And he handed a paper to the President.

The two Assistants, MM. Grandet and Quesnault, offered to sign the decree, but the President ruled that it would be more correct only to accept the signatures of the titular judges, the Assistants not being qualified when the Court was complete.

In the mean time it was one o'clock, the news began to spread through the Palace that a decree of deposition against Louis Bonaparte had been drawn up by a part of the Assembly; one of the judges, who had gone out during the debate, brought back this rumour to his colleagues. This coincided with an outburst of energy. The President observed that it would be to the purpose to appoint a Procureur-General.

Here was a difficulty. Whom should they appoint? In all preceding trials they had always chosen for a Procureur-General at the High Court the Procureur-General at the Court of Appeal of Paris. Why should they introduce an innovation? They determined upon this Procureur-General of the Court of Appeal. This Procureur-General was at the time M. de Royer, who had been Keeper of the Seals to M. Bonaparte. Thence a new difficulty and a long debate.

Would M. de Royer consent? M. Hardouin undertook to go and make the offer to him. He had only to cross the Mercière Gallery.

M. de Royer was in his study. The proposal greatly embarrassed him. He remained speechless from the shock. To accept was serious, to refuse was still more serious.

There was risk of treason. On the 2nd December, an hour after noon, the *Coup d'État* was still a crime. M. de Royer, not knowing whether the high treason would succeed, ventured to stigmatise the deed as such in private, and cast down his eyes with a noble shame before this violation of the laws which, three months later, numerous purple robes, including his own, endorsed with their oaths. But his indignation did not go to the extent of supporting the indictment. An indictment speaks aloud. M. De Royer as yet only murmured. He was perplexed.

M. Hardouin understood this state of conscience. Persistence would have been unreasonable. He withdrew.

He returned to the room where his colleagues were awaiting him.

In the meantime the Commissary of the Arsenal Police had come back.

He had ended by succeeding in "unearthing"—such was his expression—the High Court. He penetrated as far as the Council Chamber of the Civil Chamber; at that moment he had still no other escort than the few police agents of the morning. A boy was passing by. The Commissary asked him the whereabouts of the High Court. "The High Court?" answered the boy; "what is that?" Nevertheless the boy told the Librarian, who came up. A few words were exchanged between M. Denevers and the Commissary.

"What are you asking for?"

"The High Court."

"Who are you?"

"I want the High Court."

"It is in session."

"Where is it sitting?"

"Here."

And the Librarian pointed to the door.

"Very well," said the Commissary.

He did not add another word, and returned into the Mercière Gallery.

We have just said that he was only accompanied at that time by a few police agents.

The High Court was, in truth, in session. The President was relating to the judges his visit to the Procureur-General. Suddenly a tumultuous sound of footsteps is heard in the lobby which leads from the Council Chamber to the room where they were deliberating. The door opens abruptly. Bayonets appear, and in the midst of the bayonets a man in a buttoned-up overcoat, with a tri-coloured sash upon his coat.

---

* This line was left blank. It was filled in later on with the name of M. Renouard, Councillor of the Court of Cassation.

The magistrates stare, stupefied.

"Gentlemen," says the man, "dissolve your meeting immediately."

President Hardouin rises.

"What does this mean? Who are you? Are you aware to whom you are speaking?"

"I am aware. You are the High Court, and I am the Commissary of the Police."

"Well, then?"

"Be off."

There were there thirty-five municipal guards, commanded by a lieutenant, and with a drum at their head.

"But——" said the President.

The Commissary interrupted him with these words, which are literally given.

"Mr. President, I am not going to enter upon an oratorical combat with you. I have my orders, and I transmit them to you. Obey."

"Whom?"

"The Prefect of Police."

The President asked this strange question, which implied the acceptance of an order,

"Have you a warrant?"

The Commissary answered,

"Yes."

And he handed a paper to the President.

The Judges turned pale.

The President unfolded the paper; M. Cauchy put his head over M. Hardouin's shoulder. The President read out,

"You are ordered to dissolve the High Court, and, in case of refusal, to arrest MM. Béranger, Rocher, de Boissieux, Pataille, and Hello."

And, turning towards the Judges, the President added,

"Signed, 'Maupas.'"

Then, addressing himself to the Commissary, he resumed,

"There is some mistake, these are not our names. MM. Béranger, Rocher, and de Boissieux have served their time and are no longer Judges of the High Court; as for M. Hello, he is dead."

The High Court, in reality, was temporary and renewable; the *Coup d'État* overthrew the Constitution, but did not understand it. The warrant signed "Maupas" was applicable to the preceding High Court. The *Coup d'État* had been misled by an old list. Such is the heedlessness of assassins.

"Mr. Commissary of Police," continued the President, "you see that these names are not ours."

"That does not matter to me," replied the Commissary. "Whether this warrant does or does not apply to you, disperse, or I shall arrest all of you."

And, he added:

"At once."

The judges were silenced; one of them picked up from the table a loose sheet of paper, which was the judgment they had drawn up, and put the paper in his pocket, and they went away.

The Commissary pointed to the door where the bayonets were, and said:

"That way."

They went out by the lobby between two ranks of soldiers. The detachment of Republican Guards escorted them as far as the St. Louis Gallery.

There they set them free; their heads bowed down.

It was about three o'clock.

While these events were taking place in the Library, close by, in the former great Chamber of the Parliament, the Court of Cassation was sitting in judgment as usual, without noticing what was happening so near at hand. It would appear then that the police exhale no odour.

Let us at once have done with this High Court.

In the evening at half-past seven the seven Judges met together at the house of one of their number, he who had taken away the decree; they framed an official report, drew up a protest, and recognising the necessity of filling in the line left blank in their decree, on the proposition of M. Quesnault, appointed as Procureur-General M. Renouard, their colleague at the Court of Cassation. M. Renouard, who was immediately informed, consented.

They met together for the last time on the next day, the 3rd, at eleven o'clock in the morning, an hour before the time mentioned in the judgment which we have read above,—again in the Library of the Court of Cassation. M. Renouard was present. An official minute was given to him, recording his appointment, as well as certain details with which he asked to be supplied. The judgment which had been drawn up was taken by M. Quesnault to the Recorder's Office, and immediately entered upon the Register of the Secret Deliberations of the Court of Cassation, the High Court not having a Special Register, and having decided, from its creation, to use the Register of the Court of Cassation. After the decree they also transcribed the two documents described as follows on the Register:—I. An official report recording the interference of the Police during the discussion upon the preceding decree. II. A minute of the appointment of M. Renouard to the office of Procureur-General. In addition seven copies of these different documents drawn up by the hands of the judges themselves, and signed by them all, were put in a place of safety, as also, it is said, a note-book, in which were written five other secret decisions relating to the *Coup d'État*.

Does this page of the Register of the Court of Cassation exist at the present time? Is it true, as has been stated, that the Prefect Maupas sent for the Register and tore out the leaf containing the decree? We have not been able to clear up this point. The Register now is shown to no one, and those employed at the Recorder's Office are dumb.

Such are the facts, let us summarise them. If this Court, so-called "High," had been of a character to conceive such an idea as that of doing its duty—when it had once met together the mere organisation of itself was a matter of a few minutes—it would have proceeded resolutely and rapidly, it would have appointed as Procureur-General some energetic man belonging to the Court of Cassation, either from the body of magistrates, such as Freslon, or from the bar, like Martin (of Strasbourg). By virtue of Article 68, and without waiting the initiative of the Assembly, it would have drawn up a judgment stigmatising the crime, it would have launched an order of arrest against the President and his accomplices and have ordered the removal of the person of Louis Bonaparte to gaol. As for the Procureur-General, he would have issued a warrant of arrest. All this could have been done by half-past eleven, and at that time no attempt had been made to dissolve the High Court. These preliminary proceedings concluded, the High Court, by going out through a nailed-up door leading into the Salle des Pas Perdus, could have descended into the street, and there have proclaimed its judgment to the people. At this time it would have met with no hindrance. Finally, and this in any case, it should have sat robed on the Judges' Bench, with all magisterial state, and when the police agent and his soldiers appeared should have ordered the soldiers, who perhaps would have obeyed them, to arrest the agent; and if the soldiers had disobeyed should have allowed themselves to be formally dragged to prison, so that the people could see, under their own eyes, out in the open street, the filthy hoof of the *Coup d'État* trampling upon the robe of Justice.

Instead of this, what steps did the High Court take? We have just seen.

"Be off with you!"

"We are going."

We can imagine, after a very different fashion, the dialogue between Mathieu Molé and Vidocq.

XII.

THE MAIRIE OF THE TENTH ARRONDISSEMENT

THE Representatives, having come out from M. Daru, rejoined each other and assembled in the street. There they consulted briefly, from group to group. There was a large number of them. In less than an hour, by sending notices to the houses on the left bank of the Seine alone, on account of the extreme urgency, more than three hundred members could be called together. But when should they meet? At Lemardelay's? The Rue Richelieu was guarded. At the Salle Martel? It was a long way off. They relied upon the Tenth Legion, of which General Lauriston was colonel. They showed a preference for the Mairie of the Arrondissement. Besides, the distance was short, and there was no need to cross any bridges.

They formed themselves into column, and set forth.

M. Daru, as we have said, lived in the Rue de Lille, close by the Assembly. The section of the Rue de Lille lying between his house and the Palais Bourbon was occupied by infantry. The last detachment barred his door, but it only barred it on the right, not on the left. The Representatives, on quitting M. Daru, bent their steps on the side of the Rue des Saints-Pères, and left the soldiers behind them. At that moment the soldiers had only been instructed to prevent their meeting in the Palace of the Assembly; they could quietly form themselves into a column in the street, and set forth. If they had turned to the right instead of to the left they would have been opposed. But there were no orders for the other alternative; they passed through a gap in the instructions.

An hour afterwards this threw St. Arnaud into a fit of fury.

On their way fresh Representatives came up and swelled the column. As the members of the Right lived for the most part in the Faubourg St. Germain, the column was composed almost entirely of men belonging to the majority.

At the corner of the Quay d'Orsay they met a group of members of the Left, who had reunited after their exit from the Palace of the Assembly, and who were consulting together. There were the Representatives Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Victor Hennequin, Colfavru, and Chamiot.

Those who were marching at the head of the column left their places, went up to the group, and said, "Come with us."

"Where are you going?" asked Marc Dufraisse.

"To the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement."

"What do you intend to do there?"

"To decree the deposition of Louis Bonaparte."

"And afterwards?"

"Afterwards we shall go in a body to the Palace of the Assembly, we will force our way in spite of all resistance, and from the top of the steps we will read out the decree of deposition to the soldiers."

"Very good, we will join you," said Marc Dufraisse.

The five members of the Left marched at some distance from the column. Several of their friends who were mingled with the members of the Right rejoined them; and we may here mention a fact without giving it more importance than it possesses, namely, that the two fractions of the Assembly represented in this unpremeditated gathering marched towards the Mairie without being mingled together; one on each side of the street. It chanced that the men of the majority kept on the right side of the street, and the men of the minority on the left.

No one had a scarf of office. No outward token caused them to be recognised. The passers by stared at them with surprise, and did not understand what was the meaning of this procession of silent men through the solitary streets of the Faubourg St. Germain. One district of Paris was as yet unaware of the *Coup d'État*.

Strategically speaking, from a defensive point of view, the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement was badly chosen. Situated in a narrow street in that short section of the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain which lies between the Rue des Saints-Pères and the Rue du Sépulcre, close by the cross-roads of the Croix Rouge, where the troops could arrive from so many different points, the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, confined, commanded, and blockaded on every side, was a pitiful citadel for the assailed National Representation. It is true that they no longer had the choice of a citadel, any more than later on they had the choice of a general.

Their arrival at the Mairie might have seemed a good omen. The great gate which leads into a square courtyard was shut; it opened. The post of the National Guards, composed of some twenty men, took up their arms and rendered military honours to the Assembly. The Representatives entered, a deputy mayor received them with respect on the threshold of the Mairie.

"The Palace of the Assembly is closed by the troops," said the Representatives, "we have come to deliberate here." The deputy mayor led them to the first storey, and admitted them to the Great Municipal Hall. The National Guard cried "Long live the National Assembly!"

The Representatives having entered, the door was shut. A crowd began to gather in the street and shouted "Long live the Assembly!" A certain number of strangers to the Assembly entered the Mairie at the same time as the Representatives. Overcrowding was feared, and two sentries were placed at a little side door which was left open with orders only to allow members of the Assembly who might come afterwards to enter. M. Howyn Tranchère stationed himself at this door, and undertook to identify them.

On their arrival at the Mairie, the Representatives numbered somewhat under three hundred. They exceeded this number later on. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning. All did not go up at once into the Hall where the meeting was to take place. Several, those of the Left in particular, remained in the courtyard, mingling with the National Guards and citizens.

They talked of what they were going to do.

This was the first difficulty.

The Father of the meeting was M. de Kératry.

Was he going to preside?

The Representatives who were assembled in the Great Hall were in his favour.

The Representatives remaining in the courtyard hesitated.

Marc Dufraisse went up to MM. Jules de Lasteyrie and Léon de Maleville, who had stayed behind with the Representatives of the Left, and said to them, "What are they thinking of upstairs? To make Kératry President! The name of Kératry would frighten the People as thoroughly as mine would frighten the middle classes."

A member of the Right, M. de Kéranflech, came up, and intending to support the objection, added, "And then, think of Kératry's age. It is madness to pit a man of eighty against this hour of danger."

But Esquiros exclaimed:

"That is a bad reason! Eighty years! They constitute a force."

"Yes; where they are well borne," said Colfavru. "Kératry bears them badly."

"Nothing is greater," resumed Esquiros, "than great octogenarians."

"It is glorious," added Chamiot, "to be presided over by Nestor."

"No, by Gerontes,"* said Victor Hennequin.

These words put an end to the debate. Kératry was thrown out. MM. Léon de Maleville and Jules de Lasteyrie, two men respected by all parties, undertook to make the members of the Right listen to reason. It was decided that the "bureau"† should preside. Five members of the "bureau" were present; two Vice-Presidents, MM. Benoist d'Azy and Vitet, and three Secretaries, MM. Grimault, Chapot, and Moulin. Of the two other Vice-Presidents, one, General Bedeau, was at Mazas; the other, M. Daru, was under guard in his own house. Of the three other Secretaries, two, MM. Peupin and Lacaze, men of the Elysée, were absentees; the other, M. Yvan, a member of the Left, was at the meeting of the Left, in the Rue Blanche, which was taking place almost at the same moment.

In the meantime an usher appeared on the steps of the Mairie, and cried out, as on the most peaceful days of the Assembly, "Representatives, to the sitting!"

This usher, who belonged to the Assembly, and who had followed it, shared its fortunes throughout this day, the sequestration on the Quay d'Orsay included.

At the summons of the usher all the Representatives in the courtyard, and amongst whom was one of the Vice-Presidents, M. Vitet, went upstairs to the Hall, and the sitting was opened.

This sitting was the last which the Assembly held under regular conditions. The Left, which, as we have seen, had on its side boldly recaptured the Legislative power, and had added to it that which circumstances required—as was the duty of Revolutionists; the Left without a "bureau," without an usher, and without secretaries, held sittings in which the accurate and passionless record of shorthand was wanting, but which live in our memories, and which History will gather up.

Two shorthand writers of the Assembly, MM. Grosselet and Lagache, were present at the sitting at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement. They have been able to record it. The censorship of the victorious *Coup d'État* has mutilated their report, and has published through its historians this mangled version as the true version. One lie more. That does not matter. This shorthand recital belongs to the brief of the Second of December, it is one of the leading documents in the trial which the future will institute. In the notes of this book will be found this document complete. The passages in inverted commas are those which the censorship of M. Bonaparte has suppressed. This suppression is a proof of their significance and importance.

Shorthand reproduces everything except life. Stenography is an ear. It hears and sees not. It is therefore necessary to fill in here the inevitable blanks of the shorthand account.

In order to obtain a complete idea of this sitting of the Tenth Arrondissement, we must picture the great Hall of the Mairie, a sort of parallelogram, lighted on the right by four or five windows overlooking the courtyard, on the left, along the wall, furnished with several rows of benches which had been hastily brought thither, on which were piled up the three hundred Representatives, assembled together by chance. No one was sitting down, those in front were standing, those behind were mounted on the benches. Here and there were a few small tables. In the centre people walked to and fro. At the bottom, at the end opposite the door, was a long table furnished with benches, which occupied the whole width of the wall, and behind which sat the "bureau." "Sitting" is merely the conventional term. The "bureau" did not "sit;" like the rest of the Assembly it was on its feet. The secretaries, MM. Chapot, Moulin, and Grimault, wrote standing. At certain moments the two Vice-Presidents mounted on the benches so as to be better seen from all points of the room. The table was covered by an old green tablecloth, stained with ink, three or four inkstands had been brought in, and a quire of paper was scattered about. There the decrees were written as soon as they were drawn up. They multiplied the copies, some Representatives became secretaries on the spur of the moment, and helped the official secretaries.

This great hall was on a level with the landing. It was situated, as we have said, on the first floor; it was reached by a very narrow staircase.

We must recollect that nearly the whole of the members present were members of the Right.

The first moment was a serious one. Berryer came out to advantage. Berryer, like all those extemporisers without style, will only be remembered as a name, and a much disputed name, Berryer having been rather a special pleader than an orator who believed what he said. On that day Berryer was to the point, logical and earnest. They began by this cry, "What shall we do?" "Draw up a declaration," said M. de Falloux. "A protest," said M. de Flavigny. "A decree," said Berryer.

In truth a declaration was empty air, a protest was noise, a decree was action. They cried out, "What decree?" "Deposition," said Berryer. Deposition was the extreme limit of the energy of the Right. Beyond deposition, there was outlawry; deposition was practicable for the Right, outlawry was only possible for the Left. In fact, it was the Left who outlawed Louis Bonaparte. They did it at their first meeting in the Rue Blanche. We shall see this later on. At deposition, Legality came to an end; at outlawry, the Revolution began. The recurrences of Revolution are the logical consequences of *Coups d'État*. The deposition having been voted, a man who later on turned traitor, Quentin Bauchart, exclaimed, "Let us all sign it." All signed it. Odilon Barrot came in and signed it. Antony Thouret came in and signed it. Suddenly M. Piscatory announced that the Mayor was refusing to allow Representatives who had arrived to enter the Hall. "Order him to do so by decree," said Berryer. And the decree was voted. Thanks to this decree, MM. Favreau and Monet entered; they came from the Legislative Palace; they related the cowardice of Dupin. M. Dahirel, one of the leaders of the Right, was exasperated, and said, "We have received bayonet thrusts." Voices were raised, "Let us summon the Tenth Legion. Let the call to arms be beaten. Lauriston hesitates. Let us order him to protect the Assembly." "Let us order him by decree," said Berryer. This decree was drawn up, which, however, did not prevent Lauriston from refusing. Another decree, again proposed by Berryer, pronounced any one who had outraged the Parliamentary inviolability to be a traitor, and ordered the immediate release of those Representatives who had been wrongfully made prisoners. All this was voted at once without debate, in a sort of great unanimous confusion, and in the midst of a storm of fierce conversations. From time to time Berryer imposed silence. Then the angry outcries broke forth again. "The *Coup d'État* will not dare to come here." "We are masters here." "We are at home." "It would be impossible to attack us here." "These wretches will not dare to do so." If the uproar had been less violent, the Representatives might have heard, through the open windows close at hand, the sound of soldiers loading their guns.

---

* The Gerontes, or Geronoia, were the Elders of Sparta, who constituted the Senate.

† The "bureau" of the Assembly consists of the President, for the time being, of the Assembly, assisted by six Secretaries, whose duties mainly consist in deciding in what sense the Deputies have voted. The "bureau" of the Assembly should not be confounded with the fifteen "bureaux" of the Deputies, which answer to our Select Committees of the House of Commons, and are presided over by self-chosen Presidents.

A regiment of Chasseurs of Vincennes had just entered silently into the garden of the Mairie, and, while waiting for orders, were loading their guns.

Little by little the sitting, at first disorderly and tumultuous, had assumed an ordinary aspect. The uproar had relapsed into a murmur. The voice of the usher, crying "Silence, gentlemen," had succeeded in overcoming the hubbub. Every moment fresh Representatives came in, and hastened to sign the decree of deposition at the "bureau." As there was a great crowd round the "bureau" waiting to sign, a dozen loose sheets of paper to which the Representatives affixed their signatures were circulated in the great Hall and the two adjoining rooms.

The first to sign the decree of deposition was M. Dufaure, the last was M. Betting de Lancastel. Of the two Presidents, one, M. Benoist d'Azy, was addressing the Assembly; the other, M. Vitet, pale, but calm and resolute, distributed instructions and orders. M. Benoist d'Azy maintained a decorous countenance, but a certain hesitation in his speech revealed an inner agitation. Divisions, even in the Right, had not disappeared at this critical moment. A Legitimist member was overheard saying in a low voice, while speaking of one of the Vice-Presidents, "This great Vitet looks like a whited sepulchre." Vitet was an Orleanist.

Given this adventurer with whom they had to deal, this Louis Bonaparte, capable of everything, the hour and the man being wrapt in mystery, some Legitimist personages of a candid mind were seriously but comically frightened. The Marquis of ——, who acted the fly on the coach-wheel to the Right, went hither and thither, harangued, shouted, declaimed, remonstrated, proclaimed, and trembled. Another, M. A—— N——, perspiring, red-faced, out of breath, rushed about distractedly. "Where is the guard? How many men are there? Who commands them? The officer! send me the officer! Long live the Republic! National Guard, stand firm! Long live the Republic!" All the Right shouted this cry. "You wish then to kill it," said Esquiros. Some of them were dejected; Bourbousson maintained the silence of a vanquished placeman.

The Orleanists were quieter, and maintained a more becoming attitude. This arose from the fact that they ran greater danger.

Pascal Duprat replaced at the top of the decrees the words, "République Française," which had been forgotten.

From time to time men who were not speaking on the subject of the moment mentioned this strange word, "Dupin," upon which there ensued shouts of derision and bursts of laughter. "Utter the name of that coward no more," cried Antony Thouret.

There were motions and counter-motions; it was a continual uproar interrupted by deep and solemn silences. Alarmist phrases circulated from group to group. "We are in a blind alley." "We are caught here as in a rat trap;" and then on each motion voices were raised: "That is it!" "It is right!" "It is settled!" They agreed in a low voice upon a rendezvous at No. 19, Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin, in case they should be expelled from the Mairie. M. Bixio carried off the decree of deposition to get it printed. Esquiros, Marc Dufraisse, Pascal Duprat, Rigal, Lherbette, Chamiot, Latrade, Colfavru, Antony Thouret, threw in here and there energetic words of advice. M. Dufaure, resolute and indignant, protested with authority. M. Odilon Barrot, motionless in a corner, maintained the silence of stupefied silliness.

MM. Passy and de Tocqueville, in the midst of the groups, described that when they were Ministers they had always entertained an uneasy suspicion of a *Coup d'État*, and that they clearly perceived this fixed idea in the brain of Louis Bonaparte. M. de Tocqueville added: "I said to myself every night, 'I lie down to sleep a Minister; what if I should awake a prisoner?'"

Some of those men who were termed "men of order," muttered while signing the decree of deposition, "Beware of the Red Republic!" and seemed to entertain an equal fear of failure and of success. M. de Vatimesnil pressed the hands of the men of the Left, and thanked them for their presence. "You make us popular," said he. And Antony Thouret answered him: "I know neither Right nor Left to-day; I only see the Assembly."

The younger of the two shorthand writers handed their written sheets to the Representatives who had spoken, and asked them to revise them at once, saying: "We shall not have the time to read them over." Some Representatives went down into the street, and showed the people copies of the decree of deposition, signed by the members of the "bureau." One of the populace took one of these copies, and cried out: "Citizens! the ink is still quite wet! Long live the Republic!"

The deputy-mayor stood at the door of the Hall; the staircase was crowded with National Guards and spectators. In the Assembly several had penetrated into the Hall, and amongst them the ex-Constituent Beslay, a man of uncommon courage. It was at first wished to turn them out, but they resisted, crying: "This is our business. You are the Assembly, but we are the People." "They are right," said M. Berryer.

M. de Falloux, accompanied by M. de Kéronflech, came up to the Constituent Beslay, and leaned by his side on the stove, saying to him, "Good day, colleague;" and reminded him that they both had formed part of the Committee of the National Workshops, and that they had together visited the workmen at the Parc Monceaux. The Right felt themselves falling; they became affectionate towards Republicans. The Republic is called To-morrow.

Each spoke from his place; this member upon a bench, that member on a chair, a few on the tables. All contradictory opinions burst forth at once. In a corner some ex-leaders of "order" were scared at the possible triumph of the "Reds." In another the men of the Right surrounded the men of the Left, and asked them: "Are not the faubourgs going to rise?"

The narrator has but one duty, to tell his story; he relates everything, the bad as well as the good. Whatever may have taken place, however, and notwithstanding all these details of which it was our duty to speak, apart from the exceptions which we have mentioned, the attitude of the men of the Right who composed the large majority of this meeting was in many respects honourable and worthy. Some of them, as we have just mentioned, even prided themselves upon their resolution and their energy, almost as though they had wished to rival the members of the Left.

We may here remark—for in the course of this narrative we shall more than once see the gaze of some members of the Right turned towards the people, and in this no mistake should be made—that these monarchical men who talked of popular insurrection and who invoked the faubourgs were a minority in the majority,—an imperceptible minority. Antony Thouret proposed to those who were leaders there to go in a body through the working-class neighbourhoods with the decree of deposition in their hands. Brought to bay, they refused. They declared that they would only protect themselves by organised powers, not by the people. It is a strange thing to say, but it must be noted, that with their habits of political shortsightedness, the popular armed resistance, even in the name of the Law, seemed sedition to them. The utmost appearance of revolution which they could endure was a regiment of the National Guard, with their drums at their head; they shrank from the barricade; Right in a blouse was no longer Right, Truth armed with a pike was no longer Truth, Law unpaving a street gave them the impression of a Fury. In the main, however, and taking them for what they were and considering their position as politicians, these members of the Right were well-advised. What would they have done with the people? And what would the people have done with them? How would they have proceeded to set fire to the masses? Imagine Falloux as a tribune, fanning the Faubourg Antoine into a flame!

Alas! in the midst of this dense gloom, in these fatal complications of circumstances by which the *Coup d'État* profited so odiously and so perfidiously, in that mighty misunderstanding which comprised the whole situation, for kindling the revolutionary spark in the heart of the people, Danton himself would not have sufficed.

The *Coup d'État* entered into this meeting impudently, with its convict's cap on its head. It possessed an infamous assurance there, as well as everywhere else. There were in this majority three hundred Representatives of the People. Louis Napoléon sent a sergeant to drive them away. The Assembly, having resisted the sergeant, he sent an officer, the temporary commander of the sixth battalion of the Chasseurs de Vincennes. This officer, young, fair-haired, a scoffer, half laughing, half threatening, pointed with his finger to the stairs filled with bayonets, and defied the Assembly. "Who is this young spark?" asked a member of the Right. A National Guard who was there said, "Throw him out of the window!" "Kick him downstairs!" cried one of the people.

This Assembly, grievous as were its offences against the principles of the Revolution—and with these wrongs Democracy alone had the right to reproach it—this Assembly, I repeat, was the National Assembly, that is to say, the Republic incarnate, the living Universal Suffrage, the Majesty of the Nation, upright and visible. Louis Bonaparte assassinated this Assembly, and moreover insulted it. A slap on the face is worse than a poniard thrust.

(To be continued)

NEW NOVELS

"UNDER A CHARM," from the German of E. Werner, by Christine Tyrrell (3 vols.: Bentley).—Power is unquestionably Herr Werner's most striking attribute as a novelist, and this power is, perhaps, even more markedly shown in the story before us than in its predecessor, "Success, and how he Won it," a translation of which first made him known to the English public. Here, as in the former work, he relies for his interest on the clash and conflict between strong and masterful natures, with fiery passions, which they keep under control with a grasp of steel, and large capacities for tenderness hidden beneath a mask of icy indifference. The leading actor in this story, Waldemar Nordeck, is a truly commanding figure, and he is developed with admirable skill and consistency. From his father, a German land-speculator, Waldemar has inherited the vast estate, or, rather, agglomeration of estates, of Wilicza, in Posen, close upon the Russian border; and his mother, a Polish lady of high birth, who has hated and despised the husband forced upon her, and immediately upon his death contracted a second marriage with Prince Baratowski, a man of her own race and rank, is bent upon making Wilicza serve the interests of her party by using it as a stronghold for fomenting and supporting insurrectionary movements across the frontier. But sagacious, daring, and resolute as the Princess is, she meets her match, and more than her match, in the son for whom she has not a particle of affection, and upon whom for a long time it pleases her to look down as a mere boor, of violent passions, but easily to be guided and baffled by a superior intelligence. The contest for mastery between these two energetic and tenacious characters, in which Waldemar, though always respectful and considerate towards his mother, forces her to accept his decision that his castle and domain shall not be made the seat of a conspiracy, is very finely portrayed, and affords room for many powerful and stirring episodes. The love that, almost in spite of their efforts, grows up between Waldemar and his mother's niece, Countess Wanda Morynska, who cannot resist the fascination of the utter fearlessness and force of will of this foe of her people, forms another element in the book, which could hardly have been dealt with in a more effective and attractive fashion. Nor are lighter scenes and characters wanting to give an occasional relief from the atmosphere of storm and struggle that we breathe through the greater portion of the book. It is a story of very high mark indeed, and we should add that the translation seems as perfect as the severest and most fastidious critic could desire.

"Lutchmee and Dilloo: A Study of West Indian Life," by Edward Jenkins, M.P. (3 vols.: W. Mullan and Son).—Mr. Jenkins has come to the conclusion that the history of an imaginary Coolie married couple may stir up that popular interest in the Coolie question which his graver work, "The Coolie: His Rights and Wrongs," failed, he thinks, to evoke. In literary merit the story seems to us decidedly superior to anything of the same kind we have yet had from him; but we are hardly prepared to admit that he makes out the case against Coolie emigration, even as at present conducted, to be as strong as he would have us think it. Unfortunate as Dilloo and his wife Lutchmee are in their experiences, there is manifestly so much in their lot that is exceptional that we cannot regard them as a typical pair. It must be borne in mind, too, in judging of the book, that for the sake of effect Mr. Jenkins, as he explains in the preface, credits the colony of Demerara, where his scene is laid, not only with its own sins of omission and commission against Coolies, but with those of other colonies, as Mauritius and Barbadoes, as well. Of course, viewing the book as a story, the device is one perfectly legitimate; but it impairs its value as a picture of facts. At the same time Mr. Jenkins, it must be granted, succeeds in putting his finger upon some grave wrongs to which Coolie labourers are exposed which the proper authorities would do well to see to and redress; and his story is, at any rate, in many parts a very amusing sketch of "that strange mixture which," he says, "constitutes West Indian society."

"The Queen of Bohemia," by Joseph Hatton (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—Mr. Hatton's new story certainly has no lack of incident, and is varied and lively enough to be thoroughly agreeable reading—to those, at all events, who ask no more of a novel than that it should amuse. It may be objected, indeed, that the *dramatis personæ* are a trifle thin and conventional, and that the conversion to better things in the closing pages of the tale of the "Queen of Bohemia"—a wealthy and handsome widow—who has figured in anything but a pleasant light throughout it, is somewhat forced and sudden; but there is no occasion to find fault with the author for being too good-natured to inflict strict poetical justice upon a favourite child of his imagination. In not a few places both the situations and the dialogue would almost incline us to believe that Mr. Hatton had originally designed his work for the stage, and converted it into a novel as an afterthought. We do not say this, however, as implying that his story need be considered to suffer on this score, though, of course, speeches and conversations that would be quite in place before the footlights are apt to have a slightly unreal flavour when assigned to ordinary social intercourse. Mr. Hatton always describes Durham and its neighbourhood as though he loved to dwell upon the recollection of them, and he has never described them better than here; whilst the glimpses he gives his readers of sundry phases of "Bohemian" life will, we are afraid, lead "outsiders" to think it more attractive than those behind the scenes know it to be. His story is one well calculated to retain the reader's attention to the end.

In "The Dowerless Damsel, an Autobiography," by A. Dorset (Remington and Co.), we have the story of a very highly-born young lady, who, reduced by family reverses to becoming a governess, goes out to Egypt to undertake the education of the daughter of a Pasha. Her adventures are told very pleasantly, and many of the character sketches in the book show spirit and observation.—"In the Spring Time," by Helen Gabrielle (Remington and Co.), is a rather pretty, but very sad tale, of which, perhaps, more might have been made. The author seems not without promise.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS

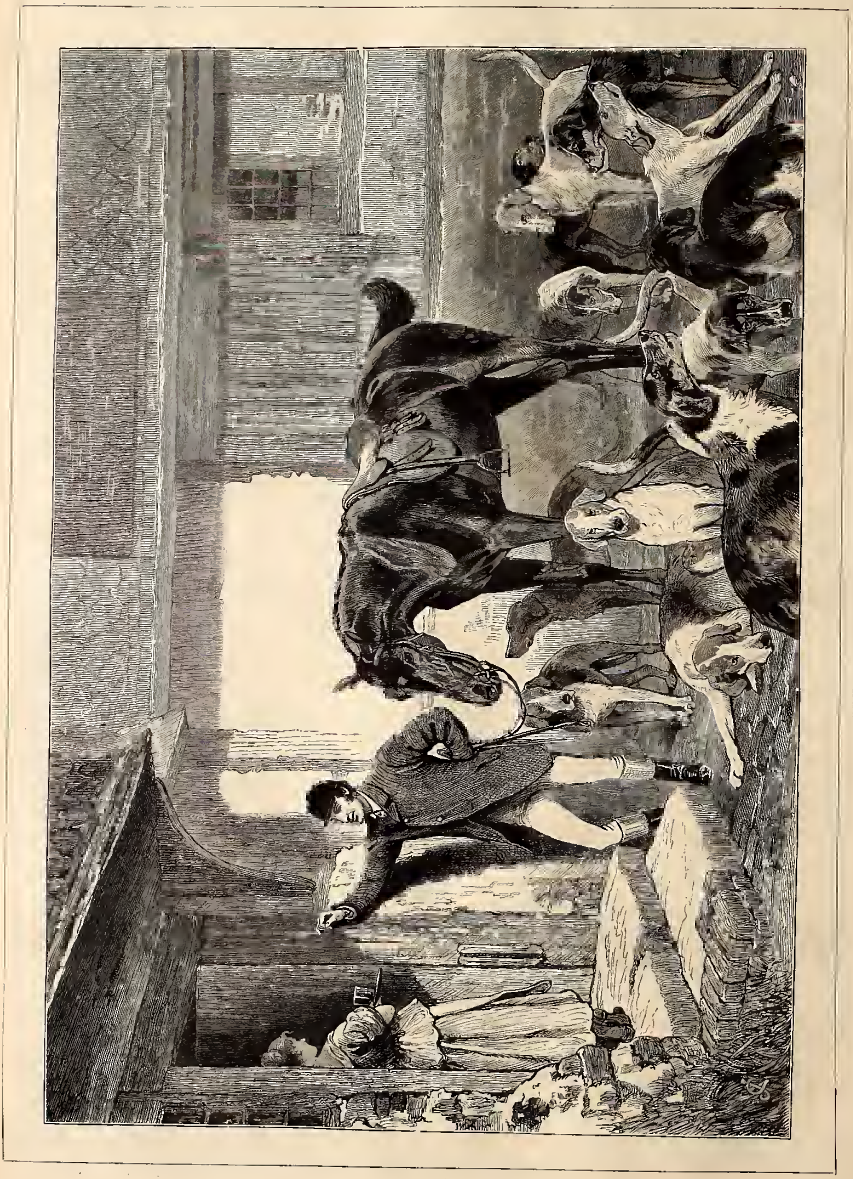
THE opening of Mr. Wallis's French Gallery and Messrs. M'Lean's and Tooth's Galleries in the Haymarket inaugurates the Winter Exhibitions. Now that London is to have her autumnal opera season, it is hard to say in what respect London in May can claim precedence in artistic amusement over London in November. Nay, just as there are people who prefer the social leisureliness of the metropolis in the winter to the rush and struggle of High Season, so there may be those who like the "small and early" picture shows of the "fall" to the monster gathering of the Academy. They may tell you, too, that the privilege of enjoying the select society of "Old Masters" at the Academy—which is this year to be supplemented by Sir Coutts Lindsay's selection at the Grosvenor Gallery—in itself turns the artistic scale in favour of the winter over the spring in London.

Mr. Wallis's Gallery brings together, as usual, a large proportion of foreign, and a small one of British pictures. The latter comprise French and Bavarian, with a few Spanish and Dutch pictures, but as a whole the collection is hardly up to the average. The English pictures include a large size half-length, "A Quadroon Mother and her Child in the Slave Market of New Orleans," by Mrs. Merritt, a picture of strong colour and powerful expression, and a hurried "Venetian Water-Carrier," by Hilda Montalba; a careful Alpine landscape (the Wetterhorn) by Leader, a pretty wood-shaded streamlet by Hulme, two solid and impressive Welsh mountain subjects by a new lady-contributor, Miss Charlton, and a taking "Village Girls' School," by John Morgan, who has painted many girls' schools, all pretty and pleasing, which would be of conspicuous excellence if the painting were only a little more solid. Of the Bavarian pictures, by far the most, both figures and landscapes, are small and slight, but dexterously painted, little wayside and camp and *Wirthaus* subjects, by Chelminski, Breling, M. Weber, Kauffman, E. A. Schmidt, and Mayer Graz, most of them more conspicuous for *chique* than solidity; with larger rustic subjects by Vollmar, A. Spring, and Schloesser. The landscapes by Windmaier, C. Heffner, Lindstrom, Lankow, Noerr, and C. Wimmer, are fair examples of the effective and pleasing, but rather slight, Bavarian school. L. Munthe has one of his effective and popular snow pieces, and, what is less common from his hand, an autumn subject. The French pictures include a pretty little Duverger and a Seignac (of the Écouen school), a rather unsubstantial "Vestal," by H. Léroux: a humourous little Chevilliard, "L'Education Obligatoire," an old priest reproving his dog; a grave head of a Breton "Dévote," by Hublin; while the school of Fortuny, which has no nationality, finds clever and dexterous representatives in Palmaroli and Villa, Jimenez, and Ferry, and the Dutch in Blommers and Sadée.

But the foreign weight of the Exhibition is concentrated in three large pictures, two of them by the Bavarian, Gabriel Max, of "Our Saviour Bringing Back to Life Jairus's Daughter," and "The Wandering Jew Contemplating with Envy a Dead Baby in Its Coffin." This painter affects subjects at once ghastly and sensational, and, as might be expected in one who works under this impulse, he has succeeded best in the more distinctly sensational of his two subjects, in which Ahasuerus, cursed with the doom of wandering for ever, gazes out of his gloom on the babe who has gone so soon to its rest, with the longing to be laid beside it. The sacred subject lies beyond the limits of the painter's power. With him it becomes a mere theme for an effective bit of light and shadow, and a pretty figure of a dead girl.

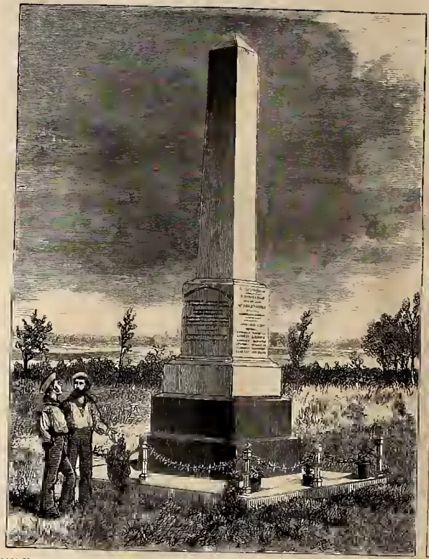
A picture of far more dignity and gravity is M. A. Maignan's "Attentat d'Anagni," representing the memorable scene in the cathedral nave of that ancient city when, on September 7th, 1303, the forces of Sciarro Colonna and Guillaume de Nogaret, the Captain of Philippe le Bel, dared to assail Boniface VIII. on

(Continued on page 430)

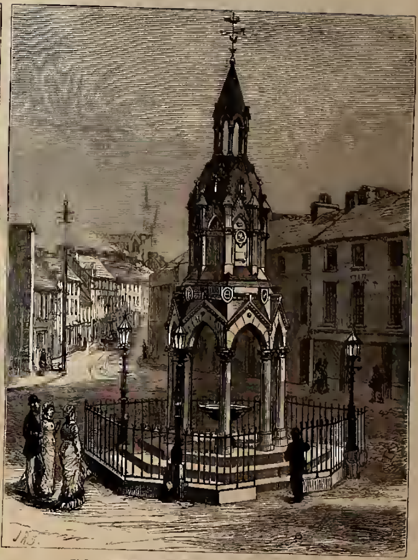


"THE HUNTSMAN'S COURTSHIP"

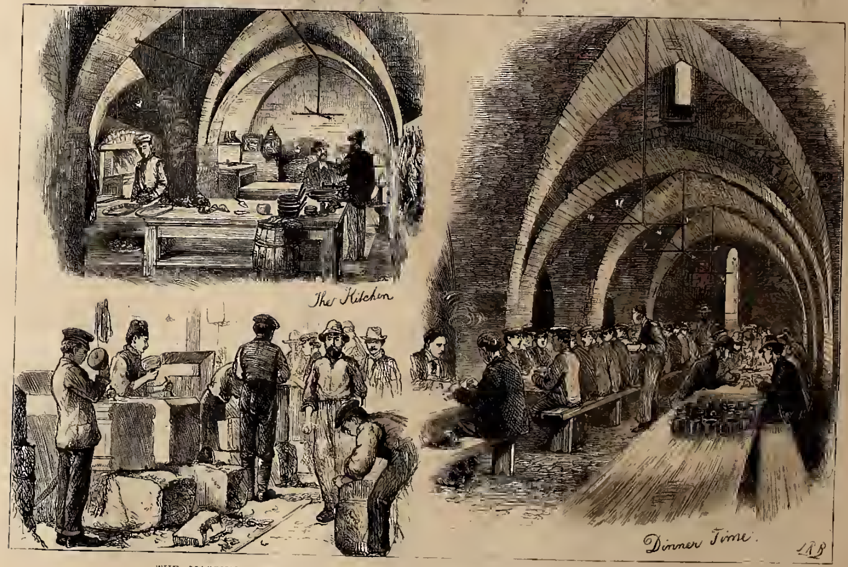
FROM THE PICTURE BY JOHN CHARLTON, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



MONUMENT TO THE VICTIMS OF THE EXPLOSION ON BOARD THE "THUNDERER
Erected in the Burial Ground at Haslar, near Portsmouth



THE ROSSMORE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT MONAGHAN
Unveiled by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught Oct. 5



THE MASONS' STRIKE AT THE NEW LAW COURTS—WITH THE FOREIGN WORKMEN

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The Russian "circle of steel" has now been drawn round Plevna, two noteworthy successes on the Sophia road having enabled General Gourko to complete the investment. In these two engagements the newly-arrived Imperial Guard were first brought into action, and seem to have justified the hopes which had been entertained of them on their arrival. The first affair took place on the 23rd, when General Gourko, with some 12,000 or 14,000 men, attacked the Turkish position at Gorny Dubnik. The Turks made a desperate resistance, and inflicted a loss of some 2,500 killed and wounded upon the assailants, but were ultimately reduced to surrender, losing nearly 3,000 killed and 4,000 prisoners, including four standards and two guns. On the same day a detachment of General Gourko's division also attacked the Telis position, but were completely repulsed by the Turks. On the 28th, however, General Gourko renewed the assault with a powerful force, and carried it, making seven battalions of infantry prisoners, together with the Commandant, Ismail Chaki Pasha, and capturing several cannon and important supplies of food and medicines. So large were the number of prisoners that the Russians offered to set the officers free on parole, an offer, however, refused by Ismail and most of his officers. The captured positions are being strongly fortified by General Gourko, and it is now considered unlikely that Ghazi Osman will be able to break through the Russian lines, and that, as no reinforcements appear to be at hand, his only chance of escape lies in the chance of a wet season, which, from its unhealthiness, and the difficulties it creates in the conveyance of supplies to the investing forces, may make the Russian positions untenable. If, however, Turkish deserters to the Russian ranks are to be believed, the garrison is already reduced to semi-starvation, and will be unable to hold out much longer. On the east of Plevna a desultory bombardment is still kept up, but General Todleben allows no useless assaults to be made on outlying redoubts.

In the Shipka Pass there is no change; the Russian garrison of St. Nicholas has received supplies of boots and great coats, and Reouf Pasha has not succeeded in cutting off the communications by the Gabrova Road. On the Lom there has been some desultory skirmishing—an unimportant battle at Kadikoi, in which the Russians appear to have been worsted; and a reconnaissance, in which the Grand Duke Sergius of Leuchtenberg, nephew of the Czar, was killed. The army of the Czarevich is gradually advancing upon the Shumla-Rustchuk Railway, on the other side of which General Zimmermann, whose right wing is already before Silistria, is also pushing forward in order, if possible, to effect a junction with the Czarevich and begin the investment of Rustchuk. Suleiman Pasha remains in the positions indicated by us last week—his right wing at Shumla, his centre at Rasgrad, and his left at Basardjick. He himself has gone on a tour of inspection of the various positions, and has avowedly acknowledged the excellence of the plan for which Mehemet Ali Pasha was ostensibly dismissed, but which Suleiman Pasha is now himself carrying out.

In ASIA powerful reinforcements have been despatched to Mukhtar Pasha, who is at Deve Boyun energetically reorganising his army. He has been joined by Ismail Pasha and the remnant of his division who have escaped from the clutches of General Tergukasoff, but the Turks are now being hard pushed by the Russians who have driven them out of Koprikeui, and have advanced as far as Hassan Kaleh, their vedettes at one time being actually within sight of Erzeroum. There was a report that the garrison of Kars had begun negotiations for a surrender; but this has been contradicted; the Russians, however, have completely surrounded the fortress for the second time during the present campaign. The military situation is now very much the same as it was before Mukhtar Pasha's victory on the Aladja Dagh which procured him the now somewhat ironical surname of Ghazi.

To return to Europe, all is quiet at CONSTANTINOPLE, where the Sultan has been reasserting—this time to the Belgian Ambassador—his firm resolve to carry out his promised reforms as soon as the war is over. In the meantime the summary executions of unfortunate Bulgarians is being briskly continued in the provinces, and at Adrianople in particular, while fifty small boys at ages varying from thirteen to fifteen have been condemned to hard labour for life at the galleys for asserted participation in the insurrection. Much anxiety is felt respecting Osman Pasha and his Plevna army, his situation being regarded even by the Turks as extremely critical.

At Potsdam, Bucharest, and St. Petersburg the chief topic has been the death of Prince Leuchtenberg, who was only twenty-eight years of age. Various funeral masses have been said, the Court is ordered to go into mourning for six weeks, while the corpse is to be sent to St. Petersburg for interment. There have been the usual reports of mediation, England and Italy being stated to be the chief moving powers, but they have been contradicted both by the Russian and the Turkish authorities.

FRANCE.——At last there are apparently well-founded rumours of conciliation, and it is confidently reported that the Marshal is in some degree willing to bow to popular opinion, and to allow his Cabinet to resign either before or on the meeting of the Assembly. This, it is asserted, has been brought about by the revulsion of feeling among the Orleanists, who have been thoroughly disgusted at the highhanded proceedings and electoral malpractices of the present Ministry, and have been convinced that the country is really anxious for a true Republic. Thus the *Soleil*, the organ of the Orleanist Princes, has been boldly facing the situation, and in a remarkable article on Tuesday, while acknowledging the affection of the party for Monarchy, declared "that before being Royalists we are Frenchmen. We will never be among those who incite crises, catastrophes, and adventures in the hope of fishing in troubled waters. That is a terrible game which we cannot play. . . To-day the country is manifestly for the Republic. We should hold ourselves culpable towards it to take part in a policy of obstinate resistance to the legal expression of its present opinion." This is a very important declaration, and when coupled with an intimation in the semi-official *Moniteur* that the all-important 7th inst.—when the Chambers meet—may witness the formation of a new Cabinet, is almost sufficient to raise hopes that the crisis may be settled constitutionally after all. The Duc de Broglie's journal, however, the *Français*, still affirms that the Marshal has no intention of changing his policy; but, this denial notwithstanding, it is manifest that conciliation is in the wind. As regards the Republicans, the *Débats* has suddenly dropped the semi-Radical tone which it has adopted of late for an advocacy of conciliation, in which it is joined by the *Temps*, both of which journals think it necessary that the Marshal himself should remain at the head of affairs; but the more advanced journals are beginning to clamour for the resignation of the Marshal with his Cabinet. In the mean time all eyes are anxiously fixed on the Marshal and his advisers in daily expectation of some trustworthy token of what they actually will do.

The fifteen supplementary elections took place on Sunday, the result being—as had been a foregone conclusion—the election of eleven Conservatives to four Republicans, the only noteworthy incident being the success of the Conservative candidate at Château Chinon, notwithstanding a speech from M. Gambetta, who purposely went down to speak in favour of the Republican candidate, one of the 363. Out of the 526 elections it is now calculated that the Republicans have carried 318, the Bonapartists 112, and the Monarchists 96, the Republicans thus having a majority of 110. The elections for the General Councils take place to-morrow throughout the Departments, and those for the municipalities on December 2nd, those for Paris, however, will be held on November 28th.

Paris has been considerably excited during the past week, owing to the abundant rumours of the intentions of the Marshal and his Ministers, but nevertheless has found time to lionise General Grant, who has greatly snubbed the various newspaper interviewers. There has been a grand dinner in his honour at the Legation, at which Marshal MacMahon was present. Other social topics have been the reappearance of truffles—an important sign of the season; the arrival of the Esquimaux and their huts—the last zoological addition to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and various first representations—a new eminently Parisian comedy, *Les Petites Marmites*, by MM. Arthur Delavigne and Jacques Normand at the Gymnase; *Les Auberges de France*, a four-act drama by M. Eugène Granger, at the Taitbout—a sort of provincial "Wedding March," and a dead failure; a highly successful *opera bouffe* by Strauss, *La Tzigane*, at the Renaissance; and a revival at the Châtelet of that well-known *féerie*, *Rothomago*—of course with "additions and improvements."

GERMANY.——After a sharp debate the Prussian Government have carried the day in the Diet, and Herr Eulenberg and Prince Bismarck can take their holidays in peace. In return for the compliance the Ministry gave the National Liberals an assurance that the promised municipal reforms should be attended to, but as Prince Bismarck is said to have insisted upon Herr Eulenberg's retirement because he promised too much last Session, the assurance is felt to be worth very little. The most noteworthy incident of the debate was the energy with which Herr Camphausen repudiated the Ultramontane sneer that the Ministers were only the "clerks" of the Premier Prince Bismarck. On Tuesday the Finance Minister brought in a Bill sanctioning the threatened loan for 6,300,000*l.* for "public works."—Field Marshal Wrangel is very ill.

INDIA.——A bountiful and general rain has fallen in Madras, harvest prospects are everywhere good, and the number of persons receiving relief has considerably diminished in Madras and Mysore, although the mortality in the latter district is still stated to be large.

The appointment of a very young barrister to the post of Legal Secretary to the Government, which had aroused considerable indignation, has been cancelled by the Viceroy,—a civilian of considerable standing being substituted.

The North-Western frontier is again becoming a subject of anxiety, as the Jawakis have been making fresh incursions, and the *Bombay Gazette* declares that the existing relations of the Government of India with the border tribes "are becoming simply intolerable." This state of affairs is in some degree attributed to the Ameer of Affghanistan, with whom we are far from being on friendly terms, and who has long been anxious for an excuse for hostilities.

UNITED STATES.——President Hayes, who had asked the Republican Senators to select a proper Pennsylvania man for Minister at London, has refused to accept their nominee, Senator Cameron, who is a thorough "wire-puller" of the old school, and has appointed Mr. John Welsh, who was Chairman of the Finance Board at the Centennial Exhibition.—We published his portrait in No. 341, (June 10, 1876).—President Hayes is taking a southern tour, and has been warmly received at Richmond (Virginia) by both the authorities and the populace.—Congress has plenty to do this Session, as 850 Bills and Resolutions were introduced on Monday. Several of these propose the remonetisation of silver, modifications in the tariff, the consolidation of the for the Public Debt, the appointment of an American Commission Paris Exhibition, and an appropriation of 30,000*l.* for that purpose.—Senator Morton is seriously ill.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.——A dangerous little Kaffir war is going on in the Transkei, the Galekas, a tribe which in 1853 we subdued, but allowed to resettle in a portion of their old territory, having attacked a neighbouring tribe, the Fingoes, formerly subject to them, but now under British protection. The starting point was a drunken broil, which was succeeded by various raids. Sir Bartle Frere, who happened to be in the district, wished for an interview with the chief, Kreli, but the latter refused to meet the British Governor, who thereupon wrote him a letter, warning him to be careful. On the 26th ult., however, the Galekas in force attacked the Fingoes, who, supported by the border police, repulsed them, several of the police, however, being killed. Another action was also fought on the 28th ult., with the same result. War being thus declared, police and volunteers have been despatched to the scene of action, and by advices from Cape Town dated 19th ult., Kreli and his tribe had been completely surrounded, and all the neighbouring tribes had declared against the Chief.

MISCELLANEOUS.——AUSTRIA has been seriously inconvenienced by the rupture of the negotiations for a commercial treaty with Germany, but the customs difficulty with Hungary which threatened to ensue has been temporarily arranged by the efforts of the Emperor and Count Andrassy. Negotiations are to be commenced with Germany for a treaty on the basis of the "best-favoured nation."—From ITALY we hear that the Pope is again indisposed, that Father Curci has *not* been expelled from the Society of Jesus, but has been summoned before Father Beckx, the General of the Order; and that Parliament meets on Nov. 15, when the Railway Purchase question is expected to be the great topic.—PORTUGAL has been startled by another earthquake at Lisbon, no material damage, however, being done.—In CHINA the authorities have officially taken possession of the Woosung Railway, and have stopped the traffic.

◆

THE COURT

THE Queen will return to Windsor about the 23rd of this month. Meanwhile, Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice, continues at Balmoral, where a ball was given last week to the servants, tenants, and gillies of the Balmoral and Abergeldie estates, the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the three young Princesses of Wales being present during part of the time. On Saturday the Duke of Richmond and Gordon dined with Her Majesty, and next morning the Queen and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, the Rev. P. M'Adam Muir officiating. After the service the Princess of Wales and her three little girls came over from Abergeldie to lunch with Her Majesty. Hallowe'en was kept on Monday night with more than usual ceremony, the Princess of Wales being very anxious to see the festivities. A torchlight procession of 200 servants and tenants preceded by pipers and headed by the Princess of Wales, her children, and Princess Beatrice, each bearing a lighted torch marched up to the castle, where they walked three times round a bonfire, which was lighted by the Princesses, and reels were danced, while the Queen watched the proceedings. After the dance a figure representing "The Witch" was carried round in procession and flung into the flames.

The Princess of Wales and her daughters was to have left Abergeldie on Tuesday, but their departure was postponed in consequence of Miss Knollys having a relapse. The Princess will remain with the invalid until all danger is passed. There has been another death in the household from typhoid fever since the arrival of the Prince and Princess in Scotland.—On concluding his visit to Newmarket, the Prince of Wales spent two days with the Duke of Grafton at Barnham, and returned to Marlborough House on Saturday. On Monday he went to Windsor, and had a day's pheasant shooting with Prince Christian in the coverts near Cranbourne, lunching afterwards with Princess Christian.—Princes Albert Victor and George take their place on the Navy List between the two half yearly batches of cadets of January and July, and their seniority dates from June 5th. They receive pay at the rate of one shilling *per diem*.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their children arrived at Malta on Saturday morning from Marseilles. They landed at La Valetta, being greeted with salutes, and are residing in the Palace of San Antonio.

The King of Spain's marriage with his cousin, the Princess Mercedes, is said to be fixed for the 23rd of January, His Majesty's *fête* day. According to a new Metropolitan journal, the *West London Express*, the Princess's wedding-dress is already being made. It will be of cream-coloured satin, covered with Alençon lace, into the pattern of which the arms of the twelve kingdoms of Old Spain are to be worked.—The Queen of Wurtemburg is going to San Remo for the winter. Her Majesty has had a severe chest attack, and has been much distressed by the loss of her nephew, Prince Sergius of Leuchtenburg, killed in the Russo-Turkish War.—The Crown Prince of Hanover will shortly come to England. He will spend a few days in town, and will then go to Sandringham to stay with the Prince and Princess of Wales.

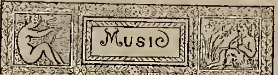
CHURCH NEWS

SIR F. KELLY AND THE RIDSDALE JUDGMENT.——Lord Chief Baron Kelly has published a correspondence which he has had with the Lord Chancellor respecting the statement made by the Rev. P. C. Ellis that he had described the Ridsdale judgment as an iniquitous one, based upon policy rather than law. His lordship denies that he ever used such words, though he admits that "in an unguarded moment" he may have hazarded an opinion that "there was much of policy rather than of law, though perhaps unconsciously to themselves, in the judgment of the majority of the judges." The Lord Chancellor objects to the Lord Chief Baron making public his dissent from the judgment as "a serious departure from what has hitherto been considered to be the obligation of a Privy Councillor;" but Sir Fitzroy Kelly does not think this obligation is binding when a case is over and before the public. He trusts, however, that, the question having arisen, some action may be taken to obtain a deliberate judicial determination of it; and that the law as now laid down by the Court of the Privy Council may in the mean time be honestly and conscientiously conformed to and obeyed.

BISHOP ELLICOTT'S CHARGE.——The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol commenced his Triennial Visitation at Bristol on Thursday last week. He congratulated his hearers on the good work that had been done among them during the past three years, but said that the dangers which menaced the Establishment were especially grave. They might be summed up in three forms of evil—lawlessness, caballing, and party spirit, and that undue exaltation of office and its privileges known as Sacerdotalism. The evil was sensibly increasing, and if left unchecked would speedily ring the knell of the Established Church. At Cirencester on the following day the Bishop dealt almost exclusively with Sacramental Confession, which he condemned as an alien practice, which was being stealthily but steadily introduced. The ghastly revelations of the last few months proved the absolute necessity of safeguards against the frightful abuses which centuries of experience had shown were inseparable from the system; but, all other dangers, great as they were, sank into nothingness when compared with the danger of the confessor taking the place of Christ, which was practically irremovable. On Monday Dr. Ellicott, continuing his visitation at Malmesbury, dwelt on the Royal Supremacy, denying that the legal enactment involved a compact that spiritual and ecclesiastical questions should, in the last resort, be restrained to spiritual or ecclesiastical arbitrament, and contending that the tacit compact it did involve of recognising Convocation as the Church of England by representation had been kept, though Convocation had not been duly consulted. On Tuesday his lordship spoke at Chippenham, and dealt with the Final Court of Appeal, which he said was a part of our ancient Constitution. Its last shape was not perhaps the best which could be conceived, but it was probably the best of any which had as yet been proposed. He believed the recent judgment in the Ridsdale case, which party spirit and disloyalty were now seeking to denounce and vilify, was characterised by lucidity, force, and transparent impartiality.

VARIOUS.——The Truro Diocesan Conference has appointed a committee to consider the various proposals for the formation of the new cathedral body. The Bishop's suggestion is that it shall at present consist of twenty-four honorary canons, an honorary chancellor, and an experimental officer to be called a "canon missionary," who shall devote himself exclusively to mission work within the diocese.—The Executive of the newly-established Anti-Liberation Society have issued a challenge to the Rev. G. J. Rogers, the well-known lecturer, to discuss publicly the subject, "Are the Principles, Objects, and Professions of the

Liberation Society worthy of Acceptance by Englishmen?" The Scottish Council of the Liberation Society have just issued an address, describing their proposed plan of operations, and asking for the support of the friends of religious equality throughout Scotland. They say that, without predicting which of the two remaining establishments will be the first to fall, "if the position of the Scottish Establishment be alone considered, its abolition should be looked for at a comparatively early period."—"Brother Ignatius" has this week been conducting a "mission" in the public halls at Dover.—The Chapel Royal Whitehall will be reopened for Divine Service to-morrow, when the Bishop of London will preach. The organ has been rebuilt and the choir reorganised.—The Rev. Professor M'Carthy, of Maynooth College, has been elected to succeed the late Dr. Moriarty in the Roman Catholic see of Kerry.—The Right Rev. Walter J. Trower (Bishop of Gibraltar) died last week at Ashington, in Sussex, of which place he became rector after resigning his bishopric in 1868. He was in his seventy-fourth year, and had exercised his ministry in every capital of Europe except Lisbon.



MUSIC

Her Majesty's Theatre.——The "winter season" commences on Monday night, with *Il Trovatore*, to be followed successively on Tuesday by *Il Barbiere*, on Wednesday by *Un Ballo in Maschera*, on Thursday by *Rigoletto*, on Friday by *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and on Saturday by *Robert le Diable*—six operas in one week, and three of them by Verdi! Thus the intended plan of the director becomes at once apparent, and doubtless he has gathered from experience how, with the most likelihood of success, to cater for the mixed public he may rely upon as supporters of his undertaking. Happily, all these six operas, and twice as many more, are ready to hand, and for the most part the leading artists upon whom he must depend are all more or less conversant with the parts they have to act and the music they have to sing. Mdlle. Caroline Salla will play thrice, and each time in a more or less fatiguing part, the most responsible being that of Alice in Meyerbeer's great work. If she proves fully equal to this exceptional trial, after her provincial operatic tour in the country, the director may be congratulated on the possession of a dramatic *cantatrice* of more than ordinary value; for it must be remembered by opera-goers, that the young Frenchwoman is endowed with genuine histrionic ability, a voice well cultivated and of agreeable quality, added to personal attractions that speak for themselves. Mdlle. Anna di Belocca is to be the heroine of Rossini's comic masterpiece, placed in the estimation of Robert Schumann side by side with Mozart's *Figaro*, as an unsurpassable example of "comic opera;" and Mdlle. Mila Rodani, who, with but slight encouragement, has nevertheless legitimately won her way, and is now unanimously accepted as a public favourite, reappears in *Un Ballo* as Oscar, the page, the character selected for her *début* in the "fashionable season" of the present year, when the newly erected Her Majesty's Theatre had to be substituted for the Grand National Opera on the Thames Embankment. Not to enter into further particulars, for which there will be time enough when achievement usurps the seat of promise, it may be suggested that, with six performances every week, the chorus and orchestra have enough to do—though with opportunities to spare, let us hope, for the adequate preparation of Signor Marchetti's *Ruy Blas*, and the amended version of Verdi's profoundly melodramatic *Forza del Destino*. Wonderful things, under similar circumstances, have been accomplished at the Royal Italian Opera; and there is no absolute cause for doubt that Her Majesty's Theatre may be found equal to the occasion.

"Les Deux Journées."——Cherubini's admirable opera, *Les Deux Journées*, has been revived at Vienna, upon which fact the Paris *Ménestrel* remarks:—"It is curious to note that a masterpiece originally composed for the French stage by the great Florentine, Cherubini, exists no longer either in the French or Italian repertory, and that for a French amateur to hear this celebrated Franco-Italian work he must cross the Rhine or the 'Manche' on a visit to our German or English neighbours." The *Ménestrel* might have added the Atlantic, seeing that the late regretted Parepa and her husband, Carl Rosa, had made *The Water Carrier* familiar throughout the United States before producing it with such signal success in England, some years after an Italian version of the opera had been given at Her Majesty's Opera, when located at Drury Lane Theatre.

A Word for Ourselves, &c.——We are informed by the Parisian journals that active rehearsals are going on at the New Grand Opera for the *reprise* of M. Massenet's *Roi de Lahore*—as if there had not been rehearsals enough from the beginning. M. Massenet, however, superintends them himself, which warrants a belief that he was not satisfied with the first series of performances, however successful. To expect that the London public will ever enjoy a chance of judging the *Roi de Lahore* would be preposterous. Let amateurs be consoled, however. There are composers in England who could write operas quite as good as any that are likely to proceed from the pen of M. Massenet, clever as he unquestionably is; and we must confess that we would rather hear Mr. Arthur Sullivan's projected *Marie Stuart*, with Christine Nilsson as the romantic and ill-fated Scottish Queen, than the *Roi de Lahore*, *Cinq Mars*, *Francesca de Rimini*, and *Polyeucte* (*not* Donizetti's *Poliuto*—which has been listened to here with an apathy commensurate to its deserts) put together. When will our English musicians be allowed to show that they know as much of music as some of the most distinguished of their foreign contemporaries? When will that cynically affected indifference to English music, for which so many even of our non-fashionable amateurs are noted, receive a check? The rage for novelty has recently extended to the domain of high-class orchestral music, and even Mozart and Beethoven (to say nothing of poor Mendelssohn) are occasionally made to bow their heads before Liszt, Thaikoffski, Saint-Saens, and brotherhood! Why not, then, extend this in another direction, and try something by way of novelty in opera? Forty years of Bellini and Donizetti (always, be it observed, the self-same works), and thirty years of Verdi are surely enough. There must be a great deal more in existence that calls for due recognition; and for our own parts we should gladly welcome new settings of *Norma*, the *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Lucrezia*, and, above all, *Linda di Chamouni*, just as, after a brief period of indignant surprise, Rossini's resetting of the once popular *Barbiere di Siviglia* of Paesiello was welcomed, first by all Italy, next by all Europe. At all events let us have something new—if not from abroad, which seems difficult, at least from among ourselves, which would be easy enough. One successful opera by an English composer, produced either at the Royal Italian or at Her Majesty's, would fairly open the way.

Waifs.——M. Gounod's *Cinq Mars*, as revised by the composer, is shortly to be reproduced at the Opéra Comique. That revision is necessary is generally admitted, and M. Gounod is too conscientious a man to disregard the opinions of those competent to judge. Are we never to hear *Cinq Mars* in London? A new opera, *La Surprise d'Amour*, by that very promising composer, M. Ferdinand Poise, is to be brought out, immediately, at the same theatre, where M. Carvalho (husband of the well-known vocalist, Madame Miolan) is displaying a laudable activity which proves him to be, as was generally acknowledged when manager of the old Théâtre Lyrique, the right man in the right place.—At the Grand Opera a Mdlle. Richard, pupil of the Conservatoire, was so favourably received on the occasion of her *début* as Leonore, in the *Favorite* of Donizetti, that M. Halanzier, director of that vast but lazily-conducted establishment, forthwith doubled her "appointments."—Tamberlik is engaged for the Opéra Italian, and will shortly appear in Donizetti's *Poliuto* and Rossini's *Otello*.—A festival performance exclusively devoted to the works of Mendelssohn was to be held this week at Vienna in honour of the illustrious musician, who died November 4th, 1847.—Music seems flourishing in St. Petersburg. The Imperial Classical Concerts have already begun, the national theatres are crowded, and the Italian Opera goes on prosperously. Madame Etelka Gerster has made a successful *début* in the *Sonnambula*. Madame Christine Nilsson has been enthusiastically received at Moscow, where she is engaged for a month, after which she returns for two months to the capital of the Czar.—We are informed that Madame Adelina Patti is to be paid 2,500*l.* for five concerts at Venice (another "*canard*"—*Povera Venezia!*); and that she also insists upon half the gross receipts nightly for her performance at the Imperial Opera in Vienna (another). Why cannot they leave the poor little lady alone?—Miss Minnie Hauck, whose reception in Brussels was at first doubtful, has finished her engagement with a triumphal success, unanimously admitted.

LEGAL

A New Detective Force.——It is said that Colonel Henderson, acting under Mr. Cross's orders, has established an entirely new department at Scotland Yard, which, however, is only provisional. It is to be known as the Department of Crime, and Mr. J. E. Davis, legal adviser to the Commissioner, is to be its chief. The term "detective" is to be abolished, and that of "Officer of the Department of Crime" substituted. Why not, as in Scotland, "Criminal officer?" Enquiries in any difficult cases are to be intrusted to Superintendents and Inspectors of divisions and Sub-divisions; and all undetected cases are to be reported to Mr. Davis.

The Artisans' Dwellings Frauds.——Messrs. Baxter Langley, Swindlehurst, and Saffery have been convicted and sentenced, the first two to eighteen months', and the last to twelve months' hard labour, the Judge remarking that the sentence was in respect of the first count in the indictment only, and that at the expiration of the term, if the Attorney General should claim judgment on the other counts, his decision would depend on whether the civil proceedings had resulted in the restitution of the money to the Company or its transference to the hands of the lawyers. Messrs. Langley and Swindlehurst pleaded for mercy, the one on account of a disease with which he is afflicted, and the other urging his long public services in the cause of temperance; but neither plea was entertained. The sentence would, however, seem to be excessively lenient, were it not for the fact that the actual imprisonment is the least part of their punishment, as their loss of position and character will probably be irretrievable.

The Trial of the Detectives at the Central Criminal Court is progressing slowly, the only witnesses yet examined being the convicts Kurr, Benson, and Bale. The proceedings are expected to last two or three weeks longer; but the Court sits only five days a week, Saturday being passed over in deference to the wishes of some of the jury, who are of the Jewish religion.

The Penge Case.——Alice Rhodes has received a "free pardon," and the three Stauntons are to be kept in penal servitude for life. Before leaving the gaol Alice Rhodes was allowed to see her sister, and on her arrival in London she paid a visit to her solicitor, to whom she stated that Patrick Staunton is losing his reason. The decision of the Home Secretary will probably give satisfaction to the general public, but there must be a large minority who will continue to hold the opinion that the accused were either entirely innocent of criminal intent, or guilty of the most cruel murder that can possibly be conceived. The case has been practically re-tried *in camera*, a proceeding which can never recommend itself to the minds of the majority of Englishmen.

Miscellaneous.——It is rumoured that Mr. Alfred Thesiger, Q.C., who is a son of Lord Chelmsford, and only thirty-nine years of age, is to be appointed Lord Justice of Appeal in the room of Lord Justice Amphlett. The appointment seems to have given great offence in some quarters, while in others it is regarded as a hopeful sign of the times that a man should be entrusted with great judicial functions while yet in the fullest vigour of life, and before he has had time to contract inveterate habits of advocacy. On the other hand, it seems somewhat anomalous that a comparatively inexperienced man should be thus suddenly lifted over the heads of judges, some of whom had began their professional career before he was born.—The police of Manchester have arrested two brothers on a charge of forging Irish bank notes. Their plan was ingenious, the different parts of the notes being engraved on separate plates and combined with other matter, so that each plate made up a complete design apparently of the harmless nature of a label or show-card. Suspicions were however excited by the special instructions which were given to the engravers as to extreme care in the execution.—A curious dispute respecting the property left by the late Alderman Carty, of Drogheda, has just been settled in the Dublin Law Courts. The Alderman, who died three years ago, left 90,000*l.*, which has since been distributed amongst his numerous relatives, all of whom were in poor circumstances. About nine months ago, however, an old woman arrived from Australia, where she had led a sort of gipsy life, and been acquainted with Arthur Orton, the butcher, of Wagga Wagga. She claimed to be Mr. Carty's aunt, stated her age as eighty-four, and her name as Catherine Murphy, *née* Kitty Caffery. Her identity was disputed, the defendants saying that the real Kitty Caffery died in Dublin in 1820, and that if living she would now be 120 years old. One of the plaintiff's statements, that when she left Ireland more than fifty years ago she took with her fifty sovereigns, was rebutted by evidence showing that those coins were not issued until some years later. The verdict was for the defendant.—The Commercial Gas Company have been mulcted in penalties amounting to 400*l.* for supplying impure gas. We wonder whether this left them any margin of profit, and whether similar actions against Water Companies would have any good effect.—The man who decoyed away a little girl has been committed for trial on the double charge of abduction, and robbing his employer. He was assistant to a hosier at Brompton, and a number of stolen articles were found concealed about his body.—A very harsh sentence appears to have been passed on Thomas Henry Grills, lately a boatswain on board H.M.S. *Narcissus*, who has been tried by court-martial and found guilty of drunkenness on board ship. He pleaded that he had drank very little, and that he believed he must have been drugged, and Commander Cameron spoke of him as a hard-working and industrious officer; but the Court decided that he should be dismissed from the service. The poor man has a wife and nine children, and surely something less than taking away his means of livelihood would have sufficed as punishment for an offence for which a police magistrate would have inflicted a fine of five shillings.

◆

A Library for Ladies only has been opened in St. James' Square by the London Library.

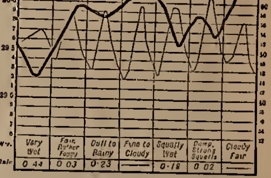
The Everlasting Sea Serpent has turned up again, and has been seen by the P. and O. steamer *Mirzapore* about 250 miles from Singapore. The creature is not reported to have done any damage, however, and therefore cannot compare with a terrible monster which has lately appeared in the Mississippi. A towboat with six coal barges steaming down the river was attacked by an enormous creature described as having a head like a bulldog, with a pelican's beak 10 ft. long, somewhat resembling that of the sword fish, from which two streams of water were thrown up to over 40 ft., a serpentine scaly neck 10 or 12 ft. long adorned by a greenish mane, enormous fins and a powerful tail. The monster speedily demolished one of the barges and then made off, leaving a portion of its beak imbedded in the barge. The splinter resembled ivory, though as hard as steel, while it was dark green and brown in colour, and weighed 18lbs. Later on the creature destroyed a ferry-boat, and devoured one of the passenger's horses, and overturned three other boats, while cattle and horses have disappeared in the most mysterious manner. Truly "very like a" Transatlantic "whale."

Sketching Club Competition.——On the 31st October the fourth annual competition between the sketching clubs of the Schools of Art in the metropolis took place at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly. Five sketching clubs engaged this year in the competition—viz., the South Kensington (male and female), Lambeth, West London, and the Gilbert (St. Martin's); and a total of 202 sketches in oil, water colour, chalk, clay, and plaster were contributed. Sir John Gilbert, R.A., Mr. W. F. Woodington, A.R.A., and Mr. A. Legros, who were the judges, made the following awards:—The Lambeth Club received the award of honour for producing the best aggregate of work. The prizes of 3*l.* (the money for which is provided by the different clubs) were awarded as follows, for the best sketch in each of the subjects named:—For Figure, "A Critical Moment," Mr. H. G. Glindoni, Gilbert Club. Landscape, "A Grey Day," Mr. J. W. Wilson, Gilbert Club. Sculpture, "A Critical Moment," Miss H. Montalba, South Kensington Club. Animals, "On the Look Out," Mr. Montefiore, South Kensington Club. Design, "A Decorative Panel," three prizes of 1*l.* each to Mr. C. Reich and Mr. W. Swain, West London Club, and Mr. Pearce, Lambeth Club.

◆

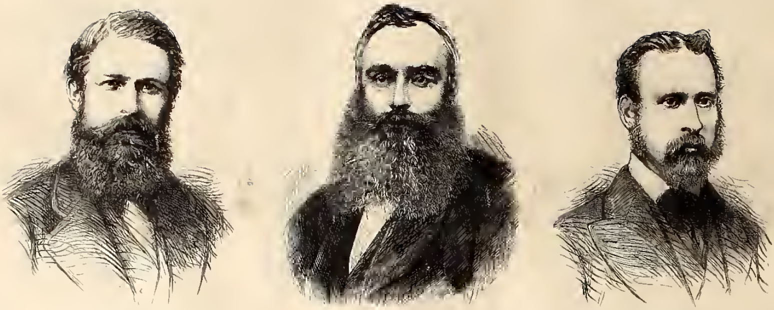
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

October 25th to October 31st (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The weather of the past week has been of an unsettled character—dull, wet, foggy, and, in the western and northern parts of the kingdom, stormy. Each of the "dips" or concavities shown in the barometer curve given above correspond with the passage over or near us of a depression, bringing with it a renewal of rain and increase of wind. On Friday night, the 26th instant, a stiff southerly gale was felt along our west and northern coasts, but soon lulled, and did not affect the south-east of England much. On Monday, the 29th instant, a second gale was felt in the same region, but extended rather more over us, and on Tuesday, the 30th instant, a third one approached, and the wind veering more to the westward, blew a strong gale from that quarter in the west during the afternoon, and a moderate gale in the neighbourhood of London. At the close of the period the barometer was rising, and the weather had improved in a marked degree, but apparently not for long. The barometer was highest (30·48 inches) at midnight on Wednesday, the 31st instant; lowest (29·22 inches) on Thursday, the 25th instant; range, 1·26 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (61°) on Tuesday, the 30th instant; lowest (44°) on Sunday, the 28th instant; range, 17°. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·90 inches, on five days; greatest fall in one day, 0·44 inches, on Thursday, the 25th instant. In several of our western counties very heavy falls have occurred.

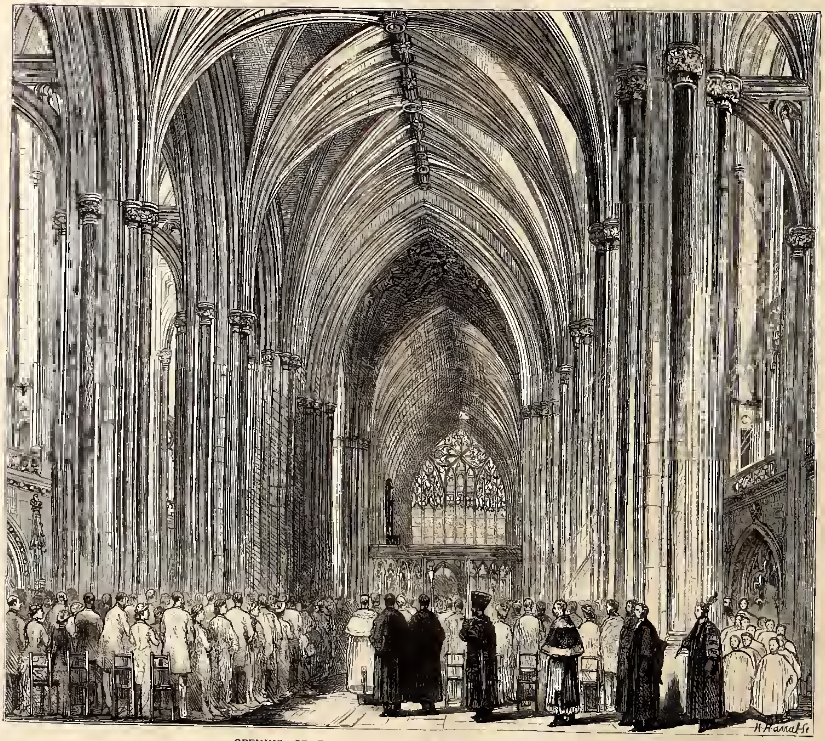


J. W. L. WATKIN
(Manager of the Pit)

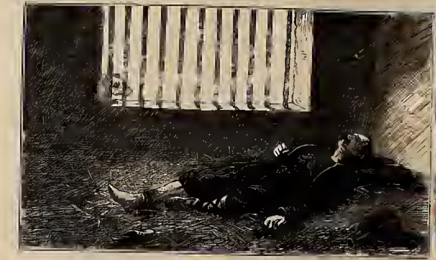
R. F. COOK
(Certificated Manager)

R. LAVERICK
(Underlooker)

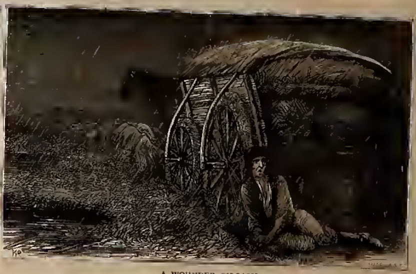
THE COLLIERY ACCIDENT AT PEMBERTON—THE FIRST RESCUING PARTY, ALL OF WHOM WERE KILLED



OPENING OF THE NEW NAVE, BRISTOL CATHEDRAL

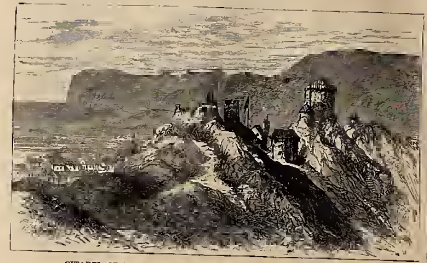


"FORGOTTEN"

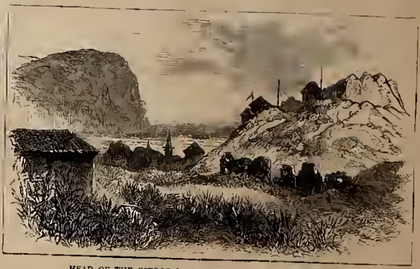


A WOUNDED CIRCASSIAN

WITH THE TURKS

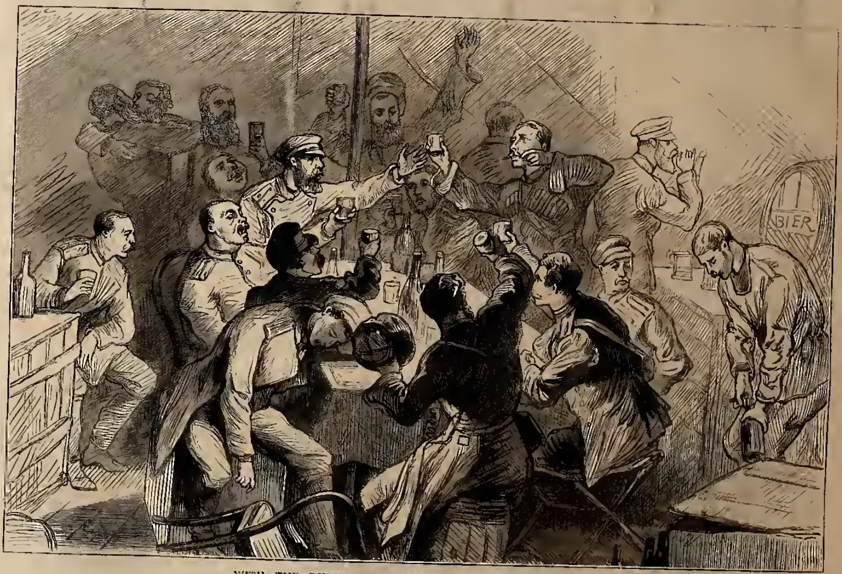


CITADEL OF NICSICS, RECENTLY SURRENDERD BY THE TURKS



HEAD OF THE OSTROG PASS, AND THE CITADEL OF NICSICS

THE MONTENEGRIN CAMPAIGN



WITH THE RUSSIANS—A REJOICING AFTER A BATTLE

(Continued from page 423)

his Papal seat after his arraignment on charges of heresy and simony. M. Maignan shows us the Pope in his white robes and tiara coming down from his throne on the cathedral dais to brave the Colonna and his rabble of soldiery, who are crowded in the right hand corner of the foreground. The canvas is too large for the room, so that the group of soldiers seems to take an undue precedence of the Pope. This would not be the case were the Exhibition-room better proportioned to the picture, which is a grave, thorough, and powerful piece of work, creditable to the training of the school from which it comes, no less than to the scholarship and skill of its painter. When shall we turn out historical work as solid and thorough in the English school? But for most of the visitors to Mr. Wallis's Gallery the chief interest will be concentrated in the Duke of Wellington's companion pictures, Wilkie's "Waterloo Gazette," and its companion, Burnet's "Chelsea Pensioners," so familiar to us all from the engravings, but which, as pictures, will be new to most who see them here. Wilkie's masterpiece is in perfect condition, and the care and thoroughness of its execution, the amount of thoughtful and well-directed labour embodied in it, no less than the national significance of the subject, combine to make it an example for English painters of the day, as well in the choice as in the treatment of their subjects. Burnet's companion picture, though avowedly an imitation, holds its place wonderfully well by the side of the Wilkie. Another very interesting picture here is a fine early example of John Linnell, a mountain landscape, which shows us the veteran painter at his best.

We must defer our notice of Messrs. Tooth and McLean's Galleries till next week.

TOM TAYLOR

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS by the students of the Female School of Art, Queen Square, which was held at the school last week, showed a marked improvement on previous years. Formerly the pupils seemed to concentrate all their energies on flower painting—by no means the highest branch of their art—but now figure-subjects occupy a large place, and the studies from life are boldly and carefully executed, while the "time-sketches"—charcoal heads completed in four hours—are particularly well done. The most interesting pictures, however, are the productions of six ladies who accompanied Miss Gann to Italy last spring, although these sketches might have been worked up a little more, and not left in so unfinished a condition. Modelling is also well represented, and there are the ordinary outline drawings, botanical studies, &c. The students have carried off their usual share of medals, and altogether the institution gives every sign of steady progress.

MARRIAGE.

On the 26th Sept., at All Saints, Oystermouth, by the Rev. Secretan Jones, Vicar, WILLIAM BARNET, Esq., of Clifton, to MARY REBECCA, eldest daughter of the late D. NICOL, M.D., of Swansea.

DEATHS.

On the 27th ult., after a short illness, at 5, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, WILLIAM RAY SMEE, Esq., F.S.A., eldest son of the late WILLIAM SMEE, Esq., aged 61. Friends will please accept this intimation.

On the 23rd ult., Mr. BENJAMIN LINDSEY, of King Street, Twickenham, aged 41.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries.

A JEWEL OF A GIRL. By the Author of "Queenie," &c. 3 vols.
THE SQUIRE'S COURTSHIP. By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIEL. 3 vols.
MAUD LESLIE. By Lady CHARLES THYNNE. 1 vols.
TWO TALES OF MARRIED LIFE: HARD TO BEAR, by GEORGIANA M. CRAIK; and A TRUE MAN, by M. C. STIRLING. 3 vols.
GLORY. By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS. 3 vols.
CHEAP EDITION of PHŒBE, JUNIOR. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 1 vol. 5s. bound and Illustrated.
THE VILLAGE COMEDY. By MORTIMER and FRANCES COLLINS. 3 vols. [Next week.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

A MAN OF OTHER DAYS: Recollections of the Marquis de Beauregard. Edited from the French, by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," &c. 2 vols., 21s.
HURST and BLACKETT, Publishers, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

CHAPMAN and HALL'S NEW NOVELS.

New Novel by Lady Wood.
SHEEN'S FOREMAN. By Lady WOOD, Author of "Wild Weather," "Below the Salt," &c. 3 vols.

New Novel by Annie Thomas.
A LAGGARD IN LOVE. By ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), Author of "Henry Donne" and "Called to Account." 3 vols.

THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA: a Novel. By JOSEPH HATTON. 2 vols.

GREY ABBEY. By OLD CALABAR, Author of "Jack Blake," "Over Turf and Stubble." 2 vols.

ROTHERY SELFERT, Q.C. By JOHN OLLIVE, Author of "A Wooing of Ate." 3 vols.

193, PICCADILLY.

HISTORY of FRENCH LITERATURE. By HENRY VAN LAUN.
Vol. I. From its Origin to the Renaissance. Demy 8vo. 16s.
Vol. II. From the Classical Renaissance to the end of the Reign of Louis XIV. Demy 8vo. 16s.
Vol. III. From the end of the Reign of Louis XIV. till the end of the Reign of Louis Philippe. Demy 8vo. 16s.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

NEW VOLUME BY ROBERT BROWNING.
Now ready, fcp. 8vo. 5s.
THE AGAMEMNON of ÆSCHYLUS. Transcribed by ROBERT BROWNING.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. R. D. BLACKMORE.
Second Edition now ready, at all the Libraries.
EREMA; or, MY FATHER'S SIN. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," &c., &c. 3 vols.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

NEW NOVEL BY SARAH TYTLER.
A DOUCE LASS. By the Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," "A Garden of Women," &c. Two Vols. Post 8vo.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

On Oct. 29 (One Shilling), No. 215.
THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for NOVEMBER. With Illustrations by GEO. DU MAURIER and FRANK DICKSEE.
CONTENTS:—
Erema; or, My Father's Sin. (With an Illustration.) Chap. LIV.—Hardness Hearted. LV.—A Dead Letter. LVI.—With his own Sword. LVII.—Female Suffrage. LVIII.—Beyond Desert and Deserts.
Some Sonnets of Campanella.
The Czar's Clemency; a Polish Priest's Story.
Æsthetic Analysis of an Obelisk.
A Mighty Sea-ware.
The Last Redoubt. By Alfred Austin.
"For Percival." (With an Illustration.) Chap. IX.—Sissy looks into the Mirror. X.—In Langley Wood. XI.—Meanwhile. XII.—"Well, what's gone from me? What have I lost in you?"
London: SMITH, ELDER, and CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. No. 217. For NOVEMBER. Price 1s.
Contents of the Number:—
1. M. Thiers: a Sketch from Life, by an English Pencil. By Emily Crawford.
2. Young Musgrave. By Mrs. Oliphant. Chaps. XXXII.—XXXV.
3. The Discoveries at Olympia. By Gustav Hirschfield, late Director of the Excavations for the German Government.
4. Me and My Mate. A Whitby Story.
5. Panslavists and the Slav Committee.
6. My Pet Corn.
7. Mohl's "Livre des Rois." By Professor E. H. Palmer.
8. Style. By T. H. Wright.
9. African Exploration and its Results. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., &c.
MACMILLAN and CO., London.

THE ART JOURNAL For NOVEMBER (price 2s. 6d.) contains the following
LINE ENGRAVINGS:—
I. THE BOUQUET. After A. TOULMOUCHE.
II. THE DOG AND THE SHADOW. After Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.
III. THE STUDENT. After J. L. MEISSONIER.
LITERARY CONTENTS:
The Works of Andrew MacCallum. By James Dafforne. Illustrated.
The Art of Dressing and of being Dressed. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. (continued).
Norway. Chap. XI. By R. T. Pritchett, F.S.A. Illust.
Old Nankin Blue. Part II. By E. B. Shuldham, M.D., M.A.
Art-Exhibition at Lucca.
The Use of Animal Forms in Ornamental Art. Chap. VI. By F. E. Hulme, F.L.S. Illustrated.
Decorative Furniture. Illust.
Ancient Irish Art. By L. Jewitt, F.S.A. Illustrated (continued).
Art at Home and Abroad, Obituary, Reviews, &c.
London: VIRTUE and CO. (Limited), Ivy Lane, and all Booksellers.

"FINIS." The New Annual, by the Authors of the COMING K——, will be issued on 1st December. Published for the Benefit of the Children of the Late S. O. BEETON, by GOUBAUD and SON, 39 and 40, Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Price One Shilling. Postage 2d.

LE FOLLET for NOVEMBER presents the Fashion of the Day for Ladies' Cloaks, Mantles, Morning and Visiting Dress, Bonnets, Hats, &c.
One Shilling and Sixpence. [illegible]
MINISTER and SON, 2, Argyll Place, W.

THE MUSICAL TIMES. Price 3d.
*** The largest and best Musical Journal.

THE MUSICAL TIMES for NOVEMBER contains:—The Great Composers, sketched by themselves; Mozart, by J. Bennett—A Sketch of the History of Music-Printing, by Dr. Chrysander (continued)—Festival Committees and New Works—Mdlle. Titiens—Crystal Palace Concerts—Liverpool Philharmonic Society—Advent Anthem: "Hearken unto Me, My People," by Arthur Sullivan—Reviews—Foreign and Country News, &c. Postage free, 4d. Annual Subscription, 4s., including postage.

THE MUSICAL TIMES for NOVEMBER contains a New Anthem for Advent, by Arthur Sullivan, "Hearken Unto Me, My People." Price separately, 1½d.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC Primers. Edited by Dr. STAINER. The following are now ready:—

THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By ERNST PAUER. Price 2s.

THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. STAINER. Price 2s.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. Price 1s.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE BEAUTIFUL IN MUSIC. By ERNST PAUER. Price 1s. (Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.)

LIEDER OHNE WORTE. Eight Books. The only complete edition. Cloth, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS:
CHRISTMAS CAROLS, NEW AND OLD. Edited by the Rev. H. R. BRAMLEY and Dr. STAINER. With 42 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Elegantly bound, 7s. 6d.
THE SUNLIGHT OF SONG. Sacred and Moral Songs, with Original Music by the most eminent English Composers. With 46 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Handsomely bound, 7s. 6d.
NATIONAL NURSERY RHYMES. Set to Music by J. W. ELLIOTT. With 65 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.
BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS. Edited by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Folio, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 21s.; octavo, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; octavo, paper covers, 5s.
MOZART'S SONATAS. Edited by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Folio, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 18s.
MENDELSSOHN'S LIEDER OHNE WORTE. The best and only Complete Edition, containing the Seventh and Eighth Books. Folio, handsomely bound, gilt edges, 12s.; octavo, handsomely bound, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.
*** Order Novello's Edition.
RUBINSTEIN'S EIGHTEEN TWO-PART SONGS. German and English Words. Octavo, handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.
SCHUMANN'S VOCAL ALBUM. English and German Words. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.
SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM FOR YOUNG PIANISTS (Op. 68 and Op. 15). Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.
GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM. Original German Words, and an English Version by JOHN OXENFORD. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.
A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS. Edited by Dr. STAINER and W. A. BARRETT. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 16s.
MUSICAL MYTHS AND FACTS. By CARL ENGEL. Two vols., demy 8vo, cloth, price 12s.
LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO., 1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

STRANGERS YET: a New Story. By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Nothing but Leaves," will be commenced in the PICTORIAL WORLD, Illustrated Newspaper, of Nov. 3. Engravings of Current Events, Fine Art Presentation Plates, Coloured Maps gratis. The cheapest and most attractive Illustrated Newspaper for the Family ever issued for Threepence. Every Saturday. Of all newsagents. Offices: 63, Fleet Street, London.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 32 stamps.
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

STANDARD MUSICAL WORKS for COLLEGES and SCHOOLS. By J. T. STONE.
FOR THE PIANOFORTE: THE FIRST SIX MONTHS AT THE PIANO. 5s.—ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS. Twentieth Edition. 5s.—FACILE INSTRUCTIONS. Sixteenth Edition. 4s.—CONCISE INSTRUCTIONS. 3s.
FOR THE ORGAN: COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS. Ninth Edition. 5s.—THE CLASSICAL ORGANIST. In Three Vols., £1 1s. each, or in Fifty-four Numbers, 2s. each.—THE ORGAN STUDENT'S COMPANION. In six vols., 7s. 6d. each; or in Twenty-four Books, 2s. each.
FOR THE HARMONIUM: COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS. 5s.—THE HARMONIUM MISCELLANY. In Twelve Numbers. 3s. each.
FOR SINGING:—THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS. 6s.—The Publishers confidently direct the attention of Professors and Teachers of Music to the above Works. The whole series have a large and increasing circulation.—London: BREWER and CO., 14 and 15, Poultry, Cheapside, and No. 23, Bishopsgate Street Within.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD.—Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

MALVERN COLLEGE. The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS and SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on December 20th and 21st.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH.—A new Parlour Pastime, 50,000 Transformations of Wit and Humour. Post free for 14 stamps.
H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

THE LOVE CHASE.—The Merriest Game out for any number of Players. 24 Engravings. Post free for 14 stamps.
H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—"I recommend them as a safe and effectual remedy for coughs and chest complaints."—G. Wood, 60, City Road, Hulme, Manchester. Price 1s. 1½d. per box.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

DEANE and CO.'S London Kitcheners.—DEANE and CO. manufacture, supply, and fix complete Cooking Apparatus, Kitcheners, Ranges, Hot Water Circulation, Bath Fittings, &c. Estimates free.

London Patent Close Fire.		London Patent Open Fire.		Patent Kitcheners.		Cheap Kitcheners.	
4 ft.	£13 10	4 ft. 6	£16 10	3 ft. 6	£10 0	3 ft.	£3 0
4 ft. 6	16 10	5 ft.	£20 0	4 ft.	£12 0	3 ft. 6	£6 0
5 ft.	19 10	5 ft. 6	£24 0	4 ft. 6	£13 10	4 ft.	£10 5

GAS CHANDELIERS and FITTINGS. The mansion, the villa, or cottage fitted throughout.

	Two Light	Three Lights	Five Lights
	£ s. d. £ s. d.	£ s. £ s.	£ s. £ s.
Ormolu	0 18 6 to 2 0 0	2 10 to 6 6	4 10 to 10 10
Bronze	0 17 0 to 1 18 0	1 14 to 7 15	4 4 to 12 12
Crystal		2 15 to 9 9	6 6 to 15 0

Manufactory and Workshops, No. 1, Jacob Street, Dockhead.
Deane and Co.'s complete Illustrated Catalogue post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, King William Street, London Bridge.

MORTLOCK'S CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE WAREHOUSE, originally established by John Mortlock in 1746, is carried on by his Descendant and Successor,
JOHN MORTLOCK,
at THE POTTERY GALLERIES, 202, 203, and 204, Oxford Street; and 30, 31, and 32, Orchard Street, London, W.
The Rooms are by far the most extensive in Europe, and patterns at all prices are submitted.

MAPPIN and WEBB, MANUFACTURERS, MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY, LONDON.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S SPOONS AND FORKS. Equal in Finish and Appearance to Sterling Silver.

	Plain		Ornamental
Table Spoons or Forks, pr. doz.	30s. 0d.	40s. 0d.	60s. 0d.
Dessert do. do. do.	24s. 0d.	32s. 0d.	44s. 0d.
Tea do. do. do.	12s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	28s. 0d.
Salt, Mustard, or Egg, each	1s. 3d.	2s. 0d.	3s. 6d.
Sugar Tongs do.	2s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	6s. 0d.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE. New Registered Designs, plain or richly ornamental.

THE HIGHEST QUALITY, at Lowest Prices.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES Post Free.

MAPPIN and WEBB, MANUFACTURERS, 76, 77, and 78, OXFORD STREET, WEST END, LONDON.

CHUBB'S FIRE AND THIEF-RESISTING SAFES, steel-plated, and with their patent diagonal bolts, are the most secure. Chubb's Patent Latches and Locks for all purposes. Cash and Deed Boxes. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria St., St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.
Atlas folio, half-morocco, gilt, price £5 5s.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

WOOD-CUTTING for AMATEURS.—No previous knowledge required. Thousands of pretty things in Cut Wood, Baskets, Stands for Flowers, &c. Candelabras, Pipe Cases, &c., &c., can be cut by Lorin's Wood-cutting Machines, everything complete. Drawings, saws, &c., from 8s.—Wholesale and Retail, to be had at the Manufacturers, JACQUES LORIN FILS, 3, Rue de la Fidélité, Paris. Catalogues free on application.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—Observer. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.

ÆGIDIUS.—A New ELASTIC OVER-SHIRT, as warm as wool, as soft as silk. It will entirely dispense with the ever-shrinking coloured flannel, 13s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. each. Patterns of material and self-measure free by post.—FORD and CO., 41 and 44, Poultry, London.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE."
MILD AND FRAGRANT.
WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"
A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."
Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.,
A LARGE PURCHASE OF
NEW COLOURED SILKS, at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., and 4s. 4½d. per yard, also a richer quality at 5s. 3d., usually sold at 7s. 6d. per yard. 250 shades to select from. Patterns free.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF
BLACK GROS GRAINS. This extensive purchase comprises Silks of the best and most reliable makes, and are specially recommended. Prices 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yard. Also richer goods from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS to match every Silk, short pile, well covered, suitable for Gowns, 6s. 11d. per yard, any length cut. Patterns free.

BLACK GENOA VELVETS, suited for trimming purposes, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d. per yd. A special purchase of Black Lyons Velvet, all silk, at 9s. 11d. per yard. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

COLOURED SILK COSTUMES of the latest designs and most fashionable description, in all the new colour Silks, commencing at 6½ guineas. Patterns of the Silks and Engravings post free.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES, made from the new Paris Models in eight different styles of the most approved designs, as shown in Engravings, price with bodice complete, 5½ guineas. Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN
WINTER COSTUMES.
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Costumes suitable for Travelling, Promenade, and Indoor Wear, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas.
Illustrations and Patterns of Materials post free.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING
MADE BALL AND WEDDING DRESSES.
Now ready several thousand charming Dresses in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas. Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN.
THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black), profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train, 1 guinea, a substantial box included.
A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours, for 28s. 9d., with material for bodice.
Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
WINTER DRESSES, in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour, From 12s. 6d. to 4gs. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.
CACHEMIRE DE PARIS. This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced. 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool. This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

A NEW FABRIC FOR PALETOTS, &c.
POIL DE CHAMEAU (Registered). This elegant fabric, though very warm, is remarkably light and soft, and can be had in choice shades of Fawn, Drab, Grey, Light Brown, &c. 54 inches wide, from 5s. 6d. per yd. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St., W.

A NEW FABRIC IN BLACK.
CRÈPE CASHMERE (Registered). A most useful material in seven different designs, full width, 1s. 9d. per yard. Specially adapted for this season's Costumes. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

NOW ON SALE AT HALF-PRICE
1,000 UNMADE PALETOTS (Black), Richly embroidered on very fine Cashmere or Diagonal Cloth, full size and newest shapes, from 29s. 6d. to 42s. each, formerly 3 to 4 guineas.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS
VELVET-FINISHED VELVETEENS, beautifully soft, rich, and very wide. This charming Fabric can be had in Black, from 1s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W., having concluded the purchase of large quantities of
SEAL FUR SKINS and Squirrel Furs, they are now on sale as quoted below.
Russian Seal Fur Jackets, loose shapes, 24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Ditto fitting shapes, 30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 20 guineas.
South Sea Seals, loose shapes, 2 to 4 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN
MANTLES AND PALETOTS,
Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL
CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.
The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 25s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.
Patterns and Engravings free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS. Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse, 111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House, 65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW AUTUMN DRESS GOODS.

1,000 New Patterns of the choicest Shades and designs, the productions of various European nations.
7,000 yards of Autumn Serge, 10¾d. the yard.
Yachting Serges, 6¾d. and 10¾d. the yard.
Autumn Beiges, 8¾d. the yard.
Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d. (Sage, Olive Green, &c.)
Estamene Serges, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
Homespun Estamene, 1s. 6½d., 27 in. wide.
New Snowflakes, Camel's Hair, and Vicuna Cloths.
Shetland Estamene, 27 in. wide, 1s. 4½d. the yard.
Poil de Chameau, French production, all wool, 30 in. wide, 1s. 9½d. the yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d. yard.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d. yd., superb colours.
Scarboro' Twill, 1s. 0½d.; Derby Matelasse, 1s. 0½d.; New Autumn Rink Skirting, 1s. 11½d. the yard, 40 in. wide; Indian Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. yard.
These and other Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW SILK PATTERNS are now ready.

The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d. } A New Make of
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d. } Extreme Richness
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.
BLACK SILKS, 1s. 6½d. to 10s. the yard.
The Queen's Black Silk, 7s. 11d.
The Queen's Black Silk, 8s. 11d. } Superb Goods &
The Queen's Black Silk, 9s. 11d. } Splendid Wear.
The Queen's Black Silk, 10s. 11d.
A special parcel of Coloured Silks, 2s. 11½d. yard.
Coloured Gros Grain Silks, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 6s. 11d. the yard. Floral Silks for Trimmings, 3s. 9½d. Japanese Figures, 1s. 3½d.
A Special Lot Black Velveteens, 1s. 11½d., and Colours, at 2s. 10½d. yard. Patterns free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.

Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 1s. 3½d. Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s. 11½d. Double-width Melton Cloths, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.
Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s. 11d. to 6s. 11d.
Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard. All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S COSTUMES,
as lately shown at the Grand Autumn Exhibition and Costumes Contest at the Alexandra Palace.

"Harrogate"—Bronze Green Cachmere and Velveteen Costume, £4 4s.
"Ventnor"—Fawn Homespun, and Brown Braid, Jacket and Hat, £3 18s. 6d.
"Silsciton"—Brown Cachmere and Velveteen, £3 18s. 6d.
"Glenthorne"—Prune Snowflake and Pink Silk, £2 10s. 6d.
"Bromley"—Bronze Cachmere and Blue Silk, with Cape, £4 4s.
"Clairmont"—Fawn Serge and Brown Velveteen, £2 10s. 6d.
"Christine"—Black Velveteen and Silk Jacket and Hat, £5 5s.
"Lymington"—Fawn Matelasse and Velvet Galloon, Jacket and Hat, £4 10s. 6d.
"Zatel"—Brown Velveteen and Cream Brocaded Silk, £3 4s.
"Moscow"—Fawn Camel's Hair Cloth, with Lynx Fur Jacket, Hat and Muff, £6 6s.
"Clyde"—Fawn, Chameau, Cloth and Raccoon Fur, Jacket, Hat and Muff, £5 10s. 6d.
"St. Malo"—Prune Velveteen and Grey Fur, Jacket, Hat, and Muff, £5 18s. 6d.
"Bonnie Fishwife"—Blue Serge and Red Twill, with Cap, £2 18s. 6d.
"Normandy"—Green Serge and White Braid Jacket and Hat, £2 18s. 6d.
"Chiswick"—Deep Mourning Costume. Black Cachmere and Crape, with Bonnet, £4 10s. 6d.
"Chislehurst"—Complimentary Mourning Richly Trimmed Black Silk, £6 6s.
Patterns of Materials, Photographs, and every particular, post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
UNDERCLOTHING and OUTFITTING.

A new Illustrated Price List is now ready, and can be sent free to any address; also Photographs of the New Exhibition Price Setts, Collars, and Collaretts.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP of
GASK and GASK.
SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK of
Silk Mercery, General Drapery, &c.
ALL NEW THIS SEASON.
Mr. HENRY GASK being compelled by ill health
to retire from the business.
Great reductions in price will be made
throughout all the departments, and all goods
marked in plain figures at the lowest prices,
for ready money only.
Silks, Costumes, Mantles, Dress Fabrics, Linens,
Blankets, Gloves, Hosiery, Lace Goods, Mourning, &c., &c.
Doors will be opened at 10 o'clock.
GASK and GASK,
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street, and Wells Street.

LADIES' IRISH ULSTER COATS,
made in the best manner by experienced tailors. Immense variety of Irish Friezes and other fashionable materials. Patterns and forms for self-measurement post free.
RICHARD ALLEN, Sackville Street, Dublin.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.

TURKEY CARPETS.

PERSIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.—
The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel.
Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—
Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY
"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."
UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS.
1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

COLD CREAM OF ROSES.—PIESSE
and LUBIN prepare this exquisite COSMETIC with the greatest care, fresh daily, in jars, 1s.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE & LUBIN SWEET SCENTS.
—Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, White Rose, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 bottles in a case, 7s. The above sweet scents in sachet powder, 1s. 6d. each, can be forwarded by post. Sold by fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.

PIESSE and LUBIN'S PESTACHIO
NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well
as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S of Regent St.
IMPORTANT PURCHASE OF
900 PIECES
OF LYONS BLACK SILKS
OF THE BEST MAKES.

Bonnets and Cie	from 5s. 0d. to 10s. 0d.
Jauberts	from 4s. 0d. to 9s. 6d.
Ponson's	from 5s. 0d. to 7s. 6d.
Degoves	from 4s. 9d. to 9s. 6d.

The Empress Cachemire, at 6s.
Also Excellent Value,
at 2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., and 6s. 11d.
Patterns Free
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,
Nos. 256 to 262.

BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS.
Exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 13s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in Lyons Velvet, at 10s. 9d.
Black Silk Trimming Velvets,
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
AT PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.
Nos. 256 to 262.

FOR SIX GUINEAS.
A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK,
with Velvet Garniture,
Exquisitely cut and fashioned.
Copies of expensive Paris Models.
Photos free.
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One
Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT.
For 2½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT.
At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

FOR TWO GUINEAS, and up to Seven,
Costumes in New Black Materials,
in various fashionable Styles,
At PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea.
Black Brussels Net, at 29s. 6d.
Tulle (condition keeping), 50s.
Grenadine, 52s. 6d.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed.
Illustrations free.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crapes.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Speciality,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
3½ and 4½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9½ guineas.
36 inches long for 11 guineas.
39 inches long for 13 guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
it is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.—
In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.—Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester; Crosse and Blackwell, London, and Export Oilmen generally; Retail, by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

COCK'S READING SAUCE
Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured
FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.
CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

Established 1837.
CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.
ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble.
Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers.—Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.
In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.
Manufactory—60, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.
JAMES EPPS AND CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN
COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. 8d. per bushel; households for bread, 10s.; wheat meal for brown bread, 9s. 4d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, maize, and barley meal, 5s. 8d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 2s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

TOOTH-ACHE.
INSTANT CURE.
FORMS A STOPPING.
SAVES THE TOOTH.

J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief."
Of all chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per packet.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL
(SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S
EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD
LIVER OIL (Registered).
The purest Oil, and by Almond flavouring rendered palatable and easy of digestion.
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.
British Medical Journal says—Whilst securing the beneficial results traceable to Cod Liver Oil as a valuable tonic and dietetic, we have found no difficulty in inducing our little patients to take it.
Sanitary Record says—We have tried its effect on the most delicate constitutions with marked effect. So well are the odour and taste of the Oil disguised that children will take the preparation with avidity.
Medical Times says—The taste is decidedly masked by the almond flavouring.
Medical Press—Has an agreeable smell and flavour, and we can testify that the result is satisfactory.
Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists,
And Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited),
1 .. Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION!
SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER
Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT
BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE
OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO.
Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS
POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CON-
STIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.
The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *"It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families."*
Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The
excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored
by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline
produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Holborn, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from face and arms without injury. 3s. 6d. Sent post free, carefully packed, for 54 stamps by Alex. Ross.

THE NOSE MACHINE applied to the
nose for an hour daily so directs the soft cartilage of the nose that an ill-formed one is quickly shaped, 10s. 6d. Sent for stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.

THE NEAREST RESEMBLANCE
TO NATURE.—WALLER'S Invisible fabric for covering BALD HEADS, or where the HAIR has become thin. PARTINGS of LADIES' FRONTS, BANDS, &c., thus made, are not only perfection in appearance, but most durable in wear. TRESSES of HAIR (best quality only), either PLAIN or as PLAITS or TWISTS, 16 inches, 10s. 6d.; 18 inches, 17s. 6d. Forwarded per return of post to any part of the Kingdom.—W. WALLER, Court Hairdresser, 86, Camden Road, London, N.W.

WALLER'S SCURF SPECIFIC, an
infallible remedy for DANDRIFF, in whatever form it may assume on the head. 2s. 6d. per pot, or forwarded by post in wood boxes on receipt of 2s. 6d. in stamps.
W. WALLER, 86, Camden Road, London, N.W.

LADIES who SAVE the COMBINGS of
their HAIR can have them properly prepared, the roots turned, and made up by a process perfected by W. Waller, and returned post free at 3s. 6d. per oz.—W. WALLER, Court Hairdresser, 86, Camden Road, N.W.

DIGESTIVE LOZENGES
OF
VICHY.
Manufactured from the Salts extracted from the
Mineral Waters.

The Vichy Lozenges should be taken by those persons whose digestion is difficult, painful, or laborious.
In cases of slow and difficult digestion, a few of the Lozenges should be taken before each repast.
The Lozenges are flavoured with peppermint, lemon, vanilla, rose, orange flowers, or anisette.
In Boxes, at 1s. and 2s. each.
VICHY SALTS FOR BATHS.
In Packets for one bath, 1s. 6d. each.
VICHY BARLEY SUGAR
An excellent digestive bonbon. In Boxes, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d.

All these preparations are guaranteed by the French Government. Sold by all respectable Chemists.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.
The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION, and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

ESTABLISHED
1832.
NONE
GENUINE
EXCEPT
IN
PINK PAPER
WRAPPERS.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.
AMONG THE CULTIVATED AND REFINED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS RENOWNED PREPARATION IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED FAVOURITE WITH BOTH SEXES. OVER FORTY YEARS' TRIAL AND EXPERIENCE HAVE ESTABLISHED ITS SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESTORE
GREY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GREY, LOSES ITS LUSTRE, AND FALLS OUT, IT SIMPLY REQUIRES NOURISHMENT. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION, STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES THE HAIR, AND, BY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL CAUSES, GREY OR WHITE HAIR IS QUICKLY RESTORED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. IT WILL STOP ITS FALLING, AND INDUCE A HEALTHY AND MOST LUXURIANT GROWTH. USE NO OTHER PREPARATION WITH IT, NOT EVEN OIL OR POMADE, OR ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER
IS THE BEST
TO RESTORE GREY HAIR.

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND PREPARED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL. OVER FORTY YEARS THE FAVOURITE PREPARATION. ENJOYING BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE, IT MUST BE THE BEST. IT DOES NOT DYE THE HAIR, BUT STRENGTHENS IT. GREY HAIRS SOON DISAPPEAR. BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION THE ROOTS ARE STRENGTHENED, THE SOFT AND SILKY TEXTURE OF HEALTHY HAIR FOLLOWS ITS USE.

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN
manufactures two entirely
distinct Preparations for the Hair.
One or the other is suited to every condition
of the Human Hair. Both are never required
at one time. For details as to each Preparation, kindly
read above and below this paragraph. Readers can easily determine which of the two they require. These Preparations have a world-wide reputation. Enormous
and increasing sale through Forty Years.
Every Chemist and Dealer in
Toilet Articles has both
Preparations.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
ZYLO-BALSAMUM.
For the
Growth and Preservation
of the Hair.
It is a cooling, vegetable, and transparent liquid,
without sediment.

A SIMPLE TONIC AND DRESSING
OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO BOTH SEXES. THE FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NO GREY HAIR. IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR, BUT, BY EARLY USE, IT WILL PREVENT IT TURNING GREY. PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, SO COMMON IN THESE DAYS, MAY BE ENTIRELY PREVENTED BY THE USE OF ZYLO-BALSAMUM. PROMPT RELIEF IN THOUSANDS OF CASES HAS BEEN AFFORDED WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN COMING OUT IN HANDFULS. IT PROMOTES A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH. HAIR DRESSED WITH ZYLO-BALSAMUM IS ALWAYS CLEAN, FREE FROM DANDRUFF, AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS ONLY SEEN IN HEALTHY HAIR. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT. NO OIL OR POMADE SHOULD BE USED WITH IT.

CAUTION!—The Genuine only in Bluish Grey Wrappers.
Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

THE FAVOURITE TOILET WATER OF THE AGE.
GOLDEN STAR
BAY LEAF WATER,
TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM THE FRESH LEAVES
of the BAY TREE (*Myrcia Acris*),
FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.

A
Toilet Water
of peculiar and
delightful fragrance,
delicate and lasting,
refreshing and soothing
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
triple distilled from the fresh leaves of
the Bay Tree (Myrcia Acris). Indispensable
and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY, and BATH.
A few drops on a Sponge or Towel moistened with water,
and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to
the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended
to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the BATH gives a
delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING
PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING OF INFANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for
a basin of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and
all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental
labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles,
2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists
and Perfumers, or on receipt
of stamps from the wholesale depot, 114 & 116,
Southampton Row,
London.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER of CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE

Containing the following Popular Dance Music:—

TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS	Chas. D'Albert.
CONSTANTINOPLE QUADRILLE	Chas. D'Albert.
DIE FLEDERMAUS WALTZ	Johann Strauss.
LES LOINTAINS WALTZ	Emile Waldteufel.
MAIDEN'S DREAM WALTZ	Edward Hoffman.
THE SCHOMBERG GALOP	Chas. D'Albert.
FLORETTA POLKA	Chas. D'Albert.
PIZZICATO POLKA	J. & J. Strauss.
FORGET-ME-NOT GALOP	A. Hecker.

And a New Quadrille,
MOLLIE DARLING. By Chas. D'Albert.
Price One Shilling; post free, 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE BALKANS. Descriptive Piece for the Pianoforte, by Jules de Sivrai, introducing Turkish and Russian airs; illustrated, 3s. net.
SCHIPKA PASS. Grand March for the Pianoforte, by Wm. Smallwood; illustrated, 1s. 6d. net.
MARCH OF THE PASHAS. For the Pianoforte, by J. Pridham; illustrated, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG.

THE DISTANT SHORE. New Song by Arthur Sullivan. Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd during his Promenade Tour in October. Price (in E flat, F, and G) 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE ROWAN TREE. New Song by M. W. Balfe. Will be sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling during her Tour in the Provinces. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

MAIDEN MINE. By W. Sterndale Bennett. Mr. W. Shakespeare will sing the above favourite song at all Concerts during his provincial tour. Price 2s. net.—CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THOU'RT PASSING HENCE. Mr. Santley will sing Arthur Sullivan's new song at the first Saturday Popular Concert, on November 17th, at St. James's Hall. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'Albert. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	NET
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0

All the above for Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.
N.B. A complete list of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

L'ORGANISTE PRATIQUE. 240 Easy Pieces for Organ or Harmonium. By J. Lenbach. In 2 vols., price 6s. each net, or in eight parts, each 2s. net. The above will supply a want long felt by amateur performers on the organ or harmonium, as all the pieces are very pretty without being difficult.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRE.

PIANOFORTES of every description by all the most celebrated makers from Two Guineas a Quarter.

HARMONIUMS, by Alexandre, from One Pound Five Shillings per quarter.

SECOND-HAND PIANOFORTES at immense reductions for Cash, or on the Three Years' System.—50, New Bond Street.

CONCERT SONGS. Always successful. Ever Thine (soprano) (Abt), 4s.; Kathleen Aroon (contralto) (Abt), 4s.; Still is the night (bass) (Abt), 3s.; The Cuckoo's Song (soprano) (Abt), 3s.; Thee only I love (soprano) (Abt), 3s.; The Blacksmith (bass) (Cherry), 3s.; Ay or No (tenor) (F. H. Cowen), 4s.; Dear England (baritone) (L. Diehl), 3s.; Love never dies (baritone) (A. S. Gatty), 4s.; O fair dove (contralto) (A. S. Gatty), 4s.; Sing me that song again (tenor) (Guglielmo), 3s.; My boyhood's dream (baritone) (Hatton), 4s.; Droop not, young lover (bass) (Handel), 3s.; Open thy lattice (tenor) (J. Hullah) 3s.; Weep not, fond heart (tenor) (F. Kücken), 3s.; Home they brought (contralto) (Lindsay), 4s.; The Knight's Shield (contralto) (Pinsuti), 4s.; Don't forget me (soprano) (Pinsuti), 3s. Half price in stamps, post free.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY H. F. LIMPUS. The Skylark, 3s.; Slumber Song, 3s.; Evermore, 3s.; The Lifeboat, 3s.; half price in postage stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY B. TOURS. My Little Picture, 3s.; A Little Bird's Story, 4s.; The Dog and the Shadow (Illus.), 3s.; The Message to Heaven, 3s. Half price in postage stamps. London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY FRANZ ABT. Ever Thine, in C and E flat, 3s.; Still is the night, 3s.; Spring Morning, 3s.; Golden Sunshine, 3s.; O ye tears, 4s.; Kathleen Aroon, 4s. Half price in postage stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY CIRO PINSUTI. Waiting for the Swallows, 3s.; Sunset on the River, 4s.; Summer Friends, 3s.; Ocean Voices, 3s.; Don't forget me, 3s.; The Knight's Shield, 4s.; What shall I sing to thee, 3s. Half price in postage stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY J. ROECKEL.—So Far Away, 3s.; Unforgotten Days, 3s. Half price in postage stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

NEW WALTZ, DER LETZTE KUSS (The Last Kiss). By Otto Muller. Performed at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre. This charming waltz, by the composer of the celebrated "Geliebt und Verloren" (Loved and Lost) Waltz, may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or duet, price 2s. net.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

LOVED AND LOST (Geliebt und Verloren) WALTZES, by Otto Muller (performed at the Promenade Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden). These Celebrated WALTZES may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or Duet, 2s. net.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by Percy Fitzgerald, adapted to Muller's Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.
A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*
Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

STOLEN KISSES WALTZ. By Hans Waldenfelt. Free, 2s. *The Graphic* describes this charming waltz as one of the most popular of the season; its popularity promises to be as great as that of the "Blue Danube" Waltz.
WOOD and CO., 3, Great Marlborough Street.

ESTY AMERICAN ORGANS, cheapest and best for quality, &c. LOW PRICES FOR CASH, or by monthly payments (in London and Suburbs only). Lists on application.—J. A. MILLS, 60, Moorgate Street, E.C.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.
Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent post free to any part of the World.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by Walter Macfarren. Sixty Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded gratis post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4 0
Cynthia. Serenade	4 0
Souvenir de Bal	4 0
Air Danois	4 0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FLYING DUTCHMAN. A most successful and effective piece on the melodies in Wagner's grand opera. Price 4s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S "EN ROUTE."—A grand brilliant Military March. Played by the composer at his recitals with enormous success. Price 4s., duet, 5s.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

STEPHEN HELLER'S PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS.—A COMPLETE CATALOGUE is NOW READY, and will be sent, on application, gratis and post free, to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

KING CHRISTMAS. J. L. HATTON'S celebrated Song. The popularity of this capital baritone Song is ever on the increase. Price 3s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

STANDARD VOCAL PART MUSIC.

THE SINGER'S LIBRARY.
An Unequalled Collection of
VOCAL CONCERTED MUSIC, TRIOS, QUARTETS, QUINTETS, &c.
Sacred and Secular, by the most renowned Composers, English and Foreign.
Edited by John Hullah.
Upwards of 150 Numbers. Price Twopence each.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GLEE and CHORAL LIBRARY.
A COLLECTION OF STANDARD and Well-known VOCAL COMPOSITIONS,
As well as recent works by Macfarren, Hutton, Leslie, Balfe, &c.
Eighty Numbers. Price Twopence each.
Catalogues gratis and post free to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS are to be had of every Musicseller and Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, and India, or will be sent direct post free at half the marked price (bound works and cheap vocal part music excepted) to any part of the world on receipt of remittance or satisfactory reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO.
Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps.
Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d. each.

No. 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe.
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.
Six Waltzes by Joseph Gung'l.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Grafenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schonster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tour du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancee Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

THE FOUR MARIES.
As sung in Mr. Kennedy's Entertainment of the "Songs of Scotland" in St. James's Hall.
Post free for 18 stamps from
METHVEN, SIMPSON, and CO., Dundee; or
C. JEFFERYS, Berners Street, London.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.
All for Her. No. 1 sop., No. 2 contralto. A. S. Gatty.
Maiden May. Two keys. A. S. Gatty. Sung by Madame Cave-Ashton.
Before the Storm. Baritone. A. S. Gatty.
Melia. No. 1 tenor, No. 2 baritone. V. Capoul. Sung by M. Capoul.
Be My Love. Baritone. G. Fox.
My Star. No. 1, contralto, No. 2 mezzo-sop. Julia Wolff.
Little Nannie. Soprano. Julia Wolff. Sung by Mrs. Osgood.
The Trooper's Dream. Baritone. Julia Wolff.
Post free 24 stamps each.
ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles Street, W.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.
BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20—GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

MUSICAL BOX Depot, 56, Cheapside, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS."

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.
OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.
The undermentioned arrangements are in the press:
QUADRILLES by Arban. Price 4s.
SUITE DE VALSES by O. Metra. Solo and duet 4s. each.
QUADRILLES by O. Metra. Solo or duet 4s.
BRILLIANT FANTASIA by E. Moniot. Price 3s.
COMPLETE OPERA PIANO SOLO. Price 2s. 6d. net.
SELECTIONS OF AIRS IN TWO BOOKS by Cramer. 3s. each.
POLKA, by Arban. 3s.
POLKA MAZURKA. 3s.
N.B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S NAAMAN.
Vocal Score, complete, Octavo Edition. 4s. net.
Do. do. bound in cloth. 6s. net.
All the numbers of "Naaman" can also be had separately, including the celebrated Aria, "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," 3s.; and the Triumphal March, "Naaman," as Piano Solo, 3s. Piano Duet, 3s.; and also as Organ Solo, with Pedal, 3s.

SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S WORKS for the PIANOFORTE, (in two vols. Cheap Edition now ready, including the celebrated Toccata Scherzo, Op. 13; Capriccio, Op. 27; Three Sketches, &c. Price 6s. net each vol.; or, bound, cloth, 8s. net.

PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS. By SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.
NEW EDITION CAREFULLY FINGERED, &c.

Capriccio. Op. 2.
The Lake. Op. 10, No. 1.
The Millstream. Op. 10. No. 2.
The Fountain. Op. 10. No. 3.
Three Musical Sketches. Complete.
Allegro con Precisione. Op. 11. No. 1.
Moderato Grazioso. Op. 11. No. 2.
Allegro Brillante. Op. 11. No. 3.
Vivace Giocoso. Op. 11. No. 4.
Andante Capriccioso. Op. 11. No. 5.
Allegro Agitato. Op. 11. No. 6.
Six Studies. Complete.
Andante Expressivo. Op. 12. No. 1.
Grazioso. Op. 12. No. 2.
Presto. Op. 12. No. 3.
Three Impromptus. Complete.
Serenata. From Op. 13.
Scherzo. From Op. 13.
Sonata.
Allegro Grazioso. Op. 18.
Caprice. Op. 22.
Presto Leggiero. Op. 24. No. 1.
Capricciosa. Op. 24. No. 2.
Agitato Assai. Op. 24. No. 3.
Alla Fantasia. Op. 24. No. 4.
Presto Agitato. Op. 24. No. 5.
Lento-Allegro con Bravura. Op. 24. No. 6.
Suite de Pieces. Op. 24. Complete.
Rondo Piacevole. Op. 25.
Scherzo. Op. 27.
Introduzione e Pastorale. Op. 28. No. 1.
Rondino. Op. 28. No. 2.
Capriccio. Op. 28. No. 3.
L'Amabile. Op. 29. No. 1.
L'Appassionata. Op. 29. No. 2.
Two Characteristic Studies. Op. 29.
Tema e Variazioni. Op. 31.
Pastriste Pas Gai. Op. 34.
Rondeau à la Polonaise. Op. 37.
Toccata. Op. 38.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S NEW PIECES.
PRES DU LAC (Meditation), artistically illustrated. Price 2s. net.
UN BIJOU PERDU, artistically illustrated. Price 2s. net.
BERCEUSE. Price 1s. 6d. net.
LES VIEUX TEMPS. Gavotte. Price 1s. 6d. net.
LA PRINCESSE. Gavotte moderne. 1s. 6d. net.
TRANSCRIPTIO BRILLANTE (Braham). As played by Madame Arabella Goddard). 2s. 6d. net.

A BOON TO YOUNG PIANISTS.
A. GRENVILLE'S LA PRINCESSE. Price 1s. 3d. net.
A. GRENVILLE'S AIR DE BALLET. Price 1s. 3d. net.
J. RUMMEL'S BELLONA POLKA MAZURKA. Price 1s. 3d. net.
J. RUMMEL'S GHASSE GALOP. Price 1s. 3d. net.
J. RUMMEL'S LUCY VALSE. Price 1s. 3d. net.
PETITE COQUETTE POLKA. Price 1s. 3d. net.

CATALOGUES GRATIS and POST FREE.
Shipping Orders on most favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

BOOSEY and CO.'S LIST.

Price 2s. 6d., paper; 4s., cloth, gilt edges.
RUBINSTEIN'S 50 BEST SONGS. With German and English Words. Also RUBINSTEIN'S 18 VOCAL DUETS. With German and English Words. Price 2s. 6d. paper; 4s., cloth, gilt edges.

Price 1s. each.
BRAHM'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM contains his best pieces, including 16 waltzes. 1s.
RAFF'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM. 1s.
RUBINSTEIN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM. 1s.

Price 1s. each.
BEETHOVEN'S WALTZ ALBUM (45 waltzes), 1s. Field's Nocturne Album (10 Nocturnes), 1s. Heller's Pianoforte Album (12 pieces), 1s. Heller's Petit Album, 1s.

MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS.
LAMOTHE'S WALTZ ALBUM (6 new sets). 1s.
WALDTEUFEL'S WALTZ ALBUM (8 sets). 1s.
STRAUSS' WALTZ ALBUM (16 sets). 2s. 6d.

BOOSEY'S SHILLING PIANOFORTE TUTOR. By George Mount. 40 pages, music size (100th thousand).
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

HENNING'S FIRST BOOK FOR THE VIOLIN. A Celebrated German Method. Now for the first time published in English. It includes 162 Progressive Exercises. 40 pages, music size. Price 1s.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

HANDY-BOOK FOR CHORAL SO-CIETIES. By Dr. Spark. Price 1s. A complete guide for the study and practice of Part Music, including 258 Exercises, Part Songs, Rounds, &c. (56 pages.)
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

THE OLD SAILOR WIFE. By Molloy. The Words by Jean Ingelow. Madame Antoinette Sterling will sing "The Old Sailor Wife" at every concert during her provincial tournee. Price 2s. net.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY. By Molloy. Sung by Mr. Maybrick, Signor Federici, and Mr. Fox. "A charming and graceful ballad which has made its mark and will become one of the popular songs of the day."—*News of the World.* Price 2s. net.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Celebrated Song. The Waltz of the Season.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. Pianoforte Tutor.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

New Song for Mezzo-Soprano by Amelia Lucy Cotton.
LITTLE MAY.
Words by Mrs. William Kemp.
HOPWOOD and CREW, 42, New Bond Street, W.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.
PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."
In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CURTAINS.—OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received all their new designs in CURTAINS and CURTAIN MATERIALS, British and Foreign, of every description; some of the designs are very artistic. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77, and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

READY MONEY versus CREDIT or BOOKING.—Messrs. OETZMANN and CO.'s business is conducted on the co-operative system of small profits and cash payments, with the extra advantages of centralised management and personal proprietary supervision, the public receiving all the benefit of the co-operative system without its inherent trouble and annoyances, and the prices will be found lower than those charged at Co-operative Stores. This system offers great advantages to those in a position to pay ready money.—OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.
OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas. Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas. Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'S PATENT MATTRESS, the COMPENDIUM, requires no other mattress, palliasse, or bed to be used with it, and is at once the healthiest, softest, most economical, and complete bed extant. Descriptive catalogue post free.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW BLINDS and SCREENS.—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

PAPER-HANGINGS. — OETZMANN and CO.—PAPER HANGINGS at WHOLESALE PRICES.—A great reduction in price. All the new patterns are now on view at the Show Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

LINOLEUM.—OETZMANN and CO.—LINOLEUM.—Warm, soft, carpet-like in appearance, and very durable. ALL the NEW PRIZE DESIGNS are NOW in STOCK. A visit of inspection solicited. Prices below those usually charged for this favourite floor covering. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d. A large stock of real Turkey carpets at reduced prices.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

LINEN DEPARTMENT.—Fine white Linen Damask Table Cloths, 2 yards long, 3s. 11d.; 2¼ yards long by 2 yards wide, 5s. 11d.; 3 yards by 2½ yards, 8s. 11d.; 3½ yards by 2½ yards, 12s. 6d.; 4 yards by 2½ yards, 15s.; Breakfast Cloths, from 1s. 11d.; strong Linen Kitchen Table Cloths, 1s. 11d. each; stout Huckaback, from 4½d. per yard; Glass Cloths, 4½d. per yard; stout White Calico Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. per yard; 88 inches ditto, 1s. 6d. per yard; white Linen Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. 11d.; 86 inches ditto, 2s. 6d. per yard; superfine quality ditto, 88 inches wide, 2s. 11d. per yard. Horrocks's Long Cloths and Sheetings at the Manufacturer's wholesale prices. Ladies should write for patterns, and compare price and quality.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE PORTLAND COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the Season, new shape, much admired, handsomely japanned and gold relieved, has bowl castors, opal handle, handscoop, and strong loose lining—a great convenience and saving in the wear. Price complete only 10s. 6d.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT.—Ironstone China Dinner Services—various neat and elegant designs, from 15s. 9d. the set; handsome ditto at 25s. and 35s. per set; a large assortment of superb patterns for selection; dessert services complete, 17 pieces, 13s. 9d.; best French China ditto, 18 pieces, very chaste, with burnished gold edges, 18s. 9d.; China Tea Services, complete, 28 pieces, 5s. 9d.; elegant ditto, burnished gold and enamelled, 15s. 9d.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by Edward Joseph Mansfield, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—November 3, 1877.

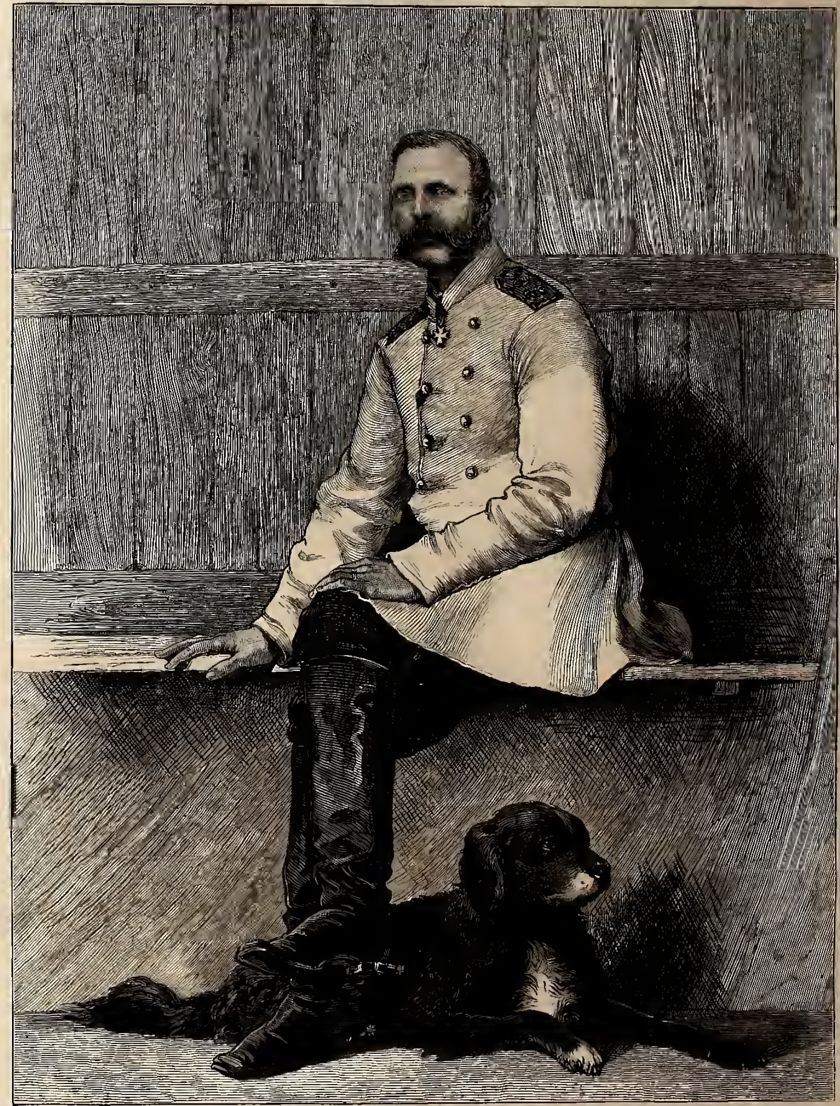
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 415
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



ALEXANDER II., CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE CAMP AT GORNY STUDEN

Topics of the Week

Marshal MacMahon and the Republicans.——Marshal MacMahon is at last face to face with his enemies, and it is hardly too much to say that there is intense curiosity all over the civilised world as to the issue of his conflict with them. It seems quite certain that the Republicans will not give way. They have, indeed, no right to do so. An appeal was made to the nation; and the nation responded by sending them to Versailles for a definite purpose. They are bound to see that that purpose is fulfilled. We may, therefore, confidently expect that unless the Marshal accepts the situation, and appoints a Liberal Ministry, the supplies will not be voted. There are observers who still maintain that in that case he will have recourse to violence, but during the present week the impression has been gaining ground that he will not venture upon a *coup d'état*. The conditions are altogether unfavourable for so audacious an act, and probably he is personally too honest to play utterly false with the nation. As he cannot, or thinks he cannot, appoint a Republican Government, we believe he will be ultimately forced to resign. There appears to be absolutely no other alternative; and, on the whole, the solution would unquestionably be the best one for France. She has shown in the clearest manner, both in the general election and in the departmental elections, that she wants a Republic, and it is monstrous that one man should stand between her and her wishes. The Bonapartists affect to think that the Republic would inevitably lead to the Empire, but if that is their real opinion, why are they so very anxious to thwart M. Gambetta? The Republicans have learned much within the last few years, and will take good care, if they attain to power, not to throw away their opportunity.

Our Responsibilities in India.——The Madras Famine may now be regarded as practically at an end. Many weakened frames, doubtless, will still succumb, and much distress will be felt for months to come. Still, it may be confidently asserted that the worst is over. Plentiful rains have fallen, and the Governor of Madras has telegraphed that the charitable contributions of this country may now cease. Our people have not behaved illiberally in this matter. Nearly half a million sterling has been raised by voluntary subscriptions, which is no contemptible sum for a community heavily burdened by Imperial and local taxation, and with a multitude of other charitable claims on its purse. Many of these contributors probably had hitherto taken only a very vague interest in India, but their hearts were touched by the heartrending accounts of the misery that prevailed. Let us hope that for the future they and many others will pay a more sustained attention to the affairs of that vast Dependency which hangs so helplessly round the neck, as it were, of this little United Kingdom of ours. There is plenty to make us anxious. More famines may supervene in a comparatively near future. The very excellence of our *raj* aggravates these calamities, because the population, which was kept down by war and misgovernment, increases prodigiously under a *régime* which ensures peace and security. Then the advance of education among the higher class of natives has not tended to lessen our difficulties. The superficial amount of knowledge acquired by the bulk of the so-called "educated" Hindoos too often breeds disloyalty by opening their eyes to the fact that they are the servants of a handful of white men; it teaches them to adopt European vices far more readily than European virtues; and it tends to substitute Atheism rather than Christianity for the ancient national creed. As for the Mohammedans, they can scarcely be expected to be loyal, for they were the conquerors till we came; now they are the conquered. Lastly, the European and native, who never mingled together too freely, are now more apart than ever. The old *Qui-hy*, who looked on India as his home, and adopted Indian ways, has been utterly extinguished by the P. and O. and the Suez Canal, while his successor, the modern Anglo-Indian, runs to Europe if he only gets a few months' leave, and deserts India altogether as soon as he gets a modest competency.

The War.——The friends of the Turks have had no reason to follow with satisfaction the progress of the war this week. It has been simply disastrous, and has given rise to the gloomiest anticipations. So far as can be made out, the army of Ghazi Mukhtar is completely broken and dispirited. At Trebizonde, if he goes there, he may find important reinforcements; but they can hardly be strong enough to make up for the losses he has sustained. And it is tolerably certain that the Russians will spare no pains to capture that town, since its possession would mean the total subjection of Armenia: a result of the campaign which would be of tremendous significance. In Europe events have been no more cheerful than in Asia. Plevna is now thoroughly invested; and although Ghazi Osman may attempt to break through the lines, the chances of success are slight, while even if he did cut his way towards the north-west he would soon be in no better position than that in which he now finds himself. That he will be able to operate with Mehemet Ali is highly improbable; and Suleiman Pasha has more than enough to do in watching the Czarevich. It is to be feared that Plevna is doomed; and if it falls, the Porte cannot too quickly accept any terms of peace that may be offered to it. While it seems to be near exhaustion, Russia is only now beginning to make full and intelligent use of her resources. The danger of the immediate future is that the three Empires may unite to impose upon Turkey conditions of intolerable severity. We do not believe that Austria wishes to join in any common scheme; but she is obliged to consider the will of Germany, and nobody knows what Prince Bismarck thinks of the situation. England will, of course, do her utmost to secure justice; but she could effect little against the three Empires.

Guy Fawkes' Day.——The Fifth of November is gradually losing its ancient significance,—partly, perhaps, from mere lapse of time, but partly also from the erasure of the Special Services for the day from the Common Prayer Book. We have never felt quite sure, by the way, that these omissions were altogether advisable. They seem to have been dictated by the same sort of mealy-mouthed sentimentality which once proposed to alter the names of Waterloo Bridge and Waterloo 'buses, lest sensitive Frenchmen should feel hurt. Anyhow, Guido Fawkes has been relegated to obscurity, and now his place is usurped on the Fifth by some celebrity or notoriety of the day. A collection of some of the more artistic "Guys" paraded about the streets of London during the last twenty years would recal many of the leading topics of the day, and might be added as a "Chamber of Oddities" to Madame Tussaud's Collection. The worst of it is that Guys, which are harmless enough when taking their morning airings, are, after dark, almost invariably accompanied by fireworks. In the country, where there is plenty of room on the village green for a bonfire, and for its pyrotechnic accessories, all goes merrily enough; but the celebration is less pleasant in cities. It is not every one who possesses a back-garden, yet boys and hobbledehoys, being impelled by an irresistible impulse on the Fifth, must let off fireworks somewhere, and so, in defiance of the police, they select the public streets. The poor students of Charing Cross Hospital, it seems, were so hard put to it for a convenient playground, that they made a pyrotechnic display in the corridors of that institution, so that Mr. Bedford, the coroner, coming to hold an inquest, was saluted with a coruscation of squibs and crackers. We say nothing of the accidents which happen year after year, because we see no reasonable probability of preventing them; our chief consolation is that the firework *furore* does not last long, and that it is not nearly so bad in London as the similar celebration on the Fourth of July is in New York.

Lord Hartington in Scotland.——We do not think that any one will grudge Lord Hartington the honours he has been receiving in Scotland. Although not a brilliant leader, he has won golden opinions by the calmness and good sense with which he has discharged the duties of his difficult position. He does not hesitate to express opinions opposed to those of the majority of his followers, yet he is so conciliatory in manner, and there is such perfect confidence in the purity of his motives, that he never gives offence to those who happen to differ from him. At the same time, it may be questioned whether he was the proper man to select for the task he has been fulfilling in Scotland. He lacks nearly all the qualities necessary for a great popular leader. He has not the personal fascination of Lord Beaconsfield, nor has he the burning enthusiasm which enables Mr. Gladstone to sway so completely vast masses of men. Hence his visit to the North has been, on the whole, a failure. If anything, the Scotch Liberals are probably rather less than more ardent in their political convictions in consequence of his quiet and cool addresses. On no single subject was he able to utter a word that could stir his hearers. He indicated in the clearest terms that the question of disestablishment is not ripe for solution in England; and even the subject of disestablishment in Scotland he treated in a hesitating, uncertain, manner. As a matter of fact there are a great many Liberals in Scotland who do not wish to see the Church disestablished, and the serious raising of the question would probably lead to a split in the party. So far as other matters are concerned, even including the extension of the franchise to agricultural labourers, Lord Hartington made no promises which might not as well be made by his political opponents. Altogether, the impression produced by his speeches is that the day of the Liberals has not yet come. They lack a strong programme, and while that is wanting they will have to content themselves with the useful but comparatively humble duty of criticising the existing Ministry.

Rural Cottages and the Franchise.——Those who are interested in obtaining the privileges of a vote for the farm-labourer should read a practical paper in Tuesday's *Pall Mall Gazette*. The writer divides cottages under four heads, viz., those which are inhabited by the *élite* of the peasantry, who often own their own dwellings; those which are occupied for the sake of cheapness and fresh air by clerks and artisans, who go every day to work in adjacent towns; those whose tenants pay a quit-rent, often nominal, to the lord of the manor; and, lastly, cottages attached to farms. These last are the most numerous of all; they are only let to persons who work on the farm where they are built, and the rent is deducted from the occupiers' wages. In order to include all these classes—and it would be invidious to confer the privilege of the franchise on one and refuse it to the rest—the suffrage, says our informant, must be based on a rental not exceeding eighty shillings. But if we put the qualification as low as this we might as well have the courage to try manhood suffrage at once.

A New Hierarchy.——It is positively stated in Rome that the Pope intends to re-establish the hierarchy in Scotland, and the *Unità Cattolica* has already expressed intense exultation at the prospect, drawing a pathetic picture of "the hundreds of thousands of Scotchmen who await with impatience the glorious event for which Divine Providence has miraculously preserved the life of Pio Nono." It is probably true that the number of Roman Catholics in Scotland has considerably increased during the present generation. In all the large towns the Irish element in the population is very much larger than it was; and that of course means an extension of priestly influence. Possibly, also, a few may have been driven to the Catholic Church by a reaction either from the destructive tendencies of modern science, or from the baldness of the Presbyterian service. The mass of the Scottish people, however, are as far removed as possible from the Romish system. They are not of the stuff of which good Catholics are, as a rule, made. A splendid ritual does not powerfully appeal to them; and although they are willing enough to admit the historical importance of the Papacy, they have too much good sense, and too strong a feeling of self-respect, to be in danger of admitting its vast pretensions. We have no doubt the proposed measure will excite in the clerical mind a great deal of wild alarm. The Scotch parson of the old type has an almost comical horror of the Pope, and he will let the Lady of Babylon hear some very plain truths respecting her wiles. But he may spare himself the trouble. The real enemy he has to dread, Rationalism, is of a very different complexion, and seems to be advancing with more rapid strides in Scotland than in any other part of the United Kingdom.

Note.——*In a portion of our issue this week the names under the portraits of the Sheriffs have been accidentally transposed. Mr. Nottage's portrait is on the left side of page 436, Mr. Staples' portrait is on the right.*

AMUSEMENTS

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8, THE DEAD SECRET. Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe), Messrs. Clifford, Cooper, Odell, Edmund Lyons, Pinero, Jenner, &c.; Misses Virginia Francis, Ewell, &c. Preceded by at 7, MARCH HARE HUNT. Mr. C. Cooper and Miss K. Pattison. Concluding with SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE. Mr. E. Lyons.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, £200 A-YEAR. At 7.45, STOLEN KISSES. At 9.45, ISAAC OF YORK. Messrs. Ryder, F. H. Macklin, Garner, A. H. Warren, C. Collette, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames C. Loseby, C. Lewis, Lucette, E. Ritta, Compton, I. Clifton, R. Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—LAST SIX NIGHTS of THE MOONSTONE, by Wilkie Collins. HENRY DUNBAR on MONDAY, Nov. 19. Box Office Hours, 11 to 5. No Booking Fees. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE of THE MOONSTONE, SATURDAY, Nov. 10, at 2.30. Carriages at 5. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. No Fees for Booking.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

SURREY THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven, THE DRESS COAT. At 7.45, FATES AND FURIES. Mr. G. M. Ciprico. Messrs. J. A. Arnold. H. Taylor, H. C. Sidney, A. Williams, A. C. Lilly, W. D. Gresham, W. Brunton, F. Hinde, &c.; Mesdames Lamartine, A. Stuart, Nellie Russell, L. Lilly, Mrs. Brunton.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, BOUND TO SUCCEED. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, Birchenough, George Conquest, jun., &c. To conclude with (Wednesday excepted), GUY FAUX. The Guy, Mr. George Conquest. On Wednesday, THE SECRET SOURCE and Incidentals. Fireworks on Monday and Saturday. Dancing on the New Platform The grounds brilliantly illuminated.—Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. Lane.—EVERY EVENING, at 6.45, TWO SONS, a New Drama by E. Manuel, Esq. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. The Phoites, Kate Garstone, W. W. Whitlock, Miss Ellen Werner. Concluding with DEOCH AN' DUR'ASS. Reddy Ryland, Mrs. S. Lane.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—ONCE A WEEK, by Gilbert A'Beckett; AT THE SEASIDE, by Mr. Corney Grain; and "NO. 204." Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Oxford Circus.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, and Hobart Pasha. Also Portrait Models of the Penge Convicts and the Perpetrators of the Great Turf Frauds, Benson and Kurr. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

"GONE," by FRANK HOLL.—This Fine Picture is now ON VIEW at the ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.

BRIGHTON. — PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12 0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE. — Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement of the Celebrated Artiste, Miss ADA CAVENDISH (last Six Nights, commencing MONDAY, November 12.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
} *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. {
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

THE CZAR IN THE FIELD

OUR portrait of the Czar, which is from a photograph taken by M. Duschek, of Bucharest, depicts the Emperor of All the Russias in his campaigning costume at Gorny Studen. There is no pomp or monarchical display about either the Emperor or his headquarters. His residence is a simple clay-built Bulgarian house, with only two Circassians for a bodyguard, while the Czar's daily life is as simple as his abode. He invariably rises early, no matter how late he may have retired to rest, and devotes the morning to current affairs. At noon he lunches in a tent in the midst of his suite, after which he returns to business, and drives out. At six he dines, and after tea at nine, usually goes to bed about half-past ten. On high days and holidays this programme is somewhat modified, and the Czar rides out in full uniform surrounded with his suite, and inspects the troops or visits the hospitals, where his advent is hailed with the most intense delight by the patients, to whom he always manifests the greatest kindness and sympathy, chatting with some, and on grand occasions bringing a heap of presents with him. His Majesty works very hard, and if possible examines even matters of detail.

WITH THE RUSSIANS

"'The Fire Signal Station' in my sketch," writes our artist, "was on the Roumanian side of the Danube, near Petrosuni. This one was constructed in the form of a cross, but others are generally simply formed of straight poles bound round with pitch and hemp to make quick fire if occasion arises.

"My second sketch was taken in the Valley of Kara or Black Lom (where there was some sharp fighting between the forces of the Czarevich and the Turkish opposing army), near Rustchuk, with the village of Tabaska on the summit of the hill to the right. It is bordered by precipices, the rocky walls being studded with grottoes, some of which have been artificially enlarged to serve as storehouses. The valley for miles presents a panorama of picturesque views, and appears as quiet and peaceful as though the cannon were not pointed across at one another a few miles below. The Lom is about eighty feet wide at this point, and flows with a sluggish current."

WITH THE TURKS—FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT LAYARD AT KEZANLIK

LIEUTENANT JULIAN LAYARD, of the 37th Regiment, who died at Shipka on October 1st of typhoid fever, was acting, conjointly with Captain Fife, as military *attaché* at the British Embassy at Constantinople at the head-quarters of the Ottoman Army of the Balkans, then commanded by Suleiman Pasha. "Lieutenant Layard," the *Levant Herald* tells us, "was a nephew of Her Majesty's Ambassador, and son of Colonel Layard, of the Indian service, and was a most promising young officer, esteemed by all who knew him, and his premature death has caused wide-spread regret. Mr. Layard, who had been suffering from the attack of fever for about three weeks, received all the attention possible under the circumstances from the ambulance surgeons, but finally succumbed on October 1 at the camp in the Shipka Pass, and was buried in the Bulgarian Monastery at Kezanlik, the Commander-in-Chief sending a battalion of infantry to accompany his last remains to the grave with military honours." Lieut. Layard was twenty-five years of age, and had only lately returned from India.

WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA

OUR illustrations are from sketches kindly supplied by Capt H. M'Calmont, one of the British military *attachés* with Mukhtar Pasha, who writes as follows:—"'War-dance of the Kurds in Front of the Head-quarter Tent of Ismail Pasha.' The evenings in camp are often enlivened by this grotesque performance, which may be described as a combination of dancing and swordsmanship, accompanied by a monotonous chant sung by the spectators, the majority of whom are Arab-Kurds. The performers, two or four as the case may be, dance wildly round, parrying the sabre-cuts with their shields, and alternately dropping on their knees, pointing and thrusting in most fantastic style. The dance is very fatiguing; but there are many candidates for the honour of performing, who replace the combatants when tired.

"The 'View of Musin' was taken looking south from the mountain pass leading into Russian territory. It was by this route that the Turkish irregular cavalry crossed the frontier in August in advance of the Southern Army, and along which they successfully encountered the Russian outposts.

"The third sketch shows the 'Interior of a House at Musin' a village near the frontier, between Turkey and Russia. The women are busy at the manufacture of woollen felt and carpets, one of the chief industries of the country. The felt is of a light grey colour, and is used in Armenia for clothing, carpeting, saddlery, &c. A piece of it makes a capital bed for campaigning purposes, and the Turkish officer considers it as an indispensable part of his kit. The people of Musin fled during the summer, the village having been occupied in turns by Russians, Cossacks, Bashi-Bazouks, and Turkish soldiers; but latterly their confidence has been restored, and most of the inhabitants have returned to reap the harvest, which is abundant, and to their ordinary avocations. The house, of which the sketch represents the largest apartment, is an ordinary specimen of the Armenian dwelling. It is almost under ground, being lighted from a square hole in the centre of the roof, constructed of timber beams overlaid with earth. In the winter horses and cattle live with the people under the same roof, an almost necessary precaution against the severity of the climate."

MR. J. H. FAWCETT

THE reports to the Foreign Office from Mr. Fawcett, British Consul-General and Judge of the Supreme Court, have lately been published. These reports give a terrible picture of the suffering of the miserable refugees, Turks and Bulgarians, who have been driven from their villages by the Russian invasion of Southern Bulgaria. Mr. Fawcett, as commissioner for Her Majesty's Ambassador, Mr. Layard, and Baroness Burdett Coutts, has within the last six weeks personally visited and relieved upwards of seven thousand starving people. Mr. John Henry Fawcett is the eldest son of Mr. Fawcett, of Petterills, Carlisle, and was a scholar of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, degree 1st Class Law, 1853. He was called to the bar in 1857, and was appointed Puisne Judge in 1875. He succeeded Sir Philip Francis as Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of the Levant and as Her Majesty's Consul-General for the Ottoman Dominion on the death of that gentleman in 1876.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Abdullah Frères, Pera, Constantinople.

THE LATE MAJOR LEADER

MAJOR WILLIAM N. LEADER, who on the 16th of last month succumbed in Bulgaria to typhoid fever, was one of the special correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph* with the Turks in Europe. An obituary notice in that journal states that "Major Leader formerly held a commission in Her Majesty's Army, but, having quitted the service, he volunteered into the French army, was present at more than one important action in the Franco-German War, was wounded, and shared the retreat of General Bourbaki into Switzerland. Subsequently he took part in the campaign of Don Carlos in Spain, and was appointed *aide-de-camp* to the Pretender. On the outbreak of the war in the East he was engaged as one of the special correspondents of the *Daily Telegraph*, and his last station was in the Shipka Pass. Gallant, energetic, and faithful to the mission with which he was entrusted, the unavoidable exposures encountered by him produced an attack of typhoid which great fatigue had ill prepared him to meet, and neither the care of kind friends nor the most attentive nursing could save him. Major Leader, who was but little more than thirty years of age, died at Philippopolis, and was buried there with military honours. It is gratifying to add, states the *Daily Telegraph*, that, as we learn from our Pera correspondent, 'His Majesty the Sultan has sent by his *aide-de-camp*, Colonel Ahmed Ali Bey, his gracious condolences with the friends and relatives of Major Leader, who died doing his duty with the Turkish forces at Shipka.'"—Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Co., of Cheapside and Piccadilly.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS

THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS SCAMBLER OWDEN, the new Lord Mayor of London, who is a member of the Innholders' and the Loriners' Companies, was born in 1808, at Cuckfield, Sussex, being the youngest and only surviving child of the late Mr. J. Owden. He was for a long period a member of the Board of Guardians of the East London Union, and successively deputy-chairman and chairman, until its amalgamation with the City Union. In 1845 he was chosen one of the representatives of the Ward of Bishopsgate in the Common Council, and in 1862 he became one of the deputies of the ward, in which position he remained until the death of Mr. Alderman Copeland in 1868, when he was elected to succeed him. He served the office of Sheriff with Mr. R. Jones during the mayoralty of Alderman Sir T. Dakin in 1870-1. Mr. Alderman Owden married, in 1837, Frances Mary, the eldest daughter of Mr. John Rigby, and has three sons and three daughters. His lordship is well known at Tottenham, where he has resided for upwards of 30 years, as a liberal promoter of all good works. Having for some years past had no business occupation, his time has been entirely devoted to public duties.

MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF GEORGE SWAN NOTTAGE belongs to the Nottage family of Nottage in Glamorganshire, and is a nephew of the late Mr. Alderman Challis, who was for some time M.P. for Finsbury. He was for many years connected with the large iron business of Mr. R. W. Kennard, the late member for Newport; but having from youth had a great taste for the fine arts, he took advantage of the invention of the stereoscope to found the London Stereoscopic Company, which is now perhaps the largest concern of the kind in the world, and one which, in 1862, undertook and executed the most extensive contract ever known in connection with photography, purchasing from the Royal Commissioners the exclusive right of producing and selling photographs in the Great Exhibition of that year. Mr. Nottage is also known in the literary world, having published some time ago a series of amusing and trenchant papers under the *nom de plume* of "Persius Junior," and having also compiled the "Shakespearian Diary."

MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF JOHN STAPLES is the eldest son of Mr. John Staples, of Belmont, Salisbury, and was formerly proprietor of the "Albion" in Aldersgate Street, an hostelry celebrated in the annals of Civic festivity. He was first elected to the Court of Common Council for the Ward of Aldersgate in 1865, and was immediately placed on the Library Committee, of which he became Chairman in 1870. In this position he distinguished himself by elaborating a plan for the custody and protection of the Corporation Records, and also by the share he had in the general arrangements of the new building, and the conception and preparation of the window which was presented by the inhabitants of the Ward of Aldersgate. Having been Chairman of the Streets Committee and also of the Finance and Improvement Committee of the Commissioners of Sewers, he was elected in 1875 to the position of Chairman of the Commission itself. Mr. Staples, who is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, has also served as Master of the Pewterers' Company and Warden of the Leathersellers' Company, and while holding the last-named office he conceived the idea of bringing together all the available information respecting the History of the Company. The work was written by Mr. W. H. Black, and was produced under the supervision of Mr. Staples. He married the only daughter of Mr. H. Gillett, late partner in the firm of Howell, James, and Co., and has two sons and two daughters.

Our portraits are all from photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside.

The construction of the State coach and four-in-hand harness for the new Lord Mayor has been entrusted to Mr. Offord, Wells Street, Oxford Street. The painting and gilding is very beautiful and delicate, and a distinctive feature of the carriage is the liberal introduction of the now much neglected art of the wood-carver. The panels have been emblazoned with the City arms, and those of the Loriners' and Innholders' Companies, of which the Lord Mayor is a member, by Mr. Campbell; and the liveries furnished by Messrs. Freeman are in marked harmony with the coach-builders' work.

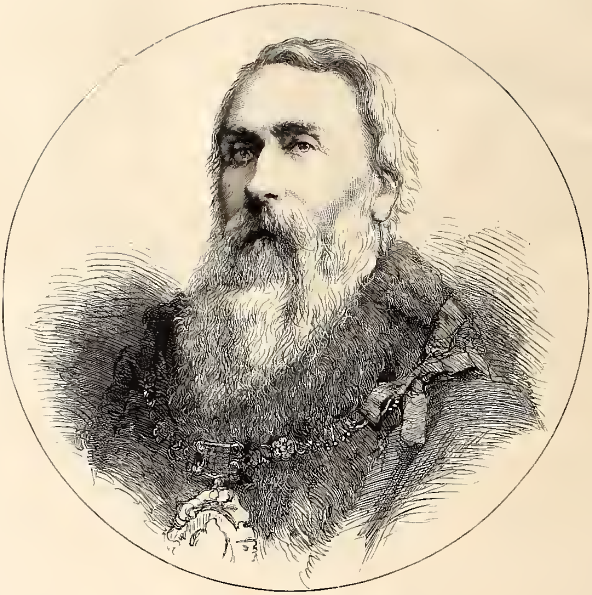
CARDINAL SISTO RIARIO-SFORZA

CARDINAL RIARIO-SFORZA, Archbishop of Naples, who died on Sept. 29, was one of the best beloved dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, being universally popular both for his well-known liberal views, his untiring charity, and his great courage in dangerous epidemics. He was descended from a noble and historic family, whose name is inscribed in the Venetian Golden Book, and was born in 1810. At thirty-five years of age he was introduced by his uncle, then Camerlengo to the Vatican, to Gregory XVI. and made Archbishop of Naples, and in the following year received the cardinal's hat, almost the last bestowed by that Pontiff. Although warmly attached to the Bourbon dynasty, he in 1849 refused to sign the petition asking the King to abolish the Constitution, and since the advent of Victor Emmanuel II. has always refused to mix himself up with any of the intrigues of the Bourbon party. In 1860 his house was wrecked by the "Liberals," and he thought it more prudent to retire to Rome, but, as soon as the agitation had calmed down, returned to Naples after communicating with the civil authorities, and complying with all the requisites of the law, while at the same time preserving a strict obedience to the orders of the Vatican. On these he placed a conciliatory and liberal interpretation, as may be gathered from the fact that he was the first Bishop who insisted upon the rites of the civil law being performed in marriages before bestowing the ecclesiastical benediction. This created considerable excitement amongst the clergy at the time, as also his conduct in being the first not only to permit, but to urge his party to take an active share in the elections. Thus, it may be imagined, he was not regarded with much favour at the Vatican, although *The Times* correspondent states that, had he lived, French influence might eventually have secured him the tiara. Privately, as we have said, he was most beloved, being affable and courteous to all, and during two cholera epidemics he visited personally the most loathsome quarters of Naples with the consolations of religion, and only those who know Naples can conceive how loathsome those quarters are. For some time past Cardinal Riario-Sforza had been in ailing health, suffering from "pneumonite" with "miasmatic" fever, and on Saturday, Sept. 29, he died. For two days he lay in State in the archiepiscopal palace, when thousands of people paid a last visit to their beloved Cardinal; and on the 2nd ult. his funeral took place, being celebrated with great pomp, and attended by an enormous crowd of all ranks and political opinions.—Our illustrations are from photographs from Signor Giorgio Sommer, Largo Vittoria, Naples.

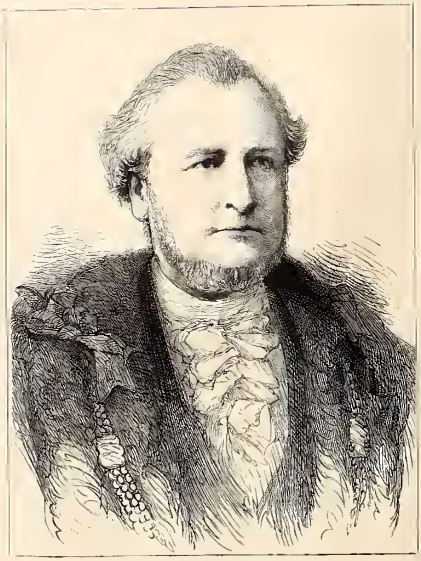
THE NEW THAMES STEAM FERRY

THE steam ferry which was last week opened by the late Lord Mayor of London is situated immediately over the Thames Tunnel, and it is hoped and expected that it will greatly relieve the traffic over London Bridge. The works were commenced in October, 1875, when the first pile of the wharf on the Wapping side of the river was screwed by the then Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Stone. The landing-stages on each side are raised and lowered to suit the state of the tide by hydraulic machinery, invented by Mr. F. E. Duckham, and the means of communication are two ferry boats, the *Pearl* and the *Jessie May*, each of which is 82 feet in length by 42 in breadth, with a carrying capacity of fifty tons, accommodation being afforded for twelve two-horse vans besides foot passengers. The tariff is 1*d*. for a pedestrian, cattle 6*d*. per head, cab, with fare, 8*d*., returning empty free, and other vehicles from 8*d*. to 2*s*. 6*d*., according to the number of horses by which they are drawn, and whether empty or laden. These are moderate charges considering the immense circuit which will be avoided by the use of the ferry.

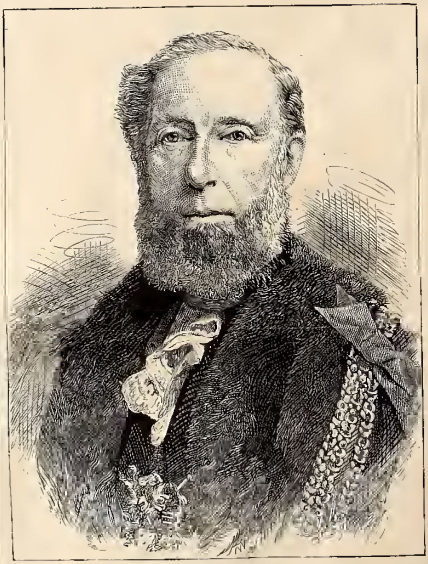
The Lord Mayor and his retinue arrived at Rotherhithe about one o'clock on the Wednesday, and after an address of welcome



THOMAS SCAMBLER OWDEN, F.R.G.S., LORD MAYOR

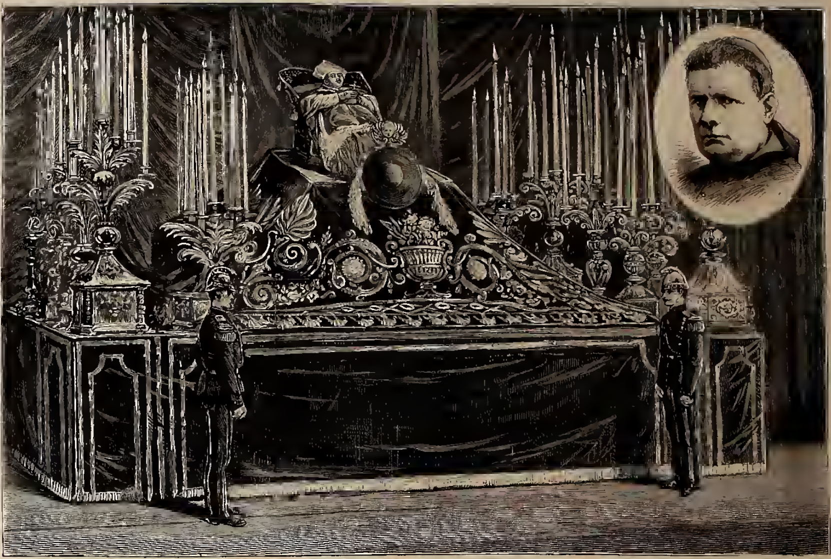


ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF GEORGE SWAN NOTTAGE



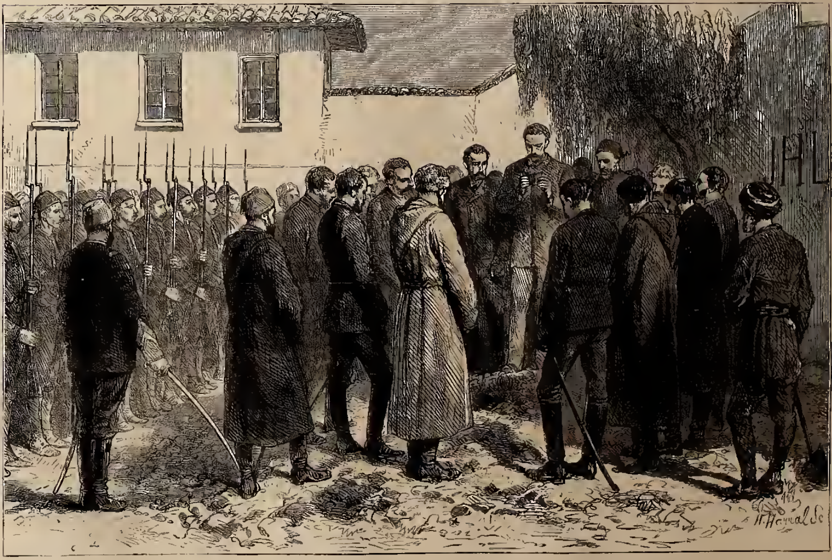
ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF JOHN STAPLES

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS



1. Sisto Riario-Sforza, Cardinal Archbishop of Naples.—2. The Lying in State at the Archiepiscopal Palace.

THE LATE CARDINAL RIARIO-SFORZA



WITH THE TURKS—THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE LIEUT. LAYARD, AT KEZANLIK had been presented by the parish authorities, the carriages, three in number, were driven on to the moveable pontoon, and thence on board the *Pearl*, which immediately cast off, and crossed the river in about six minutes. On arriving at the Wapping side another address was presented, and after prayer had been up offered by the Rev. S. Buss, Rector of Wapping, the Lord Mayor moved the lever governing the hydraulic lift, and declared the Ferry duly opened. The company afterwards sat down to a *déjeûner* in a marquee erected opposite the Wapping Station, and some speeches were made in which hopes were expressed that the undertaking would be supported by the public, and that the Board of Works would soon increase its usefulness by widening some of the old and narrow streets which lead to the landing stages. Captain Bedford Pim, who was one of the speakers, said that the ferry-boats would make admirable platforms for 38-ton guns in the event of war breaking out, and were he in power he would certainly "grab" them for that purpose.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 441.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT IN SWITZERLAND

A FESTIVAL of this kind in a Continental village, especially in one which as yet knows nothing of London or Paris fashions, contrasts very favourably in picturesqueness with those which take place from time to time in our own country. The one represented in our sketch took place a few weeks ago, the children assembling outside a primitive inn high up in the Oberland. The big girls as usual took charge of the little ones, and they were all singing as they waited for their host, Professor Ralston, whose Russian fables are so popular amongst them.

They were not kept waiting long, however, but were soon within doors at the feast, little thinking that the giver of the entertainment was at that moment lying bruised and wounded, having met with an accident on one of the glaciers of the Eiger, whose snow-clad summit is seen in the background of our engraving.

Next to the picturesqueness of the magpie-like Bernese costume, relieved in some instances by a bright yellow kerchief worn round the neck, the most striking thing to a stranger was the extreme quietness of the children, who seemed overawed by the solemn grandeur of the mountains around and above them. They had none of the boisterous mirth which is so often characteristic of juvenile holiday-makers in England, and even their singing was of a plaintive subdued description. Oddly enough too, though born mountaineers, they were by no means light-footed, a fact, which as well as their "squat" manner of sitting, may perhaps be attributable to the heavy burdens which they are accustomed to carry on their backs.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

VICTOR HUGO's new work is continued on page 445.

"A NEW SIGN FOR AN OLD SCORE"

NOW that the art of reading has become a common accomplishment, the old pictorial tavern-signs are rarely to be met with, except in remote country places, and even these are sadly in want of renovation, having become so defaced by swinging in the storms and scorching in the sunshine of many successive seasons, that it is difficult to distinguish the Red Lion *rampant* from the Green Dragon *couchant*. The incident depicted by Mr. Glindoni shows how the renovating process was sometimes accomplished. Some bibulous brother of the brush, his exchequer being in a bankrupt condition, was fain to discharge a long and accumulated reckoning by painting a new sign for the landlord. Considerable interest was excited on such an occasion as the undertaking advanced, for the impecunious artist was generally a man of talent, and, at all events, was possessed of skill far beyond that of the humble village artisan to whom such jobs were generally entrusted. A good many tavern signs have thus been painted at different times by men of celebrity, and some of these works have since been removed from their exposed situation, and carefully preserved indoors.

THE ROADSTEAD OF EAST LONDON, BRITISH KAFFRARIA

BRITISH KAFFRARIA, the scene of the recent outbreak, lies between the Great Kei, the White Kei, the Keiskamma, and the Indian Ocean, and was wrested from the Kaffirs by the Cape Colonists during the war of 1846-7. It is bounded on the north by a high and picturesque range of mountains called the Amatola, among the spurs of which are found many fertile well-watered valleys. The colony now contains a population of upwards of 10,000 persons of British and German descent (many of the latter being members of the German Legion, sent here after the Crimean War), and probably 100,000 of the native races. The principal town is King William's Town, the headquarters of the military and the seat of Government, while the port is East London, at the mouth of the Buffalo River, where there is good anchorage, and where the troops for the operations in the Transkei were landed. The revenues of the colony are derived from quit-rents of the farms granted, and from the revenue duties collected at the port represented in our engraving, which is from a photograph by Mr. T. Broderick, of 98, South Street, Walworth Common, S.E.

THE VIENNA PUBLIC BATHS

THESE baths, which are perhaps the largest at present opened in Europe, are situated on the right bank of the "regulated" Danube, about a mile and a quarter from the centre of Vienna; and about 400 yards west of the new "Reichs Brücke," they extend along the river for a length of 252 mètres, with a width of 70·2 mètres, thus covering an area of 17,704 mètres.

The baths proper consist of a basin 175 mètres by 48 mètres, with an area of 8,542 mètres, with a depth varying from 3·2 to 3·8 mètres, containing the enormous quantity of 29,897 cubic mètres of water; the bottom of this basin was left untouched after the excavation, the sides are, however, walled-in with dressed stone. The water is led into and out of this basin by means of two short canals. By thus making the bottom of the canal considerably above the river bed, sand and pebbles, which, owing to the rapid current of the Danube, would otherwise be washed in, are prevented from entering. By means of this current the water is changed about thirty times in the day and night, though the current in the baths is hardly perceptible. The large basin is by means of piles divided into five principal baths, the largest of which has for a bottom the natural soil of the river bank, while the other four have a moveable planked bottom, borne by pontoons, and in these four baths the depth does not exceed 4 feet 6 inches, while in the first and largest there is a depth of about eleven feet; it is reserved exclusively for swimmers.

The whole of the work was completed at a cost of 64,000*l.*, and occupied eighteen months in the excavating and building. There is at present accommodation for 1,200 people at one time, but by increasing the number of dressing-rooms the baths will accommodate 1,500, as there is ample water area. The baths are opened from 1st May to the end of October, from 5 A.M. till dusk, and are largely patronised. The large basin, which is shown in the plan and interior view of the baths, is reserved for ladies from 9 A.M. till 1 P.M. daily, many of the Vienna ladies being good swimmers. There is a large staff of officials connected with the establishment, including swimming masters and a surgeon. One of our engravings is taken from the river, and shows the terrace, on which are tables, where one can sip one's coffee and look out upon the beautiful Danube. The other view is from the road, and shows the entrance and restaurant, &c. The whole of the baths and buildings were designed by Herr Franz Berger, Chief Engineer to the Vienna Public Works Department, who has published a technical description of the whole work.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——The chief political event of the week has been the reception of Lord Hartington in Scotland. On Monday he was presented with the Freedom of the City of Glasgow, and in returning thanks he modestly disclaimed all personal merit, attributing the honours paid to him to the position which he holds as leader of the Liberal party. Reverting to the depressed condition of trade, which he deplored, he yet drew comfort from the reflection that things would have been much worse had the country been involved in the war, and hoped that we might still be able to remain neutral whatever might be the state of Continental affairs. On Tuesday his lordship went to Edinburgh, where, after receiving a deputation from the North of Scotland Liberal Association, he addressed a crowded meeting in the Music Hall, replying in the course of his speeches to various addresses which had been presented, he said that the Liberal party would not shrink from applying to Scotland what they would wish to see applied to the kingdom generally, although they could not consent to hamper themselves with distinct pledges on a great variety of subjects. The question of disestablishment he thought was hardly yet ripe for solution. He would be no party to stimulate agitation in this country upon it; nor, on the other hand, would he be a party to any attempt to repress discussion; but if ever Scotch opinion, or even Scotch Liberal opinion, is fully formed upon the subject, the party would be prepared to deal with it on its merits. The latter part of his speech was devoted to a criticism of the policy of modern Conservatism, which he contended was as different from old Toryism as one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels was from a high-and-dry sermon of a high-and-dry Churchman. It appeared to him to be a system invented by Lord Beaconsfield, its main object being the acquisition and retention of power on behalf of the Conservative party. On Wednesday his lordship was again at Glasgow, where he received several deputations, and spoke to a large meeting in the City Hall.—Mr. Gladstone is expected to return from Ireland on Monday next. Meanwhile he is making the most of his time, visiting most of the places of interest in and around Dublin, including the Castle, the harbour-works, and several educational establishments, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, notably the Maynooth College, where he was shown more than a than hundred ancient and modern editions of the Old Testament. Whilst in the grounds he remarked the awkward position of some old trees, and recommended their removal, but nobody offered to lend him an axe to fell them. On Monday he dined with the Archbishop of Dublin, and on Wednesday was entertained in the City Hall and presented with the Freedom of the City. Speeches followed as a matter of course, in spite of his expressed intention to keep his mouth closed during his stay in the country. He spoke of the Irish Church Act as having conferred great benefit on the country, referred to the Land Act in terms of gratulation and satisfaction, and sailed rather near the wind of Home Rule by declaring that "local government was especially desirable in Ireland."—On Tuesday, Admiral Egerton, M.P., speaking at a Science and Art Conversazione at the Chesterfield Working Men's Club, said that he believed the House of Commons would gladly welcome working men members, who by their ability and industry, or other qualities, were able to raise themselves sufficiently high to induce constituencies to return them.—Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain addressed a meeting of Liberals on Wednesday at Rochdale, the former dilating on the influences which were constantly working against "the party of progress," and the latter expounding his favourite system of party organisation.

GUY FAWKES' DAY.——The anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot was kept in the usual way in London and the provinces. During the day a number of Guys were carried about the metropolitan suburbs, but there were very few novelties. In Walworth a well-got-up figure of a Bashi-Bazouk was carried about in company with the effigy of a Russian cavalry officer, and the two were jostled together in mimic combat. Other figures represented Pio Nono, the Czar of Russia, and the original Guido Fawkes, whilst one was made in the semblance of a Detective Policeman. There was a special *fête* at the Alexandra Palace, where a monster firework guy was destroyed, and a number of maskers paraded the grounds by torchlight, leading the way to a huge bonfire. Amongst the places where the celebration was observed with most spirit were Brighton, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Hitchin, Exeter, and Dorchester, at all of which there were grotesque processions, monster bonfires, and great displays of fireworks. At Cambridge and Oxford few collisions took place between "Town" and "Gown," the proctors and the police acting in unison to prevent a breach of the peace, the former by "gating" the students, and the latter by making numerous arrests.—The reported casualties, which were not numerous, were mostly of a trivial nature; but at Barnsley a shocking fatality occurred. Four young men were loading a roughly-made cannon with blasting powder, when the charge exploded as they were in the act of ramming it home. One man was killed on the spot, another fatally injured, and two others were badly hurt, being almost blinded.—The charges at the London Police Courts were chiefly for letting off fireworks in the streets, and were disposed of by the imposition of light fines; but in one instance a lad who assisted in making a bonfire of some timber in a builder's yard at Kilburn was ordered to pay the damage or go to prison for a week. Some of his companions had thrown stones and bricks at the policeman who arrested him, and one of them being caught was sentenced to a week's hard labour. On the previous Saturday some officers of the Board of Works visited the premises occupied by a number of firework makers, and those who had not complied with the Explosive Act had their goods condemned and seized. In one case 45lbs. of fireworks were found stowed in a tram-car.

MISCELLANEOUS.——On Friday last the Lord Mayor Elect, with the Sheriffs, Aldermen, and other members of the Corporation, went as usual to the residence of the Lord Chancellor, who signified Her Majesty's gracious approval of the newly-chosen Chief Magistrate, and congratulated him on his accession to office.—The Civic festivities of yesterday had not taken place when we went to press; but the Lord Mayor's Show was to be on an unusual scale of magnificence, Messrs. Sanger having engaged to supply a large number of allegorical representations.—The Czar of Russia has conferred the insignia of a Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas upon Mr. Archibald Forbes, the special war correspondent of the *Daily News*, for his courage and intrepidity at the battle of Plevna on the 30th of July. Mr. Forbes has written a letter repudiating the insinuations which have been made to the effect that the *Daily News* has for political reasons suppressed certain passages in his letters from the seat of war. He declares his belief that every line which he sent has been printed *verbatim et literatim*, and says that it is manifest that he would have inexpressibly degraded himself if the editor had suppressed or distorted any of the facts of which he had informed him, and he had continued to endure such treatment.—The London cabmen are organising to endeavour to obtain some change in the law regulating their business. They consider that free trade should be permitted in their trade as in all others; that the cab-laws should be consolidated into one Act, and that all disputes should be settled by civil procedure.—An extraordinary collision took place on the railway between Tayport and Glasgow the other day. It is said that the driver, fireman, and guard of a train left it untended and went to a public-house. While they were absent some one set the train in motion, but reversed the engine, so that it ran back along the line and ran into a train from Perth, the fireman of which was badly injured. Seventeen carriages were smashed and one of the engines pitched over the embankment, the damage being about 8,000*l.* The men who deserted the train have been arrested.—The inquest on the bodies of the two persons who lost their lives in the recent fire at Mile End has resulted in a verdict of accidental death, to which was attached a rider severely censuring the Fire Brigade for not showing more alacrity in going to the fire.—There are as yet no signs of an amicable termination to the dispute in the London Building Trade. The masons still hold out, confident that the masters will be obliged to concede their demands, while the masters, apparently determined not to do so, continue to import foreign workmen. The proposal for arbitration has not yet taken definite shape. The summons against Mr. Booth for illegal detention of tools has been dismissed by Mr. Flowers because the place where the tools are deposited is not within his jurisdiction.

THEATRES

THE production of a new drama by Messrs. Reece and Farnie at Manchester last week has given rise to a charge of plagiarism of a curious kind. The title of the play is *Hester Gray*, and it is alleged that the plot, the leading situations, and the motive are identical with those of a melodrama produced only a year and a half ago at a suburban theatre. The *primâ facie* improbability that two writers of reputation would conspire to plunder a suburban dramatist in this fashion, in the face of the speedy exposure which would appear to be inevitable, must strike every reader; yet the resemblance between the two works seems undeniable. The explanation, however, is probably very simple. It appears to be forgotten that the authors of the suburban piece referred to were at the time of its production themselves charged with having appropriated under changed names an older piece called *Ruth Oakley*, and that it was thereupon discovered that both pieces were due to a common source, and were in fact adaptations of a French drama produced about twenty years before. The explanation of this second charge may confidently be expected to be of a simple kind. Messrs. Reece and Farnie have most likely lighted on the French play and made it the basis of a new drama—possibly in ignorance of the fact that at least two versions already existed. Nothing is indeed more common than accidents of this kind.

If it be true, as is stated, that *Hester Gray* was publicly advertised as having been "written expressly for Miss Wallis by Messrs. H. B. Farnie and R. Reece" the announcement unquestionably required some qualification. But the adaptors may at least plead ancient custom for their reticence on the subject of their debt to the foreign playwright. It is a curious fact that the notion that it is just either towards the foreign author or the English playgoer to make honest confession in such cases is altogether of modern origin. We believe it was Lord Lytton, in his preface to the original edition of *The Lady of Lyons*, published in 1838, who first set the example of indicating the source of his plot. In like manner Mr. Tom Taylor has stated that his famous play *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* was founded upon "a dramatic tale entitled 'Le Retour de Melun,'" afterwards, as he observes, converted by the French authors into "the drama of *Léonard*." But it would hardly be inferred from this that the "dramatic tale" is not a narrative story, but is itself a drama of which *Léonard* (a play in existence before *The Ticket of Leave Man* was produced) is but a slightly modified copy. The germs of all the characters and also of the best situations of *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* are certainly to be found in the French original, Bob Brierley corresponding to Léonard, Melter Moss to Larigole, Dalton to Tête-Noire, Hawkshaw to Marcol, Green Jones to Madame St. Phar, Mrs. Willoughby to Mère Morel, Sam Willoughby to Benoit, and Maltby to Rusquin. When all this is acknowledged there is still great merit and even much originality to be claimed for Mr. Taylor's work. The original is thoroughly French; the adaptation on the contrary is thoroughly English; and the humours of the dialogue are to a considerable extent entirely due to the English author. The conversion of Mère Morel into Mrs. Willoughby furnishes indeed in itself an evidence of rare dramatic skill. Indeed, if it were not so, what is to prevent another adaptation of *Léonard* being prepared for our stage by any hack playwright in the service of a manager anxious to perform so popular a piece as *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* without the obligation to pay author's fees?

It is a noteworthy fact that no less than six theatres in the suburbs of London have signalised the arrival of the Fifth of November by performing during the past week dramas founded upon the history of Guy Fawkes. From this it would seem that suburban managers, like suburban little boys, perceive no reason why the abortive enterprise of that celebrated historical criminal "should ever be forgot." The passion for novelty which is supposed to be deeply implanted in the average human breast might perhaps suggest that Guy Fawkes on the stage every year at six theatres is a little too much. Possibly, however, there may be more novelty in these works than the theme would at first sight seem to promise. Mr. Wills has pleaded eloquently for the right of a dramatist to make his own history, at least at the West End of the town, and the same privilege may be justly claimed to dramatists in the eastern suburbs.

A new one-act piece from the pen of Mr. Maltby, produced last week at the LYCEUM Theatre, is an amusing trifle in its way. Its title is *Just My Luck*, and the fun with which it is liberally provided arises from the tendency to get into scrapes exhibited by a retired pastry-cook, who being painfully cognisant of his own infirmity, or evil fate, is in the habit of indulging in the ejaculation which furnishes the title of the piece. The troubles in which he is involved are of a farcical kind, and must not be subjected to too close a comparison with the standard of probability; but the incidents are droll, and the little piece is fairly acted by Mr. Lyons, Mr. Pinero, Miss Morley, Mrs. St. John, and Miss Hall.

In announcing the approaching reopening of the ROYALTY Theatre under his management, Mr. D'Oyley Carte calls attention to the circumstance that he relies for his programme entirely upon English dramatists and composers. *The Sorcerer*, which is among the first pieces to be produced, is described as an entirely new and original modern comic opera in two acts, by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, to whose joint talents as author and composer the public are indebted for *Trial by Jury*.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.——Great activity has lately been shown by the management of the Baker Street Walhalla in placing before its numerous patrons some admirably executed and life-like portrait-models of celebrities and notorieties of the day. A war group representing the Czar of Russia, General Ignatieff, the Sultan of Turkey, and Hobart Pasha, in correct and appropriate national uniforms, is very striking; and in another portion of the spacious galleries are to be seen portrait-models of the Penge convicts and the perpetrators of the great Turf frauds, Kurr and Benson. The two last mentioned attract great attention; for, attired in convict uniform, they look particularly characteristic. Many other additions have lately been made, and we may safely affirm that this institution was never more worthy of a visit than at the present time.

Magazines

WE made some remarks in our last week's issue on Mr. Lowe's essay on the County Suffrage Question, and on Mr. Gladstone's reply thereto. Mr. Gladstone's article appears in the *Nineteenth Century*, and is, in our opinion, the most interesting of the many papers recently furnished by the ex-Premier's ready pen. It ought to be carefully studied by all those who desire to form a sound judgment on the important question of the franchise. Mr. Gladstone very happily disposes of Mr. Lowe's argument that universal suffrage would place the rich at the mercy of the poor by showing that under any suffrage system, however restricted, the rich form the minority. They stand at the apex of a pyramid which constantly increases in size as a lower social scale is reached. He also shows that equality is a very feeble passion in this country, and that so long as the upper classes do their duty, we prefer inequality, we like a lord to take the lead among us. But though quite willing to confer on the farm-labourers the privilege now possessed by town artisans, Mr. Gladstone frankly admits the advantages derived from the variegated franchises of the old unreformed Parliaments before 1832. Young men of talent, the most valuable raw material of future statesmanship, had then a chance of getting a seat even if they were not wealthy. Now the House is year after year becoming more filled with rich men, most of whom are elderly. And, observes Mr. Gladstone, "it would be as rational to begin training for the ballet at forty-five or fifty, as for the real work of the Cabinet."—Mr. Archibald Forbes, the late correspondent of the *Daily News*, having lately returned home for health's sake, gives an interesting estimate of the Russians, Turks, and Bulgarians, respectively. He praises the Russians for their good humour, their patience, and their bravery, but he denounces their organisation as abominably corrupt. Everybody is bribable, and the Czar appears to be about the only honest man in the country. Of the Turks Mr. Forbes evidently knows but little, and he occupies most of the section under that heading in arguing that as Sheridan desolated the Shenandoah Valley, so they ought to have desolated Bulgaria before leaving it to the invaders. Of the Bulgarians he speaks so unfavourably that we feel inclined to take the opposite side, and to believe that a people who in spite of Turkish misrule contrived to live in such material prosperity, must possess some excellent qualities. No wonder the Russian invader envies the well-to-do Bulgarian peasant, and says to himself, like the cabman in *Punch* contemplating a drunken man who is supposed to be ill: "I only wish I'd 'arf his complaint."

In the *Contemporary*, Mr. F. W. Newman writes on "The War Power," by which he means the power a Government has of involving in war the nation which they represent. This power, he holds, is, owing to our traditional belief in the advantages of secret diplomacy, left far too much in the hands of the Cabinet. Parliament is kept in the dark till too late, and hence war after war takes place (that in the Crimea among others), which under a more open system might have been avoided. Mr. Newman shows that a far more effectual check existed in former days, when the Privy Council, comprising men of all opinions, declared war. The Privy Council is now reduced to a nullity, and the momentous decision is exercised by the Cabinet.—Mr. Donaldson furnishes an amusing article on the "Characters of Plautus," and then follows a paper also on a theatrical subject, namely, Mr. Robert Buchanan's attack on some of the popular plays of the day, such as the *Pink Dominos*, the *Great Divorce Case*, &c. We have seen most of these pieces, and are unable to discover the immoralities which this modern Histriomastix discovers in them. To us they seem to belong to an unreal world, the characters of which are about as devoid of moral responsibility as the clown and pantaloon in a pantomime.

Mr. Lowe's paper in the *Fortnightly*, on the "Foreign Dominions of the Crown," is distinguished by his usual hard unromantic common sense. He points out, as other people have done, the inequality of the bargain between ourselves and our colonies, namely, that they expect us to protect them in time of war, and meantime levy heavy duties on our manufactures. But the most important part of Mr. Lowe's statement refers to India. Of what real use is it to us? We don't squeeze a revenue out of it as the ancient Romans or the modern Dutch would; we waste the lives and health of thousands of our countrymen in holding the peninsula; and the fact of our holding it and fearing to lose it makes us nervously afraid of and unfair to the Muscovites. In fact, England is Frankenstein and India is the Monster.—The second series of M. Thiers' conversations with Mr. Senior are very interesting. Whether right or wrong, there is a most fascinating vivacity in all he says; and there is much force in his remark that we British depend now for our food upon our commerce, and for our commerce, at least in time of war, on our maritime supremacy.—Mr. Mark Pattison writes an admirable article on "Books and Critics," full of good sense and lively illustration. He shows how small a quantity of the vast stock of literature existing the most earnest student can master; on the contrary, how few well-to-do people in this country possess a library worthy of the name; and with what poor mental provender most readers are contented. If, as he observes, every village had its green, and every town its recreation ground, there would be less of this incessant and unproductive novel-devouring.

The new story in *Blackwood*, "Mine is Thine," continues very lively, and much amusement is caused by the pompous old peer, Lord Germistoune, who is rendered furious by the sight of his courier refreshing himself from a flask. The scene, too, at the Engadine inn, where his lordship vainly threatens the imperturbable landlord with all sorts of pains and penalties for refusing to take him and his retinue in, is also very funny.—A pleasant account of Montenegro; some more graceful renderings of Heine's ballads by Mr. Theodore Martin; and reviews of Colonel Meadows Taylor's life, and of Captain Burnaby's "Rides," make up a good average number of *Maga*.

"The Czar's Clemency" in the *Cornhill* is an interesting little story of Polish life. Told by a priest, it narrates how a certain Casimir Barinski was exiled to Siberia, ostensibly from complicity in the revolt of 1863, but in reality at the instigation of a fascinating Countess Marienha, who acted as a Government spy, and who wished to get rid of an inconvenient admirer. How her feelings change after the lapse of thirteen years, and how she is baulked, after regaining her former lover's liberty, of obtaining him as a husband, is very forcibly described.

A very bright and lively memoir of M. Thiers is contributed to *Macmillan* by a lady who had the advantage of obtaining the details from the ex-President's lips during a series of interviews specially granted for the purpose in 1874.—Sir Rutherford Alcock furnishes an interesting conspectus of "African Exploration and its Results." He maintains that the only true antidote to the slave trade is the colonisation of the continent, and strongly recommends it to English enterprise at a time when protective tariffs are gradually shutting us out of so many foreign and colonial markets which were formerly profitable.

Temple Bar, as usual, is rich in historical and anecdotal studies, as, for example, the Court of Louis XIV., the Austrian Revolution under Joseph the Second, and the sketches of Alfred de Musset and the younger Dumas.

In the *Gentleman's* we have an attempt to whitewash Marat, which does not strike us as very successful. The writer's endeavours to excuse the massacres of September by a comparison with the slaughter of the Communists after the retaking of Paris in 1871 appear to us singularly *malapropos*. The September massacres were perpetrated in cold blood by a clique of scoundrels; the '71 slaughters, lamentable, we fully admit, were committed by men thirsting for revenge, and were the *finale* of a desperate civil struggle.—"Red-Spinner" (Mr. Senior) gives a pleasant account of trout fishing in Tasmania. Trout are abundant, although they have lost their European delicacy; but it seems very doubtful whether, after all the pains taken by Mr. Youl and others, the salmon has really been acclimatised in the waters of the Derwent.

The engravings in *Scribner's* possess the uncommon merit of being really designed to explain the letterpress. Take, for example, "Canvas Back and Terrapin," in which we have an excellent description, profusely illustrated with well-executed wood engravings, of the Bahama Islands. In most of our English illustrated magazines, the pictures, however artistically drawn, simply serve to depict some commonplace situation in a story, which might safely be left to the reader's imagination; or else are merely fancy sketches, utterly devoid of any originality, some pretty face repeated over and over again *ad nauseam*, and accompanied by a conventional copy of verses, written to order. Editors of illustrated magazines should take a lesson from *Scribner*.

The most attractive paper in *Fraser* is an account of hop-picking experiences in Kent by a gentleman who went down disguised after the fashion of the "Amateur Casual." The story is melancholy enough; foul language, immorality, and cheating on the part of the pickers, who, on the other hand, so asserts our informant, are on every side fleeced and defrauded by the "Men of Kent." Most of the pickers, he says, uphold the wildest revolutionary doctrines, and long for the extermination of the prosperous classes.—"Patricius Walker" is, as usual, very pleasant in his description of a tour in Devon and Cornwall, and Professor Newman shows commendable moderation in his suggestions for reform in Spelling.

There is an interesting paper in the *Atlantic Monthly* on the American Iron Trade. When we complain of the heavy protective duties of our Transatlantic cousins, we should bear in mind that they are only paying us out for the jealous restrictions of our ancestors. In 1750 a law was passed prohibiting all rolling or plating mills in America, and such industries had to be carried on as stealthily as is the distillation of illicit whiskey nowadays.

Mirth, a humorous magazine, edited by Mr. H. J. Byron, is a new candidate for popular favour. Considering that the accomplished editor is aided by such professors of comic writing as Messrs. Reece, H. S. Leigh, Sala, W. S. Gilbert, and Hollingshead, the effect of this first number is a little disappointing. The *refrain* of Mr. Byron's poem, "The Lunatic Ship," has a delightfully ear-catching chorus, "very pecu—very peculiar," but the introductory poem by the octogenarian, J. R. Planché, is, to our thinking, the best thing in the budget.

Here we must close, simply acknowledging the receipt of a number of other periodicals.

◆

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.——Mr. Raphael Tuck, of 177, City Road, has lately published an admirable oleograph from Sichel's painting of the last moments of this unfortunate lady. The work is well worthy of examination, as showing the high degree of perfection now attained in this particular branch of art, which, though often maligned, affords, for those who are fond of colour, and who cannot pay for costly oil-paintings, a very effective substitute.

Scraps

"HELEN'S BABIES" has been dramatised for the American stage.

A NEW ROOM IN THE PARIS LOUVRE has been opened, containing ancient American curiosities.

CAPT. BURNABY is going to spend his autumn leave at Plevna, according to *Mayfair*, and started for Bulgaria on Tuesday.

WOODCOCKS have appeared in England this autumn much earlier than usual, and several couples have already been shot in the woodbanks near Godstone.

HIPPOPHAGY continues to increase steadily in Paris, and during the third quarter of 1877 443,310 kilogrammes of horse-flesh were sold, while during the same period last year the corresponding quantity was 373,410 kilogrammes.

GREAT SALT LAKE IN UTAH has set up as a watering-place. Maladies of the eyes and skin, as well as catarrh, are said to be cured by bathing in the lake, and numbers of sick persons have been testing the asserted curative powers. The lake, however, is gradually becoming shallower, and the waters now are reported to be lower than at any time during 1876.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS are now in full bloom, and owing to the mild weather make a very good show this year. There are the usual three varieties—the Japanese, the anemone, and the quilled chrysanthemums, besides the pompones, and the white and yellow blooms predominate, some of the white quilled being especially beautiful. Several Japanese of a pinkish-lilac tint are also very fine.

THE BABYLONIAN MARRIAGE MARKET is being imitated on a small scale in Austria. An agency has been opened at Vienna, where young ladies desirous of entering the holy state of matrimony may be seen for two hours every day, the blondes being collected together in one room and the brunettes in another. The gentleman in search of a wife is introduced by the superintendent to a lady, the fair damsel plays the piano, shows off her various accomplishments, enters into conversation, and the bargain is struck.

THE ESQUIMAUX FAMILY at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation have proved as great a success as the Nubians, and a special interest is felt in the youngest baby, who, according to the *Figaro*, though only eleven months old, has all his teeth, can drag a miniature sledge made by his father, and is as precocious as a three-year old Parisian. These Esquimaux are by no means avaricious, and for some time refused to take the money offered them by visitors, who wished thus to get a nearer view of the strangers. This week the Esquimaux are to come to London.

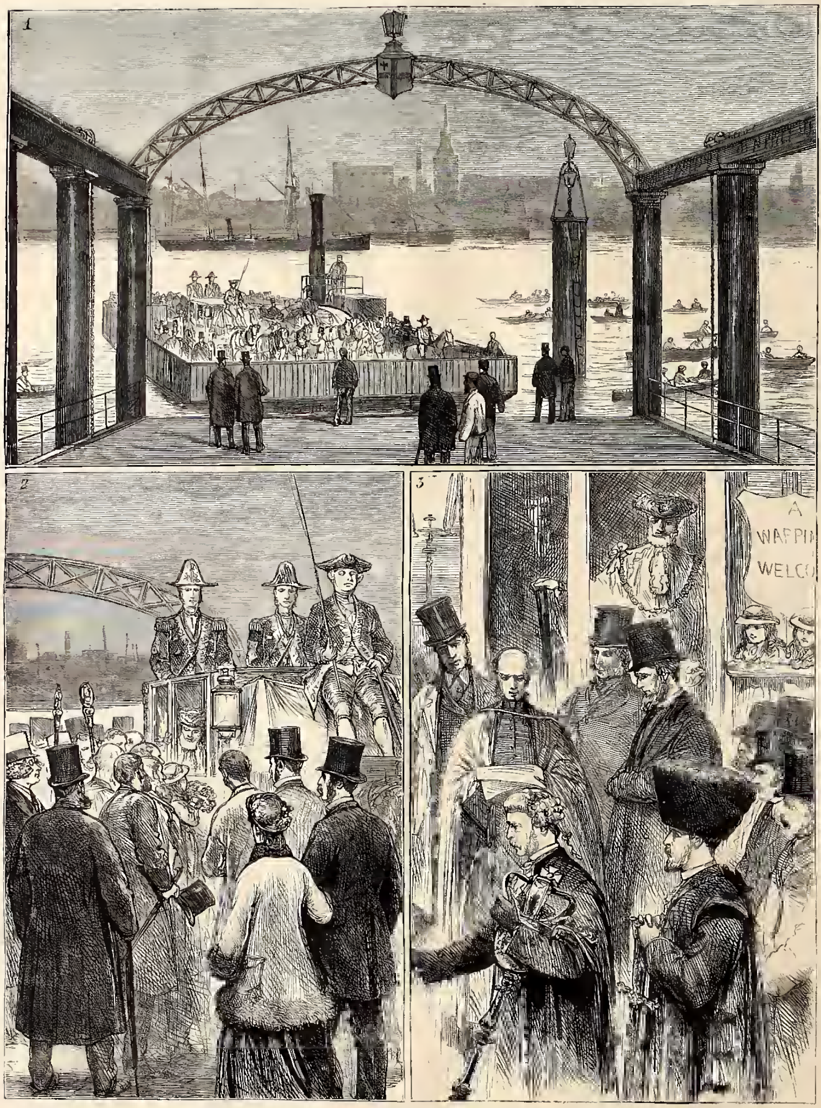
PARTY FEELING IN POLITICS appears to run higher amongst the members of the Prussian Diet than with their hot-headed Gallic contemporaries, as Teutonic Conservatives and Liberals cannot even leave their coats and umbrellas in the same place without quarrelling. Such disputes have arisen amongst the deputies over the claiming of their respective garments that the coats and umbrellas are now kept apart and studiously divided into different categories, each parcel being ticketed with its owner's opinions, such as "Clerical's hat," "Conservative's coat," "National-Liberal's umbrella," and "Progressist's stick."

THE LATE M. GUSTAVE BRION.——This talented painter, who was executing the illustrations in this journal to "The History of a Crime," died suddenly at Paris on Sunday in a fit of apoplexy. We will reserve any detailed biography of M. Brion, as we hope to publish his portrait, but we may mention that he was only fifty-three years of age, and was well-known in England by his pictures of "A Wedding in Alsace," "Woodcutters of the Black Forest," "Bretons at a Church Door," "A Funeral in the Vosges," and many other works. The illustration of "The Arrested Representatives Marching Through the Streets" on another page, was probably the last work which emanated from his pencil.

THE VOLUNTEERS' SICK BEARERS' ASSOCIATION—which has been formed with a view to instructing members of the Reserve Forces in the principal duties of attending to the sick and wounded in the field—will hold the first of a series of lectures and drills on the 23rd inst. at the Society of Arts, John St. Adelphi. The instruction will be given by Surgeon-Major Staples and a sergeant of the Army Hospital Corps, appointed by the Secretary of State for War, and the necessary appliances are to be lent by the order of St. John of Jerusalem. The medical officers and two or more men per company of the London Volunteers are first to be trained, and the instruction of provincial corps will be considered subsequently.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased by 52 deaths last week, numbering 1,447 against 1,499 during the previous seven days, being 118 below the average, and at the rate of 21·4 per 1,000. There were 39 deaths from different forms of fever (2 below the average), 9 from small-pox (a decline of 5), 47 from measles (a decrease of 20), 9 from diphtheria, 24 from whooping-cough, 19 from diarrhœa (a decrease of 4), and 82 from scarlet fever (an increase of 18, being the highest number registered in any week since the commencement of 1876). Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 335 (a decline of 36), of which 195 resulted from bronchitis and 99 from pneumonia. There were 2,667 births registered, exceeding the average by 163. The mean temperature was 49·1°, or 2·8° above the average. The duration of registered sunshine in the week was 19·2 hours, the sun being 67·6 hours above the horizon.

ART IN HOSPITALS.——A correspondent writes as follows:—"You may like to know how the pictures you sent me some months ago (in answer to my request for a parcel for hospitals and orphanages in India) were distributed, and how they were received. They were divided among eleven hospitals in the three Presidencies, three orphanages, St. John's College, Agra, a good school, and a few mission houses. The portraits of the Queen were mostly coloured before being sent out, and they have given great satisfaction. Dr. Coates, of the Medical College Hospital, Calcutta, writes: 'Our bare walls have often been a source of regret to me; these pictures have much relieved them, and I hope will gladden some of the sick for many years.' Dr. Elliot, of the Presidency General Hospital, Calcutta, says: 'I beg to thank you very much in the name of the General Hospital for the pictures kindly sent for beautifying the walls of the institution; they are most acceptable, and I hope you will express the warmest thanks of all connected with the Presidency General Hospital.' I might multiply extracts from the fifteen acknowledgments I have already had, but I trust these will show how gratefully your gifts were received." Perhaps some of our readers who possess spare prints and illustrations might feel encouraged by these statements to forward them to the numerous hospitals and charitable institutions with which our country and its colonies abound.



1. The Departure from Rotherhithe.—2. Landing at Wapping.—3. Reading the Parochial Address.

OPENING OF THE NEW THAMES STEAM FERRY BY THE LATE LORD MAYOR

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WORLD AND THE WORD

"COME to us, Cis, for a day or two," I said. "It will be a little change if it only keeps you out of the way of your persecutor."

It was a custom of old standing for Celia to spend a day or two with the Captain—it did us good in brightening up the dingy old house. When Celia was coming we put flowers on the mantelshelf, the Captain went round rigging up the curtains with brighter ribbons, and he called it hoisting the bunting. The usual severity of our daily fare was departed from, and the Captain brought out, with his oldest flask, his oldest stories.

"He follows me about," she replied. "I can go nowhere without meeting him. If I go into a shop he is at the door when I come out—it is as if I was already his property."

"But he says nothing—he shows no impatience."

"On Sunday evening I spoke to him. I asked him to give up his pursuit. I appealed to his honour—to his pity."

"He has no pity, Cis."

"To his very love for me, if he really loves me. I told him that it was impossible for me to give my consent. I burst into tears—what a shame to cry before him!—and he only laughed and called me his little April girl. 'Laugh, my little April girl, it rejoices me to see the cloud followed by the sunshine.' Then he asked me to tell him what I wanted him to do and he would do it. 'To tell my father that you have given up your project—to go away and leave me.' He said that he would do anything but give up the project: that his hope was more firmly grounded than ever, and that time would overcome my last objections to making him happy. What kind of love can that be which looks only to a way of making oneself happy?"

That had been my kind of love not very long before.

"I cannot speak to my father, but I see that he is changed. Not in his kindness to me, not that—but he is irritable: he drinks more wine than he should, and he is all the evening in his office now—and sometimes I see his eyes following me—poor Papa!

"What is the meaning of it Laddy? People do not usually promise their daughters to old men when they are eight years of age. Yet this is what he says Papa did. Why did he do it? Do you think he lent Papa money? You know we were not always so well off as we are now."

"I dare say money has something to do with it," I replied. "It seems to me that money has to do with everything that is disagreeable."

"It has," she said. "Why cannot people do without money altogether? But, if that is all, Aunt Jane and my Uncle Pontifex have plenty of money, and they would help me, I am sure."

"We cannot go to them for help yet. Patience, Cis—patience for a fortnight; we will tell Leonard when he comes home, and perhaps the Captain too."

"Patience!" she echoed. "One tries to be patient, but it is hard. It is not only that I could never love Herr Räumer, Laddy, but the very thought of passing my life with him makes me shake and tremble. I am afraid of him, his manner is smooth, but his voice is not, and his eyes are too bright and keen. I have seen him when he did not think it necessary to keep up that appearance of gentleness. I know that he despises women, because I once heard him make a cruel little sneer about us. And he pretends—he pretends to be religious, to please Mamma. What sort of life should I have with him? What an end, then, would there be to our talks and hopes?"

I murmured something weak about the higher life being possible under all conditions, but I did not believe it. Life with Herr Räumer—the man who believed religion to be the invention of the priests—that this life was the beginning and the end; that there was nothing to be looked for from man and womankind but from love of self—no honour, no virtue. What could the future of a girl exposed to daily and hourly influences of such a man be like?

Love of self? Would it be, then, for love of self that Celia would accept him?

I suppose for strong natures life might be made to yield the fruits of the most sublime Christianity anywhere, even in a convict hulk; but most of us require more fitting conditions. It is happy to think that no man is tried beyond his strength to bear, although in these latter days we have gone back to the old plan of making new hindrances to the maintenance of the higher spiritual levels, and calling them helps. There are plenty of daily crosses in our way, which call for all our strength, without adding the new and barbaric inconveniences of hunger and small privations. Fasting, as a Ritualist the other day confessed to me, only makes people cross. I should have pitied any girl, even the most commonplace of good English girls, whom Fate might single out to marry this cynical pessimist; how much more when the girl was one whose standard was so high and heart so pure? Should the clear current of a mountain stream be mingled with the turbid water of a river in which no fish can live, foul from contact with many a factory by which it has wound its way, and from which it has brought nothing but the refuse and the scum? Are there not some men—I am sure Herr Räumer was one—who as they journey through the world gather up all its wickedness out of which they construct their own philosophy of existence? And this philosophy it was which he proposed to teach Celia.

"I shall instruct that sweet and unformed mind," he said to me one evening in his lordly way, as if all was quite certain to come off that he proposed, "in the realities of the world. She is at present like a garden full of pretty, delicate flowers—your planting, my young friend; they shall be all pulled up, and we shall have instead—well—those flowers which go to make a woman of the world."

"I do not want to see Celia made into a woman of the world."

"You will not be her husband, Ladislas Pulaski. You only love her like a brother, you know. Ha! ha! And that is very lucky for me. And you do not know what a woman of the world is."

"Tell me what she is."

"I shall not go on living here. I shall live in London, Paris, Vienna, somewhere. My wife shall be a woman who will know from my teaching how to deal with men and how to find out women. As for the men, she shall play with them like a cat with a mouse. She shall coax their little secrets out of them, especially if they are diplomats; she shall make them tell her what she pleases."

"Why should they not tell her what she pleases? What secrets would Celia wish to hear?"

"*Jeune premier—Cherubin*—you know nothing. They will be political secrets, and my wife will learn them for me. It is only France and Russia which really understand the noble game of feminine intrigue. I shall take my bride away, train her carefully, and with her take my proper place."

Always in the Grand Style: always this talk about diplomacy, secret service, and intrigue, and sometimes betraying, or perhaps ostentatiously showing, a curiously intimate acquaintance with Courts and Sovereigns. What, I wondered, was the previous history of this strange man?

"Celia has everything to learn, and a good deal to unlearn," he went on thoughtfully. "I do not blame you in any particular, Ladislas. You have done your best. But she has to forget the old-fashioned provincial—or insular—axioms."

"God forbid."

He laughed. "You forget that you are not an Englishman, but a Slav. They are very pretty—these insular notions—that people marry for love—that people must always answer truthfully whatever comes of it—that if you want to get a thing you only have to march straightforward—that you must let your friends know all you intend to do—that men care for anything but themselves—that——" He stopped for want of breath.

"Pray go on," I said; "let us have the whole string of virtues dismissed as insular."

"Marriage for love! Was there ever greater nonsense? The best union that the history of the world speaks of was that of the Sabine maidens carried off by the Romans—carried off by perfect strangers. Picture to yourself the feelings of a proper English young lady under such circumstances. Celia certainly will never love me, but in time—in a short time—you shall see. When a girl sees that a man is in earnest, that if she appeals to his pity he laughs; if to his mercy he laughs; if to such trifles as disparity of religion or of age, he laughs—why, you see that woman ends by giving in. Besides, it is a compliment to her. I know that I have not your influence or good wishes. I did not expect them, and can do without them. You are as *romanesque* as your pupil—*ça va sans dire*. But I have her father's. She looks very pretty—very sweet indeed—when she gives me one of those upward looks of hers which mean entreaty. What will she be when I have trained her to use those eyes for political purposes?"

It reminded me of a boy with a mouse in a trap. You know how pretty the creature is, its eyes bright with terror and despair, looking at you through the bars which she has been frantically gnawing all the night. Shame and pity to kill the pretty thing. One might tame her. So Herr Räumer, like the school boy, admired his prisoner. She was caught in his cage: at least he thought so: she amused him: she pleased his fancy: he would keep her for himself, caged and tamed.

So Celia came to us.

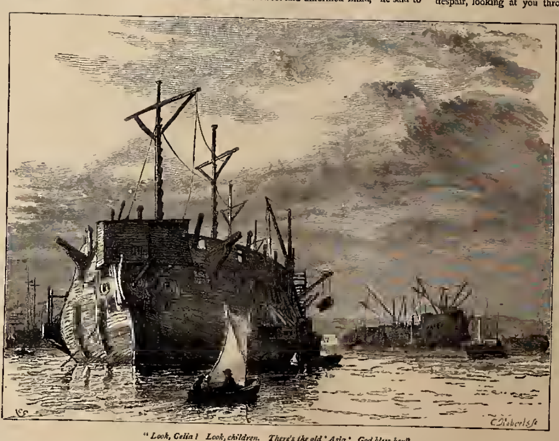
"I am in trouble," she said to the Captain, "and I came here. Laddy knows what sort of trouble it is, but we ought not to speak of it just yet. Say something, dear Captain, to help us."

The Captain in his simple way took her in his arms and kissed her.

"What trouble can you have that your friends cannot get you out of? I won't ask. There are troubles enough of all sorts. All of them come from somebody disobeying orders. Have you followed instructions, my dear?"

"I have tried to, Captain."

"Then there will be no great harm done, be sure. 'Like a tree planted by the rivers of water, his leaf shall not wither.' Now I tell you what we will do. We will blow some of the trouble away by a sail up the harbour. First let us have tea."



"*Look, Celia! Look, children. There's the old 'Asia.' God bless her*"

"I remember," the Captain said, when he had finished his tea; "I remember in the action of Navarino, which you may have heard of, my pretty—Laddy, what are you sniggering at? Of course Celia has heard of Navarino. Very well, then, you shall not hear that story, though it might be brought to bear upon the present trouble. The best of sea actions is the use they can be put to in all sorts of private affairs. That is not generally known, Celia, my dear: and it makes an action the more interesting to read. Nelson's example always applies. Lay your guns low—nail your colours to the mast—pipe all hands for action: and then—alongside the enemy, however big she is. As to the rest, that's not your concern—and it's in good hands."

"I wish I knew what my duty was," said Celia.

"I wish you did, my dear. And you will know, turning it over in your own mind. I thank God that my life has been a simple one. I never saw any doubt about the line of duty. My orders have always been plain. My children," he added, solemnly, "we all start in life with sealed orders. Some men, when they open them, find them difficult to understand. Now the way to understand them—they are all here"—he laid his hand upon a certain book on the small table beside him—"is to remember, first of all, that duty has got to be done, and that we are not always out on a holiday cruise in pleasant waters."

"I know," said Celia, "I know, Captain"—the tears standing in her eyes.

"They talk about church-going and sermons," the Captain went on, "Well—its part of the discipline. Must have order; church belongs to it—and I'm a plain man, not asked for an opinion. But, Cis my dear, and Laddy, there's one thing borne in upon me every day stronger. It is that we've got a model always before us. As Christ lived, we must live; those who live most like Him, talk the least, because they think the more. I read once, in a book, of a statue of Christ. Now whoever went to see that statue, however tall he was, found it just a little taller than himself. It was a parable, Celia, I suppose. And it means that the nearer you get to Christ, the more you find that you cannot reach Him. Be good, my children. And now, Celia, if you will put on your hat, we will start. It's a fine evening, with a fair breeze, and we need not be back before nine. No more talk about troubles till to morrow."

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT UP THE HARBOUR

THE sun was still high, but fast sloping westwards; there was a strong breeze blowing up the harbour from the south-west, the tide was full, the water was bright, its wavelets touched by the sunshine, each one sparkling like a diamond with fifty facets, the old ships, bathed in the soft evening light, looked as if they were resting from a long day's work, the hammers in the Dockyard were quiet, and though the beach was crowded it was with an idle throng who congregated together to talk of ships, and they naturally tended in the direction of the beach because the ships were in sight as illustrations. We kept our oars and mast with the running gear in safety in one of the houses on the Hard behind a shop. It was a strange and picturesque shop, where everything was sold that was useless and interesting—a museum of a shop; in the window were Malay creeses taken in some deadly encounter with pirates in the narrow seas; clubs richly carved and ornamented for some South Sea Island chief; beads worked in every kind of fashion; feathers, bits of costume, everything that a sailor picks up abroad, brings home in his chest, and sells for nothing to such an omnivorous dealer as the owner of this shop. He, indeed, was as strange as his shop. He had been a purser's clerk, and in that capacity had once as strange an experience as I ever heard. He told it me one evening when, by the light of a single candle, I was looking at some things in his back parlour. Some day, perhaps, I will tell that story. Not now. Some day, too, perhaps, I will write down what I can recollect of the stories he told me connected with his collection. There is no reason now for suppressing them any longer; he is dead, and all those whose mouthpiece he was are dead too. I think that in every man over forty there lies, mostly only known to himself, a strange and wondrous tale. Could he tell it as it really happened, it would be the story of how events perfectly commonplace in the eyes of other people acted upon him like strokes of Fate, crushing the higher hope that was in him, and condemning him to penal servitude for life, to remain upon the lower levels. Because it is mostly true that many run, but to one only is given the prize. Am I—are you—the only one whom fortune has mocked? *Nos numerus sumus*, the name of the Unfortunate is Legion; no one has the exclusive right to complain. To fifty Fate holds out the golden apples of success, and one only gets them.

We took our sculls and sails from the shop, and rigged our craft. She was built something on the lines of a wherry, for seaworthiness, a strong, serviceable boat, not too heavy for a pair of sculls, and not too light to sail under good press of canvas. Everybody knew us on the beach—the boatmen, the old sailors, and the sailors' wives who were out with the children because the weather was so fine. All had a word to say to the Captain, touching their forelocks by way of preface. One carried our oars, another launched the boat, another sent a boy for a couple of rough sea rugs, because the wind was high, and the young lady might get wet, and in the midst of the general excitement we jumped in and pushed off.

Celia sat in the stern, one of the rugs serving as a cushion, and held the rudder strings. The Captain sat opposite her, I took the sculls to row her clear of the beach, until we could hoist our sail.

"This is what I like," said the Captain, dragging a little more of the waterproof over Celia's feet in his careful way. "A bright day, a breeze aft, but not dead aft—Laddy, we shall have some trouble getting back—a tight little boat, and a pretty girl like little Cis in command. Aha! Catch an old salt insensible to lovely woman.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The mainmast by the board:
My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored."

Celia laughed. Her spirits rose as each dip of the sculls lengthened our distance from the shore, and made her certain of escaping, at least for one evening, from her persecutor. She wore some pretty sort of brown holland stuff made into a jacket, and braided with a zig-zag Vandyke pattern in red. I do not know how I remember that pattern of the braid, but it seems as if I remember every detail of that evening—her bright and animated face flushed with the pleasure and excitement of the little voyage, rosy in the evening sunshine, the merry eyes with which she turned to greet the Captain's little compliment, the halo of youth and grace which lay about her, the very contour of her figure as she leaned aside, holding both the rudder-strings on one side. I remember the little picture just as if it was yesterday.

Outside the ruck of boats which came and went between the opposite shores of the port we were in free and open water, and could ship the sculls and hoist our sail for a run up harbour.

The sail up, I came aft, and sat down in the bottom of the ship, while the Captain held the rope and Celia the strings. And for a space none of us talked.

Our course carried us past the Docks and the shore-line buildings of the Dockyard. There were the white wharves, the cranes, the derricks, and all sorts of capstans, chains, and other gear for lifting and hoisting; the steam-tugs were lying alongside; all as deserted and as quiet as if the Yard belonged to some old civilisation. Bright as the evening was, the effect was rather ghostly, as we glided, silent save for the rippling at the bows, along the silent bank. Presently, we came to the building sheds. Some of them were open and empty; some were closed; within each of the closed sheds lay, we knew, the skeleton, the half-finished frame, of a mighty man-o'-war—some of them but just begun; some ready to be launched; some, the deserted and neglected offspring of some bygone First Lord's experimental ignorance, lying as they had lain for thirty years, waiting for the order to be finished off and launched.

"Think of the twilight solitude in those great empty sheds, Cis," I whispered. "Think of the ghosts of wrecked ships haunting the places where they were built when the moonlight streams in at the windows. Fancy seeing the transparent outline of some old three-decker, say the great *Victory*, as she went down with a thousand men aboard, lying upon the timber-shores——"

"With the ghosts of the old shipbuilders," said Celia, "walking about with their hands behind them, criticising the new-fashioned models."

"More likely to be swearing at steam," said the Captain. "The new-fashioned models! Where are they now, the ships which were on the slips twenty years ago? The *Duke of Marlborough*, the *Prince of Wales*, the *Royal Frederick*, the *Royal Sovereign*—Where is last year's snow? They are harbour ships, ships cut down and altered into ironclads, and of a date gone out of fashion."

There were many more ships in harbour then than now; we had not yet learned to put all our trust in iron, and where we have one serviceable fighting vessel now we had twenty then. No hulk in the good old days that could float and could steer but could fight; there were no torpedoes, no rams, no iron vessels, no venomous little monitors. To lay yourself alongside an enemy and give broadside for broadside till one tired of it, was the good old fashion of a naval battle. What is it now?

Again, twenty years ago, they did not break up and destroy every vessel that seemed to be past service. She was towed up harbour and left there moored in her place, to furnish at least house accommodation for a warrant officer, if she could be of no other use. There were hundreds of ships there lying idle, their work over; some of them were coal hulks, some convict hulks, some receiving hulks; most were old pensioners who did no work any more, floating at high tide, and at low lying in the soft cushion of the harbour mud. Presently we ran among them all, passing in and out, and through their lines. Then I took the rudder-strings, so that Celia might look while the Captain talked.

He pushed his hat well back, sat upright, and began to look up and down the familiar craft with the eye of an old friend anxious to see them looking their best. It was not much they could show in the way of decoration, but the figure-heads were there still, and the balconies and carvings of the stern were mostly uninjured. As for the hull, it had generally been painted either black, white, or yellow. There were no masts, but they had jurymasts to serve as derricks on occasion. "That is the *Queen Charlotte*, my dear. She was flagship at Algiers when Lord Exmouth showed the Moors we would stand no more nonsense. We've fought a good many naval actions, but I think that business was about the best day's work we ever did. I was chasing Arab dhows and slavers off Zanzibar, and hadn't the chance of doing my share of the work. In 1816, that was——

"Look—look—Celia! Look, children! There's the old *Asia*. God bless her! Flagship, Celia, at Navarino. My old ship—my one battle. Ah! Navarino. They say now it was a mistake, and that we only played the Russians' game. No chance of doing that again. But anyhow it was a glorious victory." The recollection of that day was always too much for the Captain, and he might have gone on the whole evening with personal reminiscences of the battle, but for the breeze which freshened up and carried us past the *Asia*.

"No confounded steam," he growled, "no wheels and smoke spoiling the decks; quiet easy sailing, and no noise allowed aboard until the guns began to speak. Port, Laddy. That is the *Princess Charlotte*, Celia. Forty people were drowned when she was launched; and a good many more went below when she made herself heard at Acre. I was not there either, more's the pity. I was cruising about the narrow seas picking up pirates off Borneo.

"There is the *Egmont*. She fought the French fleet in 1795, and the Spaniards in 1797. Good old craft. Stout old man-o'war.

"That is the *Illustrious*, moored in line with the *Egmont*. She was with her in '95, and I think she helped to take Java in 1811. We used, in those days, you see, Celia, if we wanted a place that belonged to the enemy, just to go and take it. Not that we were so unmannerly as not to give them a civil choice. We used to say, 'Gentlemen, Señors, Caballeros, Mynheer Double Dutchman,' as the case might be, 'we've come here to haul down your bunting and run up the Union Jack over your snug quarters. So, as perhaps you would not like to give in without a bit of a fight, you had better ram in your charge, and we'll give you a lead.' Then the action began, and after a respectable quantity of powder was burned they struck their colours, we went ashore, the men had a spree, and the officers made themselves agreeable to the young ladies."

"Did not the young ladies object to making friends with the enemy?"

"Not at all, my dear. Why should they? We did them no wrong, and we generally represented the popular side; they wanted to be taken by the British Fleet, which meant safety as well as flirtation. And we enjoyed our bit of fighting first. Did you ever hear of Captain Willoughby in Mahébourg Bay, Island of Mauritius? Well, that's an unlucky story, because it ended badly, and instead of Willoughby taking the island the island took him. Ran his ship ashore. She turned on her side, so that her guns couldn't be brought to bear. They found the Captain with one eye out and a leg shot off. The French Captain had a leg shot off too, and so they put them both in the same bed, where they got better, and drank each other's health. The worst of it was that what we sailors got for England the politicians gave away again when they signed a peace. We let the Dutch have Java, we let the French have Bourbon and Guadaloupe. I wonder we didn't give New Zealand to the Americans, and I dare say we should if they had thought of asking for it.

"That is the *Colossus*, my dear. Good old ship, too; she was at Trafalgar. There is the *Alfred*, who helped to take Guadaloupe in 1810, and the *Æolus* frigate. She fired a shot or two at Martinique the year before. Look at them, the row of beauties; forty-two pounders, the handiest and most murderous craft that ever went to sea; and look at the sloops and the little three gun brigantines. I had one under my command once. And there is the *Columbine*."

The Captain began to sing—

The *Trinculo* may do her best,
And the *Alert* so fleet, Sir,
Alert she is, but then she's not
Alert enough to beat, Sir.

. . . .

The *Acorn* and the *Satellite*,
Their efforts, too, may try, Sir,
But if they beat the *Columbine*,
Why, dash it!—they must fly, Sir.

"They will build no more such ships; seamanship means poking the fire. Look at those things now."

He pointed with great contempt to the war steamers. Those of 1858 would be thought harmless things enough now. Two or three had screws, but most had the old paddles. The *Duke of Wellington* of 130 guns carried a screw; so did the *Blenheim*, the *Archer*, and the *Encounter*, all of which were lying in the harbour. But the *Odin*, the *Basilisk*, and the *Sidon* were splendid paddle steamers. Among them lay the *Megæra*, a troop ship afterwards wrecked on St. Paul's Island; the Queen's steam yacht, the *Fairy*, as pretty a craft as ever floated, in which Her Majesty used to run to and fro between Osborne and the port; the *Victoria and Albert*, the larger Royal yacht; and the pretty little *Bee*, smallest steamer afloat, before they invented the noisy little steam launches to kill the fish, to tear down the banks of the rivers, and to take the bread out of the mouths of the old wherrymen in our harbour.

We were drawing near the last of the big ships.

"There, Celia, look at that craft," cried the Captain. "Do you see anything remarkable about her?"

"No; only she is yellow."

"That is because she is a receiving hulk," he informed her, with the calmness that comes of a whole reservoir of knowledge behind. "It is in her cut that I mean. Don't you remark the cut of her stern, the lines of her bows?"

She shook her head, and laughed.

"Oh! the ignorance of womankind!" said the Captain. "My dear, she's French. Now you see."

Again Celia shook her head.

"Well," he sighed, "I suppose it's no use trying to make a young lady understand such a simple thing. If it had been a bit of lace now, or any other fal-lal and flap-doodle—never mind, my pretty, you're wise enough upon your own lines. That is the *Blonde*, my dear, and she is one of the very last of the old prizes left. When she is broken up I don't know where I could go to look for another of the old French prizes. My father, who was a master in the Navy, navigated her into this very port. She struck her flag off Brest.

"It is a page of history, children," he went on, "this old harbour. They ought to keep all the ships just as they are, and never break up one till she drops to pieces. The brave old ships! It seems a shame, too, to turn them into coal hulks and convict hulks. I would paint them every year, and keep them for the boys and girls to see. 'These are the craft of the old fighting bulldogs,' I would tell them. 'You've got to fight your own battles in a different sort of way. But be bulldogs, however you go into action, and you'll pull through just as your fathers did.'

"I saw a sight when I was a boy," the Captain went on, "that you'll never see again unless the Lords of the Admiralty take my advice and give over breaking-up ships. I saw the last of the oldest ship in the service. She was the *Royal William*, eighty guns. That ship was built for Charles the Second, sailed for James the Second, and fought off and on for a hundred and forty years. Then they broke her up—in 1812—because, I suppose, they were tired of looking at her. She ought to be afloat now, for sounder timber you never saw."

"Shall we down sail and out sculls?" I asked.

The Captain answered by a gesture, and we kept on our course. The tide was running out rapidly.

"Five minutes more, Laddy," he said. "We've time to go as far as Jack the Painter's Point, and then we'll come down easy and comfortable with the last of the ebb."

We had left the lines of ships and hulks behind us now, and were sailing over the broad surface of the upper harbour, where it is wise even at high tide to keep to the creeks, the lines of which are indicated by posts. In these there lay, so old that they had long since been forgotten, some half-a-dozen black hulls, each tenanted by a single ex-warrant officer with his family. Even the Captain, who knew most ships, could not tell the history of these mysterious vessels. What life, I used to think as a boy, could compare with that of being the only man on board one of these old ships? Fancy being left in charge of such a vessel, yourself all alone, or perhaps with Leonard moored alongside also in charge of one. Robinson Crusoe in his most solitary moments could not have felt happier. Then to wander and explore the great empty ship; to open the cabin and look in the old lockers; to roam about in the dim silences of the lower deck, the twilight of the orlop; the mysterious shades of the cockpit, and to gaze down the impenetrable Erebus of the hold. To this day I can never go on board a great ship without a feeling of mysterious treasures and strange secrets lurking in the depths below me. And what a place for ghosts! think, if you could constrain the ghosts on those old ships to speak, what tales they could tell of privateering, of pirating, of perils on the Spanish Main, of adventure, of pillage, and of glory. There may be a ghost or two in old inns, deserted houses, ruined castles, and country churchyards. But they are nothing, they can be nothing, compared with the ghosts on an old ship lying forgotten up the harbour. Cis shudders, and thinks she can get on very well without ghosts, and that when she wants their society she would rather meet them ashore.

"That ships may be haunted," said the Captain, gravely, "is true beyond a doubt. Every sailor will tell you that. Did you never hear how we were haunted aboard the *Fearnought* by the ghost of the purser's clerk?"

I have always regretted, for Celia's sake, that we did not hear that story. The Captain stopped because we were close on Jack the Painter's Point, and we had to attend to the boat.

The Point was a low-lying narrow tongue of land, with one solitary tree upon it, running out into the harbour. It had an edging or beach of dingy sand, behind which the turf began, in knots of long coarse grass, between which, at high tide, the ground was soft and marshy; when the water was out it was difficult to tell where the mud ended and the land began. Now, when the tide was at its highest, the little point, lapped by the waves, and backed by its single tree, made a pretty picture. It was a lonely and deserted spot, far away from any house or inhabited place; there was not even a road near it; behind was a barren field of poor grass where geese picked up a living with anxiety and continual effort; and it was haunted by the gloomiest associations, because here the ghost of Jack the Painter walked.

It was not a fact open to doubt, like some stories of haunted places; Jack had been seen by a crowd of witnesses, respectable mariners, whose testimony was free from any tinge of doubt. It walked after nightfall: It walked backwards and forwards, up and down the narrow tongue of land: It walked with Its hands clasped behind Its neck, and Its head bent forward as if in pain. Any body might be in pain after hanging for years in chains. Imitate that action, and conjure up, if you can, the horror of such an attitude when assumed by a ghost.

The story of Painter Jack was an episode in the last century. He belonged to the fraternity of ropemakers, a special Guild in this port, the members of which enjoyed the privilege, whenever the Sovereign paid the place a visit, of marching in procession, clad in white jackets, nankeen trousers, and blue sashes, in front of the Royal carriage. The possession of his share in this privilege ought to have made Jack, as it doubtless made the rest of his brethren, virtuous and happy. It did not: Jack became moody, and nursed thoughts of greatness. Unfortunately, his ambitions led him in the same direction as those of the illustrious Eratostratus. He achieved greatness by setting fire to the rope-walk. They found out who had done it, after the fire was over and a vast amount of damage had been perpetrated, and they tried the unlucky Jack for the offence. He confessed, made an edifying end, and was hanged in chains on that very point which now bears his name. It was in 1776, and twenty years ago there were still people who remembered the horrid gibbet and the black body, tarred, shapeless, hanging in chains, and swinging stridently to and fro in the breeze. Other gentlemen who were gibbeted in the course of the same century had friends to come secretly and take them down. Mr. Bryan, for instance, was one. He for a brief space kept company with Painter Jack, hanging beside him, clad handsomely in black velvet, new shoes, and a laced shirt. He was secretly removed by his relations. Williams the Marine was another; he was popular in the force, and his comrades took him down. So that poor Jack was left quite alone in that dreary place, and partly out of habit, partly because it had no more pleasant places of resort, the ghost continued to roam about the spot where the body had hung so long.

"Down sail, out sculls," said the Captain. "Hard a port, Celia. We'll drop down easy and comfortable with the tide. How fast it runs out!" It was too late to think of tacking home with the wind dead against us, and the tide was strong in our favour. I took the sculls and began mechanically to row, looking at Celia. She was more silent now. Perhaps she was thinking of her persistent lover, for the lines of her mouth were set hard. I do not know what the Captain was thinking of; perhaps of Leonard. However that may be, we were a boat's crew without a coxswain for a few minutes.

"Laddy!" cried the Captain, starting up, "where have we got to?"

I held up and looked round. The tide was running out faster than I had ever known it. We were in the middle of one of the great banks of mud, and there was, I felt at once, but a single inch between the keel and the mud. I grasped the sculls again, and pulled as hard as I knew; but it was of no use. The next moment we touched; then a desperate struggle to pull her through the mud; then we stuck fast, and, like the water flowing out of a cup, the tide ran away from the mud-bank, leaving us high and dry, fast prisoners for six hours.

We looked at each other in dismay.

Then the Captain laughed.

"Not the first boat's crew that has had to pass the night on the mud," he said cheerfully. "Lucky we've got the wraps. Celia, my dear, do you think you shall mind it very much? We will put you to sleep in the stern while Laddy and I keep watch and watch. No supper, though. Poor little maid! Poor Celia!"

She only laughed. She liked the adventure.

There was no help for it, not the slightest. Like it or not, we had to pass the night where we were unless we could wade, waist deep, for a mile through black mud to Jack the Painter's Point.

The tide which had left us on the bank had retreated from the whole upper part of the harbour. But the surface of the mud was still wet, and the splendour of the setting sun made it look like a vast expanse of molten gold. One might have been on the broad ocean, with nothing to break the boundless view but a single solitary islet with a tree on it, for so seemed the Point of Painter Jack. The sky was cloudless, save in the west, where the light mists of evening were gathered together, like the courtiers at the *coucher du roi*, to take farewell of the sun, clad in their gorgeous dresses of pearl-grey, yellow, crimson, and emerald. Athwart the face of the setting sun, a purple cleft in light and cloud, stood up the solitary poplar on the Point. Bathed and surrounded by the western glory, it seemed to have lost all restraints of distance, and to form, in the far-off splendour, part and parcel of the sapphire-tinted west.

As we looked, the sun sank with a plunge, the evening gun from the Duke of York's bastion over the mouth of the harbour saluted the departure of day. The courtier clouds did not immediately disperse, but slowly began putting off their bright apparel.

In a quarter of an hour the outside clouds were grey; in half an hour all were grey; and presently we began to see the stars clear and bright in the cloudless sky.

"The day is gone," murmured Celia, "morn is breaking somewhere beyond the Atlantic. We ought not to let the thoughts of our own selfish cares spoil the evening, but when the sun sank, my heart sank too."

"Faith and Hope, my pretty," said the Captain. "Come, it is nearly nine o'clock. Let us have evening prayers and turn in."

This was our godly custom before supper. The Captain read a chapter—he was not particular what—regarding all chapters as so many Articles or Rules of the ship, containing well-defined duties, on the proper performance of which rested the hope of future promotion. On this occasion we had no chapter, naturally. But we all stood up while the Captain took off his hat and recited one or two prayers. Then Celia and I sang the Evening Hymn. Our voices sounded strange in the immensity of the heavens above us,—strange and small.

And then we sat down, and the Captain began to wrap Celia round in the waterproofs. She refused to have more than one, and we finally persuaded him to take one for himself—they were good-sized serviceable things, fortunately—and to leave us the other. We all three sat down in the stern of the boat, the Captain on the boards with his elbow on the seat, and Celia and I, side by side, the rug wrapped round us, close together.

Ashore the bells of the old church were playing their hymn tune, followed by the curfew.

"The bells sound sweetly across the water," murmured Celia. "Listen, Laddy, what do they say?"

"I know what the big bell says," I reply. "It has written upon it what it says:—

We good people all
To prayers do call.
We honour to king,
And brides joy do bring.
Good tidings we tell,
And ring the dead's knell."

"'Good tidings we tell,'" she whispers. "What good tidings for us, Laddy?"

"I will tell you presently," I say, "when I have made them out."

The bells cease, and silence falls upon us. It has grown darker, but there is no real darkness during this summer night, only a twilight which makes the shadows black. As we look down the harbour, where the ships lie, it is a scene of enchantment. For the man-o'-war's lights, not regular, but scattered here and there over the dark waters, light up the harbour, and produce an effect stronger than any theatrical scene.

Said the captain, thinking still of the ships,

"A ship's life is like a man's life. She is put in commission after years of work to fit her up—that's our education. She sails away on the business of the country, she has storms and calms, so have the landlubbers ashore; she has good captains and bad captains; she has times of good behaviour and times of bad; sometimes she's wrecked;—well, there's many a good fellow thrown away so; sometimes she goes down in action, nothing finer than that—and sometimes she spends the rest of her life up in harbour. Well for her if she isn't made a convict hulk. Celia, my dear, you are comfortable, and not too cold?"

"Not a bit cold, Captain, thank you, only rather hungry."

There was no help for that, and the Captain, announcing his intention to turn in, enjoined me to wake him at twelve, so that we two could keep watch and watch about, covered his head with the rug, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

Then Celia and I had the night all to ourselves.

We were sitting close together, with the waterproof round our shoulders. Presently, getting a little cramped, Celia slipped down from the seat, and curled herself up close to the sleeping Captain, resting her head upon my knees, while I laid my arm round her neck.

Was it treachery when I had striven to beat down and conquer a passion which was not by any means fraternal for me to feel as if there had never been a perfect night since the world for me began till this one? I wished it would last for ever. When before had I had my queen all to myself in the long, sweet silences of a summer night? And none to hear what we said.

There was no word of love, because that was all one side, but there was talk. We did not sleep that night. The air was soft and warm, though sometimes came a cold touch of wind which made us pull the wraps tighter, and nestle close to each other. But we talked in low whispers, partly because the night is a sacred time, and partly because we were careful not to wake the Captain.

"Tell me now," she whispered, "tell me the good tidings of the bells."

I thought of Leonard's last secret which he told me when he left me on the platform of the station. "Tell Cis?" he said, "That would spoil all." Yet I did tell Cis. I told her that night.

"The bells said, Cis, that there only wanted a fortnight to Leonard's return. He will come back brave and strong."

"And he will make all right," she cried, eagerly, clasping my hand in hers. "Go on, Laddy dear."

"He will make all right. The German shall be sent about his business, and—and——"

"And we all shall go on just as we used to, Laddy."

"N—not quite, Cis. When Leonard went away, he told me a great secret. I was not to tell anybody. And I should not tell you now, only that I think it will do good to both of us, that you should know it. Tell me, my sister, you have not forgotten Leonard?"

"Forgotten Leonard? Laddy, how could I?"

"You think of him still. You remember how brave and true he was; how he loved—us both——"

"I remember all, Laddy."

"When he left me, Cis—he told me—Hush! let me whisper—low—low—in your ear—that his greatest hope was to come back in five years' time, a gentleman—to find you free—and to ask you—to ask you, Cis—to marry him."

She did not answer, but as she lay in the boat, her hands holding mine, her face bent down, I felt a tear fall on my finger; I do not think it was a tear of sorrow.

"You are not offended, Cis dear," I whispered, "I have not done wrong in telling you?"

"Let it be a secret between you and me, Laddy," she said, presently. "Do not let us ever speak of it again."

"Cis, you told me once that you would hide nothing from me. Tell me—if Leonard asked you——"

She threw her arms round my neck, and hid her face upon my shoulder. "Laddy," she whispered, "there is no day, in all these five years, that I have not prayed, night and morning, for Leonard."

Then we were silent.

The hours sped too swiftly, marked by the bells of the ships in commission. About two in the morning, the tide began to turn, and the day began to break. First, the dull black surface of flats became wet and glittered in the light. Then the water slowly crept up and covered all; it took time to reach us, because we were on a bank. And all the time we watched, the grey in the East grew tinged with all colours; and the wild fowl rose out of their sleeping-places by the shore, and flew screaming heavenwards in long lines or arrow-headed angles. And presently the sun arose, splendid.

"Laddy," whispered Celia, for the Captain still slept, "this is more glorious than the evening."

At six bells, which is three in the morning, we floated. I noiselessly stepped over the sleeping form of the Captain and took the sculls, dipping them in the water as softly as I could. He did not awake until half an hour later, when our bows struck the beach, and at the noise the Captain started up. It was nearly four o'clock; no boats were on the harbour; the stillness contrasted strangely with the light of the summer morning.

"Laddy," grumbled the Captain, "you've kept double watch. You call that sailor-like?—Celia, my dear, you have not caught cold?"

When we reached home, the Captain insisted on our going to bed.

"We have passed a night I shall never forget, Laddy," said Celia at her door.

"A sacred night, Cis."

She stooped down, my tall and gracious lady, and kissed my forehead.

"What should I do without you, Laddy? To have some one in the world to whom you can tell everything and not be ashamed, not be afraid. To-night has brought us very close together."

I think it had. After it we were more as we had been when children. My Celia, the maiden of sweet reserve, came back to me a child again, and told me all.

No need now to speak again of Leonard. It remained only to look forward and hope and long for the weary days to pass away.

(To be continued)

"EREMA; OR, MY FATHER'S SIN," by R. D. Blackmore (3 vols.: Smith and Elder).—We may say, with a very distinct meaning, that Mr. Blackmore would be little or nothing as a novelist if it were not for his genius. "Erema," take it altogether, is a very fine work, but its author continues to lay himself open to hostile criticism at least as much as ever. He has little turn for construction, little skill in the mere technicalities of story-telling. His plot here, or rather the bygone situation and incidents on which the plot, such as there is, is built, may frankly be pronounced far-fetched and improbable; indeed, it seems to us only just conceivable that men could be found to act like the heroine's father, who goes through his dreary life proudly silent as to the truth or falsehood of the terrible imputation that hangs over him, and the few friends who know or guess his secret. But then, we take it, Mr. Blackmore cares very little about incident, except as it may be made to fall into effective "grouping" in a picture, or be used as a vehicle for the development and display of character or emotion—its mere *likelihood* is a point as to which he scarcely troubles himself to think. Not a few readers may say that the action assigned to the heroine is as extravagant as anything else in the book, but in this matter we hold that Mr. Blackmore's artistic instincts have kept him wholly straight. Erema Castlewood, as we are carefully made to note, is an exceptional character, and most exceptionally circumstanced. As she herself suggests, the very grandeur and beauty of the Californian landscape on which her eyes so long dwell at a critical period in life, may have exalted her nature, and fitted it for noble ends. Hardly one girl in a thousand, we know, would have taken upon herself such a mission as hers, but, given that the mission was to be undertaken, we see no breaches of probability in the manner in which Erema bears herself under it. This mission was, as she says, "to right the wrong of my own house, and bring home justice to my own heart," by clearing her father's memory from the stain that rests upon it, but how she fares with it would take too long to tell here, even if it were well to spoil the pleasure the reader may look for in learning for himself. But, of course, it is not in the incidents of the tale, but in Mr. Blackmore's method of handling them—in the touches of thought, fancy, humour, and pathos with which he embellishes them—that the attraction and charm of the book really lie. The scenes of Californian life are so vivid that we must suppose that the author has the right to speak of this Paradise of the New World from personal experience; and his English rustics, Stixon, the butler, Jacob Rigg, the sexton, and Betsy Bowen, Erema's old nurse, with their garrulity and slow moving intellects, are as lifelike and real as they have always been. In the matter of descriptions Mr. Blackmore has never given us any more beautiful than that of the sunset over California and the far-away Pacific, as seen from a gap in the Sierra Nevada, of the on-coming of spring in California—a picture drawn in the merest outline, but somehow alive with stir and colour—and the exquisite fragment of prose-poetry which brings before us the peaceful Hampshire village of Shoxford. There are, indeed, faults in the book which show, as we said, that the author is still unversed in the *minutiæ* of story-telling, but these we have not the space to dwell upon, and, after all, conscious as we are of them, we admit that they have but little affected our own enjoyment—Mr. Blackmore's style, with its polished and quaint archaism, is of itself an intellectual treat—and it is possible that they may have as little effect on the reader.

"Maud Leslie," by Lady Charles Thynne, author of "Off the Line," &c. (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—This is another of the stories, of which we are having so many, of how the happiness of a wedded pair comes to be wrecked through misunderstandings and incongruities of temper and disposition. It is told, at all events from the wedding-day onward, with skill and ability, and shows often no small insight into character. At the same time we cannot help thinking that Lady Charles Thynne has made her hero, the "reserved, self-contained" Stuart Leslie, Cumberland squire and man-of-letters, almost unnaturally disagreeable. It is not easy to believe that a man could treat a charming young wife, whom he all the time loves devotedly, with such persistent injustice and coldness, and such an utter want of confidence and sympathy. Nor is it in keeping with our ordinary experience of human nature that a clever man of more than thirty, and in every way his own master, should stand in such slavish awe of incurring his mother's displeasure. But, setting aside these objections, the tale runs smoothly enough—smoothly, that is, so far as *vraisemblance* is concerned, though anything but smoothly as regards the fortunes of the leading characters, which continue vexed and troubled to the end. There are indications which would lead us to believe that the author at one time meant this end to be other than it is; as it stands, it certainly seems hurried and slurred over. Nor is this the only point in which we think we note a change of purpose. Still, the novel is distinctly a good one, and worth reading.

"May Fairfax," by Helen Mar, author of "Loyal and True" (3 vols.: Tinsley).—There is not much in the way of distinctiveness or originality about this story, and there are signs of over-haste in composition; but parts of it are good enough to make us feel that, taken as a whole, it may be considered up to the average in point of merit, though we are afraid that we cannot give it warmer praise. There is an unpleasantness about certain of the incidents not in any degree atoned for by force of treatment. The penitence of the unhappy Brenna—though we should have much preferred that she had not had such grave cause for it—is, however, portrayed well, and not without some power; and altogether the third volume strikes us as above the mark of its predecessors. Miss Mar is a fluent writer—perhaps too fluent for her own higher interests—and we see no reason why, if she chooses to take pains, she should not some day produce a work of more substance and flavour than this, which yet, as novels go, need not be judged harshly.

We have also received a new edition, in one volume, of "Phœbe Junior," Mrs. Oliphant's charming "Last Chronicle of Carlingford" (Hurst and Blackett), concerning which we said what it seemed needful to say on its appearance in the spring of last year.

◆

BOOKS RECEIVED

Colonial Experiences in New Zealand, by an Old Colonist; Sheen's Foreman (3 vols.): Lady Wood; A Laggard in Love (3 vols.): Annie Thomas. Chapman and Hall.

The Three Admirals: W. H. G. Kingston; Wilton of Cuthbert's: Rev. H. C. Adams, M.A.; Talent in Tatters: Hope Wraythe; Masterpieces of Antique Art: Stephen Thompson. Griffith and Farren.

Stephen Heller, His Life and Works: Rev. Robert Brown-Borthwick, Translated from the French of M. Barbedette. Ashdown and Parry.

Memoirs of Madame de Staël; Selina Bathurst; Pastorals of France: F. Wedmore; Five Years' Penal Servitude, by One Who Has Endured It. R. Bentley and Son.

Won, Not Wooed: a Drama in Five Acts. Wyman and Son.

The Squire's Courtship (3 vols.): Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel; A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century (2 vols.): Jeaffreson. Hurst and Blackett.

Orpheus and Eurydice, &c.: Hugh Donald Barclay. Hardwicke and Bogue.

Biographical Notes on the Count de Godde-Liancourt: Edited by Augusta Liancourt. Whitaker and Co.

The Twentieth Century, No. 3. Simpson and Co., Red Lion Court.

The Children's Forget-Me-Not; Golden Childhood; Children's Picture Annual: Mercie Sunshine; The Years That Are Told: Rose Porter. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Sheep: Joseph Darby. Dean and Son.

Columbia and Canada: W. Fraser Rae. Daldy, Isbister, and Co.

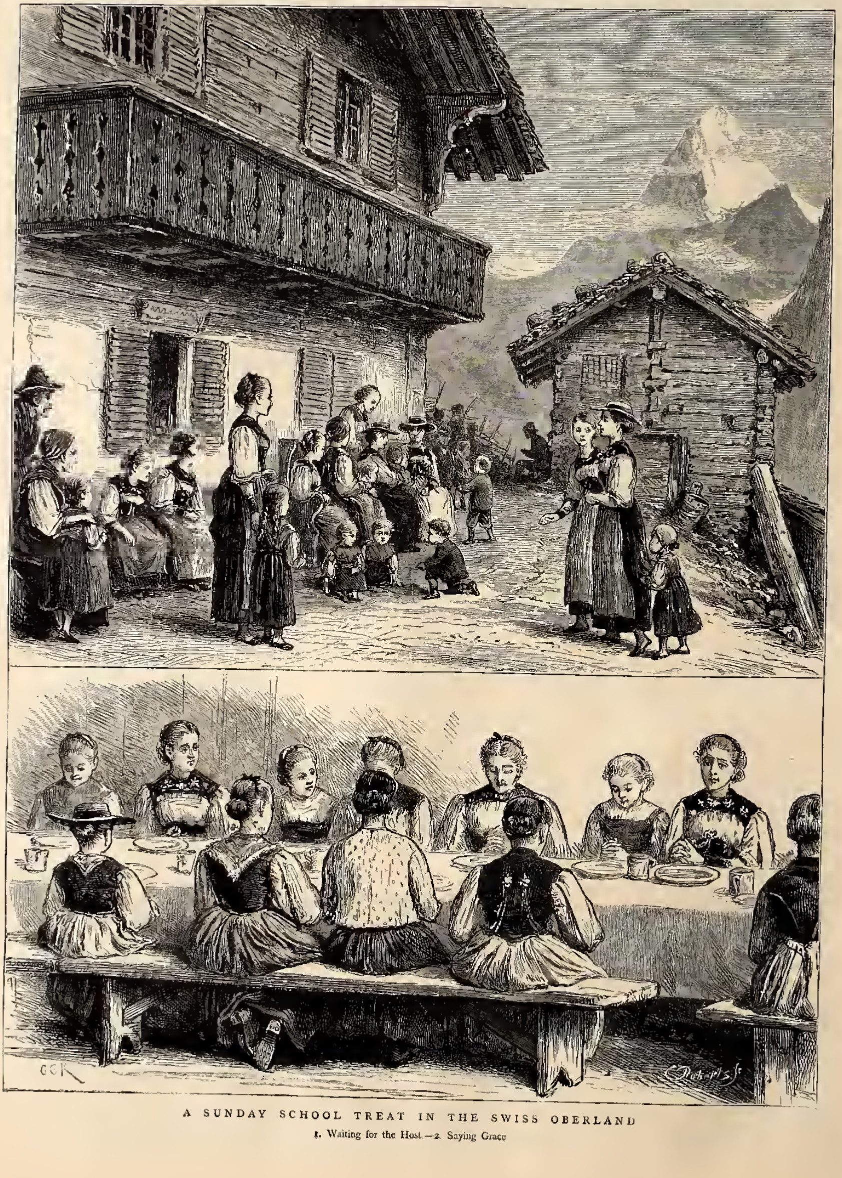
Quarterly Reports of the Mining Surveyors and Registrars of Victoria. John Ferres, Melbourne.

Lashed to the Mizen: Frank Johnson. Arthur H. Moxon.

The Indian Famine: H. M. Hyndman. E. Stanford.

Story of a Mine: Bret Harte. G. Routledge and Sons.

The Cheveley Novels—A Modern Minister, Part I.: Blackwood and Son.



A SUNDAY SCHOOL TREAT IN THE SWISS OBERLAND

1. Waiting for the Host.—2. Saying Grace

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.

THE FIRST DAY—THE AMBUSH

XII.

THE MAIRIE OF THE TENTH ARRONDISSEMENT

(continued)

THE gardens of the neighbourhood occupied by the troops were full of broken bottles. They had plied the soldiers with drink. They obeyed the "epaulettes" unconditionally, and according to the expression of eye-witnesses, appeared "dazed-drunk." The Representatives appealed to them, and said to them, "It is a crime!" They answered, "We are not aware of it."

One soldier was heard to say to another: "What have you done with your ten francs of this morning?"

The sergeants bustled the officers. With the exception of the commander, who probably earned his cross of honour, the officers were respectful, the sergeants brutal.

A lieutenant showing signs of flinching, a sergeant cried out to him, "You are not the only one who commands here! Come, therefore, march!"

M. de Vatimesnil asked a soldier, "Will you dare to arrest us—us, the Representatives of the People?"

"Assuredly!" said the soldier.

Several soldiers hearing some Representatives say that they had eaten nothing since the morning, offered them their ration bread. Some Representatives accepted. M. de Tocqueville, who was unwell, and who was noticed to be pale and leaning on the sill of a window, received from a soldier a piece of this bread, which he shared with M. Chambolle.

Two Commissaries of Police appeared in "full dress," in black coats girded with their sash-girdles and their black corded hats. One was an old man, the other a young man. The first was named Lemoine-Tacherat, and not Bacherel, as has been wrongly printed; the second was named Barlet. These names should be noted. The unprecedented assurance of this Barlet was remarked. Nothing was wanting in him,—cynical speech, provoking gesture, sardonic intonation. It was with an inexpressible air of insolence that Barlet, when summoning the meeting to dissolve itself, added, "Rightly or Wrongly." They murmured on the benches of the Assembly, "Who is this scoundrel?" The other, compared to him, seemed moderate and inoffensive. Émile Péan exclaimed,

"The old man is simply working in his profession, but the young man is working out his promotion."

Before this Tacherat and this Barlet entered, before the butts of the muskets had been heard ringing on the stones of the staircase, this Assembly had talked of resistance. Of what kind of resistance? We have just stated. The majority would only listen to a regular organised resistance, a military resistance in uniform and in epaulettes. Such a resistance was easy to decree, but it was difficult to organise. The Generals on whom the Assembly were accustomed to rely having been arrested, there only remained two possible Generals, Oudinot and Lauriston. General Marquis de Lauriston, ex-peer of France, and at the same time Colonel of the Tenth Legion and Representative of the People, drew a distinction between his duty as Representative and his duty as Colonel. Summoned by some of his friends of the Right to beat to arms and call together the Tenth Legion, he answered, "As Representative of the People I ought to indict the Executive Power, but as Colonel I ought to obey it. It appears that he obstinately shut himself up in this singular reasoning, and that it was impossible to draw him out of it.

"How stupid he is!" said Piscatory.

"How sharp he is!" said Falloux.

The first officer of the National Guard who appeared in uniform seemed to be recognised by two members of the Right, who said:—"It is M. de Périgord!" They made a mistake, it was M. Guilbot, major of the third battalion of the Tenth Legion. He declared that he was ready to march on the first order from his colonel, General Lauriston. General Lauriston went down into the courtyard, and came up a moment afterwards, saying, "They do not recognise my authority. I have just resigned." Moreover, the name of Lauriston was not familiar to the soldiers. Oudinot was better known in the army. But how?

At the moment when the name of Oudinot was pronounced, a shudder ran through this meeting, almost exclusively composed of members of the Right. In fact, at this critical time, at this fatal name of Oudinot, reflections crowded upon each other in every mind.

What was the *Coup d'État*?

It was the "Roman expedition at home." Which was undertaken against whom? Against those who had undertaken the "Roman expedition abroad." The National Assembly of France, dissolved by violence, could only find one single General to defend it in its dying hour. And whom? Precisely he, who in the name of the National Assembly of France had dissolved by violence the National Assembly of Rome. What power could Oudinot, the strangler of a Republic, possess to save a Republic? Was it not evident that his own soldiers would answer him: "What do you want with us? That which we have done at Rome we now do at Paris." What a story is this story of treason! The French Legislature had written the first chapter with the blood of the Roman Constituent Assembly; Providence wrote the second chapter with the blood of the French Legislature, Louis Bonaparte holding the pen.

In 1849, Louis Bonaparte had assassinated the sovereignty of the People in the person of its Roman Representatives; in 1851 he assassinated it in the person of its French Representatives. It was logical, and although it was infamous, it was just. The Legislative Assembly bore at the same time the weight of two crimes; it was the accomplice of the first, the victim of the second. All these men of the majority felt this, and were humbled. Or rather it was the same crime, the crime of the Second of July, 1849, ever erect, ever alive, which had only changed its name, which now called itself the Second of December, and which, the offspring of this Assembly, stabbed it to the heart. Nearly all crimes are parricidal. On a certain day they recoil upon those who have committed them, and slay them.

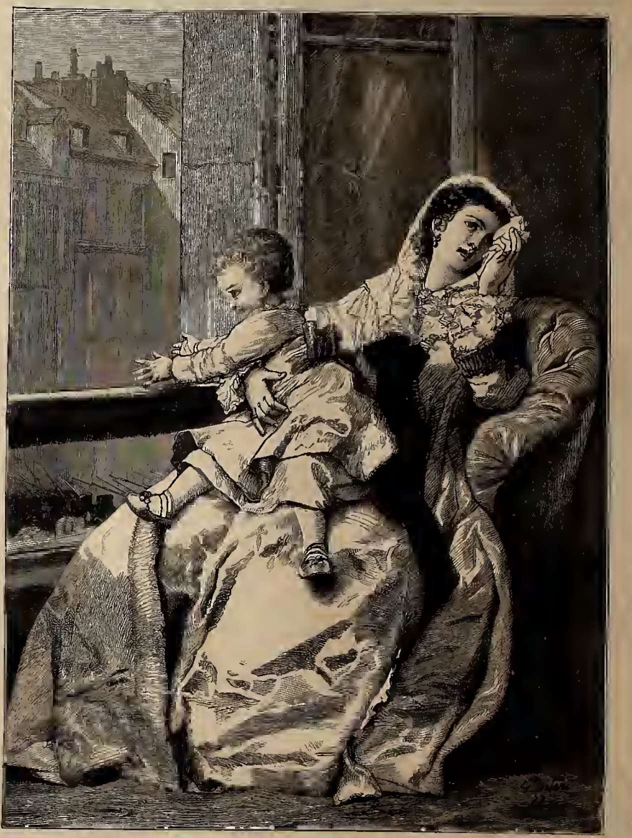
At this moment, so full of anxiety, M. de Falloux must have glanced round for M. de Montalembert. M. de Montalembert was at the Elysée.

When Tamisier rose and pronounced this terrifying word, "The Roman Question!"—distracted M. de Dampierre shouted to him, "Silence! You kill us!"

It was not Tamisier who was killing them—it was Oudinot.

M. de Dampierre did not perceive that he cried "Silence!" to History.

And then, without even reckoning the fatal remembrance which at such a moment would have crushed a man endowed in the highest degree with great military qualities, General Oudinot, in other respects an excellent officer, and a worthy son of his brave father, possessed none of those striking qualities which in the critical hour of revolution stir the soldier and carries with it the people. At that instant, to win back an army of a hundred thousand men, to withdraw the balls from the cannons' mouths, to find beneath the wine poured out to the Prætorians the true soul of the French soldier half drowned and nearly dead, to tear the flag from the *Coup d'État* and restore it to the Law, to surround the Assembly with thunders and lightnings, it would



THE ARRESTED REPRESENTATIVES MARCHING THROUGH THE STREETS

In one of the streets through which they went a window was opened. Suddenly a woman appeared with a child; the child, recognising its father amongst the prisoners, held out its arms and called to him, the mother wept in the background have needed one of those men who exist no longer; it would have needed the firm hand, the calm oratory, the cold and searching glance of Desaix, that French Phocion; it would have needed the huge shoulders, the commanding stature, the thundering voice, the abusive, insolent, cynical, gay, and sublime eloquence of Kléber, that military Mirabeau. Desaix, the countenance of a just man, or Kléber, the face of a lion! General Oudinot, little, awkward, embarrassed, with an indecisive and dull gaze, red cheeks, low forehead, with grizzled and lank hair, polite tone of voice, a humble smile, without oratory, without gesture, without power, brave before the enemy, timid before the first comer, having assuredly the bearing of a soldier, but having also the bearing of a priest; he caused the mind to hesitate between the sword and the taper; he had in his eyes a sort of "Amen!"

He had the best intentions in the world, but what could he do? Alone, without prestige, without true glory, without personal authority, and dragging Rome after him! He felt all this himself, and he was as it were paralysed by it. As soon as they had appointed him he got upon a chair and thanked the Assembly, doubtless with a firm heart, but with hesitating speech. When the little fair-haired officer dared to look him in the face and insult him, he, holding the sword of the people, he, General of the Sovereign Assembly, he only knew how to stammer out such wretched phrases as these, "I have just declared to you that we are unable, 'unless compelled and constrained,' to obey the order which prohibits us from remaining assembled together." He spoke of obeying, he who ought to command. They had girded him with his scarf, and it seemed to make him uncomfortable. He inclined his head alternately first to one shoulder and then to the other; he held his hat and cane in his hand, he had a benevolent aspect. A Legitimist member muttered in a low voice to his neighbour, "One might imagine he was a bailiff speechifying at a wedding." And his neighbour, a Legitimist also, replied, "He reminds me of the Duc d'Angoulême."

What a contrast to Tamisier! Tamisier, frank, earnest, confident, although a mere Captain of Artillery, had the bearing of a General. Had Tamisier, with his grave and gentle countenance, high intelligence, and dauntless heart, a species of soldier-philosopher, been better known, he could have rendered decisive services. No one can tell what would have happened if Providence had given the soul of Tamisier to Oudinot, or the epaulettes of Oudinot to Tamisier.

In this bloody enterprise of December we failed to find a General's uniform becomingly worn. A book might be written on the part which gold lace plays in the destiny of nations.

Tamisier, appointed Chief of the Staff some instants before the invasion of the Hall, placed himself at the disposal of the Assembly. He was standing on a table. He spoke with a resonant and hearty voice. The most downcast became reassured by this modest, honest, devoted attitude. Suddenly he drew himself up, and looking all that Royalist majority in the face, exclaimed, "Yes, I accept the charge you offer me. I accept the charge of defending the Republic! Nothing but the Republic! Do you perfectly understand?"

A unanimous shout answered him, "Vive la République!"

"Ah!" said Beslay, "the voice comes back to you as on the Fourth of May." "Long live the Republic! Nothing but the Republic!" repeated the men of the Right, Oudinot louder than the others. All arms were stretched towards Tamisier, every hand pressed his. Oh Danger! irresistible converter! In his last hour the Atheist invokes God, and the Royalist the Republic. They cling to that which they have repudiated.

The official historians of the *Coup d'État* have stated that at the beginning of the sitting two Representatives had been sent by the Assembly to the Ministry of the Interior to "negotiate." What is certain is that these two Representatives had no authority. They presented themselves, not on behalf of the Assembly, but in their own name. They offered themselves as intermediaries to procure a peaceable termination of the catastrophe which had begun. With an honesty which bordered on simplicity they summoned Morny to yield himself a prisoner, and to return within the law, declaring that in case of refusal the Assembly would do its duty, and call the people to the defence of the Constitution and of the Republic. Morny answered them with a smile, accompanied by these plain words, "If you appeal to arms, and if I find any Representatives on the barricades, I will have them all shot to the last man."

The meeting in the Tenth Arrondissement yielded to force. President Vitet insisted that they should forcibly arrest him. A police agent who seized him turned pale and trembled. In certain circumstances, to lay violent hands upon a man is to lay them upon Right, and those who dare to do so are made to tremble by outraged Law.

The exodus from the Mairie was long and beset with obstructions. Half-an-hour elapsed while the soldiers were forming a line, and while the Commissaries of Police, all the time appearing solely occupied with the care of driving back the crowd in the street, sent for orders to the Ministry of the Interior. During that time some of the Representatives, seated round a table in the great Hall, wrote to their families, to their wives, to their friends. They snatched up the last leaves of paper; the pens failed; M. de Luynes wrote to his wife a letter in pencil. There were no wafers; they were forced to send the letters unsealed; some soldiers offered to post them. M. Chambolle's son, who had accompanied his father thus far, undertook to take the letters addressed to Mesdames de Luynes, de Lasteyrie, and Duvergier de Hauranne.

General Forey—the same who had refused a battalion to the President of the Constituent Assembly, Marrast, who had promoted him from a colonel to a general—General Forey, in the centre of the courtyard of the Mairie, his face inflamed, half drunk, coming out, they said, from breakfast at the Elysée, superintended the outrage. A member, whose name we regret we do not know, dipped his boot into the gutter and wiped it along the gold stripe of the regimental trousers of General Forey. Representative Lherbette came up to General Forey, and said to him, "General, you are a coward." Then turning to his colleagues, he exclaimed, "Do you hear? I tell this general that he is a coward." General Forey did not stir. He kept the mud on his uniform and the epithet on his cheek.

The meeting did not call the people to arms. We have just explained that it was not strong enough to do so; nevertheless, at the last moment, a member of the Left, Latrade, made a fresh effort. He took M. Berryer aside, and said to him, "Our official measures of resistance have come to an end; let us not allow ourselves now to be arrested. Let us disperse throughout the streets crying, 'To arms!'" M. Berryer consulted a few seconds on the matter with the Vice-President, M. Benoist d'Azy, who refused.

The Deputy Mayor, hat in hand, reconducted the members of the Assembly as far as the gate of the Mairie. As soon as they appeared in the courtyard ready to go out between two lines of soldiers, the post of National Guards presented arms, and shouted, "Long live the Assembly! Long live the Representatives of the People!" The National Guards were at once disarmed, almost forcibly, by the Chasseurs de Vincennes.

There was a wine-shop opposite the Mairie. As soon as the great folding gates of the Mairie opened, and the Assembly appeared in the street, led by General Forey on horseback, and having at its head the Vice-President Vitet, grasped by the necktie by a police agent, a few men in white blouses, gathered at the windows of this wine-shop, clapped their hands and shouted, "Well done! down with the 'Twenty-five francs!'" *

They set forth.

The Chasseurs de Vincennes, who marched in a double line on each side of the prisoners, cast at them looks of hatred. General Oudinot said in a whisper, "These little infantry soldiers are terrible fellows. At the siege of Rome they flung themselves at the assault like madmen. These lads are very devils." The officers avoided the gaze of the Representatives. On leaving the Mairie, M. de Coislin passed by an officer and exclaimed, "What a disgrace for the uniform!" The officer retaliated with angry words and incensed M. de Coislin. Shortly afterwards, during the march, he came up to M. de Coislin and said to him, "Sir, I have reflected; it is I who am wrong."

They proceeded on the way slowly. At a few steps from the Mairie the procession met M. Chegaray. The Representatives called out to him, "Come!" He answered, while making an expressive gesture with his hands and his shoulders, "Oh! I dare say! As they have not arrested me" . . . and he feigned as though he would pass on. He was ashamed, however, and went with them. His name is found in the list of the roll-call at the barracks.

A little further on M. de Lespérut passed them. They cried out to him, "Lespérut! Lespérut!" "I am with you," answered he. The soldiers pushed him back. He seized the butt ends of the muskets, and forced his way into the column.

In one of the streets through which they went a window was opened. Suddenly a woman appeared with a child; the child, recognising its father amongst the prisoners, held out its arms and called to him, the mother wept in the background.

It was at first intended to take the Assembly in a body straight to Mazas, but this was counter-ordered by the Ministry of the Interior. It was feared that this long walk, in broad daylight, through populous and easily aroused streets might prove dangerous; the d'Orsay barracks were close at hand. They selected these as a temporary prison.

One of the commanders insolently pointed out with his sword the arrested Representatives to the passers-by, and said in a loud voice:—"These are the Whites, we have orders to spare them. Now it is the turn of the Red Representatives, let them look out for themselves!"

Wherever the procession passed, the populace shouted from the pavements, at the doors, at the windows, "Long live the National Assembly!" When they perceived a few Representatives of the Left sprinkled in the column they cried "Vive la République!" "Vive la Constitution!" and "Vive la Loi!" The shops were not shut, and passers-by went to and fro. Some people said, "Wait until the evening; this is not the end of it."

A staff-officer on horseback, in full uniform, met the procession, recognised M. de Vatimesnil, and came up to greet him. In the Rue de Beaune, as they passed the house of the *Démocratie Pacifique* a group shouted, "Down with the Traitor of the Elysée!"

On the Quay d'Orsay, the shouting was redoubled. There was a great crowd there. On either side of the quay a file of soldiers of the Line, elbow to elbow, kept back the spectators. In the middle of the space left vacant, the members of the Assembly slowly advanced between a double file of soldiers, the one stationary, which threatened the people, the other on the march, which threatened the Representatives.

Serious reflections arise in the presence of all the details of the great crime which this book is designed to relate. Every honest man who sets himself face to face with the *Coup d'État* of Louis Bonaparte hears nothing but a tumult of indignant thoughts in his conscience. Whoever reads our work to the end will assuredly not credit us with the intention of extenuating this monstrous deed. Nevertheless, as the deep logic of actions ought always to be italicised by the historian, it is necessary here to call to mind and to repeat, even to satiety, that apart from the members of the Left, of whom a very small number were present, and whom we have mentioned by name, the three hundred Representatives who thus defiled before the eyes of the crowd, constituted the old Royalist and reactionary majority of the Assembly. If it were possible to forget, that—whatever were their errors, whatever were their faults, and, we venture to add, whatever were their illusions—these persons thus treated were the Representatives of the leading civilised nation, were sovereign Legislators, senators of the people, inviolable Deputies, and sacred by the great law of Democracy, and that in the same manner as each man bears in himself something of the mind of God, so each of these nominees of universal suffrage bore something of the soul of France; if it were possible to forget this for a moment, it assuredly would be a spectacle, perhaps more laughable than sad, and certainly more philosophical than lamentable to see, on this December morning, after so many laws of repression, after so many exceptional measures, after so many votes of censure and of the state of siege, after so many refusals of amnesty, after so many affronts to equity, to justice, to the human conscience, to the public good faith, to right, after so many favours to the police, after so many smiles bestowed on absolutism, the entire Party of Order arrested in a body and taken to prison by the *sergents de ville!*

One day, or rather, one night, the moment having come to save society, the *Coup d'État* abruptly seizes the Demagogues, and finds that it holds by the collar, Whom? The Royalists.

They arrived at the barracks, formerly the barracks of the Royal Guard, and on the pediment of which is a carved escutcheon whereon are still visible the traces of the three *fleurs de lys* effaced in 1830. They halted. The door was opened. "Why!" said M. de Broglie, "Here we are."

At that moment a great placard posted on the barrack wall by the side of the door bore in big letters:—

"REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION."

It was the advertisement of a pamphlet, published two or three days previous to the *Coup d'État*, without any author's name, demanding the Empire, and was attributed to the President of the Republic.

The Representatives entered and the doors were closed upon them. The shouts ceased; the crowd, which occasionally has its meditative moments, remained for some time on the quay, dumb, motionless, gazing alternately at the closed gate of the Barracks, and at the silent front of the Palace of the Assembly, dimly visible in the misty December twilight, two hundred paces distant.

The two Commissaries of Police went to report their "success" to M. de Morny. M. de Morny said, "Now the struggle has begun. Excellent! These are the last Representatives who will be made prisoners."

XIII.

LOUIS BONAPARTE'S SIDE-FACE

THE minds of all these men, we repeat, were very differently affected.

The extreme Legitimist party, which represents the White of the flag, was not, it must be said, highly exasperated at the *Coup d'État*. Upon many faces might be read the saying of M. de Falloux:—"I am so satisfied that I have considerable difficulty in affecting to be only resigned." The ingenuous spirits cast down their eyes—that is becoming to purity; more daring spirits raised their heads. They felt an impartial indignation which permitted a little admiration. How cleverly these generals have been ensnared! The Country assassinated,—it is a horrible crime; but they were enraptured at the jugglery blended with the parricide. One of the leaders said, with a sigh of envy and regret:—"We do not possess a man of such talent." Another muttered, "It is Order." And he added, "Alas!" Another exclaimed, "It is a frightful crime, but well carried out." Some wavered, attracted on one side by the lawful power which rested in the Assembly, and on the other by the abomination which was in Bonaparte; honest souls poised between duty and infamy. There was a M. Thomines Desmazures who went as far as the door of the Great Hall of the Mairie, halted, looked inside, looked outside, and did not enter. It would be unjust not to record that others amongst the pure Royalists, and above all M. de Vatimesnil, had the sincere intonation and the upright wrath of justice.

Be it as it may, the Legitimist party, taken as a whole, entertained no horror of the *Coup d'État*. It feared nothing. In truth, should the Royalists fear Louis Bonaparte? Why?

Indifference does not inspire fear. Louis Bonaparte was indifferent. He only recognised one thing, his object. To break through the road in order to reach it, that was quite plain; the rest might be left alone. There lay the whole of his policy, to crush the Republicans, to disdain the Royalists.

Louis Bonaparte had no passion. He who writes these lines, talking one day about Louis Bonaparte with the ex-king of Westphalia, remarked, "In him the Dutchman tones down the Corsican."—"If there be any Corsican," answered Jérôme."

Louis Bonaparte has never been other than a man who has lay wait for fortune, a spy trying to dupe God. He had that livid dreaminess of the gambler who cheats. Cheating admits audacity, but excludes anger. In his prison at Ham he only read one book, "The Prince." He belonged to no family, as he could hesitate between Bonaparte and Verhuell; he had no country, as he could hesitate between France and Holland.

This Napoléon had taken St. Helena in good part. He admired England. Resentment! To what purpose? For him on earth there only existed his interests. He pardoned, because he speculated; he forgot everything, because he calculated upon everything. What did his uncle matter to him? He did not serve him; he made use of him. He rested his shabby enterprise upon Austerlitz. He stuffed the eagle.

Malice is an unproductive outlay. Louis Bonaparte only possessed as much memory as is useful. Hudson Lowe did not prevent him from smiling upon Englishmen; the Marquis of Montchenu did not prevent him from smiling upon the Royalists.

He was a man of earnest politics, of good company, wrapt in his own scheming, not impulsive, doing nothing beyond that which he intended, without abruptness, without hard words, discreet, accurate, learned, talking smoothly of a necessary massacre, a slaughterer, because it served his purpose.

All this, we repeat, without passion, and without anger.

Louis Bonaparte was one of those men who had been influenced by the profound iciness of Machiavelli.

It was through being a man of that nature that he succeeded in submerging the name of Napoleon by super-adding December upon Brumaire.

XIV.

THE D'ORSAY BARRACKS

IT was half-past three.

The arrested Representatives entered into the courtyard of the barracks, a huge parallelogram closed in and commanded by high walls. These walls are pierced by three tiers of windows, and possess that dismal appearance which distinguishes barracks, schools and prisons.

This courtyard is entered by an arched portal which extends through all the breadth of the front of the main building. This archway, under which the guard-house had been made, is closed on the side of the quay by large solid folding doors, and on one side of the courtyard by an iron grated gateway. They closed the door and the grated gateway upon the Representatives. They "set them at liberty" in the bolted and guarded courtyard.

"Let them stroll about," said an officer.

The air was cold, the sky was grey. Some soldiers, in their shirtsleeves and wearing police caps, busy with fatigue duty, went hither and thither amongst the prisoners.

First M. Grimault and then M. Antony Thouret instituted a roll call. The Representatives made a ring around them. Lherbette said laughingly:—"This just suits the barracks. We look like sergeant-majors who have come to report." They called over the seven hundred and fifty names of the Representatives. To each name they answered; "Absent" or "Present," and the secretary jotted down with a pencil those who were present. When the name of Morny was reached, some one cried out, "At Clichy!" At the name of Persigny, the same voice exclaimed, "At Poissy!" The inventor of these two jokes, which by the way are very poor, has since allied himself to the Second of December, to Morny and Persigny; he has covered his cowardice with the embroidery of a senator.

The roll call verified the presence of two hundred and twenty Representatives, after giving which, the short-hand report continues thus:—

"The roll call having been completed, General Oudinot asked the Representatives who were scattered about in the courtyard to come round him, and made the following announcement to them—

"'The Captain-Adjutant-Major, who has remained here to command the barracks, has just received an order to have rooms prepared for us, where we are to withdraw, as we are considered to be in custody. (Hear! hear!) Do you wish me to bring the Adjutant-Major here! (No, no; it is useless.) I will tell him that he had better execute his orders. (Yes, yes, that is right).'"

The Representatives remained "penned" and "strolling" about in this yard for two long hours. They walked about arm in arm. They walked quickly so as to warm themselves. The men of the Right said to the men of the Left: "Ah! if you had only voted the proposals of the Questors!" They also exclaimed: "Well! how about the *invisible sentry!*"[*] And they laughed. Then Marc Dufraisse answered, "Deputies of the People! Deliberate in peace!" It was then the turn of the Left to laugh. Nevertheless, there was no bitterness. The cordiality of a common misfortune reigned amongst them.

---

* An allusion to the twenty-five francs a day officially payable to the members of the Assembly.

They questioned his ex-ministers about Louis Bonaparte. They asked Admiral Cécille: "Now, really, what does this mean?" The Admiral answered by this definition: "It is a small matter." M. Vézin added: "He wishes History to call him 'Sire.'" "Poor Sire, then," said M. de Camus de la Guihourgère. M. Odilon Barrot exclaimed: "What a fatality, that we should have been condemned to employ this man!"

This said, these heights attained, political philosophy was exhausted, and they ceased talking.

On the right, by the side of the door, there was a canteen elevated a few steps above the courtyard. "Let us promote this canteen to the dignity of a refreshment room," said the ex-ambassador to China, M. de Lagrénée. They entered; some went up to the stove, others asked for a basin of soup. MM. Favreau, Piscatory, Larabit, and Vatimesnil took refuge in a corner. In the opposite corner drunken soldiers chatted with the maids of the barracks. M. de Kératry, bent with his eighty years, was seated near the stove on an old worm-eaten chair; the chair tottered; the old man shivered.

Towards four o'clock a regiment of Chasseurs de Vincennes arrived in the courtyard with their platters, and began to eat, singing, and with loud bursts of merriment. M. de Broglie looked at them and said to M. Piscatory: "It is a strange spectacle to see the porringers of the Janissaries vanished from Constantinople re-appearing at Paris!"

Almost at the same moment a staff officer informed the Representatives on behalf of General Forey that the "apartments assigned to them" were ready, and requested them to follow him. They were taken into the eastern building, which is the wing of the barracks farthest from the Palace of the Council of State; they were conducted to the third floor. They expected chambers and beds. They found long rooms, vast garrets with filthy walls and low ceilings, furnished with wooden tables and benches. These were the "apartments." These garrets, which adjoin each other, all open on the same corridor, a narrow passage, which runs the length of the main building. In one of these rooms they saw, thrown into a corner, side drums, a big drum, and various instruments of military music. The Representatives scattered themselves about in these rooms. M. de Tocqueville, who was ill, threw his overcoat on the floor in the recess of a window, and lay down. He remained thus stretched upon the ground for several hours.

These rooms were warmed very badly by cast-iron stoves, shaped like hives. A Representative wishing to poke the fire, upset one, and nearly set fire to the wooden flooring.

The last of these rooms looked out on the quay. Anthony Thouret opened a window and leaned out. Several Representatives joined him. The soldiers, who were bivouacking below on the pavement, caught sight of them, and began to shout: "Ah! there they are, those rascals at 'twenty-five francs a day,' who wish to cut down our pay!" In fact, on the preceding evening, the police had spread this calumny through the barracks that a proposition had been placed on the Tribune to lessen the pay of the troops. They had even gone so far as to name the author of this proposition. Antony Thouret attempted to undeceive the soldiers. An officer cried out to him: "It is one of your party who made the proposal. It is Lamennais!"

In about an hour and a half there were ushered into these rooms MM. Vallette, Bixio, and Victor Lefranc, who had come to join their colleagues and constitute themselves prisoners.

Night came. They were hungry. Several had not eaten since the morning. M. Howyn de Tranchère, a man of considerable kindness and devotion, who had acted as porter at the Mairie, acted as forager at the barracks. He collected five francs from each Representative, and they sent and ordered a dinner for two hundred and twenty from the Café d'Orsay, at the corner of the Quay and the Rue du Bac. They dined badly but merrily. Cookshop mutton, bad wine, and cheese. There was no bread. They ate as they best could, one standing, another on a chair, one at a table, another astride on his bench, with his plate before him, "as at a ball-room supper," a dandy of the Right said laughingly, Thuriot de la Rosière, son of the regicide Thuriot. M. de Rémusat buried his head in his hands. Émile Péan said to him, "We shall get over it." And Gustave de Beaumont cried out, addressing himself to the Republicans, "And your friends of the Left! Will they preserve their honour? Will there be an insurrection at least?" They passed each other the dishes and plates, the Right showing marked attention to the Left. "Here is the opportunity to bring about a fusion," said a young Legitimist. Troopers and canteen men waited upon them. Two or three tallow candles, burnt and smoked on each table. There were few glasses. Right and Left drank from the same. "Equality, fraternity," exclaimed the Marquis Sauvaire-Barthélemy, of the Right. And Victor Hennequin answered him, "But not Liberty."

(To be continued)

◆

WINTER EXHIBITIONS

Mr. M'Lean anticipates the Water-Colour Winter Exhibitions with a collection including good work by such eminent members of both bodies as Sir J. Gilbert, Alma Tadema, G. Fripp, S. Palmer, G. Dodgson, J. D. Watson, Albert Goodwin, F. Tayler, Carl Haag, Birket Foster, Henry Moore, B. Bradley, E. K. Johnson, Clara Montalba, and Whittaker, of the Society; Mrs. Coleman Angell, E. M. Wimperis, E. J. Gregory, J. D. Linton, W. Small, F. J. Skill, Hugh Carter, W. L. Leitch, E. A. Penley, Guido Bach, A. Bouvier, J. Orrock, and A. Hayes, of the Institute; with foreign painters of the quality of Josef Israels, Henriette Brown, Dyckmans, and E. Frère, and such outsiders as Luke Fildes, G. Hall, T. B. Hardy, Syer, W. S. Coleman, and others. This is a collection carefully selected by a competent judge, which escapes the monotony of exhibitions confined to members of a single corporation, and enables us to bring to comparison masters whose drawings are seldom seen in juxtaposition, at least in an exhibition room, and to compare these again with the work of outsiders and foreigners. Those who take an interest in water-colour work will find plenty to occupy them in Mr. M'Lean's Gallery. For the public no drawing here will have more interest than Luke Fildes's admirable water-colour of the interior of Charles Dickens's study at Gadshill, the original of the large engraving published in this journal. After this, and two unpretending groups by Josef Israels, one of two workmen, tools in hand, in company with a woman, the other, of a poor mother and son wending their way home in twilight, both impressed by the painter's subtle yet simple pathos; a charming sun-lit head of a child, who pauses in her lesson to sing to her goldfinch, by Henriette Brown; some of those simply-conceived groups, in water-colours, of peasant children at their sports, or in the interchange of home tendernesses and cares, to which Edouard Frère imparts such inimitable tenderness while faithful to the exactest truth; and a *replica* in water-colour, by Dyckmans, of his "Blind Beggar," which, for its finish, is one of the stock wonders of our National Collection, there is nothing in Mr. M'Lean's room likely to make more impression than the drawings of two ladies, Miss Claro Montalba's two Venetian studies, "The Salt-Wharf," and an interior of St. Mark's, the one all alive with the quiver of warm sunshine on the lagune, the other dimly splendid with the low-toned glory of ancient gold and mellowed marble, and the noble flower-pieces of Mrs. Coleman Angell, who has never more strikingly vindicated Mr. W. Hunt's reported choice of her as the inheritor of his mantle. Her sheaf of azaleas in a Chinese pot, rich with blue-green glaze over its foundation of red clay, her clustering chrysanthemums in a jar of a quite different texture and tone of blue, and her sprays of apple blossom and peonies near the fire-place, are examples of this potent hand at its very strongest. But besides these more conspicuous drawings, Mr. M'Lean's collection includes a proportion of excellent and interesting work, which places it far above the usual run of dealers', or indeed artists' exhibitions. After all, the distinction between the two has long been untenable, and had better be ignored. All that entitles an exhibition to public notice nowadays is the quality of the works shown, and whether these are got together by a committee or a dealer really matters nothing to the critic or the public. Merit will make its way and hold its own in any case, and the fear is, nowadays, not that the clever artist may fail to obtain public attention, but that he will be tempted to appeal to it through too many channels, and under the dangerous temptation of too eager a rivalry.

Mr. Tooth's Exhibition is chiefly made up of cabinet oil-pictures of the English school, with plenty of attractive work by popular painters, and a considerable dash of that vulgarity which, unhappily, is hardly separable from popularity in English art, but little that calls for critical notice. An effective study of a cardinal—which Mr. Whistler might christen "Symphony in Red"—by Mr. Pettie, "An October Day at Clieveden," by J. J. Tissot, in which graceful figures suffer from a framework of oddly-coloured grass—or so it seemed in the dimmish light of Saturday afternoon, two careful studies of Algerine or Tangerian figures by J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A.; two extremely pretty half-lengths of Spanish señoras, in red dresses, gracefully draped in thin black-lace mantillas, by S. B. Burgess, A.R.A.; some English and Scotch landscapes by B. W. Leader and P. Grahame, A.R.A.; and a smaller *replica*, by L. J. Pott, of his clever and effective, but over-stagy, Academy picture of treachery and ambuscade, "Waiting for the King's Favourite;" and a girls' school, with a pretty teacher bombarded with copybooks, by John Morgan, are among the contents of Mr. Tooth's Gallery which stand out clearest from the "ruck" of the room in the critic's memory. But there is one work which for gravity of intention and thoroughness of working-out deserves a place apart from its companions, Mr. F. Holl's "Gone," a night piece, of three poor women, one with a baby, and a little girl, who in the gloom and moist of a winter morning watch from a railway platform the starting of the train which carries away the father, son, and brother, on his quest of better fortune, to the port whence he is to embark for some colonial or New World El Domdo. The mother shows her face, blurred and swollen with tears, as she turns to look at the baby in her arms. The sister, in black, is only seen in extreme profile as her eye follows the moving train; the old mother's back is towards us as, with uplifted hands, she waves her last farewell to her boy. The little child is under the cloud of the sorrow of her elders, without quite understanding it. There is true and well-conceived expression in all the figures of this pathetic group; the painting might be firmer and finer, but the touch is large and the handling manly; and while the lighting has been evidently studied with great care and is highly effective, there is less of that blackness of shadow which is Mr. Holl's besetting vice as a painter. No one can fairly say that the sentiment of this impressive picture is either overstrained or unwholesome, while the subject is one that will come home to the feelings of many far above the station of the actors in the sad little domestic drama.

THE READER

Tourists in Italy who can afford to do their sight-seeing thoroughly, and linger long among the art-treasures and historic memories of "the City of Flowers," will prize a new and revised edition (H. S. King and Co.) of the pleasant "Walks in Florence," by Susan and Joanna Horner, in two handy volumes—the first of rambles through the chief streets and quarters of the city; the second of strolls through the galleries of the Pitti, the Uffizi, the Academy, and the more recently formed collections of the San Marco, the Bargello, and the Museum of Natural History. Many changes, even within the last year or two, have been made in Florence; San Marco and the Bargello been definitely converted into museums; the Museum of Natural History enriched by a collection of Italian *fauna*, not yet thrown open to the general public. Thus, the new edition of the Misses Horner's volume is thoroughly brought up to the latest date, while its excellent art-criticisms, apt quotations from chronicle and legend, and useful tables after each chapter of dates connected with the buildings therein described, are all that can be desired by the most conscientious student of Florentine antiquities. Not the least, perhaps, among its minor merits—in pleasing contrast to more than one recent volume about Italy—is the good taste which confines itself to the simple work of description, and neither wearies nor offends the reader with comments on affairs of politics.

Walks nearer home yet scarcely less interesting for old associations if not for æsthetic charms are agreeably continued in Vol. V. of the Messrs. Cassell's "Old and New London," edited by Edward Walford, M.A. We move now from West to East around the edge of inner London, starting from new Belgravia and old Chelsea and passing round "the Northern heights" of Hampstead and of Highgate to the once verdant meads of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," leaving for yet another volume the southern half-circle from Bermondsey to Wandsworth. Though a round of more recent memories than those which encounter us in central London—of comparatively few, indeed, that date beyond the last two centuries—it is one almost equally rich in curious gossip, taking us past a thousand spots commemorated by playwright, novelist, and memoir-writer; past Cheyne Walk and Chelsea Gardens, and the one avenue which Mr. Jesse tells us still recalls the vanished glories of old Ranelagh; past Holland House and the "old Court suburb;" past the square where once stood Tyburn Tree; past walks and drives of middle-class respectability, but gay and riotous enough long ago when the "town" made excursions to the Hampstead Spa, and "bucks" did not disdain to be "sworn upon the horns" at Highgate; past Puritanic Hackney and Stoke Newington to the site of Norman palaces and abbeys on the Lea. The engravings from curious prints of former London, which always form a feature of this serial, are as numerous and interesting as usual.

"Illustrious Irishwomen" (Hurst and Blackett), by E. Owens Blackburne, fill two amusing, if somewhat gossipy and slipshod volumes with portraits of a galaxy of fair Celts—some beautiful, many witty, and not a few frail—from Macha of the Red Tresses, and Méava (the Queen Mab of Shakespeare), two ladies whose respective dates are 3603 and 3937 A.M., but whose existence as historic personages is "established beyond any doubt," down to the Countess of Blessington and the Lady Stirling-Maxwell of our own day. The work, as the author ingenuously confesses, is very much, though by by no means wholly, of the nature of a compilation. The most generally interesting of its sketches are those devoted to the heroines of the stage—an arena for which the lively imitative Celt has ever had a decided *penchant*, no less than five out of seven of the fair stars of Old Drury in its palmiest days having been, we are proudly told, of direct Hibernian descent. The most complete is the curious tale of the well-matched pair whom the Welsh tourist will know to the end of time as the "Ladies of Llangollen." Altogether, in spite of some errors both of fact and style, this is a work to which the reading generation may not unprofitably refer for notices of lives not always to be found *in extenso* in the nearest encyclopædia.

"Annals of "North America, or a Concise Account of the Important Events in the United States, the British Provinces, and Mexico, from their Discovery to the Present Time," by Edward Howland (S. Low and Co.), is an epitome of American progress year by year, from 1492 to 1877. Such works, while far from superseding regular histories—one must not look to them for a clever conception of a period or of a character, of the Kansas troubles, for instance, or of John Brown—are admirable as companion volumes, giving as they do under the year and month each leading event of foreign or domestic policy, with much besides, which regular histories rarely give—founding of colleges, newspapers, manufactories; dates of patents and inventions; settlement of new towns and territories, &c. Mr. Howland has done his work with care, and produced a book of reference of unquestionable utility.

"What will this Babbler say?" the defiant motto of Sir Tollemache Sinclair's "Defence of Russia and the Christians of Turkey" (2 Parts: Chapman and Hall), would take a page to answer in briefest summary. He will sketch for you, more or less accurately, the past and present phases of the Eastern Question; will unmask Mahomedanism and the "unspeakable Turk; will prove (after M. Juste) the will of Peter the Great to be a forgery, and quote *Truth* on the Antonelli scandal *apropos* of the alleged outrage on the United Greeks of Poland. He will demolish in Part II. Baron de Worms and the Jews with quotations from Gibbon; will paint the condition of the Turkish Empire with extracts from books of travel not quite selected on the *audi alteram partem* principle of the title-page, and fill in *ad libitum* with specimens of the fun of Kinglake, Thackeray, Dickens, and Burnand. The reckless mixture of jesting and hard hitting is at times amusing. A little, nay a good deal, less of both would make the "Defence" much more effective as an argument.

In "The Soul, and How it Found Me" (Tinsley Brothers) Mr. Edw. Maitland, author of that wondrous volume, "England and Islam," narrates "the phenomena connected with its production." Few, possibly, had patience to wade through a book which, commencing as a rejected letter to *The Times* on the Russo-Turkish war, lost itself, like an un-banked river, in the marsh of so-called prophesyings on the sin of Vivisection, the spiritual meaning of the Signs of the Zodiac, the balance of the Male and Female element in the Cosmos, and much besides we faintly recollect. The few who did so will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Maitland deems it a revelation from the spirit variously known in ancient times as Hermes, John the Baptist, or John of the Apocalypse; that at one time the hand of the Seeress (for a Seeress as well as a Seer is needed for a perfect revelation), approaching the *planchette*, was blistered by the spiritual heat; that at another the table, delighted at being quickly understood, hopped up and down untouched amidst a storm of raps; that once for seven whole days the Seer was incapacitated as the punishment of a lobster supper, and the Seeress paid the penalty of being exhorted to live "generously" by a frightful vision ushered in by a phantom hand that bore a glass of beer, and a phantom voice that said "Do not touch this;" or that so zealous an anti-vivisectionist as the Seer was honoured by the first communication on record from the spirit of a beatified dog, just raised enough in the scale of beings to be able to say in spirit-language, "Me not a dog," much as a child says "Me not a baby now." Can we wonder that such manifestations really "take," as a spirit said, "material particles from your brain"—perhaps in time disintegrate it altogether?

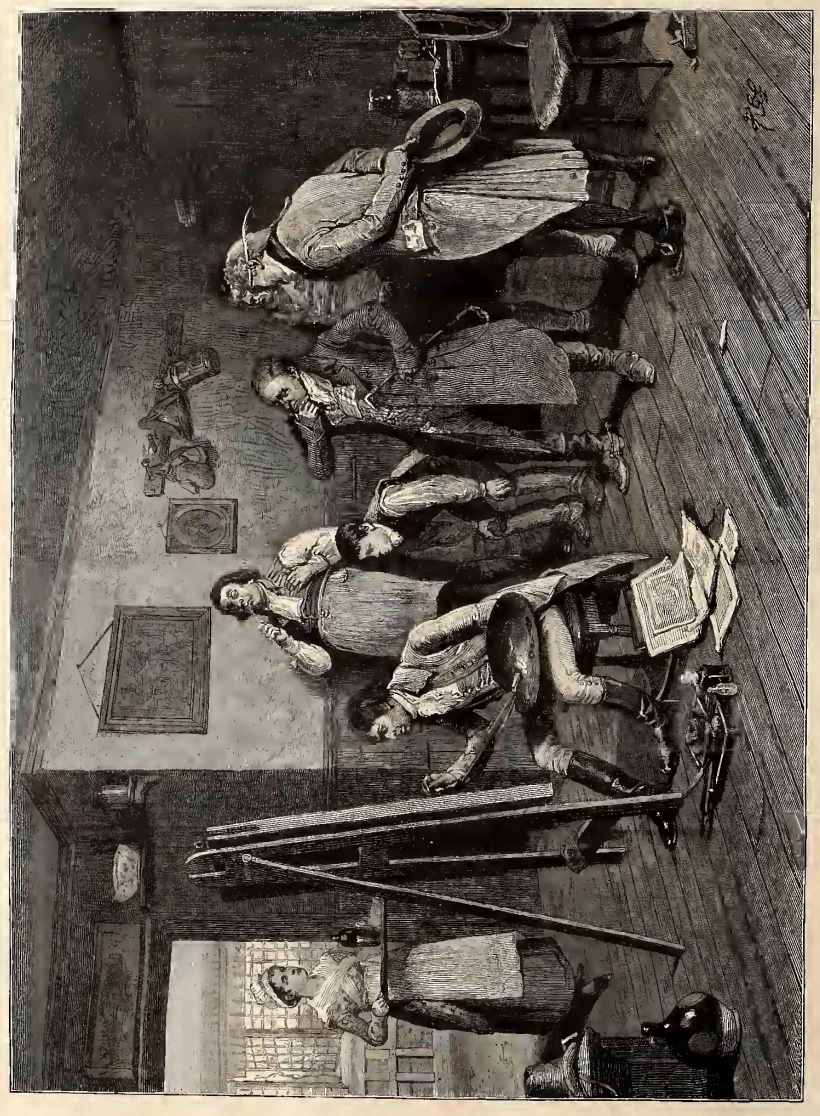
New editions of two volumes of sermons by writers, almost typical specimens in their way of modern forms of pulpit oratory; the one a leader of the Congregationalists, the other a well-known Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen—the "Vision of God," by Dr. H. Allon (Hodder and Stoughton), and the "Fight of Faith," by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke (H. S. King and Co.), though differing much in tone and style—Dr. Allon's stamped with the cold clear-cut thought of intellectual Nonconformity, Mr. Brooke's more rich in varied illustration of things of heaven by things of this world—will be almost equally valued by those who care less for "jots and tittles of the law" than for teachings which go straight to the root of our spiritual life. In many of Dr. Allon's sermons, more especially, *e.g.*, in his "Voices of God," there is a vigorous eloquence that reminds us not a little of the old divines in modern dress.

◆

Red Deer in Cashmere are becoming very scarce. They are killed in great numbers every winter for the sake of their horns, which are sent to the Maharajah to adorn the walls of his Palace at Jummoo

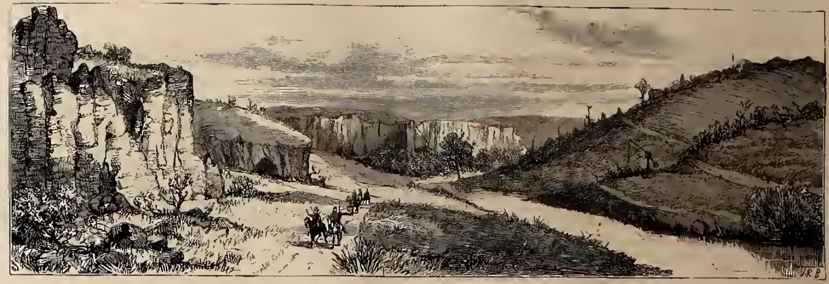
---

[*] Michel de Bourges had thus characterised Louis Bonaparte as the guardian of the Republic against the Monarchical parties.

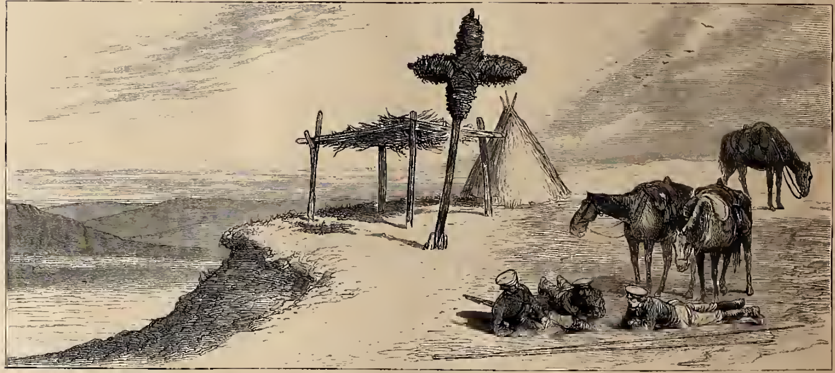


"A NEW SIGN FOR AN OLD SCORE"

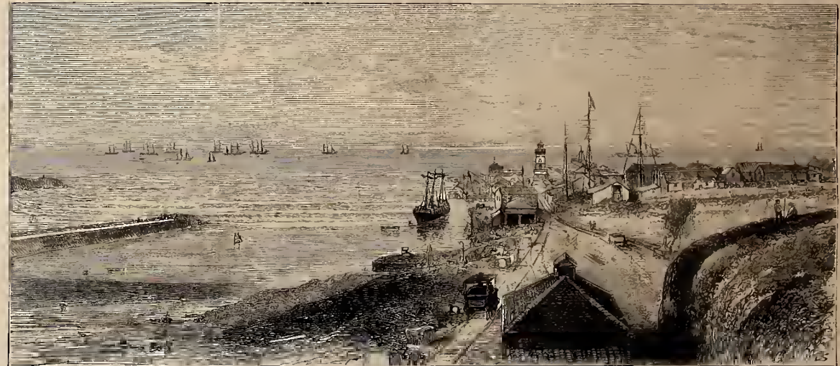
FROM THE PICTURE BY H. G. GLINDONI, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY



WITH THE RUSSIANS—IN THE VALLEY OF THE KARA LOM



WITH THE RUSSIANS—A FIRE SIGNAL STATION ON THE ROUMANIAN BANK OF THE DANUBE



THE KAFFIR WAR AT THE CAPE—VIEW OF EAST LONDON ROADSTEAD FROM WEST BANK, BUFFALO RIVER, WHERE THE TROOPS LANDED FOR THE FRONT

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——Plevna continues to occupy the chief attention of the Russians, although rumours have arisen of their intention to leave Plevna on one side, and make a bold push through the Balkans to Adrianople, rumours which have been somewhat strengthened by the capture of Teteven, a most important fortified position south of Orchanie, and which gives the Russians the key to an important pass in the Balkans. The affair cost little on either side, the Russians only losing one man, and the Turks escaping through the mountain paths to Carlovo and Orchanie. In the meantime, however, the Russians are energetically strengthening their position round the doomed town, and according to *The Times* correspondent the investing forces number 105,000 men. The Emperor and the Grand Duke Nicholas have been visiting the lines and the recently captured position at Gorny Dubnic and Telis, where it now appears that 7,000 prisoners were made during the recent combats, and amongst them three Englishmen, Dr. Douglas, of St. Thomas's, and Dr. Vachell, of the London Hospital, and Col. Coope, an officer of Baker Pasha's gendarmerie, but who at the time was serving with the Red Crescent. The two doctors are treated most kindly, and are admitted to the table of the Grand Duke Nicholas himself, but Colonel Coope is considered a prisoner of war. It is not encouraging to those who are so liberally subscribing to the fund for the sick and wounded to learn from the doctors that "the Turkish authorities declare that they do not want English doctors but English soldiers, that the wounded are of no use, as they cannot fight any more, and are only a useless burden to the State." To return to Osman Pasha, who, by the bye, announced to Colonel Coope that he was the "saviour of Turkey, and would rescue her without foreign assistance," he is certainly holding his own bravely and steadily, and is spoken of with great respect in the Russian camp. That the Russians have made up their minds for as active a winter campaign as the weather will permit is now manifest, and at Constantinople great anxiety is felt as regards the state of Plevna.

On the Lom the Russians are making good their positions, and are preparing for an investment of Rustchuk and Silistria. There has been a sharp engagement near Elena, in which both sides officially claim the victory. As for Suleiman Pasha, he is keeping even more quiet than his predecessor, Mehemet Ali Pasha, who has been restored to active service by being sent to Sofia, probably to organise the army of relief for Plevna, and to make good the defence of the Balkans should the Russians decide upon making an attempt to force their way through before dealing with Osman Pasha.

In the Shipka Pass there is a good deal of desultory fighting and numerous *reconnaissances*, but part of the Russian troops there are said to have been sent to the Hain Bogaz Pass—through which the Russians penetrated in the summer, and where they are now said to be concentrating their forces.

In ASIA the Russians have gained another most decided victory over unfortunate Mukhtar Pasha. He had entrenched himself at Deve-Boyun, was attacked in force on Monday, and after some hours' fighting was utterly routed, and himself slightly wounded. He then fell back upon Erzeroum, where, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, he wished to stand a siege, but was opposed by the inhabitants, who feared the result of a bombardment. At all events, he has now fallen back upon Erzinghan and Trebizond, and the Russians are before the Armenian capital. Kars is now completely invested, and, in short, the Turks are as badly off in Asia as they could well be without complete demoralisation.

The reports of mediation are becoming weekly more numerous and more decided. It is asserted that Italy is now earnestly endeavouring to form some plan of reconciliation which would prove agreeable to all Europe, and which could be accepted by both parties. In these praiseworthy endeavours she is also said to be warmly supported by England.

FRANCE.——The New Assembly met on Wednesday, and contrary to all the rumours and statements of the last three weeks, the De Broglie Cabinet remained in office to brave the responsibility of their acts. Attempts had been made to form an *ad interim* Cabinet, with M. Pouyer-Quertier as Premier, who, it appears, had actually succeeded in forming a Conservative-Clerical Ministry, and the list of his colleagues had been even published in well-informed journals, such, for instance, as the *Moniteur*, but it was evidently felt that such a Cabinet would have no more stability or chance of success than the existing Ministry, and as the Marshal evidently could not make up his mind to send for a pure Republican leader, it was ultimately determined that the De Broglie Ministry had better remain in office until the Assembly had fairly met and organised itself. The Cabinet has been rapidly losing its supporters. Last week there was the defection of the Orleanists, while this week the Bonapartists have clearly shown signs of desertion, and have even added insult to injury by opposing and defeating the Duc de Broglie himself at the election for the Councils-General. As for the opinion of the country at large it has been more plainly avowed than ever by the unseating of more than 100 Conservatives in favour of the Republican candidates—thus, in many cases, completely reversing the majority in the Departmental Assemblies, which will have to re-elect the first detachment of retiring senators next year. In the face of all this it is said that the Marshal intends to resign, as he is firmly determined not to govern with any but a Conservative Ministry, but this is all surmise, and it would be useless for us to chronicle the innumerable rumours and prophecies with regard to his intentions, when a very few hours will now in all probability clearly manifest them by accomplished facts. We may, however, mention that although the Bourse, that inevitable barometer of French crises, is terribly uneasy and has been slowly falling, there is a general feeling that the Marshal will not push things to extremes, but find some means of compromising without apparently "submitting" or actually "resigning." How this is to be managed, however, the most ingenious spirits of political jugglery have not yet ventured to guess.

There was little real business done either in the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies. The latter was at first presided over by M. Desseaux as senior deputy, M. Raspail being ill, and the only matters transacted were the re-election of M. Grévy as President and the formation of the Bureaux. In the Senate it had been at first suggested to propose an order of the day expressing confidence in the Marshal's "firmness;" but the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier plainly told the Duc de Broglie that he would not permit the discussion of so unconstitutional a motion which brought the Marshal to the front for the benefit of the Cabinet. As the Cabinet knew that no vote of confidence would be granted to the Ministry *per se*, no motion whatever was brought forward, and the sitting was merely formal. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier also saved the Cabinet from a second piece of folly by dissuading them from their intention of prosecuting Victor Hugo for "insulting the army" while describing the *Coup d'État* in his "Histoire d'une Crime."

Paris is still busy entertaining General Grant, to whom a grand banquet was given by the resident Americans at the Grand Hotel. General Noyes, Ambassador of the United States, presided, and made a speech detailing the life and adventures of their guest, to which the General replied with his customary terse brevity. The other noteworthy speech of the evening was made by M. Lafayette, who, after gracefully alluding to the time when the two flags fought side by side in a "just cause," hoped that "the two Republics would always remain united for the benefit of the liberty and independence of peoples." In theatrical circles there has been a most successful new opera at the Opéra Comique, *La Surprise de l'Amour*, a poem by Charles Monselet, set to music by M. Ferdinand Poise, which proved a veritable surprise to the audience, who were most enthusiastic on its first representation. The Théâtre Italien has reopened with Donizetti's *Poliuto*.

GERMANY and AUSTRIA are still wrangling over the negotiations for another commercial treaty, the details of which are far too technical and dry for reproduction here. Sufficient to say that Austria, having refused to renew for a year the existing treaty, consents to conclude a treaty based on the "most favoured nation" principle.

Field Marshal Wrangel died on the 1st inst. He was the oldest general in the Prussian army, having been born in 1784. He entered the army in 1791, and until lately has played a very important part in the political and military history of Germany.

ITALY.——The health of the Pope now seems to be causing considerable uneasiness at the Vatican. His doctor has permanently taken up his residence in the Vatican, and His Holiness never rises from his chair, to which it has been necessary to add new supports and cushions to afford him ease and relief. He is still carried out to sun himself in the garden, but the winter is looked forward to with gloomy forebodings. He still, however, continues to receive visitors.

Father Curci has resigned his membership of the Jesuits, which Father Beckx has accepted, and it is now proposed that Pius IX. should make the theory of the Papal temporal power a dogma, so as to tie the hands of the next Pontiff with regard to the subject. Sir George Bowyer, however, in a letter to *The Times*, denies the truth of this statement. Anent the Jesuits, the numbers of the order have increased during the twenty-five years' rule of Father Beckx from 4,000 to 9,000.—Cardinal Manning is at Rome, where he has gone to receive his Cardinal's Hat.

INDIA.——The north-east monsoon has burst, the numbers on the relief works are rapidly decreasing, the harvest accounts from the famine districts are everything that could be desired, the famine may now be considered virtually at an end, and the Governor of Madras has telegraphed to the Lord Mayor that all further collections for the relief fund may now cease. The total expenditure on account of the famine, including the loss of revenue, is expected to reach the sum of 8,500,000*l.* for Madras, and 2,000,000*l.* for Bombay.

UNITED STATES.——The old, old difficulty of hard and soft money, complicated with the new proposition for a silver and not a gold standard, still occupies the attention of the American Legislature and people. The Republicans can now scarcely command a majority in the matter, and the Democrats are busy doing their best to push forward bills providing for a silver standard. President Hayes, however, has declared that he will veto all such measures, and holds firmly to his determination of resuming specie payments in gold on January 1st, 1879.—President Hayes has had a most universally warm welcome throughout his southern tour. The Autumn elections have taken place; the most noteworthy incident being the complete victory of the Democrats in Pennsylvania.

THE KAFFIR WAR IN THE TRANSKEI.——Sir Bartle Frere is certainly the right man in the right place, and is acting with great promptitude and energy, which bids fair to put a speedy end to this little war. He has declared Chief Kreli deposed, and his country confiscated and annexed to the British dominions, and a strong body of troops have been sent to the front. There have been several engagements, in one of which the Fingoes and the frontier police surprised the Galekas, killing thirty, burning the kraal, and carrying off plunder. None of the other tribes have joined Kreli.

THE COURT

THE Queen and the Princess Beatrice remain at Balmoral. Last week Her Majesty and the Princess visited Lady Biddulph at Abergeldie Mains, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly and Lord Brooke dined with the Queen. On Saturday morning Her Majesty drove to Abergeldie, and in the afternoon the Princess of Wales visited the Queen. Next morning Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, when the Rev. A. Campbell officiated. The Princess of Wales and her three little girls lunched at Balmoral on Monday, and afterwards drove out with the Queen and the Princess Beatrice. During the week Princess Beatrice has been out riding nearly every day.

The usual gathering at Sandringham to keep the Prince of Wales's birthday has not been held this year in consequence of the illness of Miss Knollys, who though better is not out of danger, and the Princess of Wales continues at Abergeldie, but will probably leave Scotland about the middle of next week. The customary ball on the 9th has been abandoned, and the Prince is only entertaining a few gentlemen at Sandringham. He left London for Norfolk on Saturday afternoon accompanied by the Crown Prince of Hanover, and on Sunday the two Princes attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. Yesterday, (Friday) was the Prince of Wales 36th birthday, which was duly celebrated in London by illuminations and dinners, and at Windsor by the firing of salutes and ringing of bells.—The Prince will shortly pay a visit to Yorkshire to stay with Lord Londesborough, and will also spend a few days with Lord Alington, at Crichel, Dorset.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne went down to Cambridge last week to see Lord Colin Campbell, the Marquis' youngest brother, who is studying at Trinity College. The Princess has contributed a painting done by herself to the Brighton Bazaar in aid of the Sussex County Hospital.—The Duke of Connaught is stationed at Fermoy with his regiment. On Friday night he was present at a banquet given by the Mayor of Cork.—The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz left England for the Continent on Saturday, crossing from Dover to Calais.

The Empress of Austria intends to spend six weeks in England for the purpose of fox-hunting. She will be accompanied by the Crown Prince Rudolph, and will stay at Cottesbrook House, near Northampton.—Ex-Queen Isabella was to leave Spain for Paris this week, and will return about Jan. 20th., in order to be present at her son's marriage on the 23rd.

CHURCH NEWS

CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.——The Rev. Mgr. Capel has commenced a series of sermons on "The Priest in Absolution" at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood.—The Bishop of Chester, in his Triennial Charge delivered the other day in Chester Cathedral, said that it was certainly not the meaning of the English Church that private confession should be made compulsory. She was content to leave repentance and absolution between the individual conscience and the Father of all flesh. The yearning after private Confession would not be as strong as it now was if the Confession and Absolution in the daily service were more properly understood.—The Archbishop of Dublin, in his annual Visitation Charge delivered last week, referred to the question of Confession, and said that the safety of the Church lay in abiding strictly within the lines of her formularies; not suffering any abridgment of her liberties, but resisting every attempt to make general and usual that which she has made special and exceptional. Speaking of the relative conditions of the Irish and English Church, he said that very grave dangers would henceforth beset the former, but that it had escaped other dangers which plainly lay in ambush for the latter.

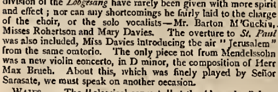
VARIOUS.——The Grand Lodge of the Irish Freemasons have unanimously resolved to refuse any longer to recognise the Orient of France as a Masonic body, on the ground of its having altered its constitution by omitting the declaration of belief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. All lodges working under the Irish constitution are directed to decline receiving as Masons any persons coming from the Grand Orient of France, or any lodge under its jurisdiction.—The Annual Assembly of the Welsh Congregationalists has been held this week at Chester. On Monday the Rev. E. Paxton Hood, of Manchester, preached; and on Tuesday Mr. Morley, M.P., presiding at the opening of the Congress, advised his hearers not to be afraid of being political. He reverted to the Sunday Closing Question and the Burials Bill, and said that he should like to see tried the curious legal point whether penalties could be imposed upon Nonconformists for conducting funerals in their own way in churchyards.—The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, concluding his Visitation Charge at Chipping Sodbury last week, discoursed on remedial counsels. Their first care should be an enlargement of Convocation, and their next the facilitation of its free and fair utterance by making it the really representative body of the Church; and, seeing that it met regularly, all proposals affecting doctrine should be originated therein, and the Royal assent ought not to be given to anything in opposition to the formally expressed opinion of Convocation.—The clergy of Sheffield have resolved to invite the Church Congress to hold its next year's meeting in that town. The proposal was opposed by some Low Churchmen on the ground that the Congress meetings did no real good, but tended to the spread of Ritualism, whilst one High Churchman opposed it because "schismatics and rebels" (men who had been repudiated by Rome and condemned by the Church of England) were admitted to take part in the debates.—Lord Oranmore and Browne presided at a large meeting of Evangelicals, held in Dublin on Monday, to protest against the recent holding of a "Retreat" by some Protestant clergymen in Blackrock, near Dublin. It is intended to hold a series of similar meetings throughout the country.

MUSIC

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——The opening performance on Monday night was a well-deserved success. The opera, *Il Trovatore*, hackneyed though it be, retains its popularity, as the result showed. The cast was precisely as stated in the last number of *The Graphic*. Mdlle. Caroline Salla's Leonora surpassed expectation, notwithstanding the fact that much—very much—had been looked for. It is quite equal to any of her former impersonations, and a fresh evidence of her versatility. This young lady, if well cared for and induced to husband her resources, which are far beyond the average, can hardly fail to reach that goal which should be the aim of every conscientious and genuine artist. She has all in her favour—a good stage figure, strong dramatic feeling, prepossessing physiognomy, added to a voice of charming quality, capable of any amount of training. All through the opera Mdlle. Salla's talent shone conspicuously, her greatest effect, however, being produced in the "Miserere" —with Signor Fancelli, whose Manrico is what it has ever been —and the scene of Leonora's death, upon which the curtain falls. In both instances the French songstress exhibited histrionic as well as vocal powers of a high order. The "Miserere" was encored and repeated. This was Mdlle. Salla's first appearance in London as the heroine of Verdi's gloomily tragic opera; but the impression created was enough to guarantee that it is unlikely to be the last. About such familiar performances as the Conte di Luna of Signor Galassi (who was of course obliged to sing "Il balen" twice), and the vigorously melodramatic Azucena of Madame Lablache, we are not called upon to speak in detail. The orchestra, under the able superintendence of Signor Licalsi, though numerically less than that to which we are accustomed in the spring and summer season, is very efficient, and (*pace* Sir Michael Costa), in a house of the dimensions of the new theatre, strong enough for all purposes. The chorus, too, fulfils its duties carefully, and, indeed, the opening night may be pronounced a legitimate success. The audience was not so large as had been anticipated, the stalls, the newly-formed pit, and the grand tier of boxes, being but sparsely tenanted. The opera advertised for Tuesday was *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*; but Mdlle. Anna di Belocca and Signor Bettini being indisposed, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was substituted. About the execution of this, the most popular and the most worn-out of Donizetti's works, it is only necessary to say that the character of the ill-starred heroine was sustained by Mdlle. Alwina Valleria, an artist not merely worthy commendation on the account of her absolute merits, but on that of her readiness and ability to undertake almost any part in the "soprano" repertory at the shortest notice. Thus Mdlle. Valleria's services, in their way, cannot be over-estimated; and it must be added that her performance on Tuesday night was for the most part irreproachable. The other leading characters were undertaken by Signors Fancelli (Edgardo), Galassi (Enrico), Rioaldini (Arturo), and Broccolini (Raimondo). On Wednesday night there was yet another disappointment. The opera announced—Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, that comparatively feeble reflex of Auber's magnificent *Gustave III.* (which, nevertheless, it has driven even from the Parisian stage)—was not, it is true, withdrawn; but the part of Oscar, set down for Mdlle. Mila Rodani, was, in consequence of the illness of that promising young artist and well-deserving favourite, entrusted to Madame Bauermeister. Madame Bauermeister, however (like Mdlle. Valleria), never unprepared, is tolerably sure to content and please her audience, as was shown on the occasion of which we speak, when her assumption of the lively Court page was unanimously approved. The part of Amelia, Renato's unhappy wife, was that in which Mdlle. Caroline Salla made her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the summer of the present year. The praise bestowed upon her then was general; and her performance on Wednesday night justified in every respect the favourable criticism she had earned. A better Amelia has rarely appeared on the London boards. A new tenor, Signor Runcio (English, we believe) achieved merited success as the adventurous, and, though soft-hearted, somewhat unscrupulous Ricardo. This gentleman possesses a voice of agreeable quality, a good method of producing it, and a command of expression without forcing, which, in these times, when shouting and exaggeration are so much the fashion, it is pleasant to recognise. If we are not greatly mistaken, we shall hear more of Signor Runcio. His reception was unmistakeably cordial. Signor Galassi, the Renato of the evening, won the customary *encore* in "O dolcezze perdute" (*obbligato* flute, Mr. Keppell), and acted the character remarkably well throughout. Madame Lablache, as a matter of course, played the sorceress, Ulrica; and the entire representation was of more than average excellence. *Rigoletto* (with Signor Del Puente as the Jester) was to be given on Thursday, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the *Barbiere* (with Mdlle. Anna di Belocca as Cherubino) last night. For this evening we are promised *Robert le Diable*, with Madame Marie Rôze as Alice.

Crystal Palace Concerts.——The programme of Saturday's concert at the Crystal Palace was largely devoted to Mendelssohn, under the pretext that the anniversary of the great musician's death was November 4th. November 4th, however, falling on a Sunday, November 3rd answered the purpose just as well, and the performance was highly interesting. The three orchestral movements which precede the choral division of the *Lobgesang* have rarely been given with more spirit and effect; nor can any shortcomings be fairly laid to the charge of the choir, or the solo vocalists—Mr. Barton M'Guckin, Misses Robertson and Mary Davies. The overture to *St. Paul* was also included, Miss Davies introducing the air "Jerusalem" from the same oratorio. The only piece not from Mendelssohn was a new violin concerto, in D minor, the composition of Herr Max Bruch. About this, which was finely played by Señor Sarasate, we must speak on another occasion.

Waifs.——The "classical concerts" at the Alexandra Palace began on Saturday afternoon, with Mr. Frederick Archer in lieu of Mr. Weist Hill (retired) as conductor. There was principally a selection from the works of Mendelssohn, including the fragments from the unfinished oratorio, *Christus*, and the Symphony in A minor. We shall recur to these entertainments, which are highly creditable to the spirit and good taste of the directors. *La Tzigane*, Herr Johann Strauss's new operetta (*bouffe*), recently produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, has met with almost unanimous approval from the Parisian critics.—At the national Czech Theatre in Prague three operas from the pens of Bohemian composers are in preparation—*Zavis*, by Rozkosny; *Selma Sedlák*, by Dworàk; and *Dve Vdovy* (*The Two Widows*), by Smetana. When shall we in England possess a lyric theatre at which only works by native composers shall be produced?—The Abbate Franz Liszt will represent musical Hungary at the "Paris" Exposition Universelle next year. Verdi, it is said, has declined to represent Italy.



SPORTING

The Turf.——The late autumn meetings hardly seem to be going off with the same amount of spirit which they have shown of late years. The weather perhaps has had something to do with it, and perhaps horseflesh has been expended rather more freely than usual during the previous part of the season, while first-class animals have in large numbers retired into winter quarters. But many surmise that the prevailing dulness is to be attributed in no slight degree to the fact that "our friends, the enemy," as the result of Jongleur's victory in the Cambridgeshire and Gladia's third, have carried with them across the Channel something like 100,000*l.* of English money. Be this as it may, the Liverpool Meeting has certainly not been up to its usual mark, though some of the events were interesting enough. Old Hippias made another winning mark for Lord Wilton in the November Hurdle Race; and Pluton, who is evidently an improving horse, beat Lyceum and Trappist in the Stewards' Cup. Lord Lonsdale, with his able "Master of the Horse," seems in form just now, and took the Knowsley Nursery with Hackthorpe, who was made first favourite in a field of eleven; but the talent were not so fortunate in selecting Niger for the Westmoreland Welter Plate, won by Mango. King Sheppard took the Molyneux and Miss Pool the Liverpool Nursery; while the Alt Welter was secured by Templar, though he was not so much fancied as Palm Flower, a somewhat unlucky mare, who ran second. Old Congress was made favourite for the Sefton Steeple Chase, but came to grief, and the first important cross-country event of the season fell to Sir J. L. Kaye's Citizen. At the time of going to press the result of the Liverpool Cup was not known, but an acceptance of only sixteen out of a very large entry intimates a small field and a race of but little interest.

Football.——Good progress has been made in the first ties of the Association Challenge Cup; the Nottinghamshire *v.* Sheffield and Pilgrims *v.* Ramblers have resulted in draws. Marlow has beaten Henley, Grantham has succumbed to the Clapham Rovers, the Reading Hornets have suffered defeat from Maidenhead, High Wycombe has been victorious over Wood Grange, and Cambridge University over Dulwich College.—At the Oval on Saturday the Wanderers and Royal Engineers met for a friendly game, which resulted in a disastrous defeat to the once almost invincible soldiers.

Aquatics.——Without wishing to hurt any one's feelings it may be said that the match on Monday between the ex-champion Kelley and Sadler was little better than a farce, the latter winning as he liked. A better man on the river in his day than Kelley never sat a boat; but though Sadler is no chicken his opponent's years are far too many to warrant him rowing the championship course against anything like a first-class opponent. It may be taken for granted, probably, that both men have now stripped for the last time.—At both Universities Trial Eights are at work, but it is obviously premature even to guess whether Cambridge or Oxford will have the best material to select from for the great race next spring.

Cricket.——The members of the Australian Cricketing Team have been nominated, and will probably sail for this country by the March mail. Where does not cricket take root, except perhaps in France? The Parsees in India are evidently taking kindly to it, and show special skill in fielding. The Parsee Club, it is announced, will send an eleven to this country next season to play a series of matches.

Hunting.——On Tuesday, according to custom, the Royal Buckhounds had their first meet at Salthill, the noble master, Earl Hardwicke, being present, and the usual *omnium-gatherum* of carriages, carts, and pedestrians. When the deer got clear of all of them he gave a good run, being eventually taken at West Drayton.

Quoits.——This old classic game is another of those which has experienced a revival of late years. Lerham of Whifflet has just beaten James Armour of Loan Head for the professional Championship.

Pedestrianism.——Gale still walks on at the Agricultural Hall, giving proof that one man out of about a million can live almost without sleep.

RURAL NOTES

Milk and Water.——The Farmers' Club had a meeting on Monday night, the first of the winter season. Mr. Allender, one of the Aylesbury Dairy Company, was the gentleman selected to enlighten the bucolic mind. He took for his subject the "Dairy and its Products," and dealt with it in a clever manner. One thing, however, he did not quite point out which might have handily come in, that the lactometer does not always test accurately the quality of the milk from particular breeds of cattle. Men—honest men, we believe—have been fined on the supposition that the milk they sold was watered because it did not come up to the assumptive test of what milk in their opinion ought to be. In all cases it would be well for inspectors to learn the difference of the richness of the milk obtained from an Ayrshire, a Channel Island, or a Shorthorn cow. If that were done, in many instances "the cow with the iron tail" would not after all be so blameable. Mr. Allender gave good advice to farmers. They should pay more attention to dairy stock. Our imports of butter and cheese prove this, and our climate is better adapted for cattle than for corn.

The Weather.——Except some surreptitiously introduced Colorado beetles, more as a joke and for exhibition than anything else, nothing has been discovered about the insect. It is not wanted at all here, but, even if it came, it could not work more havoc than that insidious disease which has since 1846 been in the potato fields of our country, and the source and the cause of which epidemic no naturalist as yet has satisfactorily determined. In Scotland the heavy rain storms have made late potato fields utterly worthless. The tubers have simply been turned into a mass of pulp on late fields, and won't be worth the lifting. To a large number of farmers in the Three Lothians the potatoes are as the pig to Irishmen, the "rint payer." They won't be so this year. There are still oats out in the fields in Scotland, and they won't be much worth when carted. During the past fortnight, however, much farm work has been got through in scarifying and in ploughing the land by steam and horses, and cultivation, notwithstanding a backward harvest, is far forward.

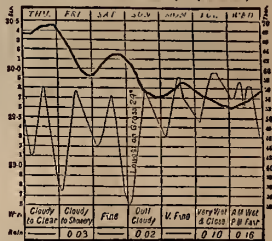
Central Chamber of Agriculture.——At the meeting of this Chamber on Tuesday there was a fair attendance of members. The ever-important, ever attractive, subject for loquacity, Local Taxation, was once more on the *tapis*, but did not give rise to quite so much speech as usual. One important statement made by Mr. Pell was that compulsory education is to be given to upwards of 2,000,000 of children, urban and rural, without the intervention of School Boards, the management of which are expensive. The report of the Cattle Diseases Committee of the Chamber is not of a dangerous character. They take credit to themselves that the decision of the Parliamentary Committee was based upon their judgment, and with sorrow notice that some "unbelieving Jews" accredit them with seeking to restore the "Old Order" abolished by Sir Robert Peel—in fact, horrible idea—of wishing to "bring back the Mastodon." The Committee in their statement say it is "a groundless imputation that our efforts to obtain security for our flocks and herds against imported disease arise from a desire to procure any reversal of the free trade policy long deliberately adopted by this country. We have throughout sought protection not against competition, but against contagion." There is just the slightest tinge of political matter in the sentence quoted that agricultural clubs profess to taboo. Mr. James Howard proposed that the President should fix upon Tuesday in the Smithfield week for a meeting with his Grace of Richmond (who, by the way, did not receive the Chamber very courteously on several occasions, at least so it is alleged), but Lord Fortescue thought that to dictate a particular time to the Lord President of the Council would be "only opening the door to have it shut up," and so it was arranged that a deputation should await the Duke's pleasure as to the time of meeting.

Miscellaneous.——The shorthorn season has finished well. Although the prices were not so sensational as they were at the beginning of the year; fortunately for tenant farmers—58*l.* per head for forty-two cattle is by no means a bad average. Mr. Thornton made that in Yorkshire last week. No other breed would fetch the same money.—Lord Bective has offered prizes for essays on "Farming in Westmoreland," special reference being had to the breeding and rearing of cattle fitted for the county.—How "the unco guid" in Scotland must be getting out of their stays! We read in a Scotch agricultural paper that "on at least two farms in the neighbourhood of Errol, Perthshire, last Sabbath all hands were busy leading in the grain." It is a blessing that "Holy Willie" is dead.—The members of the Lothian Hunt have made a presentation to Mr. Hope, Duddingston, on his retirement from the mastership of the hounds. Mr. Hope is a tenant farmer near Edinburgh, and the appearance of his crops marks his skill as a cultivator, while his form on horseback distinguishes him as a thorough cross-country rider. He well deserved the honour accorded him.

◆

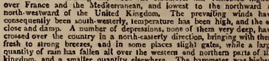
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 1ST TO NOVEMBER 7TH (INCLUSIVE)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

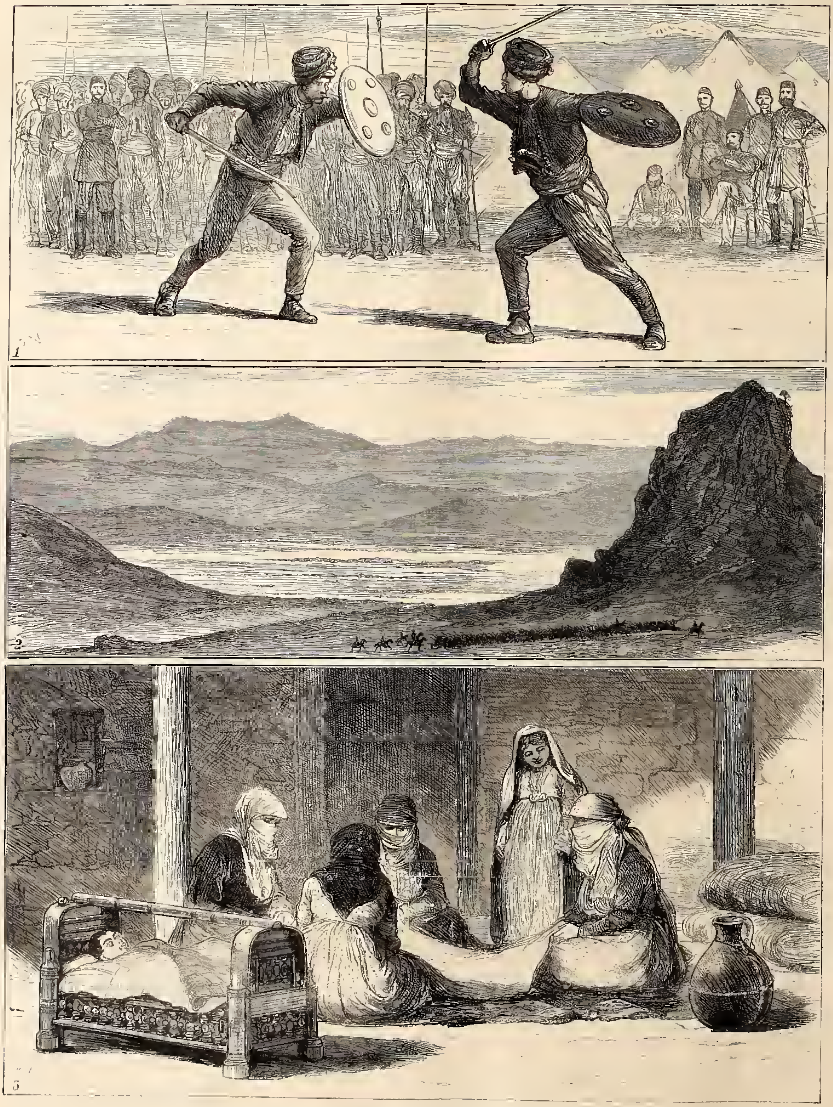
Remarks.—During this week the barometer has remained highest over France and the Mediterranean, and lowest to the northward or north-westward of the United Kingdom. The prevailing winds have consequently been south-westerly, temperature has been high, and the air close and damp. A number of depressions, none of them very deep, have crossed over the country in a north-easterly direction, bringing with them fresh to strong breezes, and in some places slight gales, while a large quantity of rain has fallen all over the western and northern parts of the kingdom, and a smaller quantity elsewhere. The barometer was highest (30·45 inches) on Thursday night, the 1st instant; lowest (29·60 inches) on Wednesday morning, the 7th instant; range, 0·85 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (59°) on Tuesday, the 6th instant; lowest (31°) on Sunday morning, the 4th instant; range, 28°. On the latter occasion 8° of frost was recorded on the grass, but the daytime was mild notwithstanding. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·31 inches, on four days; greatest fall in one day, 0·16 inches, on Wednesday, the 7th instant.



LEGAL

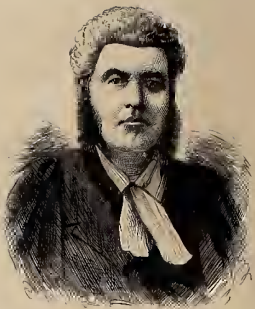
An Extradition Question.——The Queen's Bench Division last week decided a curious and important extradition question. A British subject who was accused of stealing some bonds in Switzerland, and whose extradition was demanded, had been arrested in this country, and would have been sent over for trial had it not been urged in his behalf that no Englishman should be delivered up under the Treaty and Order in Council under which he was charged. The Lord Chief Justice said that it was a great pity, but there was not a shadow of doubt as to the meaning of the treaty. He very much regretted it, but the prisoner must be discharged, because his case came within the terms of the treaty. It was better that one criminal should escape punishment than that an Extradition Treaty should be wrongly construed. He was not sorry that the case had arisen, because, being chairman of a committee sitting on the subject of extradition, he would take care, if possible, that this blot should be removed.

Miscellaneous Items.——The trial of the detectives is still dragging its weary length along, the case for the prosecution not being yet complete.—The irrepressible Mr. Cobbett appeared again in the Exchequer Court on Friday last to urge his claims to damages against Lord Beaconsfield, Sir S. Northcote, and others, in connection with the committal of the Tichborne Claimant, the legality of which he disputes. After listening for some time the Lord Chief Baron said that a gentleman bearing such a name as "Cobbett" should desist from opposing the course of justice, and if he continued to do so he would be guilty of a very grave offence. Unless it had been that he was labouring under some illusion, which was most clearly the case, he would have been committed to prison. Subsequently, while Baron Cleasby was speaking, Mr. Cobbett again interrupted, and the Lord Chief Baron said that he would have him removed and commit him to prison if he should again interrupt a learned judge while he was delivering judgment.—The Vestry of Chelsea have not only failed in their attempt to make the Misses Clarke pay for the repair of their cellar, which was broken in by a steam-roller, but have been ordered to pay twenty guineas costs.—A sham Roman Catholic priest made his appearance at Bath last week. He represented himself as belonging to the Benedictine Order, and coming from California, and after being entertained for some days at the Priory, and taking part in several services, he decamped with a roll of bank-notes belonging to one of the priests.—The question of illicit commissions is likely to be further ventilated. A court-martial is now being held at Aldershot on Commissary Spenceley, who is charged with accepting bribes from a milk-contractor.—The charge of cruelty brought against the captain of the *Narcissus* by several of his crew has completely broken down. It was shown that a mutiny had broken out on board, and that the mutineers invented the story to defend their misconduct. The jury gave a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Justice Lush expressed his regret that Captain Macintosh had been subjected to such a cruel persecution.—The boy William Lamhouroe, who was sentenced to twenty-one

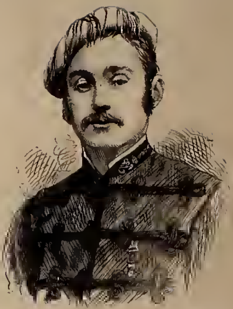


1. War Dance of the Kurds in Front of the Head Quarters, Camp of Ismail Kurd Pasha.—2. View of Musin, looking South from the Mountain Pass leading into Russian Territory.—3. Interior of a House at Musin : Armenian Women Weaving Carpets.

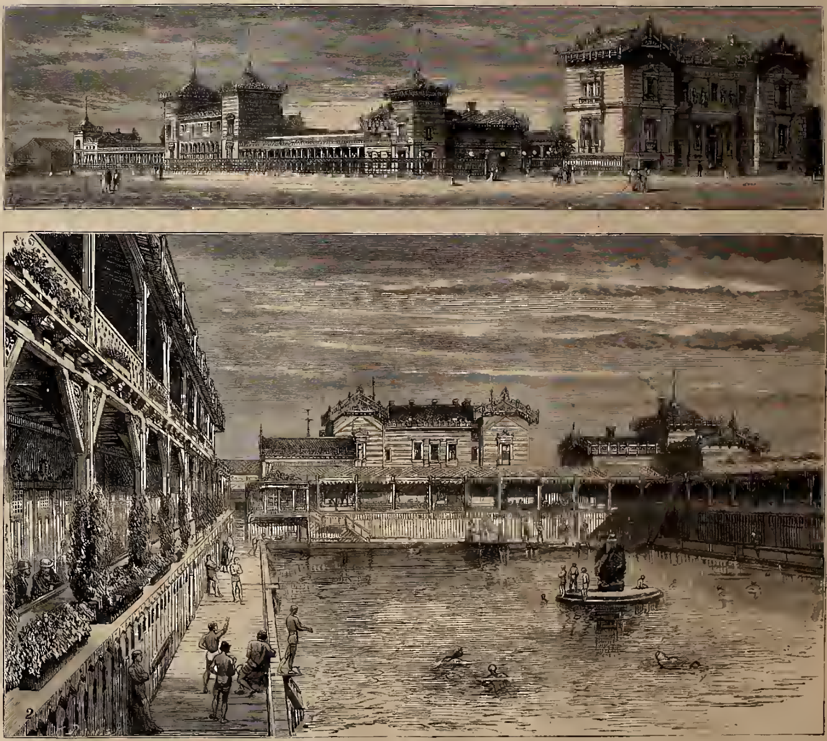
WITH THE TURKS AND ISMAIL PASHA IN ASIA



J. H. FAWCETT, ESQ.
British Consul-General and Judge of the Supreme Court, Constantinople



THE LATE MAJOR WILLIAM N. LEADER,
Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* with the Turks, died at Philippopolis, Oct. 16



1. Exterior, from the Foot of the Reichs Brücke.—2. Interior View.
THE GREAT SWIMMING BATHS ON THE DANUBE AT VIENNA

days' hard labour for plucking a house-leek in St. Pancras Churchyard, has been liberated by the Home Secretary after a week's detention.—The "benefit of the doubt" was the other day given by a Middlesex jury to a man caught almost in the act of stealing a watch, but who managed to get rid of the property before being searched. Mr. Serjeant Cox expressed astonishment at the verdict of acquittal, and told the fellow, against whom six convictions were recorded, that if he came there again he would not be likely to be so lucky, and would most certainly have penal servitude.—A foreigner, rejoicing in the euphonious cognomen of Melkym Chacknazarion, is in custody on a charge of conspiring, with another man not yet apprehended, to defraud the French Government by means of forged postage-stamps.—An extraordinary fraud is alleged to have been committed by a man named Drake, who is said to have obtained 300,000*l.* within the last two or three years by disposing of fictitious leases. The person arrested declares that he knows nothing whatever of the charge.—At Shrewsbury the proprietor of a colliery has been fined for several offences against the rules for the management of mines. On August 2nd, 700 cubic feet of gas was found accumulated in one part of the pit, for this the fine was 5*l.* and costs, for not having proper signals, 1*l.* and costs, and like penalties were imposed for not having certain dangerous machinery properly fenced, for neglecting to report some explosions which took place, and for not making a true report as to the ventilation of the mine. What will Mr. Macdonald say to this?

* * *

An Index Society has been formed in London with the object of compiling indexes to well-known books at present deficient in this respect, and of forming Subject Indexes. The Society also will probably make a General Index of Universal Literature, and will begin a Library of Indexes intended to include whatever can contribute to the formation of a comprehensive key to all knowledge.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.——Notwithstanding the numerous photographs of Her Royal Highness which are in existence, a portrait by a skilled artist is likely to be both more really truthful as a likeness and more attractive. Such a picture was painted a few years ago by Mr. H. Olrik, Member of the Royal Danish Academy, and was exhibited at Burlington House in the spring of 1873. Her Royal Highness gave the artist fourteen sittings for this portrait, an admirable engraving of which has recently been executed by Mr. John Ballin, and published by Mr. A. Borgen, of 142, New Bond Street, W.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER must be sent in by the 20th inst. The terms are the same as last and previous years.

DEATH.

On the 23rd September, at the Consulate of Liberia, Sierra Leone, Emily Adelaide, the beloved wife of Moses S. Boyle, Consul for the Republic of Liberia, and youngest daughter of the late Wm. H. Pratt, Esquire, Marshal of the Vice-Admiralty Court of this Settlement. Friends will please accept this intimation.

FINAL COMPLETION
OF THE
UNDERGROUND INNER CIRCLE
RAILWAY SYSTEM.

ISSUE OF £1,200,000 SHARE CAPITAL
In 120,000 Shares of £10 each, of the
METROPOLITAN INNER CIRCLE
COMPLETION RAILWAY,

Which will connect the Metropolitan Railway at Aldgate with the Metropolitan District Railway at the Mansion House Station, thus uniting the two Railways in a complete circle.

In view of the great importance of the undertaking to the Metropolis generally, the following CASH SUBVENTIONS are by Act of Parliament secured to the Company:—

By THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS	£370,000
By THE COMMISSIONERS OF SEWERS OF THE CITY OF LONDON	130,000
	£500,000

GUARANTEED MINIMUM TOLLS, £64,240 PER ANNUM, secured by Act of Parliament, which, with the other Sources of Revenue, will yield A CLEAR MINIMUM 4½ PER CENT. DIVIDEND on the Share Capital now for subscription, with probable increase to 5½ per cent. soon after the Opening of the Line, and further advancing as the Traffic is developed.

Directors.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR . . Chairman.

Alderman Sir CHARLES WHETHAM, Chairman of the London and Blackwall Railway Company, of the National Provident Institution, and one of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London.

Alderman Sir F. WYATT TRUSCOTT, Member of the Metropolitan Board of Works and one of the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London.

W. M. BULLIVANT, Esq. (Messrs. Bullivant and Co.), Millwall, and 72, Mark Lane.

JAMES GOODSON, Esq., Director of the Guardian Fire and Life Assurance Company.

E. F. D. WALSH, Esq., Charges Street, Piccadilly.

J. S. FORBES, Esq., Chairman of the Metropolitan District Railway Company, G. W. CURRIE, Esq., Vice-Chairman of the ditto ditto, The Right Hon. Viscount GORT, Director of the ditto ditto } Representing the Metropolitan District Railway Company.

Abridged Prospectus.

The Directors of the Metropolitan Inner Circle Completion Railway Company are now prepared to receive applications for £1,200,000, being the Share Capital proposed to be raised, in 120,000 Shares of £10 each, payable as follows:

£1 0 0	per Share, payable	on Application.
1 0 0	" "	on Allotment.
2 0 0	" "	on 1st February, 1878.
2 0 0	" "	on 1st April, 1878.
1 10 0	" "	on 1st June, 1878.
1 10 0	" "	on 1st December, 1878.
1 0 0	" "	on 1st February, 1879.
£10 0 0		

The Metropolitan Inner Circle Railway, called the "Link Line," will supply the only link now wanting to complete the Underground Inner Circle Railway system, which, though hitherto incomplete, has so greatly benefitted the Metropolis generally, by affording quick and cheap locomotion to all parts.

Though a private undertaking, the character of the work and its great necessity and usefulness have excited an amount of public attention seldom given to other than National works.

The course of it will be as follows:—From the Mansion House Station of the District Railway it will pass almost entirely beneath Cannon Street, and thence under a new street to be formed by the Company between Eastcheap and Fenchurch Street, near Mincing Lane, and be continued under Fenchurch Street to the junction near Aldgate with the Metropolitan Railway. This street will, in fact, be an extension eastward of Queen Victoria Street and Cannon Street.

A contract has been entered into with Mr. T. A. Walker (who has had great experience in the construction of important underground lines in London, including the District Railway, and portions of the Metropolitan Railway), whereby he undertakes to construct and complete the railway, &c., and the street improvements, by 1st August, 1879 (with a bonus for earlier completion), and receiving the earnings of the line from the portions as opened until the whole is completed, to pay interest at 5 per cent. per annum on the capital paid up on calls from the due date of each call, until 1st of August, 1879.

The contract includes the construction of convenient Refreshment Rooms or Restaurants, Lavatories, &c., at each of the three stations, which owing to their central and public position in the heart of the business portion of the City, will yield a large annual rental to this Company. The Mansion House Station Restaurant alone, not nearly so well placed as the Stations of this Company, yields about £3,000 per annum income to the District Company.

The works will be proceeded with and continued with all vigour; and the portion from the Mansion House Station to Eastcheap, which includes the two Stations at Cannon Street and Eastcheap, will, with the New Street and street improvements, it is expected, be completed by 31st December, 1878.

The minimum guaranteed Toll on the 440 trains to be run per day, which, with the Rebate, is absolutely guaranteed by the District Company, with the other sources of Revenue mentioned below, which are estimated on reliable data, is equal to a Dividend of £4 10s. per cent. per annum on the Share Capital, as under:—

440 trains per day, at 8s. per train . .	£64,240	
10 per cent. Rebate on new traffic . .	7,500	
Rent of Refreshment Rooms, Book Stalls, Advertising Boards, Lavatories	13,000	84,740
Less—Running and Maintaining the Line, Board, Officers, and Office Expenses . .		14,000
		70,740
Interest on Debenture Stock, 4 per cent. on £400,000		16,000
Leaving net revenue available for dividend on the Share Capital of £1,200,000		54,740

being upwards of 4½ per cent. per annum.

By the agreement with the District Company, from the tolls payable on the 440 trains to be run per day, which with the rebate is absolutely guaranteed by the District Company, from the completion and opening of the line, combined with the other sources of revenue above specified, a net income equal to 4½ per Cent. on the Share Capital now for subscription will arise. Any arrears of such tolls and rebate would become a cumulative debt on that Company, payable out of its net profits available for Dividend on its ordinary Stock, in perpetual priority to the dividends upon the whole of that Stock, which profits are estimated by Mr. Forbes to reach and probably exceed £30,000 per annum, before the opening of the Link Line.

The financial prospects of the Link Line may therefore be considered sound and satisfactory, producing as they do a minimum dividend of £4 10s. per cent., rising steadily within a comparatively short period to a probable 6 per cent. and upwards on the Share Capital.

The agreement gives to the District Company the option, expressly stipulated for by them, of purchasing the entire undertaking on the following terms:— * * * * It will be seen, therefore, that a profit may be looked for if the line is purchased of from £22 to £46 per £100 Stock.

Subscribers are at liberty to pay up the balance due on their Shares on any day when an instalment becomes payable, whereupon interest at 5 per cent. per annum will immediately accrue thereon.

Full Prospectuses and Forms of Application, with Map of London showing the Link Line, &c., can be obtained at the Bankers, The National Provincial Bank of England, 112, Bishopsgate Street, E.C., and its branches, or Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., 67, Lombard Street, E.C., and of the Brokers, Messrs. Helbert, Wagg, and Campbell, 18, Old Broad Street, E.C., or Messrs. Panmure, Gordon, and Co., Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, E.C., or at the Offices of the Company, 6, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, Westminster.

By Order of the Board,
ARTHUR HIGGINSON, Secretary.
London, Oct. 31, 1877.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

The NEXT TERM will begin on Monday, January 28.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.—The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel.
Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,
CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,
BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR
UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL
PRIZE MEDAL.
FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.
Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL
awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted. Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

JOHNSTON'S (The Old House)
CORN FLOUR
IS THE BEST.
"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, in packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. per bushel; households for bread, 9s. 4d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 8s. 8d; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, maize, and barley meal, 5s. 8d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 22s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of George Young.

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their
CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. Hassall says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY
"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS., 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argylesbire.)

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES
Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES."
"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'THREE CASTLES.'"—Vide "The Virginians." Sold only in Packets, protected by the Name and Trade Mark of
W. D. and H. O. WILLS.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carvers
Ivory, per doz. . . .	15s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
Ivory, balance, per doz. .	19s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
Ivory, balance, per doz. .	22s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	7s. 6d.
Ivory, stout, per doz. .	32s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine Ivory, per doz. .	34s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

DEANE'S TABLE CUTLERY, celebrated for more than 150 years, remains unrivalled for quality and cheapness. The stock is extensive and complete, affording a choice suited to every purchaser.

Ivory Handles.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Table Knives, doz.	16 0	19 0	22 0	25 0	32 0	35 0	40 0
Dessert ditto "	14 0	16 0	19 0	21 0	27 0	30 0	34 0
Carvers, pair	6 0	6 6	7 0	8 0	9 0	10 6	13 0

DEANE'S FENDERS & FIREIRONS.
DEANE and CO.'s Show Rooms for these goods contain a large, cheap, and choice variety of patterns.

Fenders, Drawing Room	£2 5	£3 3	£6 6	£11 11	£15 0
Fire Irons ditto	1 5	1 15	2 2	4 10	5 10
Fenders, Dining Room .	0 17	1 4	1 10	2 5	4 4
Fire Irons ditto	0 10	0 15	1 1	1 10	2 5

Bed Room Fenders, 3s. to 18s.; Fire Irons, 3s. to 12s.
Deane and Co.'s Catalogue, with furnishing Estimates post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, King William St., London Bridge.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112 Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons.—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

FOR ARMS and CREST SEND NAME and COUNTY to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Office, 44, High Holborn, W.C. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, &c. Illustrated Price Lists Post free.

TO MOUNT DRAWINGS, SCRAPS, PHOTOGRAPHS, &c., smoothly, and without the vexatious wrinkling, warping, and smearing usually attending the use of other adhesives, get "PARLOUR PASTE." Sold by all Stationers. Wholesale, J. ORDISH and CO., 108, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

CLARKE'S LITTLE MODELLER.—How to make a Model Village, Railway Farm, Poultry Yard, and eight others. 250 Engravings. Post free for 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH.—A new Parlour Pastime, 30,000 Comical Transformations for Evening Parties. Post free for 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

THE WIZARD'S BOX of MAGIC. Instructions and Apparatus for performing Ten Capital Conjuring Tricks. Sufficient for one hour's amusement. Post free, 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

TOOTH-ACHE.
INSTANT CURE.
FORMS A STOPPING.
SAVES THE TOOTH.
J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief."
Of all chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per packet.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

WOOD-CUTTING for AMATEURS.—No previous knowledge required. Thousands of pretty things in Cut Wood, Baskets, Stands for Flowers, &c. Candelabras, Pipe Cases, &c., &c., can be cut by Lorin's Wood-cutting Machines, everything complete. Drawings, saws, &c., from 8s.—Wholesale and Retail, to be had at the Manufacturers, JACQUES LORIN FILS, 3, Rue de la Fidelité, Paris. Catalogues free on application.

A WELL FURNISHED BED and SITTING ROOM, communicating, TO LET for a Single Gentleman in a private family. No other lodgers and no young children. A good bathroom, with hot and cold bath. Easy access to the City.—Address F., 78, St. Augustine Road, Camden Square, N.W.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.
is now offering an extensive and well-selected Stock of
SEAL, SABLE, and other CHOICE FURS,
including
Russian Seal Jackets,
24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Demi-fitting Seal Paletots,
30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 20 guineas.
South Sea Seal Jackets, loose shapes, from 2 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN
MANTLES AND PALETOTS,
Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL.
CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.
The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.
Patterns and Engravings free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
WINTER DRESSES,
in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour,
From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.
CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced.
48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool,
This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 3s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

A NEW FABRIC FOR PALETOTS, &c.
POIL DE CHAMEAU (Registered).
This elegant fabric, though very warm, is remarkably light and soft, and can be had in choice shades of Fawn, Drab, Grey, Light Brown, &c. 54 inches wide, from 4s. 9d. per yd.
Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St., W.

A NEW FABRIC IN BLACK
CRÈPE CASHMERE (Registered).
A most useful material in six different designs,
full width, 1s. 9d. per yard. Specially adapted for
this season's Costumes. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

NOW ON SALE AT HALF-PRICE.
1,000 UNMADE PALETOTS (Black),
Richly embroidered on very fine Cashmere or
Diagonal Cloth, full size and newest shapes,
from 29s. 6d. to 42s. each, formerly 3 to 4 guineas.

IN WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS
VELVET-FINISH'D VELVETEENS,
beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black,
from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades,
of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE PURCHASE OF
NEW COLOURED SILKS,
at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., and 4s. 4½d. per yard, also a
richer quality at 5s. 3d., usually sold at 7s. 6d. per yard.
250 shades to select from. Patterns free.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF
BLACK GROS GRAINS.
This extensive purchase comprises Silks of the best
and most reliable makes, and are specially recommended.
Prices 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yard.
Also richer goods from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS
to match every Silk, short pile, well covered,
suitable for Gowns, 6s. 11d. per yard,
any length cut. Patterns free.

BLACK GENOA VELVETS,
suited for trimming purposes, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d. per yd.
A special purchase of Black Lyons Velvet, all silk,
at 9s. 11d. per yard. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

COLOURED SILK COSTUMES
of the latest designs and most fashionable description,
in all the new colour Silks, commencing at 6½ guineas.
Patterns of the Silks and Engravings post free.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES,
made from the new Paris Models in eight different
styles of the most approved designs, as shown in
Engravings, price with bodice complete, 5½ guineas.
Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN
WINTER COSTUMES.
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Costumes suitable for Travelling,
Promenade, and Indoor Wear, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas.
Illustrations and Patterns of Materials post free.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING
MADE BALL and Wedding Dresses.
Now ready, several thousand charming Dresses
in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas.
Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen
in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN.
THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black),
profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train,
1 guinea, a substantial box included.
A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours,
for 28s. 9d., with material for bodice.
Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

Established in
Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine
BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are
invited to inspect,
at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S
Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.
These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.
Lists, with prices,
On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

PETER ROBINSON'S
COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET,
Is the Cheapest and the Largest
Warehouse of the kind
In London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.

"ON RECEIPT of LETTER
or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—
with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required),
without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well
as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE
OF SEVERAL THOUSAND PIECES BY

PETER ROBINSON of Regent Street
OF THE BEST WEARING MAKES ONLY,
and highly recommended.

Bonnet and Cie	at 5s. 0d.
Joubert	at 4s. 6d.
Ponsons	at 5s. 3d.
Degoves	at 4s. 9d.

The above are from 2s. to 3s. per yard
under last year's prices.
The EMPRESS CACHEMIRE, at 6s.
Also Excellent Value at
2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., and 4s. 11d.
For Patterns address to
PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 262, Regent Street.

BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS.
Exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in Lyons Velvet, at 10s. 9d.
Black Silk Trimming Velvets.
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.
Nos. 256 to 262.

FOR SIX GUINEAS.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK,
with Velvet Garniture,
Exquisitely cut and fashioned,
Copies of expensive Paris Models.
Photos free.
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One
Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT.
For 2½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT.
At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

FOR TWO GUINEAS, and up to Seven,
Costumes in New Black Materials,
in various fashionable Styles,
At PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea.
Black Brussels Net, at 29s. 6d.
Tulle (condition keeping), 50s.
Grenadine, 52s. 6d.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed.
Illustrations free.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
3½ and 4½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9½ guineas.
36 inches long for 11 guineas.
39 inches long for 13 guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
it is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

SEALSKIN PALETOTS.—Reduction
of Prices.—Messrs. WAYRE having made large importations of Russian Sealskins, are enabled to offer

SEALSKIN PALETOTS, 30 inches long,
8 guineas.

SEALSKIN PALETOTS, 33 inches long,
9 guineas.

SEALSKIN PALETOTS, 36 inches long,
11 guineas.

SEALSKIN PALETOTS, 40 inches long,
16 guineas.

SEALSKIN PALETOTS, 46 inches long,
20 guineas.

SEALSKIN PALETOTS, 40 inches long,
richly trimmed with real marten tails, 12 inches deep, 20 guineas; Real Sable, 10 inches deep, 40 guineas; Skunk, 20 guineas.

SEALSKIN PALETOTS can be sent
on approval to any part of the United Kingdom by forwarding a reference in Town to

MESSRS. WAYRE, Manufacturing
FURRIERS, 96, Oxford Street, and 33a, Oxford Street (corner of Regent Circus.

LADIES' IRISH ULSTER COATS,
made in the best manner by experienced tailors. Immense variety of Irish Frieres and other fashionable materials. Patterns and forms for self-measurement post free.
RICHARD ALLEN, Sackville Street, Dublin.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The
most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.

ÆGIDIUS.—A New ELASTIC OVER-
SHIRT, as warm as wool, as soft as silk. It will entirely dispense with the ever-shrinking coloured flannel, 13s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. each. Patterns of material and self-measure free by post.—FORD and CO., 41 and 44, Poultry, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW AUTUMN DRESS GOODS.
1,000 New Patterns of the choicest Shades and designs, the productions of various European nations.
7,000 yards of Autumn Serge, 10½d. the yard.
Yachting Serges, 6¾d. and 10½d. the yard.
Autumn Beges, 8¾d. the yard.
Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d. (Sage, Olive Green, &c)
Estamene Serges, 1s. 3½d. and 1s. 6½d.
Homespun Estamene, 1s. 6½d., 27 in. wide.
New Snowflakes, Camel's Hair, and Vicuna Cloths.
Shetland Estamene, 27 in. wide, 1s. 4½d. the yard.
Poil de Chameau, French production, all wool, 30 in. wide, 1s. 9½d. the yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d. yard.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d. yd., superb colours.
Scarboro' Twill, 1s. 0½d.; Derby Matelasse, 1s. 0½d.; New Autumn Kink Skirting, 1s. 11½d. the yard, 40 in. wide; Indian Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. yard.
These and other Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW SILK PATTERNS are now ready.
The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d. } A New Make of
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d. } Extreme Richness
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.
BLACK SILKS, 1s. 6½d. to 10s. the yard.
The Queen's Black Silk, 7s. 11d.
The Queen's Black Silk, 8s. 11d. } Superb Goods &
The Queen's Black Silk, 9s. 11d. } Splendid Wear.
The Queen's Black Silk, 10s. 11d.
A special parcel of Coloured Silks, 2s. 11½d. yard.
Coloured Gro Grain Silks, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 6s. 11d. the yard. Floral Silks for Trimmings, 3s. 9½d. Japanese Figures, 1s. 3½d.
A Special Lot Black Velveteens, 1s. 11½d., and Colours, at 2s. 10½d. yard. Patterns free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.
Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 1s. 3½d. Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s. 11½d. Double-width Melton Cloths, 2s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.
Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s. 11d. to 6s. 11d.
Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard. All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S COSTUMES,
as lately shown at the Grand Autumn Exhibition and Costumes Contest at the Alexandra Palace.
"Harrogate"—Bronze Green Cachmere and Velveteen Costumes, £1 4s.
"Ventnor"—Fawn, Homespun, and Brown Braid, Jacket and Hat, £5 13s. 6d.
"Silverton"—Brown Cachmere and Velveteen, £3 18s. 6d.
"Glenthorne"—Prune Snowflake and Pink Silk, £2 10s. 6d.
"Bromley"—Bronze Cachmere and Blue Silk, with Cape, £4 4s.
"Clairmont"—Fawn Serge and Brown Velveteen, £2 10s. 6d.
"Christine"—Black Velveteen and Silk Jacket and Hat, £5 5s.
"Lymington"—Fawn Matelasse and Velvet Galloon, Jacket and Hat, £4 10s. 6d.
"Zasel"—Brown Velveteen and Cream Brocaded Silk, £4 4s.
"Moscow"—Fawn Camel's Hair Cloth, with Lynx Fur Jacket, Hat and Muff, £6 6s.
"Clyde"—Fawn, Chamrau, Cloth and Raccoon Fur, Jacket, Hat and Muff, £5 10s. 6d.
"St. Malo"—Prune Velveteen and Grey Fur, Jacket, Hat, and Muff, £5 18s. 6d.
"Bonnie Fishwife"—Blue Serge and Red Twill, with Cap, £2 18s. 6d.
"Normandy"—Green Serge and White Braid Jacket and Hat, £2 18s. 6d.
"Chiswick"—Deep Mourning Costume. Black Cachmere and Crape, with Bonnet, £4 10s. 6d.
"Chislehurst"—Complimentary Mourning Richly Trimmed Black Silk, £6 6s.
Patterns of Materials, Photographs, and every particular, post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
UNDERCLOTHING and OUTFITTING.
A new Illustrated Price List is now ready, and can be sent free to any address; also Photographs of the New Exhibition Prize Setts, Collars, and Collarettes.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
£20,000 worth.
Faithfully recommended to their Customers by
MESSRS. JAY.
These Silks are unweighted, pure in quality, and may be fully relied on to wear well.

Present price	Last year's price
3s. 9d.	5s. 9d.
4s. 3d.	6s. 6d.
4s. 9d.	7s. 3d.
5s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
5s. 9d.	9s. 6d.
6s. 9d.	10s. 3d.

TO CHARITIES, COMMUNITIES,
&c.—BLANKET SERGE.—Messrs. JAY have had manufactured a really stout, warm, and durable BLANKET SERGE in Black, Grey, and Dark Blue, suitable for Dresses or Petticoats, which they are now selling in quantities of not less than one whole piece (60 yards) at the low price of One Shilling per yard.

SEALSKIN and FUR-LINED MANTLES.
Purchasers may rest assured that they have, by buying early, the first choice of the best furs and patterns, and can now get them at a Cheaper Cost at
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
VELVET CARPETS, &c.
EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862: DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP of
GASK and GASK.
SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK of
Silk Mercery, General Drapery, &c.
ALL NEW THIS SEASON.
Great reductions in price will be made
throughout all the departments, and all goods
marked in plain figures at the lowest prices,
for ready money only.
Silks, Costumes, Mantles, Dress Fabrics, Linens,
Blankets, Gloves, Hosiery, Lace Goods, Mourning, &c., &c.
Doors will be opened at 10 o'clock.
GASK and GASK,
58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street, and Wells Street.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

THE KENSINGTON SCHOOL OF
ART EMBROIDERY is NOW OPEN. Orders received for every description of Fancy Needlework.
95, High Street, Kensington.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest
purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY.
Property of the French Government.
CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.
HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.
GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.
HOPITAL—For Stomach complaints, &c.
VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.
CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.
Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S
EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD
LIVER OIL (Registered).
The purest Oil, and by Almond flavouring rendered palatable and easy of digestion.
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.
British Medical Journal says—Whilst securing the beneficial results traceable to Cod Liver Oil as a valuable tonic and dietetic, we have found no difficulty in inducing our little patients to take it.
Sanitary Record says—We have tried its effect on the most delicate constitutions with marked effect, so well are the odour and taste of the Oil disguised that children will take the preparation with avidity.
Medical Times says—The taste is decidedly masked by the almond flavouring.
Medical Press—Has an agreeable smell and flavour, and we can testify that the result is satisfactory.
Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists,
And Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited),
Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.—
This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.
For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS
POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

CURES by DR. LOCOCK'S Pulmonic
WAFERS, of coughs, consumption, asthma, bronchitis, &c. Mr. Thresh, Chemist, Buxton, writes: "No other medicine cures so quickly, safely, or pleasantly." Price 1s. 1½d.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CON-
STIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.
The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

MORSON'S
PEPSINE,
AND ITS PREPARATIONS
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE NAME ON LABEL.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
As WINE, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 9s.
LOZENGES, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.
GLOBULES, at 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.
And as POWDER, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, AND THE MANUFACTURERS,
MORSON and SON,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing,
and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d. E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND, HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury.

DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER
PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT
BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877.
A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE
OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO.
Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

COLD CREAM OF ROSES.—PIESSE
and LUBIN prepare this exquisite COSMETIC with the greatest care, fresh daily, in jars, 1s.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE & LUBIN's SWEET SCENTS
—Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, White Rose, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 bottles in a case, 7s. The above sweet scents in sachet powder, 1s. 6d. each, can be forwarded by post. Sold by fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.

PIESSE and LUBIN's PESTACHIO
NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Hol-
born, London.—ALEX. ROSS's DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from face and arms without injury. 3s. 6d. Sent post free, carefully packed, for 54 stamps by Alex. Ross.

THE NOSE MACHINE applied to the
nose for an hour daily so directs the soft cartilage of the nose that an ill-formed one is quickly shaped, 10s. 6d. Sent for stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.

Folio, price 7s. 6d. each.

THROUGH THE EYE TO THE
MIND—THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOKS: a Series of Volumes illustrative of Natural History and of the Vegetable World, with Descriptive Letterpress.
"These volumes are among the most instructive picture books we have seen, and we know of none better calculated to excite and gratify the appetite of the young for the knowledge of nature."—*Times.*
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Tenth Edition, with Fifty-four Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE
BOOK, No. 1: or, LESSONS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS. By ADAM WHITE, late Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Fifth Edition, with many new Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE
BOOK, No. 2: or, LESSONS FROM THE VEGETABLE WORLD. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Herb of the Field," &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Third Edition, with Sixty Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE
BOOK, No. 3: LESSONS ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, or the Natural History of the Quadrupeds which characterise the Four Divisions of the Globe.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Second Edition, with Forty-eight Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE
BOOK, No. 4: SKETCHES FROM NATURE, or Pictures of Animal and Vegetable Life in all Lands.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Seventh Edition, with Thirty-six Oblong Coloured Illustrations, price 7s. 6d.

RECREATIVE ILLUSTRATION—
THE NEW PICTURE BOOK; or, PICTURIAL LESSONS ON FORM, COMPARISON, AND NUMBER, for Children under Seven Years of Age. With Explanation by NICHOLAS BOHNY.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Map and Illustrations, price 6s.

THE HEROES OF YOUNG
AMERICA. By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "A Peck of Troubles," "A Book About Boys," "A Book About Dominoes," &c., &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, price 6s.

ADVENTURES IN THE AIR: being
Memorable Experiences of Great Aeronauts. From the French of M. DE FONVIELLE. Translated and edited by JOHN S. KELTIE.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

JUST PUBLISHED.—RIMMELL'S
PERFUMED ALMANACS "ARTS AND SCIENCES," richly illuminated, 6d. FAN ALMANAC, 6d. COMIC POCKET BOOK ALMANAC (Olympus), 1s. Sent on receipt of Stamps, 96, Strand; 128, Regent Street; 24, Cornhill.

Just Published, in One thick Vol., strongly Half-bound, 760 pp., price 6s., postage 6d.

THE HOUSE BOOK: A BOOK for
EVERY FAMILY. Containing Housekeeping, Cookery, Household Work, Boldour, Nursery, Cellarage of Wines, Beer, &c., Dairy Management, Stable Economy, Gardening, &c.—Domestic Medicine, Symptoms, Causes, and Treatment of most Common Ailments. Accidents, Emergencies, &c.—Management of Health, Air, Light, Heat, Ventilation, Diet, Clothing, Sleep, Bathing, &c.
CROSBY LOCKWOOD and CO., 7, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

"FINIS."
The New Annual, by the Authors of the COMING K——, will be issued on 1st December. Published for the Benefit of the Children of the Late S. O. BEETON, by GOUBAUD and SON, 39 and 40, Bedford Street, Covent Garden. Price One Shilling. Postage 2d.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 32 stamps.

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN.
Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

THE MUSICAL TIMES. Price 3d.
⁂ The largest and best Musical Journal.

THE MUSICAL TIMES for NOVEM-
BER contains:—The Great Composers, sketched by themselves; Mozart, by J. Bennett—A Sketch of the History of Music-Printing, by Dr. Chrysander (continued)—Festival Committees and New Works—Mdlle. Titiens—Crystal Palace Concerts—Liverpool Philharmonic Society—Advent Anthem: "Hearken unto Me, My People," by Arthur Sullivan—Reviews—Foreign and Country News, &c. Postage free, 4d. Annual Subscription, 4s., including postage.

THE MUSICAL TIMES for NOVEM-
BER contains a New Anthem for Advent, by Arthur Sullivan, "Hearken Unto Me, My People." Price separately, 1½d.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC
Primers. Edited by Dr. STAINER. The following are now ready:—

THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By
ERNST PAUER. Price 2s.

THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr.
STAINER. Price 2s.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC
PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. Price 1s.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE BEAU-
TIFUL IN MUSIC. By ERNST PAUER. Price 1s.
(Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.)

LIEDER OHNE WORTE. Eight
Books. The only complete edition. Cloth, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
CHRISTMAS CAROLS, NEW AND OLD. Edited by the Rev. H. R. BRAMLEY and Dr. STAINER. With 45 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Elegantly bound, 7s. 6d.
THE SUNLIGHT OF SONG. Sacred and Moral Songs, with Original Music by the most eminent English Composers. With 46 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Handsomely bound, 7s. 6d.
NATIONAL NURSERY RHYMES. Set to Music by J. W. ELLIOTT. With 65 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.
BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS. Edited by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Folio, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 21s.; octavo, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; octavo, paper covers, 5s.
MOZART'S SONATAS. Edited by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Folio, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 18s.
MENDELSSOHN'S LIEDER OHNE WORTE. The best and only Complete Edition, containing the Seventh and Eighth Books. Folio, handsomely bound, gilt edges, 12s.; octavo, handsomely bound, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.
⁂ Order Novello's Edition.
RUBINSTEIN'S EIGHTEEN TWO-PART SONGS. German and English Words. Octavo, handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.
SCHUMANN'S VOCAL ALBUM. English and German Words. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.
SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM FOR YOUNG PIANISTS (Op. 68 and Op. 15). Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.
GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM. Original German Words, and an English Version by JOHN OXENFORD. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.
A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS. Edited by Dr. STAINER and W. A. BARRETT. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 16s.
MUSICAL MYTHS AND FACTS. By CARL ENGEL. Two vols., demy 8vo, cloth, price 12s.
LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.,
1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.
A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*
Post free 24 stamps
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SPECIALITIES in PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S STUDENT'S PIANOFORTE. Compass 5 Octaves, 15 gs., or £1 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SCHOOL PIANINOS. From Canadian Walnut, 20 gs., or 2 gs. per qr. on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S YACHT PIANINOS, 30 gs., or £3 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR PIANINO, 35 gs., or £3 10s per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MODEL PIANETTE, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH MODEL, 40 gs., or £4 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COLONIAL MODEL, 45 gs., or £4 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S FOREIGN MODEL, 50 gs., or £5 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH OBLIQUE, 55 gs., or £5 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S OBLIQUE GRAND, 70 gs., or £7 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUE, 90 gs., or £9 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MIGNON IRON GRAND, 80 gs., or £8 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR IRON GRAND, 110 guineas, or £11 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

UPWARDS of ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES on VIEW.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL PIANO-FORTE DEALERS throughout the United Kingdom.

SHOW-ROOMS, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

STEAM FACTORY, CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.

THE ILLUSTRATED SONGS OF SCOTLAND. BOOSEY and CO. beg to announce a new and very superb edition of the Songs of Scotland, containing twelve full-page illustrations by

Frank Dicksee.	A. Hunt.
J. MacRalston.	P. Skelton.
W. Small.	E. B. Leighton.

The book contains 190 songs, the music edited by J. Pittman and Colin Brown, the words revised (with notes) by Charles Mackay. The Illustrated Songs of Scotland are printed in one volume, imperial 8vo, very beautifully bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 10s. 6d.

BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS in MUSIC,
all handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges.
THE ILLUSTRATED SONGS OF SCOTLAND (190 songs with twelve full-page illustrations) 10s. 6d.
BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS. Edited by W. Dorrell. 10s 6d.
MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. 4s.
SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM. 4s.
CHOPIN'S WALTZES, NOCTURNES, and MAZURKAS. 4s.
STRAUSS' WALTZ ALBUM (18 sets). 4s.
THE ROYAL SONG BOOKS.
RUBINSTEIN'S 50 SONGS. 4s.
RUBINSTEIN'S 18 VOCAL DUETS. 4s.
BEETHOVEN'S 76 SONGS. 4s.
MENDELSSOHN'S 60 Songs. 4s.
SCHUMANN'S 75 SONGS. 4s.
THE SONGS OF GERMANY. 4s.
The above have all German and English words.
THE SONGS OF ENGLAND. 4s.
THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND. 4s.
THE SONGS OF IRELAND. 4s.
THE SONGS OF WALES. 4s.
The above form a complete collection of National Songs.
SACRED SONGS. ANCIENT and MODERN. 4s.
HUMOROUS SONGS. 4s.
CHOICE DUETS FOR LADIES' VOICES. 4s.
All the 4s. volumes can be had in paper covers, 2s. 6d. each.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRU-MENTS FOR AMATEURS.
THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO.
Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps.
Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d. each.

No. 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe.
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.
SIX WALTZES BY JOSEPH GUNG'L.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Grafenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schönster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tour du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancée Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

TO LADIES.—SALE of NEW MUSIC at a large reduction in price.—The most popular songs, pieces, or dances of the day sent post free from 4d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., &c. Best editions, new copies, all publishers. Catalogues sent post free.—A. M. MOFFATT, 3, Barnsbury St., N.

ESTEY AMERICAN ORGANS, cheapest and best for quality, &c. LOW PRICES FOR CASH, or by monthly payments (in London and Suburbs only). Lists on application.—J. A. MILLS, 60, Moorgate Street, E.C.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATA-LOGUES of MUSIC.
Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent post free to any part of the World
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. Sixty Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded gratis post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FLYING DUTCHMAN. A most successful and effective piece on the melodies in Wagner's grand opera. Price 4s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S "EN ROUTE."—A grand brilliant Military March. Played by the composer at his recitals with enormous success. Price 4s., duet, 5s.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

STEPHEN HELLER'S PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS.—A COMPLETE CATALOGUE is NOW READY, and will be sent, on application, gratis and post free, to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

KING CHRISTMAS. J. L. HATTON'S celebrated Song. The popularity of this capital baritone Song is ever on the increase. Price 3s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

STANDARD VOCAL PART MUSIC.
THE SINGER'S LIBRARY.
An Unequalled Collection of
VOCAL CONCERTED MUSIC, TRIOS, QUARTETS, QUINTETS, &c.
Sacred and Secular, by the most renowned Composers, English and Foreign.
Edited by JOHN HULLAH.
Upwards of 150 Numbers. Price Twopence each.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GLEE and CHORAL LIBRARY.
A COLLECTION OF STANDARD and Well-known VOCAL COMPOSITIONS,
As well as recent works by Macfarren, Hutton, Leslie, Balfe, &c.
Eighty Numbers. Price Twopence each.
Catalogues gratis and post free to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

STEPHEN HELLER'S PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS.—A COMPLETE CATALOGUE is NOW READY, and will be sent on application, post free, to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS are to be had of every Musicseller and Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, and India, or will be sent direct post free at half the marked price (bound works and cheap vocal part music excepted) to any part of the world on receipt of remittance or satisfactory reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS"
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.
OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.
Now Ready.
QUADRILLES by ARBAN. Solo and Duet, 2s each.
SUITE DE VALSES by O. METRA. Solo and duet 2s each.
POLKA, by ARBAN. 1s. 6d.
POLKA MAZURKA. 1s. 6d.
QUADRILLES by O. METRA. Solo or duet, 2s. each.
Also in the Press.
PIECES by BRINLEY RICHARDS and W. KUHE.
VOCAL SCORE in English and French Words.
BRILLIANT FANTASIA by E. MONIOT. Price 1s 6d
COMPLETE OPERA PIANO SOLO. Price 2s. 6d net.
SELECTIONS OF AIRS IN TWO BOOKS by CRAMER. 3s. each.
N.B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.

HAROLD THOMAS'S POPULAR PIANO PIECES, all at half-price.
OPERATIC (very brilliant).
Il Trovatore (new). 4s.
La Traviata (new). 4s.
Stradella (new). 4s.
Le Prophète (new). 4s.
Lohengrin. 4s.
Tannhauser. 4s.
Mosé in Egitto. 4s.
Les Huguenots. 4s.
Faust (Gounod). 4s.
Lucia. 4s.
Masaniello. 4s.
Marta. 4s.
Freischütz. 4s.
Don Giovanni. 4s.

DRAWING-ROOM PIECES.
Les Cuirassiers 4s.
The Sleigh Drive. 4s.
Chant Rouman. 4s.
Air Styrien. 3s.
Birdie and Brooklet. 3s.
The Musical Clock. 3s.

MOST USEFUL TEACHING PIECES.
Albion (English Airs). 4s.
Erin (Irish Airs). 4s.
Cambria (Welsh Airs). 4s.
Scotia (Scotch Airs). 4s.
Catalogues of all Thomas's Piano Pieces forwarded on application to JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, 123, Cheapside.

AS SUNG BY SIGNOR GIANINI AT PROMENADE CONCERTS, COVENT GARDEN.
DAWN SONG (L'AURORA).
FLORIAN PASCAL.
Compass E to F Sharp. Key of D.
English and Italian words. Post free 18 stamps.

SPRING SONG. By J. Leybach.
ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN WORDS.
"A perfect little gem, easy to sing and play"
Compass D to F (in C). Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONGS by J. Leybach.
LIFE'S AUTUMN (in A). Compass E to C flat.
THE SIRENS (in F). Compass C to F.
BRIGHT STARS OF HEAVEN (in C). Compass D to F.
MAIDEN AND THE BIRDS (in B flat). Compass D to F.
Post free, 18 stamps each.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S NEW PIECES.
PRES DU LAC (Meditation), artistically illustrated. Price 2s net.
UN BIJOU PERDU, artistically illustrated. Price 2s. net.
BERCEUSE. Price 1s 6d net.
LES VIEUX TEMPS. Gavotte. Price 1s. 6d. net.
LA PRINCESSE. Gavotte moderne. 1s 6d. net.
TRANSCRIPTIO BRILLANTE (Braham). As played by Madame Arabella Goddard). 2s. 6d net.

CH. NEUSTEDT'S CARILLON, LOUIS XIV. Piano Solo, 3s.
PIANO DUET, arranged by RUMMELL. 3s.
SMALL BAND PARTS. 1s. 6d. net.
FULL ORCHESTRA. 2s. net.
As performed at the Promenade Concerts.

L. GREGH. LES BERGÈRES WATTEAU. Piano Solo. 3s.
PIANO DUET, arranged by J. RUMMEL. 3s.
ORCHESTRAL PARTS. 2s. net.
As performed at the Promenade Concerts.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

CONCERTS, PENNY READINGS, &c.—POPULAR SONGS, VOCAL DUETS, TRIOS, and QUARTETS (part songs), selected from Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S CATALOGUE. This list may be had, gratis and post free, on application at New Burlington Street.

CONCERT SONGS. Always successful. Ever Thine (soprano) (Abt), 4s.; Kathleen Aroon (contralto) (Abt), 4s.; Still is the night (bass) (Abt), 3s.; The Cuckoo's Song (soprano) (Abt), 3s.; Thee only I love (soprano) (Abt), 3s.; The Blacksmith (bass) (Cherry), 3s.; Ay or No (tenor) (F. H. Cowen), 4s.; Dear England (baritone) (L. Diehl), 3s.; Love never dies (baritone) (A. S. Gatty), 4s.; O fair dove (contralto) (A. S. Gatty), 4s.; Sing me that song again (tenor) (Guglielmo), 3s.; My boyhood's dream (baritone) (Hatton), 4s.; Droop not, young lover (bass) (Handel), 3s.; Open thy lattice (tenor) (J. Hullah) 3s.; Weep not, fond heart (tenor) (F. Kücken), 3s.; Home they brought (contralto) (Lindsay), 4s.; The Knight's Shield (contralto) (Pinsuti), 4s.; Don't forget me (soprano) (Pinsuti), 3s. Half price in stamps, post free.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY H. F. LIMPUS. The Skylark, 3s.; Slumber Song, 3s.; Evermore, 3s.; The Lifeboat, 3s.; half price in postage stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY B. TOURS. My Little Picture, 3s.; A Little Bird's Story, 4s.; The Dog and the Shadow (Illus.), 3s.; The Message to Heaven, 3s. Half price in postage stamps. London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY FRANZ ABT. Ever Thine, in C and E flat, 4s; Still is the night, 3s.; Spring Morning, 3s.; Golden Sunshine, 3s.; O ye tears, 4s.; Kathleen Aroon, 4s. Half price in postage stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY CIRO PINSUTI. Waiting for the Swallows, 3s.; Sunset on the River, 4s.; Summer Friends, 3s; Ocean Voices, 3s; Don't forget me, 3s; The Knight's Shield, 4s.; What shall I sing to thee, 3s. Half price in postage stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

SONGS BY J. ROECKEL.—So Far Away, 3s.; Unforgotten Days, 3s. Half price in postage stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

JULIETTE.—NEW WALTZ by La-MOTHE. Played at Arditi's Promenade Concerts. One of the prettiest of Lamothe's waltzes; full of melody, and easy to play. Post free for 2s.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, London, and of all musicsellers in town and country.

THE Popular Song, LOVED AND LOST. The Words by PERCY FITZGERALD, adapted to MULLER'S Beautiful Waltz, "Geliebt und Verloren." Sold by every Musicseller in the United Kingdom. Post free, 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

POPULAR WALTZES, easily arranged, without octaves, for piano, by JULES ROCHARD.
Loved and Lost. Muller.
The Last Kiss. Müller.
Rêve d'Amour. Lamothe.
Manolo. Waldteufel.
Beautiful Danube. Strauss
Doctrinen. Strauss
Morgenblätter. Strauss
Thousand and One Nights. Strauss.
Post free, 1s. each.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

STOLEN KISSES WALTZ. By HANS WALDENFELT. Free, 2s. "Sweetly played, universally admired, and, having established itself as one of the most popular waltzes of the season, no programme will be complete without it."—WOOD and CO., 3, Great Marlborough St.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.
All for Her. No. 1 sop., No. 2 contralto. A. S. Gatty.
Maiden May. Two keys. A. S. Gatty. Sung by Madame Cave-Ashton.
Before the Storm. Baritone. A. S. Gatty.
Meha. No. 1 tenor, No. 2 baritone. V. Capoul. Sung by M. Capoul.
Be My Love. Baritone. C. Fox.
My Star. No. 1, contralto, No. 2 mezzo-sop. Julia Wolff.
Little Nannie. Soprano. Julia Wolff. Sung by Mrs. Osgood.
The Trooper's Dream. Baritone. Julia Wolff.
Post free 24 stamps each.
ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles Street, W.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.

BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.

Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 22, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Piano-FORTE SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

MUSICAL LIBRARY SERIES.
Edited and carefully fingered by CHARLES HALLÉ.
58 Numbers now ready.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉS New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

NOTICE. — LINOLEUM. — OETZ-MANN and CO. have now received all the new PRIZE DESIGNS in this favourite Floor Covering—warm, soft, and carpet-like in appearance. Prices reduced. A visit of inspection solicited. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZ-MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PRE-MISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

THE SANDRINGHAM EASY CHAIR, full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable for any room, price 25s.; lady's ditto, smaller size, 21s. Also the Sandringham Couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable, price 2 guineas. Every one about to furnish should see these marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and despatched same day on receipt of order per post.

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZ-MANN and CO.—Elegant Drawing Room Suite, richly carved Italian walnut-wood, upholstered very soft and comfortable, in best rep, consisting of a Couch, two Easy Chairs, and six Chairs, price 15 guineas; ditto, very handsome design, upholstered in rich Pekinade, made and finished in superior style, 20 guineas; ditto, very elegant design, richly upholstered in finest satin, and finished in the best possible manner, 33 guineas; also a variety of other Drawing-Room Suites, in Black and Gold, Early English, and other designs.

ARTISTIC FURNISHING.—OETZ-MANN & CO. are introducing a variety of Elegant Persian and Indian designs in RUGS and MATS, to meet the requirements for artistic furnishing at moderate cost. Large Rugs (excellent copies of real Persian and Indian) from 10s. each. A visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN & CO.

TURKEY CARPETS.—CLEARANCE SALE.—OETZMANN and CO.—A quantity of Turkey, Indian, Persian, Jubbalpore, Masulipatam, Farahan, Khorassan, Serabend, Koula, Ghiordes, and Kelim Carpets and Rugs, clearing out at greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 9d. to 80 guineas. A reduced Price List, with sizes and description, sent post free on application. Prices will be found much below those usually charged. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 15s. 9d. each; some very handsome ditto, at 35s. to 45s.
OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

FLOOR-Cloth, Floor-Cloth, Floor-Cloth. Well seasoned, colours and designs to suit every style of decoration. An immense assortment for selection. Clearing out at 1s. 6d. per square yard; best quality and newest designs, 2s. 6d. A quantity of squares, 2 yards by 3 yards, 3 by 4, and other useful sizes, very cheap. Quotations forwarded per post on receiving size of room or hall. Bordered floor-cloth for passage or stairs from 9d. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

MADRID STRIPED CURTAINS, all wool, 3 yards long by 48 inches wide, 15s. per pair; 3½ yards, 17s. 6d.; 4 yards, 20s; best Worsted Damask Curtains, in green crimson, or any self colour, plaited top, bordered all round with best embroidered silk lace, 3 yards long by 51 inches wide, 25s. per pair; 3½ yards, 30s.; 4 yards, 35s.; best rep, ditto, 3 yards by 54 inches wide, 42s.; 3½ yards, 50s.; 4 yards, 57s. 6d. Forwarded same day on receipt of order. One trial will ensure recommendation. No common damask or rep used, sold, or advised. Descriptive lists post-free.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

ELECTRO-PLATE. CUTLERY.
ELECTRO-PLATE. CUTLERY.
ELECTRO-PLATE. CUTLERY.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY DE-PARTMENT.—Superior Electro Plate Tea and Coffee Pots, Spoons, Forks, Cruets, &c. (quality guaranteed); best warranted Table Cutlery, handsome Coal Vases, from 3s. 11d upwards; Dish Covers; Japanned Toilet Sets, full size, bath, pail, and can, various neat designs in colours, 8s. 11d. per set. Kitchen Ironmongery of every description. Mats, Matting, Brooms, Brushes, Pails, &c. Bronze Umbrella Stands, from 3s. 9d. Table Lamps, complete, good style, 3s. 11d.

EXHIBITION PATTERN COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the season much admired, handsomely japanned, and rich burnished gold ornamentation, with opal handles, strong loose lining, a great convenience and saving in wear. Price complete, 21s.—OETZMANN and CO.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.
PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."
In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

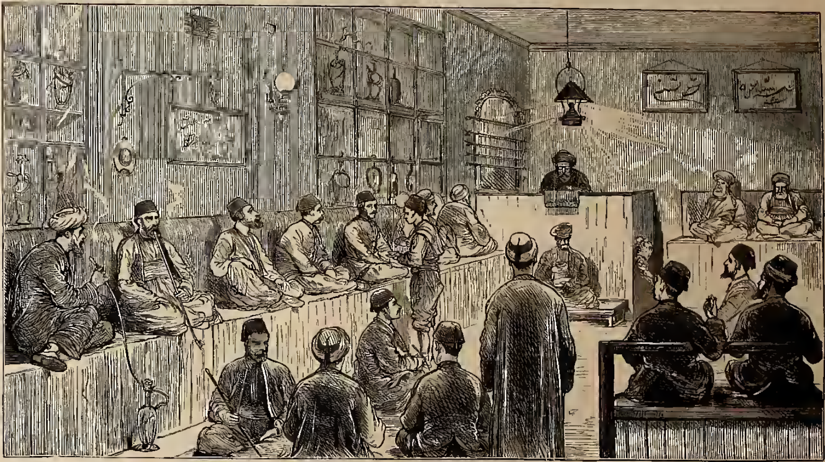
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

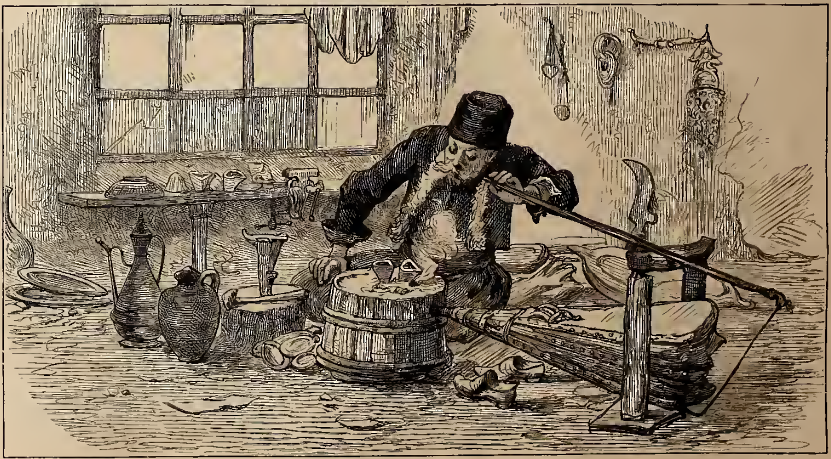
VOL. XVI.—No. 416
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



WITH THE TURKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE—READING NEWSPAPERS ALOUD AT NIGHT IN A STAMBOUL CAFÉ



WITH THE RUSSIANS AT SISTOVA—A JEWELLER'S SHOP

Topics of the Week

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE.——Lord Beaconsfield has rarely succeeded better in mystifying the public than in his speech at the Guildhall last week. The Czar, he said, has solemnly asserted that his only object in fighting the Porte is to secure justice for the Christians. On the other hand, the Sultan loses no opportunity of declaring that he wishes nothing more earnestly than that the Christians should be happy and prosperous under his rule. Then why, asked the Premier, should we not have peace forthwith? He ought, however, rather to have asked, Why should there ever have been war? Since the two Sovereigns are so much of one mind, why are they not the best friends in Europe? Probably Lord Beaconsfield was only indulging in a little characteristic sarcasm; but his remarks have undoubtedly given rise to a vague idea that we may possibly soon see the end of the war. According to some observers, the fall of Plevna will be followed by immediate negotiations for peace. That Turkey would act wisely if she were to come to terms we have already repeatedly said, but we very much doubt whether she is likely to take the same view. Mr. Forster, in his speech at Bristol, accused Lord Beaconsfield of having indirectly, by the tone of his comments on the war, encouraged the Turks to continue fighting. Whether the charge is well founded or not, it is to be feared that they stand in very little need of encouragement. In the opening scenes of the campaign they were so brilliantly successful that their warlike spirit has been thoroughly aroused; and they are probably of opinion that if the standard of the Prophet was raised they would once more enter upon a career of victory. Besides, the Czar, although perhaps seeking no direct gain for Russia, would unquestionably make demands on the Porte which the Turks could accept only in case of utter exhaustion. On the whole, therefore, England is not likely for some time to come to find a favourable opportunity for the exercise of her good offices as a mediator.

LONDON WATER SUPPLY.——The Metropolitan Board of Works have decided to apply to Parliament for powers to buy up the rights of the existing Water Companies, and also to obtain a fresh supply of water from the chalk strata near London (which are calculated to be capable of yielding 16,000,000 gallons daily) for drinking purposes and for the extinction of fires. It is unnecessary at present to examine the details of this gigantic scheme, as it is sure to be thoroughly sifted in Parliament—the more so because the existing Water Companies, so far from being willing to surrender their privileges, are also intending to apply to Parliament for powers enabling them largely to increase their present works. The primary question, therefore, to be considered is whether the existing companies or the Metropolitan Board of Works are likely to furnish London in the future with the best and most plentiful supply of water. The fact that Glasgow, Manchester (*pace* the Thirlmere scheme), and other provincial cities are satisfactorily supplied with water by their respective municipalities scarcely furnishes sufficient *data* for applying the system to such an enormous area of inhabitancy as London comprises. The odds are that the existing companies who are in possession would do the work cheaper than the Board of Works; for, if they are compelled to sell, they are pretty sure, as in all such cases, to get a very high price for their property; and, if proper Parliamentary pressure is applied to them, they may be made to furnish their customers with a constant, instead of the present intermittent supply, which necessitates cisterns, in which the water stagnates and grows foul, and also to furnish an originally purer liquid than is in some cases now given. There certainly seems one weak point in the Metropolitan scheme, namely, the proposal to use the newly-obtained chalk water for putting out fires. Surely, for this purpose, and for street cleansing, any water would do. The true solution of the insufficient water-supply problem (though its practical application would be attended with considerable difficulty) would be to supply two distinct sorts of water; one for drinking, and for such manufacturing processes as require pure water; the other for purposes where extreme purity is not necessary.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.——The Republicans have begun their contest with the Government with remarkable prudence. They have simply taken steps to secure that the facts connected with the recent electoral struggle shall be fully and impartially investigated. Had the Ministry resigned when the will of the nation was made known, there would have been no absolute necessity for entering upon so disagreeable an inquiry; but they have chosen to retain their places, cynically relying upon the material force by which it is supposed that Marshal MacMahon can in the last resort defend himself and them. It is, therefore, essential that every fair political weapon should be turned against them; and probably none could be sharper and more effective than the simple exposure of their recent doings. It is notorious that they have violated the whole spirit of modern freedom in their insolent attempt to crush the national feeling, and it is at any rate possible that when the history of their misdeeds is made known, even they will be unable to stand before the storm of contempt of which they are certain to become the objects. According to the most probable accounts, the Duc de Broglie has enough shame left to make him sincerely anxious to escape from his present unenviable position. The Marshal alone appears to be responsible for his retention of power. With an obstinacy that has hardly a parallel in recent history, Marshal MacMahon is resolved to fight to the utmost against the country he nominally represents. He still continues to identify himself with a party, and to prove that he will use every means at his disposal to place in the hands of that party the political destinies of France. The Republicans, however, are acting with so much discretion that every day his chances of success become more and more slight. It is now clear to nearly everybody but himself that since he will not submit and cannot appeal to the army, he must ultimately resign. He might try another dissolution, if he could, but the Senate is hostile to the proposal, and even if it agreed, it may be doubted whether the Chamber would consent to dissolve, and whether it would not prove itself strong enough to maintain its obvious rights.

CHARITABLE OVER-BUILDING.——Those persons who are entrusted with the care of charity-money appear to be sorely tempted, if an opportunity offers, to sink an undue proportion of the funds at their disposal in bricks and mortar. The temptation can be easily understood. Not only are they surrounded at the time when building operations are deemed indispensable by architects, builders, and others who are more interested in enhancing their own reputation and in filling their own pockets than in securing the well-being of the institution; but also, it is just possible that, in some cases, a big imposing edifice acts as a good advertisement, it implies energy and prosperity, and, on the principle that "nothing succeeds like success," tends to attract further donations. But those charitable trustees whose building operations are in excess of their genuine requirements are not always so fortunate, and two recent examples—if not of absolute failure, at all events of crippled usefulness—should induce them for the future to act with greater caution. The liberal sum paid by the South-Eastern Railway Company for the site of St. Thomas's Hospital in the Borough seems to have turned the heads of the Governors of that institution. They erected at Stangate a splendid structure in separate pavilions. It is an undeniable ornament to the rather dull banks of our river, but it cost such a heap of money (600,000*l.*) that the Governors had to mortgage part of their hospital income before they could pay the bill. This lessened the means at their disposal so much that they were obliged to appeal to the public in order to put beds into the wards, and even now "a large portion of the vast building," to quote the words of *The Times*, "is, and is likely to remain, absolutely empty, useless, and unemployed." Truly this is a pretty specimen of charitable management! Turn we next to the Royal Dramatic College at Maybury, another glaring example of brick-and-mortar charity. To our thinking, no building was necessary in such a case. The disabled actors and actresses had much better have been provided with annuities, and suffered to spend them where they pleased. The College is now *in extremis*. All the funds save one poor thousand pounds are gone, and the Council have very sensibly resolved, under the advice of the Charity Commissioners, to sell the building, and do the best they can with the money for the decayed dramatic artists who have hitherto found shelter within its costly walls.

THE AGITATION FOR DISESTABLISHMENT.——Lord Hartington was probably not aware of the full importance of the statement he made in Edinburgh with regard to the Scotch Established Church. He apparently fancied he was uttering a mere commonplace in declaring that if the Scotch Liberals were unanimous in desiring disestablishment they would not be opposed by the English Liberals. The result of his words, however, has been that the English Nonconformists have felt themselves greatly encouraged in their crusade against the Church of England. Their organs in the Press have rarely spoken more hopefully than they are speaking now; and in his speech at Bradford the other evening Mr. Chamberlain seemed to have no doubt that the proposal for disestablishment would soon be accepted by a vast majority of the Liberal party. He and his friends are, we believe, building on an extremely inadequate foundation. The truth is that the English Liberals are not at all likely to be asked for help in the destruction of the Scotch Establishment. It is a complete mistake to suppose that the Scotch people as a whole wish to see the relations between the State and their Church broken up. The Northern Dissenters doubtless include a considerable party which desires disestablishment as ardently as the English Nonconformists; but the members of the Free Church firmly believe in the principle of Establishment, and the majority of them would by no means vote for the application of the doctrines of the Liberation Society. The members of the Kirk itself are unanimous in wishing that present arrangements should be let alone. If, then, the English Church is to be considered absolutely safe until the Scotch Church has fallen, the Bishops need be under no apprehension that a cry of danger will be raised in their time.

PROCESSIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.——We are not a processional people. We have too much insular *mauvaise honte* about us. Thackeray somewhere contrasts the shamefaced manner in which an Englishman does the *cavalier seul* in a quadrille with the joyous *abandon* and self-confidence wherewith a Frenchman executes the same feat. So in a procession. The Englishman in plain clothes in a procession is apt to fancy that the bystanders are scoffing at him, and that he looks ridiculous; and the effect of this belief is that he often does actually look ridiculous. A uniform, it must be allowed, largely enhances his confidence; not only does it act as a partial disguise, but it furnishes him with an *esprit de corps* before unknown Now, of late years, the mediæval love of processions has undergone a decided revival. There was a dismal, drab-coloured era, about a generation ago, when Lord Mayors' Shows were regarded as mere tomfoolery, only fit for children and nursery maids. We are wiser now. We see how much evil has been wrought by the dingy, colourless, workaday monotony of modern existence, and we are trying, feebly and awkwardly perhaps, to make amends for past neglect. But now that men who are reputed wise no longer despise the Ninth of November pageant, could it not be made more worthy of acceptance? Putting aside the unfortunate weather of last Friday, the Show was, after all, rather a stagey, mountebank affair. They manage these things better in Belgium. That is the country, *par excellence*, of processions. Some of our City fathers should run over and see how the Flemings do it, and being thus fortified with experience they would easily find at home men of genuine artistic taste who would help them to make a Lord Mayor's Show something really worth looking at. But, in that case, would it not be advisable to make it a summer pageant? Why not have two City festivals: the turtle, and champagne, and the Ministerial speeches in November, and the outdoor show in June or July?

BELGIUM AND GERMANY.——The *Pall Mall Gazette* had a somewhat alarming article this week on the relations of Belgium to Germany. It stated with an air of authority that Prince Bismarck is making a determined effort to induce the Belgians to give up their national independence. They would still be permitted to manage their internal affairs; the proposal is that they should place their army at the disposal of Germany, and allow it to be modelled in accordance with the German military system. The inducement held out to Belgium is said to be that its territory would thus be protected from invasion in the event of war between France and Germany. We have no means of knowing whether the statement of our contemporary is founded on fact; but in itself it is not at all improbable. There can be no sort of doubt that the ruling classes of Germany look forward to a war with France as one of the certainties of the future, and it is quite in accordance with the principles which have dominated the career of Prince Bismarck that he should make such an attempt to strengthen his position beforehand. Assuming that there is some truth in the story, we cannot believe that Belgium will for an instant think of bartering its independence. It is at least possible that, as it was able to keep out of the last war, it might be able to keep out of similar wars in future. To ally itself with Germany in the manner proposed would be to make neutrality impossible. Moreover, such a connection could hardly be confined within the limits now mentioned. A big Empire has an unpleasant tendency to absorb small States that enter into any sort of relation with it; and the tendencies of Germany are no exception to the general rule. It would, however, be unwise to forget that the scheme is a possible one, and that it very distinctly involves the interests of this country.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.——Those people who believe that religious instruction is of more importance than all other instruction put together, must feel that Sunday Schools are especially valuable at the present time, when so much of the week-day teaching is of a purely secular character.

It is satisfactory, however, to learn from Mr. Holms' interesting address last Tuesday, that whereas formerly many children came to the Sunday School ignorant of their A B C, they now come provided with the first requisite for reading the Bible, namely, a fair knowledge of their letters. We should have been glad if Mr. Holms had offered some suggestions for the improvement of the Sunday School system, for in some respects it cannot be regarded as satisfactory. In the first place, do we not lay too heavy a burden on the children of the poor, as compared with children of the wealthier classes? We expect a model poor man's child to go twice to school and twice to church. But this swallows up (the dinner interval excepted) nearly all the child's daylight hours, at any rate during the winter months; and too often, when the Sunday School age has passed, a reaction sets in, and the over-schooled and over-churched lad or lass neglects public worship altogether. Parents, however careless or irreligious themselves, rarely object to the Sunday School, because it takes the children conveniently out of the way just at the time when they are apt to be troublesome, namely, when father is "cleaning himself," or when mother is exercised with the arduous culinary duties of the Sunday. Secondly, as the children come to school rarely feeling much zeal for learning, and as the teachers, unlike the week-day pedagogues, are mainly amateurs, there is apt to be a good deal of noise and disorder. As the teachers have no official means of enforcing discipline (a fact of which the children are well aware) they are dependent on the personal influence which they exert. This may occasionally be powerful, but where teachers are irregular in attendance, and are often changed, their personal influence is usually but small. In rural places, we admit, children are as a rule better behaved and more submissive, but in towns it is to be feared that Sunday School teaching is, in many instances, very uphill work.

NOTICE.——*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 468 and 477.*

AMUSEMENTS

HENRY DUNBAR, by TOM TAYLOR, Powerfully Cast, and A ROUGH DIAMOND, by J. B. Buckstone, on MONDAY, Nov. 19 (for a limited number of Nights). Box Office Hours, 11 to 5. No Fees for Booking. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, £200 A-YEAR. At 7.45, STOLEN KISSES. At 9.45, ISAAC OF YORK. Messrs Rydee, F. H. Macklin, Gaines, A. H. Warren, C. Collette, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames C. Loseby, C. Lewis, Lucette, E. Ritta, Coupion, I. Clifton, R. Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON.

GLOBE THEATRE.—MORNING PERFORMANCES EVERY SATURDAY.—TO-DAY, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2, SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, the successful drama, BOUND TO SUCCEED. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, Birchenough, George Conquest, jun., &c. Misses Mabel Verner, Victor, Henill, &c. To conclude with GUY FAUX. The Guy, Mr. George Conquest.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at 6.45, TWO SONS, a New Drama by F. Manuel, Esq. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. The Phoites, Kate Barstone, Teddy Mosedale, Miss Ella Wesner. Concluding with A WIFE YET NO WIFE. Mrs. S. Lane.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening [illegible]

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN. — NOTICE. — These celebrated SUPPER ROOMS are now open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS, specially trained by and under the direction of Mr. F. Jonghmans, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES. Proprietor, J. B. AMOR.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, and Hubart Pasha. Also Portrait Models of the Penge Convicts and the Perpetrators of the Great Turf Frauds, Benson and Kurr. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

BRIGHTON. — PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE. — Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement for Six Nights only, commencing MONDAY, November 19, of the Celebrated Comedienne, Mrs. JOHN WOOD. Monday, Nov. 19, LONDON ASSURANCE. Tuesday and Thursday, Nov 20 and 22, LEAP-YEAR. Wednesday, Nov. 21, PAUL PRY. Friday, Nov. 23 (Mrs. John Wood's Benefit), LONDON ASSURANCE. Saturday, Nov. 24, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

"GONE," by FRANK HOLL.—This Fine Picture is now ON VIEW at the ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is NOW OPEN, at Thomas McLean's Gallery, No. 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast	France	Natal
Austria	Germany	Norway
Belgium	Gibraltar	Portugal
Brazil	Holland	Russia
Canada	Italy	St. Thomas
Cape of Good Hope	Jamaica	Suez
Constantinople	Malta	Sweden
Denmark	Mexico	Switzerland
Egypt	Monte Video	West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia	*Via* Brindisi,	India
Ceylon	36s. thin edition.	Japan
China	45s. thick edition.	New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE TURKS—COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIANS

"IN the Turkish quarters," writes our artist at Constantinople, "people do not trouble themselves about politics during the day, when work occupies their thoughts; but in the evening, after dinner, they resort to the *cafés*, where the various papers are read aloud. Amongst the frequenters to the *café* there are always to be found one or two, generally *hodjas* (schoolmasters), who are ready to undertake this task. Towards ten or eleven the audience separate to meet again the following day. The papers are all brought by the customers themselves, the *cafedje* (proprietor) only having to provide an extra lamp for the reader."

WITH THE RUSSIANS AT SISTOVA

IN our sketch a peaceful Bulgarian jeweller of Sistova is pursuing his avocations as calmly as though his old master, the Turk, still reigned supreme, and war was still only a probability to be discussed over the midday coffee. His mode of working is certainly primitive. He melts silver and brass in the manner depicted, and then casts the metal into sand moulds of the rude form of jewellery with which the Bulgarian women love to deck themselves. Besides his trade, however, the old fellow follows another occupation. Leaning against the wall may be seen a pruning hook, for he has a small vineyard to attend to, and sometimes he will go away and leave his shop for hours, "having yet to learn," writes our artist, "that soldiers are not so honest as his fellow townspeople."

A VISIT TO HELIGOLAND

See page 471

THE FIFTY HOURS' RIDE

THIS match, which took place at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was to be for fifty hours—that is to say, from Thursday, Nov. 8, at 9 P.M., to Saturday, Nov. 10, at 11 P.M. The competitors were Leon, the Mexican horseman, whose feats at the Alexandra Palace and the Agricultural Hall last year are not forgotten, and a Yorkshire amateur, riding in the assumed name of Newsome. Leon was to ride his Mexican mustang, Tom; Newsome, his own horse Telegram. Compared with steeple-chasing, and various other sports in which horses are concerned, there was little to complain of in the match on the score of cruelty, as there were disinterested persons present to see that the horses were not overdone, and as each horseman was allowed to pull up and rest both himself and his beast when he pleased, the winner of the stakes being he who, between the start and the finish, had scored the greatest distance. The match was rather grandiloquently styled "England *v.* Mexico," and we regret to say that our native country got decidedly the worst of a contest which did not arrive at a legitimate conclusion. Leon, though a stone and a half the heavier man, is a very neat horseman, and rode with a great determination of purpose. His pace, almost from first to last, was an easy and steady canter; his seat, of its kind, perfect; and his hands exactly where they should be, supporting and feeling his horse's mouth with a delicate play of the wrist. Mr. Newsome, on the contrary, is described as having a loose and jolting seat of the "washball" order, hands heavy and unsympathetic, at one time dashing into a swinging gallop, or subsiding into a slow walk. Telegram showed his disapproval of this erratic method of progression by shying and jibbing. At 5.30 on Friday evening, the Animals' Society's agent interfered, and insisted that Telegram should be replaced by another horse, although it was pretty apparent that his temper rather than his physical endurance was at fault. Leopold, a dark bay hunter, accordingly took his place; but Mr. Newsome returned on Saturday morning at 8.30 to Telegram, who expressed his opinion of the proceedings by pitching his rider over his head, and going on in a very sulky and disagreeable manner throughout the day. At 10.10 on Saturday night the two veterinary surgeons insisted that Tom, who was just going to recommence his task after a rest, should be replaced by another horse, whereupon Leon mounted Sappho; but she was so frightened at the unruly conduct of the mob that Inspector Jamieson, fearing an accident, stopped the proceedings at 10.30, amidst the greatest confusion and uproar. The match was virtually won by Leon, who completed (allowing for deductions) 168 miles six laps, while the Yorkshireman had only made 150 miles six laps, the number of laps to a mile being seven. We have borrowed the above details from the *Morning Advertiser*, but we must add that we rejoice that there were persons present to watch the interests of the horses, who deserve especial consideration, as they don't share in the gate-money, and are unable to tell us whether they approve of such feats.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT CHATHAM

OUR sketch, for which we are indebted to Captain H. G. Robley, represents an incident during the recent visit of the Prince Imperial to the military schools and works at Chatham, over which the Prince was conducted by Colonel Cox. The greater part of the time was spent in inspecting the field works, but the subject of our engraving is the hand-grenade practice by a number of officers. The hand-grenades are intended for use in the defence of a fort or breastwork, being thrown amidst the storming parties, in whose ranks they are likely to make great havoc. They are small spherical shells, fitted with slow fuses, and can be thrown round-handed fashion a distance of from twenty-five to forty yards. A larger kind are rolled over the parapet along sloping shoots similar to those one sees in an American bowling alley, the shell being started with a smart push to carry it clear into the ditch beyond. The practice involves much coolness and judgment, as if the grenades are thrown too soon after the ignition of the fuse, the enemy will be able to avoid them or to roll them out of the way before they burst, whilst if retained too long the consequences would manifestly be more awkward for the besieged than the besiegers.

THE TRIAL OF THE DETECTIVES

THIS extraordinary inquiry is now rapidly drawing to a close, but we can hardly expect the verdict to be given before next week. The evidence for the defence naturally occupied but little time, consisting as it did mainly of testimonials as to the high character which had been borne by each defendant up to the time when this charge was instituted. The speeches of the counsel for the defence commenced on Friday last, Mr. Montagu Williams first addressing the jury on behalf of Meiklejohn. He concluded his remarks on Monday, and was followed by Mr. Douglas Straight in defence of Druscovich. After him came Mr. Besley, Palmer's advocate, who was in turn succeeded by Mr. Edward Clarke for Clarke and Mr. Collins for Froggatt (the solicitor). Then came the Attorney-General's reply for the prosecution, which was commenced on Thursday, and was going on when we went to press. This would of course be followed by Baron Pollock's summing up, which will certainly occupy a whole day, perhaps more, and then the jury will have to deliberate upon their verdict, a task of undeniable difficulty when it is remembered that there are five defendants, that the charge itself is somewhat vague, and is founded upon an immense mass of evidence relating to a series of extremely complicated transactions, and coming mainly from witnesses whose words, to say the least, are not to be preferred to those of other men. Although no verdict has yet been given rumour is already discussing the amount of punishment to be allotted to the defendants in the event of conviction. There is some wild talk about penal servitude for life, but *Mayfair* declares itself to be in a position to state "that the offence with which they are charged in the indictment now being proceeded with is a misdemeanour, and is punishable with not more than two years' hard labour."—Some of the portraits in our engraving have been produced by the assistance of photographs by C. Watkins, Parliament Street, Adolphe Beau, Regent Street, and the London Stereoscopic Company, 54, Cheapside.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

IF regarded from an artistic point of view the Civic pageant of last week can hardly be said to have been a success, but the people, for whose delectation it was mainly designed, and who, defying the elements, crowded the streets through which the procession had to pass, appeared to be thoroughly satisfied with the display. What if the gay uniforms of the military, and the still more gorgeous liveries of the City flunkies were hidden beneath cloaks and coats of sombre hue; what if the Civic dignitaries, with the exception of brave Sir John Bennett, were compelled to shelter themselves in closed carriages; what if the pedestrian portion of the procession were as mud-bespattered as scavengers; had not Messrs. Sanger provided material enough to gladden the eyes of the spectators? Not only were there elephants, double-humped dromedaries, ridden by "persons representing Nubians," but there was the model of Cleopatra's Needle, with several imitation Egyptian beauties gracefully posed on each side, and the gigantic allegorical car, with living representations of Peace and Plenty, the Muses, Britannia, Old Father Thames, and we know not what or whom beside. The crowd had come out to enjoy itself, and good humouredly took things as they came, waiting patiently for the advent of the Show, and cheering lustily as it went by.

All went on swimmingly until the railway viaduct on Ludgate Hill was reached, and a great gap was created in the middle of the procession by the delay in working the machinery of the allegorical car, which had to be reduced in height to enable it to pass under. This operation had to be repeated at Temple Bar, where the unsympathetic crowd chaffed the Muses and other allegorical figures, and when at last the car was got through, raised a cheer, and demanded a speech from the irate Mr. Sanger, who, however, made no audible response to the invitation.

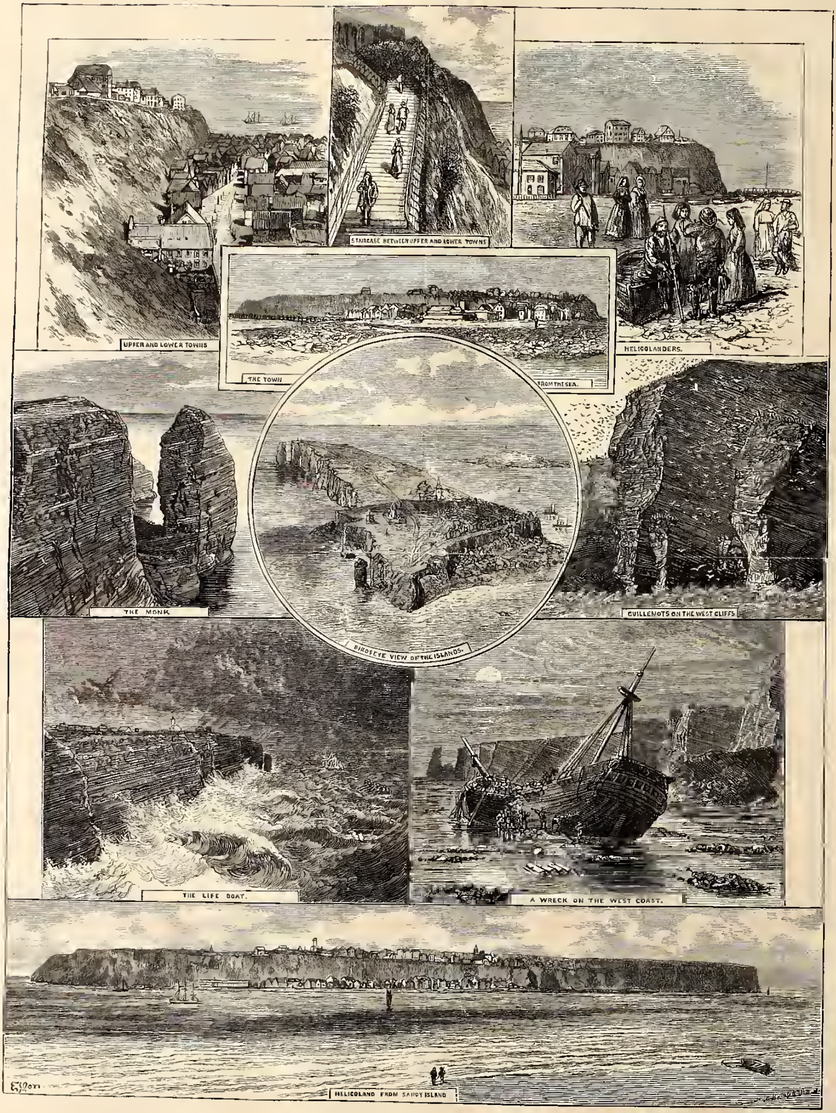
Decorations were pretty general throughout the City, especially on the line of route; but the most profuse display was naturally within the ward to which the new Chief Magistrate belongs. At the junction of Gracechurch Street with Lombard Street and Fenchurch Street there was a kind of triumphal arch formed of garlands looped to clusters of masts. Venetian masts and banners lined each side of the streets, and at the farther boundary of the ward there was a very effective group of statuary surrounded by hot-house plants. A noticeable feature in Bishopsgate Street was the decoration of the Sir Paul Pindar, which is being pulled down to make room for the new buildings of the Metropolitan Free Hospital. It consisted of a tasteful arrangement of flags and shields, beneath which was a large covered stand for spectators, on the frieze of which was written, in gold letters on a red ground, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

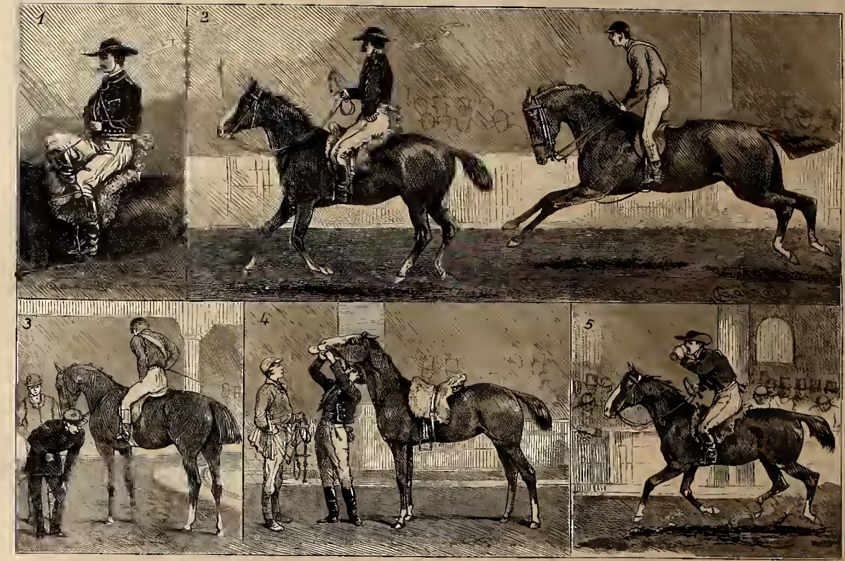
A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 469.

"THE FINISHING TOUCH"

MRS. STAPLES, who is better known to the public by her maiden name, M. Ellen Edwards, is especially happy in the delineation of scenes where a touch of pathos or a little bit of sentiment is conveyed by the attitudes and occupations of either a single figure, or at the utmost a pair. In the picture now

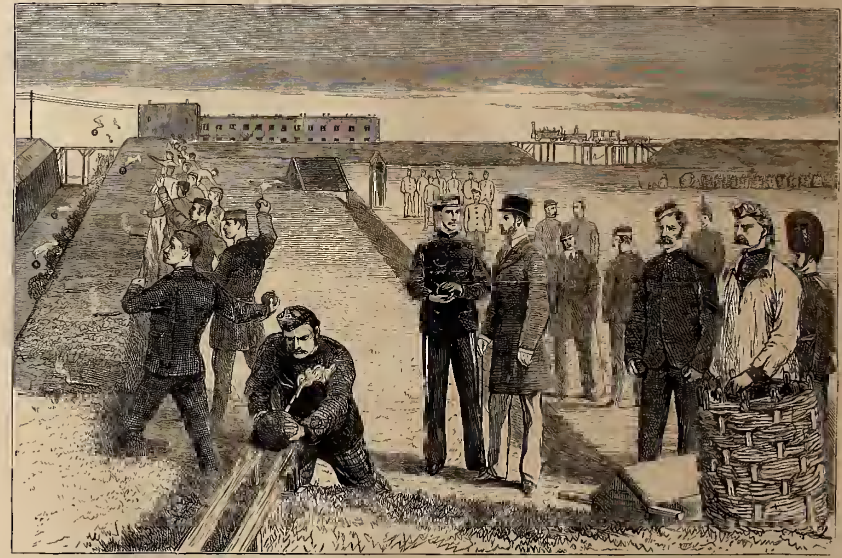

UPPER AND LOWER TOWNS
STAIRCASE BETWEEN UPPER AND LOWER TOWNS
HELIGOLANDERS.
THE TOWN FROM THE SEA.
THE MONK
GUILLEMOTS ON THE WEST CLIFFS
BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE ISLANDS.
THE LIFE BOAT.
A WRECK ON THE WEST COAST.
HELIGOLAND FROM SANDY ISLAND

A VISIT TO HELIGOLAND



1, 2. "Manner and Gait."—3. Inspection by an Officer from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—4. "Staying Power."—5. A Drink by the Way.

THE ANGLO-MEXICAN RIDING MATCH AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT CHATHAM—OFFICERS AT HAND GRENADE PRACTICE before us we are introduced to a pretty little domestic idyll, in which the young husband is putting the finishing touch to his wife's charming toilette by clasping the necklace round her pretty neck. The *pose* and expressions of the happy couple are exceedingly natural; he is evidently as pleased to execute the task as she is that he should undertake it.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

VICTOR HUGO's new work is continued on page 473.

MORMONISM

THE recent death of President Brigham Young has again drawn the attention of the outer "Gentile world" to the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake City, and our readers will probably be interested in the following sketches of some of those who are the recognised leaders of this strange sect.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, the founder of the Mormon Settlement of Utah, was born in Whitingham, Windham County, Vermont, June 1st, 1801. He was the immediate successor of the original Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith. For twelve years he followed the occupations of carpenter, joiner, painter, and glazier. From the fact of his leading his people, in 1846, on their famous exodus, from Nauvoo, in search of a new Zion in the distant valleys of the Rocky Mountains, he has been called "the Moses of the latter days," as Joseph Smith was styled "the Mahomet of the West." It was Brigham Young who established the social and religious system of Mormonism as it exists at the present day—with its characteristic polygamy. He was the leader of his sect through numberless vicissitudes, for thirty-four years; and he recently died in the 77th year of his age. A man of strong will and great sagacity, he was ever prompt in action, intolerant of opposition, and, like all his compeers, actuated by a spirit of fanaticism and fierce bigotry.

WILFORD WOODRUFF was born March 1st, 1807. As a young man he performed, on foot, an arduous mission to Southern Missouri, Northern Arkansas, and Western Tennessee, through most desolate and unhealthy tracts of country. In 1839 he came to England, and in the course of seven months, he and his colleagues are said to have baptised over 1,800 persons in Herefordshire, Gloucestershire, and Worcestershire. He was one of the 143 pioneers to Utah. The Mormon Church history is to a great degree compiled from his journals.

GEORGE Q. CANNON was born in Liverpool, England, on the 11th of January, 1827. He crossed the American plains with the Mormon emigrants in 1847. In 1850, he went on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, where he translated "the Book of Mormon" into the Hawaiian language. At different periods he has been builder, farmer, gold-miner, printer, publisher, and newspaper editor. While in England in 1863-4, he is said to have shipped 13,000 emigrants, as Latter Day Saints, to Utah. He is now delegate to Congress for Utah Territory.

ORSON HYDE was born January 8th, 1805. He began life in an iron-foundry, and was afterwards a wool-carder. Later he travelled, without purse or scrip, as a Mormon minister. In 1837, with five other elders of the Church, he came to England on the first Mormon mission. In 1840 he went to Palestine. On the death of Joseph Smith, it was he who proposed Brigham Young as the prophet's successor. He is now a presiding Apostle in various settlements of Utah.

ORSON PRATT was born September 19th, 1811, in Hartford, Washington Co., N.Y. He is one of the very few survivors of the first Quorum of the Twelve Apostles to whom the prophet Joseph gave a commission to preach the Mormon Gospel to all nations. He and Erastus Snow were the two first Mormons who entered the valley of the Salt Lake, on the 21st July, 1847. He is considered the greatest preacher of the Church of Latter Day Saints, and in consequence he has sometimes been called "the Paul of Mormonism.

ALBERT CARRINGTON was born January 8th, 1813. At different times he has been a school-teacher, a lead-miner, and a lawyer. He was one of the original band who, leaving Nauvoo, crossed the Mississippi for the Rocky Mountains. In 1868 he presided over the Mormon mission in England. For twenty years he has acted as secretary to President Brigham Young. He has sometimes been called "the Mormon Wolsey."

JOHN TAYLOR has lately been nominated to act in the place of Brigham Young. John Taylor was born 1st November, 1808. He has edited and published various Mormon Church newspapers and books. He was with Joseph and Hyram Smith when they were assassinated in Carthage Gaol, and on that occasion he himself received four bullet wounds. He was Probate Judge of Utah County, and for long a member of the Utah Legislature.

The remaining portraits are those of Bishop **JOHN LEE** and **ELIZA YOUNG**, Brigham Young's nineteenth and last wife. The latter, after a brief experience of the manners and customs of the Latter Day Saints, abandoned the community and her husband, returned to the Gentiles, and is now lecturing against Mormonism and the wickedness of polygamy! Respecting Bishop Lee, his trial and execution took place last March on the very spot of the Mountain Meadow Massacre of 1857, for his participation in that terrible crime. Bishop Lee was the commander of the Mormon detachment which ruthlessly mowed down 120 unfortunate emigrants who were peacefully wending their way from Arkansas to California—a deed of blood which will ever be remembered against the Mormon community.—Our portraits are from photographs by Messrs. C. W. Carter, C. R. Savage, and Anderson and Smith, all of Salt Lake City, Utah, U.S.A. We are indebted for the use of these photographs, and for the above details, to Dr. David B. Smith, 14, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

AN AUSTRALIAN HEROINE
AND
THE LATE REV. G. B. WHEELER

See page 473.

GUSTAVE BRION

THIS well-known Alsatian painter died suddenly on Sunday week of apoplexy at the age of fifty-three. M. Brion was a native of Rothau, in the Vosges, and was a pupil of M. Gabriel Guerin, a Strasbourg painter. In 1850 M. Brion came to Paris, and in 1853 his picture of "Schlitteurs de la Forêt-Noire" at once secured him a good position in the foremost rank of French painters. This picture, subsequently placed in the Strasbourg Museum, was burnt during the bombardment of 1870. Space will not allow us to enumerate the various works which M. Brion has since exhibited, but we may mention amongst his chief paintings the "Noce en Alsace," "Pelerins de Sainte Odile" (in the Salon this year), and "Une Lecture de la Bible," which secured him the grand medal of honour in 1868, and which by many is considered to be his greatest work. He had previously in 1863, been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He also executed a large number of drawings on wood, notably for Victor Hugo's "Miserables" and "Nôtre Dame de Paris," and at the time of his death he was illustrating for our pages the "History of a Crime," the picture of "The Arrested Representatives," which we published last week, being the last work which emanated from his pencil.—Our portrait is from a photograph by C. Reutlinger, 21, Boulevard Montmartre, Paris.

MR. GLADSTONE AT THE CITY HALL, DUBLIN

THE presentation of the Freedom of the City of Dublin to Mr. Gladstone was made in the Council Chamber of the City Hall, which was crowded with a brilliant company of spectators. Mr. Gladstone, who was accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, and by several of the friends with whom he had been staying, was greeted with much enthusiasm. The burgess ticket was beautifully illuminated and enclosed in a handsome casket of bog-oak, and the Mayor of Dublin in presenting it adverted to the fact of the reformed Corporations of Ireland having been deprived in 1841 of the right of bestowing the honorary freedom of their respective cities, and the restoration of that right by Act of Parliament during the Session of last year. He also pointed out that the vote conferring the freedom of the City on Mr. Gladstone was divested of all political significance, having been proposed by a Jew, seconded by a Catholic, and unanimously passed by the members of the Corporation, who held widely different opinions, as a recognition of his great abilities, his fervent eloquence, and his many services to the State.

Mr. Gladstone acknowledged the honour done him in a speech which lasted about an hour. Accepting the gift in the spirit in which it was intended, he assured his hearers that he meant to say nothing that could hurt any of their political or religious feelings, and went on to vindicate the various measures which he had passed or suggested for Ireland, declaring that he had been prompted throughout by a spirit of justice and equality. He also expressed his surprise and gratification at the signs of commercial life and the evidences of prosperity which he had seen in Dublin and the surrounding country, and concluded by declaring that no Irishman could more heartily pray that the country might become ever more prosperous and powerful, free and glorious, a happy and contented part of the great United Empire.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——The speech of the week has been, of course, that of the Premier at the Lord Mayor's Banquet. Lord Beaconsfield took at optimist view of affairs. The war had enabled the gallant Turk to disabuse the public mind of a serious error. Turkey had proved herself to be a Power, and vindicated her place in European society. The policy of neutrality which had been adopted by the British Government had been best both for England and Turkey. His hope as to the future was founded on the fact that Russia had now no *prestige* to recover, and she only wished to benefit the Christian population, and it was also equally evident that the Porte was desirous of discharging its duties towards the Christians.—Mr. Gladstone returned from Ireland on Monday, and on his way home stopped at Holyhead to deliver his promised address. He congratulated his hearers on the approaching termination of the Indian Famine, and referring to the War said that the Turks had no doubt exhibited heroic courage, although it had been for an evil cause. He had been described, he said, as the enemy of Turkey, but it was not he who had brought the Ottomans to their present pass; it was their friends who had done it. He vigorously defended the bag-and-baggage policy he had recommended a long while ago, and, referring to the speech of the Prime Minister at the Guildhall, pointed to the fact that it contained no allusion to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.—The Duke of Argyll has written to *The Times*, declaring his entire disagreement with Lord Hartington on the question of Disestablishment. He says that he cannot consent to oppose measures which are Liberal in their principle merely because they are proposed by a Tory Government. The Abolition of Patronage Act was essentially a Liberal measure, and it was as such that he supported it. His opinion was and is that patronage, so far from having been one of the bonds between Church and State in Scotland, has been always the one thing which weakened and endangered the connection between them, and he thinks that no man who knows anything of the history of Scotland can doubt or deny the proposition.—The memory of the founder of the Colston charities in Bristol, was celebrated in the usual manner on Tuesday. At the Anchor (Liberal) banquet, Mr. Forster, who was the principal speaker, expressed his sympathy with the Republicans in the struggle now going on in France, and a hope that the contest would result in the permanent establishment of order and liberty. Adverting to the Eastern war, he congratulated Lord Beaconsfield upon the moderation of his Guildhall speech, as contrasted with the manifesto which was made on the same occasion last year; but, at the same time, he failed to detect in the speech itself any indications that the Government were in earnest in their efforts to secure peace. At the Dolphin (Conservative) dinner, Mr. Stephen Cave responded for Her Majesty's Ministers. The Grateful Society (neutral in politics) also held its accustomed gathering.—Sir Harcourt Johnstone, M.P., addressing his constituents at Scarborough on Tuesday, defended Mr. Gladstone from the charge of having promoted the War; and announced himself as a convert to the Disestablishment movement.—Mr. Gorst, M.P., speaking to his constituents at Chatham on Wednesday, expressed approval of the conduct of the conduct of the Government with regard to the war, except in seizing the Turkish ironclads now in the Victoria Docks, which he said was contrary to the Foreign Enlistment Acts. Turkey was willing to carry out reforms, and to give guarantees to her ancient ally, but would yield nothing demanded by Russia at the point of the sword.—On the same day Mr. Plimsoll made a speech at Derby. He said that the administration of the Merchant Shipping Act was as lax as its provisions were inadequate, and he should be glad to see established a Merchant Shipping Board apart from the Board of Trade, even were all the members elected by the shipowners. He believed that Russia had declared war under false pretences, and that the struggle in France was the result of a similar plot to subject the rights and liberties of the people to the Roman Catholic priesthood.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The students of Edinburgh University have chosen Lord Hartington as their Lord Rector. His lordship polled 932 votes against 684 given to the rival candidate, Mr. Cross.—Mr. Robert Browning has been nominated for the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews, and will probably be elected without opposition, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has declined to stand.—The storm, of which we received warning from America, arrived punctually, and proved to be one of great severity. The weather grew rough on Friday, was of a fitful character on Saturday, and on Sunday and Sunday night became extremely violent. Much damage was done to property both inland and on the coast, and several lives were sacrificed.—On Tuesday the new Public Halls of Glasgow, which have been erected at a cost of 100,000*l.*, were opened in the presence of the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, and Lady Elizabeth Campbell. The chief feature of the ceremony was the performance of the *Messiah*, upon a scale never before attempted in the city.—The election of mayors for the provincial boroughs took place according to annual custom last week. At Hartlepool Mr. James Grove was re-elected for the fourth time, and at several other places the choice fell upon gentlemen who had previously served either one year or two. At East Retford, the parties in the Council being equally divided, the candidates, Mr. Alderman Jenkinson, and Mr. Councillor Curtis, agreed to settle the matter by tossing ("best two out of three"), and fortune favouring the last-named gentleman, he was unanimously declared mayor for the ensuing year.—At St. Ives a singular dispute has arisen. In the seventeenth century a lady made a bequest to the Corporation, from the proceeds of which they were to pay the vicar a sovereign yearly to preach a sermon to the new mayor every November 9. The Council now allege that they have no property, and, as they are all Dissenters but one, they object either to pay the sovereign or to go to church. Legal proceedings are threatened by the vicar.—Birkenhead, which has 85,000 inhabitants, has just been incorporated. The first election of Town Councillors took place on Wednesday. There were 87 candidates for 43 seats.—The strike of the London masons still continues. The masters have resolved not to give way, and have refused to hold a conference with the men.—At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday, Sir Rutherford Alcock, who presided, delivered an address on the exploration of Africa, in the course of which he spoke highly of Mr. Stanley's enterprise and exertions. Pointing out that nearly all the European Governments, under the Presidency of the King of the Belgians, had sent out exploring parties, Sir Rutherford remarked that all that was now wanted to complete the exploration and civilisation of the whole of Africa was money. If the Portuguese Government were able to give 20,000*l.* for this object, how much more ought the British Government, which had a much larger stake in the future of Africa, to be able to contribute?—The *Daily Telegraph* has published two more letters from Mr. Stanley, one of which contains an interesting account of the country through which he passed on his journey westward, and a suggestion that England and Portugal should proclaim sovereignty over the Livingstone River; the other is an exciting narrative of the manner in which his faithful friend, Francis Pocock, lost his life in one of the terrible cataracts of the Livingstone River. Mr. Stanley is expected to arrive at Plymouth early in next month, and he will soon afterwards read an account of his expedition before the members of the Geographical Society.—The Hall of the Scottish Corporation, in Crane Court, Fleet Street, which was built by Wren in 1665, was on Wednesday totally destroyed by fire. Amongst the treasures were some very valuable paintings, none of which could be saved.—The Board of Works have decided to ask Parliament for power to buy up the London Water Companies. The proposed scheme not only includes a supply of pure water for drinking, but will, it is said, effect an annual saving of 112,250*l.* by rendering certain other works unnecessary.

THEATRES

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.——On Monday a quaint little sketch, entitled *Once in a Century*, by Gilbert A'Beckett, with music by Vivian Bligh, was produced at **ST. GEORGE'S HALL**, and met with a well-merited success. The story is very simple. An amiable baronet, Sir Digby Dimple (Mr. Alfred Reed), has a ward, Lilian (Miss Fanny Holland), an heiress, who loves and is loved by Michael Angelo Brown (Mr. Arthur Law). This affection, however, is not precisely what the baronet could wish, and during a visit to the remains of an ancient feudal castle he attempts to undeceive the young people, but is interrupted by Mr. Baily Young (Mr. Corney Grain), his rising nephew. By and by he makes a second attempt to carry out his resolve, which results in another failure owing to the arrival of a charming widow, Mrs. Butterfligh (Mrs. German Reed). A fearful thunderstorm comes on, and they fly to the dungeon-tower for shelter, with the exception of Sir Digby, who retires into the relic chamber. That which follows has, of course, been planned by the lovers and the widow, who by appearing, together with his nephew, to the baronet as ghosts, in accordance with an old legend connected with the castle, gain his consent to the union of the heiress with Michael Angelo Brown, and compel him to offer his hand to Mrs. Butterfligh—a consummation which she has devoutly wished for some time. The piece is productive of much amusement, and the music is bright and melodious—"Sweet Olden Days," a prettily-plaintive song, admirably rendered by Miss Fanny Holland, being deservedly encored. Mr. Corney Grain followed with his laughable and clever "At the Seaside;" and the performance concluded with "No. 204" (by F. C. Burnand, music by German Reed), in which unfounded jealousy and its results is the subject of a lesson which some of us might do well to learn.

CRYSTAL PALACE.——A series of modern comedies, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, will be performed at the Crystal Palace on successive Tuesdays and Thursdays, beginning November 20th. The following plays will comprise the series:—*Progress*, *One Hundred Thousand Pounds*, *Love Wins*, *Blow for Blow*, *American Lady*, *Contested Election*, *War to the Knife.*

OPERA COMIQUE.——The new comic opera, entitled *The Sorcerer*, by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, will be produced at the Opera Comique this evening (Saturday), and not at the Royalty, as stated in our last issue.

MOHAWK MINSTRELS.——The fifth anniversary "festival performance" of this clever troupe of burnt-cork melodists was given last week at the Agricultural Hall, before a densely-packed audience. The programme included a great variety of sentimental and humorous songs, all admirably rendered, besides some grotesque dances and amusing character sketches. The new song "Cleopatra's Needle," during the singing of which a miniature fac-simile of the monolith was made to dance about the stage, was an immense success, as was also the final scene "Di Luna Deluded," in which several members of the company took part.

◆

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

I.

THE history of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, oft told as it has been, yet acquires an evergreen freshness from each new narrator. "The Heathen World and St. Paul" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), a four-volume series of sketches by different authors, treats of the Apostle's widespread labours by illustrating the people, places, and times with which he had to deal. Beginning with his conversion, the Rev. J. Rawlinson, in "St. Paul at Damascus," gives a glowing representation of the "Pearl of the East"—that ancient city which, unlike most of its Bible rivals, is now nearly as prosperous as in its earlier days—and we only regret that St. Paul as a central figure is somewhat eclipsed by his surroundings; "St. Paul in Asia Minor," by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, follows more the lines of Scripture in the style of a Commentary on parts of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles; "St. Paul in Greece," by the Rev. G. S. Davies, is decidedly the most interesting of the series, abounding with vivid pictures of the life and condition of the ancient Greeks—notably the description of St. Paul addressing the Athenians on the Areopagus; while a companion picture of Roman habits and customs is furnished by Dean Merivale's "St. Paul at Rome," in which are depicted the closing scenes of the Apostle's career.—In striking contrast to the noble existence of the Christian teacher stands out the life of the Moslem prophet enthusiast in "Islam and its Founder," by J. W. H. Stobart (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Sir W. Muir's "Life of Mahomet" has been largely drawn upon for reference, and cursory readers who would not venture upon the more formidable volumes of Irving and Sir W. Muir, will find all necessary information carefully and readably condensed in this capital little handbook. Companion volumes describe the two other great creeds of the East. Professor Monier Williams in "Hinduism," contributes a scholarly sketch of the Brahman doctrines, and minutely describes the nature of the Vedas and the different schools of philosophy, the varied forms of the gods, and the respective castes and sects; while Mr. Rhys Davids in "Buddhism" discusses the mystical belief held by so large a number of Orientals, recounting the life of Gautama Buddha, and the growth, nature, and development of the faith. He is, however, hardly so successful as his fellow-writers in conveying a clear idea of his subject.—Two fresh volumes appear of "Ancient History from the Monuments" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). Assyria, Persia, and Egypt have already been treated, and now a melancholy interest is attached to "Babylonia," the last production of Mr. George Smith, edited by the Rev. A. H. Sayce. Mr. Smith fortunately had nearly completed his work at the time of his death, so Mr. Sayce had only to revise it and make a few additions, notably a good table of Babylonian Kings. "Greek Monuments," by W. S. W. Vaux, is in a drier style, and represents in detail the ancient towns and villages of Asia Minor. Recent discoveries are also touched upon, and the author is not over-complimentary to Dr. Schliemann.—Australia and the Australians are delineated with a practised hand in "The Fifth Continent," by C. H. Eden (same publishers). The first part of the book, which is devoted to the general characteristics of the country—its natives, history, geography, and fauna—is perhaps the best, as the chapters on the respective colonies are a trifle too statistical; but the work is really valuable as the fruits of experience, and not mere hearsay.—The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge does not confine itself to instructive publications, but sends us a copious selection of moral fiction. Patience and contentment are taught by "Our Valley," by the author of "The Children of Seelisberg," a charming tale of Devonshire life, breathing an air of rural freshness; while the Highland moors, and busy Glasgow form the scene of "The Shepherd of Ardmuir," which is as dull as the proverbial Scottish Sunday, and is decidedly tiresome to the Southron by reason of its dialect.—Three capital tales of adventure strike the same keynote—of shipwreck, energy under difficulties, and the reward of the virtuous. A disobedient sea-struck boy in "Drifted Away" is duly punished by a tedious existence on a desert island; "The Two Voyages" narrates the trials of an orphan brother and sister who are separated on their journey, wrecked, rescued, and re-united; but Mr. W. H. Kingston's "Owen Hartley" bears away the palm for excitement, for the hero is twice shipwrecked, fights aboard a man-of-war, and saves innumerable lives.—Suitable literature for a Sunday School class is Mrs. Stanley Leathes' "Girls of Bredon," as it chiefly narrates the experiences of village girls, all adorned with well-pointed morals.—"The Snow Fort and the Frozen Lake," by Eadgyth had better be kept out of the way of schoolboys, who might be tempted to emulate with disastrous results the escapades of the Douglas and Cameron family. On the other hand selfish children might take a hint from "The Snowball Society," by M. Bramston, wherein the little heroes and heroines labour earnestly towards buying a playground for poor children.—Turning from English life to scenes abroad, we meet with gentle Papa Haydn in "Seppi," by M. Campbell, from the German of F. Hoffmann. Here is little Joseph, unconscious of his future greatness, composing childish songs in the fields, going to Vienna with the Imperial chapel-master, and after many trials becoming the pupil of Porpora—a simple episode attractive alike to children and to their elders. Another Teutonic story, "An Eventful Night," from the German of E. Andolt, recounts the misfortunes of an innocent country pastor seized in error for a disaffected nobleman during the troublous times of French rule in Prussia.—The history of more modern Italy is, perhaps, less known than that of other countries, and Mr. Montgomerie Ranking's "Stories from Italian History" may well fill a vacancy. These vigorous sketches of Rienzi, the Sicilian Vespers, Fiesco, Masaniello, &c., slight as they are, will certainly prove so attractive as to excite a wish for fuller information.—The brave Spaniard, Gonsalvo de Cordova, who played so prominent a part in the conquest of Granada and the French Expedition to Italy, has never as yet found an English biographer, and Mr. U. R. Burke's "The Great Captain" is intended to supply the gap. Gonsalvo was as remarkable for diplomacy as for military skill, for vanity as for bravery, but his life was strangely chequered, and notwithstanding his brilliant achievements he died in disgrace with crafty Ferdinand.

"My Rambles in the New World," by Lucien Biart — a translation of that author's "À Travers l'Amerique," by Mary de Hauteville—(Sampson Low and Co.), is a collection of very amusing and readable sketches of numerous trips on the American Continent, undertaken at various times, and embracing a somewhat extensive area, ranging from Labrador and the Esquimaux huts in the North to Mexico and half-breeds' *ranchos* in the south, from New York and Quebec in the east, to the inevitable San Francisco in the Far West. M. Biart appears to have met with many startling adventures, which he relates with all the humorous vivacity of a practised French writer, while the gastronomic egotism so characteristic in every Gaul peeps out in the contempt with which he regards the different "national" dishes of the countries which he visits, the Canadian oyster coming in for a specially decisive condemnation. Amongst the various articles we may particularly mention "Niagara in Winter," "Christmas Day at Havannah," "The Tuxpango Cascade," and the "Dead City," where M. Biart, while making a most interesting voyage of discovery up the Rio Obispos, came upon one of the abandoned cities of the ancient Mexicans. "A Serpent Charmer" is an amusing account of the author's exposure of a *curado* or snake sorcerer who professed to be able to handle poisonous reptiles with impunity. The illustrations with which the work abounds are admirable, and altogether the book, which is well and fluently translated, may be pronounced one of the most entertaining gift books of the season.

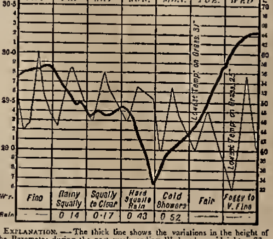
If young housekeepers break down in their domestic economy it is hardly from lack of manuals to teach them success. "Common Sense Housekeeping," by Phillis Browne (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is as practical as amusing, and contains plentiful valuable hints on the direction of a household, from managing servants and children to the cure of accidents and going out of town. The culinary department also is duly advised by "Common Sense Cookery," by A. G. Payne (Cassell), wherein are delicious and economical recipes in addition to instructions for tastefully arranging a table.—Two pretty gift-books for girls are "Woodland Romances," by C. L. Matéaux (Cassell), a collection of poems and graceful illustrations, and "Stories of Girlhood," by Sarah Doudney (Cassell), which contains three pleasantly told tales. From the same publishers come a fresh edition of Professor Morley's fanciful "Fables and Fairy Tales," under the new garb of "The Chicken Mart" and "Little Talks with Little People," and "Pet's Posy of Pictures and Stories," in which are given pictures of domestic, foreign and historic scenes, each accompanied by a brief description for youthful readers.

Three excellent children's stories are published by Messrs. Griffith and Farran. "Ten of Them," by Mrs. R. M. Bray, is the record of a large family, who are not so good as to be priggish, nor so naughty as to be unreal; "Those Unlucky Twins," by A. Lyster, illustrates the adventures of a devoted brother and sister; and "The Secret of Wrexford," by Esther Carr, tells of a solitary child, who discovers long-lost family treasures in an old ruin.—Birthday books are fast going the round of the poets, and "The Tennyson Birthday Book," edited by E. Shakespear (H. S. King) is a tasteful addition to the list. —Plain needlework is happily more attended to in schools nowadays than in times past, when many children of the working classes often could achieve an elaborate strip of useless embroidery, but were utterly unable to make their own clothes. Two very sensible and straightforward handbooks for school teaching, "Standard Guide to Needlework," and "Standard Guide to Knitting" (Central School Depôt), have been compiled according to the new code by a Lady Manager, and have already been used with considerable success, the Princess Louise having patronised the works. The former treatise lays out a plan of gradual instruction for infants and girls, from the simplest hemming to cutting out and making undergarments, and is accompanied by diagrams and patterns, while the latter "Guide" gives similar progressive directions, beginning with a plain strip of knitting, and ending with the ever-useful stocking.

◆

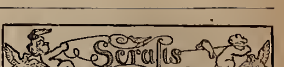
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 8TH TO NOVEMBER 14TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—This week has been one of very disturbed and stormy weather. It commenced with barometrical readings varying from 30·1 inches in the South of France to 29·5 inches on the north coast of Scotland. In the course of Thursday, the 8th instant, a rather deep depression passed in a north-easterly direction along our extreme western coasts, causing southerly gales in Ireland and St. George's Channel, and strong breezes elsewhere, with a great deal of rain. A second disturbance came in on the following day, and Saturday, the 10th instant, found us with a somewhat complex disturbance off our south-western coasts, and strong southerly to south-westerly winds or gales all over the country. During the day the weather improved generally, and the barometer rose briskly on our south-western coasts; but on Sunday morning, the 11th instant, a storm set in at the Irish stations, which swept over the whole of our islands later in the day, blowing with great violence, and accompanied by heavy rain. In it the barometer fell as low as 27·86 inches at Stornoway, and 28·58 inches even in London. The squalls were extremely heavy, the air close, and the wind southerly. From this depression a rapid recovery has since been in progress; but at the close of the period a new system of disturbance has appeared in the west, and more bad weather is anticipated. The barometer was highest (30·25 inches) at midnight on Wednesday, the 14th instant; lowest (28·58 inches) at midnight on Sunday, the 11th instant; range, 1·67 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (60°) on Thursday, the 8th instant; lowest (37°) on Wednesday, the 14th instant. On the latter occasion 7° of frost occurred on the grass. Range, 23°. Rainfall. Total fall, 1·26 inches, on four days; greatest fall in one day, 0·52 inches, on Monday morning, the 12th instant. The total fall from Sunday morning, the 11th instant, to Monday morning, the 12th instant, was 0·91 inches.



A MONUMENT TO THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL VON WRANGEL is to be erected at Berlin.

THE COPYRIGHT OF MENDELSSOHN'S WORKS expired, writes a German correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, on the 4th inst., the thirtieth anniversary of his death.

THE LIVINGSTONIA MISSION at Lake Nyanza will try to cultivate cinchona, tea, and coffee, and the Madras Government will supply the young plants to the mission.

BENGALESE NEWSPAPERS are conducted in a very free and easy style, to judge from a paragraph in a Dacca journal, the *East*, which states, "We claim our usual Dussemh holidays; the *East* will not be out for the next two weeks."

A RUSSIAN MUSICAL ACADEMY is to be established on the model of the French Conservatoire in order to develop native talent. Students will be trained for the opera, concert-room, and the stage, and will also be instructed in literature and physiology.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.——On Wednesday, at a meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, held in Edinburgh, Sir Daniel Macnee, President, in the chair, Mr. W. D. Mackety, Edinburgh, Mr. D. W. Stevenson, Edinburgh, and Mr. J. Docherty, Glasgow, were elected Associates.

PRINCESS MARY'S VILLAGE HOME FOR LITTLE GIRLS.——H.R.H. The Prince of Wales has consented to preside at a dinner to be held in March next, in aid of the funds of this institution, situated at Addlestone, Surrey. Upwards of 150 little girls are now in these homes, for whose maintenance funds are urgently needed.

THE PRESENT SITUATION OF THE FRENCH MINISTRY has been cleverly adapted by a Paris satirical journal, the *Grelot*, to a well-known picture by M. de Neuville, "The Last Cartouche." The members of the De Broglie Cabinet are grouped together in a room in various attitudes of resistance, while M. de Fourtou fires his last shot out of the window. The caricature has been seized by the police.

THE MODEL OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE in Parliament Square has been increased in height by the alteration of the pedestal, which has been made slightly tapering, according to Egyptian custom, and the addition of a stylobate between the pedestal and the steps. The total elevation of the obelisk is now nearly 91 feet—the supports measuring 22½ feet, and the shaft from base to apex 68 feet 5½ inches—10 feet higher than previously.

THE METROPOLITAN FREE HOSPITAL, late of Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, is to be rebuilt on the first proposed site in Bishopsgate Street Within, and the Committee appeal for funds to carry out the reconstruction. The Lord Mayor and Corporation support the appeal, and donations may be sent to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House; or the bankers, Messrs. Glynn, Mills, and Co., Messrs. Barnett, Hoares, and Co., and Messrs. Coutts and Co.

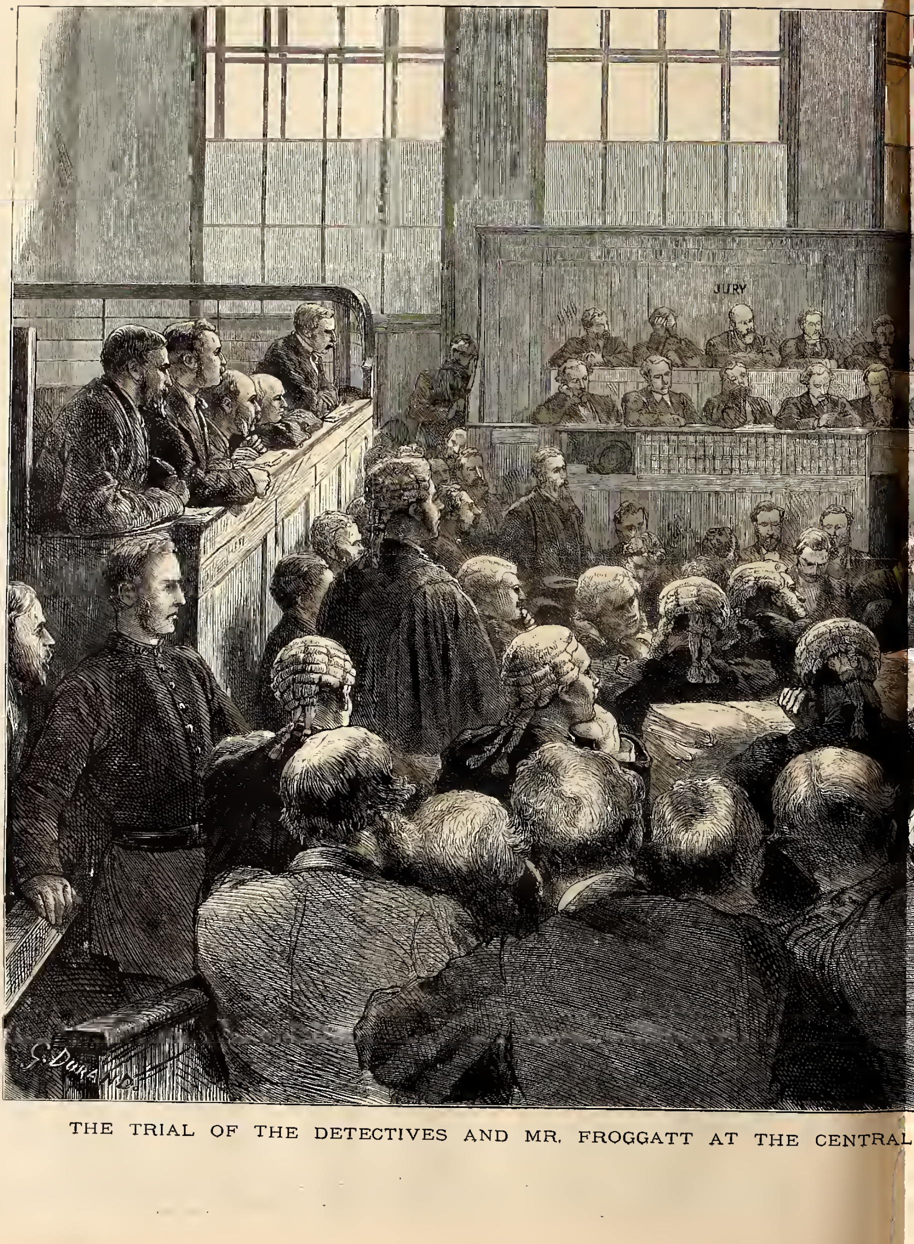
BIRD LIME is manufactured extensively in Japan, and is made from a dark evergreen growing on the mountains of the South. Good-sized animals are successfully snared by the lime, for when they get the stuff on their paws they soon become covered with it, while large sea birds are caught by knotting together the shoots of the Wisteria, smearing them with lime, and floating them out to sea, where they speedily attract the wild fowl. The lime is also largely used for medicinal purposes in cuts and wounds.

A NEW ENDING TO "DON GIOVANNI" was recently furnished at a San Francisco theatre by two misguided supers who enacted the devils in the last scene. At rehearsal Don Giovanni had been absent, and Leporello had rehearsed the part with the devils, so when the evening came the supers fixed upon Leporello and bore him away to the infernal regions, ascribing his struggles and declarations that he was the wrong man to realistic acting. Poor Don Giovanni stood helpless on the stage until he was fetched off ignominiously by a prompter in his shirt-sleeves.

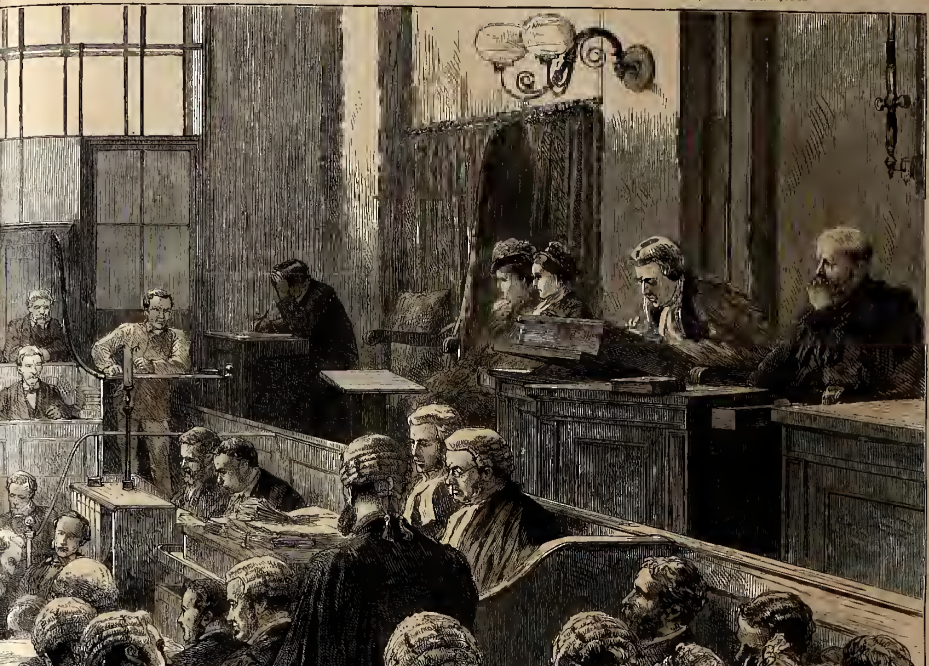
HYDROPHOBIA IN FRANCE during the last twenty-six years has caused at most twenty-eight deaths per annum, the disease being most prevalent in September, October, and November. Children form the greater part of the cases, but the bite appears to grow more fatal as age increases, two-thirds of the cases of persons from fifty to seventy years of age resulting in death, and a similar result following three-quarters of the bites of persons from seventy to eighty-one years old. Cauterisation has proved fairly successful, and only twenty per cent. of the bites so treated have been fatal, while seventy-eight per cent. of the non-cauterised wounds have proved mortal.

LONDON MORTALITY increased by only one death last week, and numbered 1,448 against 1,447, registered during the previous seven days, being 139 below the average, and at the rate of 21·4 per 1,000. There were 25 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 16, a higher number than has been registered in any week since last July), 62 from measles (an increase of 15), 67 from scarlet fever (a decline of 20), 6 from diphtheria (a decrease of 3), 15 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 9), and 42 from different forms of fever (an increase of 3). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 338 (an increase of 3, being 51 below the average), of which 203 resulted from bronchitis, and 98 from pneumonia. There were 2,432 births registered, against 2,667 the previous week, being 70 below the average. The mean temperature was 51·0 deg., or 6·4 deg. above the average. The duration of sunshine was 12·7 hours in the week, out of 64·7 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

NATIVE LITERATURE IN INDIA shows a steady progress, and the demand for vernacular books is rapidly increasing, while their political tone has also improved. More than half the volumes printed in India during 1875 were original works, and nearly three-quarters of these were in the vernacular of the various provinces, Bengal claiming the largest number. Works on law and medicine and school text-books preponderated, biography was poorly represented, and history left to English writers; but poems and dramas were plentiful, and were mainly on topical subjects, the Bengalese "fish-scare" having inspired many writers with such pleasant poems as "Small-pox in the Fish," "Shall We Eat Worms or Fish?" &c. The Baroda trial, the hardships of gaol life, the evils of child marriage, the degeneracy of the times, and the Mutiny were other favourite themes. English is evidently best known in the Bombay Presidency, where, however, Mill's "Political Economy" has been translated into Guzerati, while Sanscrit books abounded in Madras, and Calcutta was principally remarkable for a fresh publication of Shakespeare and the compilation of seventeen keys to books in use at the schools and colleges.


NATHANIEL DRUSCOVICH
GEORGE CLARKE
MR. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT
JOHN MEIKLEJOHN
WILLIAM PALMER
EDWARD FROGGATT
MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS
MR. B. T. E. BESLEY
JURY
G. DURAND

THE TRIAL OF THE DETECTIVES AND MR. FROGGATT AT THE CENTRAL


WILLIAM KURR, CONVICT WITNESS
SIR HARDINGE STANLEY GIFFARD, SOLICITOR-GENERAL
SIR JOHN HOLKER, ATTORNEY-GENERAL
MR. ALDERMAN DAVID HENRY STONE
BARON CHARLES EDWARD POLLOCK, THE PRESIDING JUDGE

CRIMINAL COURT—SCENE DURING THE EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM KURR

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——Plevna has not yet fallen, and the Russians are still busily engaged in drawing their lines closer round the city, and in making their soldiers as comfortable as possible with wooden and iron huts. Although Ghazi Osman is said still to possess sufficient provisions for six weeks, there is reported to be considerable distress inside the town, maize apparently now forming the sole food, while the number of sick and wounded is very large, and their state—according to a correspondent of *The Times*—most hopeless and loathsome, cases of confluent small-pox being placed indiscriminately among the wounded, many of whom are suffering from fractures of forty days' standing still unset. Yet, with all this, Osman Pasha obstinately refuses the aid of the British surgeons of the Stafford House Committee, and to remove the wounded out of the town. South of Plevna there has been some sharp skirmishing, and the Russians, under General Leonhardt, are reported to have gained a slight success at Wratza, while on the 9th inst., General Skobeleff, carried an important height on the Green Hills, near Brestovec, which the Turks subsequently attempted unsuccessfully to retake. In the mean time the Turkish army of relief is being organised under Mehemet Ali Pasha who, it is said, has been entrusted with the difficult task of breaking through the Russian lines, and at the same time of keeping Servia in awe. General Todleben, who by the way, is reported to be ill, has now completely closed all communication from the west, and any approach of a relieving army would be very quickly signalled to headquarters. The Porte is now not unnaturally getting very anxious about that General and his army, and is by no means desirous that Plevna should prove the Metz of the present campaign.

In the East the Czarevitch, whose army has been weakened by the reinforcements sent to the army investing Plevna, has suffered one or two small reverses, and the troops have been compelled by Suleiman Pasha to evacuate Opaka and Epolomarka. Both sides are showing considerable activity on the Lom, and the Russians continue their preparations to lay serious siege to the great Danubian fortresses still in the hands of the Turks, and to Rustchuk in particular.

In the Shipka Pass there has also been considerable movement, the Turks continuing to keep up a vigorous bombardment.

In ASIA, Mukhtar Pasha on the 9th inst. repulsed a Russian attack on the outworks of Erzeroum, and it is now thought in Constantinople that he will be able to hold that town until winter fairly sets in and compels a suspension of operations. The dilatoriness of the Russians in not at once following up their victory is much commented upon, as Mukhtar's army having been utterly disorganised, he at first had intended to withdraw immediately from Erzeroum; but time having been allowed to him, be speedily reorganised the remnants of his army, and was able to inflict defeat upon the attacking detachment. The mistake of the Russians is all the greater, as the rapidity with which earthworks can be thrown up by the Turks is well known, and unless General Heimann makes an attack in force, Erzeroum, now merely defended by a wall, may in a few days be rendered as impregnable as Plevna. Kars is now completely invested, and has been summoned by General Melikoff to surrender—a summons which was duly considered at a council of war by the besieged and universally rejected. Kars is known to be well provisioned, and no immediate fear is regarded as to its safety. Batoum, where are Dervish Pasha and his division, is being vigorously bombarded by the Russians.

In CONSTANTINOPLE there is serious uneasiness, owing to a reported plot against the Sultan for the purpose of overthrowing Mahmoud Damad Pasba, and of restoring Murad (who is reported to have perfectly recovered) to the throne. There are various versions of the affair, and one thing only is certain, that numerous placards have been posted on the walls of Stamboul calling upon the people to assassinate Mahmoud Damad Pasha, and accusing him of intending to bring about peace, and to betray Turkey to Russia. It is said that there has been an attempt to poison Mahmoud (who is certainly ill), and ex-Sultan Murad has been removed from the Palace of Teheragao to that abode of evil omen, the Old Seraglio. In the meantime Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid has dreamed that the Prophet Mahomed appeared to him in person, and advised him to conclude peace—curiously enough the chief Imâm having a similar vision; there have been a few unimportant changes in the Ministry; the Deputies to represent Constantinople in the forthcoming Parliamentary Session have been elected; and there has been great rejoicing over Lord Beaconsfield's Guildhall speech and his words of encouragement to Turkey.

SERVIA is growing more and more warlike, has refused the request of Turkey to withdraw her army of observation from the frontier, and has received another large subvention from Russia. —MONTENEGRO is continuing active operations against Fort Serdar, near Spuz, and General Verbissa is actively besieging Podgoritza. The Miridites have joined Prince Nikita, and other Christian tribes are negotiating with him to the same effect.

FRANCE.——The great battle began, as had been expected, on Monday, the Republicans boldly opening the campaign by bringing forward a resolution proposing the formation of a commission of thirty-three members to inquire into the asserted illegitimate acts and violations of the law which have been committed during the past five months in order to exert undue pressure upon the electors. This proposition, which was read out by Albert Grévy, and which was signed by eighteen deputies, including M. Gambetta, caused the greatest surprise to the whole house, for even the Left were in ignorance of what precise step their leaders were likely to adopt. The greatest surprise was manifest upon the Ministerial bench, but when the first moment of astonishment was over the Duc de Broglie at once ascended the tribune and asked for urgency upon the proposition, as the "Government demanded that light should be thrown upon those accusations which for five months have been heaped upon it." He continued, however, with the significant statement that when the time arrived to make this Parliamentary inquiry "we shall perhaps demand more impartial judges than those proposed for us." The proposition was then at once handed over to the usual Committee of the Bureaux to report on it next day. The first impression of the proposition on the Deputies in general was not wholly favourable, as it seemed to possess a revolutionary character, and to forshadow a "Convention;" while the number of preliminary "whereases," and certain expressions that the responsibility of the authors of the illegal violences, "whoever they might be," should be brought home to them, were thought to point directly at the Marshal, whom impartial observers are anxious to keep out of the conflict. Upon consideration, and after explanations from the Left leaders, the document was found to be constitutional, and the uneasiness was allayed. The Government, however, at once proceeded to make capital out of the affair, and next morning an official note appeared stating that the Marshal, considering the accusations brought against the Ministers which implicated the whole Government, had refused to accept their resignation, and begged them to remain at their posts.

On Tuesday, after a new regulation—proposed the preceding day—had been adopted, which prohibited the continual noisy interruptions which so hindered business last session, the report of the Committee was read by M. Lebloud, which unanimously advised the adoption of the proposition for a Commission of Inquiry. Thereupon ensued an agitated debate, in which M. Baragnon abused the Republic to his heart's content, stigmatised the proposed Commission as a "revolutionary usurpation," and declared that the Constitution was protected "by the Senate, by the chief of the State, who wields the right and the force." To this M. Léon Renault replied in a splendid speech, bringing accusation upon accusation against the Ministry, defending the right of the Chamber to appoint a Committee of Inquiry, and declaring that the Senate—a guarantee of public liberties in the eyes of real Conservatives—had in the person of the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier refused to allow itself to be held up as an instrument of a second dissolution. M. Fourtou then prepared to reply, but the sitting was adjourned until the next day, when the Minister delivered a rambling speech of the *tu quoque* order, citing M. Gambetta's proceedings after the 4th September as an excuse for the recent Ministerial action, and recapitulated all the well-worn Conservative arguments about Radical excesses and the desire of France for a "Government of order, peace, and stability." He also twitted the Republicans with sending articles to the foreign Press. He was followed by M. Jules Ferry with yet another stirring denunciation of the Cabinet, and after a somewhat noisy scene the sitting was adjourned until Thursday, when the Duc de Broglie was to speak. The Senate, which had been adjourned from last week, met on Wednesday; but nothing was done except announcing the death of M. de Franclieu, an ardent Legitimist and a life senator. On Thursday the vacancies to four life senatorships were to be filled up.

At the time we are writing it would be useless to analyse the feelings produced by the great Parliamentary struggle—suffice it to say that the most intense agitation and excitement prevails in all circles, that the Prefects have been requested to remain at their posts, and that all eyes are fixed upon the Marshal, whose slightest utterance, real or asserted, is twisted and turned about until what was at first a supposition becomes a positive statement. The apprehension of an appeal to the Senate, and, failing that, a *coup d'état*, is growing stronger daily, and is carefully fostered by the Conservative journals, who triumphantly point to the Marshal's army of 400,000 men, and unconsciously echo Victor Hugo's words in the "History of a Crime," "Where Might exists the People lose their Right."

ITALY.——The health of the Pope continues to excite great uneasiness, and at one time the report of his death was current. However, he is now officially stated to be better, and he certainly continues to receive various deputations. Signor Vanzetti, the celebrated Padua surgeon, has nevertheless been summoned to the Vatican, where, by the way, Cardinal Randi is suffering from small-pox.—There have been a few unimportant changes in the Ministry, the resignation of Signor Zanardelli, Minister of Public Works, being the most noteworthy.

INDIA.——The harvest and weather reports, with the exception of Scinde, continue satisfactory. The situation continues to improve, and prices are falling in most districts.—Frontier affairs continue to excite considerable apprehension, and regiments have been warned that a service expedition of six weeks' duration is decided upon, but the general impression is that if a campaign be begun it will last much longer than six weeks.—The official report on the great cyclone and storm wave in Bengal last November states that 90,000 persons were drowned and 75,000 people carried off by the subsequent outbreak of cholera, making a total loss of 165,000 lives.

UNITED STATES.——A caucus of Republican Senators has decided that the majority are not in accord with President Hayes' Southern policy, but that there also is not a majority disposed to raise a formal issue with him on the point.—The House of Representatives have still further reduced the army from 22,500 to 20,000 men.—The Senate has unanimously confirmed the appointment of Mr. John Welsh as Ambassador to England.

MISCELLANEOUS.——RUSSIA is going to issue another loan for 15,000,000*l.* at Berlin and Amsterdam at 76½, bearing 5 per cent. interest, and redeemable in thirty-seven years at par.—Lord Beaconsfield's speech has not been too favourably commented upon in GERMANY and RUSSIA, but is said to have given great satisfaction in AUSTRIA, where the Russian victories are beginning once more to excite apprehension, and "mobilisation" is again being talked about.—The BELGIAN parliament was opened by the King, whose speech from the throne was wholly confined to home topics, though warlike, or rather so called "offensive," preparations formed the majority of them. He concluded with an appeal for "union" amongst all the political parties. —From the TRANSKEI we hear that the Kaffir war still continues, and that several skirmishes have occurred with the Galekas, in which the Colonial forces have been successful.

THE COURT

THE Queen will leave Scotland for Windsor on Friday next. Meanwhile, Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice remain at Balmoral, where the Prince of Wales' birthday was duly kept last week. The Princess of Wales and her three daughters came over to lunch at Balmoral, and after luncheon the Queen, the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud met the members of the Royal Household, and the servants and tenants of Balmoral, in the ball-room, and drank the Prince of Wales' health. On Sunday Her Majesty was present at the morning service performed at the Castle, the Rev. Dr. Scott officiating, and next day the Princess of Wales visited the Queen. Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice have driven to the Linn of Dee and Allan Quoich, while Sir J. and Lady Clark have been staying at the Castle, and Major Bambridge and Lieuts. Duckett and Toogood of the 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers have been received by the Queen.—The Court is now in mourning for the Queen Dowager of Saxony until Dec. 6. The Prince of Wales' birthday was celebrated at Sandringham last week by the usual dinner of roast-beef and plum-pudding to the labourers on the estate, and the Prince visited the Royal mews during the dinner. On Saturday the Duke of Cambridge and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh left Sandringham, and the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Hanover hunted with the West Norfolk hounds, while in the evening the Duke of Teck arrived. On Monday the party broke up, the Prince of Wales leaving Sandringham on a shooting visit to Lord and Lady Walsingham at Merton, and the Crown Prince of Hanover and the Duke of Teck going to Cambridge, where they spent the day and returned to town on Tuesday.—The Princess of Wales and her three daughters are expected home from Scotland this week, as Miss Knollys is now quite out of danger.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited Glasgow on Tuesday, and were present in the evening at the opening of the new Public Hall, when the *Messiah* was performed. On her arrival the Princess was presented with a casket containing a photograph of the building and an illuminated programme.

The Queen Dowager Amélie of Saxony, who died last week, aged 75, was the mother of the reigning King, and daughter of the late King Maximilian I of Bavaria. Her Majesty and the late King John of Saxony kept their golden wedding in 1872, just a year before the King's death.—The fourth son of the Khédive of Egypt, Prince Ibrahim, is now in England studying for his entrance examination to Woolwich.

CHURCH NEWS

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE was held at Birmingham on Thursday last week, under the presidency of Mr. T. R. Andrews, chairman of the Council. Papers were read on "Theological Instruction of Candidates for the Ministry," and "Can the Desire of the People for More Cheerful and Musical Worship be met without Danger to the Simplicity and Spirituality of Worship?" In the evening an enthusiastic Anti-Confessional meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which resolutions were passed condemning the practice of Auricular Confession, and calling on the Archbishops and Bishops to take prompt steps for its suppression.

VARIOUS.——Last Sunday being Hospital Sunday in Dublin, appeals were made in all the Protestant and Dissenting places of worship in the city and county on behalf of the hospitals. The churches were well filled, although the weather was very inclement. The Catholics do not join in the scheme, and those hospitals which are under Catholic management do not share in the benefits.—Mr. Tennant, one of the Conservative members for Leeds, speaking a few nights since at a *soirée* of the Pudsey Church Institute, said that he could not see why Churchmen should want to enforce upon Nonconformists any particular form or ceremonial to be adopted in the burial of the dead. He for one did not object to Dissenters burying their dead in the churchyards in any form they pleased, provided they did it in a Christian and orderly fashion. He did not think the Church of England would suffer by the severance of its connection with the State, though he thought the time was far distant when this would be put to the test. It would be otherwise, however, were disendowment to follow as a matter of course. So long as the rights of property were respected, so long would the Church have her own endowments.—On Tuesday Mr. Titus Salt presided over a large Disestablishment meeting at Bradford. Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., who was one of the speakers, said that a remarkable change had come over the character of that controversy, and as an instance of the fact he referred to the recent Church Congress, where there was a large minority in favour of Disestablishment. "The boasted independence of the clergy was a scandal to the country, and there were instances in which convicted ecclesiastical felons had been allowed to continue their ministrations on ticket-of-leave."—The Bishop of Chester, at his Triennial Visitation at Liverpool on Tuesday, alluded to the proposed erection of a see there, and said that his consent was conditional upon there being no diversion of existing ecclesiastical endowments from the purposes to which they were now devoted. He thought that no smaller sum than 4,000*l.* a year should be the income of the new Bishop.—Mr. Waddy, Q.C., M.P., not content with the opportunities for oratorical display afforded by the Law Courts and by the House of Commons, has invaded the pulpit. Last Sunday he preached at a Wesleyan chapel, High Barnet, and rated his hearers soundly on their lack of liberality. Ministers were sometimes afraid to speak on this matter lest congregations should think they were asking for something for themselves. He as a layman could speak without reserve, and he would lay it upon their consciences that Christian liberality had decreased during the last few years to an enormous extent. Christians did not give one-half of what their fathers did, and not one-tenth of what they would give if they were honest with God.—The Rev. T. H. Tait, of Aberlady, has resigned his position as a minister of the Church of Scotland, because he can no longer adhere to the doctrines of the Confession in reference to the Divine decrees, and some other points. The Presbytery of Haddington have accepted his resignation, and some of the members, while expressing their regret at his change of opinion, complimented him on having the courage of his convictions instead of remaining in the Church and circulating views antagonistic to her creed.

MUSIC

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——The performances of *Rigoletto*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Robert le Diable* last week may be dismissed with brevity. In *Rigoletto* we have simply to congratulate Mdlle. Valleria on her impersonation of Gilda, a part in which so many eminent artists, from Angiolina Bosio to Adelina Patti and Emma Albani, have won distinction that it is difficult for after-comers to satisfy exacting connoisseurs. In *Le Nozze* a new singer, Mdlle. Parodi, made her *début*. Endowed with a legitimate *mezzo-soprano* voice, Mdlle. Parodi sang both airs which Mozart has put into the mouth of his dejected, yet always loving, heroine with extreme good taste and proportionate effect. Another assumption, interesting not merely on account of its novelty, but also of its unquestionable merit, was the

Cherubino of Mdlle. Anna di Belocca, a young and prepossessing lyric comedian, who may be remembered at Her Majesty's Opera (Drury Lane) some three years since, and who is welcome back again. A livelier portraiture of the enamoured page could hardly have been wished. Although Mdlle. di Belocca did not completely express the deep sentiment of "Non so più cosa son" (taken, as always, too fast), she happily caught the spirit of the still more beautiful canzonet, "Voi che sapete," which she sang with expression so true and unaffected as to charm the audience, who insisted upon and obtained its repetition. The part of Susanna was sustained by Madame Marie Rôze, like one well acquainted with its traditions and thoroughly versed in the music. Her delivery of the air in the last act, "Deh vieni non tardar?" was all that could be wished. Signor Del Puente is a somewhat heavy Count, and Signor Galassi a still heavier Figaro—but both are conscientious and painstaking. In *Robert le Diable* Madame Marie Rôze, for the first time (in England, at least) undertook the part of Alice, with a success that must add very considerably to her repute. The first Italian Alice here was Jenny Lind (now Madame Goldschmidt). The "Swedish Nightingale" made her *début* as the devoted Norman peasant in the spring of 1847 (May 4th), when the late Mr. Lumley was director of Her Majesty's Theatre. Since then we have had many other representatives of Alice, including among them the modern "Swedish Nightingale"—Christine Nilsson. It is, therefore, no little to say of Madame Marie Roze that she created a marked impression in a character so exacting both in its vocal and histrionic requirements. That the impression produced was legitimate may be stated without hesitation. If in no instance stirringly dramatic, the acting of Madame Rôze was, nevertheless, easy and natural throughout. She rose with the situations—a proof that she understood them; and was most successful where most was demanded of her. Further comments would be superfluous. About the Robert of Signor Fancelli, the Isabella of Mdlle. Valleria, the Bertram of Signor Foli, and the Elena of Madame Katti Lanner it is unnecessary to speak, so familiar are one and all these performances to the opera-going world. Mdlle. Caroline Salla's first appearance as Margaret gave special interest to the performance of *Faust* on Monday night. Judged from a dramatic point of view the young French lady's impersonation is beyond reproach, and in all the more impassioned music she realised every demand. In the one brilliant air, however—the "Jewel song"—a certain want of fluency and equality in the execution of florid passages was remarked; and as such are to be met with, to a greater or lesser extent, in all modern operas, it behoves Mdlle. Salla to give further and serious attention to this particular phase of her art. In the great duet with Faust she was perfect; as she was also in the scene at the Cathadral, where Mephistopheles derides the prayers of the penitent girl. With further consideration, indeed, there is no evident reason why Margaret should not become one of Mdlle. Salla's best parts. She has all the requisites for it, physical and intellectual. Mdlle. de Belocca was an agreeable representative of the insipid character of Siebel, which M. Gounod's librettists, for the sake of French hypersentimentalism, have thrust upon Goethe. Signors Fancelli, Del Puenta, and Galassi, as Faust, Mephistopheles, and Valentine, were—apart from exceptions here and there—thoroughly efficient; so, too, was Madame Lablache in the subordinate, though by no means unimportant character of Martha. The choral and orchestral music was performed in a manner highly creditable to the conductor, Signor Licalso, and those who work under his direction, not the least performance of the evening being that of the "chorus of soldiers" in Act IV. It only remains to be added that the *Barbiere* (the evergreen!) was the next opera, and that Mdlle. di Belocca was, both vocally and dramatically, as charming a Rosina as when she first appeared among us.

MUSIC AT GLASGOW.——The opening of the new Public Halls in this great Scotch commercial city has been taken advantage of this week in a musical sense, the Glasgow Choral Union, under the able direction of Mr. H. A. Lambeth, so long a professional resident, playing a conspicuous part. In honour of the "inauguration" of the new municipal buildings (Tuesday night) there was a performance of *Messiah*, in which Mesdames Lemmens Sherrington and Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Signor Foli assisted as leading singers, supported by the chorus of the Glasgow Union, already named, and an orchestra of tried performers, upwards of fifty in number—with Mr. W. T. Best, from Liverpool, organist, and Mr. Lambeth as conductor. On Thursday night Professor Macfarren's new cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*, composed expressly for the occasion, was produced, with Mesdames Sherrington and Patey, Messrs. Shakespeare, Robert Hilton, and Santley as solo vocalists. Last night Dr. Hans von Bülow was to conduct the first of a series of six orchestral concerts, for which he is expressly engaged—Mr. Arthur, to the unanimous regret of Glasgow amateurs, having seceded from the post he has hitherto occupied with so much credit to himself and those who worked under his direction.

WAIFS.——The music of the late Hector Berlioz, at one time so neglected in his own country, is now becoming everywhere popular in France. His great symphonies are repeatedly performed in the concerts of M. Pasdeloup, at the Cirque, and in those of M. Colonne, at the Châtelet. The *Sinfonie Fantastique* seems to be an especial favourite with Parisian amateurs.—We hear good reports of the new work by Messrs. Arthur Sullivan and Gilbert, to be produced this evening at the Opera Comique. Let us hope for a new *Cox and Box*, or, still preferable, a new *Contrabandista*. Of another *Trial by Jury* it would be preposterous to think.—Madame Marie Rôze leaves England next month for a five months' engagement in the United States.—Madame Arabella Goddard is to play at the Vienna Winter Concerts.—We must postpone till next number our remarks upon the first "Popular Concert," which, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Chappell, commenced the 20th series brilliantly on Monday evening.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——It may be worth while for a moment to refer to the race for the Liverpool Cup last week, for though as we anticipated the field was a small one, only eight starting, the contest was a far more interesting one than might have been expected. Whitebait, who was to all appearance leniently dealt with by the handicapper, and had a fair chance of being in season now or never, resumed the premiership in the market before the flag fell, while Sign Manual came with a rush into the second place, Sunray and Footstep being next in demand. Of all these, however, only the last-named could get a place at the finish, but she had to be contented with third honours, Arbitrator and Advance filling the two first places in the order named. At the distance Advance seemed to have the race in hand, but the Irish colt, ridden admirably by Glover, gradually drew up and won by a head on the post. The Hibernians present were of course in ecstacies, as well they might be, for to give 4 lbs. to a good four-year-old like Advance, and as a three-year-old to win under 8 st., and that, too, over heavy ground, was a grand performance. Though not equal to those of Jongleur in the Cambridgeshire, it makes Arbitrator one of the best of our three-year-olds. To prove the truth of the running, Arbitrator on the next day, carrying 12 lbs. extra, won the Great Lancashire Handicap, beating Whitebait again, who ran second, and Hesper, the favourite, who only gave the winner 9 lbs. for the year between them.

Somewhat of the same apathy which overshadowed Liverpool last week seemed to hang about Shrewsbury this, though most of the leading members of the Turf, gentle and simple, were present, and the racing itself certainly good. Proceedings commenced with the Autumn Steeplechase, for which Lancet, who had been previously spotted as the winner, failed to put in an appearance. Chillilain was therefore elected favourite in a field of seven, but the backers began badly as he could not get a place, the race falling to the Duke of Hamilton's Birdcatcher, who went the course in capital style, and eventually beat Craven by a head. Speculators were more fortunate in selecting Red Comyn as their fancy in the Groby Cut for juveniles, which he won cleverly enough from Speculator in the large field of sixteen. The greatest mistake made in the day was backing Great Tom at nearly 2 to 1 for the Queen's Plate, won by Sheldrake, who ran his best race of the season. The racing on the Wednesday was even better than that of the previous day, and again matters did not go very well with the favourites, Macadam, a rank outsider in consequence of his indifferent running on the Tuesday, winning the Welton Welter, and Zanoni upsetting the fancied ones in the 100 sov. Plate. The chief race of the day was the Great Shropshire Handicap, which had not evoked so much previous speculation as in former years. Helena, however, had been spotted as well in, and though the field numbered thirteen the Duke of Westminster's filly was backed freely at 2 to 1. Fortune certainly does not smile on his Grace in connection with the Turf, and Helena could only get second place, another Duke in the person of His Grace of Montrose with Hopbloom, who last year was a very fair animal, but owing to very indifferent performances this season had the best of the weights on the present occasion.

COURSING.——Notwithstanding several "divisions" the Newmarket Champion Meeting was a grand success, and it may be fairly said to have established itself as second only to the Grand Waterloo gathering at Altcar. The Champion Puppy Stakes were divided between Mr. R. Gitters with Palm Flower, and Mr. Apsland with Polly Ann, both animals, however, being actually owned by Mr. J. S. Postle, whose kennel seems almost invincible hitherto. It may be remembered that last year Mr. Gittens nominated Coomassie, who divided at, and afterwards won the Waterloo Cup. There are many more unlikely things than that we have here the next Waterloo winner in Palm Flower.

FOOTBALL.——The long list of the first ties in the Association Challenge Cup is being got through by degrees. Of the recent competitions the most noticeable have been those between the Old Harrovians and 105th Regiment, the former being victorious, between the Swifts and Leyton, resulting in the defeat of the latter, and that in which the Wanderers, the holders of the Cup, beat the Panthers by nine goals to one.—Football seems to be taking strong hold of the Welshmen, a Challenge Cup contest according to Association rules having just been organised for the Southern portion of the Principality.

BICYCLING.—The Hon. Keith-Falconer has given proof that he still retains his old form by winning the Five Mile open race at the meeting of the Cambridge Bicycle Club.—We notice that Keen and Stanton have been again matched for a fifty miles race at the Agricultural Hall on the 19th inst.

AQUATICS.——The final heat for the Fours at Oxford resulted in the victory of Brasenose, which keeps up its tradition as a boating college with wonderful vitality. Two trial eights are out almost daily. At Cambridge the Colquhoun Sculls have been won by T. W. Barber of 1st Trinity, whose great strength gave him a considerable advantage over his last opponent, A. H. G. Prior, of St. John's, on a rough day. On the Cam, too, a pair of Trial Eights are in constant practice.

No true lover of sport will regret that the riding "endurance" match, dignified in some papers with the heading "England *v.* Mexico," at the Agricultural Hall, ended in a complete *fiasco*, the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals causing the absurd exhibition to be brought to a close. It should never have been countenanced by the public, which is more to blame than the performers in these miserable "endurance" expositions.—Gale is alive, we believe, at the time of our going to press, but whether he is walking in his sleep or sleeping in his walk, we cannot say. After he has concluded his present exhibition, unless, indeed, as has been suggested, he is taken before a magistrate for attempting to commit suicide, perhaps he will be advertised to stand on one leg, or on his head for the matter of that, against "time" or "any other man," till a morbid public has had its fill.

New Music

MESSRS. DUFF AND STEWART.——A cheerful and taking narrative song is "Jeannette," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Louisa Gray, compass from D below the lines to E fourth space.—Alfred de Musset's graceful poem, "Rappelle Toi," has been set to a pleasing melody by P. de Faye, who has also supplied the English version of the words; the compass is the same as the above-named song.—Three moderately difficult pianoforte pieces of a more ordinary type than we usually get from the clever composer, Michael Watson, are "Danse des Bayadères," a *morceau de salon*—best of the three—"Morceau à la Cracovienne," and "Danse Grotesque," which like many other would-be funny things is exceedingly dull.

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.——Neither F. E. Weatherley nor J. Blumenthal was in a happy vein when he wrote and composed a monotonous song, entitled "Across the Far Blue Sea, Marie."—Two songs, which may lay claim to originality as far as the poetry is concerned, are "Bedouin Love Song," the music by Ciro Pinsuti, and "King Henry's Song" ("Youth will need have Dalliance"), the quaint words of which are by no less illustrious a personage than King Henry VIII.; the fairly appropriate music, with a chorus *ad libitum*, by Arthur Sullivan. Both the above-named songs will prove effective at a Christmas party; the one is for a bass, the other for a tenor.—A pathetic song of a serious character is "Far from Home," written and composed by E. Oxenford and G. B. Allen. Tenors will find useful "The Past is but a Troubled Dream," from Mr. Austin's Cantata, *The Fire King*, words by Maud Hargreaves, and "Mine Own," written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and H. Gadsby—the former is of a sentimental, the latter of a more cheerful nature.—Sung with a due amount of piquancy, "Whispering Kisses," for a soprano, will make as great a hit in private circles as it has done on the stage; the words, by H. B. Farnie, are quaint, and free from vulgarity, the music, by Emile Jonas, is bright and tuneful.—Molloy's charming song, "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon," forms the leading theme of an admirable valse by Charles Godfrey; it promises to be one of the favourites of the coming season.—The reverse may be said of "The Sea Nymph's Quadrille," from Lecocq's operetta of that name, arranged by C. Godfrey.

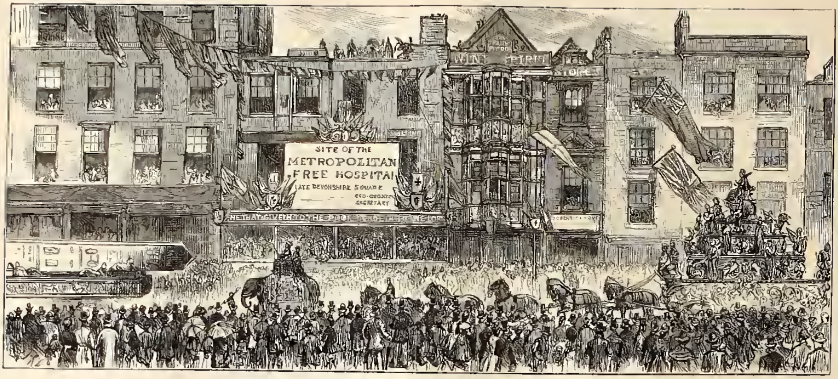
MESSRS. WOOD AND CO.——A fairly written love song is "One Night," words by Professor D'Oull, music by R. F. Harvey.—Organists and their hearers will pronounce a favourable verdict on "The Festival Day March for the Organ," by Walter Spinney, a composition which is full of life and vigour.—A capital and not difficult duet for the pianoforte, as an after-dinner piece, is "Woodland Whispers," a mazurka, by J. Nordman.

MESSRS. B. WILLIAMS AND CO.——One of the popular composer, Julia Woolf's, recent and most pleasing ballads, is "A Great Secret"—published in two keys—the *piquante* poetry is by F. E. Weatherley, M.A.—Two songs by Wilford Morgan show clearly that he is getting into a groove of ballad-writing to order, so fatal to originality. "The Realm of Love," words by Edward Oxenford, and "My Love loves Me dearly," words by Henry Hersee, are of the most ordinary and well-known type.

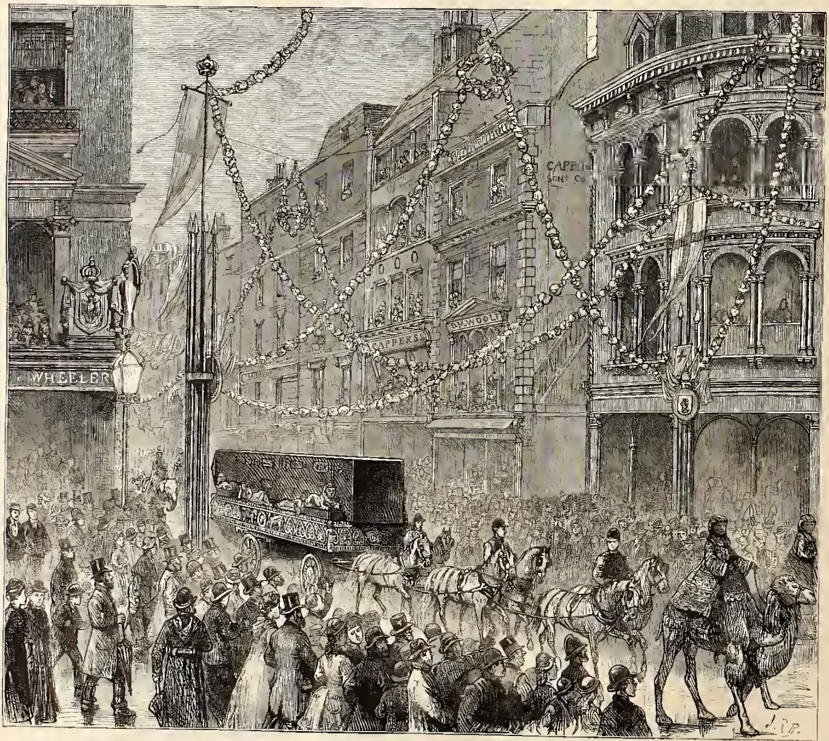
LEGAL

PROPOSED COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL.——Sir J. Eardley Wilmot has prepared a bill, which he intends to introduce next session, for the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal in capital cases only. It is proposed that the new court shall consist of the chiefs of the High Court of Justice—namely, of the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer Divisions—the three senior judges, and the Home Secretary, five to form a quorum. This court is to take up any or every capital case after sentence has been passed, on the appeal of the condemned prisoner or of his attorney. It is to hear counsel both for the prisoner and for the conviction, the Government paying the expenses of both, and no judgment of the court is to be valid unless arrived at by at least two-thirds of its members.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.——The trial of the detectives and Mr. Froggatt we have alluded to in "Our Illustrations" column.—Dr. Kenealy has been occupying the attention of the Common Pleas Division for several days this week, appearing as the defendant in a suit brought against him by a solicitor named Coote, who sued him for the balance of a bill of costs. Soon after the opening of the case Lord Coleridge, who presided, offered to retire and allow some other judge to hear the pleadings if either party wished him to do so, but as there was no intimation to that effect he kept his seat, the trial went on, and at the close the jury decided in favour of the plaintiff. Dr. Kenealy's admirers in the gallery were so unruly that after the second day his lordship ordered the Court to be kept clear.—Last week the head master of the St. Thomas Charterhouse School in the Goswell Road was summoned for having assaulted one of his pupils, whom he had caned for some breach of school discipline. It was shown that the boy was very troublesome, and that no excessive violence had been used, and the charge was accordingly dismissed.—At the Liverpool Assizes in August last three men were convicted of a gross outrage upon a woman named Bridget Blackburn, and were each sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. The solicitor for the defence, however, felt confident of their innocence, and at his own expense he obtained such further evidence as induced the Treasury to prosecute three other men as participators in the crime. These have just been tried and acquitted, and the jury expressed an opinion that the alleged offence had never been committed at all. Mr. Justice Lush agreed with their verdict, and in consequence of his representations to the Home Office, a "free pardon" has since been granted to the men convicted at the first trial.—An attendant at the Sedgeley Workhouse has been sent to prison for two months for a brutal assault upon an inmate, who is blind, dumb, and paralysed. The magistrates were sorry that they could inflict no heavier punishment—and so are we.—The remains of a woman and a child aged about five years have been found buried beneath a cellar-floor in one of the narrow courts of Clerkenwell. They are supposed to have been murdered and to have lain there for about forty years.—A Fenian leader named O'Sullivan has got into the hands of the police for sending threatening letters to some of his associates who refused to join him in creating a riot at the recent banquet given to the Duke of Connaught by the Mayor of Cork. The idea was to cut the gas-pipe, break the windows from the street, and then rush into the place and do all the mischief they could. The Mayor had, however, timely warning of this pleasant intention, and ample precautions were taken to prevent its being carried out.—The Faversham Guardians have placed the *Weekly Dispatch* upon their "Index Expurgatorius." The other day an aged inmate of the workhouse managed to smuggle in a copy of the prohibited journal, and, worse still, dared to read it on a Sunday. He was found out, and is now suffering a week's imprisonment for "insulting" the Rev. E. J. Luce, the chaplain of the Union, who took the pernicious print away from him. We are not told the nature of the insult, nor the offence for which the *Weekly Dispatch* has been placed under the awful ban of the workhouse authorities.—Mr. T. Ellison, the judge of the Sheffield County Court, made a remarkable observation the other day during a case in which a woman was sued for medical fees. He said "There is more perjury committed in this Court by women ten times over than by men; they don't seem to care what they swear."—Last week a Linlithgow jury having retired to consider their verdict sent the court-officer to tell the sheriff that no verdict would be given until refreshments had been supplied.


SITE OF THE
METROPOLITAN
FREE HOSPITAL
LATE DEVONSHIRE SQUARE
SECRETARY
HE THAT GIVETH TO THE POOR LENDETH TO THE LORD
WINE SPIRIT
STORES

THE PROCESSION PASSING THE "SIR PAUL PINDAR" IN BISHOPSGATE STREET


WHEELER
CAPPERS
CAPPER SON & Co
D.M.WOOLF

THE PROCESSION WITH CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE PASSING DOWN GRACECHURCH STREET

LORD MAYOR'S DAY

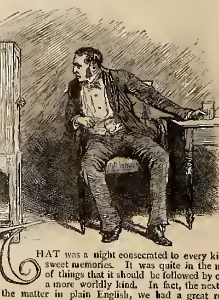
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. PONTIFEX ASKS WHAT IT MEANS



THAT was a night consecrated to every kind of sweet memories. It was quite in the nature of things that it should be followed by one of a more worldly kind. In fact, the next day, to put the matter in plain English, we had a great row, a family row.

It began with Aunt Jane. She came to tea, accompanied by her husband; and she came with the evident intention of speaking her mind. This made us uneasy from the beginning, and although Mrs. Tyrrell attempted to pour oil on the troubled waters by producing her very best tea service, an honour which Mrs. Pontifex was certain to appreciate, she failed. Even tea services in pink and gold, with the rich silver teapot, accompanied by a lavish expenditure in seedcake, and Sally Lunns, and muffins, failed to bring a smile to that severe visage. Mrs. Pontifex was dressed for the occasion in a pyramidal cap trimmed with lace, beneath which her horizontal curls showed like the modest violet peeping between April leaves of grass. She wore her most rustling of black silk robes, and the most glittering of her stud-clasps in the black velvet ribbon which girt her brow. She sat bolt upright in her chair; and such was her remarkable strength of character, testimony to which has already been given by her husband, that she struck the key-note to the banquet, and made it joyless.

Who could be festive when Mrs. Pontifex icily refused sugar with her tea, and proceeded to deny that luxury to her husband?

"No, John Pontifex," she said. "It is high time to set less store upon creature comforts. No sugar, Celia, in my husband's tea."

Mr. Pontifex meekly acquiesced. He was already in the most profound depths of depression when he arrived, and a cup of tea without sugar was only another addition to his burden of melancholy. I conjectured that he had passed the afternoon in the receipt of spiritual nagging. In this art his wife was a proficient; and although nagging of all kinds must be intolerable, I think the religious kind must be the most intolerable. The unfortunate man made no effort to recover his cheerfulness, and sat silent, as upright as his wife, the cup of unsweetened tea in his hand, staring straight before him. Once, his wife looking the other way, he caught my eye and shook his head solemnly.

Under these circumstances we all ran before the gale close reefed.

It was a bad sign that Mrs. Pontifex did not talk. If she had been critically snappish, if she had told her niece that her cap was unbecoming, or Celia that her frock was unmaidenly, or me that an account would be required of me for my idle time—a very common way she had of making things pleasant—one would not have minded. But she did not speak at all, and that terrified us. Now and then she opened her lips, which moved silently, and then closed with a snap, as if she had just framed and fired off a thunderbolt of speech. Her husband remarked one of these movements, and immediately replacing his cup upon the table, softly rose and effaced himself behind the window curtains, where he sat with only a pair of trembling knees visible. Mr. Tyrrell pretended to be at his ease, but was not. His wife was not, and did not pretend to be. As soon as we reasonably could we rang the bell for the tea-things to be removed, and began some music. This was part of the regular programme, though no one suspected Mrs. Pontifex or her husband of any love for harmony. And while we were playing came Herr Räumer, at sight of whom Mrs. Pontifex drew herself up more stiffly than before, and coughed ominously.

He looked very fresh and young, this elderly foreigner. He was dressed neatly in a buttoned frock (no one in our circle wore evening dress for a gathering under the rank of dinner party or dance), and had a rose in a button hole. A little bit of scarlet ribbon in his breast showed that he was the possessor of some foreign Order. In his greeting of Celia he showed a Romeo-like elasticity and youthfulness, and he planted himself on the hearthrug with an assured air, as if the place and all that was in it belonged to him.

In front of him, upon a small couch, sat Mrs. Pontifex, her lips moving rapidly, and her brow darker than ever. Either Herr Räumer was going to interrupt the battle, or he was himself the cause of it. Celia rose from the piano, and sat beside her great-aunt. Mr. Tyrrell was in an easy chair on one side the fireplace, and his wife on the other, fanning herself, though it was by no means a warm night. As I said before, Mr. Pontifex was in hiding. I sat on the music stool and looked on. Had there been any way of escape I should have taken advantage of that way. But there was none.

The awful silence was broken by Aunt Jane.

"'Be ye not yoked unequally with unbelievers,'" she said. Then her lips closed with a snap.

No one answered for a while. The curtain alone, behind which was her husband, showed signs of agitation.

"John Pontifex," said his wife. "Assist me."

He obeyed immediately, and took up a position behind her, standing opposite to the German. He looked very, very meek.

"John Pontifex and I were talking this afternoon, Clara Tyrrell and George Tyrrell, and we naturally discussed the strange—the very strange—rumours that are afloat with regard to Celia. Her name, George Tyrrell, has been coupled with that of this—this foreign gentleman here."

Mr. Pontifex shook his head as if more in sorrow than in anger.

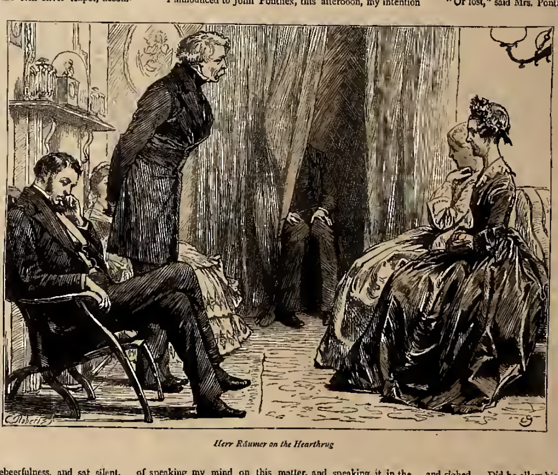
"It is—alas!—the fact that such rumours are prevalent."

"You hear, George Tyrrell?" she went on.

"I hear," he replied. "The rumours are not without foundation."

Poor Celia!

"I announced to John Pontifex, this afternoon, my intention of speaking my mind on this matter, and speaking it in the actual presence of Herr Räumer himself, if necessary."



Herr Räumer on the Hearthrug

"I am infinitely obliged to you, madam," said that gentleman, with a bow. "I wish that I was already in a position to ask for your congratulations."

"Flap-doodle and fudge," said Aunt Jane. I do not defend this expression, but it was her own, reserved for use on those occasions which required the greatest strength of the English language.

All trembled except the German. Celia, by the way, except that she looked pale, took no apparent interest in the conversation.

"Congratulations are useless ornaments of conversation," he said. "That, I presume, is what you mean, Mrs. Pontifex?"

She snorted.

"Pray, sir,—will you tell us first, to what religious persuasion you belong?"

The unexpected question staggered him for a moment. I thought he was lost. But he recovered.

"My excellent parents," he said, "who are now no longer living, brought me up in the strictest school—Mrs. Pontifex is, I believe, a member of the Anglican Church—of German Calvinism."

"And what church do you attend in this town?"

"Unfortunately, there is no church of my views in this town. The English churches, however, approach my distinctive doctrines near enough for me." He said this meekly, as if conscious of a superiority which he would not press.

"No blessing shall come from me on any marriage where both members are not communicants of the English Establishment."

She said that with an air of determination, as if the matter was settled.

Herr Räumer laughed softly.

"If that is your only objection, my dear Madam, it is easily removed. *Mademoiselle vaut bien une messe.*"

"I do not understand French."

"I mean that love, coupled with a short conversation with your learned husband over a few doctrinal difficulties, would permit me to present myself to you in the novel character of a communicant."

He overacted the speech, and no one could fail to see the sneer behind it.

"John Pontifex."

"My dear, I am—in point of fact—behind you."

"You hear what this gentleman says. You can hold a discussion with him in my presence. If, in my opinion, he proves himself worthy of our Communion I shall withdraw that part of my objection."

"It is true," said John Pontifex, "that I am not at the present moment—alas!—deeply versed in the points which—ahem—separate us from German Calvinism. But no doubt Herr Raumer will enlighten me."

"Or," said the suitor, rolling his head, "let me refer myself to a fairer theologian. Celia herself shall convert me."

Celia made no sign.

"This is mockery," Mrs. Pontifex ejaculated. "But it is what I expected, and indeed said to John Pontifex as we drove here. That a foreigner should value Christian privileges is hardly to be looked for."

"That is, I believe," said Herr Räumer, with the faintest possible suspicion of contempt in his smooth tones, "the prevalent belief among English people. And yet no Englishman has yet publicly doubted that even a foreigner has a soul to be saved."

"Or lost," said Mrs. Pontifex sternly.

Her husband, who was still standing meekly beside her, his long arms dangling at either side, looking exactly like a tall schoolboy afraid of his schoolmaster, groaned audibly.

"Or lost," echoed Herr Räumer.

"And pray, sir, if I may ask, what are your means of existence? No doubt Mr. Tyrrell knows all about your family and the way in which you get your living, but we have not yet been informed, and we also have an interest in Celia Tyrrell."

"I have private property," he replied, looking at Mr. Tyrrell, "on the nature of which I have satisfied the young lady's father."

"Perfectly, perfectly," said Mr. Tyrrell.

"How do we know but what you have a wife somewhere else—in Germany, or wherever you come from?"

"Madame's intentions are no doubt praiseworthy, though her questions are not perhaps quite conventional. However, there is no question I would not answer to secure the friendship of Celia's great-aunt. I have no wife in Germany. Consider, Mrs. Pontifex, I have resided in this town for some twelve years. Would my wife, if I had one, be contented to languish in solitude and neglect? Would you, Mrs. Pontifex, allow your husband to live as a bachelor—perhaps a wild and gay bachelor—at a distance from yourself?"

The Rev. Mr. Pontifex smiled and sighed. Did he allow his imagination even for a moment to dwell on the possibility of a wild and rollicking life away from his wife?

"My wild oats," he said, very slowly, with emphasis on each word, and shaking his head. "My—wild—oats—are long since—ahem!—if I may be allowed the figure of speech—sown."

"John Pontifex," said his wife, "we are not interested in your early sins."

"I was about to remark, my dear, that they have produced—Alas!—their usual crop of repentance—that is all. The wages of youthful levity——"

"We will allow, Herr Räumer," Mrs. Pontifex interrupted her husband, "that you are what you represent yourself to be. You have means, you are a bachelor, and you are a Christian. Well—my questions are not, as you say, conventional, but Celia is my grand-niece, and will have my money when my husband and I are called away. It is no small thing you are seeking."

"I am aware of it," he replied. "I am glad for your sake that your money is not a small thing."

This he should not have said, because it was impolitic.

"I have one question more to ask you," said Mrs. Pontifex, drawing herself more upright than ever. "You are, I understand, some sixty years of age."

"I am sixty-two," he replied blandly. "It is my great fortune to have been born forty-four years before Miss Celia Tyrrell."

"Then, in the name of goodness," she cried, "what on earth do you want with a young wife? You are only three years younger than I. You might just as well ask *me* to marry you."

"My dear!" cried John Pontifex, in natural alarm.

"I cannot, madam," Herr Räumer replied,—"however much one might desire such a consummation.—I cannot ask you in the very presence of your husband."

Everybody laughed, including Celia, and Aunt Jane drew herself up proudly.

"You disgraceful man," she said. "How dare you say such things to me? If John Pontifex were not in Holy Orders I should expect him to—to—"

"I fear I should do so, my dear," John Pontifex interposed. "I am sure, in fact, that, without the—ahem!—the deterrent influence of my cloth, I should do so."

"I am unfortunate this evening," the German went on, still bland and smiling. "I am advanced in years. All the more reason why a young lady—of Christian principles—should assist me in passing those years pleasantly."

"Pleasantly?" she echoed. "Is all you think of—to pass the last years of your life pleasantly? Would I allow my husband to pass his time in mere pleasantness?"

"You would not, my dear," said John Pontifex, firmly.

"Mere pleasantness: a Fool's Paradise. George and Clara Tyrrell, I am your aunt, and entitled, I believe, to be heard."

"Surely," said Mr. Tyrrell. "Pray say what you think."

Celia laid her hand on her aunt's arm.

"Dear Aunt Jane," she said, "Herr Räumer has done me the very great honour of asking me to be his wife. He has also very kindly consented not to press for an answer. I feel—I am sure he feels himself—the many difficulties in the way. And if those difficulties prove insuperable, I trust to his generosity—his generosity as a gentleman—not to press me any longer."

"To be sure," said Aunt Jane, "people can always be put off. We can tell them that Herr Räumer felt for you the affection of a grandfather."

The German winced for a moment.

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Pontifex," he said. "You would smooth all the difficulties for us, I am sure."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Let us have no more explanations. I have to thank Celia—Miss Tyrrell—for putting the position of things clearly. If she cannot see her way to accepting my addresses—there is an end—and things"—looking at Mr. Tyrrell—"must take their own course. If she can, she will have in me a devoted husband who will be proud to belong to the families of Tyrrell and Pontifex."

Aunt Jane was not, however, to be mollified. She kissed Celia on the forehead. "You are a sensible girl, my dear, and you will know how to refuse a man old enough to be your grandfather,"—then she gathered her skirts together. "George and Clara Tyrrell, when you have got over this folly, we shall be glad to see you at our house again. If it comes to anything further I shall alter my will. John Pontifex, I am ready."

She swept out of the room followed by her husband.

Then Mrs. Tyrrell sat up and began to express her indignation.

"When young people desire to marry," she said to her future son-in-law, who was not much more than twenty years older than herself, "they speak to each other, and then to their parents. That is regular, I believe?"

"Quite regular," said the Herr.

"When they have asked each other, and then spoken to the parents," she went on, exhausting the subject, "what else remains to be said?"

"Clearly, nothing."

"There certainly is a difference in age," said the good lady, "but if Celia does not mind that——"

"Quite so," he interrupted.

"Religion, too, the same," she went on.

"Actually a coincidence in religion."

"Then what Aunt Jane meant by going off in that way, I cannot conceive. The very best tea-things, too!"

"My dear Mamma," said Celia, "the conversation is useless. I am not engaged to Herr Räumer."

Nothing more was said, and the lover presently withdrew.

Mr. Tyrrell led me down stairs to his own office.

There he took the step common among Englishmen who are anxious and nervous, especially when they want to deaden repentance. He drank a tumbler and a-half of brandy and water strong.

"I wish he was dead, Laddy," he murmured; "I wish he was dead."

"Can you do nothing?"

"I can put him off—I can gain time—and perhaps something will happen. If not, she *must* marry him. She must. Else——"

He finished his glass of brandy and water.

"She must not. Face anything rather than bring such a fate upon your daughter."

"Face anything?" he repeated. "What do you know about it?"

"At least, I know that there is nothing in common with him and your daughter."

"What have I in common with my wife? Stuff and nonsense. What has any man in common with his wife? The husband and the wife lead different lives. When they are together in what they call society, they pretend. Rubbish about things in common."

"Then look at the difference of age."

"So much the better, Ladislas," said Mr. Tyrrell, fiercely. I hardly knew him to-night in this unusual mood. "So much the better. He will die soon, perhaps, the sooner the better."

"Will he treat her kindly?"

"They will live in this town. I shall watch them. If he ill treats my little girl—my pretty Celia—I will—I will—but that is nonsense. He will make her his plaything."

"Is that what Celia looks for in marriage?"

"Will you have some brandy and water? No. I take it now, just for the present while this business worries me, to steady the nerves."

He mixed himself another tumbler.

"Why, Ladislas," he resumed this talk, "how foolishly you talk. One would think you were a girl. What Celia looks for in marriage! What is the use of looking for anything, either from marriage or anything else in this world? Disappointment we shall get—never doubt it—and punishment for mistakes—never doubt that. Probably also bad men, unscrupulous men, will get a hold of you, and make you do things you would rather afterwards not have done.

"If I had the key of that safe," he murmured, sinking into a chair; "if I only had the key of that safe"—it was the small fireproof safe, with Herr Räumer's name upon it—"Celia should be free."

I came away, sick and sorry. I had heard enough, and more than enough. I knew it all along. My poor Celia!

"If I had the key of that safe!"

Then it occurred to me that the German must have it somewhere. I went to bed, and dreamed that I was prowling round and round his room, looking for a key which I could not find.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CONSPIRATOR

THE Polish question was not forgotten. In truth, it was not easy altogether to forget it. The burning fervour of Wassielewski, his glorious indifference to the probabilities of death, his scorn of failure provided the sacred fire was kept burning,—all this could not but impress the imagination. When I thought of them my heart burned within me, and it seemed for the time a light thing to join my countrymen, and march with them to certain death, if only to show the world that Poland was living yet. Celia thought this kind of patriotism, this carrying on of a vendetta from father to son, was unworthy. But I never could get her to see the beauty of war, even in the palmy days of Crimean victory.

I laid my case before her, as much as I knew of it, then little but the loss of my inheritance, the death of my father, my long line of brave progenitors, the obligations of a name.

She could not be persuaded.

"You are not a soldier, Laddy," she said. "You are a musician and an artist. It is not for you to go fighting. And think of all the misery that you and I have seen. Why does not every man resolve that he for one will not fight unless he has to defend himself? Be one of the peacemakers. After all, you foolish boy, it is not you that the Russians have injured, and you have grown up an Englishman. Why, you cannot even speak your own language."

"Wassielewski will be my interpreter."

"Poor old Wassielewski! He will run against the first Russian bayonet he meets, and be killed at the very beginning."

That was, indeed, just what the old man would do. He came to see me one day, with eyes full of fervour, and a voice trembling with excitement.

"Come out, Ladislas, I have much to say to you."

He took me into St. Faith's Square, a large irregular place, with the red brick church at one end. He dragged out of his pocket a pile of papers and letters tied round with ribbon. It struck me disagreeably that Herr Räumer was walking on the other side of the Square.

"They are all with us," he whispered. "See, here are the men from Exeter, here are the London men, here are the Paris men, we have emissaries in Vienna and in Rome; for the present the country is kept quiet, no suspicions are awakened yet; no movement of Russian troops have been made towards Poland; we shall strike a desperate blow this time."

I mechanically took the papers which he gave me to read. There were lists of names, copies of compromising letters, mysterious notes dated Paris, Vienna, Rome. This old enthusiast was a sort of Head Centre, or, at least, a confidential and trusted agent of a wide-spread conspiracy. My heart sank when I saw my own name at the head of a long list.

"The plan of the campaign is being considered. I have sent in my ideas. They are, after making a feint in Warsaw, to——"

We will not follow the conspirator's plans through all its details. I thought five years later, when the rising of 1863 took place, of Wassielewski's projected campaign, and for my country's sake regretted that they had not been adopted.

"In a very short time—it may be to-morrow—it may be in six months—we shall receive our orders to move."

"And am I to see no one first—to obey orders blindly?"

"Not blindly, Ladislas Pulaski. I shall be with you."

I suppose there was something of uncertainty in my face, for he quickly added,

"You shall see some of our people before you go. Ladislas, your heart is not yet wholly with us. I have seen that all along. It is my fault. I ought to have educated you from the beginning into hatred of the Muscovite. There ought to have been no single day in which you should not have recited the catechism of Poland's wrongs. My fault—mine."

"Forgive me, Wassielewski."

"But another day of retribution is coming. There will be another massacre of Polish patriots to rouse Poland out of her sleep, and fill the hearts of Polish women with renewed hatred. You and I shall be among the slain, and yet you do not rejoice."

He looked forward to his own death with exaltation, much as a Christian martyr brought before Nero may have looked to the cross or the stake with the fiery fervour of a confessor who glorifies the faith. And he lamented that I, fifty years younger than himself, with no personal memories of struggle and of wrong, could not rise to his level of self-sacrifice.

"I do not rejoice, Wassielewski. I have no wish, not the slightest, to be killed, even for Poland."

He groaned.

"You *must* wish. You must go with me as I go, ready to be killed—because we shall not succeed this time—for the cause. You must feel as I feel. The others think we shall not fail; they know nothing; those of us who have better information know that Russia is too strong. I want to take you with me knowing all. I pray, night and morning, that you may come to me of your own accord, saying, 'Son of Roman Pulaski and the Lady Claudia, I belong to Poland.'"

I was deeply moved by the old man's eagerness.

"What can I say, Wassielewski? When I am with you my spirit leaps up at your words. Helpless hunchback as I am, I am ready to go with you and do what you command. Away from you, my patriotism is feeble, and I care little for Poland. Forgive me, but I tell you the simple truth."

"There is one thing I have never told you. I meant to keep it till I landed you on the sacred soil of Poland. But I will tell you now. No; not now. I must go home and think before I can tell you that. Come to me to-morrow at this time, to my room, where you and I can talk alone. You will need to be alone with me when you hear all, Ladislas Pulaski—with that knowledge ringing in your brain, the scales will fall from your eyes and you shall see."

What was he to tell me? Were there not horrors enough that I had heard already? Men beaten to death; men tortured by the knout; men sent by thousands into exile; women insulted; brides robbed of their bridegrooms, mothers of their sons; was there one single outrage in the long list of possible crimes that had been committed in that dark story of Polish revolt and Russian repression? Needs must, but war brings misery. The annals of the world are red with tears of blood; "woe to the conquered" is the inevitable law; but such woe, such tears, such misery, as fell upon Poland by the will of the Czar are surely unequalled since the days when a conquered people all fell by the sword, or were led away to a hopeless servitude. What more had Wassielewski to tell me?

By some strange irony I always met Herr Räumer after Wassielewski had been with me. That same evening, as I came home from a walk with Celia, I was saluted by him. He looked down upon me with his white shaggy eyebrows and his green spectacles, as if half in pity, half in contempt. In his presence I felt a very small conspirator indeed.

"I saw you this morning," he said, "walking and talking with your old rebel, Wassielewski. Brave old man! Energetic old man! Useful to his friends. And, oh! how useful to his country!"

Nothing could surpass the intense scorn in his voice.

"He is getting up another little rebellion, I gather from certain Cracow papers. At least, there are indications of another rising, and it is not likely that Wassielewski will be out of it. Such a chance does not come often."

"You mean, such a chance for Poland?"

"No—I mean for a conspirator. You do not understand—how can you?—the charm of rebellion. Once a rebel—always a rebel. It is like acting. Those who have faced the footlights once are always wanting to go on again. Wassielewski is seventy years of age, and for sixty, or thereabouts, has been conspiring. It would have been a good thing for Poland had some one knocked him on the head when he first began. And a good thing for you."

"Why for me?"

"Because Roman Pulaski would still be living and still be a great proprietor in Poland; because you would have been, as he was, a friend and *protégé* of the Imperial Court."

"How do you know so much about me?"

He laughed.

"I have read current history. I read, and I remember. And I know the story of Roman Pulaski. It was Wassielewski who took your father from his quiet chateau, and launched him on the stormy waters of rebellion. Thank him, then, not Russia, for all your misfortunes. You ought to be very grateful to that old man."

This was a new view of the case, and, for the moment, a staggerer.

"That is for the past, Ladislas Pulaski. Now for the future."

"What of the future?"

"It is a Paradise of Fools. In the Future Poland will be restored; there will be no more wars; nationalities will not be repressed in the Future——"

"At all events, it is better to believe in the Future than in the Present."

"You think so? That is because you are young. I believe in the Present because I am old. I love the Present, and work for it. When I am dead people may say of me what they like, and may do what they like. That is their own business. I eat well; I drink good wine; I read French novels; I smoke excellent tobacco: what more can the Future give me? Your friend Wassielewski fought once for the Future. He gets tenpence a day for his reward; he fiddles for sailors; he conspires for Poland; he will die in some obscure field leading peasants armed with scythes against Russian troops armed with rifles."

"I would rather be Wassielewski than——"

"Than I? *Ça va sans dire.* You are young," he laughed, and showed his white teeth. "Meantime, remember what I told you. Where there are three conspirators there is one traitor. Have nothing to do with them; refuse to be murdered for Poland; go on with your music-lessons—anything you like—but do not join conspiracies."

He seemed to know everything, this man. For the first time a strange thought crossed my brain. Could he have *received* intelligence of the intended rising?

"I mean well by you, Ladislas Pulaski, although you suspect me, and do not love me. That does not matter. I wish to see you kept out of the fatal business which killed your father.

"Crack-brained idiots!" he ejaculated. "There is in the Kremlin a box. In the box is a most valuable document, shown to strangers as a curiosity. It is the Constitution of Poland. Reflect upon that fact. Again, there is outside Cracow a mound erected in immortal memory of Kosciusko. It is a mound so high that it dominates the town. Therefore, the Austrians have turned it into a fort by which, if necessary, to crush the town. That is another inspiriting fact for a Pole to consider."

"It is like the Austrians."

"Doubtless. Otherwise they would not have built their fort. You would have preferred seeing them sympathise with the fallen hero. England and France have made of Poland a beautiful theme for the most exalted sentiments and speeches. But they do not fight for Poland. Voltaire, who did not share in the general enthusiasm, even wrote a burlesque poem on the Poles. Then England put clauses in the Treaty of 1815 to ensure the government of the country by her Constitution. When Nicholas laughed at the clauses and tore up the treaty, England and France did not fight. Who keeps treaties when he is strong enough to break them? Who goes to war for a broken treaty when he is not strong enough? What does the new Czar say to the Poles? 'No dreams, gentlemen.' It is a dream to believe that Poland is not abandoned. It is a dream that a few madmen can get up a successful rebellion. *Finis Poloniæ!*"

He inhaled a tremendous volume of smoke, and sent it up in the air in a thick cloud.

"Look——There goes the liberty of Poland. Say I will, Ladislas Pulaski?"

"No," I replied, bluntly.

"Did you ever hear what a great Pole said when they wanted him to conspire? '*Mourir pour la patrie? Oui, je comprends cela; mais y vivre? Jamais.*' And he did neither."

I was filled with strange forebodings; with that feeling of expectancy which sometimes comes over one at moments when there seems impending the stroke of Fate; I could not rest; wild dreams crossed my brain. Nor was Celia happier. We wandered backwards and forwards in the leafy and shady retreat, restless and unhappy. The great elms about us were bright with their early foliage of sweet young June; the birds were flying about among the branches where they were never disturbed; the thrush with his low and cheerful note, surely the most contented among birds; the blackbird with his carol, a bird of sanguine temperament; the blue tit, the robin, the chaffinch—we knew every one of them by sight because we saw them everyday. And the meadows at the foot of the walls were bright with golden cups.

"How can I give it up, Cis?" I asked.

She answered with her sweet sad smile. We had both been brooding in silence.

"I am selfish," she said. "I think of nothing but my own troubles. You must not give it up, Laddy. You belong here, to the Captain, and to me. You must not go out among strangers."

I shook my head.

"Wessielewski says I must. It would be hard to tear myself away, Cis—not to talk to you ever again, to see you no more."

"Why no more, Laddy?"

"I am to give more than my presence to the revolt, Cis. I am to give what Wassielewski gives—my life."

Just then we saw him marching along the ramparts towards us. His eyes were upon us, but he saw nothing. He came nearer and nearer, but he took no notice; he swung his arms violently to and fro; his long white hair streamed behind him in the wind; he carried his black felt hat in one hand; he halted when he came to the wall of the bastion, leaned for a moment upon the rampart, gazing fixedly out upon the bright waters of the harbour. What did he see there? Then he turned and faced us, but spoke as if he saw us not.

"The time is at hand," he murmured, in the low tones of a prophet. "The wolves and the ravens may gather in the woods and wait for the dead. The mothers shall array their sons—the wives shall buckle the sword for their husbands, the daughters for their lovers; once in every generation the sacrifice of the bravest and noblest, till the time comes; till then the best must die."

"Not Ladislas," cried Celia, throwing herself in front of me. "Take any one else, take whom you please to be murdered. But you shall not take my brother Ladislas."

He made no answer; I suppose he did not hear. Presently he stepped lightly from the breastwork, and walked slowly away, still waving his arms in a sort of triumph.

"He is mad, Laddy," Celia whispered. "You must not trust your fate to a madman."

"He is only mad sometimes, Cis. It is when he thinks too much about the past."

"Laddy, if you go away and leave me; if Leonard—but that is impossible. God will be good to us—yet. I could not bear my life without you."

"Tell me, Cis dear, has he pressed for an answer?"

She shook her head.

"It is not that," she said. "He is patient. But it is my father. Do not put my thoughts into words, Laddy. They are too dreadful. And my mother sees nothing."

NOTE.——The vessel depicted in the illustration to this story last week was not the *Asia*, as stated underneath, but the *Blonde*, an old French prize.

(To be continued)

◆

HELIGOLAND

THE rough Frisian doggrel which declares that the little group of islands called after the largest, Heligoland, is made up of red earth, green grass, and white sand, hits off in four lines pretty nearly the main features of this small but important English possession. The islands stand in the North Sea, about forty miles from the German coast, and at nearly the same distance from the mouths of the Elbe, the Weser, the Eyder, and the Jade, on which Williamshaven, the comparatively new dockyard of Germany, has been built. These rivers are frozen over in the winter and are not navigable, whereas the roadstead of Heligoland is open, and on one side or the other affords always a safe anchorage. Besides Heligoland there is Sandy Island, where everybody bathes; a terrible net-work of rocks extends on every side, of which the principal are the Monk and the Steen. The main island is scarcely a mile in length, and is divided into High land and Low land; as one is 170 feet in some parts above the other, you have to climb a flight of 203 steps to get to it, and on its summit stands a magnificent lighthouse. Comparatively little is known about Heligoland in England, and it really deserves a closer acquaintance. The improvements the present Governor has made during the last ten years have so changed it that Heligoland, if revisited, by one who knew it then, would be almost unrecognisable. From an island inhabited by a lawless, reckless set of people given up to peculation, plunder, and pillage, without credit or character, it is now inhabited by a clean, tidy-looking set of people, whose winter occupation is fishing and salvaging, employing themselves in summer in ministering to the wants of visitors, Austrian and German, who come to enjoy the pure air, the delicious sea-bathing on Sandy Island, and the quiet and rest of a place, where everybody can do exactly as they like. On Sandy Island, very good sport can sometimes be obtained, especially in autumn, when the woodcocks arrive, and in winter, when the wild-fowl of all kinds land in great numbers. Once there were a few rabbits, but they have long since died or been exterminated by visitors. In the memory of man we believe there never has been a single live rabbit on Heligoland itself, so that the fables one is constantly hearing of the island being gradually undermined and scratched into the sea by those active little animals are entirely false.

The history of Heligoland extends far backwards into the dim regions of mythology. In more recent times it was a dependency of Denmark. Napoleon used it as a storehouse until September, 1807, when it was blockaded by a small English squadron under Admiral Russel, to whom it surrendered after a short resistance. By the Treaties of Paris, in 1814 and 1815, Heligoland was finally transferred to Great Britain, in whose possession it has ever since remained under the rule of a Governor. But there were many old abuses to correct, and it was difficult to change bad habits. The old "Strandricht" became virtually a court for giving legal sanction to acts of peculation and piracy, which the new Governor found himself at last powerless to stop. The clergyman used to pray in the church for wrecks, and would be the first to lead his parishioners to murder and pillage. Shaky shipowners with leaky ships knew only too well where to send them to make sure of never hearing of them any more, while merchants found out that it was more than useless to attempt to recover debts in Heligoland.

In 1864 the Heligolanders had the excitement of witnessing a naval engagement in their waters between the Austrian Admiral Tegethoff and the Danes, in which the former was very severely handled, and lost 82 out of his crew of 300 men. In 1870-71, during the Franco-Prussian War, the islanders were kept in a continued state of excitement by the arrival of stray prizes taken by one or other of the combatants, and occasionally by the landing of a boat's crew in search of water and provisions. Sometimes questions of neutrality arose, but they were all amicably settled.

To turn, however, to more domestic and peaceful matters, the usual autumn English tourist might do worse than go to Heligoland. After a five hours' river and a three hours' sea passage from Hamburg, he would find himself on a pleasant little pier running out into the sea from among clusters of clean little wooden houses, and would land in a town inhabited by a picturesque Frisian population. The dress of the women is pretty enough, consisting of a pink or bright red cloth petticoat, edged with a wide band of gold braid, a white high dress open behind to show the petticoat, and a pretty twist of the Heligoland colours, red, green, and white, in satin ribbons with gold fringes, which form a sort of turban on their heads. On Sundays, however, they shroud their finery in a long black full cloak, with a dark poke bonnet, something like a Quaker's. The men look just like sailors on the stage, with their light blue shirts, bright coloured comforters and caps, and wide trousers tucked into high thick boots. Everybody seems to let lodgings, and it is absurd to see the way in which they rush down to the beach when the Hamburg steamer is in sight, to introduce themselves and their houses to the notice of the travellers. If they have not exactly turned their swords into ploughshares, they have, at all events, left off wrecking and pillaging, and devote themselves to more peaceful occupations. There are very nice people to be met here, principally Austrians and Germans, and there is an excellent little theatre, with good actors from all parts of Europe. There is also an excellent band, to whose music you may listen two or three times a day; the bathing is simply delightful, and is so well managed that you take your bath in perfect privacy as well as luxury. A sail across to Sandy Island, breakfast at an excellent little restaurant, and a brisk walk among the sand-heaps, with a stroll along the shore to wind up, make out a very pleasant morning. In summer Heligoland is a most enjoyable place, but what shall we say in winter, when, as is frequently the case in the North Sea, it blows great gales for weeks together, and even the inhabitants can scarcely leave their inhospitable shores. But the pleasure and health-seeking summer visitors are sure thoroughly to enjoy a stay of two or three months on the island during the summer days of the year.

THE READER

"MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE STAAL" (Bentley and Sons), translated by Selina Bathurst. A book which Fontenelle described as "pleasantly written but not worth writing," may prove very tolerable reading to us who, unlike Fontenelle, are a full century and a half away from the times of the Regent and Dubois, of the Duc du Maine and the Grand Nights at Seaux, from the period of which Saint Simon has left so true a picture, and the society which Le Sage has hardly caricatured in his imaginary Spaniard. Nor, if the criticism does at times suggest itself on turning over its pages, will it prevent our lingering long over the story of the *protégée* of the Duchesses de la Ferté and du Maine, the cleverest of those clever portionless girls whom the *grandes dames* of the old *régime* would sometimes take from the convent or from the fields to pet and patronise for a while, then use as half companion, half *soubrette*, then marry off in the sere and yellow leaf to elderly widower, obliging guardsman, or *chevalier*, who, like the proffered bride, had overstayed his market. There is much that reminds us of Fanny Burney with Queen Charlotte in this tragi-comic diary of the fair and witty Mdlle. de Launay—the petted darling of her convent and of the learned friends of the good abbess—in her semi-servitude at Seaux, all loyalty and conviction that a princess's favour is a sacred thing, yet all conscious, too, that it has its inconveniences, now trembling lest she be sent to the ladies' maids' room for good, now consoling herself in the Bastille with the thought that imprisonment is but another form of captivity, or now again recounting in old age her innocent *affaires du cœur*, or her more serious negotiations for sober matrimony (with the widowed husband of the learned Madame Dacier among others), till mated at last with the respectable Lieutenant in the Guards, who thus gains at once a Captaincy and a wife. Historically, perhaps, the Memoirs are of little value—their one great incident, the story of the Porto Carrem plot, having been often told before. As sketches of the times, enlivened by a thousand touches which only a clever Frenchwoman could bestow, they are in many ways most excellent, though not a few may think with Grimm that their most interesting personage after all is that honest Lieutenant of the Bastille—one of Thackeray's Newfoundland dog-like men—who falls in love with his fair prisoner, fetches and carries for her like a slave, arranges meetings with her careless suitor De Mesnil, and, on her release goes quietly into the country and dies. The translator has done good service in re-introducing to the general public these little-known and piquant memoirs.

In "European Colonies" (Macmillan and Co.), or Part VII. of Mr. E. A. Freeman's "Historical Course for Schools," Mr. E. J. Payne has been fortunate enough to light on an almost virgin field of history. So new, indeed, and scantly known and rich in matter is the subject—how many, for instance, could tell off-hand the story of the Central American Pentarchy, or the lives even of Bolivar and Paez?—one quite regrets that it should be compressed, however ably, within the limits of a schoolboy's manual. For to found colonies has been perhaps the special gift of the European races, from days when the Mediterranean shores were to them the limits of the habitable world, and colonisation only came to an end when every sea-board State was welded into the empire of Rome, to the aftertime when the old dream of lands beyond the outer ocean became a certainty, and colonisation began anew, less now under the auspices of kings and states than of hardy seamen and shrewd merchant traders. Nothing can well be better than the arrangement of Mr. Payne's manual, from the general survey of the "Old Europe and the New" to the detailed history of the colonies of each nation in the successive eras of dependency and independence, or more complete than its able summary of the events connected with their growth and progress, with the single exception, perhaps, of its somewhat scanty notice of the Portuguese in Africa. Condensed as it is, it is a volume which boys will turn to with pleasure, and many grown men with much advantage. Greater expansion would have made it more interesting than the best romance.

"A Hand-book of Brazil," by the Messrs. Mullhall, editors of the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, and authors of a well-known "Guide to the River Plate," although a somewhat startling volume at first sight—one half on dingy paper and faint type of native manufacture, the other clear and clean from the presses of Messrs. Spottiswoode—will be found on closer inspection both readable and useful. "Hand-book," of course, in a country as large as Europe, and for three-fourths of its extent hardly more trodden of white men than Central Africa, is a term to be used with some reservation. It is only for inhabited Brazil—for the provinces of the coast and the lands abutting on the authors' own Republics of the Plate that anything strictly to be called "guide-book" can be written, and this the Messrs. Mullhall have done well. The chapters on Rio and Bahia, the general survey of public and private enterprise in the Empire, and the descriptions of a run through ruined Paraguay and among the flourishing German colonies of Rio Grande do Sul—the only European settlements that have prospered in Brazil, and these, we suspect, only after a process of "survival of the fittest"—are especially interesting, if here and there a little rose-coloured.

"Colonial Experience in New Zealand," by An Old Colonist (Chapman and Hall), or the struggles of a settler in the South Island ere Canterbury had come into being, and when flour was often classed among the luxuries of life, must claim approval as a plain, but evidently truthful, tale of competence achieved by honest work, and readiness to turn one's hand to anything, rather than for dramatic incident or adventure. The references to colonial politics will prove, we fear, *caviare* to the great mass of English readers.

Adventures, on the other hand, of the most melodramatic type will be found and to spare in Mr. J. C. Fernan's "Reign of Rosas" (S. Tinsley), or reminiscences in the garb of fiction of the days when the "Tiger of Buenos Ayres" and his *masorcheros* were names of fear from the Andes to the coast. As illustrative of the Reign of Terror on the Plate some five-and-thirty years ago the three stories which make up the volume possess an interest to which, simply *as* stories, they could have little claim.

The wintering of Barents and his mates in Ice Haven, Novaya Zemlya, just twenty years short of three centuries ago, has ever since been ranked among the minor romances of Arctic voyaging. Revisited for the first time in 1871 by the Norwegian Carlsen, the spot where the Dutch sailors had found shelter yielded up many relics of their stay, which were deposited shortly afterwards in the Museum at the Hague. Another visit in 1876 by Mr. Gardner, in the yacht *Glow-worm*, brought to light after much pains some further relics—the most important of these a paper signed "Barents," and the fragments of a quaint book of pious songs, with which no doubt the worthy mariners beguiled the tedium of their imprisonment. In a pretty little volume "The Barents Relics" (Trübner and Co.), Mr. Van Campen has given us, with map and preface, a translation of the official narrative of the latter "find" by Mr. de Jonge, the deputy archivist of the Hague. A volume not perhaps of great importance, but a pleasing souvenir for those who love a legend of the sea.

Names crowd almost too thickly on one another in Vol. III. and last of M. Van Laun's "History of French Literature" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), or from the end of the reign of Louis XIV. to the end of the reign of Louis Philippe. With the death of the Grand Monarque the age of authority passed definitely away. Even the poor *faiseurs des vers*, the mediocre fabulists, dramatists, and essayists, who form the link between the Augustan epoch and the new, feel on them a strange breath of liberty. With Montesquieu and his Spirit of Laws, and with the reaction upon France of the sceptical materialistic spirit that was born in England, but bore there no practical fruit, begins the era of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, of the men who paved the way for the destructive ardour of the Revolution. From the temporary stagnation of literature under the First Empire, and the fierce passion of an age of conquest, is born again that revival of romanticism which in a few years under Victor Hugo and his friends will deprive the old classicalism of the last remnants of its ascendancy. The Novel takes its place beside the Drama. The newspaper and the review first supplement, then almost supersede, the oratory of the pulpit and the tribune. Poetry in the hands of Hugo, Beranger, or Musset imbibes new strength by drinking once again of the older fountains of French minstrelsy. Thiers and Louis Blanc, Guizot and Michelet, represent with equal success the philosophical and the descriptive schools of history.

◆

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE plan of the work, as set forth in a careful preface, renders criticism of "The *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, transcribed by Robert Browning," (Smith, Elder), somewhat difficult from a poetical point of view. Where the avowed object is, at all hazards, to give a literally faithful reproduction of the original, it becomes a question whether we are entitled to look for ordinary rhythmic graces in what claims, above all, to be a translation such as may give the unlearned reader some adequate notion of the meaning of the Greek poet. On the other hand, it is impossible not to feel that a work professing to embody itself in English metres,—especially when the subject is one of such magnificence,—should as far as possible approximate to the most stately and melodious form of verse, and this we cannot feel that Mr. Browning's translation does, whether in its blank verse or its lyrics. Occasionally the poet even seems wilfully to have sacrificed smoothness, as for instance in the opening lines of Cassandra's speech at page 113, where we read

> Yet once for all, to speak a speech, I fain am:

although the natural grammatical sequence of the last three words would have been more melodious, without in any way affecting the sense of the passage, or its faithfulness. In short, as the production of a scholar, and a sincere lover of the Greek drama, the book challenges admiration, and will have its use; considered as a poem it falls short of what may be desired. Not but that it contains passages of great merit; such are the description, by the chorus, of Iphigenia's death:

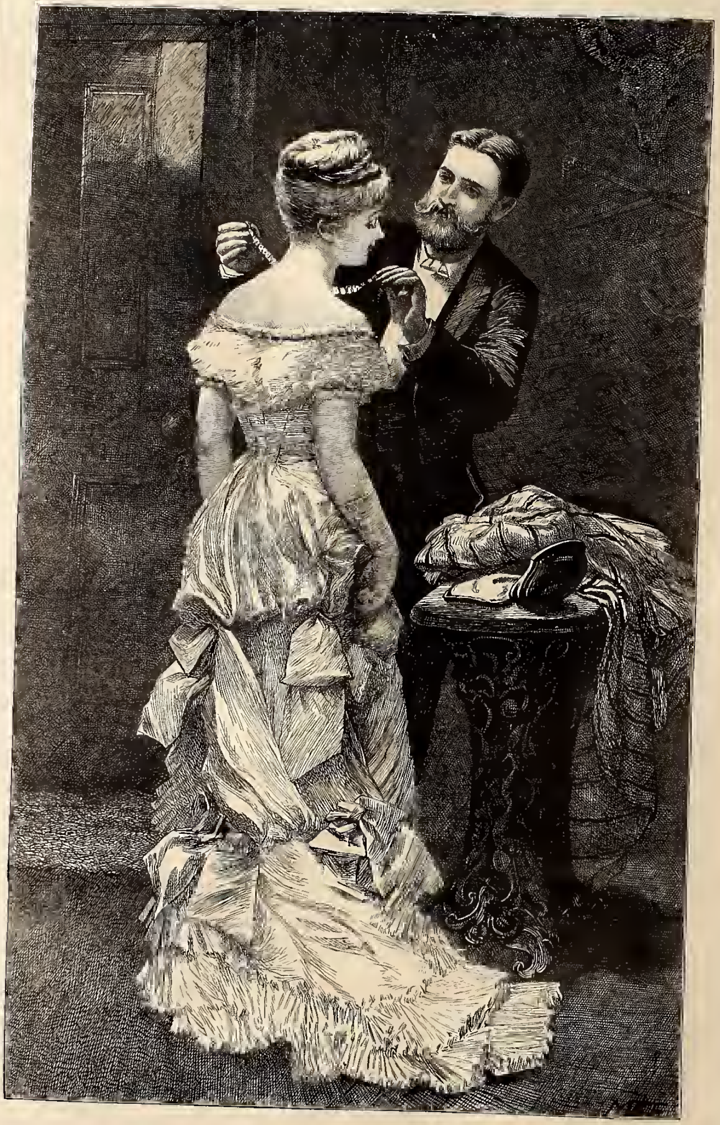
> And as to ground her saffron-vest she shed,
> She smote the sacrificers all and each
> With arrow sweet and piteous,
> From the eye only sped,—
> Significant of will to use a word,
> Just as in pictures: since, full many a time,
> In her sire's guest-hall, by the well-heaped board
> Had she made music,—lovingly with clime
> Of her chaste voice, that unpolluted thing
> Honoured the third libation,—paian that should bring
> Good fortune to the sire she loved so well.

Almost equally good are the lines beginning "O Zeus the king, and friendly Night;" but as a rule it is in the spirit of the words, rather than in their form, that the manifold beauties of the poem must be sought. Of Mr. Browning's employment of the Greek forms of orthography there is nothing to be said; such a course is, at any time, a matter of taste, and in a work professing the object of the present there is much to be said in its favour. But the "Agamemnon" in this its English dress will appeal to the scholar rather than the poet.

There is at times considerable power shown in "Dion: a Tragedy; and Poems," by Walter Rew (Trübner), but the play is marred by prolixity in its earlier portions, and a tendency to obscurity of diction. The author has probably formed his style upon that of Mr. Browning; but at times he shows that he does not want a certain amount of native poetic talent, and his verse is best when most original. There is, for example, true dramatic force in the scene between Pallasana and the tyrant Dionysius, and the hero's address to the troops, which opens

> I fly to save my Syracuse. And yet—

is a good, ringing piece of declamatory verse. But better than anything else is the fragment "Prometheus," both thoughtful and musical; the lyrics are not particularly good.



"THE FINISHING TOUCH"

FROM THE PICTURE BY MRS. STAPLES, EXHIBITED IN THE BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.

THE FIRST DAY—THE AMBUSH

XIV.

THE D'ORSAY BARRACKS

(continued)

COLONEL FERAY, the son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud, was in command at the barracks; he offered the use of his drawing-room to M. de Broglie and to M. Odilon Barrot, who accepted it. The barrack doors were opened to M. de Kératry, on account of his great age, to M. Dufaure, as his wife had just been confined, and to M. Étienne, on account of the wound which he had received that morning in the Rue de Bourgogne. At the same time there were added to the two hundred and twenty MM. Eugène Sue, Benoist (du Rhône), Fayolle, Chanay, Toupet des Vignes, Radoubt-Lafosse, Arbey, and Teillard-Latérisse, who up to that time had been detained in the new Palace of Foreign Affairs.

Towards 8 o'clock in the evening, when dinner was over, the restrictions were a little relaxed, and the intermediate space between the door and the barred gate of the barracks began to be littered with carpet bags and articles of toilet sent by the families of the imprisoned Representatives.

The Representatives were summoned by their names. Each went down in turn, and briskly remounted with his cloak, his coverlet, or his foot-warmer. A few ladies succeeded in making their way to their husbands. M. Chambolle was able to press his son's hand through the bars.

Suddenly a voice called out, "Oho! We are going to spend the night here." Mattresses were brought in, which were thrown on the tables, on the floor, anywhere.

Fifty or sixty Representatives found resting-places on them. The greater number remained on their benches. Marc Dufraisse settled himself to pass the night on a footstool, leaning on a table. Happy was the man who had a chair.

Nevertheless, cordiality and gaiety did not cease to prevail. "Make room for the 'burgomasters!' said smilingly a venerable veteran of the Right. A young Republican Representative rose, and offered him his mattress. They pressed on each other offers of overcoats, cloaks, and coverlets.

"Reconciliation," said Chamiot, while offering the half of his mattress to the Duc de Luynes. The Duc de Luynes, who had 80,000*l.* a year, smiled, and replied to Chamiot: "You are St. Martin, and I am the beggar."

M. Paillet, the well-known barrister, who belonged to the "Third Estate," used to say, "I passed the night in a Bonapartist straw mattress, wrapt in a burnouse of the Mountain, my feet in a Democratic and Socialist sheepskin, and my head in a Legitimist cotton nightcap."

The Representatives, although prisoners in the barracks, could stroll about freely. They were allowed to go down into the courtyard. M. Cordier (of Calvados) came upstairs again saying: "I have just spoken to the soldiers. They did not know that their generals had been arrested. They appeared surprised and discontented." This incident raised the prisoners' hopes.

Representative Michel Renaud of the Basses-Pyrénees found several of his compatriots of the Basque country amongst the Chasseurs de Vincennes who occupied the courtyard. Some had voted for him, and reminded him of the fact. They added, "Ah! We would again vote for the 'Red' list." One of them, quite a young man, took him aside, and said to him. "Do you want any money, sir? I have a forty sous piece in my pocket."

Towards ten o'clock in the evening a great hubbub arose in the courtyard. The doors and the barred gate turned noisily upon their hinges. Something entered which rumbled like thunder. They leaned out of window, and saw at the foot of the steps a sort of big, oblong chest, painted black, yellow, red, and green, on four wheels, drawn by post horses, and surrounded by men in long overcoats, and with fierce-looking faces, holding torches. In the gloom, and with the help of imagination, this vehicle appeared completely black. A door could be seen, but no other opening. It resembled a great coffin on wheels. —"What is that? Is it a hearse?"—"No, it is a police-van." —"And those people, are they undertakers?"—"No, they are gaolers."—"And for whom has this come?"

"For you, gentlemen!" cried out a voice.

It was the voice of an officer; and the vehicle which had just entered was in truth a police-van.

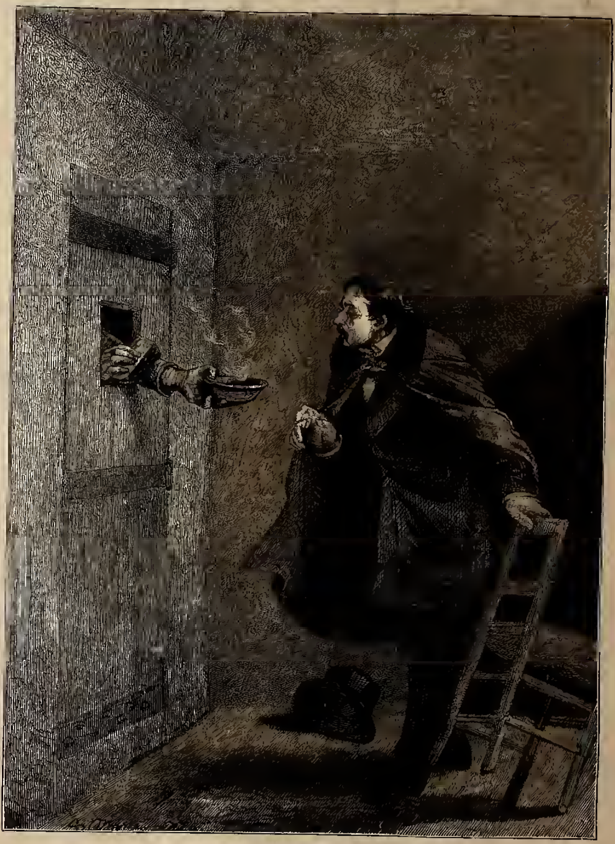
At the same time a word of command was heard: "First squadron to horse." And five minutes afterwards the Lancers who were to escort the vehicle formed in line in the courtyard.

Then arose in the barracks the buzz of a hive of angry bees. The Representatives ran up and down the stairs, and went to look at the police-van close at hand. Some of them touched it, and could not believe their eyes. M. Piscatory met M. Chambolle, and cried out to him:—"I am leaving in it!" M. Berryer met Eugène Sue, and they exchanged these words—"Where are you going?"—"To Mount Valérien. And you?"—"I do not know."

At half-past ten the roll call of those who were to leave began. Police agents stationed themselves at a table between two candles in a parlour at the foot of the stairs, and the Representatives were summoned two by two. The Representatives agreed not to answer to their names, and to reply to each name which should be called out, "He is not here." But those "Burgraves" who had accepted the hospitality of Colonel Feray considered such petty resistance unworthy of them, and answered to the calling out of their names. This drew the others after them. Everybody answered. Amongst the Legitimists some serio-comic scenes were enacted. They, who alone were not threatened, insisted on believing that they were in danger. They would not let one of their orators go. They embraced him, and held him back, almost with tears, crying out, "Do not go away! Do you know where they are taking you! Think of the trenches of Vincennes!"

The Representatives, having been summoned two by two, as we have just said, filed in the parlour before the police agents, and then they were ordered to get into the "robbers' box." The stowage was apparently made at haphazard and promiscuously; nevertheless, later, by the difference of the treatment accorded to the Representatives in the various prisons, it was apparent that this promiscuous loading had perhaps been somewhat prearranged. When the first vehicle was full, a second, of a similar construction, drew up. The police agents, pencil and pocket-book in hand, noted down the contents of each vehicle. These men knew the Representatives. When Marc Dufraisse, called in his turn, entered the parlour, he was accompanied by Benoist (du Rhône).—"Ah! here is M. Marc Dufraisse," said the attendant who held the pencil.—When asked for his name Benoist replied "Benoist."—"Du Rhône," added the police agent; and, he continued, "for there are also Benoît d'Azy and Benoît-Champy."

The loading of each vehicle occupied nearly half an hour. The successive arrivals had raised the number of imprisoned Representatives to two hundred and thirty-two. Their embarkation, or, to use the expression of M. de Vatimesnil, their "barrelling-up," which began a little after ten in the evening, was not finished until nearly seven o'clock in the morning. When there were no more police-vans available omnibuses were brought in. These various vehicles were portioned off into three



THE REPRESENTATIVES AT MAZAS

A bell rang in the prison, the grating of the door opened, and an arm held out to the prisoner a pewter porringer and a piece of bread detachments, each escorted by Lancers. The first detachment left towards one o'clock in the morning, and was driven to Mont Valérien; the second towards five o'clock, and was driven to Mazas; the third towards half-past six to Vincennes.

As this business occupied a long time those who had not yet been called benefited by the mattresses and tried to sleep. Thus, from time to time, silence reigned in the upper rooms. In the midst of one of these pauses M. Bixio sat upright, and raising his voice, cried out, "Gentlemen, what do you think of 'passive obedience?" An unanimous burst of laughter was the reply. Again, during one of these pauses another voice exclaimed:

"Romieu will be a senator."

Émile Péan asked:

"What will become of the Red Spectre?"

"He will enter the priesthood," answered Antony Thouret, "and will turn into the Black Spectre."

Other exclamations which the Historians of the Second of December have spread abroad were not uttered. Thus, Marc Dufraisse never made the remark with which the men of Louis Bonaparte have wished to excuse their crimes: "If the President does not shoot all those among us who resist, he does not understand his business."

For the *Coup d'État* such a remark might be convenient; but for History it is false.

The interior of the police-vans was lighted while the Representatives were entering. The air-holes of each compartment were not closed. In this manner Marc Dufraisse through the aperture could see M. du Rémusat in the opposite cell to his own. M. du Rémusat had entered the van coupled with M. Duvergier de Hauranne.

"Upon my word, Monsieur Marc Dufraisse," exclaimed Duvergier de Hauranne, when they jostled each other in the gangway of the vehicle, "upon my word, if any one had told me that 'You will go to Mazas in a police-van,' I should have said, 'It is improbable;' but if they had added, 'You will go with Marc Dufraisse,' I should have said, 'It is impossible!'"

As soon as a vehicle was full five or six policemen entered and stood in the gangway. The door was shut, the steps were thrown up, and they drove off.

When all the police-vans had been filled there were still some Representatives left. As we have said, omnibuses were brought into requisition. Into these Representatives were thrust, one upon the other, rudely, without deference for either age or name. Colonel Feray, on horseback, superintended and directed operations. As he mounted the steps of the last vehicle but one, the Duc de Montebello cried out to him, "To-day is the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, and the son-in-law of Marshal Bugeaud compels the son of Marshal Launes to enter a convicts' van."

When the last omnibus was reached, there were only seventeen places for eighteen Representatives. The most active mounted first. Antony Thouret, who himself alone equalled the whole of the Right, for he had as much mind as Thiers and as much stomach as Murat, Antony Thouret, corpulent and lethargic, was the last. When he appeared on the threshold of the omnibus in all his hugeness, a cry of alarm arose: "Where was he going to sit?"

Antony Thouret noticing Berryer at the bottom of the omnibus went straight up to him, sat down on his knees, and quietly said to him: "You wanted 'compression,' Monsieur Berryer. Now you have it."

XV.

MAZAS

The police-vans, escorted as far as Mazas by Lancers, found another squadron of Lancers ready to receive them at Mazas. The Representatives descended from the vehicle one by one. The officer commanding the Lancers stood by the door, and watched them pass with a dull curiosity.

Mazas, which has taken the place of the prison of La Force, now pulled down, is a lofty reddish building, close to the terminus of the Lyons Railway, and stands on the waste land of the Faubourg St. Antoine. From a distance the building appears as though built of bricks, but on closer examination it is seen to be constructed of flints set in cement. Six large detached buildings, three stories high, all radiating from a rotunda which serves as the common centre, and touching each other at the starting point, separated by courtyards which grow broader in proportion as the buildings spread out, pierced with a thousand little dormer windows which give light to the cells, surrounded by a high wall, and presenting from a bird's-eye point of view the shape of a fan—such is Mazas. From the rotunda which forms the centre, springs a sort of minaret, which is the alarm tower. The ground floor is a round room, which serves as the registrar's office. On the first storey is a chapel where a single priest says mass for all; and the observatory, where a single attendant keeps watch over all the doors of all the galleries at the same time. Each building is termed a "division." The courtyards are intersected by high walls into a multitude of little oblong walks.

As each Representative descended from the vehicle he was conducted into the rotunda where the registry office was situated. There his name was taken down, and in exchange for his name he was assigned a number. Whether the prisoner be a thief or a legislator, such is always the rule in this prison; the *Coup d'État* reduced all to a footing of equality. As soon as a Representative was registered and numbered, he was ordered to "file off." They said to him, "Go up stairs," or "Go on;" and they announced him at the end of the corridor to which he was allotted by calling out, "Receive Number So-and-So." The gaoler in that particular corridor answered, "Send him on." The prisoner mounted alone, went straight on, and on his arrival found the gaoler standing near an open door. The gaoler said, "Here it is, sir." The prisoner entered, the gaoler shut the door, and they passed on to another.

The *Coup d'État* acted in a very different manner towards the various Representatives. Those whom it desired to conciliate, the men of the Right, were placed in Vincennes; those whom it detested, the men of the Left, were placed in Mazas. Those at Vincennes had the quarters of M. Montpensier, which were expressly reopened for them; an excellent dinner, eaten in company; wax candles, fire, and the smiles and bows of the governor, General Courtigis.

This is how it treated those at Mazas.

A police-van deposited them at the prison. They were transferred from one box to another. At Mazas a clerk registered them, weighed them, measured them, and entered them into the gaol-book as convicts. Having passed through the office, each of them was conducted along a gallery shrouded in darkness, through a long damp vault to a narrow door which was suddenly opened. This reached, a gaoler pushed the Representative in by the shoulders, and the door was shut.

The Representative, thus immured, found himself in a little, long, narrow, dark room. It is this which the prudent language of modern legislation terms a "cell." Here the full daylight of a December noon only produced a dusky twilight. At one end there was a door, with a little grating; at the other, close to the ceiling, at a height of ten or twelve feet, there was a loophole with a fluted-glass window. This window dimmed the eye, and prevented it from seeing the blue or grey of the sky, or from distinguishing the cloud from the sun's ray, and invested the wan daylight of winter with an indescribable uncertainty. It was even less than a dim light, it was a turbid light. The inventors of this fluted window succeeded in making the heavens squint.

After a few moments the prisoner began to distinguish objects confusedly, and this is what he found: Whitewashed walls here and there turned green by various exhalations; in one corner a round hole guarded by iron bars, and exhaling a disgusting smell; in another corner a slab turning upon a hinge like the bracket seat of a *fiacre*, and thus capable of being used as a table; no bed; a straw-bottomed chair; under foot a brick floor. Gloom was the first impression; cold was the second.

There, then, the prisoner found himself, alone, chilled, in this semi-darkness, being able to walk up and down the space of eight square feet like a caged wolf, or to remain seated on his chair like an idiot at Bicêtre.

In this situation an ex-Republican of the Eve, who had become a member of the majority, and on occasions sided somewhat with the Bonapartists, M. Émile Leroux, who had, moreover, been thrown into Mazas by mistake, having doubtless been taken for some other Leroux, began to weep with rage. Three, four, five hours thus passed away. In the mean while they had not eaten since the morning; some of them, in the excitement caused by the *Coup d'État*, had not even breakfasted. Hunger came upon them. Were they to be forgotten there? No; a bell rang in the prison, the grating of the door opened, and an arm held out to the prisoner a pewter porringer and a piece of bread.

The prisoner greedily seized the bread and the porringer. The bread was black and sticky; the porringer contained a sort of thick water, warm and reddish. Nothing can be compared to the smell of this "soup." As for the bread, it only smelt of mouldiness.

However great their hunger, most of the prisoners during the first moment threw down their bread on the floor, and emptied the porringer down the hole with the iron bars.

Nevertheless the stomach craved, the hours passed by, they picked up the bread, and ended by eating it. One prisoner went so far as to pick up the porringer and to attempt to wipe out the bottom with his bread, which he afterwards devoured. Subsequently, this prisoner, a Representative set at liberty in exile, described to me this dietary, and said to me, "A hungry stomach has no nose."

Meanwhile there was absolute solitude and profound silence. However, in the course of a few hours M. Émile Leroux—he himself has told the fact to M. Versigny—heard on the other side of the wall on his right a sort of curious knocking, spaced out and intermittent at irregular intervals. He listened, and almost at the same moment on the other side of the wall to his left a similar rapping responded. M. Émile Leroux, enraptured—what a pleasure it was to hear a noise of some kind!—thought of his colleagues, prisoners like himself, and cried out in a tremendous voice—"Oh, oh! you are there also, you fellows!" He had scarcely uttered this sentence when the door of his cell was opened with a creaking of hinges and bolts; a man—the gaoler—appeared in a great rage, and said to him:—

"Hold your tongue!"

The Representative of the People, somewhat bewildered, asked for an explanation.

"Hold your tongue," replied the gaoler, "or I will pitch you into the dungeon."

This gaoler spoke to the prisoner as the *Coup d'État* spoke to the nation.

M. Émile Leroux, with his persistent parliamentary habits, nevertheless attempted to insist.

"What!" said he, "can I not answer the signals which two of my colleagues are making to me?"

"Two of your colleagues, indeed," answered the gaoler, "they are two thieves." And he shut the door, shouting with laughter.

They were, in fact, two thieves, between whom M. Émile Leroux was, not crucified, but locked up.

The Mazas prison is so ingeniously built that the least word can be heard from one cell to another. Consequently there is no isolation, notwithstanding the cellular system. Thence this rigorous silence imposed by the perfect and cruel logic of the rules. What do the thieves do? They have invented a telegraphic system of raps, and the rules gain nothing by their stringency. M. Émile Leroux had simply interrupted a conversation which had been begun.

"Don't interfere with our friendly patter," cried out his thief neighbour, who for this exclamation was thrown into the dungeon.

Such was the life of the Representatives at Mazas. Moreover, as they were in secret confinement, not a book, not a sheet of paper, not a pen, not even an hour's exercise in the courtyard was allowed to them.

The thieves also go to Mazas, as we have seen.

But those who know a trade are permitted to work; those who know how to read are supplied with books; those who know how to write are granted a desk and paper; all are permitted the hour's exercise required by the laws of health and authorised by the rules.

The Representatives were allowed nothing whatever. Isolation, close confinement, silence, darkness, cold, "the amount of *ennui* which engenders madness," as Linguet has said when speaking of the Bastille.

To remain seated on a chair all day long, with arms and legs crossed. Such was the situation. But the bed! Could they lie down?"

No.

There was no bed.

At eight o'clock in the evening the gaoler came into the cell, and reached down, and removed something which was rolled up on a plank near the ceiling. This "something" was a hammock.

The hammock having been fixed, hooked up, and spread out, the gaoler wished his prisoner "Good night."

There was a blanket on the hammock, sometimes a mattress some two inches thick. The prisoner, wrapt in this covering, tried to sleep, and only succeeded in shivering.

But on the morrow he could at least remain lying down all day in his hammock?

Not at all.

At seven o'clock in the morning the gaoler came in, wished the Representative "Good morning," made him get up, and rolled up the hammock on its shelf near the ceiling.

But in this case could not the prisoner take down the authorised hammock, unroll it, hook it up, and lie down again?

"Yes, he could. But then there was the dungeon.

This was the routine. The hammock for the night, the chair for the day.

Let us be just, however. Some obtained beds, amongst others MM. Thiers and Roger (du Nord). M. Grévy did not have one.

Mazas is a model prison of progress; it is certain that Mazas is preferable to the *piombi* of Venice, and to the under-water dungeon of the Châtelet. Theoretical philanthropy has built Mazas. Nevertheless, as has been seen, Mazas leaves plenty to be desired. Let us acknowledge that from a certain point of view the temporary solitary confinement of the lawmakers at Mazas does not displease us. There was perhaps something of Providence in the *Coup d'État*. Providence, in placing the Legislators within Mazas, has performed an act of good education. Eat of your own cooking; it is not a bad thing that those who own prisons should try them.

XVI.

THE EPISODE OF THE BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN

When Charamaule and I reached No. 70, Rue Blanche, a steep lonely street, a man in a sort of naval sub-officer's uniform was walking up and down before the door. The portress, who recognised us, called our attention to him. "Nonsense," said Charamaule, "a man walking about in that manner, and dressed after that fashion, is assuredly not a police spy."

"My dear colleague," said I, "Bedeau has proved that the police are blockheads."

We went upstairs. The drawing-room and a little antechamber which led to it were full of Representatives, with whom were mingled a good many persons who did not belong to the Assembly. Some ex-members of the Constituent Assembly were there, amongst others, Bastide and several Democratic journalists. The *Nationale* was represented by Alexander Rey and Léopold Duras, the *Révolution* by Xavier Durrieu, Vasbenter, and Watripon, the *Avénement du Peuple* by H. Coste, nearly all the other editors of the *Avénement* being in prison. About sixty members of the Left were there, and among others Edgar Quinet, Schœlcher, Madier de Montjau, Carnot, Noël Parfait, Pierre Lefranc, Bancel, de Flotte, Bruckner, Chaix, Cassal, Esquiros, Durand-Savoyat, Yvan, Carlos Forel, Etchegoyen, Labrousse, Barthélemy (Eure-et-Loire), Huguenin, Aubry (du Nord), Malardier, Victor Chauffour, Belin, Renaud, Bac, Versigny, Sain, Joigneaux, Brives, Guilgot, Pelletier, Doutre, Gindrier, Arnaud (de l'Ariége), Raymond (de l'Isère), Brillier, Maigne, Sartin, Raynaud, Léon Vidal, Lafon, Lamargue, Bourzat, and General Rey.

All were standing. They were talking without order. Léopold Duras had just described the investment of the Café Bonvalet. Jules Favre and Baudin, seated at a little table between the two windows, were writing. Baudin had a copy of the Constitution open before him, and was copying Article 68.

When we entered there was silence, and they asked us: "Well, what news?"

Charamaule told them what had just taken place on the Boulevard du Temple, and the advice which he had thought right to give me. They approved his action.

"What is to be done?" was asked on every side. I began to speak.

"Let us go straight to the fact and to the point," said I. "Louis Bonaparte is gaining ground, and we are losing ground, or rather, we should say, he has as yet everything, and we have as yet nothing. Charamaule and I have been obliged to separate ourselves from Colonel Forestier. I doubt if he will succeed. Louis Bonaparte is doing all he can to suppress us, we must no longer keep in the background. We must make our presence felt. We must fan this beginning of the flame of which we have seen the spark on the Boulevard du Temple. A proclamation must be made, no matter by whom it is printed, or how it is placarded, but it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately. Something brief, rapid, and energetic. No set phrases. Ten lines—an appeal to arms! We are the Law, and there are occasions when the Law should utter a war cry. The Law outlawing the traitor is a great and terrible thing. Let us do it."

They interrupted me with "Yes, that is right, a Proclamation!"

"Dictate! Dictate!"

"Dictate," said Baudin to me, "I will write."

I dictated:

> "To the People.
>
> "Louis Napoléon Bonaparte is a traitor.
>
> "He has violated the Constitution.
>
> "He is forsworn.
>
> "He is an outlaw. . . . ."

They cried out to me on every side:

"That is right! Outlaw him!"

"Go on."

I resumed the dictation. Baudin wrote:

> "The Republican Representatives refer the People and the Army to Article 68. . . . ."

They interrupted me: "Quote it in full."

"No," said I, "it would be too long. Something is needed which can be placarded on a card, stuck with a wafer, and which can be read in a minute. I will quote Article 110. It is short, and contains the appeal to arms." I resumed:

> "The Republican Representatives refer the People and the Army to Article 68 and to Article 110, which runs thus—'The Constituent Assembly confides the existing Constitution and the Laws which it consecrates to the keeping and the patriotism of all Frenchmen.'
>
> "The People henceforward and for ever in possession of universal suffrage, and who need no Prince for its restitution, will know how to chastise the rebel.
>
> "Let the People do its duty. The Republican Representatives are marching at its head.
>
> "Vive la République! To Arms!"

They applauded.

"Let us all sign," said Pelletier.

"Let us try to find a printing-office without delay," said Schoelcher, "and let the proclamation be posted up immediately."

"Before nightfall—the days are short," added Joigneaux.

"Immediately, immediately, several copies!" called out the Representatives.

Baudin, silent and rapid, had already made a second copy of the Proclamation.

A young man, editor of a provincial Republican journal, came out of the crowd, and declared that, if they would give him a copy at once, before two hours should elapse the Proclamation should be posted at all the street corners in Paris.

I asked him:

"What is your name?"

He answered me:

"Milliére."

Millière. It is in this manner that this name made its first appearance in the gloomy days of our History. I can still see that pale young man, that eye at the same time piercing and half-closed, that gentle and forbidding profile. Assassination and the Pantheon awaited him. He was too obscure to enter into the Temple, he was sufficiently deserving to die on its threshold. Baudin showed him the copy which he had just made.

Millière went up to him.

"You do not know me," said he. "My name is Millière, but I know you, you are Baudin."

Baudin held out his hand to him.

I was present at the handshaking between these two spectres.

Xavier Durrieu, who was editor of the *Révolution*, made the same offer as Millière.

A dozen Representatives took their pens, and sat down, some around a table, others with a sheet of paper on their knees, and called out to me:

"Dictate the Proclamation to us."

I had dictated to Baudin, "Louis Napoléon Bonaparte is a traitor." Jules Favre requested the erasure of the word Napoléon, that name of glory fatally powerful with the People and with the Army, and that there should be written, "Louis Bonaparte is a traitor."

"You are right," said I to him.

A discussion followed. Some wished to strike out the word "Prince." But the Assembly was impatient. "Quick! quick!" they cried out. "We are in December, the days are short," repeated Joigneaux.

Twelve copies were made at the same time in a few minutes. Schœlcher, Rey, Xavier Durrieu, and Millière each took one, and set out in search of a printing office.

As they went out a man whom I did not know, but who was greeted by several Representatives, entered and said: "Citizens, this house is marked. Troops are on the way to surround you. You have not a second to lose."

Numerous voices were raised.

"Very well! Let them arrest us!"

"What does it matter to us?"

"Let them complete their crime."

"Colleagues," said I, "let us not allow ourselves to be arrested. After the struggle, as God pleases; but before the combat,—No! It is from us that the people are awaiting the initiative. If we are taken all is at an end. Our duty is to bring on the battle, our right is to cross swords with the *Coup d'État*. It must not be allowed to capture us, it must seek us and not find us. We must deceive the arm which it stretches out against us, we must remained concealed from Bonaparte, we must harass him, weary him, astonish him, exhaust him, disappear and reappear unceasingly, change our hiding-place, and always fight him, be always before him, and never beneath his hand. Let us not leave the field. We have not numbers, let us have daring."

They approved of this. "It is right," said they, "but where shall we go?"

Labrousse said,

"Our former colleague of the Constituent Assembly, Beslay, offers us his house."

"Where does he live?"

"No. 33, Rue de la Cerisaie, in the Marais."

"Very well," answered I, "let us separate. We will meet again in two hours at Beslay's, No. 33, Rue de la Cerisaie."

All left; one after another, and in different directions. I begged Charamaule to go to my house and wait for me there, and I walked out with Noël Parfait and Lafon.

We reached the still then uninhabited district which skirts the ramparts. As we came to the corner of the Rue Pigalle, we saw at a hundred paces from us, in the deserted streets which cross it, soldiers gliding all along the houses, bending their steps towards the Rue Blanche.

At three o'clock the members of the Left rejoined each other in the Rue de la Cerisaie. But the alarm had been given, and the inhabitants of these lonely streets stationed themselves at the windows to see the Representatives pass. The place of meeting, situated and hemmed in at the bottom of a backyard, was badly chosen in the event of being surrounded; all these disadvantages were at once perceived, and the meeting only lasted a few seconds. It was presided over by Joly; Xavier Durrieu and Jules Gouache, who were editors of the *Révolution*, also took part, as well as several Italian exiles, amongst others Colonel Carini and Montanelli, ex-Minister of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; I liked Montanelli, a gentle and dauntless spirit.

Madier de Montjau brought news from the outskirts. Colonel Forestier, without losing and without taking away hope, told them of the obstacles which he had encountered in his attempts to call together the 6th Legion. He pressed me to sign his appointment as Colonel, as well as Michel (de Bourges); but Michel (de Bourges) was absent, and besides, neither Michel (de Bourges) nor I had yet at that time the authority from the Left. Nevertheless, under this reservation I signed his appointment. The perplexities were becoming more and more numerous. The Proclamation was not yet printed, and the evening was closing in. Schœlcher explained the difficulties: all the printing offices closed and guarded; an order placarded that whoever should print an appeal to arms would be immediately shot; the workmen terrified; no money. A hat was sent round, and each threw into it what money he had about him. They collected in this manner a few hundred francs.

Xavier Durrieu, whose fiery courage never flagged for a single moment, reiterated that he would undertake the printing, and promised that by eight o'clock that evening there should be 40,000 copies of the Proclamation. Time pressed. They separated, after fixing as a rendezvous the premises of the Society of Cabinet Makers in the Rue de Charonne, at eight o'clock in the evening, so as to allow time for the situation to reveal itself. As we went out and crossed the Rue Beautreillis I saw Pierre Leroux coming up to me. He had taken no part in our meetings. He said to me:

"I believe this struggle to be useless. Although my point of view is different from yours, I am your friend. Beware. There is yet time to stop. You are entering into the catacombs. The catacombs are Death."

"They are also Life," answered I.

All the same, I thought with joy that my two sons were in prison, and that this gloomy duty of street fighting was imposed upon me alone.

There yet remained five hours until the time fixed for the rendezvous. I wished to go home, and once more embrace my wife and daughter before precipitating myself into that abyss of the "unknown" which was there, yawning and gloomy, and which several of us were about to enter, never to return.

Arnauld (de l'Ariége) gave me his arm. The two Italian exiles, Carini and Montanelli, accompanied me.

Montanelli took my hands and said to me, "Right will conquer. You will conquer. Oh! that this time France may not be selfish as in 1848, and that she may deliver Italy." I answered him, "She will deliver Europe."

Those were our illusions at that moment, but this, however, does not prevent them from being our hopes to-day. Faith is thus constituted; shadows demonstrate to it the light.

There is a cabstand before the front gate of St. Paul. We went there. The Rue St. Antoine was alive with that indescribable uneasy swarming which precedes those strange battles of ideas against deeds which are called Revolutions. I seemed to catch, in this great working-class district, a glimpse of a gleam of light which, alas, died out speedily. The cabstand before St. Paul was deserted. The drivers had foreseen the possibility of barricades, and had fled.

Three miles separated Arnauld and myself from our houses. It was impossible to walk there through the middle of Paris, without being recognised at each step. Two passers by extricated us from our difficulty. One of them said to the other, "The omnibuses are still running on the Boulevards."

We profited by this information, and went to look for a Bastille omnibus. All four of us got in.

I entertained at heart, I repeat, wrongly or rightly, a bitter reproach for the opportunity lost during the morning. I said to myself that on critical days such moments come, but do not return. There are two theories of Revolution: to arouse the people, or to let them come of themselves. The first theory was mine, but, through force of discipline, I had obeyed the second. I reproached myself with this. I said to myself, "The People offered themselves and we did not accept them. It is for us now not to offer ourselves, but to do more, to give ourselves."

Meanwhile the omnibus had started. It was full. I had taken my place at the bottom on the left; Arnauld (de l'Ariége) sat next to me, Carini opposite, Montanelli next to Arnauld. We did not speak; Arnauld and myself silently exchanged that pressure of hands which is a means of exchanging thoughts.

As the omnibus proceeded towards the centre of Paris the crowd became denser on the Boulevard. As the omnibus entered into the cutting of the Porte St. Martin a regiment of heavy cavalry arrived in the opposite direction. In a few seconds this regiment passed by the side of us. They were cuirassiers. They filed by at a sharp trot and with drawn swords. The people leaned over from the height of the pavements to see them pass. Not a single cry. On the one side the people dejected, on the other the soldiers triumphant. All this stirred me.

Suddenly the regiment halted. I do not know what obstruction momentarily impeded its advance in this narrow cutting of the Boulevard in which we were hemmed in. By its halt it stopped the omnibus. There were the soldiers. We had them under our eyes, before us, at two paces distance, their horses touching the horses of our vehicle, these Frenchmen who had become Mamelukes, these citizen soldiers of the Great Republic transformed into supporters of the degraded Empire. From the place where I sat I almost touched them. I could no longer restrain myself.

I lowered the window of the omnibus. I put out my head, and, looking fixedly at the dense line of soldiers which faced me, I called out, "Down with Louis Bonaparte. Those who serve traitors are traitors!"

Those nearest to me turned their heads towards me and looked at me with a tipsy air; the others did not stir, and remained at "shoulder arms," the peaks of their helmets over their eyes, their eyes fixed upon the ears of their horses.

In great affairs there is the immobility of statues; in petty mean affairs there is the immobility of puppets.

At the shout which I raised Arnauld turned sharply round. He also had lowered his window, and he was leaning half out of the omnibus, with his arms extended towards the soldiers, and he shouted, "Down with the traitors!"

To see him thus with his dauntless gesture, his handsome head, pale and calm, his fervent expression, his beard and his long chestnut hair, one seemed to behold the radiant and fulminating face of an angry Christ.

The example was contagious and electrical.

"Down with the traitors!" shouted Carini and Montanelli.

"Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!" repeated a gallant young man with whom we were not acquainted, and who was sitting next to Carini.

With the exception of this young man, the whole omnibus seemed seized with terror!

"Hold your tongues!" exclaimed these poor frightened people; "you will cause us all to be massacred." One, still more terrified, lowered the window, and began to shout to the soldiers, "Long live Prince Napoléon! Long live the Emperor!"

There were five of us, and we overpowered this cry by our persistent protest, "Down with Louis Bonaparte! Down with the traitors!"

The soldiers listened in gloomy silence. A corporal turned with a threatening air towards us, and shook his sword. The crowd looked on in bewilderment.

What passed within me at that moment? I cannot tell! I was in a whirlwind. I had at the same time yielded to a calculation, finding the opportunity good, and to a burst of rage, finding the encounter insolent.

A woman cried out to us from the pavement, "You will get yourselves cut to pieces." I vaguely imagined that some collision was about to ensue, and that, either from the crowd or from the Army, the spark would fly out. I hoped for a sword cut from the soldiers or a shout of anger from the people. In short I had obeyed rather an instinct than an idea.

But nothing came of it, neither the sword cut nor the shout of anger. The soldiers did not bestir themselves and the people maintained silence. Was it too late? Was it too soon?

The mysterious man of the Elysée had not foreseen the event of an insult to his name being thrown in the very face of the soldiers. The soldiers had no orders. They received them that evening. This was seen on the morrow.

In another moment the regiment broke into a gallop, and the omnibus resumed its journey. As the cuirassiers filed past us Arnauld (de l'Ariége), still leaning out of the vehicle, continued to shout in their ears, for as I have just said, their horses touched us, "Down with the Dictator! Down with the traitors!"

We alighted in the Rue Lafitte. Carini, Montanelli, and Arnauld left me, and I went on alone towards the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne. Night was coming on. As I turned the corner of the street a man passed close by me. By the light of a street lamp I recognised a workman at a neighbouring tannery, and he said to me in a low tone, and quickly, "Do not return home. The police surround your house."

I went back again towards the Boulevard, through the streets laid out, but not then built, which make a Y under my windows behind my house. Not being able to embrace my wife and daughter I thought over what I could do during the moments which remained to me. A remembrance came into my mind.

(To be continued)

"TOUCH AND GO," by Jean Middlemass, author of "Wild Georgie," &c. (3 vols: Chatto and Windus).—Miss Middlemass certainly succeeds in surrounding her heroines with a veil of mystery which we altogether fail to penetrate till she sees good to raise it with her own hand, and in surprising us with a *dénouement* quite other than what we had anticipated. We are afraid, however, that her secret must be said to be secure principally because nobody's wits are likely to travel far enough afield to guess it. When an author sets probabilities at defiance, the mystification of the reader becomes a comparatively easy task. The plot is not very intelligible even when we are supposed to know all about it, for we cannot understand how an experienced man of the world like Henry Durant could be such a simpleton as to place his new love under the care and protection of his old, knowing as he did the character of the aforesaid old love, the adventuress Margaret Denham, passing in Parisian society as Mrs. Fitzalan, or how he could reconcile it with honour and conscience to keep silence as to the wrong Mrs. Fitzalan was inflicting on Cicely by living in luxury on a fortune which belonged to the other. The transformation, again, of this heroine Cicely, in a bare six weeks, from a country lass, brought up in a gate-keeper's lodge, accustomed to curtsey to her "betters," and play on the village green, into the fashionable young lady whom we meet at her first ball, parrying soft speeches and exchanging repartee as though she had breathed the air of "society" all her life, is a great deal more wonderful than natural. Nevertheless, though there is nothing in the book to raise it above the ordinary circulating-library level, it escapes being dull, and may even be found entertaining by those whose taste is not exacting. Some two or three of the minor characters, notably old Mr. Bertrand, the squire of Swinton Hall, are indeed drawn not unskilfully. Occasionally, we must remark, the author's English is, to say the least, peculiar, and has the air of being inspired by Mrs. Malaprop. Thus, in the first volume, we read of a clergyman "*individualising* himself with his parishioners," "individualising" being presumably substituted for "identifying;" and for a long time we get "amalgamation" where "complication" is obviously intended. But the book may very likely find its readers.

"Dita," by Lady Margaret Majendie, author of "Giannetto" (Blackwood).—We were going to say that Lady Margaret Majendie was one of the most promising among rising novelists, but it seems out of place to speak of promise when performance is already so rich and assured. Nothing can be brighter or more touching, as occasion requires, than this charming little story, which will meet with a hearty welcome from all who can appreciate careful and highly-finished workmanship. Perdita, or "Dita," is an orphan, deprived of her heritage by a wicked uncle, who steals and secretes the papers proving his dead brother's marriage to Assunta de Caroli, an Italian lady, but her fortunes we must leave readers to learn for themselves. The worthy couple, Andrew Fearon, bookseller, of Edgar Street, Soho, and Nannie his wife, who adopt the heroine, when still a baby, on the death of her ill-starred mother in a workhouse, are admirably drawn; and the effect upon them of their sudden promotion to great riches, and the possession of Salford Abbey, a grand old feudal country seat, is an episode full of humorous touches, and not without its pathetic side also, as poor Nannie pines and fades away under the burden of the greatness thrust upon her, which she finds too strange and overpowering for assimilation. But, in fact, the book is of striking excellence from the first page to the last, and we can only hope that the author, now that she has so successfully proved her powers, may be willing to ascend from the novelette to the novel, and attempt a work which may enable her to display her many good gifts more freely.

"Spoiled by a Woman," by A. C. Sampson, author of "Crushed beneath His Idol," &c. (3 vols.: Tinsley).—We cannot pretend to an accurate remembrance of Mr. Sampson's former work, still we had the impression that it was one not wholly devoid of power of a certain kind, though this power was marred by extravagance. Under this impression, therefore, we waded wearily on through page after page in the work before us, trusting that, barren as the land about us seemed, we might yet in the end light upon something that should be worth reading. In all sadness of heart we are bound to record the fact that our expectation proved a fond dream. The book falls conspicuously short even of that low level of excellence which we term "the average" when speaking of the novels of the day.

"Cleansing Fires," by Mrs. Newton Sears, author of "Kismet" (3 vols.: Remington and Co.).—"Kismet" was outrageously silly and stagey; "Cleansing Fires" is also silly and stagey, but, we think, on the whole, less outrageously. If the author continues to write novels which grow gradually less and less bad it is possible she may in the end cross the line between negative and positive merit, and give us a work in which we may be able to discern some rudimentary glimmer of excellence. Should she, however, stop short at that line, and cease to produce at all, the world might not be much the worse for it.

In "Never Despair," by H. Richardson Clerk (Remington and Co.), we have some "scenes from Clerical Life," presented not, indeed, quite after the fashion of George Eliot, but yet not altogether ill. The tale has at least the merit of being a very little one.

◆

BOOKS RECEIVED

Waverley; Told by the Sea: F. Frankfort Moore: All in a Garden Green: E. C. Traice; Fairy Circles, from German of Villamaria. Marcus Ward and Co.

Our Work for Christ: M. A. Morrell: The Church Builder, 1877. Rivingtons.

Ally Sloper's Book of Beauty. *Judy* Office.

Earlier Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. B Robson, Cranbourne St.

The Diplomatic History of the Greek War, from the Foundation of the Hetairia to the Treaty of Adrianople: Francis Francis: J. A. Brook and Co.

Myths and Marvels of Astronomy: R. A. Proctor. Chatto and Windus.

The Baby in the House. Beaumont and Co.

A Cosmopolite's Dream. Marchant, Singer, and Co.

A Douce Lass (2 vols.): by the author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline." Smith, Elder, and Co.

Lectures of a Certain Professor: Rev. J. Farrell. Macmillan.

The Wreck of the Grosvenor (3 vols.): Life and Letters of the Hon. Charles Sumner (2 vols.): Edward L. Pierce; Recollections of Samuel Breck: H. E. Scudder; In the Levant: C. D. Warner. S. Low and Co.

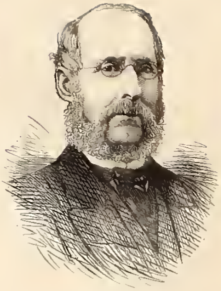
Village Lyrics: H. and C. Arnold. Provost and Co.

In the Dark: R. E. Francillon's Christmas Number. Grant and Co.

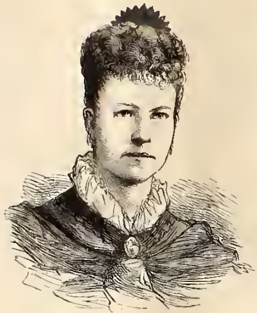
Ione (a Poem): the author of "Shadows of Coming Events." H. S. King and Co.

The Last Grave of the Nebescos: E. W. Spencer; Disappeared from her Home: Mrs. F. E. Pirkis. Remington.

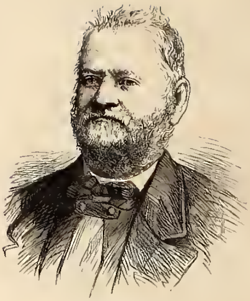
The Rhine Illustrated. Bickers and Son.



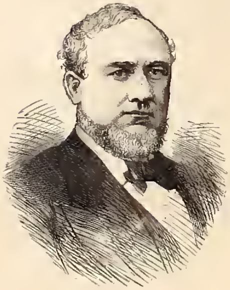
ALBERT CARRINGTON
Secretary to the late Brigham Young



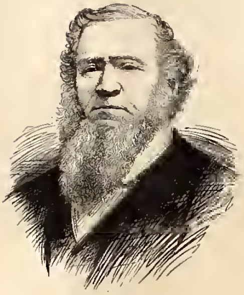
ANN ELIZA YOUNG (NÉE WEBB)
Nineteenth and Last Wife of the late Brigham Young



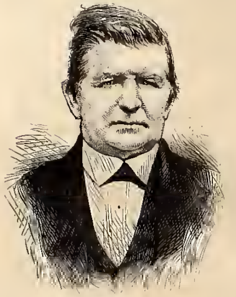
ORSON HYDE
Missionary and Apostle



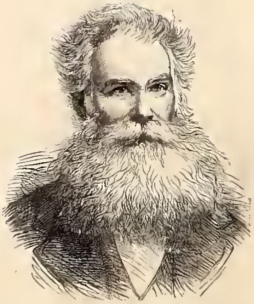
GEORGE Q. CANNON
Missionary and Delegate to Congress



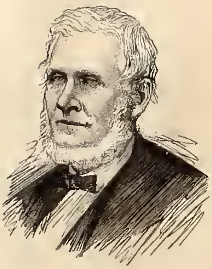
THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG
President of the Mormon Church, Founder of the Utah Settlement



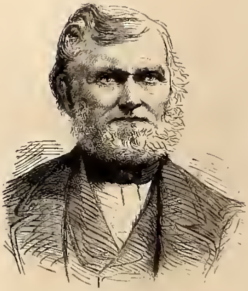
BISHOP JOHN D. LEE
Executed March, 1877, for taking part in the Mountain Meadow Massacre in 1857



ORSON PRATT
One of the Original Twelve Apostles

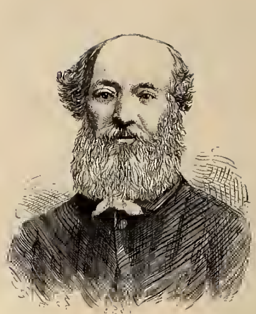


JOHN TAYLOR
Temporary President

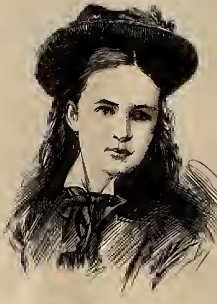


WILFORD WOODRUFF
The Church Historian

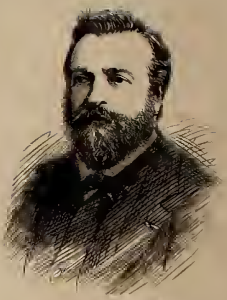
THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG AND SOME PROMINENT MORMONS



THE LATE REV. G. B. WHEELER.
Editor of the *Irish Times*, died Oct. 20, aged 71



MISS GRACE VERNON BUSSELL
The Australian Grace Darling



THE LATE M. GUSTAVE BRION (ARTIST)
Died Nov. 4, aged 53

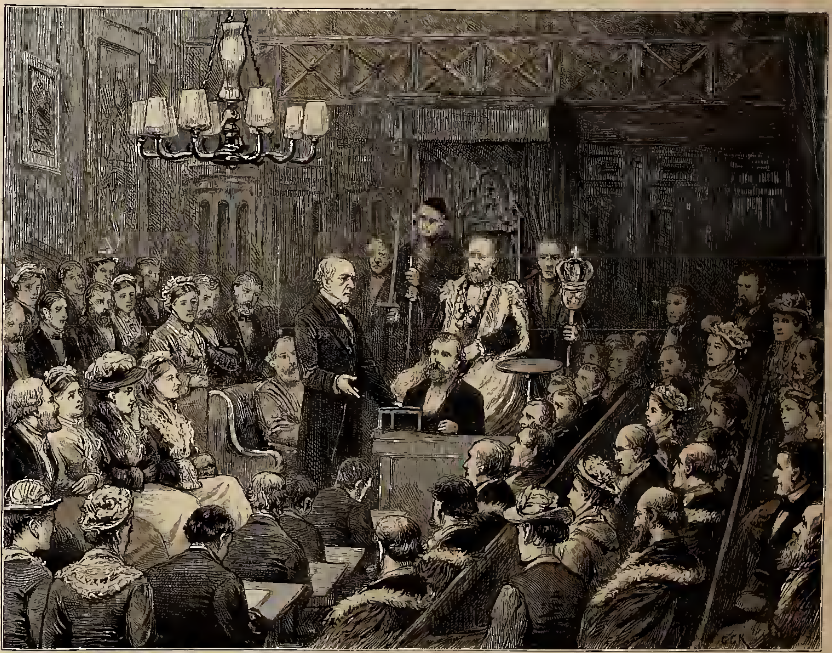
AN AUSTRALIAN HEROINE

The screw-steamer *Georgette*, when on a voyage from Fremantle to Adelaide, was wrecked on the 2nd December, 1876. She had sprung a leak, and was with difficulty brought to the coast, where she grounded at a spot 180 miles south of Fremantle. The coast in that direction is wild and desolate; no shelter for vessels, and heavy surf almost always dashing on the shore. More than a score of miles may be traversed by any one who ventures over the rough country near the coast without a human habitation coming in view.

About eight miles north of the place where the unfortunate vessel struck the rocks stands Wallcliffe, the residence of Alfred P. Bussell, Esq., J.P., and by good fortune it chanced that one of his daughters, Miss Grace Vernon Bussell, then riding through the bush in that vicinity accompanied by a coloured servant, saw the wreck and made for it. A boat had been launched, but capsized in the heavy surf, and they were an hour in righting her and returning to the ship. They then took a line from the ship, and putting some women and children into the boat, they paid out the line to try to get to the shore.

The boat swamped, they were all in the water in the most imminent danger, when Grace Bussell rode down the steep cliff and out beyond the second line of roaring breakers, and though her horse stumbled over the rope, and her peril was extreme, she forced her way on to the boat, and with as many women and children clinging to her and the horse as was possible, she made her way to the shore and safely landed them. So fierce was the surf that it took four hours to land fifty people, and every boat engaged was capsized.

Most of the wrecked people were taken to Mr. Bussell's house, and there tended and cared for with such extreme kindness and hospitality that at the late meeting of the Legislative Council a sum of 100*l*. was voted for presentation to this gentleman, who is one of the oldest and most respected settlers in West Australia, as a mark of public recognition of his generous and valuable aid



MR. GLADSTONE IN IRELAND—PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AT THE CITY HALL o the distressed people.—We are indebted for the above particulars, and for the photograph (by Alfred Chopin, of Perth and Freemantle, West Australia,) from which Miss Bussell's portrait is engraved, to Dr. Henry C. Barnett, J.P., colonial surgeon at Fremantle, West Australia.

THE LATE G. B. WHEELER

The Rev. George B. Wheeler, Rector of Ballysax, and for many years editor of the *Irish Times*, was born in 1805, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he subsequently became the chief classical teacher. He edited a great variety of classical text-books and of Greek and Latin Grammars, and his success as a "grinder" was extraordinary. His pupils were legion, and many of them have since risen to great eminence. Amongst them were Mr. Law, the late Solicitor-General for Ireland, the late Judge Willis, Judge Tyrrell of Allahabad, and Lord Cairns, the present Lord Chancellor. His first connection with the Press was as a writer for the Dublin *Daily Express*, and he afterwards became a frequent contributor to *All the Year Round* and *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, besides several other papers. In July, 1859, he accepted the editorship of the *Irish Times*, which he retained to the day of his death. In addition to his literary labours Mr. Wheeler had clerical and parochial duties to perform, for he had been Rector of Ballysax since the year 1861, previous to which he had been chaplain to the Smithfield Reformatory Prison in Dublin. His preaching was characterised by a simple eloquence which went straight to the hearts of his hearers, and his kindly disposition and ready benevolence won the esteem and love of all who knew him. His death was the result of an accident which happened about three weeks previously. He had just mounted a hackney car, when part of the harness gave way, and the vehicle was upset. Mr. Wheeler tried to save himself by jumping, but in the effort broke his thighbone, an injury which ultimately proved to be fatal. He has left a widow and seven sons and daughters, all of whom are now adults.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER must be sent in by the 20th inst. The terms are the same as those of last year's Christmas Number.

Folio, price 7s 6d each.
THROUGH THE EYE TO THE MIND—THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOKS: a Series of Volumes illustrative of Natural History and of the Vegetable World, with Descriptive Letterpress.
"These volumes are among the most instructive picture books we have seen, and we know of none better calculated to excite and gratify the appetite of the young for the knowledge of nature."—*Times.*
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Tenth Edition, with Fifty-four Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 1: or, LESSONS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS. By Adam White, late Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Fifth Edition, with many new Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 2. or, LESSONS FROM THE VEGETABLE WORLD. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Herb of the Field," &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Third Edition, with Sixty Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 3: LESSONS ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, or the Natural History of the Quadrupeds which characterise the Four Divisions of the Globe.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Second Edition, with Forty-eight Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 4: SKETCHES FROM NATURE, or Pictures of Animal and Vegetable Life in all Lands.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Seventh Edition, with Thirty-six Oblong Coloured Illustrations, price 7s. 6d.
RECREATIVE ILLUSTRATION—THE NEW PICTURE BOOK; or, PICTORIAL LESSONS ON FORM, COMPARISON, AND NUMBER, for Children under Seven Years of Age. With Explanation by Nicholas Bohny.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Map and Illustrations, price 6s.
THE HEROES OF YOUNG AMERICA. By Ascott R. Hope, Author of "A Peck of Troubles," "A Book About Boys," "A Book About Dominoes," &c., &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, price 6s.
ADVENTURES IN THE AIR: being Memorable Experiences of Great Aeronauts. From the French of M. De Fonvielle. Translated and edited by John S. Keltie.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

CHAPMAN and HALL'S
NEW NOVELS.
New Novel by the Author of "Fashion and Passion."
WHO IS SHE? A MYSTERY OF MAYFAIR.
By the Author of "Fashion and Passion."
3 vols.

New Novel by Lady Wood.
SIREN'S FOREMAN. By Lady Wood, Author of "Wild Weather," "Below the Salt," &c. 3 vols.

New Novel by Annie Thomas.
A LAGGARD IN LOVE. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), Author of "Dennis Donne" and "Called to Account." 3 vols.

New Novel by the Author of "Clytie."
THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA. a Novel. By Joseph Hatton. 2 vols.

GREY ABBEY. By Old Calabar, Author of "Jack Blake," "Over Turf and Stubble." 2 vols.

ROTHERY SELFERT, Q.C. By John Ollive, Author of "A Wooing of Ate." 3 vols.

193, PICCADILLY.

Just Published, in One thick Vol., strongly Half-bound, 760 pp., price 6s., postage 6d.
THE HOUSE BOOK: A BOOK for EVERY FAMILY. Containing Housekeeping, Cookery, Household Work, Boudoir, Nursery, Cellarage of Wines, Beer, &c., Dairy Management, Stable Economy, Gardening, &c.—Domestic Medicine, Symptoms, Causes, and Treatment of most Common Ailments. Accidents, Emergencies, &c.—Management of Health, Air, Light, Heat, Ventilation, Diet, Clothing, Sleep, Bathing, &c.
CROSBY LOCKWOOD and CO., 7, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

FUNNY FOLKS' ANNUAL
Now Ready—Price Sixpence.
London: JAMES HENDERSON, Red Lion Court, Fleet St.

24th Edition, 8vo, cloth, pp. 1,102; price 16s.
HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. Laurie, M.D. Completely re-arranged and revised, by R. S. Gutteridge, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eyes and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 20th Edition, price 5s.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 32 stamps.
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries.
THE VILLAGE COMEDY. By Mortimer and Frances Collins. 3 vols.
THE SQUIRE'S COURTSHIP. By Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel. 3 vols.
A JEWEL OF A GIRL. By the Author of "Queenie," &c. 3 vols.
MAUD LESLIE. By Lady Charles Thynne. 2 vols.
TWO TALES OF MARRIED LIFE: HARD TO BEAR, by Georgiana M. Craik; and A TRUE MAN, by M. C. Stirling. 3 vols.
GLORY. By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks. 3 vols.
CHEAP EDITION of PHŒBE, JUNIOR. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol. 5s. bound and illustrated.
DORIS BARUGH. By Mrs. Macquoid, Author of "Patty," "Diane," &c. 3 vols. [Next week.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES, upon the Principles of Stœchiological Medicine, by
John Francis Churchill, M.D.,
With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stœchiological Inhalants. And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Heslop, Sterling, Bird, Santa Maria, Gomet, Maestre, Parigot, Reintillier, Galvez, Leriverend, Ilrnobele, Fridman, Pfeiffer, Vintras, Hougard, Tirilahy, Lanti, Fabbri, Panegrossi, Cerasi, Gualdi, Todini, Ascenzi, Kegnoli, Valentini, Casati, Blasi, Borromeo, Fiorelli, and Fedeli.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 2s.

NEW ANTHEM FOR ADVENT.— "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." By William Carter. Just published, price 4d.
NOVELLO, EWER, and CO., 1, Berners Street, Oxford St.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Guitars, Zithers, Banjoes, Accordions, Flutinas, Cornets, Saxhorns, Drums, Fifes, and Musical Instruments of every description. Largest assortment in the kingdom at BUTLER'S MANUFACTORY, 29, Haymarket, London.—Illustrated catalogue, 50 pages, post free.

TO LADIES.—SALE of NEW MUSIC at a large reduction in price.—The most popular songs, pieces, or dances of the day sent post free from 4d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., &c. Best editions, new copies, all publishers. Catalogues sent post free.—A. M. MOFFATT, 3, Barnsbury St., N.

AMERICAN ORGAN for SALE.—A fine AMERICAN ORGAN by MASON and HAMLIN, containing Automatic Swell, Foot Swell, Sub Bass, Diapason, Flute, Melodin, Dulcians, Octave Coupler, Euphone, 2 Pedals suitable for drawing room, and sufficiently powerful for schoolroom or small church. Cased in American Black Walnut. Cost 55 guineas, now offered for £40 cash.—Apply by letter to X 2, Messrs. Geo. Rees, 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).— Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

THE WANDERERS' CLUB, Pall Mall. This Club having now reached 1,378 Members, there remain only 200 VACANCIES.
Annual Subscription: Town Members, 8 guineas; Country Members, 4 guineas; Members Abroad, 2 guineas. Present Entrance Fee, 10 guineas. Apply to
Major T. H. P. KENNAN, Secretary.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.— The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel.
Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

MALVERN COLLEGE. The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS and SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on December 20th and 21st.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD. —Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.
Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.
£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.
No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

SOUTH KENSINGTON and BELGRAVIA HOUSE AGENCY OFFICES, 116, Cromwell Road, and 1, Holcomb Street, S.W.—Mr. HOWELL'S PRINTED INDEX LIST, post free, of Choice Residences to be LET or SOLD.

A WIDOW LADY, who has many little Children entirely dependent on her, earnestly begs for orders for most exquisite etchings of animals. A beautiful specimen etching sent, with particulars of her case and references (if desired) on receipt of 5s. in stamps.—Address Box 23, Penzance.

A WELL FURNISHED BED and SITTING ROOM, communicating, TO LET for a Single Gentleman in a private family. No other lodgers and no young children. A good bathroom, with hot and cold bath. Easy access to the City.—Address F., 78, St. Augustine Road, Camden Square, N.W.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

FOR ARMS and CREST SEND NAME and COUNTY to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Office, 44, High Holborn, W.C. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, &c. Illustrated Price Lists Post free.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

JEWEL ROBBERIES.—CHUBB'S SAFES for JEWELS give the greatest security from the attacks of burglars, and are also Fire Resisting. All sizes, with various fittings. Chubb's Latches and Detector Locks. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria Street, St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

DUPLEX TABLE LAMP, with instantaneous extinguisher.—The Lamp of the Season for petroleum or rock oil, gives an intense, pure, and beautiful light, equal to that of 24 sperm candles, at a cost of about one farthing per hour. Deane and Co. have a large stock on sale in Crystal, China, Ormolu, and Bronzes. Prices from 17s. 6d. to £6 6s.
Deane and Co.'s Illustrated Priced List for 1877 post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, King William St., London Bridge.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY,
LONDON.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S
SPOONS AND FORKS
Equal in Finish and Appearance to Sterling Silver.

	Plain		Ornamental
Table Spoons or Forks, pr. doz.	30s. od.	40s. od.	60s. od.
Dessert do. do. do.	24s. od.	32s. od.	44s. od.
Tea do. do. do.	12s. od.	16s. od.	28s. od.
Salt, Mustard, or Egg, each	1s. 3d.	2s. od.	3s. 6d.
Sugar Tongs do.	2s. 6d.	3s. 6d.	6s. od.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S
ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.
New Registered Designs, plain or richly ornamental.

THE HIGHEST QUALITY, at Lowest Prices.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES Post Free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, OXFORD STREET, WEST END,
LONDON.

COCK'S READING SAUCE
Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured
FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.
CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

EPPS'S COCOA.
GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.
JAMES EPPS AND CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. per bushel; households for bread, 9s. 4d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 8s. 8d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, maize, and barley meal, 5s. 8d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meal biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of George Young.

Established 1837.
CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.
ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble. Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers.—Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.
In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.
Manufactory—69, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W., is now offering an extensive and well-selected Stock of SEAL, SABLE, and other CHOICE FURS, including
Russian Seal Jackets, 24 to 28 inches deep, 6 to 10 guineas.
Demi-fitting Seal Paletots, 30 to 36 inches deep, 9 to 20 guineas.
South Sea Seal Jackets, loose shapes, from 2 guineas.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN
MANTLES AND PALETOTS,
Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 2 to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL.
CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.
The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 51s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.
Patterns and Engravings free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
WINTER DRESSES,
In every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour,
From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

IN 62 NEW SHADES OF COLOUR.
CACHEMIRE DE PARIS.
This elegant material is all wool, beautifully soft, and richer in its colourings than any article previously introduced, 48 inches wide, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool,
This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

A NEW FABRIC FOR PALETOTS, &c.
POIL DE CHAMEAU (Registered).
This elegant fabric, though very warm, is remarkably light and soft, and can be had in choice shades of Fawn, Drab, Grey, Light Brown, &c. 54 inches wide, from 4s. 9d. per yd.
Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford St., W.

A NEW FABRIC IN BLACK.
CREPE CASHMERE (Registered).
A most useful material in six different designs, full width, 1s. 9d. per yard. Specially adapted for this season's Costumes. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL NEW COLOURS.
VELVET-FINISHED VELVETEENS,
beautifully soft, rich, and very wide.
This charming Fabric can be had in Black, from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. per yard, and in 35 choice shades of colour, at 3s. 9d. per yard. Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,
is now offering a second delivery of New
COLOURED LYONS SILKS.
In this collection will be found White, Cream, Ivory, Tilleul, Moonlight, Corail, Eau de Nil, &c., &c., specially prepared for
BRIDAL AND EVENING WEAR,
also every new shade of Bronze, Navy, Claret, Prune, &c., &c., at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., 4s. 4½d., and 5s. 3d. per yard.
250 Shades to select from. Patterns free on application to
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF
BLACK GROS GRAINS.
This extensive purchase comprises Silks of the best and most reliable makes, and are specially recommended. Prices 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yard.
Also richer goods from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

COLOURED GENOA VELVETS
to match every Silk, short pile, well covered, suitable for Gowns, 6s. 11d. per yard, any length cut. Patterns free.

BLACK GENOA VELVETS,
suited for trimming purposes, 2s. 11d. to 7s. 6d. per yd.
A special purchase of Black Lyons Velvet, all silk, at 9s. 11d. per yard. Patterns free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

COLOURED SILK COSTUMES
of the latest designs and most fashionable description, in all the new colour Silks, commencing at 6½ guineas.
Patterns of the Silks and Engravings post free.

BLACK SILK COSTUMES,
made from the new Paris Models in eight different styles of the most approved designs, as shown in Engravings, price with bodice complete, 5½ guineas.
Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London, W.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN
WINTER COSTUMES.
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Costumes suitable for Travelling, Promenade, and Indoor Wear, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas.
Illustrations and Patterns of Materials post free.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING
MADE BALL and Wedding Dresses.
Now ready, several thousand charming Dresses in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas.
Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN.
THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black),
profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train, 1 guinea, a substantial box included.
A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours, for 28s. 9d., with material for bodice.
Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS.
Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.

ÆGIDIUS.—A New ELASTIC OVER-SHIRT, as warm as wool, as soft as silk. It will entirely dispense with the ever-shrinking coloured flannel, 13s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. each. Patterns of material and self-measure free by post.—FORD and CO., 41 and 44, Poultry, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S
COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET,
Is the Cheapest and the Largest
Warehouse of the kind
in London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER
or TELEGRAM."
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—
with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required),
without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well
as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE
OF SEVERAL THOUSAND PIECES BY
PETER ROBINSON of Regent Street
OF THE BEST WEARING MAKES ONLY,
and highly recommended.

Bonnet and Cie	at 5s. od
Jaubert	at 4s. od.
Ponsons	at 5s. 3d.
Degoves	at 4s. 9d.

The above are from 2s. to 3s. per yard
under last year's prices.
The EMPRESS CACHEMIRE, at 6s.
Also Excellent Value at
2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., and 4s. 11d.
For Patterns address to
PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 262, Regent Street.

BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS.
Exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in Lyons Velvet, at 10s. 9d.
Black Silk-Trimming Velvets.
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.
Nos. 256 to 262.

FOR SIX GUINEAS.
A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.
with Velvet Garniture,
Exquisitely cut and fashioned.
Copies of expensive Paris Models.
Photos free.
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT.
For 2½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT.
At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

FOR TWO GUINEAS, and up to Seven,
Costumes in New Black Materials,
in various fashionable Styles,
At PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea.
Black Brussels Net, at 29s. 6d.
Tulle (condition keeping), 50s.
Grenadine, 52s 6d.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed.
Illustrations free.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
3½ and 4½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9½ guineas.
36 inches long for 11 guineas.
39 inches long for 13 guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
it is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS.
REDUCTION OF PRICES.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
30 inches long, from 8 to 12 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long, from 10 to 15 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
36 inches long, from 12 to 16 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
40 inches long, from 16 to 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
46 inches long, from 20 to 28 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
40 inches long, richly trimmed with real marten tails, 12 inches deep, 70 gs.; Real Sable, 10 inches deep, 40 gs.; Skunk, 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS
can be sent on approval to any part of the United Kingdom by forwarding a reference in Town to

---

MESSRS. WAYRE, Manufacturing FURRIERS, 96, Oxford Street, and 332, Oxford Street (corner of Regent Circus). Established Half-a-Century.

THE MOST USEFUL WEDDING PRESENT OR PURCHASE.—The next consignment of TARTHOL and OMRWS' celebrated LINEN WEDDING CHESTS, containing Blankets, Quilts, Sheets, Toilet Covers, Table Linen, ditto Cloths, Towels, &c., &c., complete, will be ready for delivery January 1, 1878.

Orders executed in rotation, and should be sent in as early as possible to prevent disappointment. Prices as usual, six, nine, and twelve guineas. Every article guaranteed. Lists of contents free.
Sole Importers, WILKS BROTHERS, Uttoxeter, Stafford.

LADIES' IRISH ULSTER COATS, made in the best manner by experienced tailors. Immense variety of Irish Frieres and other fashionable materials. Patterns and forms for self-measurement post free.
RICHARD ALLEN, Sackville Street, Dublin.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW AUTUMN DRESS GOODS.
1,000 New Patterns of the choicest Shades and designs, the productions of various European nations.
7,000 yards of Autumn Serge, 10½d. the yard.
Yachting Serges, 6¾d. and 10½d. the yard.
Autumn Beges, 8¾d. the yard.
Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d. (Sage, Olive Green, &c.)
Estamene Serges, 1s 3½d and 1s. 6½d.
Homespun Estamene, 1s. 6½d., 27 in. wide.
New Snowflakes, Camel's Hair, and Vicuna Cloths.
Shetland Estamene, 27 in. wide, 1s 4½d. the yard.
Poil da Chameau, French production, all wool, 20 in. wide, 1s. 9½d. the yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 2s. 4½d
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d. and 1s 11½d yard.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d. yd., superb colours.
Scarboro' Twill, 1s. 0½d.; Derby Matelasse, 1s. 0½d.; New Autumn Rink Skirting, 1s 11½d. the yard, 40 in wide; Indian Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. yard.
These and other Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW SILK PATTERNS are now ready.

The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.	A New Make of Extreme Richness
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d.	
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d.	
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.	

BLACK SILKS, 1s. 6½d. to 10s. the yard.

The Queen's Black Silk, 7s. 11d.	Superb Goods & Splendid Wear.
The Queen's Black Silk, 8s. 11d.	
The Queen's Black Silk, 9s 11d.	
The Queen's Black Silk, 10s. 11d.	

A special parcel of Coloured Silks, 2s. 11½d. yard.
Coloured Gro Grain Silks, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 6s 11d. the yard. Floral Silks for Trimmings, 3s. 9½d. Japanese Figures, 1s. 3½d.
A Special Lot Black Velveteens, 1s. 11½d., and Colours, at 1s. 10½d. yard. Patterns free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.
Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 2s. 3½d. Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s 11½d. Double-width Melton Cloths, 1s. 6½d., 1s 11½d., and 2s 11½d.
Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s 11d. to 6s. 11d.
Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard. All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
GRAND EXHIBITION OF COSTUMES.
At the Grand Autumn Exhibition and Costume Contest just concluded at the Alexandra Palace we exhibited upwards of Fifty very superior Ladies' and Children's French Model Costumes, and many new things in Mantles, Jackets, Bonnets, &c., which obtained 25 prizes and many honourable mentions for style and cheapness.
Patterns of Material, Photographs, Instructions for Self-Measurement, and other particulars, sent post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street.

HENRY GLAVE'S
UNDERCLOTHING and OUTFITTING.
A new Illustrated Price List is now ready, and can be sent free to any address; also Photographs of the New Exhibition Prize Setts, Collars, and Collarettes.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP of
GASK and GASK.
SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK of
SILK MERCERY, GENERAL DRAPERY, &c.
ALL NEW FOR THIS SEASON.

GREAT REDUCTIONS in PRICES have been made throughout, and all articles marked in plain figures at the lowest prices for READY MONEY ONLY.

SILKS and VELVETS of all kinds, cheaper than they have ever been sold.

BONNET'S and PONSON'S CELEBRATED BLACK SILKS, greatly reduced in price.

COSTUMES.—Perhaps the largest and best Stock of New Costumes in London. Paris Models in Silk, Silk and Velvet, Silk and Cachemire, new Silkan and Woollen Fabrics, &c., all now marked exceedingly cheap.

EVENING COSTUMES in Tulle, Net, Tarlatan, &c.; beautiful new designs, all equally cheap, commencing at 15s. 9d. each.

MANTLES, PALETOTS, JACKETS.—All the vast collection, new for this season, of Paris Mantles, &c., in Cloth, Vigognes, Camel's Hair, Matelassé, Velvet, fur-lined Cachemires and Silks, Sealskins, Ulsters, &c., has been re-marked at exceptionally low prices.

DRESS FABRICS.—A great collection of all the newest materials, Foreign and English, all marked at the reduced prices.

Gloves, Hosiery, Linen Goods, Blankets, Flannels, Calicoes, Lace Goods, Ties, Scarves, Fichus, Ribbons, Trimmings, Umbrellas, Ladies' Underclothing, Millinery, Mourning Goods of all kinds, &c.

All purchasers must effect a considerable saving during this Sale. Patterns free to the country.

The doors are opened each morning at ten o'clock.
58 to 63, Oxford Street; 1 to 5, Wells Street, London.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY	"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."

Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS.
1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality.

CHRISTMAS CASES, One Guinea, containing 3 Bottles of Port, 3 Sherry, 1 Gin, 1 Rum, 1 Whiskey, 1 Brandy, 1 lb. Tea. All reputed quart bottles, warranted pure and genuine. Sent bottles, case, and carriage free, to any Railway Station in England, by the VICTORIA WINE CO., 12, Mark Lane. P.O.O. to W. W. HUGHES.

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"
MILD AND FRAGRANT.
WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"
A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."
Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

PHOTOGRAPHS and VIGNETTES
beautifully coloured for 2s.
Mrs. RUSSELL, 30, Seafield, West Brighton.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependance can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CON-STIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.

The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"

Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

TOOTH-ACHE.
INSTANT CURE.
FORMS A STOPPING.
SAVES THE TOOTH.
J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief."
Of all chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per packet.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER
Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath.
55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, S.W.; or through any Chemist

---

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—"I recommend them as a safe and effectual remedy for coughs and chest complaints."—G. Wood, 60, City Road, Hulme, Manchester. Price 1s. 1½d. per box.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD LIVER OIL (Registered).
The purest Oil, and by Almond flavouring rendered palatable and easy of digestion.
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.

Lancet.—"The natural nauseous taste of the Oil is disguised with considerable art."

British Medical Journal.—"Whilst securing the beneficial results traceable to Cod Liver Oil, we have found no difficulty in inducing our little patients to take it."

Sanitary Record.—"We have tried its effect on the most delicate constitutions with marked results."

Medical Times.—"The taste is decidedly masked by the almond flavouring."

Medical Press.—"Has an agreeable smell and flavour, and we can testify that the result is satisfactory."

Medical Record.—"It may be confidently recommended."

Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.

Retail of all Chemists and Druggists, and Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited), Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—A neat Perfume Case, registered by E. RIMMEL, of 96, Strand, London, on sale (price 1s.), at the principal Perfumery Stores

---

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877.
A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London.
All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers

---

ROWLAND'S ODONTO.
Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

COLD CREAM OF ROSES.—PIESSE and LUBIN prepare this exquisite COSMETIC with the greatest care, fresh daily, in jars, 1s.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE & LUBIN's SWEET SCENTS —Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, White Rose, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 bottles in a case, 7s. The above sweet scents in sachet powder, 1s. 6d. each, can be forwarded by post. Sold by fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.

PIESSE and LUBIN's PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud and Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248, High Hol-born, London.—ALEX. ROSS's DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from face and arms without injury. 3s. 6d. Sent post free, carefully packed, for 54 stamps by Alex. Ross.

THE NOSE MACHINE applied to the nose for an hour daily so directs the soft cartilage of the nose that an ill-formed one is quickly shaped, 10s. 6d. Sent for stamps.—ALEX. ROSS, 248, High Holborn, London.

ESTABLISHED
1832.
NONE
GENUINE
EXCEPT
IN
PINK PAPER
WRAPPERS.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

AMONG THE CULTIVATED AND REFINED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS RENOWNED PREPARATION IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED FAVOURITE WITH BOTH SEXES. OVER FORTY YEARS' TRIAL AND EXPERIENCE HAVE ESTABLISHED ITS SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESTORE GREY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GREY, LOSES ITS LUSTRE, AND FALLS OUT, IT SIMPLY REQUIRES NOURISHMENT. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION, STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES THE HAIR, AND, BY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL CAUSES, GREY OR WHITE HAIR IS QUICKLY RESTORED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. IT WILL STOP ITS FALLING, AND INDUCE A HEALTHY AND MOST LUXURIANT GROWTH. USE NO OTHER PREPARATION WITH IT, NOT EVEN OIL OR POMADE, OR ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.
IS THE BEST
TO RESTORE GREY HAIR.

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND PREPARED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL. OVER FORTY YEARS THE FAVOURITE PREPARATION. ENJOYING BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE, IT MUST BE THE BEST. IT DOES NOT DYE THE HAIR, BUT STRENGTHENS IT. GREY HAIRS SOON DISAPPEAR. BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION THE ROOTS ARE STRENGTHENED, THE SOFT AND SILKY TEXTURE OF HEALTHY HAIR FOLLOWS ITS USE.

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN
manufactures two entirely
distinct Preparations for the Hair.
One or the other is suited to every condition
of the Human Hair. Both are never required
at one time. For details as to each Preparation, kindly
read above and below this paragraph. Readers can easily determine which of the two they require. These Preparations have a world-wide reputation. Enormous
and increasing sale through Forty Years.
Every Chemist and Dealer in
Toilet Articles has both
Preparations.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S
ZYLO-BALSAMUM.
For the
Growth and Preservation
of the Hair.
It is a cooling, vegetable, and transparent liquid,
without sediment

A SIMPLE TONIC AND DRESSING OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO BOTH SEXES. THE FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NO GREY HAIR. IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR, BUT, BY EARLY USE, IT WILL PREVENT IT TURNING GREY. PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, SO COMMON IN THESE DAYS, MAY BE ENTIRELY PREVENTED BY THE USE OF ZYLO-BALSAMUM. PROMPT RELIEF IN THOUSANDS OF CASES HAS BEEN AFFORDED WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN COMING OUT IN HANDFULS. IT PROMOTES A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH. HAIR DRESSED WITH ZYLO-BALSAMUM IS ALWAYS CLEAN, FREE FROM DANDRUFF, AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS ONLY SEEN IN HEALTHY HAIR. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT. NO OIL OR POMADE SHOULD BE USED WITH IT.

CAUTION!—The Genuine only in Bluish Grey Wrappers.
Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Article

---

THE FAVOURITE TOILET WATER OF THE AGE.
GOLDEN STAR
BAY LEAF WATER,
TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM THE FRESH LEAVES
of the BAY TREE (*Myrcia Acris*),
FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.

A
Toilet Water
of peculiar and
delightful fragrance,
delicate and lasting,
refreshing and soothing.
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
triple distilled from the fresh leaves of
the Bay Tree (Myrcia Acris) Indispensable
and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY, and BATH.
A few drops on a Sponge or Towel moistened with water,
and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to
the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended
to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the HAIR gives a
delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING
PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING OF INFANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for
a basin of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and
all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental
labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles,
2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists
and Perfumers, or on receipt
of stamps from the whole-
sale depôt, 114 & 116,
Southampton Row,
London.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SPECIALITIES in PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S STUDENT'S PIANOFORTE. Compass 5 Octaves, 15 gs., or £1 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SCHOOL PIANINOS. From Canadian Walnut, 20 gs., or 2 gs. per qr. on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S YACHT PIANINOS, 30 gs., or £3 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR PIANINO, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MODEL PIANETTE, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH MODEL, 40 gs., or £4 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COLONIAL MODEL, 45 gs., or £4 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S FOREIGN MODEL, 50 gs., or £5 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH OBLIQUE, 55 gs., or £5 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S OBLIQUE GRAND, 70 gs., or £7 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUE, 90 gs., or £9 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MIGNON IRON GRAND, 80 gs., or £8 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR IRON GRAND, 110 guineas, or £11 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

UPWARDS of ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES on VIEW.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL PIANO-FORTE DEALERS throughout the United Kingdom.

SHOW-ROOMS, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

STEAM FACTORY, CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC Primers. Edited by Dr. STAINER. The following are now ready:—

THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By ERNST PAUER. Price 2s.

THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. STAINER. Price 2s.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. Price 1s.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE BEAU-TIFUL IN MUSIC. By ERNST PAUER. Price 1s. (Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.)

LIEDER OHNE WORTE. Eight Books. The only complete edition. Cloth, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, NEW AND OLD. Edited by the Rev. H. R. BRAMLEY and Dr. STAINER. With 45 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Elegantly bound, 7s. 6d.

THE SUNLIGHT OF SONG. Sacred and Moral Songs, with Original Music by the most eminent English Composers. With 46 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Handsomely bound, 10s. 6d.

NATIONAL NURSERY RHYMES. Set to Music by J. W. ELLIOTT. With 65 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS. Edited by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Folio, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 21s.; octavo, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; octavo, paper covers, 5s.

MOZART'S SONATAS. Edited by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Folio, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 18s.

MENDELSSOHN'S LIEDER OHNE WORTE. The best and only Complete Edition, containing the Seventh and Eighth Books. Folio, handsomely bound, gilt edges, 12s.; octavo, handsomely bound, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.

*** Order Novello's Edition.

RUBINSTEIN'S EIGHTEEN TWO-PART SONGS. German and English Words. Octavo, handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S VOCAL ALBUM. English and German Words. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM FOR YOUNG PIANISTS (Op. 68 and Op. 15). Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM. Original German Words, and an English Version by JOHN OXENFORD. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS. Edited by Dr. STAINER and W. A. BARRETT. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 16s.

MUSICAL MYTHS AND FACTS. By CARL ENGEL. Two vols., demy 8vo, cloth, price 12s.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.,
1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO. Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps. Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d. each.

NO. 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe.
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.
SIX WALTZES BY JOSEPH GUNG'L.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Gräfenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schönster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tour du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancee Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

STOLEN KISSES WALTZ. By HANS WALDENFELDT. Free, 2s.—WOOD & CO., 3, Great Marlborough Street. "Sweetly played, universally admired, and, having established itself as one of the most popular waltzes of the season, no programme will be complete without it."

ESTEY AMERICAN ORGANS, cheapest and best for quality, &c. LOW PRICES FOR CASH, or by monthly payments (in London and Suburbs only). Lists on application.—J. A. MILLS, 60, Moorgate Street, E.C.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATA-LOGUES of MUSIC.
Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. Sixty Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded gratis post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FLYING DUTCHMAN. A most successful and effective piece on the melodies in Wagner's grand opera. Price 4s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S "EN ROUTE."— A grand brilliant Military March. Played by the composer at his recitals with enormous success. Price 4s., duet, 5s.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

CARE IS ALL FIDDLE-DE-DEE. A merry Christmas Song with Chorus (from the Extravaganza "The Miller and His Man"). Words by F. C. BURNAND; Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Price 3s.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

KING CHRISTMAS. J. L. HATTON'S celebrated Song. The popularity of this capital baritone Song is ever on the increase. Price 3s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

STANDARD VOCAL PART MUSIC.
THE SINGER'S LIBRARY.
An Unequalled Collection of
VOCAL CONCERTED MUSIC, TRIOS, QUARTETS, QUINTETS, &c.
Sacred and Secular, by the most renowned Composers, English and Foreign.
Edited by JOHN HULLAH.
Upwards of 150 Numbers. Price Twopence each.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GLEE and CHORAL LIBRARY.
A COLLECTION OF STANDARD and Well-known VOCAL COMPOSITIONS,
As well as recent works by Macfarren, Hatton, Leslie, Balfe, &c.
Eighty Numbers. Price Twopence each.
Catalogues gratis and post free to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

STEPHEN HELLER'S PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS.—A COMPLETE CATALOGUE is NOW READY, and will be sent on application, gratis and post free, to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS are to be had of every Musicseller and Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, and India, or will be sent direct post free at half the marked price (bound works and cheap vocal part music excepted) to any part of the world on receipt of remittance or satisfactory reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST. ALL MUSIC POST FREE AT HALF-PRICE.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS."
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.
OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.
Now Ready.
QUADRILLES by ARBAN. Solo and Duet, 2s. each.
SUITE DE VALSES by O. METRA. Solo and duet 2s. each.
POLKA, by ARBAN. 1s. 6d.
POLKA MAZURKA. 1s. 6d.
QUADRILLES by O. METRA. Solo or duet, 2s. each.
Also in the Press.
PIECES by BRINLEY RICHARDS and W. KUHE.
VOCAL SCORE in English and French Words.
BRILLIANT FANTASIA by E. MONIOT. Price 1s. 6d.
COMPLETE OPERA PIANO SOLO. Price 2s. 6d. net.
SELECTIONS OF AIRS IN TWO BOOKS by CRAMER. 3s. each.

N.B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S NAAMAN.
Vocal Score, complete, Octavo Edition. 4s. net.
Do. do. bound in cloth. 6s. net.
All the numbers of "Naaman" can also be had separately, including the celebrated Aria, "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," 3s.; and the Triumphal March, "Naaman," as Piano Solo, 3s. Piano Duet, 3s.; and also as Organ Solo, with Pedal, 3s.

SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S WORKS for the PIANOFORTE, in two vols. Cheap Edition now ready, including the celebrated Toccato Scherzo, Op. 13; Capriccio, Op. 27; Three Sketches, &c. Price 6s. net each vol.; or, bound, cloth, 8s. net.

PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS. By
SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.
NEW EDITION CAREFULLY FINGERED, &c.

Capriccio. Op. 2.
The Lake. Op. 10, No. 1.
The Millstream. Op. 10. No. 2.
The Fountain. Op. 10. No. 3.
Three Musical Sketches. Complete.
Allegro con Precisione. Op. 11. No. 1.
Moderato Grazioso. Op. 11. No. 2.
Allegro Brillante. Op. 11. No. 3.
Vivace Giocoso. Op. 11. No. 4.
Andante Capriccioso. Op. 11. No. 5.
Allegro Agitato. Op. 11. No. 6.
Six Studies. Complete.
Andante Expressivo. Op. 12 No. 1.
Grazioso. Op. 12. No. 2.
Presto. Op. 12. No. 3.
Three Impromptus. Complete.
Serenata. From Op. 13.
Scherzo. From Op. 13.
Sonata.
Allegro Grazioso. Op. 18.
Caprice. Op. 22.
Presto Leggiero. Op. 24. No. 1
Capricciosa. Op. 24. No. 2.
Agitato Assai. Op. 24. No. 3.
Alla Fantasia. Op. 24. No. 4.
Presto Agitato. Op. 24. No. 5.
Lento-Allegro con Bravura. Op. 24. No. 6
Suite de Pieces. Op. 24. Complete.
Rondo Piacevole. Op. 25.
Scherzo. Op. 27.
Introduzione e Pastorale. Op. 28. No 1.
Rondino. Op. 28. No. 2.
Capriccio. Op. 28. No. 3.
L'Amabile. Op. 29. No. 1.
L'Appassionata. Op. 29. No. 2.
Two Characteristic Studies. Op. 29.
Tema e Variazioni. Op. 31.
Pastriste Pas Gal. Op. 34.
Rondeau à la Polonaise. Op. 37.
Toccata. Op. 38.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S NEW PIECES.
PRES DU LAC (Meditation), artistically illustrated. Price 2s net.
UN BIJOU PERDU, artistically illustrated. Price 2s. net.
BERCEUSE. Price 1s. 6d. net.
LES VIEUX TEMPS. Gavotte. Price 1s. 6d. net.
LA PRINCESSE. Gavotte moderne. 1s. 6d. net.
TRANSCRIPTIO BRILLANTE (Braham). As played by Madame Arabella Goddard). 2s. 6d. net.

A BOON TO YOUNG PIANISTS.
A. GRENVILLE'S LA PRINCESSE. Price 1s. 3d. net.
A. GRENVILLE'S AIR DE BALLET. Price 1s. 3d. net.
J. RUMMEL'S BELLONA POLKA MAZURKA. Price 1s. 3d. net.
J. RUMMELL'S CHASSE GALOP. Price 1s. 3d. net.
J. RUMMEL'S LUCY VALSE. Price 1s. 3d. net.
PETITE COQUETTE POLKA. Price 1s. 3d. net.

CATALOGUES GRATIS and POST FREE.
Shipping Orders on most favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED SONGS OF SCOTLAND. BOOSEY and CO. beg to announce a new and very superb edition of the Songs of Scotland, containing twelve full-page illustrations by

Frank Dicksee.	A. Hunt.
J. MacWhirter.	P. Skelton.
W. Small.	E. B. Leighton.

The book contains 190 songs, the music edited by J. Pittman and Colin Brown, the words revised (with notes) by Charles Mackay. The Illustrated Songs of Scotland are printed in one volume, imperial 8vo, very beautifully bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 10s. 6d. Ready on the 10th inst.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Cele-brated Song. The Waltz of the Season. Price 2s. net. Solo and Duet; Septet, 1s.; Orchestra, 2s.

NANCY LEE GALOP. By Frewin. On Adams' Popular Ballad. 2s. net. [This day.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

F. H. COWEN.—AT LAST.—Miss ANNA WILLIAMS will Sing AT LAST in the following Towns:—Sheffield, November 19; Leamington, 20; Cheltenham, 21; Brighton, 22; Southsea, 23; Hastings, 24; Rochester, 25; Warrington, 27; Leicester, 28; Wolverhampton, 30; Bolton, Dec. 1; Southport, 3; Liverpool, 4; Worcester, 6; Preston, 7; Glasgow, 8; Dundee, 10; Newcastle, 11; Birkenhead, 12; and Hull, 14.

F. H. COWEN. — THE BETTER LAND.—A new setting of Mrs. Hemans' celebrated words, to be Sung for the first time by Madame ANTOINETTE STERLING at the first Ballad Concert. Price 2s. net.

STEPHEN ADAMS. — THE TAR'S FAREWELL.—Mr. SANTLEY will sing a New Song by the composer of "Nancy Lee," THE TAR'S FAREWELL (the Words by F. C. BURNAND) at the second Ballad Concert, November 28. Price 2s. net.

STEPHEN ADAMS.—YOUTH AND AGE.—Mr. MAYBRICK will Sing this New Ballad by the Composer of "Nancy Lee" at the first Ballad Concert, November 21st. Price 2s. net.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRU-MENTS FOR AMATEURS.
THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

THE HOLY FAMILY. Sacred Melo-dies. Arranged by W. H. CALLCOTT for the Pianoforte. Solos complete in 12 books, 5s. each; duets, 6s. each; ad lib. accompaniments for flute, violin, and violoncello, 1s. each. Each book free at half-price in stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

MUSIC.—Just issued, gratis and postage free, a CATALOGUE of more than Five Hundred Popular Publications for the Pianoforte, by BRINLEY RICHARDS and GEORGE FREDERICK WEST.—Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

CONCERTS, PENNY READINGS, &c.—POPULAR SONGS, VOCAL DUETS, TRIOS, and QUARTETS (part songs), selected from Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S CATALOGUE. This list may be had, gratis and post free, on application at New Burlington Street.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM: a Descrip-tive Fantasia for the Pianoforte. By J. PRIDHAM. Illustrated Title 4s., post free 24 stamps.
THE SAILOR'S DREAM: a Descriptive Fantasia for the Pianoforte. By J. PRIDHAM. Illustrated Title. 4s., post free 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE LOOK-OUT QUADRILLE, for the Pianoforte, composed by COTSFORD DICK, 4s. (quite equal to the popular Osborne Quadrilles). Also by the same composer, "A SINGING QUADRILLE," 4s., and "L'Eclair Galop," 3s. (all with illustrated titles), post free at half-price.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE ECHO OF LUCERNE. For Piano. By BRINLEY RICHARDS. 4s. "Mr. Richards has introduced it (the echo) with marvellous effect. All will admire the perfect taste, &c., and thank the skilful arranger for those notes."—*Swansea Herald*. Half price, free by post in stamps.—London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street: and of all Musicsellers.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE ORA-TORIOS, and other Sacred Compositions. Transcribed for the Pianoforte by GEORGE FREDERICK WEST (elegantly illustrated Titles). Six Books, 4s. each; all at half-price, post free.—London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

JULIETTE.—NEW WALTZ by La-MOTHE. Played at Arditi's Promenade Concerts. One of the prettiest of Lamothe's waltzes; full of melody, and easy to play. Post free for 2s.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, London, and of all musicsellers in town and country.

LOVED AND LOST (Geliebt und Ver-loren) WALTZES, by OTTO MULLER (performed at the Promenade Concerts, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden). These Celebrated WALTZES may be had of all Musicsellers. Solo or Duet, 2s. net.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

DUFF and STEWART'S DANCE ALBUM, containing Under the Mistletoe, Quadrille, C. Godfrey; Fontainebleau, Valse, G. Lamothe; Christmas Tree Polka, H. Farmer; Old English Lancers, C. Marriott; Welcome Home, Galop, C. Godfrey; Croquet Schottische, C. Marriott; Esmeralda Valse, C. Godfrey; Caledonians, C. Coote; Beatrice, Polka Mazurka, J. T. Trekell; English, Scotch, and Irish National Dances. One Shilling.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, and all Musicsellers.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.
A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News*.
Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.
All for Her. No. 1 sop., No. 2 contralto. A. S. Gatty.
Maiden May. Two keys. A. S. Gatty. Sung by Madame Cave-Ashton.
Before the Storm. Baritone. A. S. Gatty.
Meha. No. 1 tenor, No. 2 baritone. V. Capoul. Sung by M. Capoul.
Be My Love. Baritone. G. Fox.
My Star. No. 1, contralto, No. 2 mezzo-sop. Julia Wolff.
Little Nannie. Soprano. Julia Wolff. Sung by Mrs. Osgood.
The Trooper's Dream. Baritone. Julia Wolff.
Post free 24 stamps each.
ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles Street, W.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 56, Cheapside, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.
BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire: 40, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

NOTICE.—CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICES.—Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have completed arrangements at the Works, affording greatly increased facilities for producing this speciality, and hope to keep pace with the demand which they have hitherto been unable to do. Customers can now be supplied with any of the colours direct from stock.—OETZMANN and CO., Complete House Furnishers, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road. Descriptive Price Lists post free.

NOTICE.—THE NEW IRIDESCENT GLASS. This beautiful Prismatic Glass can now be obtained at OETZMANN & CO.'S in a great variety of articles, useful and ornamental. Also the best quality in DE DE BASTIE'S Toughened Glass. OETZMANN & CO., Complete House Furnishers, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZ-MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PRE-MISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.
OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DE-PARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.
OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'s FIVE GUINEA NONPAREIL BEDSTEAD and BEDDING is a marvel of quality and economy combined—consists of a 4 ft. 6 in. wide handsome Brass and Iron French Bedstead, one of O. and Co.'s patent Pallio Mattresses, and a good Wool Upper Mattress, good Feather Bolster, and two Pillows. Every one about to furnish should see this excellent set on view in the Show Rooms. Also to suit the above, two fine Linen Sheets, one ditto Bolster-case, two ditto Pillow-cases, three superior quality Blankets, and handsome white Marsella Quilt, for 78s. 6d. the set.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN'S Patent Pallio Mattress supersedes the use of the old rigid Palliasse; is more cleanly, healthy, and elastic; combines the advantages of a Mattress and Palliasse at the cost of one article. Price from 16s. 9d. upwards. See page 123 in "A Guide to House Furnishing," sent post free on application.—OETZMANN and CO.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d. A large stock of real Turkey carpets at reduced prices.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT. — Stout Tapestry Brussels Carpet, 1s. 9½d.; handsome pattern ditto, from 2s. 3d. to 2s. 9d. per yard; superior Brussels, new designs, from 2s. 11d. upwards. These prices are much below value. Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, 1s. 11d. per yard; Patent Felt Carpeting, from 11½d. per yard; Superior Rock Dye ditto, handsome designs, double width, 1s. 11d. per yard; excellent Stair Carpet, from 6d. per yard; Best Quality, all Wool, ditto, 1s. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

ELEGANT TAPESTRY CRETONNE CURTAINS, in various choice designs, adapted for drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, parlours, bedrooms, &c., lined throughout with the new Cretonne lining, and bound all round with best silk Paris lace or Cretonne binding, 3 yards long by 30 inches wide, 10s. 6d. per pair; ditto, 45 inches wide, 15s.; ditto, 3½ yards long by 45 inches wide, 17s. 6d. Also every description of materials used for curtains. One of the largest and best assortments in London to select from.

BOMBAY STRIPED CURTAINS.— The cheapest Curtains extant. Effective style, 3 yards long by 46 inches wide, 9s. 9d. per pair; 3½ yards, 11s. 9d.; 4 yards, 13s. 9d. Patterns on application.

KITCHEN REQUISITES.—OETZ-MANN and CO.'S TEN POUND SET (List No. 24, page 231, in their "GUIDE TO HOUSE FURNISHING," sent post free on application), includes Tables, Chairs, Clock, &c., with the various culinary utensils and requisites, contains all the most useful articles required in every kitchen, each being of superior quality, and is the most practical selection extant.—OETZMANN and CO.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.— OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.— OETZMANN and CO.—ORDERS sent per POST, whether large or small, receive prompt and careful attention. Those residing at a distance, or any to whom a personal visit would be inconvenient, desirous of leaving the selection to the Firm, may rely upon a faithful attention to their wishes and interest in the selection. This Department is personally supervised by a member of the Firm. For further particulars please see page 287 in Catalogue, sent free on application

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—NOVEMBER 17, 1877.

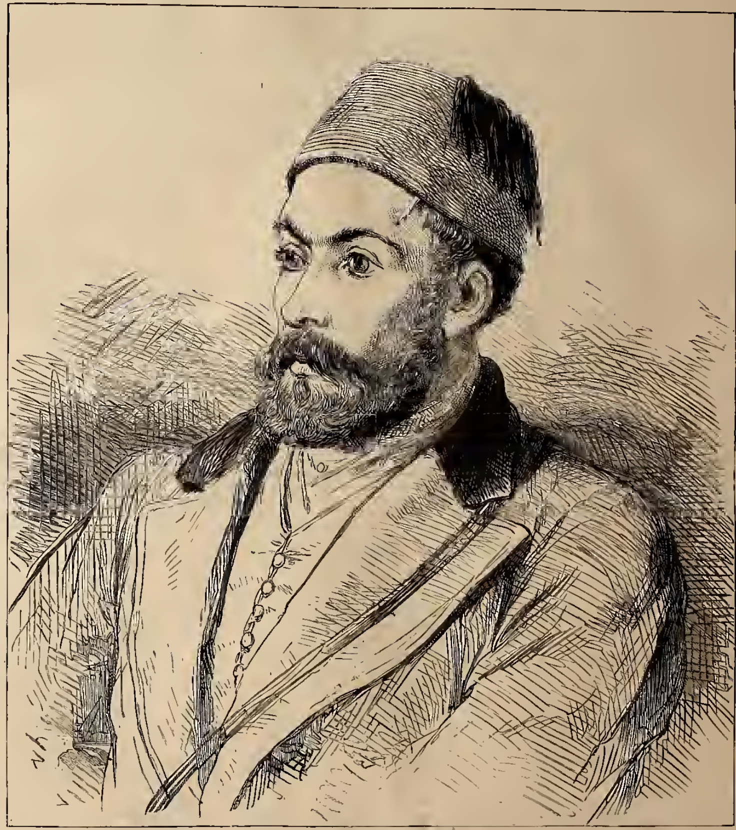
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 417
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



His Excellency
Osman Pasha
sketched from life in his tent Septr. 21st 1877
by Victor Lorie

Topics of the Week

England and the Dardanelles.——Since the fall of Kars there has been a large amount of speculation as to the possibilities of peace, and journals have been laying down the terms which will be offered by the Czar as if they were admitted to his most secret counsels. Some critics go so far as to say that he will require the Dardanelles to be opened to the war ships of Russia and Turkey alone. This may be dismissed as absurd, since England could never submit to a provision that would so seriously imperil her interests; but there can be no doubt that if the fortune of the war continues on the side of Russia there will be a demand that the Straits shall be no longer closed. Holy Russia, in proclaiming war, would not allow that she was moved by other than noble impulses; but lofty protestations and grasping ambition are not in her case incompatible. Will this country object to the fulfilment of her design? We observe that some of the Ministerial papers assert in positive terms that the Government will resist the scheme to the uttermost; but no member of the Cabinet has ever declared that we should fight to keep the Straits closed. In his famous despatch at the outbreak of war Lord Derby said no more than that we could not regard with indifference any proposal to alter existing arrangements. The probability is, then, that if no further difficulty occurred, England would quietly submit to this particular change being effected. Mr. Bright would be delighted at this result; but it would involve consequences of considerable importance to the British taxpayer, seeing that the Mediterranean fleet would at once have to be largely strengthened. For our part, we see no sort of reasonable claim that can be put forth on behalf of Russia. She can have no lawful occasion for a powerful force in Southern waters, and Turkey has quite as much right to object to the fleets of her enemy freely passing Stamboul as we should have to the fleet of an enemy anchoring in the Thames.

Foreign Competition and Free Trade.——There is an uneasy feeling abroad, which is not altogether unjustified, that the doctrines of Free Trade are not regarded in this country with such unquestioning complacency as they used to be. The truth is that hitherto we have never had an opportunity of impartially testing the effects of Free Trade. When Free Trade was definitively established in this country thirty years ago, we were, in matters of material progress, a century ahead of the rest of Europe. This was partly due to our political institutions, partly to our untiring industry, partly to the happy juxtaposition of our coal and iron; but, chiefly of all, to our prolonged immunity from invasion and domestic strife. Consequently, it was our aim in 1846 to import all necessary raw materials (food especially) as cheaply as possible, in order that we might spin, and weave, and forge for the whole Continent. This was Mr. Cobden's idea of the mission of England, namely, that her surface should be thickly dotted over with cotton mills and foundries, and that she should supply the Continent with unlimited calicoes and edge-tools. Gradually, however, the Continent began to join in the industrial race, and now there are several nations which are pretty well abreast of us. Hence some people are beginning to say, "Free Trade, like early rising, may be quite right in theory, but it may be very unpleasant in practice," and they proceed to doubt whether they should believe in it so thoroughly if some of our staple industries were in actual danger of being swamped by foreign competition. Then, again, example counts for a good deal. When the word "Protection" merely conjured up the image of a top-booted farmer or a haughty "haristocrat," the town artisan scorned the name, but now that he finds his fellow Democrats in Australia and America are rabid Protectionists, he begins to think there may be some sense in the belief. The doctrines of Trades Unionism, again, with which the working classes are largely imbued, are completely hostile to Free Trade. Believing, as we do, that the world would be more prosperous if every Custom House were removed, it is melancholy to reflect that there are few staunch upholders of Free Trade except in England, and that most of our own Free Traders belong to the middle and upper classes.

Marshal MacMahon and the Republicans.——Although the Duc de Broglie and his colleagues have resigned, the situation in France has by no means improved during the present week. The Marshal seems resolved not to alter his policy; and by the vote of Monday the Senate distinctly indicated its willingness to support him. It was hoped that the fear of losing their seats would deter the Constitutionalists from openly opposing the Republicans; but the Duc de Broglie managed with his usual adroitness to fill them with terror of Radicalism, and once more they submissively followed his lead. The result is that Marshal MacMahon supposes he has a perfect right to neglect the will of the Chamber of Deputies. If we may believe the *République Française*, the Republicans will respond by refusing to vote the Supplies. This will be a very unpopular measure among the large class whose comfort it will affect; but France elected the present majority for the express purpose of establishing the Republic, and they have no right to shrink from any means that may be necessary for realising the political ideal of the country. If the Supplies are stopped, a conflict more or less violent cannot be avoided, for the proposal to dissolve would undoubtedly meet with vehement opposition from the Left. The suggestion of a *coup d'état*, which had become highly improbable last week, has been much talked of even by cautious observers within the past few days. It is to be feared that the only consideration which makes the Marshal hesitate is a doubt whether he can be sure of the army. He is so much in the power of the reactionary party, which knows it is now playing its last card, that all higher arguments appear to have lost their influence over him. Fortunately this is an argument of immense weight. Republican opinions never were more common in the army; and he himself excites no enthusiasm. The hope of the Republicans, therefore, is that if a *coup d'état* is attempted it will not only fail, but involve in its failure the complete and final triumph of the popular side.

Street Rowdyism.——Continental rows are much more bloody than English rows. They use bullets and bayonets where we are content to use sticks and stones and fists. A Continental mob (at all events among the Latin races) is far more savage and dangerous than an English mob. But then rows on the Continent are rare, and they are almost always connected with religion or politics. The idea of making a row for the sake of a row is quite foreign to the Continental mind, and there is probably more rowdyism between sunset and sunrise in a large English city than in all the cities of the Continent put together. There is among our countrymen a fondness for rough horse-play and larking which is by no means altogether to be discouraged if kept within due bounds—for it is closely allied to important qualities which have largely contributed to our national greatness—but which is apt to degenerate into downright ruffianism. We are not here speaking of the brutal outrages which are so common in some of our great northern cities; from which Birmingham also suffers; and from which London, judging from recent occurrences in the neighbourhood of the Edgware Road, is not altogether free. We allude here to milder outbreaks of the spirit of disorder, distinguished rather by thoughtless mischief than by deliberate malice; as, for example, when, on Sunday evenings, bands of idle youths march along six or seven abreast, shouting out vulgar songs and insulting persons going to or returning from church. This phase of street rowdyism seems to be especially a winter amusement, and comes in with the hot chestnuts. In some neighbourhoods such disorder prevails at these times that respectable young women are quite shy of going to evening service. It is bad enough to have rude remarks made about your bonnet, or to have "Whoa, Emma!" suddenly bellowed in your ear, but it is still worse to be jostled off the pavement, or to be forcibly kissed by an objectionable stranger. Serious-minded people will say that the idle young rascals who play these pranks ought to be at church or chapel. But if they won't go, what is to be done with them? Those who make such a fuss about opening picture-galleries and museums on Sundays, should remember that, if Sunday is a day of rest for some it is emphatically a day of mischief for many others.

The Detectives.——The decision of the jury before which the case of Froggatt and the four detectives was tried has been very generally approved. The guilt of Clarke was certainly not demonstrated, and that of the other accused persons was put beyond the possibility of doubt. The sentence was in no sense harsh. Although two of the criminals were recommended to mercy, the utmost punishment which could be inflicted was inadequate, so that even the least guilty may congratulate themselves on having got off lightly. The question which now disturbs the public is whether such crimes as those that have been brought to light are at all common. Suspicions have been freely expressed that if the truth were known we should be horrified to find to how great an extent corruption prevails. We have before pointed out some of the peculiar temptations to which detectives and the police generally are exposed, and there can be no hope of a perfectly pure service if the authorities do not seriously endeavour to counteract these enticements. There is only one way of doing it, and that is by pitching the rate of pay so high that it will attract really good men. At present the pay is so inadequate that the authorities can hardly expect to withdraw from other callings persons who could hope to rise in them to distinction or competence. For the moment every one is anxious that, at whatever sacrifice, the system should be thoroughly overhauled and reformed. We fear, however, that this virtuous movement will not last very long. John Bull is the most impulsive and unreasonable of mortals. He will not be at the pains to investigate facts, but has a vague notion that when he has vehemently expressed a wish it must have been forthwith attained.

Salt in Beer.——Not content with his crusade against rotten ships, plucky Mr. Plimsoll has now gone a-tilting against the brewers, whom he charges with putting salt in their beer. "A Common Brewer" retorts that the barge load of salt which Mr. Plimsoll saw being delivered at a certain brewery must have contained enough salt to spoil all the beer which a very extensive brewery could manufacture during four years. The matter is both interesting and important, and we should be glad to have trustworthy information on the subject. On the one hand, Parliament would scarcely have included salt in a list of articles forbidden to be used in brewing had it not been shown on good evidence that salt was habitually put into beer; and, secondly, we have always understood, however innocent the brewers may be, that the "doctor"—that mysterious being who goes about "making up the cellar" for publicans—is in the habit of adding salt as well as other ingredients to the malt liquor which he manipulates. On the other hand, everybody knows that a very small quantity of salt gives a perceptibly unpleasant taste to any liquid, and the question then remains whether an amount which would be imperceptible to the palate can have any thirst-breeding effect. Most people eat as much salt with an egg as would make a quart of beer nauseous, yet eating eggs does not make people thirsty.

Lord Rectors.——We hear a great deal in these days of the candidature of distinguished men for the office of Lord Rector in one or other of the Scotch Universities. Mr. Browning, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Gladstone, and half-a-dozen other prominent names have lately been thrust before the public in this way. A few raw lads meet, and resolve that they will propose a particular person for the post. The momentous decision is immediately telegraphed to all parts of the kingdom, and people have a vague idea that something very important has happened or is about to happen. Mr. Gladstone, who was elected this week by the students of one of the Universities, wrote to them in a tone of triumph, as if even the honours of a Prime Minister were nothing compared with those of a Lord Rector, and as if he could now look forward with confidence to the future of the Liberal party. Is not all this a little foolish? We do not wish to say anything against the free expression of their opinions and sympathies by the students. By all means let them elect the men whose public career they admire, or whose writings give them pleasure. Sensible men will like them all the better for their enthusiasm, and easily forgive them if its manifestations are not always kept within decorous bounds. But surely the manner in which they exercise the right entrusted to them does not very vitally concern the public, and we see no reason why the papers should be continually calling our attention to the whim which happens to prevail among them at any particular moment. The elections are wholly without political significance. The majority of the voters are very young, and care nothing for politics; they support a side merely because they are under the influence of some energetic young leader, or because they are attracted by an eminent name.

Telephonic Anticipations.——If the telephone comes into general use, it will probably produce one effect. It will teach us to speak more clearly and distinctly than we now do. Of all nations the English have the most slipshod and careless utterance, a circumstance which adds greatly to the perplexity of foreigners learning our language. When, however, John Bull has to pay so much a minute for the privilege of talking to somebody a hundred miles off, he will find it advisable to practise the art of distinct pronunciation. This reminds us that the Telephone, like most other inventions, will not prove an unmixed blessing. The post coming in six or eight times a day is bad enough, but fancy a private Telephone hanging up in your office! Why, you will be at the mercy of all the bores in Christendom who have the pleasure of your acquaintance. The difference of longitude will add to the nuisance. Jones at Sydney, who has finished the work of the day, will relax his mind by talking politics to Smith in London, who has just begun to open his letters; while, *vice versa*, Brown in San Francisco will worry Robinson at his Clapham villa with commercial items just as the latter is going to bed. And are not the telegraph clerks and clerkesses to be pitied? If the Telephone is perfected, their occupation will be gone, and they will feel as the old Admiralty official felt when he set the arms of the semaphore swinging for the last time.

"THE GRAPHIC"

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

READY EARLY IN DECEMBER, WILL BE OF EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST.

An entire novelty has been introduced this year, as a large number of the Engravings have been printed in colours, besides the Presentation Coloured Plate usually issued.

In addition to this Plate one of the Sheets will also be in Colours, illustrating a Tale called "THE ANIMATED PORTRAIT," so that with this Number there will be

NINE PAGES OF COLOURED ENGRAVINGS, besides many others of seasonable interest, printed in Black and White. The following is a List of the Illustrations:

COLOURED PLATES.

ONCE UPON A TIME.
(PRESENTATION PLATE).

THE CALICO BALL AT GROBY CASTLE (Double-page).
"The dresses had been very carefully designed, and they attracted a great deal of attention, as they afforded a pretty complete panorama of costume from the Middle Ages up to a recent date."

THE CARICATURE.
"The children were absorbed in their occupation, and totally unconscious that anybody was behind them, while Sir Anthony stood frowning and pursing up his lip."

LADY MILDRED AND HER LOVER.
"Very fascinating she looked, for her face wore an especially bright animated expression as she conversed with the rising young diplomat."

LILIAN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
"It was a pretty sight to see her arrive, her face grave with excess of joy, and her little arms laden with gifts."

CUPBOARD LOVE.
"Hilda had coaxed several of the deer from the park into the hall to eat there dainties from her hand."

A COTTAGER'S CHRISTMAS HAMPER.
"None received her more gladly than old Mrs. Boscobel, who delighted in a visit from the great folks at the Castle."

A CHRISTMAS HAMPER.
Maria started when she spied
The little winged boy inside. . . .
"You looked for game, sweet girl," cries he,
"Henceforward don't make game of me!"

BLACK AND WHITE ENGRAVINGS.

ANCESTOR RALPH.
"Both the girls distinctly saw the right hand of the Portrait move out of the canvas!"

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.
"Psyche! Psyche! look!" cried Eros, starting to his feet in joyous excitement.

BLISSON'S LAST ROUND. Six Illustrations.
"He was in the act of lifting the tankard to his lips when I saw his face change suddenly. . . . Leaning against the clock in an attitude of dejection stood the Figure."

THE BARLEY MOW. Ten Illustrations.
"The disturbance outside continued. "My 'usband! My 'usband!" cried the voice; "what have you done with my 'usband?"

A HORRIBLE TALE (Double-Page).
Our blood was chilled, we could not speak,
We could not even raise a shriek,
Each moment seemed a tedious week.

THE TALES are by Mrs. OLIPHANT, ARTHUR LOCKER, T. W. SPEIGHT, and JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, post free, 1s. 2½d.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

AMUSEMENTS

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.

The TWENTY-NINTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, DOMESTIC POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and IMPLEMENTS, will be held at Bingley Hall, MONDAY, December 3, Admission, 5s.; TUESDAY, December 4, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, December 5 and 6, 1s.

For Excursion Trains and other special Railway Arrangements, see the advertisements and bills of the various Companies.

HENRY DUNBAR, by TOM TAYLOR, Powerfully Cast, and A ROUGH DIAMOND, by J. B. Buckstone (for a limited number of Nights). Box Office Hours, 11 to 5. No Fees for Booking. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, £200 A-YEAR. At 7.45, STOLEN KISSES. At 9.45, ISAAC OF YORK. Messrs. Ryder, F. H. Macklin, Garner, A. H. Warren, C. Collette, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames C. Loseby, C. Lewis, Lucette, E. Ritta, Compton, J. Clifton, R. Sanger. Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON.

GLOBE THEATRE.—MORNING PERFORMANCES EVERY SATURDAY.—TO-DAY, Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2, FLIRTATION and ISAAC OF YORK.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, the successful drama, BOUND TO SUCCEED. Messrs. George Conquest, W. James, Sennett, Syms, Hitchenough, George Conquest, jun., &c. Misses Mabel Verner, Victor, Henvil, &c. To conclude with (Wednesday and Thursday excepted) BRITISH BORN, on Wednesday with THE RENT DAY, and on Thursday with THE PORTER'S KNOT.—Acting Manager, Mr. ALPHONSE ROQUES.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at 6.45, TWO SONS, a New Drama by E. Manuel, Esq. MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Messrs. Young and Dean, Emily Randall, William Randall, Ella Wesner. Concluding with A WIFE YET NO WIFE. Mrs. S. Lane.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—ONCE IN A CENTURY, by Gilbert A'Beckett; AT THE SEASIDE, by Mr. Corney Grain; and NO. 204, by F. C. Burnand. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Oxford Circus.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN. — NOTICE. — These celebrated SUPPER ROOMS are now open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS, specially trained by and under the direction of Mr. F. Jonghmans, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES. Proprietor, J. B. AMOR.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, and Hobart Pasha. Also Portrait Models of the Pengo Convicts and the Perpetrators of the Great Turf Frauds, Benson and Kurr. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES WILL OPEN on Monday, December 3. 5, Pall Mall East.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

"GONE," by FRANK HOLL.—This Fine Picture is now ON VIEW at the ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is NOW OPEN, at Thomas McLean's Gallery, No. 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON. — PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE. — Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement for Six Nights only, commencing MONDAY, November 26, of the Famous Comedian, Mr. J. L. TOOLE. In active preparation, and will be produced on MONDAY, Dec. 24, a Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, by F. W. Green, entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia, Ceylon, China } Via Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. { India, Japan, New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE TURKS—GHAZI OSMAN PASHA

OSMAN PASHA, unlike some of the leaders of the Ottoman Army, is a Turk born and bred, having begun his education at a preparatory school superintended by his brother at Constantinople. Thence he passed into the Military School, in 1853 he entered the army, and on the outbreak of the Crimean War was attached to the general staff at Shumla. Having greatly distinguished himself throughout the campaign, he was appointed a captain in the Imperial Guards, and, after having been promoted to the rank of major, took part in the Cretan war of 1867. He was subsequently advanced to a colonelcy, and then to a generalship, and took part in the Turco-Servian campaign as commander of the Widdin Division. For his services there he was created a Muchir, or Field-Marshal. The beginning of the present war found him still at Widdin, whence in July last he advanced, with his army greatly reinforced, to Plevna, where, by considerable skill and generalship, he not only stemmed the tide of Russian invasion, but wrought upon the invaders such defeat and disaster as to lead to the hope that he might succeed in driving them back across the Danube. For his brilliant successes the Sultan bestowed on him the title of Ghazi (Victorious)—a title, however, which, if Russian accounts of the investment prove true, he will not long be able to bear in strict accordance with the truth. The great fault in his character seems to be the heartless way in which he treats his wounded, and his refusal of the aid of "foreign" doctors.

"Many rumours," writes the artist, "have been circulated as to the nationality of Osman Pasha, owing no doubt to a great extent to the fact that he would neither allow himself to be photographed nor sit for his portrait." Our engraving, which is from a drawing by a correspondent who has been with Osman for some time at Plevna, forms the only exception to this rule. The drawing was taken while Osman was resting in his tent, and was so much liked that the Grand Vizier and Osman Pasha both wished for a copy, which was at once supplied. One was also forwarded to the Sultan. Our correspondent was told by Osman Pasha, while sitting for this portrait, that he had never sat for sketch or photograph, and that the portraits which have been published have either been done quickly without his knowledge, or have been unauthentic. One of the peculiarities of Osman, who is about forty-five years of age, is that he always carries a pencil, not behind his ear, but stuck under his fez, as will be seen in our drawing. Concerning his nationality we may repeat that Osman is a "regular Turk," never having even been out of his own country.

IN THE SHIPKA PASS

OUR first sketch depicts the difficulties of moving artillery in the recent wet and snowy weather which has prevailed in the Shipka Pass, whence our artist sends a touching account of the hardships of an autumn in the Balkans. "Notwithstanding the inclemency," he continues, "the Turks continue to send their artillery up the heights, so that no time may be lost. But such heavy traffic on bad roads, made worse by deep yielding snow and thick mud, is by no means an easy matter, as my sketch will show. A gun drawn by six horses has come to a dead stop on the brink of a precipice owing to one of the horses having fallen down from fatigue. All efforts failing to induce the poor animal to rouse himself, the Turkish artillerymen unharnessed him, and, taking his place, attached themselves to the gun and resolutely dragged it up the incline to its destination."

STALKING RUSSIAN SENTRIES

NO European war of recent date has produced so many deeds of horror and useless and treacherous atrocities as the conflict now raging in the East, and our sketch of "stalking" unfortunate Russian sentries will serve to show one of the various characteristic episodes of warfare in the East, which reminds one of the mode of fighting of the Noble Red Man of the Far West. Some Albanian volunteers belonging to a battalion which had recently joined the army at Shipka are trying to capture the Russian sentinels on the road leading to Mount St. Nicholas. Armed only with a knife in his left hand, with the sure and stealthy step of a practised mountaineer, unnoticed by the half-numbed and worn-out sentry, each Albanian steals close behind his man, and with a sudden spring throws his right hand round his neck and gags him, while with his left he thrusts his knife into the skin just over the heart. In such a position the sentry has no choice but to surrender. "But," asked our artist, of an Albanian, "suppose he succeeds in crying out?" "My left hand," was the mountaineer's reply, "is sure, and the knife kills without any noise." "How if he sees you?" "I watch every movement," was the answer, "and upon the slightest motion on his part, hide behind a rock or disappear down the steep in the darkness."

SCENES AT CONSTANTINOPLE

HERE we have some characteristic incidents of life in Constantinople just now. Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid is a very different man to his predecessor, poor Abd-ul-Aziz, takes an energetic interest in the welfare of his State and people, and, instead of completely shutting himself up in his marble Palace of Dolma Bagtchè, shows himself constantly to the people, and to the soldiery in particular. In our sketch he is pinning, with his own hand, the Medal of Merit on the breasts of some of the wounded soldiers from the hospitals.

In the Frank quarters of Constantinople, and especially in Pera, the Café Chantant is a great institution, and in times of peace it was very amusing to watch grave old Turks from Stamboul drop in to see the fair Giaour, hailing from Marseilles or Vienna. Now, however, the so-called "concerts" are more popular than ever, as stirring patriotic songs—imported like the singers from Giaour land—are sung by young women studded with crescents and stars. The song at the time our sketch was taken was "Plevna: A Patriotic Hymn," interpreted into Turkish by a Mdlle. Caracachian.

The third sketch speaks for itself. A detachment of Turkish workmen, occupied with their labours during the day, are being voluntarily instructed at night in the exercise of arms, so that they may be ready to defend their city when the "Muscovs" appear at the gates.

ST. PETERSBURG—FUNERAL OF PRINCE LEUCHTENBURG

PRINCE SERGIUS OF LEUCHTENBURG, who was killed by a spent ball on the 23rd ult. during a reconnaissance expedition on the Lom, was the third son of the late Duke of Leuchtenburg and the Czar's sister, the Grand Duchess Marie Nicolaievna. He was twenty-eight years old at the time of his death, and a general favourite with the army, so that his fall not only threw a gloom over the Imperial household, but was felt to be a really national loss. The young Prince had shown considerable gallantry throughout the campaign, and in some cases had so recklessly exposed himself as to bring down a rebuke from his superior officers. His body was conveyed through Gorny Studen and Bucharest to St. Petersburg, where it arrived on the 4th inst., being conducted from the railway station to the Fortress Cathedral in a grand funeral procession. The Empress and the brothers and sisters of the late Prince accompanied the hearse, as well as the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial Family, and a large body of troops, the procession being headed by a squadron of the Imperial Guard, to which the young Prince belonged. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, the streets were thronged with an immense crowd. The interment took place with great pomp on the following day.

THE CAFFRE WAR IN THE TRANSKEI

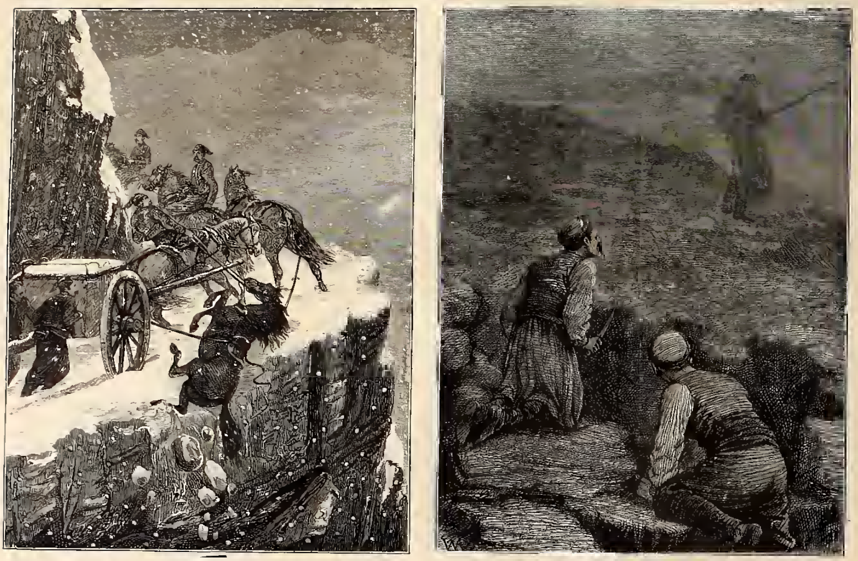
THE Transkei is divided into three sections, first, the territory of the Fingoes, who are strictly allied with the British Government; secondly, the "Idutzwa Reserve," occupied by a mixed body of Fingoes and less trustworthy races, also under British magistrates; and lastly, a tract of land between the British jurisdiction and the sea, peopled by the Galekas, a warlike tribe who can send from 10,000 to 12,000 fighting men into the field. The Galekas, who have multiplied greatly since the last outbreak in 1853, have always been very jealous of the Fingoes on account of their acceptance of British civilisation. A quarrel recently broke out between the two tribes, which Sir Bartle Frere was anxious to arrange, but Kreli, the Galeka Chief, refused to meet him, and formally dismissed the missionaries from his kraal, which was taken to be, as it was intended, a declaration of war. Kreli, son of Hintza, who was shot in an unfortunate dispute after his surrender to the English in the war of 1834-5, is paramount chief of the Caffres, and took a leading part in the wars of 1846 and 1851-3. Kreli is about fifty-five years of age. He is brave, sagacious, generous, and disposed for peace, but his sons are restive, and his people dissatisfied with their cramped condition between their enemies and the sea. Sir Bartle Frere has now proclaimed Kreli's deposition from the chieftainship, and declared his land confiscated. The South Africans, like most other uncivilised races, deal largely in magical arts, the pharmacopœia of the Caffrarian *medico* rests on a basis of witchcraft, and as rain is a matter of supreme importance in a region subject to desolating droughts, the "rain-maker" is a recognised professional. We have borrowed a portion of the above details from the *Standard* of the 30th ult. We are indebted for our portrait of Kreli to Mr. Charles Cowen, of Port Elizabeth.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

VICTOR HUGO'S new work is continued on page 488.

"OUR TRIP TO BLUNDERLAND"

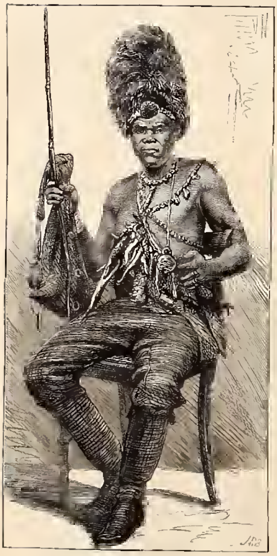
THIS little work, written by "Jean Jambon," and illustrated by Charles Doyle (W. Blackwood and Sons), is avowedly constructed after the fashion of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass," to whose author the work is dedicated. The story deals with the adventures of three little boys, who are sent off on a trip to Wonderland by Alice herself, who signs a pass for their admission. Unfortunately, in making out the pass, one of the little boys had written "Blunderland," so thither accordingly they have to go. For the various marvels which they meet there, and the startling adventures which befel



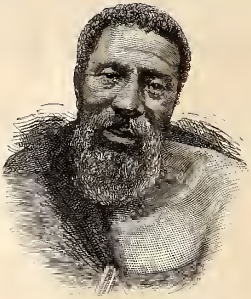
A DANGEROUS ROAD

STALKING RUSSIAN SENTINELS

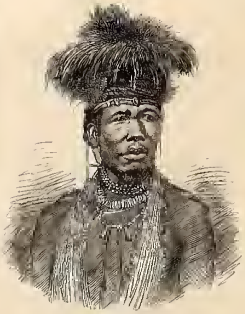
WITH THE TURKS IN THE SHIPKA PASS



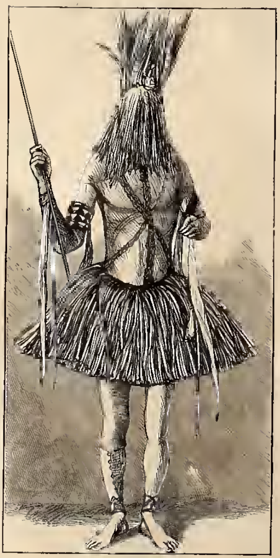
MAGUAPAAK, BASUTO DOCTOR



KRELI, THE REBEL CHIEF OF THE GALEKAS

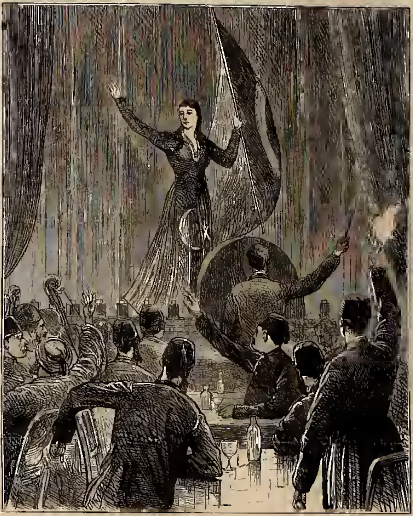


A RAIN MAKER

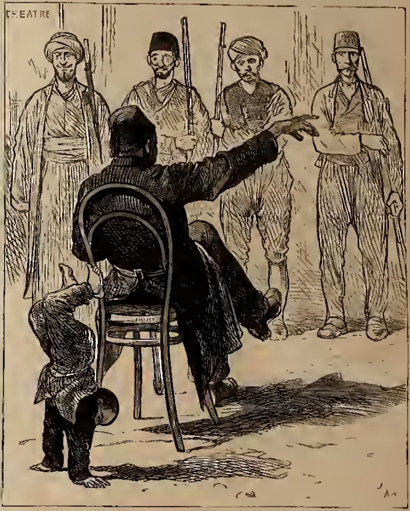


AMAGUILLA

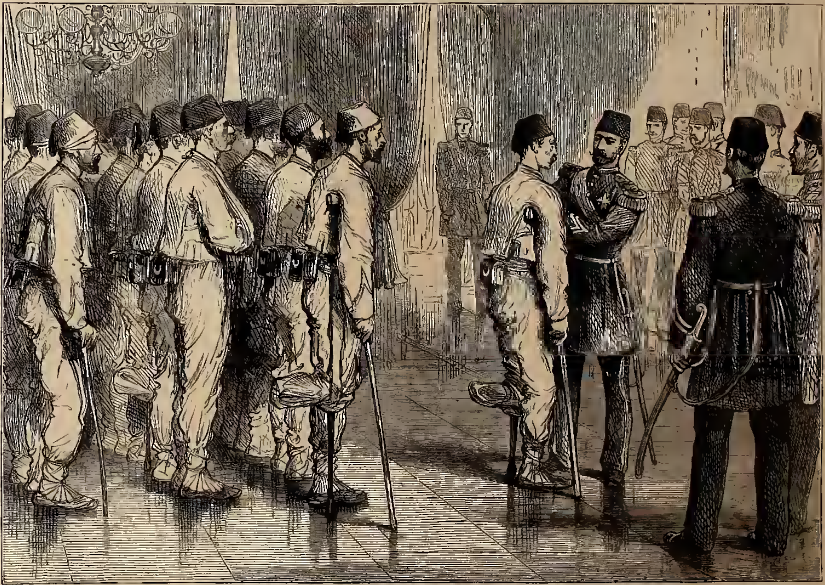
THE KAFFIR WAR IN THE TRANSKEI



A CAFÉ CHANTANT, "PLEVNA"—A PATRIOTIC HYMN



DRILLING TURKISH WORKMEN VOLUNTEERS IN THE STREETS AT NIGHT



THE SULTAN DECORATING WOUNDED SOLDIERS

WITH THE TURKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE

them, we will refer the reader to the work itself, which, bristling with puns and *jeux de mots* at every turn, can hardly fail to raise a hearty laugh; though whether the little folk in the nursery will appreciate its somewhat advanced humour as completely as the author would wish them is perhaps somewhat doubtful. The advance of nursery civilisation notwithstanding—our old friends "Cinderella" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" are still first favourites in Babydom, as they have been for many past generations, and it would require a very precocious inhabitant of the nursery to fully appreciate such jokes as "supporting the chair," or the humour of the various strange incidents in the Blunderland Court of Assize. The illustrations, as may be seen from the specimens we have selected for publication, are admirable, and the publishers have spared no pains to make the work as complete a miniature *edition de luxe* as possible.

"THE FIRST DIP"

THIS is a delightful picture to look at on a broiling hot day, such as visited us very rarely during the past chilly summer. But in November, the idea of a plunge into the briny ocean fills most people with shivering sensations, and therefore we are the more able to sympathise with the child, who is evidently in desperate terror of the water. Not that the "dipper" looks very ferocious. She is probably an elder sister, or an aunt, and may be trusted to accomplish the immersion mercifully. We were less lucky during our infancy at Broadstairs, being surrendered by our nurse to a veritable mer-woman, clad in blue serge, with a brick-red complexion, a harsh voice, and exceedingly muscular arms. She was wont to wade into the water after us like the Brobdingnagian monster making for Gulliver's shipwrecked vessel. Then she would clutch us in her iron grip, and plunge us thrice beneath the wave. Oh! how we hated the sight of her! And yet, a few years later, we were passionately devoted to bathing.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 493.

THE COUNTESS LAMBERTINI

See page 495.

SYMPATHY WITH TURKEY—MAHOMEDAN MEETING AT PENANG

THE progress of the Russo-Turkish war is watched with the most intense interest in all those countries, however distant from Turkey they may be, in which there are adherents of the Mahomedan religion, and heartfelt prayers are everywhere offered up for the success of the Sultan's arms. A Mahomedan gentleman of Penang, Mr. Golamydinsah Marican, sends us a photograph which we here engrave, and an interesting account of the meeting therein depicted. He says, "A party of 6,000 Mahomedans and their Bishops, by the efforts of Mahomed Joonoos, Mahomed Ariff (my cousins), Payitam Mahomed Cauler Hoosain Marican, and myself, assembled in Hutton Lane, on the 2nd September last, where a religious meeting and festival were held, and celebrated from 6 A.M. till 10 P.M. About 2,500 poor persons who came from the Madras Presidency were at the same time fed, and otherwise charitably entreated. And at the same time all the people begged God for a victory in favour of His Majesty the Sultan of Turkey. 'May God,' they prayed, 'grant him a long life, and strength to his Empire, and may peace and happiness attend all the Imperial Family as long as the sun and moon exist, so that the religion of Islam may always be protected.' Another meeting was held where prayers were offered by the Mahomedan community to beg of God to strengthen the faith of the newly-appointed Sheik-ul-Islam, the Wazirs, the members of Parliament, and all the leaders of the Imperial army, so that all who profess the religion of Islam may be protected by them. May all praise be given to the martyrs of the cause of God and of His religion."

A NOVEL FIRE-ESCAPE

THIS engraving, which is taken from a suggestive sketch sent to us by an anonymous correspondent, shows a means of saving life from fire, the advantages of which are so manifest that we venture to predict that it will ere long be very widely adopted. The idea is taken from the nets now so commonly used by acrobats, notably Zazel, at the Westminster Aquarium, and Maraz, at the Alexandra Palace. The "dives" which these performers make, although thrilling and sensational to the uninitiated, are by no means so dangerous as they appear, as the elasticity of the net counteracts in a great degree the impetus of the descending body. The only real risk is of the performer falling head downwards in such a directly vertical manner as to break his neck, an eventuality so extremely improbable as to be hardly worth consideration. The advantages of the apparatus as a fire-escape are its portability, cheapness, and simplicity. The net of strong cordage is supported at the corners by stout poles, the the lower ends of which should be fitted with spikes to fix in the ground. These would be held by policemen, firemen, or others, while the crowd hauling at the ropes attached would keep the net sufficiently taut. It is possible that in few cases there might be some difficulty in persuading aged or nervous people to jump from a second or third storey even to save themselves from the devouring flames, but in most cases of the kind the imperilled are endowed with unwonted courage, and many instances are recorded of persons of both sexes having leaped from great heights into the arms of persons below, or even on to the bare pavement, at the risk of life and limb. We, therefore, unhesitatingly recommend the apparatus to the attention of Captain Shaw and whomsoever else it may concern, as an invaluable suggestion which ought to be at once adopted.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

THE nuptial ceremony which took place at the Oratory, Brompton, on Wednesday, was one of almost unexampled magnificence. The Bishop of Southwark officiated, and was assisted by a retinue of lesser ecclesiastical dignitaries, whose vestments, supplemented by the brilliant toilettes of the ladies who formed the better if not the bigger half of the congregation, filled the building with a blaze of colouring rarely equalled. As we shall next week publish some illustrations from sketches taken during the ceremony, we reserve our account of the proceedings, and shall content ourselves with a few words concerning the noble Bride and Bridegroom, and the Castle of Arundel, which is the Duke of Norfolk's principal country seat.

HENRY FITZALAN HOWARD, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk, Baron Fitzalan, Clun, Oswaldestrie, and Maltravers, is the premier Duke of England, ranking immediately after the Princes of the Royal blood. He is also Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England, an office of the very highest dignity. He was born in Carlton Terrace on December 27th, 1847, and in November, 1860, he succeeded to the title, after the death of his father the fourteenth Duke. He is well-known as an enthusiastic supporter of the Roman Catholic Faith, as, indeed, is the whole family, two of the Duke's sisters having devoted themselves to religion, one as a nun, the other as a Sister of Charity.

LADY FLORA PAULYNA HETTY BARBARA HASTINGS, now Duchess of Norfolk, is the daughter of the late Countess of Loudoun and Mr. Abney Hastings, and granddaughter of the second Marquis of Hastings. She is now in her twenty-fourth year, and a few years ago she was received into the Roman Catholic Church by Monsignor Capel, the announcement of her conversion creating some sensation in society.

ARUNDEL CASTLE, Sussex, stands upon a high and steep circular knoll, from whence an extensive view is obtained. The ancient building dates from before the Conquest, and there is a legend of a giant warder, one Sir Bevis, whose weekly rations included a whole ox, with bread and mustard in proportion, and two hogsheads of beer. In the time of Charles the First it was taken from the Royalists by Lord Hopton, but retaken some two months afterwards by Sir W. Waller. It subsequently fell into ruin, but was restored in 1815 by Charles Howard, the eleventh Duke of Norfolk, at a cost of half a million of money. One of the most interesting parts of the building is the ancient keep, built by Richard Fitzalan in 1302. The square tower at the entrance has a portcullis and "machicoules," or funnel-shaped apertures, through which red-hot missiles or melted lead could be poured down amongst the assailants of the Castle. The walls of the Keep itself are eight to ten feet in thickness, and in its centre a shaft descends to a subterranean dungeon. The summit of the Keep is covered with a close net to keep in a colony of owls which have been imported from North America, and which seem perfectly satisfied with their quarters, breeding and rearing their young. In the Great Hall are some modern painted windows representing the Signing of Magna Charta, and figures of some of the Barons connected with that event; and amongst the pictures in the Castle are some family portraits by Holbein and Vandyke.—Our views and portraits are from photographs by Russell and Sons, East Street, Chichester.

MR. STANLEY AT CABENDA

WHATEVER opinion may be held as to Mr. Stanley's method of dealing with the native tribes of Central Africa it is impossible to deny him the honour and credit due to an intrepid and persevering explorer. During the journey just completed he has travelled over a distance of 7,000 miles by land and water, circumnavigated three great lakes, discovered the sources of the Nile and the Congo, and ascertained the identity of the latter with the Lualaba. His party at starting numbered 347, but was reduced by war, privation, fever, and accidents to 113; among those lost being the three Englishmen and his favourite boy Kalulu, who came with him to England after his first African expedition. Mr. Stanley left Nyangwe (the farthest point reached by Livingstone and Cameron) on the 5th November last year, determined to push westward at all risks. He had with him an escort of 150 Arabs, but after four days' journey they turned back, and the bold adventurer and his followers were left alone to face the cannibals, who sometimes ran after them, saying, "We shall have plenty of meat to-day." Independent of the hostility of the natives the difficulties of the journey appear to have been most extraordinary. For many miles the way had to be cut through dense forests, and they had to drag their canoes and boats overland. They fought thirty-two battles, passed over sixty-three cataracts, in one of which poor Francis Pocock was drowned, and at last on the 9th of August last they reached Boma, where they again met with white people. From thence they were carried by a Liverpool steamer to Cabenda (where the photograph of which our engraving is a reproduction was taken). Stanley and his party stayed there a week, and were then taken in a man-of-war to St. Paul de Loanda, where he was *fêted* by the Portuguese Governor. After this H.M.S. *Industry* took the whole party to the Cape, where he was again the subject of public adulation. By this time we suppose that he has sent his men back to Zanzibar by steamer, and is himself on his way to this country, where he will doubtless be made the lion of the hour. It is said that although he has suffered a great deal, he still looks wonderfully well, his bronzed complexion and silvered hair being the only indications of the great physical and mental strain which he has undergone.—Our engraving is from a photograph furnished to us by Mr. Phillips of Essex Road, Sale, Manchester.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——A new Reform Club built at a cost of 6,000*l.* was opened at Burnley, last week. Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth, Mr. Hibbert, and Mr. Rylands were among the speakers. The last named said that the Scottish University elections were a notice to Lord Beaconsfield to quit. There was a change coming over the country, the people were beginning to get tired of the present quiescent Government, which had committed some of the grossest jobs. The charge that Lord Hartington made against Lord Beaconsfield's Government was not that everybody was contented, but that for the interest of certain classes they had sacrificed those of the rest of the community.—Mr. Mundella, M.P., speaking before the Sheffield Trades Council, the other day, ascribed the present depression of trade, which he held to be much exaggerated, to the fact that bankrupt States to which English bondholders had lent money had repudiated their obligations to the extent of 300,000,000*l.* and reduced the national revenue by fully 20,000,000*l.* The demands of these countries fell off, and English capitalists who had lost principal and interest in foreign loans were compelled to retrench. With the recovery of those States, and they were recovering fast, would come a revival of trade even more marked than had ever been known.—On Friday last a deputation had an interview with Lord Carnarvon on the subject of the condition of South Africa, and the danger likely to arise to European subjects from inadequate protection. His lordship in reply said that the most recent despatches were of a very reassuring nature, but said that if, as he trusted, the insurrection was finally put down we had had a very narrow escape from a serious danger, due in a great measure to the energy and ability of Sir Bartle Frere.—The twenty-third anniversary of the death of Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart was kept on Saturday by the Polish Historical Society, under the presidency of Major Szulczewski, who after paying a feeling tribute to the memory of the lamented benefactor of the Polish Refugees referred to the Eastern Question, and said that though the Poles most heartily deprecate the conquest and partition of Turkey, yet for them to attempt an insurrection at this moment would be an act of lunacy or a downright crime. They must wait patiently and resignedly until Providence should prepare an opportunity for Poland to resume her place amongst the independent nations of Europe.—A startling announcement was last week made to the effect that the notorious Fenian, O'Donovan Rossa, was about to visit this country for the purpose of abolishing the House of Commons by means of a chemical popularly known as "Bottled Death," but known to science as "osmic acid." There is, however, no cause for alarm, for Professor Vincent, the well-known analyst, tells us that the acid is not so bad as it is alleged to be. It is *not* a deadly poison, but it has a strong pungent odour similar in its effects to the essence of a thousand onions, so that the worst consequences to be apprehended from its possible use at St. Stephens would be that honourable members would go home weeping bitterly.

MR. GLADSTONE.—The ex-Premier has been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, an honour which it appears he regards more as a political sign of the times than as a personal compliment. In acknowledging a letter from the President of the Glasgow University Liberal Club he says:—"I cannot but consider that my name has been employed as a symbol of principles and opinions, and thus I regard the acceptance of it by so large a majority as a remarkable indication of the healthy tone and pulse of the University."—It is announced that Mr. Gladstone is about to give a lecture at Hawarden upon "Russians, Turks, and Bulgarians," in reply to Mr. Archibald Forbes's recent article in *The Nineteenth Century*.—The "National" papers have been commenting upon Mr. Gladstone's visit. The *Nation* says that he was received with welcome and respect on the understanding that he came in a purely private capacity, but ridicules the idea that his personal influence would suffice to turn the people of Ireland into a herd of soulless and spiritless slaves, and induce them to abandon all they hold precious and dear. The *Weekly News* looks on the visit as a bid for Irish support, and says bluntly:—"If the Whigs see their goal before them so also do we see ours. If they hope for our help in anything our terms are easily known. The Irish nation will take no second price. We demand Home Rule for Ireland—not any reform in counties, or in cities, or in towns, but the sole and absolute power to an Irish Native Parliament to make all laws concerning Ireland only." The *Flag of Ireland* rejoices that the people received Mr. Gladstone not only with forbearance but in a kindly spirit, acknowledges that "he is naturally a benevolent man," and that "no English statesman has dared to do as much for Ireland," and is satisfied that for the rest of his life he will think better of the Irish people. The *Spectator* quotes some further particulars concerning Mr. Gladstone, from that well-informed Turkish journal, the *Zemar and Bassiret:*—"His gluttony for gold makes him look yellow. According to those who know him he is of middling height, with a yellow face, wearing closely-cut whiskers in the European style, and as a sign of the Satanic spirit his forehead and upper forehead are bare. His evil temper has made his hair fall off, so that from a distance he might be taken for quite bald. He has a long nose, a long face, and a very ugly mouth, as the words he utters indicate; and when he shuts his mouth two front teeth are seen protruding a décimètre (!) beyond the lower lip."

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Cambridge Senate House was crowded on Saturday by the admirers of Mr. Charles Darwin, upon whom was conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws. The undergraduates had an effigy of a monkey dressed in academicals, suspended upon a string across the building.—The other day Dean Stanley gave a most interesting lecture at the Society of Arts on "The Art of Rightly Questioning," recommending his hearers to acquire all the information they could about all subjects they heard of in conversation, and illustrating his advice by a number of anecdotes.—Miss Grace Vernon Bussell, the Australian heroine, whose portrait appeared in our issue of last week, has been awarded the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society and her black servant, Samuel Isaacs, is to be presented with the bronze one.—The men of the 19th Hussars who were concerned in the recent *emeute* at the Curragh Camp have been been sentenced to penal servitude for terms varying from five to eight years. Private Quinlan, one of the men charged, was acquitted. The sentences were promulgated on Wednesday last in presence of the whole of the troops of the Dublin Garrison, and Lieut.-General Herbert, the Commander of the district, made an impressive speech, pointing out the serious guilt of disobedience, and remarking that every soldier who had a real or fancied grievance had a right of appeal to his General, whose duty it was to see that justice was done "without partiality, favour, or affection."—Some extraordinary evidence has been elicited in the course of the inquiry respecting the colliery disaster at Blantyre. Some of the miners declared that naked lights were commonly used even when "shots" were fired, and that they knew of no order against them; and one man stated that during thirty-two years' mining experience in England and Scotland he had never anywhere met with so much gas as in this pit. There was no discipline, and he had been sworn at for reporting the presence of gas, and dismissed from No. 1 pit for asking that there should be an inspection of the soft coal.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——By an unfortunate arrangement the meetings at Warwick and Manchester have clashed, to the detriment doubtless of both, as neither men nor horses could be in two places at once. Warwick, perhaps, was the greater sufferer, for certainly the winding-up *réunion* on the Lammas Lands seemed shorn of much of its former glory, the fields being unusually small, and the calibre of the majority of the animals being nothing to boast of. On the opening day Mr. Gretton's colours were twice borne to the front, namely by Alameda in the Nursery Handicap and by Samaria in the Selling Nursery, and Mr. Hibbert scored twice by the aid of Victoire, who won the first and last race. On the second day they made Victorious favourite for the Guy Welter, which he won easily enough, the two next fancied, Speculation and Strike, running second and third. Boyne Water, with odds on, beat five others for the Warwick Steeplechase, and Lord Bradford, who has not had much luck lately, threw in for the Welter Handicap with Euxine.—At Manchester there was a large attendance of "locals" as usual, and the racing was very fair. A good field of thirteen contested the Rous Plate on the first day, and the prize fell to the outsider Young Sydmonton, who has not become "aged."

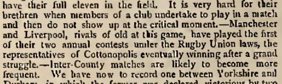
The same number of runners went for the Lancaster Nursery, and again an outsider, La Fiancée, came to the rescue of the bookmakers; and yet once more the metallicians had the best of it, when Spiegelschiff beat Sunray and eight others in the Heaton Park Cup. Sunray, however, to some extent recouped her friends on the following day by winning the De Trafford Handicap, though her backers had to put up with 6 to 4. But the balance of the day's results was decidedly against the makers of favourites, as My Nannie O in the Trafford Park Welter, Zanoni in the Stamford Nursery, and Cuckoo in the Irwell Plate upset all the most fancied animals. Rash backers, who often "go for the gloves" in the last week of the legitimate racing season, have only made matters worse at Manchester and Warwick.

Football.——Though the first ties of the Association Challenge Cup have been worked through, and nothing done since last week towards commencing the second, there have been several very interesting contests in different quarters. Among these the game played under Association rules at Bramhall Lane, Sheffield, on Saturday last, between the representatives of the Cutlery Town and London, is the most noticeable. The weather was brilliant, and fully 6,000 spectators were present, but not to see their friends win, as the visitors got the game by six goals to "love," being at all points superior to their opponents.—At Oxford, the University in a Rugby Union game has beaten Woolwich Military Academy; but at Eton has suffered defeat from the Eton boys in an Eton game.—The 1st Surrey Rifles have had to beat a retreat before the well-organised force of Upton Park, and Ravenscourt Park before the veterans of Richmond.—The Pilgrims and Ramblers, two very strong clubs, have also antagonised, to the grievous discomfiture of the latter, though, it should be added, they could not, or rather did not, have their full eleven in the field. It is very hard for their brethren when members of a club undertake to play in a match and then do not show up at the critical moment.—Manchester and Liverpool, rivals of old at this game, have played the first of their two annual contests under the Rugby Union laws, the representatives of Cottonopolis eventually winning after a grand struggle.—Inter-County matches are likely to become more frequent. We have now to record one between Yorkshire and Durham, in which the former was declared victorious by two tries, four touches-down, and a touch-in-goal.

Aquatics.——A match between Blackman of Dulwich and Nicholson of Stockton-on-Tees, in which considerable interest was manifested, for 100*l.* a side, was rowed at Newcastle on Monday last. Blackman gave his antagonist 10 seconds start, and the lead this represented he could never make up, though he rowed a most plucky stern race.—The Trial Eights are hard at work at both Universities, and at each an "unattached" student has been fixed. A "non gremial," as the staid dons call the men unattached to colleges, has never yet rowed in the Putney race, but perhaps we shall see one do so next spring.

Bicycling.——For the fourth time those old opponents Keen and Stanton met to contest a fifty miles race on Monday last at the Agricultural Hall, 50*l.* being the prize offered. As on the former occasions so on this, Keen proved the better man at this distance, winning easily enough in 3 h. 17 min. 22 sec., the track being by no means favourable for making fast times. Keen was thus far behind his wonderful performance in October of last year, when he covered the same distance in 3 h. 6 min. 45 sec.

Pedestrianism.——On Saturday, between eleven and twelve, at the Agricultural Hall, Gale, as probably all our readers interested in pedestrianism are aware, completed his task of walking 4,000 quarter-miles in 4,000 consecutive ten minutes. The performance of this semi-somnambulistic feat seemed to give great pleasure to the bulk of spectators present at the finish; and Sir John Astley ventured to designate as "fools" all who disapproved of such brute-endurance exhibitions. As a natural consequence Gale now proposes to attempt another still more absurd, unnatural, and we might add disgusting feat. Sir John Astley, too, intimates his intention of getting up a "most interesting" contest next March "to decide who is the best man in the world for a six days' journey." Why not a six weeks' or six years' one?



THEATRES

The management of the **Olympic** Theatre, having withdrawn Mr. Wilkie Collins's new play, *The Moonstone*, after a brief but sufficient trial, have revived in its stead Mr. Tom Taylor's *Henry Dunbar*, a drama founded on Miss Braddon's story of the same name, and originally brought out at this theatre in 1865. Twelve years are a long time in theatrical annals, and as this piece has not been revived here until now, it will be probably new to most persons who will witness its representation. Miss Braddon's story, though no more remarkable than other works from that lady's pen for depth or subtlety, is ingeniously constructed so as to excite interest and maintain curiosity, and there is a certain amount of freshness in its leading idea. A rich banker, returning to England from India after long absence, is received on his arrival by an old servant who has suffered in other times a great wrong at his hands. In brief, the servant had endured punishment for an offence against the law in which he was but slightly implicated, while Dunbar, the rich banker, who was the most guilty, went free and prospered. Nothing more is known till a dead body is found, which is assumed by the coroner's jury for certain reasons to be that of the old servant. Margaret Wentworth, the old servant's daughter, has no doubt that it is Dunbar, who by this deed had determined to rid himself of a troublesome accuser. Hence, with the help of a detective she makes inquiries about the whereabouts of Dunbar, whose systematic endeavours to avoid her necessarily confirm her suspicions. Finally she succeeds in confronting the object of her search, when to her horror she discovers that the man calling himself Dunbar is her father, who, as now appears, was not the victim but the assassin. The death of Dunbar, however, had, we learn, not been planned, but was the result of a quarrel and a hasty blow: but the servant had been tempted both by cupidity and by fear of punishment to exchange clothing with the dead man, possess himself of his papers and cashbox, and assume his place in England, where save by himself the banker's face was no longer remembered. Herein it will be observed is a dramatic idea, and the accident of the discovery by Margaret of the true position of affairs does not fail to afford Mr. Neville and Miss Pateman opportunities for powerfully exciting the audience. Up to this point, moreover, the necessarily sombre complexion of the play is relieved by the introduction of an amusing sketch of a rogue of pompous manner and of specious address, a part originally represented by Mr. Vincent, but now played by Mr. Anson with much humour and appreciation of character. The last two acts, however, fail to a considerable degree to sustain the interest of the play. They relate exclusively to the endeavours of Margaret to shield the man whom she has been hitherto pursuing so bitterly, and, above all, to baffle the detective whom she has herself instructed. Hence the spectator receives the impression that the plot of the play has taken a new point of departure. Unfortunately it also undergoes a change of tone which is out of harmony with the previous treatment of the story. When Margaret, who has hitherto figured as a very serious person of exalted sentiments, suddenly appears in the disguise of a housemaid with pail and broom, and endeavours to deceive the detective by assuming the manners of Betty in a farce; and when Mr. Neville in the very agonies of dissolution undergoes for the moment a disguise equally trivial and ludicrous for the same purpose, it must be confessed that the force of anti-climax could hardly further go. Mr. Taylor has handled the incidents of the original story with the skill of a practised hand; but the materials were intractable; he would assuredly have done better to trust more to his own invention. But perhaps a writer who undertakes to dramatise a novel would not be held blameless if he departed, in essentials, from so important a part of the original work as the *dénouement* of the story.

The morning performances at the **Aquarium** Theatre have now become a permanent feature, and are enjoying the success which they deserve. Mr. Phelps has lately appeared here in some of his most famous impersonations, in conjunction with Mrs. Stirling, Mr. W. Farren, Miss Litton, and other well-known performers.

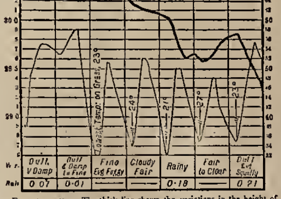
A new four-act drama, by Mr. Manuel, founded on a romantic story of the Rebellion of Monmouth in 1685, has been produced at the **Britannia** Theatre. The plot turns on the impersonation by a villain of the rightful heir, who, being himself a fugitive from Sedgemoor, dares not denounce the impostor. In the end the false claimant is unmasked, and all ends prosperously. The chief parts were well sustained by Miss Brewer, Mr. Newbound, Mr. Drayton, and Mr. Reynolds. The piece was received with marked favour by a very crowded audience.

Messrs. Reece and Farnie's new spectacular drama, entitled *Russia*, at the **National** Theatre, is to be succeeded this evening by a revival of an Irish drama, *The Omadhaun.*—This evening, also, Mr. Wills's *Jane Shore* is to be revived at the **Princess's.**—The **Duke's** will open with Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus.*

◆

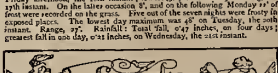
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

November 15th to November 21st (inclusive)



Explanation.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The weather during the whole of this week has been changeable and unsettled. After the severe southerly gale which swept over the country during the latter part of the 14th and beginning of the 15th the barometer rose quickly, and reached its highest point early on Saturday morning, the 17th instant. This rise of the mercury to its highest point was accompanied, as is so often the case, with a rapid decrease of temperature, so that in the course of a few hours, viz., between about three p.m. on Friday, the 16th instant, and six a.m. on Saturday, the 17th instant, the maximum range of temperature for the whole week was recorded. Cool days and frosty nights then followed, and remained with us till the close of the period, about which time the thermometer rose fast, and the wind increased to a gale from west-south-west. The barometer was highest (30·45 inches) on Saturday, the 17th instant; lowest (29·30 inches) at midnight on Wednesday, the 21st instant, when the mercury was still falling; range, 1·15 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (58°) on Friday afternoon, the 16th instant; lowest (31°) on Saturday morning, the 17th instant. On the latter occasion 8°, and on the following Monday 11° of frost were recorded on the grass. Five out of the seven nights were frosty in exposed places. The lowest day maximum was 48° on Tuesday, the 20th instant. Range, 27°. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·47 inches, on four days; greatest fall in one day, 0·21 inches, on Wednesday, the 21st instant.



Scraps

The Herons in Richmond Park, which migrate during the summer months, have, says the *Live Stock Journal*, returned to their winter quarters.

Snow has fallen in the Cashmere Valleys for the first time for thirty or forty years, and the destruction of the rice crop is accordingly feared.

The British Museum is to receive a collection of Armenian antiquities from the Province of Van, which are now in Mr. Layard's keeping at Constantinople.

The Relics of the "Victory," formerly preserved by the Duke of Clarence at Bushey, and which we mentioned some weeks ago, are to be exhibited in the Queen's Guard Room at Hampton Court Palace.

The Centenary of the Death of Albrecht von Haller, the celebrated physiologist, is to be celebrated next month at Berne, Haller's birthplace. In Germany Haller is as much famed for his poems as for the scientific studies which gained him the title, "Father of Physiology."

The Late M. Gustave Brion, according to *Mayfair*, was in very reduced circumstances in Paris during his student days. A friend, meeting him at a *café*, told him his coat was worn out at the elbow. "What does it matter?" replied Brion cheerfully; "talent, true talent, must come out somewhere."

Cremation in Madras is said to be managed better than in any other part of India. In Bengal dead bodies are placed on an open funeral pyre which speedily gives forth an unpleasant odour, while vultures and dogs hover round, but in Madras the body is put into a kind of mud-pie, and baked until nothing remains but the calcined bones, which are duly cast into the Cauvery.

An Ethnographical Museum is to be formed in Paris from the collections made by various French scientific expeditions. Scientific and archæological objects only will be exhibited, as all artistic treasures will go to the Louvre. In connection with the museum an ethnographical exhibition of collections from South America will be held at the Palais de l'Industrie from January 15 to March 1st, 1878.

The Transit of Mercury on the 6th of May next is to be observed by a special scientific expedition sent to San Francisco by the French Government. French astronomers are specially desirous to be represented, as their countryman, Pierre Gassendi, was the first person who succeeded in observing the transit of the planet. On November 7, 1631, Gassendi, then at the College de France in Paris, witnessed the passage by means of a camera obscura into which he introduced the solar rays through a hole cut in the shutters.

M. Victor Hugo's Portrait is to be painted by M. Bonnat, whose likeness of M. Thiers was one of the chief attractions of the late Paris Salon. Recently reading the first volume of M. Hugo's "Légende des Siècles," the artist became so enthusiastic that he offered to paint the author's portrait for the sole reward of an autograph of three lines, an offer M. Hugo accepted. M. Bonnat has lately given a forcible proof of the advantages of criticism. One of his pictures at the Salon, "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel," was fiercely condemned, and the artist accordingly refused all offers to buy the painting, and is now retouching it and correcting the faults pointed out to him.

An Interesting Record of the Early Exploration of Australia has been discovered at Melbourne by Mr. J. Shillinglaw, who has found a MS. journal of an expedition despatched in 1802 under Mr. Grimes, Surveyor-General of New South Wales, and which resulted in the discovery of the river Yarra-Yarra, on which Melbourne is situated. Mr. Grimes ascended the river on January 30th, 1803, in the *Cumberland*, and the map of his survey round Port Phillip—originally called by him Port King, and subsequently altered in honour of the first Governor of New South Wales—has also been found. This chart and journal have been searched for by numerous writers of Australian history, and will doubtless prove of great value.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, now in course of construction, is progressing satisfactorily, but the question of funds has once more come to the fore. The accompanying library and picture-gallery cannot be built unless 8,000*l.* be forthcoming, and of this sum Mr. C. E. Flower, who has already given the site for the memorial buildings, has promised 4,000*l.* if a like amount can be collected by the end of the year. The Mayor and Corporation accordingly appeal for donations, and are specially desirous to erect the gallery, as Mr. Graves, the well-known publisher, has bequeathed to it all his pictures of a Shakespearian character. Subscribers are to receive a steel engraving of Gainsborough's portrait of David Garrick, which was in the last Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, the engraving being executed only for this purpose.

London Mortality slightly decreased last week, and 1,435 deaths were registered against 1,448 during the previous seven days (a decline of 13, being 297 below the average, and at the rate of 21·2 per 1,000). There were 14 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 11), 66 from measles (an increase of 4), 61 from scarlet fever (a decline of 6), 8 from diphtheria (an increase of 2), 23 from whooping-cough (an increase of 8), 28 from different forms of fever (a decline of 11, being 15 below the average), and 22 from diarrhœa. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 313 (a decline of 25, being 130 below the average), of which 185 resulted from bronchitis and 89 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 53 deaths, 49 of which were the result of negligence or accident. There were 2,666 births registered, against 2,432 during the previous week, being 208 above the average. The mean temperature was 45·6 deg., or 3·1 deg. above the average. The duration of sunshine was 10·9 hours out of 62·1 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

A Forgotten Festival.——Little more than a couple of generations ago the 25th of November was a holiday in many parts of the Midland agricultural districts. No matter what might be the state of the weather, no interruption of the festivities was allowed, however great might be the discomfort of those taking part in the "Catherine Procession." In the towns, those taking part in the processions were principally female children belonging to the workhouses, who discarded for the nonce their customary workhouse attire, and appeared neatly dressed in white, decorated with various coloured ribbons, chiefly scarlet, the tallest girl being selected to represent the queen, or rather saint, for which purpose she was provided with a tinselled crown or sceptre. The procession invariably made a stop at the dwellings of the principal townsmen, when the children sang a ballad beginning thus:—

> Here comes Queen Catherine, as fine as any queen,
> With a coach and six horses a coming to be seen,
>   And a spinning we will go, will go, will go,
>   And a spinning we will go.

While this was being sung, several of the children would beg for money at the neighbouring houses, the proceeds being devoted to defraying the cost of the procession, and providing the little ones with the unwonted luxury of a good dinner. One of the most famous of these processions was that at Peterborough, which was continued until the introduction of the new Poor Law, when the "Catherine Processions" became things of the past. Previous to this spinning constituted the principal occupation of the female inmates of our workhouses, hence the origin of the festival, St. Catherine being popularly regarded as the patron saint of this particular industry. She was also regarded in a similar light by the Midland lace-makers, many of whom signalise the arrival of "Kattern's Day" with a rump-steak and onion dinner—an example largely emulated by the Northamptonshire shoemakers, who evidently think more of a "Kattern Supper" than of a "Crispin Dinner." But these festival meals furnish a poor substitute for the picturesque features which formerly marked the celebration of St. Catherine's Day, which already displays indications of speedily becoming added to the lengthy list of our forgotten festivals.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

I.

THE FIRST DAY—THE AMBUSH

XVII.

THE REBOUND OF THE 24TH JUNE, 1848, ON THE 2ND DECEMBER, 1851

ON Sunday, 26th June, 1848, that four days' combat, that gigantic combat so formidable and so heroic on both sides, still continued, but the insurrection had been overcome nearly everywhere, and restricted to the Faubourg St. Antoine. Four men who had been amongst the most dauntless defenders of the barricades of the Rue Pont-aux-Choux, of the Rue St. Claude, and of the Rue St. Louis in the Marais, escaped after the barricades had been taken, and found safe refuge in a house, No. 12, Rue St. Anastase. They were concealed in an attic. The National Guards and the Mobile Guards were hunting for them in order to shoot them. I was told of this. I was one of the sixty Representatives sent by the Constituent Assembly into the middle of the conflict, charged with the task of everywhere preceding the attacking column, of carrying, even at the peril of their lives, words of peace to the barricades, to prevent the shedding of blood, and to stop the civil war. I went into the Rue St. Anastase, and I saved the lives of those four men.

Amongst those men there was a poor workman of the Rue de Charonne, whose wife was being confined at that very moment, and who was weeping. One could understand, when hearing his sobs and seeing his rags, how he had cleared with a single bound these three steps—poverty, despair, rebellion. Their chief was a young man, pale, and fair, with high cheek bones, intelligent brow, and an earnest and resolute countenance. As soon as I set him free, and told him my name, he also wept. He said to me, "When I think that an hour ago I knew that you were facing us, and that I wished that the barrel of my gun had eyes to see and kill you!" He added, "In the times in which we live we do not know what may happen. If ever you need me, for whatever purpose, come." His name was Auguste, and he was a wine-seller in the Rue de la Roquette.

Since that time I had only seen him once, on the 26th August, 1849, on the day when I held the corner of Balzac's pall. The funeral procession was going to Père la Chaise. Auguste's shop was on the way. All the streets through which the procession passed were crowded. Auguste was at his door with his young wife and two or three workmen. As I passed he greeted me.

It was this remembrance which came back to my mind as I descended the lonely streets behind my house; in the presence of the Second of December I thought of him. I thought that he might give me information about the Faubourg St. Antoine, and help us in rousing the people. This young man had at once given me the impression of a soldier and a leader. I remembered the words which he had spoken to me, and I considered it might be useful to see him. I began by going to find in the Rue St. Anastase the courageous woman who had hidden Auguste and his three companions, to whom she had several times since rendered assistance. I begged her to accompany me. She consented.

On the way I dined upon a cake of chocolate which Charamaule had given me.

The aspect of the boulevards, in coming down the Italiens towards the Marais, had impressed me. The shops were open everywhere as usual. There was little military display. In the wealthy quarters there was much agitation and concentration of troops; but on advancing towards the working-class neighbourhoods solitude reigned paramount. Before the Café Turc a regiment was drawn up. A band of young men in blouses passed before the regiment singing the "Marseillaise." I answered them by crying out "To Arms!" The regiment did not stir. The light shone upon the playbills on an adjacent wall; the theatres were open. They were playing *Hernani* at the Théâtre des Italiens, with a new tenor named Guasco.*

The Place de la Bastille was frequented, as usual, by goers and comers, the most peaceable folk in the world. A few workmen grouped round the July Column, and, chatting in a low voice, were scarcely noticeable. Through the windows of a wine shop could be seen two men who were disputing for and against the *Coup d'État*. He who favoured it wore a blouse, he who attacked it wore a cloth coat. A few steps further on a juggler had placed between four candles his X-shaped table, and was displaying his conjuring tricks in the midst of a crowd, who were evidently thinking only of the juggler. On looking towards the gloomy loneliness of the Quai Mazas several harnessed artillery batteries were dimly visible in the darkness. Some lighted torches here and there showed up the black outline of the cannons.

I had some trouble in finding Auguste's door in the Rue de la Roquette. Nearly all the shops were shut, thus making the street very dark. At length, through a glass shop front I noticed a light which gleamed on a pewter counter. Beyond the counter, through a partition also of glass and ornamented with white curtains, another light, and the shadows of two or three men at table could be vaguely distinguished. This was the place.

I entered. The door on opening rang a bell. At the sound, the door of the glazed partition which separated the shop from the parlour opened, and Auguste appeared.

He knew me at once, and came up to me.

"Ah, sir," said he, "it is you!"

"Do you know what is going on?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir."

This "Yes, sir," uttered with calmness, and even with a certain embarrassment, told me all. Where I expected an indignant outcry I found this peaceable answer. It seemed to me that I was speaking to the Faubourg St. Antoine itself. I understood that all was at an end in this district, and that we had nothing to expect from it. The people, this wonderful people, had resigned themselves. Nevertheless, I made an effort.

"Louis Bonaparte betrays the Republic," said I, without noticing that I raised my voice.

He touched my arm, and pointing with his finger to the shadows which were pictured on the glazed partition of the parlour, "Take care, sir, do not talk so loudly."

"What!" I exclaimed, "you have come to this—you dare not speak, you dare not utter the name of 'Bonaparte' aloud; you barely mumble a few words in a whisper here, in this street, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where, from all the doors, from all the windows, from all the pavements, from all the very stones, ought to be heard the cry, 'To Arms!'"

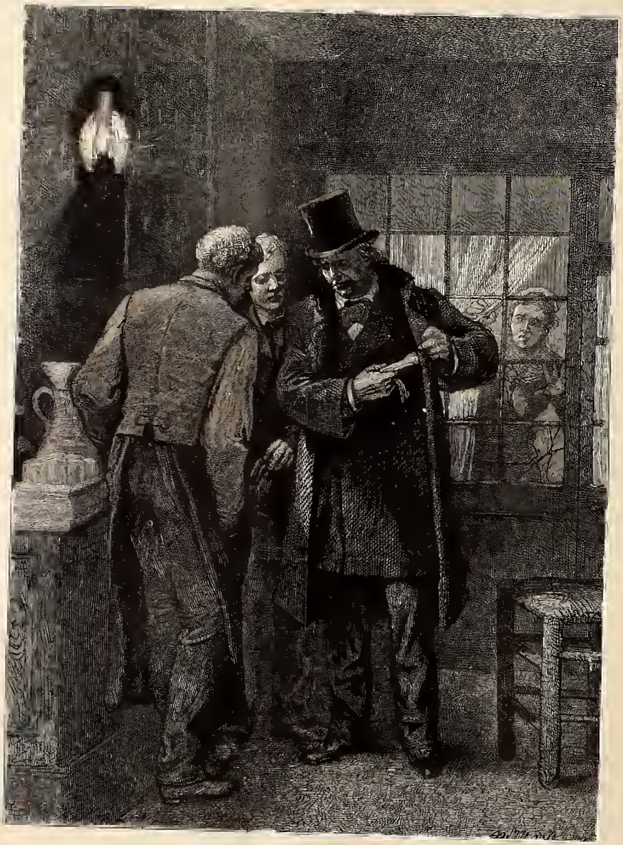
Auguste demonstrated to me what I already saw too clearly, and what Girard had shadowed forth in the morning—the moral situation of the Faubourg—that the people were "dazed"—that it seemed to all of them that universal suffrage was restored; that the downfall of the law of the 31st of May was a good thing.

Here I interrupted him.

"But this law of the 31st of May, it was Louis Bonaparte who instigated it, it was Rouher who made it, it was Baroche who proposed it, and the Bonapartists who voted it. You are dazzled by a thief who has taken your purse, and who restores it to you!"

"Not I," said Auguste, "but the others."

And he continued, "To tell the whole truth, people did not

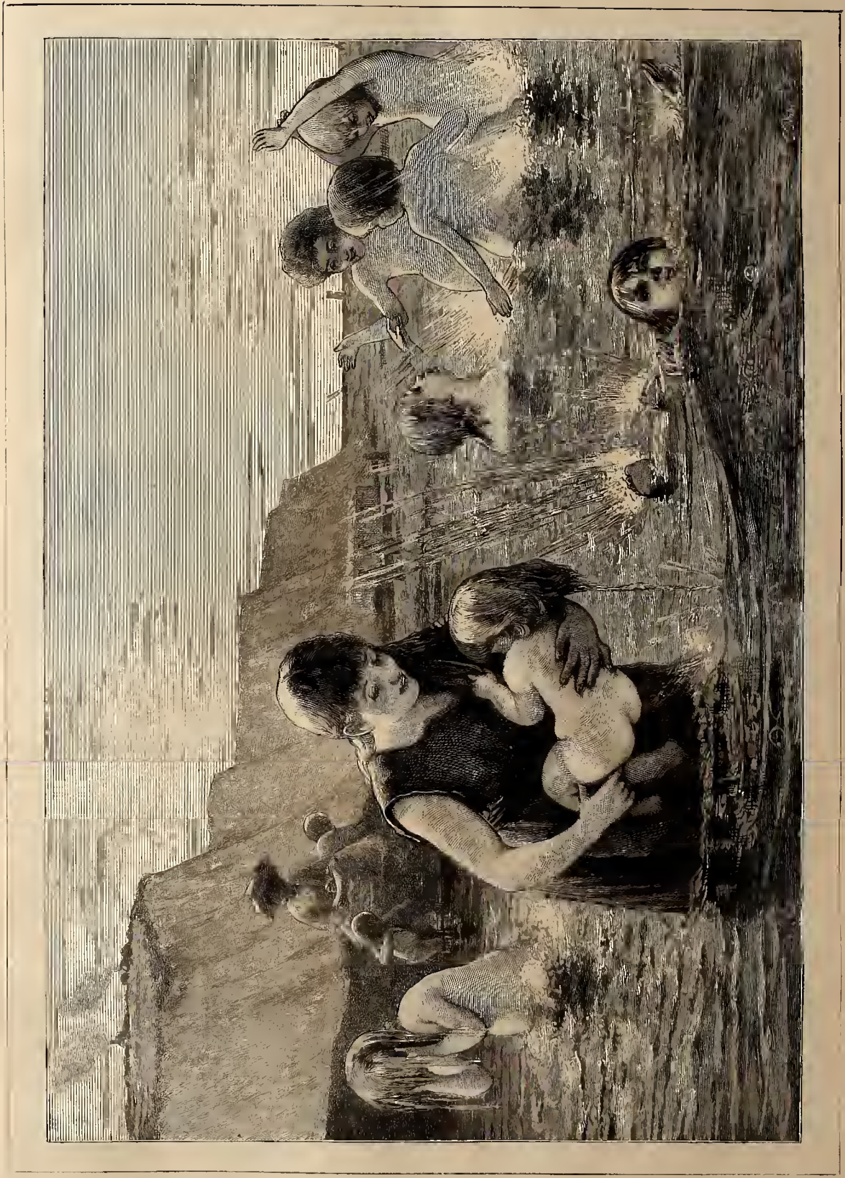


VICTOR HUGO IN AUGUSTE'S WINE-SHOP

"Have you your scarf of office?" I half drew it out of my pocket. His eyes glistened with joy. "Excellent," said he. "The Citizen has his pistols, the Representative his scarf. All are armed."

---

* The play, on which the libretto of the opera was founded, is by Victor Hugo.



"THE FIRST DIP"

FROM THE PICTURE BY JAMES CHRISTIE, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY care much for the Constitution,—they liked the Republic, but the Republic was maintained too much by force for their taste. In all this they could only see one thing clearly, the cannons ready to slaughter them—they remembered June, 1848—there were some poor people who had suffered greatly—Cavaignac had done much evil—women clung to the men's blouses to prevent them from going to the barricades—nevertheless, with all this, when seeing men like ourselves at their head, they would perhaps fight, but this hindered them, they did not know for what." He concluded by saying, "The upper part of the Faubourg is doing nothing, the lower end will do better. Round about here they will fight. The Rue de la Roquette is good, the Rue de Charonne is good; but on the side of Père la Chaise they ask, 'What good will that do us?' They only recognise the forty sous of their day's work. They will not bestir themselves; do not reckon upon the masons." He added, with a smile, "Here we do not say 'cold as a stone,' but 'cold as a mason'"—and he resumed, "As for me, if I am alive, it is to you that I owe my life. Dispose of me. I will lay down my life, and will do what you wish."

While he was speaking I saw the white curtain of the glazed partition behind him move a little. His young wife, uneasy, was peeping through at us.

"Ah! my God," said I to him, "what we want is not the life of one man but the efforts of all."

He was silent. I continued—

"Listen to me, Auguste, you who are good and intelligent. So then, the Faubourgs of Paris—which are heroes even when they err—the Faubourgs of Paris, for a misunderstanding, for a question of salary wrongly construed, for a bad definition of socialism, rose in June, 1848, against the Assembly elected by themselves, against universal suffrage, against their own vote; and yet they will not rise in December, 1851, for Right, for the Law, for the People, for Liberty, for the Republic. You say that there is perplexity, and that you do not understand, but, on the contrary, it was in June that all was obscure, and it is to-day that everything is clear!"

While I was saying these last words the door of the parlour was softly opened, and some one came in. It was a young man, fair as Auguste, in an overcoat, and wearing a workman's cap. I started. Auguste turned round and said to me, "You can trust him."

The young man took off his cap, came close up to me, carefully turning his back on the glazed partition, and said to me in a low voice, "I know you well. I was on the Boulevard du Temple to-day. We asked you what we were to do; you said 'We must take up arms.' Well, here they are!"

He thrust his hands into the pockets of his overcoat and drew out two pistols.

Almost at the same moment the bell of the street door sounded. He hurriedly put his pistols back into his pockets. A man in a blouse came in, a workman of some fifty years. This man, without looking at any one, without saying anything, threw down a piece of money on the counter. Auguste took a small glass and filled it with brandy, the man drank it off, put down the glass upon the counter, and went away.

When the door was shut: "You see," said Auguste to me, "they drink, they eat, they sleep, they think of nothing. Such are they all!"

The other interrupted him impetuously: "One man is not the People!"

And, turning towards me,—

"Citizen Victor Hugo, they will march forward. If all do not march, some will march. To tell the truth, it is perhaps not here that a beginning should be made, it is on the other side of the water."

And suddenly checking himself:

"After all, you probably do not know my name."

He took a little pocket-book from his pocket, tore out a piece of paper, wrote on it his name, and gave it to me. I regret having forgotten that name. He was a working engineer. In order not to compromise him I burnt this paper with many others on the Saturday morning, when I was on the point of being arrested.

"It is true, sir," said Auguste, "you must not judge badly of the Faubourg. As my friend has said, it will perhaps not be the first to begin; but if there is a rising it will rise."

I exclaimed, "And who would you have erect if the Faubourg St. Antoine be prostrate! Who will be alive if the People be dead!"

The engineer went to the street door, made certain that it was well shut, then came back, and said,

"There are many men ready and willing. It is the leaders who are wanting. Listen, Citizen Victor Hugo, I can say this to you, and," he added, lowering his voice, "I hope for a movement to-night."

"Where?"

"On the Faubourg St. Marceau."

"At what time?"

"At one o'clock."

"How do you know it?"

"Because I shall be there."

He continued: "Now, Citizen Victor Hugo, if a movement takes place to-night in the Faubourg St. Marceau, will you lead it? Do you consent?"

"Yes."

"Have you your scarf of office?"

I half drew it out of my pocket. His eyes glistened with joy.

"Excellent," said he. "The Citizen has his pistols, the Representative his scarf. All are armed."

I questioned him. "Are you sure of your movement for to-night?"

He answered me, "We have prepared it, and we reckon to be there."

"In that case," said I, "as soon as the first barricade is constructed I will be behind it. Come and fetch me."

"Where!"

"Wherever I may be."

He assured me that if the movement should take place during the night he would know it at half-past ten that evening at the latest, and that I should be informed of it before eleven o'clock. We settled that in whatever place I might be at that hour I would send word to Auguste, who undertook to let him know.

The young woman continued to peep out at us. The conversation was growing prolonged, and might seem singular to the people in the parlour. "I am going," said I to Auguste.

I had opened the door, he took my hand, pressed it as a woman might have done, and said to me in a deeply-moved tone, "You are going: will you come back?"

"I do not know."

"It is true," said he. "No one knows what is going to happen. Well, you are perhaps going to be hunted and sought for as I have been. It will perhaps be your turn to be shot, and mine to save you. You know the mouse may sometimes prove useful to the lion. Monsieur Victor Hugo, if you need a refuge, this house is yours. Come here. You will find a bed where you can sleep, and a man who will lay down his life for you."

I thanked him by a hearty shake of the hand, and I left. Eight o'clock struck. I hastened towards the Rue de Charonne.

XVIII.

THE REPRESENTATIVES HUNTED DOWN

At the corner of the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine, before the shop of the grocer Pépin, on the same spot where the immense barricade of June, 1848, was erected as high as the second storey, the decrees of the morning had been placarded. Some men were inspecting them, although it was pitch dark, and they could not read them, and an old woman said, "The 'Twenty-five francs' are crushed—so much the better!"

A few steps further I heard my name pronounced. I turned round. It was Jules Favre, Bourzat, Lafon, Madier de Montjau, and Michel de Bourges, who were passing by. I took leave of the brave and devoted woman who had insisted upon accompanying me. A *fiacre* was passing. I put her in it, and then rejoined the five Representatives. They had come from the Rue de Charonne. They had found the premises of the Society of Cabinet Makers closed. "There was no one there," said Madier de Montjau. "These worthy people are beginning to get together a little capital, they do not wish to compromise it, they are afraid of us. They say, '*Coups d'État* are nothing to us, we shall leave them alone!'—"That does not surprise me," answered I, "a Society is a shopkeeper."

"Where are we going?" asked Jules Favre.

Lafon lived two steps from there, at No. 2, Quai Jemmapes. He offered us the use of his rooms. We accepted, and took the necessary measures to inform the members of the Left that we had gone there.

A few minutes afterwards we were installed in Lafon's rooms, on the fourth floor of an old and lofty house. This house had seen the taking of the Bastille.

This house was entered by a side door opening from the Quai Jemmapes upon a narrow courtyard a few steps lower than the Quay itself. Bourzat remained at this door to warn us in case of any accident, and to point out the house to those Representatives who might come up.

In a few moments a large number of us had assembled, and we again met—all those of the morning, with a few added. Lafon gave up his drawing-room to us, the windows of which overlooked the back yard. We organised a sort of "bureau," and we took our places, Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel, and myself, at a large table, lighted by two candles, and placed before the fire. The Representatives and the other people present sat around on chairs and sofas. A group stood before the door.

Michel de Bourges, on entering, exclaimed, "We have come to seek out the people of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Here we are. Here we must remain."

These words were applauded.

They set forth the situation—the torpor of the Faubourgs, no one at the Society of Cabinet Makers, the doors closed nearly everywhere. I told them what I had seen and heard in the Rue de la Roquette, the remarks of the wine-seller, Auguste, on the indifference of the People, the hopes of the engineer, and the possibility of a movement during the night in the Faubourg St. Marceau. It was settled that on the first notice that might be given I should go there.

Nevertheless nothing was yet known of what had taken place during the day. It was announced that M. Havin, Lieutenant-Colonel of the 5th Legion of the National Guard, had ordered the officers of his Legion to attend a meeting.

Some Democratic writers came in, amongst whom were Alexander Rey and Xavier Durrieu, with Kesler, Villiers, and Amable Lemaitre of the *Révolution*; one of these writers was Millière.

Millière had a large bleeding wound above his eye-brow; that same morning on leaving us, as he was carrying away one of the copies of the Proclamation which I had dictated, a man had thrown himself upon him to snatch it from him. The police had evidently already been informed of the Proclamation, and lay in wait for it; Millière had a hand-to-hand struggle with the police agent, and had overthrown him, not without bearing away this gash. However, the Proclamation was not yet printed. It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening and nothing had come. Xavier Durrieu asserted that before another hour elapsed they should have the promised forty thousand copies. It was hoped to cover the walls of Paris with them during the night. Each of those present was to serve as a bill-poster.

There were amongst us—an inevitable circumstance in the stormy confusion of the first moments—a good many men whom we did not know. One of these men brought in ten or twelve copies of the appeal to arms. He asked me to sign them with my own hand, in order, he said, that he might be able to show my signature to the people——. "Or to the police," whispered Baudin to me smiling. We were not in a position to take such precautions as these. I gave this man all the signatures that he wanted.

Madier de Montjau began to speak. It was of consequence to organise the action of the Left, to impress the unity of impulse upon the movement which was being prepared; to create a centre for it, to give a pivot to the insurrection, to the Left a direction, and to the People a support. He proposed the immediate formation of a Committee representing the entire Left in all its shades, and charged with organising and directing the insurrection.

All the Representatives cheered this eloquent and courageous man. Seven members were proposed. They named at once Carnot, De Flotte, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, Michel de Bourges, and myself; and thus was unanimously formed this Committee of Insurrection, which at my request was called a Committee of Resistance; for it was Louis Bonaparte who was the insurgent. For ourselves, we were the Republic. It was desired that one workman-Representative should be admitted into the Committee. Faure (du Rhône) was nominated. But Faure, we learned later on, had been arrested that morning. The Committee then was, in fact, composed of six members.

The Committee organised itself during the sitting. A Committee of Permanency was formed from amongst it, and invested with the authority of decreeing "urgency" in the name of all the Left, of concentrating all news, information, directions, instructions, resources, orders. This Committee of Permanency was composed of four members, who were Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and myself. De Flotte and Madier de Montjau were specially delegated, De Flotte for the left bank of the river and the district of the schools, Madier for the Boulevards and the outskirts.

These preliminary operations being terminated, Lafon took aside Michel de Bourges and myself, and told us that the ex-Constituent Proudhon had inquired for one of us two, that he had remained downstairs nearly a quarter of an hour, and that he had gone away, saying that he would wait for us in the Place de la Bastille.

Proudhon, who was at that time undergoing a term of three years' imprisonment at St. Pélagie for an offence against Louis Bonaparte, was granted leave of absence from time to time. Chance willed it that one of these liberty days had fallen on the 2nd of December.

This is an incident which one cannot help noting. On the 2nd of December Proudhon was a prisoner by virtue of a lawful sentence, and at the same moment at which they illegally imprisoned the inviolable Representatives, Proudhon, whom they could have legitimately detained, was allowed to go out. Proudhon had profited by his liberty to come and find us.

I knew Proudhon from having seen him at the Concièrgerie, where my two sons were shut up, and my two illustrious friends, Auguste Vacquérie and Paul Meurice, and those gallant writers, Louis Jourdan, Erdan, and Suchet. I could not help thinking that on that day they would assuredly not have given leave of absence to these men.

Meanwhile Xavier Durrieu whispered to me, "I have just left Proudhon. He wishes to see you. He is waiting for you down below, close by, at the entrance to the Place. You will find him leaning on the parapet of the canal."

"I am going," said I.

I went down stairs.

I found in truth, at the spot mentioned, Proudhon, thoughtful, leaning with his two elbows on the parapet. He wore that broad-brimmed hat in which I had often seen him striding alone up and down the courtyard of the Concièrgerie.

I went up to him.

"You wish to speak to me," I said.

"Yes," and he shook me by the hand.

The corner where we were standing was lonely. On the left there was the Place de la Bastille, dark and gloomy; one could see nothing there, but one could feel a crowd; regiments were there in battle array; they did not bivouac, they were ready to march; the muffled sound of breathing could be heard; the square was full of that glistening shower of pale sparks which bayonets give forth at night time. Above this abyss of shadows rose up black and stark the Column of July.

Proudhon resumed:

"Listen. I come to give you a friendly warning. You are entertaining illusions. The People are ensnared in this affair. They will not stir. Bonaparte will carry them with him. This rubbish, the restitution of universal suffrage, entraps the simpletons. Bonaparte passes for a Socialist. He has said, 'I will be the Emperor of the Rabble.' It is a piece of insolence. But insolence has a chance of success when it has this at its service."

And Proudhon pointed with his finger to the sinister gleam of the bayonets. He continued:

"Bonaparte has an object in view. The Republic has made the People. He wishes to restore the Populace. He will succeed and you will fail. He has on his side force, cannons, the mistake of the people, and the folly of the Assembly. The few of the Left to which you belong will not succeed in overthrowing the *Coup d'État*. You are honest, and he has this advantage over you—that he is a rogue. You have scruples, and he has this advantage over you—that he has none. Believe me. Resist no longer. The situation is without resources. We must wait; but at this moment fighting would be madness. What do you hope for?"

"Nothing," said I.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Everything."

By the tone of my voice he understood that further persistence was useless.

"Good bye," he said.

We parted. He disappeared in the darkness. I have never seen him since.

I went up again to Lafon's rooms.

In the meantime the copies of the appeal to arms did not come to hand. The Representatives, becoming uneasy, went up and down stairs. Some of them went out on the Quai Jemmapes, to wait there and gain information about them. In the room there was a sound of confused talking. The members of the Committee, Madier de Montjau, Jules Favre, and Carnot, withdrew, and sent word to me by Charamaule that they were going to No. 10, Rue des Moulins, to the house of the ex-Constituent Landrin, in the division of the 5th Legion, to deliberate more at their ease, and they begged me to join them. But I thought I should do better to remain. I had placed myself at the disposal of the probable movement of the Faubourg St. Marceau. I awaited the notice of it through Auguste. It was most important that I should not go too far away; besides, it was possible that if I went away, the Representatives of the Left, no longer seeing a member of the Committee amongst them, would disperse without taking any resolution, and I saw in this more than one disadvantage.

Time passed, no Proclamations. We learned the next day that the packages had been seized by the police. Cournet, an ex-Republican naval officer who was present, began to speak. We shall see presently what sort of a man Cournet was, and of what an energetic and determined nature he was composed. He represented to us that as we had been there nearly two hours the police would certainly end by being informed of our whereabouts, that the members of the Left had an imperative duty—to keep themselves at all costs at the head of the People, that the necessity itself of their situation imposed upon them the precaution of frequently changing their place of retreat, and he ended by offering us, for our deliberation, his house and his workshops, No. 82, Rue Popincourt, at the bottom of a blind alley, and also in the neighbourhood of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

This offer was accepted. I sent to inform Auguste of our change of abode, and of Cournet's address. Lafon remained on the Quai Jemmapes in order to forward on the Proclamations as soon as they arrived, and we set out at once.

Charamaule undertook to send to the Rue des Moulins to tell the other members of the Committee that we would wait for them at No. 82, Rue Popincourt.

We walked, as in the morning, in little separate groups. The Quai Jemmapes skirts the left bank of the St. Martin Canal; we went up it. We only met a few solitary workmen, who looked back when we had passed, and stopped behind us with an air of astonishment. The night was dark. A few drops of rain were falling.

A little beyond the Rue de Chemin Vert we turned to the right and reached the Rue Popincourt. There all was deserted, extinguished, closed, and silent, as in the Faubourg St. Antoine. This street is of great length. We walked for a long time; we passed by the barracks. Cournet was not longer with us, he had remained behind to inform some of his friends, and we were told to take defensive measures in case his house was attacked. We looked for No. 82. The darkness was such that we could not distinguish the numbers on the houses. At length, at the end of the street, on the right, we saw a light; it was a grocer's shop, the only one open throughout the street. One of us entered, and asked the grocer, who was sitting behind his counter, to show us M. Cournet's house. "Opposite," said the grocer, pointing to an old and low carriage entrance which could be seen on the other side of the street, almost facing his shop.

We knocked at this door. It was opened. Baudin entered first, tapped at the window of the porter's lodge, and asked, "Monsieur Cournet?"—An old woman's voice answered, "Here."

The portress was in bed. All in the house sleeping. We went in.

Having entered, and the gate being shut behind us, we found ourselves in a little square courtyard which formed the centre of a sort of a two-storied ruin; the silence of a convent prevailed, not a light was to be seen at the windows; near a shed was seen a low entrance to a narrow, dark, and winding staircase.—"We have made some mistake," said Chammaule, "it is impossible that it can be here."

Meanwhile the portress, hearing all these trampling steps beneath her doorway, had become wide awake, had lighted her lamp, and we could see her in her lodge, her face pressed against the window, gazing with alarm at these sixty dark phantoms, motionless, and standing in her courtyard.

Esquiros addressed her: "Is this really M. Cournet's house?" said he.

"M. Cornet, without doubt," answered the good woman.

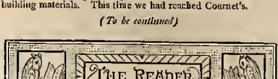
All was explained. We had asked for Cournet, the grocer had understood Cornet, the portress had understood Cornet. It chanced that M. Cornet lived there.

We shall see by and by what an extraordinary service Chance had rendered us.

We went out, to the great relief of the poor portress, and we resumed our search. Xavier Durrieu succeeded in ascertaining our whereabouts, and extricated us from our difficulty.

A few moments afterwards we turned to the left, and we entered into a blind alley of considerable length and dimly lighted by an old oil lamp—one of those with which Paris was formerly lighted—then again to the left, and we entered through a narrow passage into a large courtyard encumbered with sheds and building materials. This time we had reached Cournet's.

(To be continued)



THE READER

"Etchings in Belgium," by Ernest George (Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday), a companion volume to his earlier "Etchings on the Mosel" and "on the Loire," are finished specimens of careful work in a country possessing equal attractions for the architect and the artist. For Belgium, with its quaint bits of water-way flanked by antique and gabled mansions or bridged by crumbling arch and watergate, its spires and belfries, and gorgeous halls of old-world guilds and municipalities, is everywhere an etcher's Paradise; a treasure-house of scenes which but for the warm tone here and there of some old brick-work, or the brighter colouring of a water-plant, can almost perfectly be reproduced in the engraver's "black and white." The views selected by Mr. George in his artistic wanderings from Bruges to Liège, and from Ypres to Antwerp, include many that the tourist rarely stops to see, and many more which if better known are taken here from some new and striking point. Among the most effective in treatment or in subject we might instance the etchings of the Bishop's Court at Liège, of the castled heights of Huy and Dinant, and the grand apse of St. Maternus in the former town, or the side views of the twin spires of Louvain and of that of Antwerp rising from behind the central mass of the cathedral like some Swiss snow peak hung in air behind the lower ranges of the mountain. The graceful letterpress will often pleasantly remind the reader of the historic memories linked with these old towns from the days of Baldwin Bras de Fer to those of Egmont and of Alva.

We must plead guilty to setting down "Recollections of Samuel Breck," edited by H. C. Scudder (S. Low and Co.), with just the slightest sense of disappointment. No doubt Mr. Breck—Breck, be it observed, *i.e.*, in Erse "distinguished chief," not Brick, as un-etymological Bostonians sometimes called him—was a most excellent, and in many ways, a noteworthy man; a fine example among other things of the U.S. aristocrat of olden days, who called a spade a spade and a servant a servant, talked (A.D. 1817) of "purchasing" domestics out of an emigrant ship, and thought the world was coming to an end when crowded up by workmen and factory-girls in his first railway car. And in the "ninety-one years forty-six days" of his life he saw much that was worth seeing, and made the acquaintance of many personages well worth knowing. Sent by his father, a Boston merchant and large French agent, to France at the age of twelve, he passed his school days in a Benedictine College among aristocratic schoolfellows of the *ancien régime*. Revisiting the Old World as a young man, he hears Mirabeau in the Assembly and Burke at Westminster, is delighted with the Lord Mayor's Show, and still more charmed at being honoured with a bow from George IV. (query, George III. Mr. Breck's European history and geography are at times a little loose) when on his way to open Parliament. At Philadelphia, for some years the seat of the Federal Government, and the residence of his family when high taxes drove them from Boston in 1792, he meets the cream of native and foreign society in the States; deplores the degradation of the Presidency by the "levelling" tendencies of Jefferson; has talks and walks with Talleyrand and Volney; is introduced to Louis Philippe, then "Mr. d'Orleans," a poor *emigré*; remembers Cobbett's quarrels with the authorities, and the Scotch forwardness of Reviewer Jeffrey; or, coming down to more recent times, Webster, Audubon, Randolph among home celebrities, and blunt Captain Marryat among the English visitors. But the "Recollections"—in part a continuous diary down to about the commencement of the century, in part loose jottings of a later date—rather divide themselves into amusing stories of persons not generally known, and stories of great men that are scarcely amusing at all. People of course who are never tired of hearing how it once took from four to nine days to reach Boston from New York, how Sunday travellers were arrested in Massachusetts in 1791, or how Mr. Breck first burned coal fires in 1807, and what they cost, will be well satisfied with the little volume. Still, something more than recollections of an oldest inhabitant is required to earn the title given him in America of a modern Pepys.

Two volumes of considerable interest, "A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century, from the Papers (1676-1686) of Chris. Jeaffreson, of Dullingham House, Cambridgeshire," edited by J. C. Jeaffreson (Hurst and Blackett), deserve notice scarcely less for their illustrations of social manners in the England of Charles the Second's reign than for their story of the fortunes of a West Indian planter, at a time when the young colonies barely held their own against the Spaniards and the French. The story of the son of Colonel John Jeaffreson, partner of Thomas Warner in the first settlement of St. Kitts, as told by himself in these papers, divides itself into a five years' residence in the plantations as a leading colonist, and four years more in London "as a political agent for the Captain-General of the Leeward Islands and Commissioner of the English Colony of St. Kitts." Of his papers—a diary of the outward voyage, home letters from the island, and letters out as London agent—the last are the more especially valuable. The work of such an agent was by no means easy. He was expected to keep his correspondents well posted up in social and political news from home, to exercise a special watch over the political and commercial interests of the colony, and above all to ensure for it a full supply of labour by procuring from the home authorities grants of the malefactors who chose to plead their pardons on condition of serving for a term of years in the colonies as slaves. In return, perhaps, he would find, as did Chris. Jeaffreson, that his own interests were faring at the hands of West Indian friends as have those of absentee proprietors in all ages of the world. Even more, however, than for their business notes—their estimates of the profits made on each assigned prisoner, and their deductions of the bribes to be paid to high and low, to Lords Commissioners and to prison keepers, in order to secure a good allotment—are these letters interesting now for their bits of family and social gossip, their glimpses of fast London life, its duels, and its revels, in an age still leavened with the hot adventurous spirit of the Puritan and the Cavalier. A fairly-written memoir by the editor gives ampler details of the hero's life than can be gathered from his papers alone, and some curious particulars besides of the early and obscure history of the West Indian colonies. We trust, however, in these days of State papers Mr. Jeaffreson has some better authority than a careless note in Bryan Edwards for the wondrous tale of the roasting of Governor Clarke, and could have wished besides some reason given for treating "the fable of Jenkins' Ear" as an undoubted instance of British heroism. Besides, this latter incident took place *temp.* George II., not *temp.* George I.

We do not envy the biographer of Pio Nono who strives to turn neither to the right nor to the left, to hold the balance between the savagery of Petrucelli and the adulation of Villefranche. Yet, difficult as the task may be, "The Story of the Life of Pius IX." (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), by T. A. Trollope, may claim on the whole to be fairly as well as ably told, while the writer's long acquaintance with Italy and the Italians entitles him to speak with something of authority as one who has himself seen much that he relates, and has heard of much besides from the lips of unimpeachable witnesses. It may not be denied that Mr. Trollope at heart is anti-Papal, that his very language here and there will be deemed by rigid Catholics unduly flippant. The love of show and admiration that have ever characterised the present Pontiff, the desire to pose in times past as a would-be reformer, in times present as an imaginary captive—the wish to do hard things in a pleasant way, which has given the enemy occasion to depict him as untruthful—the absence of strong feeling, which has contributed so powerfully to his great longevity, are all undoubtedly made the most of. On the other hand, full justice is done to the Holy Father's real devotion to the Church, to the firm will which, since it first found whither Liberalism was leading it, has never wavered before Imperial blandishments or Revolutionary threats, and has thus inspired in the Catholic world a personal devotion of which few Popes could boast before. Nor, indeed, is it difficult to find excuses for Pio Nono's sudden change from superficial reform to sharp reaction,—for his refusal to be dragged along what Mazzini terms a path "where he must see no further than the first step to be taken." Whether some phenomenal man could have realised Gioberti's vision of a United Italy under the ægis of the Church must remain an open question. It is quite certain Pio IX. could not, nor would the Revolution have allowed him even a fair trial. His career in its portentous length and activity seems quite superior to ordinary changes of times and governments—a period *per se* which (Rome now whispers) is being recorded for future generations in the pages of an infallible autobiography. For its mere facts we can hardly go as yet to a better source than Mr. Trollope's excellent volumes.

Of Fénélon's "Spiritual Letters (II.) to Women" (Rivingtons)—letters for all their gentle piety and insight into human nature a little repugnant at times to minds that claim the right of private judgment—it is needless nowadays to attempt a criticism. The translation, by the author of the "Life of Fénélon," is animated and graceful.

"Stephen Heller: His Life and Works," from the French of M. Barbedette, by the Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick (Ashdown and Parry), is a sympathetic sketch of one of the most original among the Little Masters—to take a phrase from mediæval art—of our time, the truest inheritor, perhaps, among them all of the mantle of Chopin. Slight in the extreme as a biography—what is there indeed to say of the solitary Heller?—it is a memoir for the musician, not a book for the general reader of lives. To the musical student it will reveal much of a pianist whose popularity grows with every year.

"Bible Readings from the Gospels," by Mrs. Frederick Locker (Religious Tract Society).—These readings are intended to help those ladies who, though they may be very glad to read the Bible itself at a Mothers' Meeting, do not feel themselves always capable of speaking afterwards, and explaining or applying, in their own words, that which has been read. Now there is doubtless a great power in words spoken from the heart to the hearts of others, and we think one merit of the little book before us is that from the style, which is colloquial and simple, it would rather encourage a bashful reader to stop and make any remarks of her own that might occur to her. The readings consist of comments to be made after the Scriptural relation of some incident in our Lord's life on earth, such as "The Interview with the Woman of Samaria," "The Walk to Emmaus," "The Healing of the leper," "The Meeting at the Sea of Galilee," after the Resurrection. In these several comments, of which there are twelve, occasion is taken first to give some local colouring to the incident related, as, for example, in the story of the Temptation to describe the Wilderness; and again, in another, to bring the shores of the Lake of Galilee well before the hearers. Then the teaching which each incident has for us at the present time is carefully, and with a peculiarly sympathetic tenderness as from one mother to another, brought out, and words of encouragement and warning are well united. We notice these especially in the story of the Five Thousand and in the Charge to St. Peter at the Lake of Galilee.

◆

RURAL NOTES

The Weather.——For the last two weeks the weather has been even worse than could have been prophesied by "Old Moore." Several fine days we have had, allowing farmers who were late in harvesting to cart out manure, and those in earlier districts, and where cabbages are growing, to transplant the brassica successfully. Cabbages and kohl rabi have not yet come into such general use among cattlefeeders as they ought to. The farm work is pretty well forward, the winter wheat having been sown under favourable circumstances where the land was workable; it is pitiable, however, to see some of the fields on lands adjacent to rivers quite sodden. Grass looks green; but swedes are not improved by the wet. In connection with roots, farmers do not pay quite so much regard to the weather as they ought to do; they are too greedy. They keep their turnips in the soil too long, in order that they may grow into Goliath proportions; and "Jack Frost," like little David, puts his finger upon them, and lo! they are worthless. Early storing, after a season such as we have had, is advisable. The wheat is threshing out worse than was expected, and quite a fourth under average.

Mr. Henry Corbet.——In 1849 Mr. Henry Corbet wrote:—"There is something in the character of the British yeoman that makes him never so impressive as when he speaks for himself. The writer on agricultural matters can never succeed so well as when he calls in the words and facts of the farmer himself to confirm his argument. This work, then ('A Digest of Agricultural Customs in Reference to Tenant Right') has at least the recommendation of embodying the opinions and experience of practical agriculturists—arranged, may be, with some care and impartiality, but depending for all its worth and importance upon the testimony of the farmers themselves." Mr. Corbet submitted his skilful digest to the "serious consideration" of the landlords, "confident that it would be more approved as better understood." Mr. Corbet is ill. No one has done more than the late editor of the *Mark Lane Express* to champion the farmers' cause, and they should not forget him on his sick bed.

Miscellaneous.——Messrs. Carter and Co.'s annual root show was this year one of the best they have held. The mangolds were not so large in size as we have seen them, the heaviest long mammoth only scaling 33 lbs., but the quality of all the roots was very good for the season.—Mr. M'Lagan's Game Bill, it would appear, has not satisfied the Scottish farmer, at least some of those connected with the Scottish Chamber of Agriculture. Rabbits in Scotland apparently mean rabies, and Mr. M'Lagan had to re-explain the text of his Bill, generally considered as a good one, to what he called an "intelligent body of farmers." It is, as *The Graphic* has said in this column all along, the only practicable Act, but Scotch farmers could not do without a grievance.—The harvest of the stock farmers is now on the point of being reaped. The year's labour in the feeding of cattle will be tested at Birmingham on the 1st of next month, where 2,800*l.* is to be given away in prizes in the various sections of oxen, cows, and heifers. To the butcher at last must pedigreed and unpedigreed animals alike go, and the Knight of the Cleaver is such a prosaic individual that the sentiment surrounding fashionable shorthorns will not make him part with a sixpence more than he thinks the animals, judging by weight and quality, would bring per lb. on his stall. As a rule, in fact, the "fleshers," as they call them in Scotland, prefer "crosses" for Christmas beef, and some rare good ones from what we have heard will be seen in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, this day week.—At a meeting at Burnley, on Saturday evening, Sir U. J. Kay-Shuttleworth said "when he considered the Land Laws, he saw some grievance which might be removed, and if they were they would greatly add to the improvement of our land." It is pleasing to see Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth on the side of those who, like Mr. Corbet, have been fighting so perseveringly for Tenant Right.—Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., is coming out as the champion of the agricultural labourer, as a decided enemy to the farmer, and inveterate foe of the Tories. In a speech at West Bromwich on Monday night he said what was true enough, "that there is one great class of the community, and that one of the most orderly, the most industrious, and the most necessary, which is altogether excluded from the suffrage—agricultural labourers." So far so good, Mr. Chamberlain; but when such a statement as the following is made, it only reveals the prejudice and the little knowledge of the speaker:—"Farmers are altogether opposed to the extension of the franchise to their labourers, and the farmers have thrown themselves recently completely into the hands of the Tories." Farmers nowadays are not led like sheep to the slaughter, and they care neither for Whig or Tory. What they desire, and what we have insisted upon for years, is that they should have a Minister of Agriculture to look after their interests, and they won't care much about his political proclivities provided he be practical.

◆

BOOKS RECEIVED

Temple Bar: E. W. Godwin, F.S.A. B. T. Batsford.

Christmas Carols: Arranged by W. H. Essex; Christmas Wishes; Sketches of Country Life: After Birket Foster. Religious Tract Society.

Silver Wings; Field Friends; The Sea, Part I.; Dictionary of English Literature: H. Davenport Adams; History of India: James Grant; History of the United States, Vol. III.; *Little Folks*, 1877; Picturesque Europe (The British Isles); Our Real Design in India: C. Forjett. Cassell.

Tennyson's Works (Author's Edition, Vol. VI.); Margaret Chetwynd (3 vols.): Susan Morley; Pyramid Facts and Fancies: James Bonwick. C. Kegan, Paul, and Co.

Trustees and Savings Banks: U. A. Forbes. Hardwicke and Bogue.

Gabriel's Appointment (3 vols.): Anna H. Drury. Bentley and Son.

Poems and Lyrics: Robert Nicoll. Alex. Gardner, Paisley.

Jesus the Messiah: G. C. Davies; The Portrait, No. 14. Provost and Co.

Solomon Isaacs (Christmas Number of *Tinsley's Magazine*), by B. L. Farjeon. Tinsley Bros.

Golden Christmas. F. E. Longley.

Logroño: Frederick Cering. Marcus Ward and Co.

Turko, or the Little Dark Boy in Dame Europa's School: by the Author of "John Justified." W. Mack.

Biblical Cosmography: John Hampden. Beaumont and Co.

Constance (a Tale). Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Mystery of the Bible Dates Solved by the Great Pyramid: Wm. Rowbottom. W. H. Guest.

Poetical Birthday Book. Hatchards.

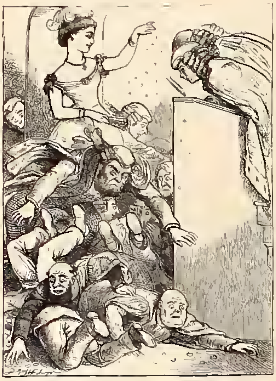
Life and Works of E. J. Armstrong (3 vols.). Longmans.

The Farmer's Almanac for 1878: Cato Johnson, Esq., F.R.S. W. Ridgway.

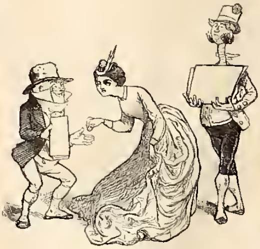
Rifle Cavalry and Red Tape. W. H. Johnson, Fleet Street.

Lessing's Nathan the Wise, in English Blank Verse, by Andrew Wood, M.D.; A Book about Travelling: Bible Wonders: Rev. R. Newton; A Holiday Book: Richard Rowe; Bible Jewels: Rev. R. Newton; Harvey Sinclair; Rills from the Fountain of Life: Rev. R. Newton; The Boys of Willoughby School: R. Richardson, B.A.; Treasury of British Eloquence. W. P. Nimmo.

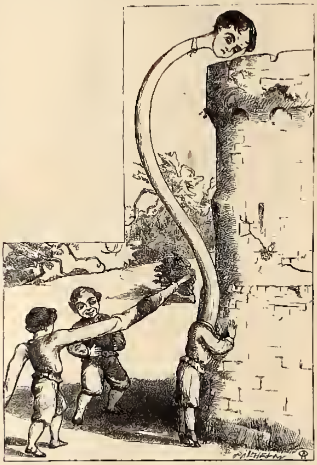
The Village Comedy (3 vols.): Mortimer and Frances Collins. Hurst and Blackett.



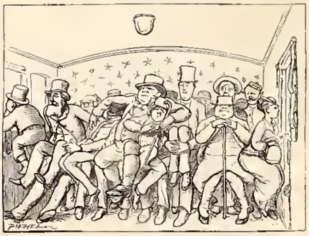
"LOZENGES!" SHOUTED THE JURY. 'OH, GIVE ME SOME!" CRIED EVERYBODY



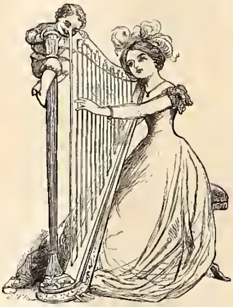
AND, TURNING ROUND, THEY SAW A YOUNG LADY, DRESSED IN PERFECT TASTE . . . A FOOTMAN FOLLOWED HER



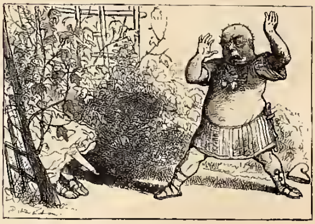
NORVAL LOOKING INTO THE TOWER



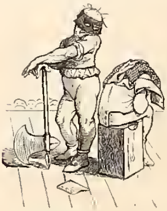
IT WAS ALREADY SO FULL THAT THE BOYS WERE OBLIGED TO SQUEEZE THEMSELVES INTO THE CORNERS



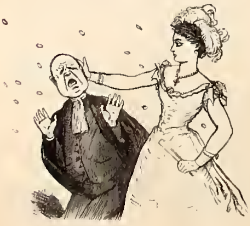
HER NIMBLE FEMININE FINGERS WERE SO GENTLE, THAT RANULF WAS NOT AT ALL PUT OUT



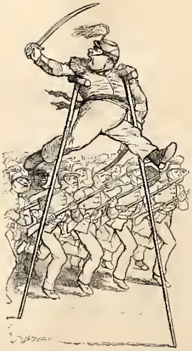
AND DID DISCLOSE 'NEATH GRACEFUL SKIRT, DRAWN UP FROM DIRT, HER ANKLE NEAT NEAR TWO GREAT FEET, TO ANXIOUS PA



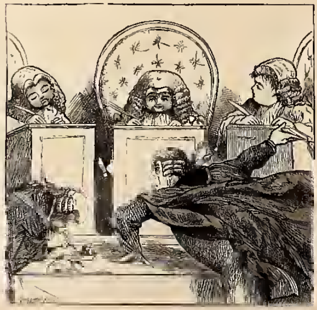
AND THE EXECUTIONER, TAKING HIS STAND . . . SOLEMNLY SAID, "THIS IS THE END OF A CRATUR"



"OH, NOTHING," SAID THE LADY, SKIPPING OUT OF THE DOCK, AND ADMINISTERING A BOX ON THE EAR TO THE CLERK *



WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER HE CRIED "DISCHARGE!" AND GALLANTLY GOING AT THE HEAD OF HIS MEN ON HIS CRUTCHES, SHOUTED, "VICTORY!"



"M'LUD, WHAT AM I TO DO? I CAN MAKE NOTHING OF THIS WITNESS"

"OUR TRIP TO BLUNDERLAND"

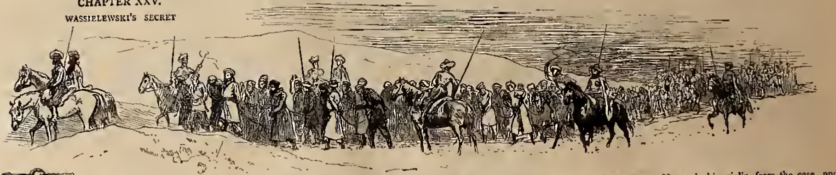
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

WASSIELEWSKI'S SECRET



THE Polish newspapers at one time, and until they were ordered to desist, used to print the words Past and Future in very big capitals, while they spoke of the present in the smallest possible type. That was Wassielewski's method. The Past was radiant with Polish glory and Polish struggles set in a black background of Russian atrocities. Like one of the new-fashioned "Arrangements in Brown," the details were smudged. The Future, after a good deal more of fighting and bloodshed, was also to be a chronicle of great glory. As for the present it did not exist, it was a dream.

For himself, he was almost the last of the Poles whom I remembered as a child in the old black barrack. The barrack itself was gone, and the Poles dispersed. Those who were left lived about the town singly. Wassielewski alone among them still nourished thoughts of revenge and patriotism. He was certainly the only man of all the exiled Poles capable of giving life to the cause in a hopeless effort, where the only object was to keep alive the spark of rebellion. He also never flagged or lost heart, because he knew what he had to give, and he knew what he was going to get. I was accustomed to his fanaticism. If he met me when I was a child, he was wont to say, parenthetically, "Ladislas, Poland is not dead, but sleeping," and then pass on without waiting for an answer. He was like a bird which has but one tune; his one idea was the resuscitation of his country. Sometimes he would stop me in the street, and take off his hat, standing like a prophet of Israel with his deep-set eyes, his long white locks, and his passionate look, keeping me beside him while he whispered in earnest tones, "Listen, Ladislas Pulaski, there is a stir in her limbs. She will spring to her feet again, and call upon her children to arise and fight. Then let all the Poles scattered over the broad face of the earth, the Poles of Galicia, the Poles of the Kingdom, join together. We are the children of those who fought with Kosciusko, and we are the grandchildren of those who followed Sobieski. If we die, the tradition of hate will be preserved. Let us die, if Heaven so will it."

I was therefore trained in the traditional hatred of Russia, almost as much as if I had been brought up in Warsaw among those Polish ladies who go in mourning all their days, and refuse to dance or have any joy. But my own feeling was of the passive kind, which is not fertile in action. By temperament as well as physique I was inclined to the contemplative life; if I regarded the Muscovite with patriotic hatred, I was by no means prepared to leave my own ease, and put on the armour of a soldier. Besides, to all intents I was an Englishman, with English ideas, English prejudices; and the Poles were foreigners to me, although I was of Polish blood, and—I was a cripple.

Wassielewski saw with pity that his most fiery denunciations, his most highly-coloured narratives of blood failed to rouse me to the level of his own enthusiasm, and therefore the old conspirator had recourse to his last and most desperate measure. If that failed I was hopeless. He told me the secret that had been religiously kept from me by the Captain, Mr. Broughton, and the few who knew it—the tragedy of my birth.

I wish he had not told me; I ought to have been spared the bitter knowledge; it was with kindness that it had been kept from me. For the story fired my blood, and maddened me for awhile with the thirst of vengeance.

It was about four o'clock one afternoon—a week before Leonard's return, that I went to Wassielewski's lodgings—at his own request. I went unwillingly, because it pained me to see him so eager, and to feel myself so lukewarm over the wrongs of my country; but I went.

His one room was furnished with a narrow bed, a chair, a table, and a music stand. A crucifix was hanging on the wall—Wassielewski was a Catholic—a sword hung below it; at the head of the bed was a portrait in water-colours, which I had never seen before, of a young lady, dressed in the fashion of the Thirties. She had a sweet, calm face, and her eyes which fell upon me when I entered the room seemed to follow me about. They were large eyes full of thought and love.

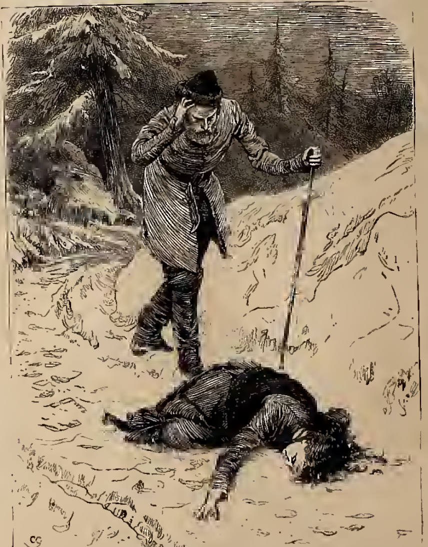
"That is your mother, Ladislas Pulaski," said the old man slowly. "Your sainted mother, one of the martyrs of Poland. Claudia, wife of Roman Pulaski."

My mother! I, who never knew a mother, and hardly ever gave her memory one filial thought. A strange yearning came over me as I gazed at the face, and saw it blurred through the tears that crowded in my eyes.

"My mother! Wassielewski, why have you never shown this to me before?"

"Because I waited for the moment to come when I could give you her portrait, tell you her story, and send you forth to kill Russians in revenge. Sit down, poor boy. I have much to say, and nothing that is not sad."

I sat down with strange forebodings. But I took the portrait of my mother from the wall.



"I found her lying cold and dead in the road"

"You will give this to me, Wassielewski?"

"When I die, or when we go together to Poland."

Ah! The tender sweetness of the face; the kind face; the noble face. Ah! the good and true eyes that saw her son after so many years; so bright, and yet so sad. For they had the sadness which seems to lie in the eyes of all whom death takes young. Death! How did my mother die? And while I looked I felt that the poor old man who loved her so much—else he could not have been so careful for me—was looking with me in her face, and dropping tears upon my head.

"Do not tell me, Wassielewski—not now—if it pains you so much."

"That will pain you more," he groaned. "Day and night for twenty years it has been ever before my eyes. I was only her humble friend and servant. You are her son. How shall I tell you the shameful story?

"Sit so, Ladislas Pulaski, with your eyes upon the face of your dead mother—perhaps she will smile upon you as she does upon me sometimes in moonlit nights when I lie awake and listen for the call from Poland. So—so—while I try to tell you how she died, and how your father died."

His voice was calm and steady, but his eyes were wild. I looked at him no more, but kept my eyes upon the picture, awed and expectant. He took his violin from the case, and played a few bars walking up and down the room.

"That is a Polish waltz. We used to dance a great deal in Poland before 1830. We were Russian subjects, it is true, but we were happier than our brothers who were under Prussia. Some of us were young, too—not I. I am seventy-five now, and I am talking of events which took place only five-and-twenty years ago. But I was not too old to join in the dances of the people. And I was happy in my stewardship of the Lady Claudia. She was an only child, like your father, Roman Pulaski, and I was the steward of her father, and had special charge of the young lady. There is a girl in this place; I often see you with her."

"Celia Tyrrell?"

"Yes—perhaps. She has the eyes of your mother and her sweet face. I think she must be good, like her.

"Lady Claudia was not proud. We went about together, her father and she and I, to all the peasants' festivals. I was but a peasant born, but she, it is true;—oh! she was a great lady. When we had a wedding it lasted a week, and we danced all night; we wore our national dress; we sang our national songs—this was one of them."

He played a quaint delightful air, full of sweetness and character.

"We ate our *bigos* and *cholodiec*; we laughed and joked. And with the Muscovites we were friends. You would have been a happy child, Ladislas Pulaski, could you have been brought up among your own people, and learned their customs, such as they were. Now, it is all changed. The national costume is forbidden; we may not sing the Polish hymns——Listen to one. Ah! you cannot understand the words."

He played a hymn with soft and melancholy cadences, crooning rather than singing the words, which I could not, as he said, understand.

"We dance no longer; even the young Polish girls, who loved dancing more than any girls in the world, dance no more; we go in mourning all our days;—even the young Polish girls, whose dress was so gay and bright, wear black all their lives; we laugh no more, but sit with weeping eyes; we go to church, not to pray for good harvests and joy, but for the hour of revenge."

He paused a moment.

"That is what you know already. Up to the age of nineteen, my young lady was as happy as the day is long. She was as happy as God ever allowed any human being to be. For when she was eighteen she was married—to your father.

"Roman Pulaski was worthy of her—he, alone among men. He was of a good descent; he was as rich, he was as handsome, he was as strong and brave as she was true and good. They were married and you were born—a strong and straight-backed boy—a true Pulaski, with curly brown hair, and plenty of it, when you were but a little baby. And who so happy as your mother? All day long she held you in her arms; all day and all night; it made the tears come into my eyes only to see how pleased and happy she was with her child.

"That lasted two years. Then came the insurrection. Of course, your father joined it. How could he keep out of it? And the Lady Claudia wove silk banners, and brought her jewels to buy arms, and gave all she had to the brave rebels.

"One day, after three months of fighting, I came back——alone.—Your father had disappeared; our men were all killed; and the Russians were marching upon the castle to destroy it. I remembered how, once, they set fire to a house full of Poles, and killed all who tried to escape. So I hurried your mother away; we carried the child between us, and escaped into the woods, where we wandered backwards and forwards through the bitter cold night, and watched at nightfall the red glow in the sky, which marked our burning castle. So you no longer had a house, you and the Lady Claudia.

"In the morning, finding that the Cossacks were gone, I took her home to our village. It was a place full of women and children; not a man left in it; only a few boys of ten and old men of seventy; but because there were no men, I thought she would be safe. She was brave—always brave—and in her pale face there was no thought of repentance. They weighed the cost, and joined the losing side. Her husband gone—perhaps dead; her house destroyed; nothing left in the world but her year-old child. Yet she never lamented. Only, the second day, she sent me away. 'Old friend,' she said, "go—and, if you can, bring me news of Roman Pulaski. If he is dead we will mourn for him as those who mourn for the dead in Christ.'

"I left her—in safety, as I thought—I crept cautiously through the woods, from village to village, and asked of the women and old men in each place for news. For a time I could learn nothing, but one day I found a newspaper, and read that Roman Pulaski was not dead, but a prisoner.

"It would have been better for him had he died in battle. You have heard—I have told you over and over again—how the Czar Nicholas hated the very name of Pole; how there was no cruelty practised by his officers, no severity too great, towards the Poles that it should displease him. But the case of one who stood so high as your father was too important to be decided upon even by the Archduke Constantine's favourite, General Kuruta. Roman Pulaski had been a favourite in the St. Petersburg Court; he had attracted the notice of the Empress, who hoped to attach him to the Russian cause; his rebellion incensed the Czar more than the defection of all the other Poles put together. Imagine, therefore, his satisfaction at having his enemy in his own power. At first he ordered that the prisoner should be shot. This order was immediately afterwards commuted, as he called it, to hard labour in the mines of Siberia for life. Which was called the Czar's clemency.

"Even the Russians were appalled at such a sentence, which condemned a gentleman to the lowest degradation of companionship with criminals. They drew up a petition; it was represented that the Count Roman Pulaski was young and hot-headed; they said he had been drawn into the rebellion by disaffected advisers and by misrepresentations. The Czar refused to receive the petition. Then the Empress herself, his own wife, threw herself on her knees at his feet and implored mercy.

"'You ask mercy for a Pole,' he cried. 'Then this is what you shall get for him.' He took the paper containing the sentence, and added to it, *in his own handwriting*, 'And the prisoner shall walk the whole way.'"

"Walk?—walk the whole way from Warsaw to Siberia?"

"Walk. Think of it quietly, if you can, for a while. Try to understand something of what it means. To be one of a gang of murderers and common thieves—because they did not allow him to perform his journey with brother Poles; to step side by side, manacled together at the wrist, with one of the worst of these criminals; to sleep with him at night on a sloping bench; to eat and drink with him; never to be separated from him; to be driven along the never-ending road by Cossacks armed with whips; to endure every indignity of blows and curses; to have no rest by day, no repose by night; to eat the vilest and commonest food; to spend the winter—it was in the winter that he started—pacing for ever along the white and frozen snow; to be on the road when spring returned; to be still walking, always with the thieves and murderers, in the glaring summer.

"Take a map, measure the distance from Warsaw to Moscow, from Moscow to Astrakhan, from Astrakhan to Tobolski, and thence to the mines. You will say to yourself, 'Fifteen miles a day; that makes—how many months of walking?' Behind him a wife, young and beautiful as the day; a boy not old enough yet to do more than look in his father's face, and cry, 'Papa—Wassielewski!'

"Wife and boy gone—happiness gone for ever—no hope—before him the long road with the horrible daily and nightly companions, and after the road? Perhaps after the road the worst part of the sentence; for in the road there is change, in the mines none; day after day the same work; day after day the same hopeless toil; day after day the same gloom; day after day the same wretched fellow-prisoners; the same face; the death in life.

"They used to go mad, some of them; they used to commit suicide; some would murder a soldier or a gaoler for the mere excitement of being flogged to death. Some tried to run away. It was fortunate for those who made their escape in winter, because when night fell they lay down in the snow—out on the free white snow, which covered them up and hid them after the cold winter wind had fanned them to sleep, and when they were found in the spring they were dead corpses covered over with tall grasses and pitiful flowers. Those who neither went mad, nor were knouted, nor were frozen to death, nor committed suicide, drooped away and died day by day, like your father, and for the last few months of their lives, God, more merciful than the Czar, made them stupid."

Wassielewski stopped. I looked up at him with beating heart and flashing eyes. His own eyes, deep set and stern, were glowing with the intensity of his wrath, and the red gash on his cheek was a long white line.

"Go on, Wassielewski," I cried, "tell me more."

"I have thought upon that journey," he continued in a calm voice, "till I seem to know it every step. And he was so tall, so brave, so handsome.

"News came, later on—not for a long time—about him. More than half the convicts died upon the road, the man to whom he was manacled threw himself down upon the road one day, and refused to move another step; they flogged him till he could not have walked if he had tried; but he still refused, and then they flogged him again until he died. That was part of the Czar's clemency. Your father was one of the few who survived the journey, and reached Siberia in safety. He sent home by a sure hand a little wooden cross, on which he had carved—the names of Claudia his wife, and Ladislas his boy."

"Stop—stop! Wassielewski, I cannot bear it."

"I shall not stop," he replied, "you must bear this, and more. There is worse to hear. Do you think it is for nothing that I tell you all these things? The cross was to show his wife that he was alive, and that he still thought of them. But when it arrived his wife was dead, and the child was in exile. The cross,"—he opened a little cabinet which stood upon a chest of drawers—"the cross is here. I have kept it for you."

It was a roughly-carved cross, eighteen inches long, of a dark-grained wood, a Latin cross. On the longer limb was carved in letters rude, but deeply cut in the wood, "Roman to Claudia," and on the transverse limb the single word, "Ladislas."

"See, from his grave your father calls you."

"From his grave?"

"He died like all the prisoners in the mines, of hard work, of despair, of misery, and neglect. He could write no letters, he could receive none; he had no longer anything to hope for in this world. Roman Pulaski died. Grey, deaf, and blind, my poor old master died. He was not thirty years of age.

"When he was dead lying news was published in the papers by the command of Nicholas. They said that he had been released from the mines, that he had voluntarily entered as a private soldier in a Caucasian regiment, that he had fallen in action. Lies! Lies! No one believed them. As if Roman Pulaski would not have written to Poland for news of his wife and son; as if he would not have flown along the road as soon as he obtained his liberty, to learn if they were dead or living. No! In the darkest and deepest mine, with the foulest thieves of a Muscovite crowd, Roman Pulaski lived out his wretched years, and died his wretched death. And you are his son.

"Before you go home, remember this: he died for Poland; his death is not forgotten; for fifty generations, if need be, the story shall be told of the Czar's revenge."

He paused for a moment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

"I have more to tell you," he went on, wiping the beads from his brow wearily. "More to tell you, more that I cannot tell without the bitterest pain, and that will sodden all your after years. But you must learn it, you must learn it, before you become a true child of Poland."

He leant over me and kissed my head.

"Poor boy! I thought at one time that you might be spared. The good Captain said to me when you went away to live with him, 'Let him not know, Wassielewski, let him never know.' I said, 'He shall never know, Captain; no one shall tell him;—unless his country ask for him. Then he shall know, because the knowledge will fire the blood, and make him fight like ten men. We are all like ten men when we rise to fight the Muscovite.' So I promised and I prayed of a night to the Lady Claudia, who is now a saint in Heaven, and hears what sinners ask, that she would guard her son from harm. 'Because,' I said on my knees, 'he is not a strong man like your husband or your servant; he is afflicted, he is feeble, he is a boy of peace and fond of music, and he has made good friends.' I knelt by the bed, and I looked on that face. The face changed as I prayed, and sometimes, by candlelight, or by moonlight, I could see the eyes of my mistress shining upon me, or see her lips move as if to speak or to smile. And always happy. Ladislas, happy are those who forgive."

"But we cannot forgive," I said.

"Never, boy, never. We are God's instruments of wrath. And now the time has come, and Poland asks for you. So I *must* tell you, Ladislas," he added, pitifully, "I must tell you, in addition, how your mother died. You will think over the story every day for the rest of your life. And you will understand, henceforth, how Russia may become the Protector of Christians—out of her own country.

"It happened while I was away, looking for certain news of your father. I left her in safety, as I thought, among the women and children. Even I did not know how far the Czar could carry his revenge. Not even the little children were safe. An order came from St. Petersburg that all orphan Polish children—all those whose fathers had fallen in the insurrection—all who were a burden to the State—should be carried away and brought up in military schools. That was a master-stroke. The little Poles were to become Russians, to fight their brothers.

"You were not an orphan, nor a burden on the State, you did not fall within that law. It was by the great, by the divine clemency of the Czar that that ukase was issued, to save the children whom every Polish household would have welcomed, to relieve the State of a burden which did not exist. But the order did not affect you, and if I had known of it I should not have been disturbed. You were safe, safe with your mother, and she was safe among her own people, the women who knew her and loved her.

"As the order was issued it had to be carried out, and the soldiers were sent to find orphan children, begging their bread, and a burden on the State. But there were none; yet the order must be obeyed. So they began to carry off all the children they could find, whether they were orphans or not, whether their mothers wept and shrieked, or whether they sat silent, struck with the mad stupor of a misfortune greater than they could bear.

"When Herod slew the infants in Bethlehem, there were some thirty killed. When Nicholas murdered the innocents in Poland, there were thousands. Perhaps, when one crime becomes as well known as the other, that of the Czar will take its proper rank.

"In the afternoon, when the day was sinking, there came clattering up to the village where your mother had taken refuge a long cavalcade of carts, horses, and cavalry. In the carts were infants;—it was a day of winter, and the snow was lying over the fields and in the branches of the pines. The carts were covered, it is true, and within them the children cried and moaned, huddled together against each other for warmth; some mere infants in arms; some five or six years of age who carried the smaller ones; some little toddling things of two. They had spread rough blankets on the floors of the carts, but still the helpless babes were cold. And their only nurses were the soldiers who had small pity.

"The women of the village came out crying over the poor children, bringing them bread and milk. With them they carried their own. They had better have stayed indoors; better still have fled into the woods, and hidden there till the Cossacks went away. For presently, the soldiers began picking up the children of the village and tossing them, too, into their carts. Among them, led by an older child, wrapped in furs, was a little boy of two years old——you, Ladislas Pulaski.

"You were straight-backed then, poor boy; straight and comely, like your father——

"When they rode away, the carts lumbering along the roads, the children crying, the soldiers swearing, they were followed by a stream of women, who shrieked and cried, and first among them all ran and cried your mother—the Lady Claudia. Yes—she was brave when her beautiful home was burned with all the sweet things she had grown up amongst; but when she saw the boy torn from her, she became, they told me, like a mad woman. They were all mad women.

"It was twenty-four hours later when I returned and heard what had happened. The carts had all that much start of me; also I had to be careful, because near the villages I might be recognised and arrested. I followed on the high road when I could—through forests when I could find a faithful guide—any how so that I followed.——After two days of pursuit, I found—courage, Ladislas—courage, boy—so—drink this water—lie down for a moment—sob and cry—it will do you good as it did me, when I found her—the tale is almost told.

"I found her lying cold and dead in the road. She was bareheaded, and her long hair lay blown about her beautiful head; her face was looking with its pale cold cheeks and closed eyes—looking still along the road in the direction of the carts—one arm was bent under her, one hand upon her heart; one lay extended, the fingers clutched in the snow as if she would drag herself along the way by which she could no longer creep; her shoes had fallen from her feet, she was frozen;—in the night she had fallen, and, too weak to rise, must have died in the painless sleep that swiftly closes the eyes of those who lie down in our winter snow. I lifted her and bore her to the edge of the forest, where, because I could not dig her a grave, I made a hole in the snow, and covered her over with branches to keep off the wolves. I knelt by her dead form and called Heaven to witness that such revenge as I could work upon the people who had killed her I would work—it is a vow which I have renewed from day to day; and, after many years, the time has come at last. It always comes to those who have faith and patience.

"When I had buried your mother, I hurried along the road still in pursuit of the train of children. These trains do not move quickly, and I knew that I should come up with it—sooner or later. The roads were very still and quiet; it was not only the snow that lay on the earth, but the dread and terror of the Cossacks. Death was in the air; in the woods lay the bodies of the men: in the villages lay the women weeping; on the cold roads lumbered the long lines of kibitkas that carried away the children. Somewhere on that road marched the train of convicts manacled wrist to wrist, your father among them.

"Presently—it may have been a day, it may have been an hour, after I left your dead mother, I heard far off the dull dead sound of the carts, the cracking of whips and the curses of the drivers. Then I stopped to think. If they saw me I should be shot, and that would be of no use to any one. Now, if I lost sight altogether of the train, how could I help you, who were in it?

"Walking and running, I kept up close behind the train; as the night fell again, I could get so close as to hear the wailing of the children, who cried for hunger and for cold. And Providence befriended us; for while I went along the road, I saw something move in the moonlight,—and heard a faint cry. Ladislas, it was you. You had fallen from the cart, and they left you there to die. Perhaps they did not see you. Five minutes more, and you would have died, like your mother, of that fatal sleep of frost.

"There is nothing more to tell——I had a long and weary journey from village to village before I reached the Austrian frontier, and found a friend who would help us over mountains and by forests to Switzerland. All Europe was full of our sufferings, and we made friends wherever we went; there were societies called 'Friends of Poland,' who helped us with money and work; had they given us soldiers and arms we should have asked no other help—we passed from Switzerland to France, and from France we came to England. Always the same kindness from the people; the same indignation; and the same help. I wonder, now, if they have forgotten the cause of Poland; perhaps, because it is twenty years ago.

"Well, as the days passed on, I noticed something. At first, it was not much, but as the time went on, I found that your back was round, and that you were—poor boy—deformed. It was done by the fall from the cart. Remember, Ladislas, that you owe that, as well as everything else—to the Czar. When you look in the glass, say to yourself, 'But for them I should be well and straight like my father:' when you pass a rich man's house you may say, 'My house stood among woods fairer than these, with more splendid gardens; the Czar burned it, and took my broad lands.' When you stand upon the ramparts and see the lines of convicts working, silent, in single file, think of your father dying slowly in the Siberian mines—and every evening and every morning, look at the face of your mother and think of her rushing along the frozen roads, catching at the hands of the soldiers, crying and imploring—to fall at last for very weakness on the ground and die in misery.

"Hush, boy—hush—strengthen your heart—rouse yourself—think that your arms are strong though your back is round; you can fire a gun; you can kill a Russian; you can fight, as men fight now; and you are a Pulaski.

"I thought, when I saw what you were, that Heaven had resolved to spare you the common lot of Poles. But that is not so—we must all go, now."

"Yes, Wassielewski—all must go. I among the rest."

"I knew you would say that, when you had been told all. Look me in the face, boy, and swear it."

"I swear it," I murmured, in a broken voice. "By the portrait of my mother, Wassielewski, I will go with you to Poland, when you claim my promise. You shall take me back to my own people: you shall say to them that I am poor and deformed; that I can neither march with them, nor ride, nor stand upright among their ranks; that I cannot even speak my own language; but that I have greater wrongs to avenge than any of them; and that I ask leave just to crawl among them and load my rifle with the rest.

"Good—boy—good." The old man's eyes had an infinite tenderness in their depths while he took my hand. "I am taking you to Death. That is almost certain. I pray God that we may die together, and that we may die upon a heap of Russians while the enemy is flying before our faces scattered like the chaff before the wind. Then I can take you by the hand and lead you to Heaven, where we shall find them both, waiting for us—Count Roman and Lady Claudia—and I shall say, 'My master and my mistress, I have brought your boy home to you. And he died for Poland.'

"It is not that I have done this of myself," he went on. "For years a voice has been ringing in my ears which at first I could not understand,—it was only a voice, and indistinct. Gradually I began to hear and make out what it said. 'The time is coming,' it said, 'the time is coming. Prepare to end thy work. The time is coming.' That lasted for a long while, but I was patient, because I knew that it was the Lady Claudia who spoke to me at night, and she would have good reason for what she said. And now the voice says more. It says, 'Ladislas must be told; Ladislas must go with you; let Ladislas, too, fight for Poland.' We must obey a voice from Heaven, and so I have told you.

"Remember, I can promise you nothing,—not even glory, not even a name. You may be killed in a nameless fight upon a village green; you may follow your father to Siberia; I know not. I partly read the future, but not all. I see fighting. I hear the Polish hymn; there are the accursed grey coats, there is the firing of guns, and all is finished. Among the patriots I do not see you Ladislas, and I do not see myself.

"You have sworn, and I will give you, besides your father's cross, your mother's portrait. Take them with you to-night, put them in some safe place, pray with them in your hand, night and day. Remember, you are no longer a music master in an English town, you are a child of Poland, and you teach music till you hear your country's call. And now, farewell; wait and expect."

. . . .

"Play something, Celia, my dear," said the Captain. "Soothe his spirit with music. Poor boy, poor boy! He should not have told you."

. . . .

I went home in a dream, bearing with me the precious relics which Wassielewski gave me. I think I was mad that evening. It was nine o'clock when I reached home, and Celia had waited for me all the evening. But I had no eyes for Celia, and no thought for anything but what I had heard. And then, in such language as came to me, with such passion and tears as the tale called up within me, I told my story and once more renewed my vow.

. . . .

There was no sleep for me that night, but in the morning I fell into a slumber broken by unquiet dreams. There was the lumbering, grinding roll upon the frozen snow of the children's train escorted by the mounted soldiers; there was the figure of my mother, lying stone dead on a road of ice; there was the gang of convicts limping along a road which seemed to have no beginning and no end.

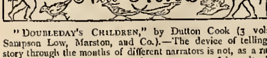
. . . .

They would not let me go to my pupils; my hands were hot, my brow was burning. Celia came to sit with me, and we talked and wept together. I was fain to tell my story all over again. She held my hand while I told it, and when it was finished I saw in her face no wrath, none of the madness with which Wassielewski filled my soul the day before, but only a great sadness. I was still mad for revenge, but somehow I felt instinctively that Celia's sorrow was a higher thing than the old Pole's thirst for revenge. And I was ashamed in presence of her sad and sympathising eyes to renew my oath of vengeance.

"Poor Laddy!" she said, "What a tale of misery and wrong! Let us pity the soldiers who had to carry out such an order. Let us believe that the Czar did not know—could not know—how his order was obeyed. Do not dwell upon it, dear. Do not let cruel and revengeful thoughts grow out of the recollection. 'Vengeance is mine,' you know. Your mother's face—how beautiful it is!—does not make you think of revenge? See how calmly the sweet eyes look at you! And oh! dear, dear, Loddy, make no more rash vows, at least till Leonard comes home. And it wants but three days—three short, short, days, and we shall see him again, and all will go well with us once more."

The Captain said nothing, but in his sad face I saw that he sorrowed for me, and in his grave eyes I read the warning which did not leave his lips.

(To be continued)



"Doubleday's Children," by Dutton Cook (3 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—The device of telling a story through the mouths of different narrators is not, as a rule, wont to be attended with very happy or successful results, but Mr. Dutton Cook is a practised hand at fiction, and is able to spare us those painful breaks of continuity and abrupt transitions which are the usual drawbacks on the method he has here adopted. The "Narrative" of Basil, the youngest of the children of Duncan Doubleday, architect and surveyor, the "Statement" of Nicholas, the eldest, and the "Confession" of Doris, the sister who comes between them, fit well and closely together, and give us the story just as at the moment it could best be told. We have had stories from Mr. Dutton Cook of which we have thought more highly; all the same, the interest of this history of Doubleday's Children is unquestionable; whilst its style, and the many touches of quiet humour that embellish it, raise it very much above the level of the ordinary novel of the day. The best parts of the book, we think, are the opening chapters which describe the somewhat uncared-for, but not uncheery childhood of the little Doubledays in their dingy and poverty-stricken home in Somers Town—a home to which the importunate dun, and even the bailiff, were no infrequent visitors. The character of the easy-going, sanguine, out-at-elbows father, Duncan Doubleday, seems evidently a study "after" Dickens, and a very fairly successful one. He is for ever humming little scraps of songs, and "never seemed quite so much in earnest as were other people." As an architect he never designed anything in particular, but was convinced all the same that he could astonish the world could he but command a suitable "opportunity." "The space cleared by some such catastrophe as the Great Fire, and a commission to build London anew, would have suited him very tolerably." The characters and fortunes of Nick, Doris, and Basil (known in childhood as "Buppy") Doubleday we must in the main leave readers to learn from Mr. Dutton Cook's pages, for we have not the space to state our impressions of them here. We may say, however, that Nick, amusing as he is in his pig-headed stupidity, self-importance, and self-sufficiency, is almost too much of a caricature, especially in his own "statement," for a picture of real life such as the book aims at being. Lucius Grisdale, the old Chartist newspaper editor—no doubt a sketch from life—is a vigorously-drawn figure, only we have a little too much of him. The leading fault of the book is that it is too episodical, and that many of its episodes seem to have little *raison d'être*, save as giving the author an opportunity of working certain more or less out-of-the-way experiences of his own into the story. The history of Doris's brief theatrical career, for instance, which fills no less than six chapters, though far from unamusing, might simply be skipped for any connection it has with the rest of the story. The mysterious disappearance of Norah, the Irish housemaid, again, is a mere excrescence, which Mr. Dutton Cook himself seems to feel calls for a quasi-apology. Still, though we have found some fault with the book, we have read it with, on the whole, much pleasure, and it well deserves to be a popular favourite.

"Gwen Wynn: A Romance of the Wye," by Captain Mayne Reid (3 vols.: Tinsley).—Captain Mayne Reid had much better have kept to his old field of Mexico and the Prairies. His romances of deadly perils and hairbreadth escapes, peopled with lovely damsels, gallant cavaliers, and profligate and bloodthirsty ruffians—all of them the merest "dummers," if you looked into them—never had any literary merit, of course; but there was generally a "go" about them which made them readable. But he is utterly at sea in constructing a tale of English life, and only makes himself ridiculous by the attempt. His tale is spiced hot with crime of divers kinds; but the crime is so out of keeping with the English climate that we are inclined to laugh when we are meant to shudder. As villain-in-chief, we meet our old familiar friend who, we thought, was becoming as extinct as the dodo, the traditional Jesuit of fiction, and a very pretty specimen of a monster Captain Mayne Reid makes of him. We cannot stop to enumerate the enormities of this wicked priest, who rather oddly turns out, in the end, to be no priest, perhaps not even a Jesuit, but yet can always command "the treasures of the Vatican," which Captain Reid seems to think are always at the service of any one engaged in doing evil in the interests of the Church. If he really believes all the nonsense he has written here—and his book does not seem meant as a joke—we can only say we are very sorry for him.

"A Girl of a Thousand; or, Passages in the Life of Laura Bellairs" (Walbrook and Co.).—In a "prefatory" couple of pages the author of this book gives his—or her—own impression of the character set before us in Miss Bellairs. No doubt such an analysis may save the reviewer trouble; still, it is best, perhaps, that readers should be allowed to judge for themselves, without being told what they are intended to think beforehand. Laura Bellairs, however, seems from the pages of her autobiography much what she is described as being,—a pretty girl with a quick and well-trained intellect, and quite without heart or conscience. She has splendid health, imperturbable good-temper, and no sense of responsibility. She is thoroughly selfish and little troubled with moral scruples, but her good sense and caution keep her clear of indiscretions. She plays her cards cleverly, and, whilst still a girl, wins a husband, young, handsome, well-born, and rich, who adores her without ever finding out that she does not care a jot for him, though she admits that she thinks he suits her at least as well as any other would have done. The book is to be regarded, we think, as a mere *jeu d'esprit*, which it would be absurd to take too seriously, and is not without cleverness in its way.

◆

THE ANTONELLI-LAMBERTINI LAWSUIT

"The Antonelli lawsuit, was resumed on Thursday, the 3rd inst. The counsel of the brothers Antoaelli strove hard to have the proceedings postponed until January. Signor Gallini, the legal adviser of the Countess Lambertini, strenuously opposed this. The tribunal decided that the case would receive definite judgment on the 29th inst. On the 20th, a series of documents will be published, shedding a new and startling light on the whole affair, and compromising, it is said, certain individuals who have not yet figured in the trial." This is the latest, by telegram from Rome to the *Daily News*. The case, as far as known, is as follows. The Countess Loreta Domenica Vittoria Lambertini, asserts her rights as legal heiress to the fortune of the late Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli, bringing forward documentary and personal testimony to prove that she is the daughter of the said Cardinal. It is alleged that, on the 21st of October, 1855, in the house of Anna Gervasi, a midwife in Rome, a daughter was born to a foreign lady, who came to be delivered in her house, and that during the lady's confinement she was visited by Cardinal Antonelli; and that Dr. Raffaele Lucchini, Anna Gervasi, and Antonietta Marconi, to whom the child was afterwards confided, knew Cardinal Antonelli to be the father of this child. It is alleged also that the child was baptised in the Church of Santa Maria in Via, by desire of the Cardinal, with the names Loreta Dominica Vittoria; Loreta, in memory of the Cardinal's mother, and Domenica, in memory of his father; and that the Cardinal himself recommended his daughter to the care of the wet-nurse Pontesilli. It is further alleged that the Cardinal gave to Marconi, for his daughter, a silver medal engraved with his crest, and with the inscription, "Jacopo Antonellio, S.R.E.D.C.A., Pube. Negot. Pii IX., P.M.;" and another gold medal, with a portrait of himself in a Cardinal's dress on one side, and a portrait of his daughter Loreta, on the other; the Cardinal expressing a wish that his daughter should always wear these medals. It is further alleged, that the Cardinal sought frequent opportunities for seeing his so-called daughter, driving daily past her residence, 88, Via Quatro Fontane, when, at his desire, she was to show herself on the balcony; that, on the death of Marconi, the Cardinal appointed Signor Costanzo Chauvet, of Rome, to be her legal guardian; and that on her marriage with Count Lambertini, he allotted to her 100,000 lire Italiani, as dowry, besides furnishing a house for her at Cesana. From the time of her marriage to that of the death of the Cardinal, the Countess frequently visited the Cardinal at the Vatican, and it is said that the Cardinal's confessor, Padre Marco Rossi, knew the Countess to be the daughter of his Eminence, and had intended questioning the Cardinal as to what provision he purposed making for the Countess, but that on the morning of the day when Padre Rossi was to have had an interview with the Cardinal his Eminence died. Among other evidence shown in favour of the Countess, is a series of photographs of the Cardinal by the side of the Countess, taken at different periods of her life. Tamburlani, an old servant of the Cardinal, gave evidence as to the Cardinal's relations with "La Baronessa," the mother of the Countess; and the Archpriest Venditti has added his testimony to that of other witnesses. To punish him for his disclosures, the Vatican has deprived him of the right to say mass. The portrait of the Countess in our issue of this week is thought by some to bear a resemblance to the late Cardinal.

◆

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

II.

Among the Christmas attractions for the children this year come, with gilded bindings and profusely illustrated pages, from Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, "Field Friends and Forest Foes," by Phillis Browne; a description for the little ones of the lives and characteristics of animals wild and domestic, from the elephant to the mouse; and, in livelier language and more winning style, "Silver Wings and Golden Scales," by one of the authors of "Poems Written for a Child." This is natural history made attractive indeed; and the general get-up of the latter book especially, and the beauty of its illustrations form a very charming present for a child.—The twelfth volume of the *Quiver* magazine, prettily bound, comes to us from the same enterprising firm; and "Jungle, Peak, and Plain," a boys' book of adventure north and south, by Gordon Stables, R.N.

Messrs. Grant and Co. have R. E. Francillon's Christmas number for 1877, entitled "In the Dark," a rather weird story, "in seven watches," from sundown to morning; and, for the juveniles again, Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. contribute "The Children's Forget-me-Not," a work likely to be highly appreciated by the eager little heads bent over its many-pictured leaves; "The Children's Picture Annual," by Mercie Sunshine, an attempt to convey instruction pleasantly through the medium of the holiday adventures of some young sisters and brothers; and "Golden Childhood," a magazine of stories and rhymes for the little folk, who will be pleased with the quantity, if not critical about the quality, of its 400 pictures.

An elegant gift-book for the table, in its delicate binding of green and gold, is the second series of "Men of Mark," (Sampson Low and Co.), another volume of photographs of living celebrities; again with a short biographical notice—just filling a page—to each, contributed by Thompson Cooper.

Those in search of a welcome present for the lovers of a sea-story among boys may turn once more to the fruits of W. H. G. Kingston's prolific pen in "The Two Supercargoes" (S. Low and Co.), a tale of adventure in savage Africa; and "The Three Admirals" (Griffith and Farran), which is illustrated by J. R. Wells and C. J. Staniland.—The same indefatigable writer has translated Jules Verne for their benefit, in the shape of "The Child of the Cavern" (S. Low and Co.), in which the clever French author lays the scene in Scotland of the "strange doings underground" his vivid fancy has portrayed.—"Wilton of Cuthbert's" (Griffith and Farran), is the title of the tale of undergraduate life thirty years ago, with which the Rev. H. C. Adams comes before his readers for the new year; and the same publishers give us "Talent in Tatters," by Hope Wraythe, the story of a ragged little boy, whose "talent" of a splendid voice becomes the chief ornament of a cathedral choir.

For the girls we have "Lettice Eden," a tale of the sixteenth century, by Miss Emily Holt, authoress of so many similar works. The story describes, through the imagined diary of a young-girl, the struggling growth of the Reformed faith in the days of Henry VIII. It may be clever to write in old-world English, but we doubt if the style does not become rather wearisome to its readers.

Work among the London poor is the chief subject of the very readable tale, "A Knight of To-day," by L. T. Meade. The "knight" is brave and chivalrous, but his ruin is nearly worked by the villain of the plot, a wicked old miser. Right, however, triumphs in the end, and the principle of the story is good throughout.—Over fifty compositions of the Cornish miner, John Harris, are collected between the pretty green covers of "Tales and Poems" (Hamiltoa, Adams, and Co.). The former, which have been reprinted from periodicals, are short sketches of the lives of those in the writer's own condition, and the latter contain some well-clothed thoughts which would not disgrace a more educated pen.

We hope a favourable reception will be given to the new illustrated edition of the Waverley Novels, of which the first volume, "Waverley" has been forwarded to us by the publishers, Mareus Ward and Co.

Another contribution to the literature of the season is "Mists of the Valley," by Agnes Giberne (S. Bagster and Sons). This little work is intended, as the authoress states, as an effort towards the removal of religious doubts, and simply this end is kept in view, as gradually the "mists" roll away through the course of a very sweet and touching story.

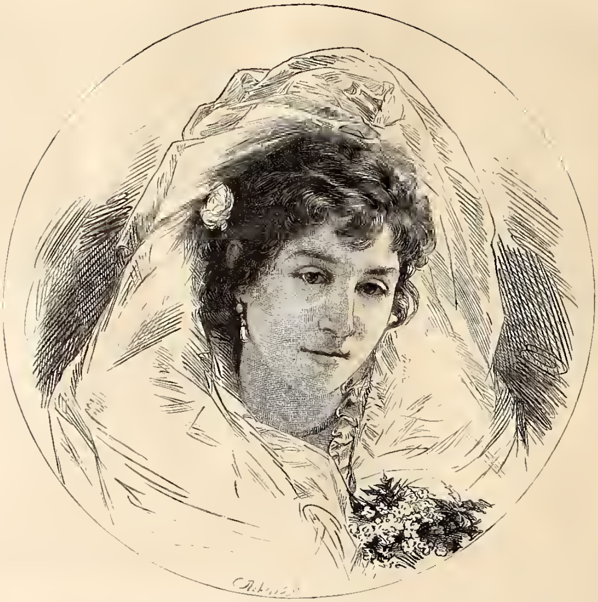
Messrs. Rivington's forward us a book for hospital nurses by one of themselves. "Our Work for Christ," by M. A. Morrell, contains excellent advice on the subject of nursing, with the aim of raising its lowliest duties to a standard of high and holy motives.

The old history of the failure of Art to descend to the commonplace level of domestic existence, once again comes to the fore in "The Story of Avis," by E. S. Phelps (Routledge). Avis, a painter of no ordinary mind and talents, rapt in her art, and fickle superficial Philip Ostrander, are idealistic romantic characters, drawn with elaborate care, yet leaving an impression of unreality on the reader. The old professor, also, the father of Avis, so blind to all but literary interests, is of the type more common in fiction than in actuality. For poetic expression, pathos, and refinement, however, "The Story of Avis" is pre-eminent, and the descriptions of American scenery are the happiest portions of the book.—Descending from Transatlantic dreamland to the realities of a Shoreditch refuge, "Them Boots," by W. Gilbert (Daldy, Isbister), paints humorously, but sadly enough, the effects of gin and the narrow strata of superstition underlying the ideas of many of the poorer classes. "Them Boots" have the misguided determination to lead their wearers into mischief and public-houses. Stolen in a weak moment by a reclaimed thief, directly they encase any one's feet that person is attracted to a gin-palace, and though the unlucky shoes are possessed by numerous owners no one escapes the fate until "them boots" are safely lodged in the fire.—A plea for the reclamation of navvies is put forth in "Little Rainbow" (Daldy, Isbister), a pathetic story by Mrs. C. Garnett.—Quiet and uneventful is the career of the hero of "Matthew Morison," by G. R. Whitehead (Hodder and Stoughton), a shy Scotch Minister. Yet the story is not without touches of humour, witness Matthew's first sermon, which strongly suggests Mr. Graham's failure in "The Marquis of Lossie."—The early days of the Cape Colony find an able exponent in Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, who, in "Settler and Savage" (J. Nisbet), hangs on the peg of history a stirring account of the struggles of the early settlers up-country. Kaffir wars, wild beast encounters, perils by flood and land, all have due place in Mr. Ballantyne's pages, which will be devoured by many a schoolboy.

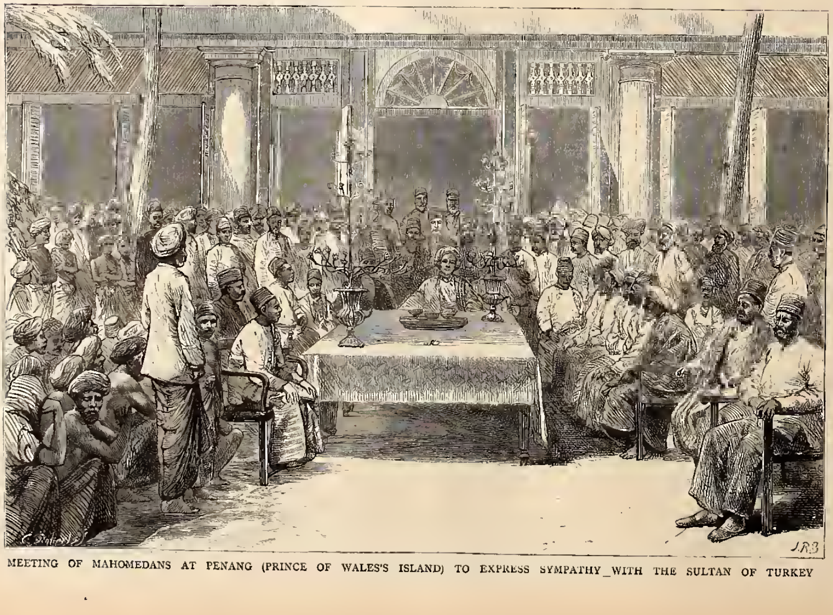
Our list closes with a small volume from Routledge's American Shilling Library, the "Story of a Mine;" and we have also received "The Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar;" and a couple of pamphlets, one on "The Preservation of the Teeth," by Edwin Cox (Elliot Stock) and "May Young England Smoke?" (Partridge and Co.), a question answered very warmly and decidedly in the negative.

◆

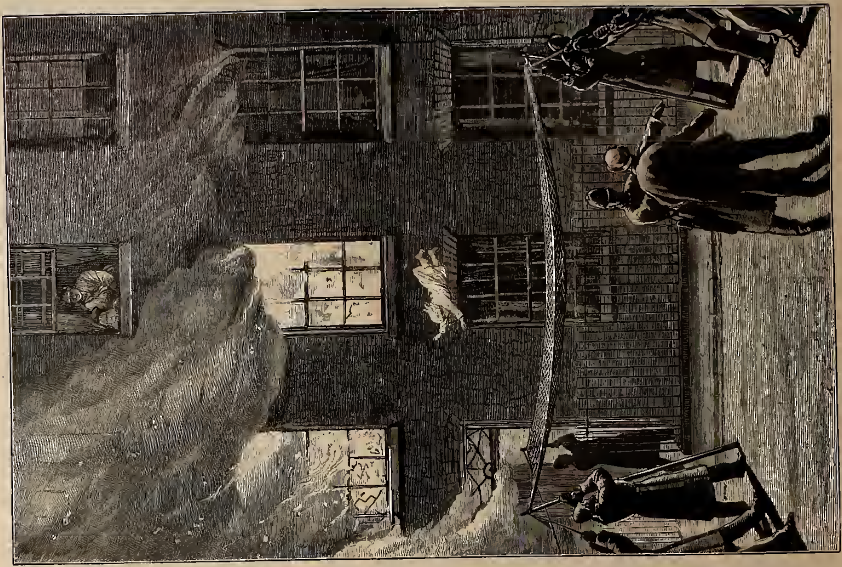
A **Self-pasting Scrap Book.**——Mr. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, has conferred a great boon on keepers of scrap books. It is now rendered perfect for the collector by having printed on the pages small bars of adhesive matter (as on postage stamps), to be moistened by the finger in order to fasten the sheets, large or small, thus rendering him free from the trouble of seeking for paste or gum, often troublesome to procure when travelling. Mr. Clemeus sends the following characteristic letter to his publishers, Messrs. Slote, Woodman, and Co., 119 and 121, William Street, New York:—"Hartford, Monday evening. —My dear Slote—I have invented and patented a new scrap book, not to make money out of it, but to economise the profanity of this country. You know that when the average man wants to put something in his scrap book he can't find his paste—then he swears; or if he finds it, it is dried so hard that it is only fit to eat—then he swears; or if he uses mucilage it mingles with the ink, and next year he can't read his scrap—the result is barrels and barrels of profanity. This can be saved and devoted to other irritating things, where it will do more real and lasting good, simply by substituting my self-pasting scrap book for the old-fashioned one. If Messrs. Stote, Woodman, and Co. wish to publish this scrap book of mine, I shall be willing. You see by the above paragraph that it is a sound moral work, and this will commend it to editors and clergymen, and in fact to all right-feeling people. If you want testimonials I can get them, and of the best sort, and from the best people. One of the most refined and cultivated young ladies in Hartford (daughter of a clergyman) told me herself, with grateful tears standing in her eyes, that since she begun using my scrap book she had never sworn a single oath. Truly yours, Mark Twain."



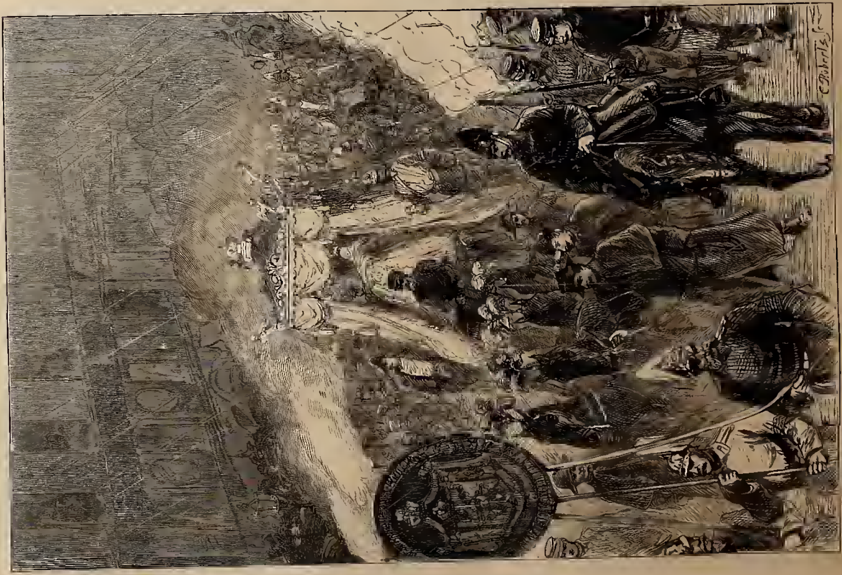
LORETA DOMENICA VITTORIA, COUNTESS LAMBERTINI
The alleged Daughter and Heiress of the late Cardinal Antonelli



MEETING OF MAHOMEDANS AT PENANG (PRINCE OF WALES'S ISLAND) TO EXPRESS SYMPATHY WITH THE SULTAN OF TURKEY



PROPOSED SAFETY NET FOR RESCUING LIFE FROM FIRE



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE PRINCE LEUCHTENBERG AT ST. PETERSBURG—THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN THE NEWSKY PROSPECT

FOREIGN

The War in the East.——The Turks have sustained a severe blow in the fall of Kars on Sunday morning after twelve hours' hard and continuous fighting. The surrender of this historic fortress was all the more unexpected from the fact that it had been left well provisioned, and that under the same commander, Ferik Hussain Pasha, it had successfully resisted a three months' siege earlier in the year. It appears, however, that during the first siege the garrison consisted of some 18,000 men, while after the disaster of the 15th ult. Mukhtar Pasha was only able to spare from 10,000 to 12,000 troops—far too small a force to man the extensive outlying works with which Kars is defended. The attack began on Saturday, and was directed against the southern side, on the right bank of the Kars Tchai River (we gave a double-page view of Kars and its defences in No. 400, July 28th, 1877,), and Forts Hafiz Pasha, Khanli, and Siwarri were captured by storm, the Karadagh and Arab Tabia being taken by a sudden assault. The Turks are admitted by the Russian accounts to have fought most desperately, and are said by the official report to have lost 10,000, the Russian loss being only 2,500. Part of the garrison attempted to escape to Olti and Erzeroum, but were intercepted, and cut down or captured. General Loris Melikoff commanded at the assault, at which the Grand Duke Michael was also present. The road to Erzeroum is now entirely open, and as the army besieging Kars is set at liberty, it is thought that General Melikoff will at once push on to Erzeroum and attack Mukhtar's positions in force, while it is even suggested to attack Constantinople from the Asiatic side.

The fall of Kars has naturally been hailed with great rejoicings in Russia and in the Russian camp, while the affair is regarded by all Europe as a great military achievement, and speculations are hazarded on all sides concerning the effect it will have upon the campaign, and upon the ultimate terms of peace. These the Russian journals are now declaring must be something really tangible, by way of compensation for the great sacrifices Russia has made for the "emancipation of her fellow Christians." It would be worse than useless to repeat the various rumours, but we may mention that the very general impression is that Russia, having now captured Kars for the third time in fifty years, will be by no means disposed to give it up at the end of the war, and that the autonomy of the Bulgarian Christians and a fair slice of Armenian territory will be amongst the indispensable conditions of peace. Of the impression in Constantinople of the disaster it is difficult to speak yet, but great apprehension of a popular outbreak against the Sultan and his unpopular favourite prevails.

At Plevna matters remain in much the same condition. Osman Pasha having been summoned to surrender has declined, there have been numerous skirmishes outside, and a Turkish official despatch announces the recapture of Berkovtch. Mehemet Ali Pasha has arrived at Sofia, and is most energetically organising the army of relief, despatching troops across the Balkans with all the speed possible. A correspondent of *The Times* who saw him at Sofia states that he speaks confidently, and is determined on "acting energetically but with a well-studied plan" to relieve Plevna and to make the road secure. He regrets the want of clothing in Osman Pasha's army, but thinks that there is no fear of Plevna being driven to straits—the scarcity of provisions notwithstanding. In the meantime Mehemet Ali's chief position of concentration north of the Balkans seems to be Orchanie, where the Russians suffered a somewhat sharp repulse at the close of last week at the hands of Chakir Pasha.

In the Shipka Pass there appears to be the usual desultory cannonading and skirmishing without any noteworthy advantage on either side. On the Lom Suleiman Pasha continues to be active and to harass the enemy by continual reconnaissances, in which the Turks frequently obtain small successes. On Monday there was an important engagement fought at Pirgos, the Turks being the attacking party. There are accounts of the affair from both Russian and Turkish official sources, each giving a different version and claiming the victory. The Turks, however, are acknowledged by their opponents to have at first driven back the Russians from Pirgos, and to have reduced that town to ashes. Lost week also, on the 17th inst., there was a sharp engagement near Yenikoi, in which the Turks claim the advantage.

Both sides are still calling up large reinforcements, and the Russians are making every possible preparation for the winter campaign. Large iron pontoons with special provision against ice are daily arriving at the Danube from Herr Krupp's manufactory, while huge stores of great coats and boots have been ordered from Berlin. At Constantinople at present all is quiet. The supposed removal of ex-Sultan Murad is now stated to be false. The Sultan while presenting colours to the Civic Guard made a speech declaring that "the honour of a nation consisted in defending the Fatherland, its right and dignity, by means of universal military service." The Messrs. Geshoff have arrived at the capital, and will probably be exiled to Aleppo; and the election for the Chamber of Deputies has resulted in the return of four Mussulmans and one Christian.—The war in Montenegro continues, and the Montenegrins have taken Spizza and its citadel, but have been defeated by Ali Said Pasha on the road between Scutari and Antivari, which latter town Prince Nicholas has been actively besieging.—Servia is still actively preparing for war, and large quantities of troops are being mobilised.

France.——This has been a terrible week of crises, and although the Ministry have given in their resignations the situation remains graver than ever. To resume our chronicle of events, as had been foreseen, the proposed appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into the abuses practised during the recent elections was duly voted by the Chamber of Deputies last week, after an indignant protest from the Duc de Broglie, to whom M. Gambetta made a powerful and stirring reply—in no way mincing matters, but roundly declaring that the Cabinet had gained forty seats by "robbery and fraud." The Ministers at once handed their resignation to the Marshal, which he accepted, while asking them to remain in office until the appointment of their successors, and next day the Chamber elected the Committee, which is presided over by M. Albert Grévy, and numbers thirty-three members, all belonging to the Left. On Saturday the battle was transferred to the Senate, where Legitimist M. de Kerdrel gave notice of interpellating the Government as to the measures it means to adopt respecting the inquiry ordered by the Chamber of Deputies. The Government immediately accepted the interpellation for Monday, but MM. Jules Simon and Dufaure at once objected to the interpellation as interfering with a matter exclusively concerning the Chamber of Deputies, the latter stigmatising it as a "revolutionary manœuvre in the highest degree." To this the President, the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, forthwith replied that it was merely intended to ask the Government what orders they would give to their agents respecting the inquiry, and therefore was lawful. He then continued to say that the Senate was by no means competent to criticise or to judge the Chamber of Deputies, its sole jurisdiction lying in joining with the President in pronouncing a dissolution. This explanation was warmly received by the Left, and very favourably commented on by the Republicans at large, whose hopes were thus raised that the Senate would inflict defeat upon the Government next day. These hopes, however, were not destined to be realised, mainly owing to the action of the Orleanists or Right Centre, who now form the trimming or ponderating power in the Upper House, and who feared that if the Cabinet were defeated the Marshal would resign and chaos supervene. The chief features of the debate were the speeches of MM. de Broglie and Dufaure, the former maintaining the right of the Government to order its officials not to appear before the Committee of Inquiry—which, by the way, has been done by the various Ministers—the latter denying any such right, and declaring that "it was indeed strange if the truth required to be controlled by a superior." He also moved the "order of the day pure and simple," which would have shelved the interpellation, but was defeated by 155 against 130, and another order of the day was passed in which the Senate took "cognisance of the declarations of the Government," and declared itself resolved, in conformity with the Conservative principles which it has always sustained, not to suffer any infringement of the prerogatives of either of the Public Powers.

At first it was announced that this order was accepted by only a majority of four, and the Republicans accordingly considered the result a virtual defeat for the Government; but an error had been committed in the counting, and on Tuesday morning the Government majority was announced to be twenty-two. This somewhat changed the aspect of affairs, and foreshadowed a determination of the Senate seriously to oppose the Lower Chamber. Great apprehensions at once spread through all Republican circles, the Bourse fell, the words *dissolution* and *coup d'état* were once more in every one's mouth, and the Republican journals, from the *Journal des Débats* downwards, declared that the Senate had entered upon a violent path, full of danger. Nor was this anxiety calmed by a semi-official announcement that the new Ministry would be formed of Monarchical nonentities, headed by M. Bathie, the inventor of the famous phrase, "Ministère du combat." The ultra-Conservatives, and Bonapartists in particular, are in high feather over the vote of the Senate. The Orleanists, however, do not like the path they have been compelled to enter by their affection for the Marshal, and are openly afraid of a *coup d'état*, which could only benefit the Bonapartists, and, if it came fairly to a choice, they would infinitely prefer M. Grévy to Napoleon IV.

On Wednesday the new Budget Committee met for the first time, M. Gambetta being again chosen President. On taking the chair he made a characteristic speech, denying that the late Committee ever "justified the fanciful fear christened with the name 'social peril,'" and dilating upon the "incapacity of the man who seized upon office on the 16th May."

In Paris, politics apart, the chief topic has been the revival, at the Théâtre Français, of Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, when an amusing incident occurred at the full-dress rehearsal, when one of the characters exclaiming "J'y suis," the whole audience shouted, "Et j'y reste," a universal burst of laughter interrupting the performance for some minutes. Other first performances have been a new comedy at the Odéôn, *Blackson Père et Fille*, by MM. Delavigne and Jacques Normand, and a revival of *Lazare le Pâtre*, by Joseph Bouchard, at the Château d'Eau.—The Senate nominated four more Conservative Life Senators last week, and the death is announced of another Life Senator, M. Lanfrey, the author of the well-known "Histoire de Napoleon."

Germany.——There has been an asserted plot to assassinate the Emperor and Prince Bismarck, and a Pole has been arrested on suspicion. The Prisoner is named Lubovski, and on his arrest gave out that he was a relation of Cardinal Ledochowski, and had come to Berlin on purpose to assassinate the Emperor and his Premier, but he was subsequently found to be only a forger who had been "wanted" for some time, and he then declared his first statement to have been wholly untrue.

India.——Another little frontier expedition is reported, General Keyes, with a field force of 2,100 infantry, six guns, and a small number of cavalry, having entered the Jowaki territory on the 9th inst. The Jowakis were surprised, and on the 11th inst. Paiya was occupied after a very slight resistance. There was further fighting on the 14th, our men being attacked by a large force of Jowakis, who, however, were completely routed. The expedition was rendered necessary by the continual Jowaki inroads into British territory, and our forces will occupy the Jowaki territory until the enemy surrenders unconditionally, and consents to submit to a heavy fine, to deliver up all arms of English manufacture, to the construction of a military road through their country, to the surrender of the head men, and to the destruction of the fortified towers in the villages.—The famine reports continue to be favourable, and the numbers on the relief works are rapidly falling.

Italy.——The Pope continues in the same serious state of health, though he still pursues his ordinary avocations. Dr. Vanzetti, the Paduan physician, has approved of the treatment which has been pursued by Dr. Ceccarelli, but states that a sudden catastrophe may occur at any time. The Pope is now compelled to keep his legs in a horizontal position, but he insists upon saying Mass seated in his chair, though often overpowered by his habitual drowsiness.—A consistory will be held on the 17th prox., when several new Cardinals will be created. The Pope is expected to deliver an allocution insisting on the necessity of the Temporal Power as a guarantee of the independence of the Holy See and at the same time will announce the foundation of a new Scotch Hierarchy.

Miscellaneous.——In Austria De Tourville's appeal has been rejected, but it is thought that the sentence of death will be mitigated to penal servitude for life.—In the United States there is little news, save that the Mexicans continue their raids into Texan territory, and that the proposal to refuse the grant for the Paris Exhibition was refused by a large majority, so that the Bill accepting the invitation of France has been definitely passed.—The war in the Transkei is coming to an end. On the 18th ult. the whole Colonial force, consisting of 800 Europeans, 3,000 Fingoes, and 1,500 Timbus, advanced upon the Galekas, and hemmed them in, and by the last advices of October 31, Commander Griffiths had scoured the whole country, and the insurgent chief, Kreli, had fled.

THE COURT

The Queen will probably not leave Scotland until the 30th inst. in consequence of the illness of Prince Leopold, who has been indisposed for some time past. His illness, however, is not serious. The Princess Beatrice also has not been very well. Her Majesty has accordingly received no visitors this week at Balmoral, and on Sunday did not go to Crathie Church, Divine Service being performed at the Castle by the Rev. A. Campbell. The Queen has however been to Abergeldie nearly every day, has driven out with the Princess of Wales, and has visited Glen Gelder Shiel and Birk Hall. Sir Stafford Northcote, the Minister in attendance, has dined several times with Her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to Lord Walsingham at Merton at the end of last week, and came up to town. This week he has been spending a few days with Lord Londesborough at Londesborough Park, near Selby, Yorkshire, for a few days' shooting. The Princess did not leave Abergeldie last week as arranged, as Miss Knollys was not well enough to travel. Her return has been postponed for the present.

The Princess Louise was present on Wednesday at the marriage of the Duke of Norfolk and Lady Flora Hastings at the Oratory, Brompton.—Prince and Princess Christian have been entertaining the Crown Prince of Hanover at Cumberland Lodge. On Saturday Prince Christian and the Crown Prince went out fox-hunting, and on Monday the Crown Prince returned to London.—The Duke of Edinburgh, according to *Mayfair*, is forming a collection of old china at his Maltese residence, but has declared that he will pay no fancy prices and will only purchase bargains.—The Duchess of Teck on Saturday opened the Infirmary at Hemel Hempstead which has recently been rebuilt.

The ex-King of Hanover and the Princess Frederica have returned to Paris from Biarritz to spend the winter.—Wednesday was the thirty-seventh birthday of the Princess Royal, and was commemorated at Windsor with the usual salutes and bell ringing.

CHURCH NEWS

Mr. Tooth's Triumph.——The Queen's Bench Division on Monday made absolute a rule which the Rev. Arthur Tooth had obtained against Lord Penzance, prohibiting him from proceeding further in the Hatcham Ritual case, on the ground that he had no jurisdiction. The Primate's requisition to the Dean of Arches to hear the case called upon him to sit "at any place in London or Westminster, or within the diocese of Rochester." Lord Penzance sat at Lambeth Palace, which is not within the diocese of Rochester, nor in Westminster, nor, it was contended by the appellant, in "London" in the technical sense. At the conclusion of the arguments, the Lord Chief Justice said he was of opinion that the rule must be made absolute, but added that he did so with very great regret, because it was clear to him that the objection was of the most technical character, and had nothing on earth to do with the merits of the case. Mr. Justice Mellor and Mr. Justice Lush concurred, the latter remarking that the objection came, he thought, with bad grace from the appellant. Mr. Tooth has since written to the Primate, announcing that he does not intend to proceed against any one for false imprisonment, believing that he has sufficiently vindicated the rights of the Church against "an alien jurisdiction."

Eternal Punishment.——The *John Bull* reports what it calls "an extraordinary sermon," which was delivered at Westminster Abbey on Sunday week by Canon Farrar, who after speaking of the horrible character of the generally accepted views of Hell and of so-called Eternal Punishment, and denouncing the Early Fathers, St. Augustine especially, as having thrown a dark stain upon theology, said that even if the doctrine could be supported by isolated texts he would set aside the authority of such texts as opposed to the general testimony of Scripture to the mercy and justice of God. But he believed, speaking as a theologian, and having given the subject much study, that it could not be supported even by isolated texts. In every case there was either a mistranslation or the words used had changed from their original meaning. Indeed, he hoped that in the revision of the Bible the words, "hell," "damnation," and "eternal" would be omitted, and this would be done if the revisers did their duty.

Various.——The Bishop of Lincoln, preaching at Cambridge last Sunday, said that disestablishment would be one of the greatest calamities that could befall the English nation. His experience of his own diocese led him to believe that its effect would be to pauperise the priesthood and paganise the people.—The Bishop of Manchester, in opening the Church Institute at Blackburn on Monday, said the Church of England must be made a national Church, relying on popular support. Abuses must be rectified. He often read of promotion other than by merit which made him wince. Appointments ought to be probationary, and clergymen who did not give satisfaction in their parishes should be removable. The pew system ought to be abolished, and the church made the church of the people.—On Tuesday, the Bishop of Peterborough administered a sharp rebuke to Mr. Bright for his recent attack upon the Bishop of Truro, which he said was a proof that bigotry and illiberality were not always the monopoly of Churchmen.—The Bishop of Lichfield's boat-church is now afloat on the canal near the cathedral city. It will seat about fifty worshippers, and a few days ago his lordship preached in it, he and his chaplain first going from cabin to cabin, and hut to hut, to gather a congregation of "bargees."—The ancient church of St. Peter's, Lamerton, near Tavistock, which was last year restored at a cost of 11,000*l.*, has been totally destroyed by fire.—Mr. Alfred Gliddon, the late manager of the Aldgate Branch of the City Bank, who was recently convicted of having endeavoured to induce a person named Gautier to withdraw from a "long firm" prosecution, but who has been liberated by order of the Home Secretary, preached last Sunday at the Baptist Chapel, West Drayton, of which he is the pastor. Many persons had said to him, 'I suppose it will be a long time before you will think of helping another man out of a mess.' But his answer was, 'Certainly not. I shall help the first man out of a mess who comes across my path, and if I am sent where I have just come from I will most gladly go.'" He felt that a taste of what he had undergone would do his friends a world of good; it would make them better men and women, and they would afterwards rejoice for the education.

MUSIC

Opera Comique.——The production of *The Sorcerer*, on Saturday night, was a real success—so real, indeed, as to encourage the belief that it will be lasting. That the work—"comic opera," or whatever special definition it may legitimately claim—is one of singular merit, few who have witnessed and heard it can reasonably deny. With Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Mr. Arthur Sullivan each at his best, it would be hypercritical to look for failure; and, both conditions being fulfilled in *The Sorcerer*, the result was what, without risk of disappointment, might have been anticipated. Mr. Gilbert has adopted an old and much revered legend—that of the "philtre," or love potion—as the basis of his libretto. His treatment of this legend, however, belongs exclusively to him, and to no other. Nor Thomas of Erceldoun ("the Rhymer"), nor Rusticien de Pise, nor Malory himself would have recognised it again. The readers of *The Graphic*, however—better informed through our last Christmas number—can draw their own inferences. For this reason—to say nothing of the ample details published on Monday by our daily contemporaries, we are absolved from the task of describing the plot. Enough that what, through the agency of Dame Bragwaine, was with fatal results administered to Sir Tristram, son of Meliadus, and to King Mark's wife, "the Belle Isonde" (we use the nomenclature of *Mort d'Arthure*—our own cherished romance), is by Mr. Wellington Wells, chief of an established house of "family necromancers," administered to the whole population of a village with no more fatal results than such as are provocative of mirth irresistible. The secret belongs exclusively to Mr. Gilbert, who in lieu of making folks weep bitterly compels them to laugh until tears of a healthier sort are engendered—the *risum movere*, rather than the *lacrymas excire*, being his especial aim. This he has accomplished with admirable skill, doubly fortunate in his Orphean confederate, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, one of the most gifted of Britain's musical sons, whose co-operation with the author of *Pygmalion*, the *Palace of Truth*, &c., has—witness the inimitable *Trial by Jury*, &c.—been already more than once successful. Both author and composer have reason to be gratified with this outcome of their united efforts. The *Sorcerer* made "a hit—a palpable hit"—on Saturday night, at the Opéra Comique, and kept the audience in one continuous state of hilariosity. At the same time, let it not be thought that the music of Mr. Arthur Sullivan is limited exclusively to parody and burlesque. On the contrary, while it is comic where the pure comic element is essential as Mr. Gilbert's own verve, dialogue, and incident, it not seldom speaks eloquently for itself, forcing, without exaggeration, his subtle confederate to look, in spite of himself, serious—to sob, in short, like Heraclitus, instead of to gibe after the manner of Democritus. Mr. Sullivan possesses the happy art of assuming gravity while affecting to be gay; and this makes him all the more fitting partner for Mr. Gilbert in works of art like *The Sorcerer*, where frequently the mock seriousness of that which is spoken and acted constitutes at the bottom what Shakespeare's Nym would style "the humour of it." Half-a-dozen instances might be cited in exemplification, but our space will not admit of detailed criticism, nor is it imperatively demanded. *The Sorcerer*—book and music—will speak for itself to those who have an innate sense of lively wit and genial humour, while for such as are not endowed with this peculiar faculty an analysis would be of little use. Aristophanes was not appreciated by the untutored mass, and had music in the time of Socrates been an art such as two or three centuries have made it for the actual generation, Aristophanes, feeling disposed to call in its aid, allowing it to play a conspicuous part, he would surely have looked out some Timotheus like Arthur Sullivan. Then would the "Birds" have chirped in measured tune, and "Frogs" have croaked in harmony! What more need be added beyond repeating that the *The Sorcerer* was a brilliant and richly merited success? A word of general and unqualified commendation is due to the performers, one and all. The leading singers were Mrs. Howard Paul, Misses Alice May, Everard, and Giulia Warwick; Messrs. George Bentham, Rutland Barrington, Temple, Clifton, and George Grossmith, two of the gentlemen, the second and fifth named, being novices before the stage-lights, although few would have set them down for anything less than adepts. Both chorus and orchestra were in every respect efficient, while the scenery and stage arrangements were alike to the credit of those responsible for their accuracy. Mr. Sullivan himself was at the conductor's desk.

London Ballad Concerts.——In addition to the usual series of these highly popular entertainments, which begin in January, Mr. John Boosey has arranged for four preliminary concerts, the first of which took place on Wednesday evening. Two new songs by Mr. F. H. Cowen were produced on this occasion. The first, entitled "The Better Land" (Mrs. Hemans' well-known poem), was delivered with much power by Madame Antoinette Sterling, and received an *encore*, but is not in itself a very striking composition. "Truant Love," words by W. J. Stewart, is a good song, and was well sung by Mrs. Osgood, but did not make much impression. Mr. Maybrick did full justice to a setting, by Stephen Adams, of Kingsley's "When all the world is young, lad." There is plenty of life in it, it is not very difficult, and will doubtless become a popular drawing-room ballad. Among the other singers were Mr. Santley and Mr. Edward Lloyd (both of whom it would be superfluous to praise), and Miss Orridge, who won the heart of the audience by her charming rendering of Sullivan's "Golden Days." The London Vocal Union was, as usual, delightful; and Miss Margaret Bucknall's pianoforte solo (Weber's "Il moto continuo") was very effectively played.

◆

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

In "A Sheaf of Verse," by Henry G. Hewlett (H. S. King), there are evidences of such unusual amount of poetical talent, that a desire arises to know whether the author would be equally good in a more sustained effort. It would be hard to say which of the pieces gives us most pleasure; but, perhaps, from an artistic point of view, the sonnets deserve the highest praise. They are admirably balanced, and melodious throughout; whilst the writer nicely observes what is, to our thinking, an essential of this kind of poem, viz., the epigrammatic turn of conclusion; amongst the most favourable specimens are "June," "Nature and Ego," and "Colours." The ballads are almost equally to be commended; they have the true ring, and one of them, at least, "The Gift," contains thought as well as music; this verse strikes us as very happy:

> Gain! Ah! Gain is an anchorite,
> And Loss an alchemist:
> Love, we say, is common and cheap,
> We have it when we list:
> But when the dull blue pebble is dropt,
> Bewail the amethyst.

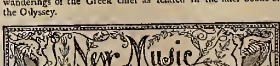
"Alva's Ride" is fine, and likely to live; and almost all the poems deserve more or less of praise. That Mr. Hewlett does not want humour is shown by such a piece as "From Naples to Pæstum," but, above all, by the clever burlesque of "The Banquet of Life"—a burlesque which becomes terrible earnest by the bitter satire of its last lines.

"The Trumpeter of Säkkingen, a Song from the Upper Rhine," by Joseph Victor von Scheffel, translated from the German by Mrs. Francis Brünnow (Chapman and Hall), is a rather long poem, founded on fact, which has gained great favour in its native dress; whether it will be equally popular in English may be doubted. Its metre is that octosyllabic one, best known by Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and which has always a tendency to become monotonous, although it is here handled with great facility. There is fancy in the account of Werner's interview with the gnome, and the peasant's riot is spirited in places; but the songs are most to our liking, especially "Two Days now have Passed Already." The story tells how a lover of humble origin wooed and won his master's daughter, an old theme which will always prove attractive, though it is here treated somewhat at length. From the use of such a hideous word as "donated" for "gave" we should imagine the translator to be an American.

"The House of Ravensburg" by the Hon. Roden Noel (Daldy, Isbister and Co.), is a tragedy, portions of which might not be ill-fitted for representation; as a poem we can hardly call it a success, in spite of some good passages here and there, of which perhaps the best is the ghost's speech after the death of Adrian. Sigismund the hero, with his mysterious crimes and remorse, inevitably suggests Manfred, and does not gain by the comparison. It was surely a mistake to make the Swiss peasants talk bad English; the effect in no way suggests their *patois*, as was, doubtless, intended.

"Essex: a Play," by D. Charles D. Campbell (Williams and Norgate), can hardly be commended as fitted either for the stage or the closet. There is a plentiful lack of incident or action, and it is highly didactic; whilst the verse, though extremely careful, shows none of the elements of poetry properly so-called. It is probably a juvenile attempt.—Of "Prometheus the Fire-giver" (Chatto and Windus) it is perhaps enough to say that, though a meritorious production, suggesting juvenile work, it will not remind the classical reader much of Æschylus. It contains successive, and rather happy, imitations of Messrs. Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne, but has no originality.

There are some pretty songs, and one or two of even greater merit, in the volume entitled "The Death of Saul: and other Eisteddfod Prize Poems, and Miscellaneous Verses." By J. C. Manning (J. C. Manning, Swansea). But the longer pieces do not rise above the usual level of such occasional poems; the writer is more in his element in pieces like "Ring Down the Curtain," or "The Song of the Strike."—Those who can appreciate genuine, unforced humour should not fail to read "The Lazy Lays, and Prose Imaginings." Written, printed, published, and reviewed by William H. Harrison (38, Great Russell Street). Both the verses and the short essays are really funny, and in some of the latter there is a vein of genial satire which adds piquancy to the fun. "The Lay of the Newspaper Editor" is capital, if rather severe, and so is "The Lay of the Macebearers;" but one of the most laughable bits is the Turk's account of how he went to be photographed.—The author of "French Jesuits in England," by Z. W. Hinton (E. W. Allen), remarks, "It is very doubtful if I get any one to read all these tirades," and we quite agree with him. The lines are selected from some longer work, and are little better than doggrel, their *motif* being a violent attack on the Church of Rome.—The author of "The Prince of Darkness and the Curse of War," by Frederic Barnett (Elzevir Press), rhymes "horror" with "sorrow," and likes the smell of mandrakes. His lines are published for a charitable purpose, which forms their excuse.—"Ulysses in Phœacia," by James Pearce (Arthur H. Moxon), is a *resumé* in tolerable metre, but no more, of the wanderings of the Greek chief as related in the later books of the Odyssey.



New Music

Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.——Much to be commended, both from a musical and poetical point of view, is a baritone song, entitled "The Old Organist," the plaintive and touching words are by H. B. Farnie, the music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A tenor will find satisfaction in singing, and his friends in listening to, "The Fisher's Daughter," written and composed by E. Oxenford and J. Cheshire.—Most of our musical readers are by this time acquainted with Offenbach's comic opera, *The Creole*, and have enjoyed a hearty laugh over the droll two-part song, "The Lay of the Chicken" (Notaries' Chant), and smiled feebly at the semi-sentimental ballad, "Gran' Pa!" "*La Créole* Quadrilles" are fairly good settings of the leading melodies from this opera, by Olivier Metra; scarcely so good is the "*Créole* Polka," for the pianoforte, by Arban.—Rather funny is "The Warbling Cobbler," a serio-comic song, for a voice of medium compass, written and composed by Messrs. H. B. Farnie and J. Offenbach.—Christmas facetiousness has already set in. "He Always Came Home to Tea," a comic song, with a hideous frontispiece, has been arranged as a polka by W. M. Lütz.—Got up with a most gorgeous frontispiece representing the object from whence it takes its name, is "Cleopatra's Needle Waltz," by Albert Hartmann, Mus. Doc.; the music is almost worthy of its brilliant exterior.—Four useful and moderately easy school pieces for the pianoforte, by Paul Vivian, are entitled respectively "Sunset," the prettiest and most effective of the group, "Mazurka à l'Espagnole," "Eulalie," a smoothly written *nocturne*, and a stiff "Gavotte," which will seldom be asked for a second time.—A showy *morceau* for the pianoforte is "Graziella," a so-called *entrée dansante*—one of John Cheshire's most pleasing recent compositions.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.——A knowledge of the theory of music is now considered as necessary as its practice for the beginner as well as the advanced student, hence some of our ablest musical professors have turned their attention to the task of trying, at least, to remove or clear up the numerous difficulties which encompass the study of harmony and composition from the first to the last step. The above-named firm has commenced the issue of a series of "Music Primers," edited by Dr. Stainer, which will prove of the greatest value and assistance to musical students of every branch, professional or amateur. Two of the numbers of this series are by Ernst Pauer, namely, "The Art of Pianoforte Playing" and "The Elements of the Beautiful in Music," the former work gives most plain and explicit direction for the position of the hands, &c., together with many valuable hints for the industrious and painstaking student. Chapter XIII. gives the order in which the sonatas of our classical masters should be studied. The latter work may, with advantage, be carefully perused by the would-be composer, who should dissect, and even learn by heart, from page 19 to the end of this clever little volume.—As useful to vocalists as the two above-mentioned numbers are to instrumentalists, is "The Rudiments of Music," by W. H. Cummings, a work of sterling worth, which contains much information in a condensed form, and, in fact, is a valuable aid to the study of harmony and composition.—Dr. Stainer is quite in his element when he undertakes to guide the student of the organ through the severe study which is needful even for the moderate handling of this noble instrument. Dr. Stainer has accordingly undertaken "The Organ Primer," and has divided his work into four parts. Part 1, "Short Sketch of the History of the Organ; 2, "Short Explanation of the Construction of the Organ; 3, "Stops and their Management; 4, "Practical Study" a brief compendium of almost all that is necessary to learn on the subjects treated of.—Those of our readers who met with "A First Book on the Theory of Music," written expressly for the use of "High Schools for Girls," by Louisa Gibson, will be glad to continue the series with a second and third book. The former proceeds from "Definitions of Musical Terms" to "Suspensions;" the latter commences with "Chords of the Seventh" and terminates with "Various Forms of Composition." Students preparing for Cambridge or Oxford examination will find valuable help in these three clever works.—Passing from the study of musical composition to the practical results therefrom, we take up an admirable edition of Wagner's opera, *The Flying Dutchman* edited by Berthold Tours, English version by Rev. J. Troutbeck, through the aid of which we may learn to admire and appreciate the "music of the future."

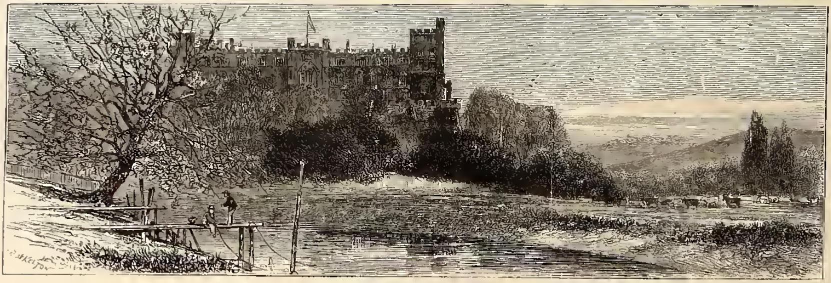
Miscellaneous.——Students may pick up some very useful bits of information from "Primer of Pianoforte Playing," by Franklin Taylor; although there is nothing very novel in this modest little work, it contains much general instruction for the beginner entering upon the study of harmony (Messrs. Macmillan and Co.).—A pleasing love-song for a medium voice is "Waiting but to say Farewell," written and composed by S. Jones and James J. Monk (Messrs. Willey and Co.).—Worthy of its title is "The Merry Maids," a *polka élégante* for the pianoforte, by Adam Wright (Charles Jefferys).—The "Musical Gazette and Review" has been incorporated with "The Penny Melodist." Besides some carefully written selected articles and reviews, it contains songs by Bishop and Hodges, together with some instrumental music; and, best of all, a very useful list of musical terms and expressions in various languages. Altogether, the new series of this publication promises well for the future (185, Fleet Street).—A poem of an ultra-affectionate description by A. C. Swinburne, entitled "Felise," has been set to appropriate music by T. Marzials (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).

LEGAL

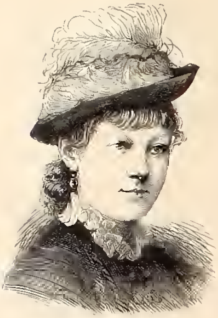
The Trial of the Detectives has at last come to an end, having occupied the attention of the jury for twenty days. Baron Pollock's summing up was a model of lucidity and fairness. His lordship dealt in turn with the evidence affecting each of the prisoners, finishing with the case as presented against Froggatt, the solicitor. The jury, after an absence of nearly an hour, returned a verdict acquitting Inspector Clarke, and finding the four others guilty, but recommending Druscovich and Palmer to mercy, the former on account of his previous good character, and the circumstances under which he was first induced to become acquainted with the convicts: and the latter because of his good character and the absence of evidence proving bribery. The judge passed sentence of two years' hard labour upon each of the convicted prisoners, remarking that though he was desirous to give effect to every recommendation to merciful consideration given by a jury, he felt that the highest punishment which the law allowed him to inflict was a much lighter one than is usually awarded in cases of breaches of trust of a much less important character. The Solicitor-General declined to allow a verdict of not guilty to be taken in respect of an indictment for felony against Meiklejohn, and refused at present to withdraw the remaining indictments against Clarke, who was, however, released on his own recognisances of 100*l*.

The Penge Case.——It is said that the solicitors retained by the Stauntons have been collecting fresh testimony, by which they hope to establish the entire innocence of their clients, and that they will shortly institute a prosecution of Clara Brown for alleged perjury. Notice has already been given to the shorthand writer to the Treasury that he will be required to give evidence against her, and a number of other witnesses will be called. She will, however, be defended by the Solicitor to the Treasury, to whose services she is entitled as a witness for the Crown.

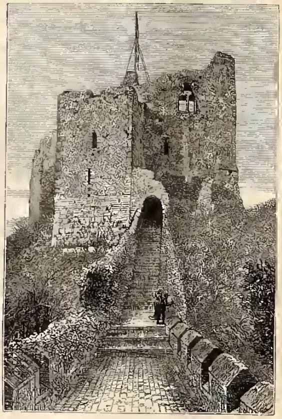
Miscellaneous Items.——An interesting question as to the law of libel is now pending in the Law Courts. The plaintiff brought an action against the *Daily News*, the *Morning Advertiser*, and the *Standard* for having published reports of an *ex parte* statement made against him at the Westminster Police Court in a case in which Mr. Woolrych decided that he had no jurisdiction. The jury, following the direction of the Lord Chief Justice, gave a verdict for the defendant, on the ground that the report was privileged; but a rule *nisi* for a new trial has since been granted by the Common Pleas Division, Justices Grove, Denman, and Lindley considering that the point raised as to misdirection by the judge was worth consideration.—A singular divorce suit has just been heard by Sir R. J. Phillimore. The petitioner was a lady who had been inveigled into marriage by an accomplished swindler and card-sharper, who is known to the police by a score of aliases, and who was already a married man. A decree nullifying the marriage was of course pronounced.—Another great jewel robbery is reported. This time the victim is the Countess of Aberdeen, and the value of the



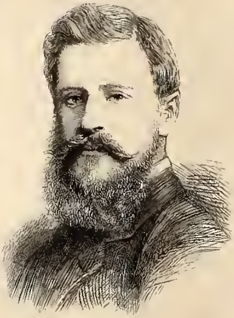
ARUNDEL CASTLE FROM THE RIVER



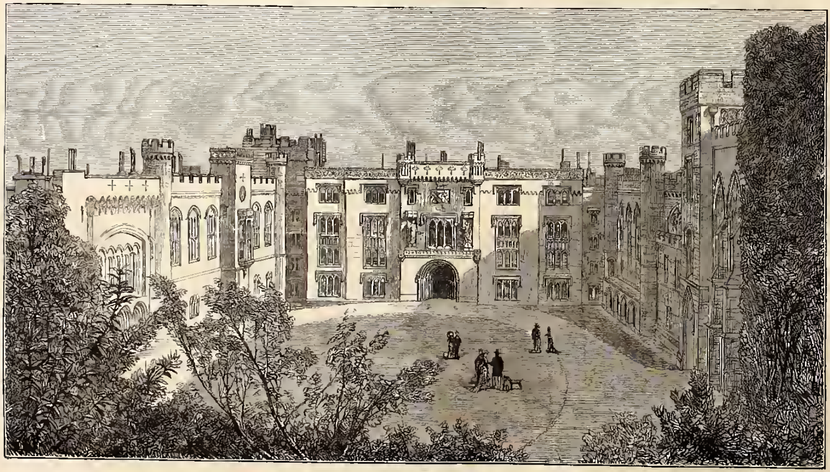
THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK (NÉE LADY FLORA HASTINGS)



OLD KEEP AT ARUNDEL CASTLE

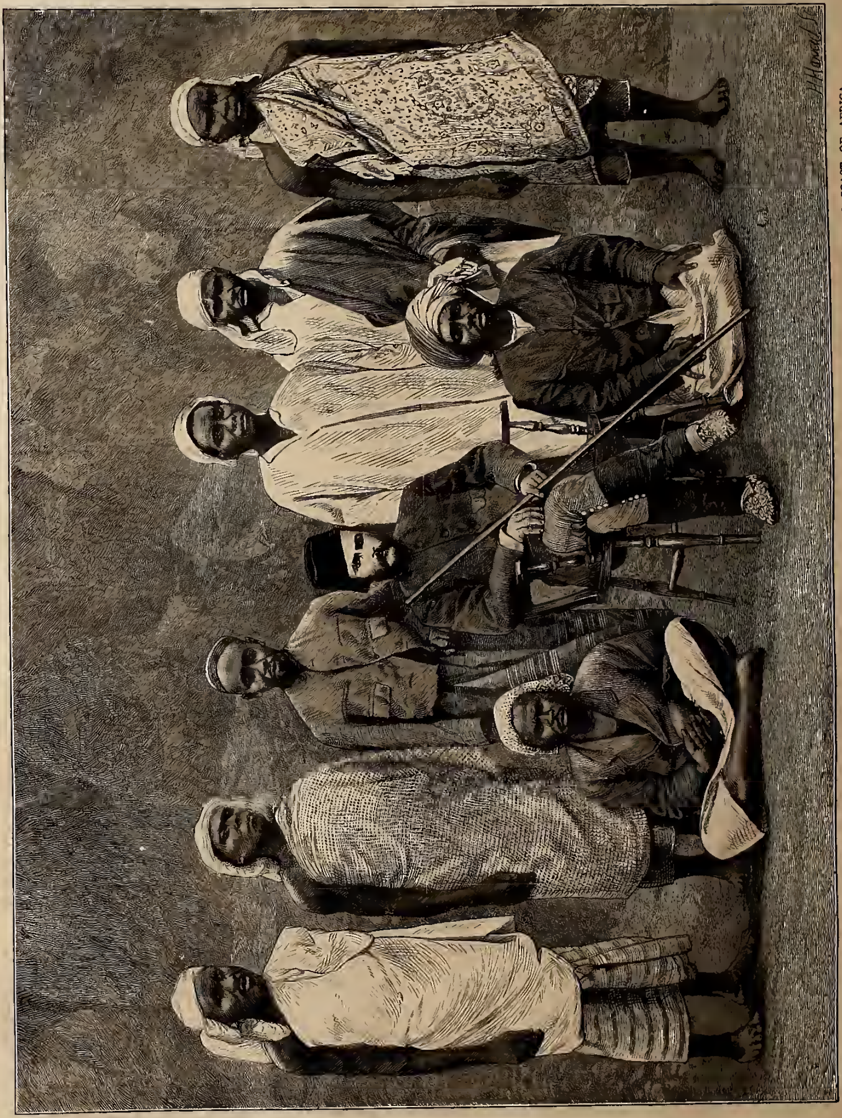


HENRY FITZALAN HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK



QUADRANGLE, ARUNDEL CASTLE

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK



AFRICAN EXPLORATION—THE ARRIVAL OF MR. H. M. STANLEY AND THE LEADERS OF HIS EXPEDITION AT CABENDA, WEST COAST OF AFRICA plunder with which the thieves got clear off is stated at 5,000*l*. The scene of the robbery was Halstead Place, near Sevenoaks, where the Earl and Countess were honeymooning.—A heartless swindler has been arrested at Sunderland. He had gone round to a number of poor people stating that Mr. Gibson, a well-known coal merchant of the town, had set aside a quantity of coal to be given away at a charge of 2*s*. per ton prepaid, and by this means he had obtained about 5*l*.—A servant girl has been committed for trial at Leeds for robbing her mistress of 5*l*. It seems that she had spent the money in dress, the possession of which she accounted for by saying that it had been given to her by the mother of her sweetheart, who had recently died, and had backed up her statement by producing a local paper containing an account of the young man's death. It turned out, however, that the announcement was false, and that the "copy" was in her handwriting. She subsequently made a confession, but when before the magistrate retracted it on the plea that it had been extracted from her on a promise of forgiveness.—Another domestic servant in Jersey has had a very narrow escape of being sent to prison. She had stolen a 1*l*. note of a private issue, which has not been negotiable for fifty years. When she attempted to change it she was given into custody, but the magistrate held that the charge of attempted "uttering" could not be maintained.—On Wednesday the convict Benson was taken to the Bankruptcy Court to be examined at a private sitting in the matter of his bankruptcy. His appearance, manacled hand and foot, and in custody of two warders, created some excitement in court, and he seemed to be highly amused at the anxiety of the crowd to get a glimpse of him.—On Monday, at the Central Criminal Court, the Recorder, in addressing the Grand Jury, alluding to the great foreign bond robbery, said that there was great doubt whether the Court had jurisdiction in the matter, as the offence was committed in France. He, however, advised them to return a true bill if they thought the prisoners guilty, and leave the legal question to be settled by a higher tribunal in the event of a conviction.

Folio, price 7s. 6d. each.

THROUGH THE EYE TO THE MIND—THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOKS, a Series of Volumes Illustrative of Natural History and of the Vegetable World, with Descriptive Letterpress.

"These volumes are among the most instructive picture books we have seen, and we know of none better calculated to excite and gratify the appetite of the young for the knowledge of nature."—*Times*.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Tenth Edition, with Fifty-four Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 1: or, LESSONS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS. By ADAM WHITE, late Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Fifth Edition, with many new Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 2: or, LESSONS FROM THE VEGETABLE WORLD. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Herb of the Field," &c.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Third Edition, with Sixty Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 3: LESSONS ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, or the Natural History of the Quadrupeds which characterise the Four Divisions of the Globe.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Second Edition, with Forty-eight Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 4: SKETCHES FROM NATURE, or Pictures of Animal and Vegetable Life in all Lands.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Seventh Edition, with Thirty-six Oblong Coloured Illustrations, price 7s. 6d.

RECREATIVE ILLUSTRATION—THE NEW PICTURE BOOK; or, PICTORIAL LESSONS ON FORM, COMPARISON, AND NUMBER, for Children under Seven Years of Age. With Explanation by NICHOLAS BOHNY.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Map and Illustrations, price 6s.

THE HEROES OF YOUNG AMERICA. By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "A Peck of Troubles," "A Book About Boys," "A Book About Dominoes," &c., &c.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, price 6s.

ADVENTURES IN THE AIR: being Memorable Experiences of Great Aeronauts. From the French of M. DE FONVIELLE. Translated and edited by JOHN S. KELTIE.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

RIMMEL'S Perfumed ALMANACS. "ARTS AND SCIENCES," richly illuminated, 6d. FAN ALMANAC, 6d. COMIC POCKET BOOK ALMANAC (Olympus), 1s. Sent on receipt of Stamps, 96, Strand; 128, Regent St.; 24, Cornhill.

HAVE YOU READ "BRIEF?"

WHAT IS "BRIEF"?

"BRIEF" IS THE NEW PENNY WEEKLY PAPER.

BRIEF, the CHEAPEST and BEST FAMILY PAPER ever Published.

Every Saturday, One Penny. Yearly, post free, 6s. 6d.

BRIEF: an Epitome of Current News, Thought, and Criticism. Contains the Cream of all the Daily and Weekly Papers. The best Family Paper. One Penny Weekly.

WYMAN and SONS, 81, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

WELDON and CO.'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL (Fourth Season). Price 1s. Postage, 2d. Capitally Illustrated. PAN THE PILGRIM: a Vision of Judgment.

London: WELDON and CO., Wine Office Court, Fleet St.

Ready this day, Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. (postage 5d.)

THE

PICTURE AMATEUR'S HANDBOOK

AND

DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS.

Being a Guide for Visitors to Public and Private Picture Galleries and for Art Students, including an Explanation of the various Methods of Painting and Instructions for Cleaning, Re-lining, and Restoring Oil Paintings, a Glossary of Terms, an Historical Sketch of the Principal Schools of Painting, and a Dictionary of Painters, giving the Copyists and Imitators of each Master.

By PHILIPPE DARYL, B.A.

CROSBY LOCKWOOD and CO., 7, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

DANCING MADE EASY.—**COULON'S** HANDBOOK OF DANCING is the most complete treatise on the subject, containing full descriptions of all dances, new and old, illustrated by upwards of forty woodcuts. Price 1s.; post free, 13 stamps.—A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, W. All new music half-price.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.

Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 32 stamps.

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

THE WIZARD'S BOX of MAGIC. Instructions and Apparatus for performing Ten Capital Conjuring Tricks. Sufficient for one hour's amusement. Post free, 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH.—A new Parlour Pastime, 30,000 Comical Transformations for Evening Parties. Post free for 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHETIC ORACLE.—A new and highly amusing Fortune-Telling Game. Post free for 14 stamps. Catalogue, 1 stamp. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 2 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

SOUTH KENSINGTON and BELGRAVIA HOUSE AGENCY OFFICES, 116, Cromwell Road, and 1, Motcomb Street, S.W.—Mr. HOWELL'S PRINTED INDEX LIST, post free, of Choice Residences to be LET or SOLD.

POPULAR WALTZES, easily arranged, without octaves, for piano, by JULES ROCHARD.

Loved and Lost. Müller.
The Last Kiss. Müller.
Rêve d'Amour. Lamothe.
Manolo. Waldteufel.
Beautiful Danube. Strauss.
Doctrinen. Strauss.
Morgenblatter. Strauss.
Thousand and One Nights. Strauss.

Post free, 1s. each.

DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

JULIETTE.—NEW WALTZ by LAMOTHE. Played at Arditi's Promenade Concerts. One of the prettiest of Lamothe's waltzes; full of melody, and easy to play. Post free for 2s.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street, London, and of all musicsellers in town and country.

LOUISA GRAY'S NEW SONGS.

Under the Lamplight. 4s.
Home of My Childhood. 3s.
Jeanette. 3s.
My Highland Home. 3s.
Jenny's Wedding. 3s.
My Little Sister. 3s.

Half-price.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

BERTHOLD TOURS' NEW SONGS.

Stay, Sweet Swallow.
Love and Time.
One Love Alone.
The Miner.
Only Love Can Tell.
The Charms that I Sing.

Post free 2s. each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford St.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, round, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

NEW MUSIC by MARY TRAVERS.

Faithful	1s. 6d. net.
It Was Nothing But a Rose, E flat, F, A flat	2s. 0d. net.
Wishing, E flat, F	1s. 6d. net.
Coquette, Morceau de Salon	1s. 6d. net.
Impromptu (in D)	2s. 0d. net.
Original Air, with Variations (in A)	1s. 6d. net.

ASHBEE and HOLLOWAY, 23, Spring St., Hyde Park, W.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Guitars, Zithers, Banjoes, Accordions, Flutinas, Cornets, Saxhorns, Drums, Fifes, and Musical Instruments of every description. Largest assortment in the kingdom at BUTLER'S MANUFACTORY, 29, Haymarket, London.—Illustrated catalogue, 50 pages, post free.

AMERICAN ORGAN for SALE.—A fine AMERICAN ORGAN by MASON and HAMLIN, containing Automatic Swell, Foot Swell, Sub Bass, Diapason, Flute, Melodia, Dulciana, Octave Coupler, Euphone, 2 Pedals suitable for drawing room, and sufficiently powerful for schoolroom or small church. Cased in American Black Walnut. Cost 55 guineas, now offered for £40 cash.—Apply by letter to X 2, Messrs. Geo. Rees, 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

DE LA RUE and CO.'S INDELIBLE RED LETTER DIARIES, CONDENSED DIARIES, and TABLET CALENDARS, for 1878, in great variety, may now be had of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Publishers,

THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

DE LA RUE and CO.'S PLAYING CARDS. The New Patterns for the Season may now be had of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Manufacturers,

THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

By Royal Letters Patent.

"DEXTER" PLAYING CARDS, with rounded Corners and Patent Index-pips, extra thin, and highly burnished on both sides. Of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Manufacturers,

THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

DE LA RUE and CO.'S CHRISTMAS CARDS, in great variety, prepared from original designs and illustrated by original verses. Of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Publishers,

THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

GO-BANG, a JAPANESE GAME, with Board arranged on an improved principle, Counters, and "Guide" by "CAVENDISH." Retail at 5s. and upwards. Of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Manufacturers,

THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

Now ready, 11th Edition, 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, price 5s.

WHIST. The Laws and Principles of. By "CAVENDISH." Of all Booksellers and Stationers.

THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

By the same Author

ECARTÉ. The Laws of, adopted by the TURF CLUB, WITH A TREATISE ON THE GAME. Price 2s. 6d. ROUND GAMES AT CARDS, Price 1s. 6d. PIQUET, Price 3s. 6d. LAWN TENNIS and BADMINTON, Price 1s. POCKET GUIDES, Price 6d. each: WHIST (3)—Guide; Laws; Leads. BEZIQUE. POLISH BEZIQUE. ECARTÉ. EUCHRE. SPOIL-FIVE. CRIBBAGE. CALABRASELLA. SIXTY-SIX. GO-BANG. BACK-GAMMON. CHESS. DRAUGHTS. Of all Booksellers and Stationers.

THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

STATHAM'S PRESENTS for YOUTH. Endless Amusement for Holidays and Evenings. Illust. Catalogue, Polytechnic Amusements, Scientific Apparatus, Mechanical Models, Toys, Games, 3 stamps.

W. E. STATHAM, 112½, Strand, London.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

The NEXT TERM will begin on Monday, January 28.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box to japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.

BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 1s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

FOR ARMS and CREST SEND NAME and COUNTY to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Office, 44, High Holborn, W.C. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, &c. Illustrated Price Lists Post free.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing cases, work-tables, inkstands, card boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNERS' NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,

Mansion House Buildings, City, London.

The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
Ivory, per doz.	15s. od.	11s. od.	7s. od.
Ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. od.	15s. od.	7s. od.
Ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. od.	16s. od.	7s. 6d.
Ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. od.	22s. od.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine Ivory, per doz.	34s. od.	24s. od.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.

Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,

76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.

The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.

Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

FURNISH your House at Deane & Co.'s. Catalogue, with Furnishing Estimates, post-free.

1. Table Knives, Ivory, per doz., 19s., 25s., 35s., 40s.
2. Electro Forks, Table, 24s. to 64s.; Spoons, 24s. to 66s.
3. Papier-Mache Tea Trays, in sets, 21s., 56s., 95s.
4. Electro Tea and Coffee Sets, £3 7s., £7 10s. to £24.
5. Dish-Covers—Tin, 22s.; Metal, 65s.; Electro, £11 11s.
6. Electro Cruets, from 12s. 6d. to £6 6s.
7. Electro Liqueur Frames, 40s. to £7 7s.
8. Lamps—Patent Duplex Rock Oil, Colza Oil, &c.
9. Fenders—Bright, 45s. to £15; Bronze, 3s. to £6.
10. Baths—Hot and Cold Water, Gas, Travelling, &c.
11. Bedsteads, Brass and Iron, with Bedding.
12. Gaseliers—2-light, 17s.; 3 do., 50s.; 5 do., £6 6s.
13. Kitcheners, front 3 ft., £3 to 6 ft. £30.
14. Kitchen Utensils—Copper, Tin, and Iron.

DEANE and CO., 46, King William Street, London Bridge.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."** UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."

Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS., 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their

CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

CHRISTMAS CASES, One Guinea, containing 3 Bottles of Port, 3 Sherry, 1 Gin, 1 Rum, 1 Whiskey, 2 Brandy, 1 lb. Tea. All reputed quart bottles, warranted pure and genuine. Sent bottles, case, and carriage free, to any Railway Station in England, by the VICTORIA WINE CO., 12, Mark Lane. P.O.O. to W. W. HUGHES.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES. Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'THREE CASTLES.'"—Vide "The Virginians." Sold only in Packets, protected by the Name and Trade Mark of

W. D. and H. O. WILLS.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, is now offering a second delivery of New COLOURED LYONS SILKS.

In this collection will be found White, Cream, Ivory, Tilleul, Moonlight, Corail, Eau de Nil, &c., &c., specially prepared for BRIDAL AND EVENING WEAR, also every new shade of Bronze, Navy, Claret, Prune, &c., &c., at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., 4s. 4½d., and 5s. 3d. per yard. 250 Shades to select from. Patterns free on application to PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

ONE THOUSAND PIECES OF

BLACK GROS GRAINS. This extensive purchase comprises Silks of the best and most reliable makes, and are specially recommended. Prices 2s. 6½d., 3s. 3½d., and 3s. 9d. per yard. Also richer goods from 4s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

300 PIECES RICH

BLACK and COLOURED VELVETS, plain and brocaded in all the new designs, prices, Black and Plain Colours, from 4s. 11d., Brocaded, from 12s. 9d. Patterns free.

BLACK AND COLOURED

SILK COSTUMES, made from the new Paris Models in eight different styles of the most approved designs, as shown in Engravings, prices, with bodice complete, Black, from 4½, Colours, from 5½ guineas.

Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN

MANTLES AND PALETOTS,

Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 35s. to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 5 to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL

CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.

The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 5os. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.

Patterns and Engravings free from PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR

WINTER DRESSES, in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour, From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool, This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN

WINTER COSTUMES.

Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Costumes suitable for Travelling, Promenade, and Indoor Wear, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas.
Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas.
Illustrations and Patterns of Materials post free.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING

MADE BALL and Wedding Dresses. Now ready, several thousand charming Dresses in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas. Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN.

THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black), profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train, 1 guinea, a substantial box included. A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours, for 18s. 9d., with material for bodice. Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

BLACK SILKS.—£20,000 Worth.—Faithfully recommended to their Customers by Messrs. JAY. These silks are unweighted, pure in quality, and may be fully relied on to wear well.

Present price		Last year's price
Present price	3s. 9d.	5s. 9d.
"	4s. 3d.	6s. 6d.
"	4s. 9d.	7s. 3d.
"	5s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
"	5s. 9d.	9s. 6d.
"	6s. 9d.	10s. 3d.

ALL WOOL POPLIN COSTUMES, of the latest designs and fashions, 2½ guineas each, material for bodice included. "A remarkably cheap dress for this season of the year."

TO CHARITIES, COMMUNITIES, &c.—BLANKET SERGE.—Messrs. JAY have had manufactured a really stout, warm, and durable BLANKET SERGE in Black, Grey, and Dark Blue, suitable for Dresses or Petticoats, which they are now selling in quantities of not less than one whole piece (60 yards) at the low price of One Shilling per yard.

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP of GASK and GASK.

SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK of SILK MERCERY, GENERAL DRAPERY, &c. ALL NEW FOR THIS SEASON.

GREAT REDUCTIONS in PRICES have been made throughout, and all articles marked in plain figures at the lowest prices for READY MONEY ONLY.

SILKS and VELVETS of all kinds, cheaper than they have ever been sold.

BONNET'S and PONSON'S CELEBRATED BLACK SILKS, greatly reduced in price.

COSTUMES.—Perhaps the largest and best Stock of New Costumes in London. Paris Models in Silk, Silk and Velvet, Silk and Cachemire, new Silken and Woollen Fabrics, &c., all now marked exceedingly cheap.

EVENING COSTUMES in Tulle, Net, Tarlatan, &c.; beautiful new designs, all equally cheap, commencing at 15s. 9d. each.

MANTLES, PALETOTS, JACKETS.—All the vast collection, new for this season, of Paris Mantles, &c., in Cloth, Vigognes, Camel's Hair, Matelasse, Velvet, fur-lined Cachemires and Silks, Sealskins, Ulsters, &c., has been re-marked at exceptionally low prices.

DRESS FABRICS.—A great collection of all the newest materials, Foreign and English, all marked at the reduced prices.

Gloves, Hosiery, Linen Goods, Blankets, Flannels, Calicoes, Lace Goods, Ties, Scarves, Fichus, Ribbons, Trimmings, Umbrellas, Ladies' Underclothing, Millinery, Mourning Goods of all kinds, &c.

All purchasers must effect a considerable saving during this Sale. Patterns free to the country.

The doors are opened each morning at ten o'clock.

58 to 63, Oxford Street; 1 to 5, Wells Street, London.

LADIES' IRISH ULSTER COATS, made in the best manner by experienced tailors. Immense variety of Irish Friezes and other fashionable materials. Patterns and forms for self-measurement post free.

RICHARD ALLEN, Sackville Street, Dublin.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH

SEE THAT YOU GET IT,

As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

PETER ROBINSON'S
COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET,
Is the Cheapest and the Largest
Warehouse of the kind
in London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER
or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well
as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE
OF SEVERAL THOUSAND PIECES BY
PETER ROBINSON of Regent Street
OF THE BEST WEARING MAKES ONLY,
and highly recommended.

Bonnet and Cie	at 5s. 0d
Jaubert	at 4s. 0d.
Ponsons	at 5s. 3d.
Degoves	at 4s. 9d.

The above are from 2s. to 3s. per yard
under last year's prices.
The EMPRESS CACHEMIRE, at 6s.
Also Excellent Value at
2s. 6d., 3s 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s 6d., and 4s. 11d.
For Patterns address to
PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 262, Regent Street.

BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS.
Exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s 9d., 10s 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in Lyons Velvet, at 10s. 9d.
Black Silk-Trimming Velvets.
at 4s 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s 9d.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.
Nos. 256 to 262.

FOR SIX GUINEAS.
A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.
with Velvet Garniture,
Exquisitely cut and fashioned.
Copies of expensive Paris Models.
Photos free.
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT.
For 2½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT.
At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

FOR TWO GUINEAS, and up to Seven,
Costumes in New Black Materials,
in various fashionable Styles.
At PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea.
Black Brussels Net, at 29s 6d.
Tulle (condition keeping), 50s.
Grenadine, 59s 6d.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed.
Illustrations free.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dust, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
3½ and 4½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9½ guineas.
36 inches long for 11 guineas.
39 inches long for 13 guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
It is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS
REDUCTION
OF PRICES.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
30 inches long,
from 8 to 12 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long,
from 10 to 15 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
36 inches long,
from 12 to 16 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
40 inches long,
from 16 to 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
46 inches long,
from 20 to 28 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 40 inches long, richly trimmed with real marten tails, 12 inches deep, 20 gs.; Real Sable, 10 inches deep, 40 gs.; Skunk, 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS can be sent on approval to any part of the United Kingdom by forwarding a reference in Town to

---

MESSRS. WAYRE, Manufacturing FURRIERS, 96, Oxford Street, and 332, Oxford Street (corner of Regent Circus). Established Half-a-Century.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

VELVET CARPETS, &c.

EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862: DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW AUTUMN DRESS GOODS.
1,000 New Patterns of the choicest Shades and designs, the productions of various European nations.
7,000 yards of Autumn Serge, 10½d. the yard.
Yachting Serges, 6½d. and 10½d. the yard.
Autumn Beges, 8½d. the yard.
Matelasse Serge, 1s. 3½d. (Sage, Olive Green, &c.)
Estamene Serges, 1s 3½d and 1s. 6½d.
Homespun Estamene, 1s. 6½d., 27 in. wide.
New Snowflakes, Camel's Hair, and Vicuna Cloths.
Shetland Estamene, 27 in. wide, 1s. 4½d. the yard.
Poil de Chameau, French production, all wool,
30 in. wide, 1s. 9½d. the yard.
The Royal Blue Naval Serge, 1s. 0½d. (all wool).
The "Inflexible" Serge, 1s. 0½d. and 1s. 4½d.
The "Princess" Serge, 1s. 6½d and 1s. 11½d. yard.
The New Circassian Cord, 11½d. yd., superb colours.
Seaboro' Twill, 1s. 0½d.; Derby Matelasse, 1s. 0½d.; New Autumn Rink Skirting, 1s. 11½d. the yard, 40 in wide; Indian Cashmere, Autumn Shades, 48 in. wide, 2s. 11½d. yard.
These and other Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
NEW SILK PATTERNS are now ready.
The Princess Black Silk, 3s. 9d.
The Princess Black Silk, 4s. 9d. } A New Make of
The Princess Black Silk, 5s. 9d. } Extreme Richness
The Princess Black Silk, 6s. 9d.
BLACK SILKS, 1s. 6½d. to 10s. the yard.
The Queen's Black Silk, 7s. 11d.
The Queen's Black Silk, 8s. 11d. } Superb Goods &
The Queen's Black Silk, 9s. 11d. } Splendid Wear.
The Queen's Black Silk, 10s. 11d.
A special parcel of Coloured Silks, 2s. 11½d. yard.
Coloured Gro Grain Silks, 3s. 11½d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., and 6s. 11d. the yard. Floral Silks for Trimmings, 3s. 9½d. Japanese Figures, 1s. 3½d.
A Special Lot Black Velveteens, 1s. 11½d., and Colours, at 2s. 10½d. yard. Patterns free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.
Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 1s. 3½d. Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s 11½d. Double-width Melton Cloths, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.
Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s. 11d. to 6s. 11d.
Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard. All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES OF BALL AND SOIREE DRESSES.
A large variety of Styles and Colours kept in Stock, or made to measure on the Shortest Notice.
"Robe de Bal," Coloured Tarlatan Dresses, 18s. 9d., or trimmed with flowers or coloured ribbons, 25s. 6d.
"Palais Royal," Coloured Tarlatan Dresses, handsomely trimmed with wreaths of flowers, 29s. 6d., or with brocaded silk trimming, 35s. 6d.
"La Charmeuse," White, Black, and Coloured Net Dresses, 2 gs., or trimmed with flowers or silk, 2½ gs.
"Giroflée," Muslin Dresses, in pale blue, cream, pink, or mauve, 29s 6d., or brocaded silk trimming, 37s. 6d.
"Special Cheap Ball Dresses," complete, with made bodice in blue, black, white, pink, mauve, or cream, Tarlatan, 16s. 9d. each, made to measure in a few hours.
"Fairy," White Muslin Dresses, 18s 9d., or trimmed with coloured bows, 25s. 6d., or with lace, 29s. 6d.
"Ninon," Coloured Check Grenadine Dresses, 39s 6d.
"Antoinette," Grey Japanese Silk Dresses, brocaded, 35s. 6d and 5 gs.
"Yolande," Black Grenadine Dresses, 21s. 6d. and 29s. 6d., or handsomely trimmed with coloured bows or flowers, 35s. 6d.
"Gipsy," Coloured Japanese Silk Dresses, 3 gs., or trimmed brocaded silk, £3 10s. 6d.; Brocaded Japanese Silk Dresses, £5 10s. 6d.
"Argentine," Coloured Silk Dresses, 4, 5, and 6 gs.
"Soirée Wraps," in White Wool, 3s. 11d. to 18s. 9d., in Coloured Wool, 6s. 11d. to 22s. 9d.
Children's White Muslin Dresses, 1st size, 7s. 11d., to Young Ladies' size, at 15s. 9d.
Photographs with Patterns of Material, and Instructions for Self-Measurement post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS. Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.

ÆGIDIUS.—A New ELASTIC OVER-SHIRT, as warm as wool, as soft as silk. It will entirely dispense with the ever-shrinking coloured flannel, 13s. 6d. to 14s. 6d. each. Patterns of material and self-measure free by post.—FORD and CO., 41 and 44, Poultry, London.

COLD CREAM OF ROSES.—PIESSE and LUBIN prepare this exquisite COSMETIC with the greatest care, fresh daily, in jars, 1s.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S SWEET SCENTS
—Opoponax, Jockey Club, Patchouly, Frangipanni, Kiss-me-Quick, White Rose, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, 2s. 6d. each, 3 bottles in a case, 7s. The above sweet scents in sachet powder, 1s. 6d. each, can be forwarded by post. Sold by fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the world.

PIESSE and LUBIN's PESTACHIO NUT SKIN AND COMPLEXION POWDER imparts a natural whiteness and youthful delicacy to the skin attainable by no other means; also represses the unpleasantness of too copious perspiration.—2, New Bond Street, London, W. May be had of all the fashionable perfumers and druggists throughout the earth. In boxes, 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers

---

ROWLAND'S ODONTO.
Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

HEALTHY SKIN and GOOD COM-PLEXION.
PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,
is the Best for the
TOILET, NURSERY, and SHAVING.
Recommended in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*, edited by Mr.
ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,
used by
THE ROYAL FAMILY,
and Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing, and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d.
E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

EPPS'S	GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.
COCOA.	JAMES EPPS AND CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.
Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,

CHILDREN AND INVALIDS' DIET,

AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,

AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR

UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL
PRIZE MEDAL.
FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air*, edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.
Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air*, edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL
awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. per bushel; households for bread, 9s. 4d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 8s. 6d; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, maize, and barley meal, 5s 8d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d.; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG

JOHNSTON'S (THE OLD HOUSE)
CORN FLOUR
IS THE BEST.
"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, in packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Shaw, 5, Charles Street, Hull: "They are an unfailing remedy for all disorders of the breath and lungs." Sold at 1s. 1½d. per box.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND, HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury.
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.
VICHY.
Property of the French Government.
CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.
HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.
GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.
HOPITAL—For Stomach complaints, &c.
VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.
CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.
Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO, 82, Southwark St., London.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CON-STIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.
The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

TOOTH-ACHE.
INSTANT CURE.
FORMS A STOPPING.
SAVES THE TOOTH.
J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief."
Of all chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per packet.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD LIVER OIL (Registered).
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.
"The natural nauseous taste of the Oil is disguised with considerable art. Children take it with avidity."—See *Lancet, British Medical Journal, Sanitary Record, Medical Times, Medical Press, Medical Record*, &c.
Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists, and Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited), Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.—This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.
For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil).

HYDROLEINE. Equal to ten times the quantity of Cod Liver Oil

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil).
The nauseous taste of Cod Liver Oil is removed by Hydration. Easier to administer than Cod Liver Oil.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil)
Entirely supersedes plain Cod Liver Oil. Contains ready-digested Cod Liver Oil. Can be taken by the most delicate stomach. Is immediately assimilated.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil)
Produces rapid increase in flesh and weight.

"HYDROLEINE" has been described as partially-digested oil, which will nourish and produce increase in weight in those cases where oils or fats not so treated are difficult or impossible to digest. All tendency to emaciation and loss of weight is arrested by the regular use of HYDROLEINE, which may be discontinued when the usual average weight has been permanently regained."

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil).
Superior to any Emulsion or Pancreatised Oil ever known.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil)
Is not a Patent Medicine. Has the formula upon every bottle. Is Tonic, Digestive, and Highly Nutritive.

IN "NOTES on CONSUMPTION and

WASTING DISEASES

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED by

HYDRATED OIL,
With cases showing the immediate increase in weight produced by it." (Published by Diprose, Bateman, and Co., Sheffield St., Lincoln's Inn Fields),

---

G. OVEREND DREWRY, M.D., Phy-sician to the National Free Dispensary for Consumption and Wasting Diseases, Gower Street, W., Author of "Common Sense Management of the Stomach," &c.,

---

REFERRING to CASES treated at the

NATIONAL FREE DISPENSARY
says that

"HYDRATED OIL produces an effect such as neither Cod Liver Oil nor any preparation of it with which I am acquainted even faintly approaches."—Page 23, and on page 51,

---

"PATIENTS are unanimous in their statement that the appetite is much increased by taking Hydrated Oil, and that so far from possessing the unpleasant taste of ordinary Cod Liver Oil, the taste of Hydrated Oil is agreeable rather than the reverse, and is described by some as resembling Devonshire cream. These, I submit, are very important points, in cases usually attended by great irritability of stomach. The general improvement in strength shown within a fortnight was in many instances surprising even to myself, who had seen already in private practice many startling results from its use. My experience, however, shows that in cases where Cod Liver Oil or an emulsion of it has been depended upon, increase of weight is rarely obtained."—Page 26.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil).
Economical in use; certain in result.

THE agreeable character of HYDRATED OIL is conclusively shown by the fact that Delicate Women and Young Children take it with avidity; and in the case of Infants who do not thrive upon the food given, the nourished and well-conditioned appearance of the child after this treatment is most marked.

THE CHEMICAL PRINCIPLES upon which Hydrated Oil is prepared were first described

---

IN a TREATISE on the ASSIMILA-TION AND DIGESTION OF FATS IN THE HUMAN BODY, by

---

H. C. BARTLETT, Ph.D., F.C.S.
Published by Messrs. J. and A. Churchill, New Burlington Street.

"FAT in the HUMAN BODY." Page 41.

"NOTHING appears to restore the healthy functions of the liver and pancreas in these cases except the frequent ingestion of oil or liquid fat, so treated artificially that it is already partially transformed by fermentation and the reaction of bile. Seized on with avidity by the absorbents, it is insensibly assimilated by the digestive organs, until they gradually become strengthened, not only to provide their own nourishment, but to transform a sufficient quantity of fat to supply the inevitable waste throughout the body."

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil).
From its valuable tonic effect on the nervous system, in addition to its special stimulating action on the organs concerned in the production of fat in the body, it also causes marked increase in weight in persons of naturally thin habit who do not present any evidences of disease.

THE permanence and perfection of the emulsion and the extreme solubility of the HYDRATED OIL is shown by its retaining its cream-like condition as long as the purest Cod Liver Oil will retain its sweetness. Unlike simple Cod Liver Oil, it produces no unpleasant eructation or sense of nausea, and should be taken in such very much smaller doses, according to the directions, as will ensure its complete assimilation; this at the same time renders its use economical in the highest degree.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) is imme-diately assimilated. Unlike ordinary Cod Liver Oil, it does not Purge, does not produce Sickness, or what is so well known as biliousness, nor does it pass through the body unchanged, as it is already partially digested, and suitable for immediate absorption and assimilation. Hence its economical value, none being wasted.

WEAKLY INFANTS thrive on it. Appetite is improved, digestion assisted, and strength increased by HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil). A true Nerve Tonic, a REAL DIGESTIVE, and POWERFUL NUTRITIVE.

ALL Persons taking HYDROLEINE are particularly urged to keep an ACCOUNT FROM WEEK TO WEEK of THEIR WEIGHT, that the gain and improvement may be shown.

MESSRS. J. M. RICHARDS and CO., having devoted special attention to perfecting a process by means of which uniformity in the production of HYDRATED OIL is secured, desire to direct the attention of the medical profession and the public to this preparation, to distinguish which the name of HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) has been registered under the Trade Marks Act by them.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil), in Half-pound Bottles, price 4s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists. Manufactured by J. M. RICHARDS and CO.—Office and Warehouse, Great Russell Street Buildings, Great Russell Street (corner of Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury), London.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SPECIALITIES in PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S STUDENT'S PIANOFORTE. Compass 5 Octaves, 15 gs., or £1 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SCHOOL PIANINOS. From Canadian Walnut, 20 gs., or 2 gs. per qr. on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S YACHT PIANINOS, 30 gs., or £3 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR PIANINO, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MODEL PIANETTE, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH MODEL, 40 gs., or £4 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COLONIAL MODEL, 45 gs., or £4 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S FOREIGN MODEL, 50 gs., or £5 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH OBLIQUE, 55 gs., or £5 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S OBLIQUE GRAND, 70 gs., or £7 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUE, 90 gs., or £9 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MIGNON IRON GRAND, 80 gs., or £8 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR IRON GRAND, 110 guineas, or £11 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

UPWARDS of ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES on VIEW.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL PIANO-FORTE DEALERS throughout the United Kingdom.

SHOW-ROOMS, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

STEAM FACTORY, CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC Primers. Edited by Dr. STAINER. The following are now ready:—

THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By ERNST PAUER. Price 2s.

THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. STAINER. Price 2s.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. Price 1s.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE BEAU-TIFUL IN MUSIC. By ERNST PAUER. Price 1s. (Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.)

LIEDER OHNE WORTE. Eight Books. The only complete edition. Cloth, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, NEW AND OLD. Edited by the Rev. H. R. BRAMLEY and Dr. STAINER. With 45 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Elegantly bound, 7s. 6d.

THE SUNLIGHT OF SONG. Sacred and Moral Songs, with Original Music by the most eminent English Composers. With 46 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Handsomely bound, 10s. 6d.

NATIONAL NURSERY RHYMES. Set to Music by J. W. ELLIOTT. With 65 Illustrations, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS. Edited by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Folio, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 21s.; octavo, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.; octavo, paper covers, 5s.

MOZART'S SONATAS. Edited by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Folio, elegantly bound, gilt edges, 18s.

MENDELSSOHN'S LIEDER OHNE WORTE. The best and only Complete Edition, containing the Seventh and Eighth Books. Folio, handsomely bound, gilt edges, 12s.; octavo, handsomely bound, 6s.; paper covers, 4s.

*** Order Novello's Edition.

RUBINSTEIN'S EIGHTEEN TWO-PART SONGS. German and English Words. Octavo, handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S VOCAL ALBUM. English and German Words. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM FOR YOUNG PIANISTS (Op. 68 and Op. 15). Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM. Original German Words, and an English Version by JOHN OXENFORD. Handsomely bound, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS. Edited by Dr. STAINER and W. A. BARRETT. 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 16s.

MUSICAL MYTHS AND FACTS. By CARL ENGEL. Two vols., demy 8vo, cloth, price 12s.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.,
1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

DANCE MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS.

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO.

Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps.
Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d. each.

No. 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe.
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.

SIX WALTZES BY JOSEPH GUNG'L.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Grafenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schönster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tour du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancée Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 22, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

ESTEY AMERICAN ORGANS, cheapest and best for quality, &c. LOW PRICES FOR CASH, or by monthly payments (in London and Suburbs only). Lists on application.—J. A. M[illegible] 40, Moorgate Street, E.C.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATA-LOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. Sixty Numbers, price from 1s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded gratis post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

CARE IS ALL FIDDLE-DE-DEE. A merry Christmas Song with Chorus (from the Extravaganza "The Miller and His Man"). Words by F. C. BURNAND; Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Price 3s.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

KING CHRISTMAS. J. L. HATTON'S celebrated Song. The popularity of this capital baritone Song is ever on the increase. Price 3s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S NAZARETH.— Transcription of Gounod's grand composition for the Piano. Solo, 4s.; Duet, 5s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

Just published.

THE LORD BRINGS BACK HIS OWN. New Sacred Song. By Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Price 4s.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

STANDARD VOCAL PART MUSIC.

THE SINGER'S LIBRARY.

An Unequalled Collection of
VOCAL CONCERTED MUSIC, TRIOS, QUARTETS, QUINTETS, &c.
Sacred and Secular, by the most renowned Composers, English and Foreign.
Edited by JOHN HULLAH.
Upwards of 150 Numbers. Price Twopence each.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

THE GLEE and CHORAL LIBRARY.

A COLLECTION OF STANDARD and Well-known VOCAL COMPOSITIONS,
As well as recent works by Macfarren, Hutton, Leslie, Balfe, &c.
Eighty Numbers. Price Twopence each.
Catalogues gratis and post free to any part of the world.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

STEPHEN HELLER'S PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS.—A COMPLETE CATALOGUE is NOW READY, and will be sent on application, gratis and post free, to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS are to be had of every Musicseller and Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, and India, or will be sent direct post free at half the marked price (bound works and cheap vocal part music excepted) to any part of the world on receipt of remittance or satisfactory reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST OF MUSIC.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS."

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.
Now Ready.
Polka, by Arban. 3s. 6d. net.
Polka Mazurka. 1s. 6d. net.
Suite de Valse, by O. Métra. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Quadrilles, by Arban. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Quadrilles, by O. Métra. Solo and Duet. 2s. each net.
Brilliant Fantasia, by F. Moniot. 1s. 6d. net.
Rondeau Valse, by B. Richards. 1s. 6d. net.
Chanson du Mousse, by B. Richards. 2s. net.
Valse Brillante, by B. Richards. 2s. net.
In the Press.
Complete Opera, piano solo, 2s. 6d. net.
Vocal Score, English and French Words.
Selections of Airs, in two books, by Cramer. 1s. 6d. each.
Also arrangements by W. Kuhe.
N.B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.

CH. NEWSTEDT'S CARILLON, LOUIS XIV. Piano Solo, net, 1s. 6d.; Piano Duet, by J. Rummell, net, 1s. 6d.; Small Band Parts, 1s. 6d.; Full Orchestra, 2s. net.

L. GREGH.—LES BERGÈRES WATTEAU. Piano Solo, net, 1s. 6d.; Duet, by J. Rummell, net, 1s. 6d.; Orchestra, 2s. net.

ARDITI'S L'INGÉNUE, Morceau a la GAVOTTE. 3s. Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success. Orchestra, 2s.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S LATEST COM-POSITIONS.

Berceuse. 3s. Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
La Princesse. 3s. (Gavotte). Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
Performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts.
Près le Lac, Deuxième Meditation. 3s.
Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.
Pavane Royale de Louis XIV. 3s.
Air de Ballet. New Simplified Edition by Arthur Grenville. 3s.
Thematic Lists of this favourite Composer's sent free on application.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—AUTREFOIS (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). This charming little morceau has already run through several editions, and seems likely to rival the ever popular "Danse Favorite" of the same composer. Post free 18 stamps.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—UN BIJOU PERDU. "M. Pascal is to be congratulated upon having rescued from oblivion this really exquisite little gem, the melody of which is so captivating that we venture to predict for it great popularity." As Piano Solo, now ready, 18 stamps.

SPRING SONG. By J. Leybach. ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN WORDS.
"A perfect little gem, easy to sing and play."
Compass D to F (in C). Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONGS by J. Leybach.

LIFE'S AUTUMN (in A). Compass E to G flat.
THE SIRENS (in F). Compass C to F.
BRIGHT STARS OF HEAVEN (in C). Compass D to F.
MAIDEN AND THE BIRDS (in B flat). Compass D to F.
Post free, 18 stamps each.

CATALOGUES GRATIS and POST FREE.
Shipping Orders on most favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED SONGS OF SCOTLAND. Published this day, a new and very superb edition of the Songs of Scotland, containing twelve full-page illustrations by

- Frank Dicksee.
- J. MacRalston.
- W. Small.
- A. Hunt.
- P. Skelton.
- E. B. Leighton.

The book contains 190 songs, the music edited by J. Pittman and Colin Brown, the words revised (with notes) by Charles Mackay. The Illustrated Songs of Scotland are printed in one volume, imperial 8vo, very beautifully bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 10s. 6d.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

AT LAST.—F. H. COWEN'S NEW SONG, "AT LAST," will be sung by Miss ANNA WILLIAMS in the following Towns:—Hastings, Nov. 24; Rochester, 25; Warrington, 27; Leicester, 28; Wolverhampton, 30; Bolton, Dec. 1; Southport, 3; Liverpool, 4; Worcester, 6; Preston, 7; Glasgow, 8; Dundee, 10; Newcastle, 11; Birkenhead, 12; and Hull, 14.

AT LAST.—Opinions of the Provincial Press on Cowen's New Song, sung by Miss Anna Williams. "This song ought to be as popular as any of Arthur Sullivan's. More cannot be said."—*Dublin Daily Express.* "An exquisite new ballad."—*Cork Constitution.* "A charming Song."—*Belfast Northern Whig.* Price 2s. net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

STEPHEN ADAMS' TWO NEW SONGS.

YOUTH and AGE. The Words by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. The music by the composer of "Nancy Lee." To be sung by Mr. Maybrick for the second time at the Third Ballad Concert.

THE TAR'S FAREWELL. The Words by F. C. BURNAND. The music by the composer of "Nancy Lee." To be sung by Mr. Santley at the Second Ballad Concert, Nov. 28. Price 2s. each net.—BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

F. H. COWEN.—THE BETTER LAND.—A new setting of Mrs. Hemans' celebrated words, Sung by Madame ANTOINETTE STERLING at the Ballad Concerts. Price 2s. net.

BOOSEY and CO.'S PIANOFORTE ROOMS.
GRAND and UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES,
by all the great makers, both English and Foreign,
for SALE or HIRE,
subject to the largest discount obtainable in London.
Pianettes, from £20. Short Grands, from £40.
Sole Address, 295, Regent Street.

PRATTEN' PERFECTED FLUTES, Cylinder and Cone, commencing at 4 gs. The Siccama Flute and the Boehm Old and New System of Fingering. Particulars of all these Instruments upon application to the Manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRU-MENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above Instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

MUSIC.—Just issued, gratis and postage free, a CATALOGUE of more than Five Hundred Popular Publications for the Pianoforte, by BRINLEY RICHARDS and GEORGE FREDERICK WEST.—Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

THE HOLY FAMILY. Sacred Melo-dies. Arranged by W. H. CALLCOTT for the Pianoforte. Solos complete in 12 books, 5s. each; duets, 6s. each; ad lib. accompaniments for flute, violin, and violoncello, 1s. each. Each book free at half-price in stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

CONCERTS, PENNY READINGS, &c.—POPULAR SONGS, VOCAL DUETS, TRIOS, and QUARTETS (part songs), selected from Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S CATALOGUE. This list may be had, gratis and post free, on application at New Burlington Street.

THE LOOK-OUT QUADRILLE, for the Pianoforte, composed by COTSFORD DICK, 4s. (quite equal to the popular Osborne Quadrilles by Stephen Glover). Also by the same composer, "A SINGING QUADRILLE," 4s., and "L'Eclair Galop," 3s. (all with illustrated titles). All post free at half-price, and his Contre Danse.
London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE SENSATIONAL DRAWING ROOM PIANOFORTE PIECE, the MUSICAL BOX, No. 2. By I. LIEBICH. 4s.; free by post for 24 stamps. Always encored. "An agreeable and clever piece, which is very popular among amateurs."—Vide *Musical World.*
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

POPULAR QUADRILLES for the Pianoforte, as Solos and Duets. 4s. each; post free at half-price.

- The United Service. F. Godfrey.
- The Osborne. S. Glover.
- The Globe. S. Glover.
- The Gypsy. S. Glover.
- The Holiday. S. Glover.
- The True Friends. S. Glover.
- The Pussy. A. Leduc.
- Pretty Polly. A. Leduc.
- The Canary. R. Linter.
- The Goldfinch. R. Linter.
- The Garden Party. W. Smallwood.
- The Moselle. W. Smallwood.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

ALLEGRETTO in F Minor, and SCHERZO in B Flat Major. By Mrs. MARWOOD TUCKER, dedicated to her mother, Lady Mildred Beresford Hope. Price 4s.—STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, and CO., 84, New Bond Street, London.

NEW AND POPULAR SONGS.

All for Her. No. 1 sop., No. 2 contralto. A. S. Gatty.
Maiden May. Two keys. A. S. Gatty. Sung by Madame Cave-Ashton.
Before the Storm. Baritone. A. S. Gatty.
Meha. No. 1 tenor, No. 2 baritone. V. Capoul. Sung by M. Capoul.
Be My Love. Baritone. G. Fox.
My Star. No. 1, contralto, No. 2 mezzo-sop. Julia Wolff.
Little Nannie. Soprano. Julia Wolff. Sung by Mrs. Osgood.
The Trooper's Dream. Baritone. Julia Wolff.
Post free 24 stamps each.
ENOCH and SONS, 19, Holles Street, W.

ROBERT STANLEY'S NEW SONGS.

DEAR LITTLE FLOWERS.
WHEN LOVE'S GLOW HATH GONE BY.
EASTING.
Price 2s. each net.
J. B. CRAMER and CO., 201, Regent Street.

STOLEN KISSES WALTZ. By Hans WALDENFELDT. Free, 2s. "Played nightly at the Globe with immense success."
OSMAN PASHA MARCH. By ADOLPH MEYER. Free, 2s. "A bold, inspiriting melody—the time well marked."
London: WOOD and CO., 3, Great Marlborough Street.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.

A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*
Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.
BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CARPETS.— OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received all their new designs in Carpets for the present season, adapted to every class of furnishing, from the richest qualities and most artistic designs to the neat and inexpensive kinds. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZ-MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PRE-MISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DE-PARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 10 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.
OETZMANN and CO.

SIDEBOARDS, OETZMANN and CO. —Large and Handsome Mahogany or Oak Sideboards, with High Plate Glass Back and Carved Mountings, price 15 guineas; Massive Spanish Mahogany or Oak ditto, very handsome, 25 guineas; Noble Spanish Mahogany or Oak ditto, handsomely carved and lofty, Plate Glass Back, made and finished in the best possible manner, price 35 guineas. A variety of Early English and other designs, in rich Spanish Mahogany, or finest carved Oak, from 25 to 50 guineas.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas. Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas. Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards.—OETZMANN and CO.

BEDDING DEPARTMENT.—Strong Iron Bedsteads, from 6s. 6d. each; superior Iron French ditto, 15s. 9d.; handsome Arabian Bedsteads, from 27s. 6d. upwards; excellent Mattresses, full size, 12s. 6d.; good Feather Beds, full size, 30s.; ditto Bolsters, 7s. 6d.; ditto Pillows, 3s. 9d. each; handsome 3 ft. Mahogany Washstands, with Marble Top, 18s. 6d.; Mahogany Toilet Glass, Best Plate Glass (size of plate, 16 inches by 12 inches), 6s. 6d.

PAPER-HANGINGS.—OETZMANN and CO.—PAPER HANGINGS at WHOLESALE PRICES.—A great reduction in price. All the new patterns are now on view at the Show Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS.	**FURNITURE.**
CARPETS.	**FURNITURE.**
CARPETS.	**FURNITURE.**
CARPETS.	**FURNITURE.**

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d. A large stock of real Turkey carpets at reduced prices.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.—Stout Tapestry Brussels Carpet, 1s. 9½d.; handsome pattern ditto, from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 9d. per yard; superior Brussels, new designs, from 2s. 11d. upwards. These prices are much below value. Kidderminster Carpet, all wool, 1s. 11d. per yard; Patent Felt Carpeting, from 11½d. per yard; Superior Rock Dye ditto, handsome designs, double width, 1s. 11d. per yard; excellent Stair Carpet, from 6d. per yard; Best Quality, all Wool, ditto, 1s. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

DRAPERY DEPARTMENT.—Large white quilts, 2½ yards by 2 yards, 4s. 11d.; handsome marsella ditto, 9s. 9d.; white wool blankets, from 6s. per pair (see special reduced list sent post free); large Witney ditto, 2½ yards long, 9s. 11d. per pair; handsome cloth table covers, from 4s. 11d.; magnificent ditto, large size, 10s. 11d.; good chintzes, new patterns, 4½d. per yard; Cretonne ditto, from 6d. per yard.—OETZMANN and CO.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

EXHIBITION PATTERN COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the season, much admired, handsomely japanned, and rich burnished gold ornamentation, with opal handles, strong loose lining, a great convenience and saving in wear. Price complete, 21s.—OETZMANN and CO.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT. —Alexandra pattern Toilet Services, ewer, basin, &c., complete—9 pieces, 7s. 11d.; handsome ditto, 9s. 9d.; richly cut Decanters, 7s. 6d. per pair; cut Wines, from 2s. 6d. per dozen; superior ditto, richly cut, reduced to 5s. 9d. per dozen; Gilt Clocks, under glass shades, from 18s. 9d. upwards; Cottage Clocks, from 5s. 9d. each; elegant Lustres, Vases, Parian Figures, &c.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

THE GRAPHIC

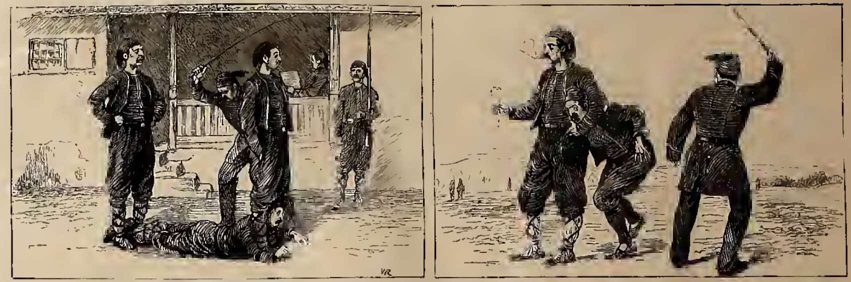
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 418
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

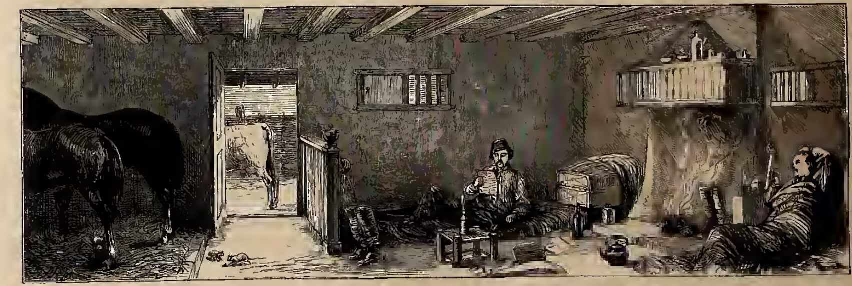
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1877

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

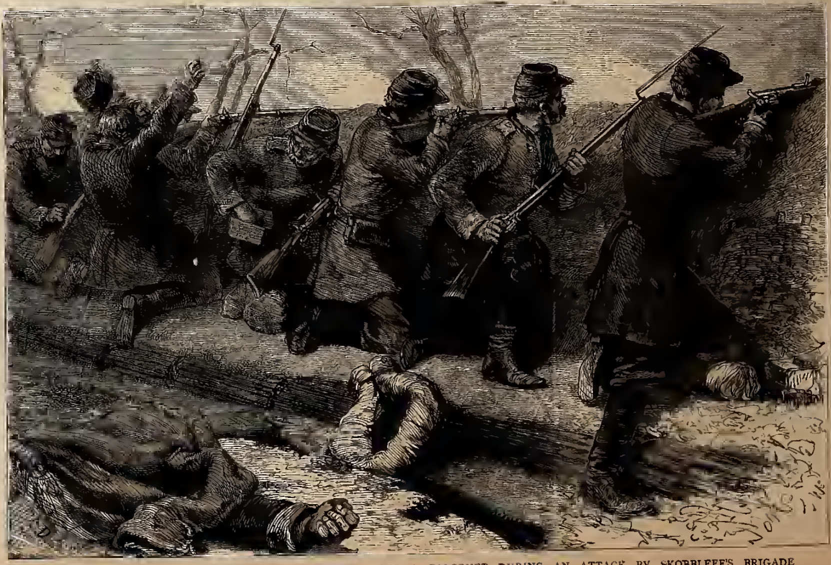
PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



WITH THE TURKS—SUMMARY PUNISHMENTS



WITH THE TURKS—ENGLISH OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT SARNASUFFLA, BULGARIA



WITH THE RUSSIANS BEFORE PLEVNA—OFFICER FIRING A FALCONET DURING AN ATTACK BY SKOBBLEFF'S BRIGADE

Topics of the Week

England and the War.——The speculations as to the probabilities of peace have been continued during the present week, and there is a sanguine feeling among a large class of observers that the fall of Plevna will be instantly followed by negotiations for the conclusion of the struggle. We wish we could feel sure that this view is right; but unfortunately too little is known of Turkish opinion to justify any one in arriving at a decided judgment. The Pashas know very well that if they could manage to involve England, the Porte might still obtain favourable terms; and it is quite possible that with a view to this result they might continue fighting even if the odds were all against them. The question of chief moment, therefore, is, What does England mean to do? Will she under any circumstances attack Russia? And if so, What are these circumstances? One would suppose that to questions of such vital interest we should all be ready with prompt answers, but in reality the greatest diversity of opinion prevails, and there is too much reason to fear that this diversity exists in the Government itself. If those who are usually well informed on such subjects are not wholly wrong, Lord Beaconsfield is not only prepared for war under certain vague conditions, but wishes to send a force to Constantinople as soon as Plevna falls. On the other hand, it is stated with an air of authority that Lord Salisbury and the party in the Cabinet which follows his lead are as opposed as ever to armed intervention. It must be admitted that the mass of the nation would be unwilling to act as the Premier is said to desire. Englishmen as a rule have no confidence in the designs of Russia; but they shrink from the enormous sacrifices that would be involved in war, especially as they dislike the idea of even seeming to support Turkish tyranny. The result is that in a tremendous crisis this country adopts a hesitating, wavering policy; and friends and foes alike cover us with reproaches. Lord Derby's speech on Wednesday has done something to allay excitement, but he did not venture to make any definite statement as to the ultimate action of England. He only insisted that under the conditions of the present moment we should not be justified in going to war.

Silk and Seed Adulteration.——When Mr. Tennyson indited that vigorous philippic against trade rogueries in "Maud," describing, for example, how the druggist cheats a dying man of a few last gasps by pestling a poisoned poison, he inclined to believe that War—"War with its thousand thunders shaking a hundred thrones"—would prove a potent reformer of such rascalities. Europe has seen a good many wars since "Maud" was written, and experience seems to show that war relaxes rather than strengthens morality. At any rate, adulteration flourishes as vigorously as ever, nor does it afford any consolation to learn that in this respect foreigners are nearly, if not quite, as bad as ourselves. Some time ago it was stated that Lancashire cotton goods were become rapidly discredited in Eastern markets because of the inordinate quantity of clay with which they were charged. It now seems that the French silk makers are serving us a similar trick, adding, by means of cunningly-devised dyes, a delusive weight and solidity to a material which is really of a very flimsy character. During the last few days a piece of trade-villainy of a still more mischievous character has been brought to light. Farmers, it is well-known, are a much-enduring class. The weather is generally more or less against them, and, of late years, more rather than less. They are martyrised by cattle epidemics, they are victimised by sellers of bogus manures, and now it seems they cannot even get genuine seeds. If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor to his species, what ought to be done to the man who sells seeds which he knows will never sprout? These seeds, being of bad quality, are artificially killed before being sold, so that none of them may grow, in order that the farmer may attribute the failure to some freak of Nature. Now, what is the remedy against this adulterating tendency, this villainous dry-rot which infects more trades than we should care to specify? The true remedy is a very simple one, but it will never be generally adopted, because the mass of mankind, being the reverse of wise, prefer to buy that which is cheap rather than that which is good. It is the intense competition, fostered by this absurd mania for cheapness, which causes so many of the things we buy to be shams, masquerading under names to which they have no legitimate title.

Marshal MacMahon and France.——The new French Ministry met with so ungracious a reception from the Chamber of Deputies that if it had entered upon office with the least self-respect it would at once have resigned. The "Constitutionalists" of the Senate, however, have been so far favourable to Marshal MacMahon's policy that he and his Cabinet profess to feel themselves justified in defying the majority led by M. Gambetta. The situation becomes daily more serious, for although the Chamber may not absolutely stop the supplies, it is evidently resolved to vote them only in such a manner as will make the practical business of administration all but impossible. The Marshal, therefore, will be compelled to apply for a fresh dissolution; and the danger is almost equally great whether the application is granted or refused. If it is refused, there is a terrible chance that his counsellors will succeed in making him try force; if it is granted, the country will be thrown into a state of perilous excitement, the end of which no man can foretell. English journals have been severely taken to task for expressing so much antagonism to Marshal MacMahon; but it is hardly possible for disinterested observers to condemn him too severely. The theory of government to which he appeals is utterly baseless, since the Senate does not represent France in any sense so fully or directly as the popular House, and her wishes have been so unmistakably expressed that it is nothing short of treachery to attempt to act in opposition to them. The Republicans hope that the waverers in the Senate will gradually come round to this view. The Marshal would then have no excuse for reaction, and would be forced, if he did not attempt a *coup d'état*, either to obey the country or to make way for a more worthy successor. As yet, however, there have been few indications of a peaceful solution; and the address presented on Wednesday by about a hundred of the leading business houses in Paris clearly proves that there is among all classes a vague terror of coming trouble.

The German Navy.——Not many years ago it was customary for our comic writers to poke fun at the German Navy as something which had no real existence, and was as invisible as the Spanish Fleet in Sheridan's *Critic*. Such jocosity nowadays would be thoroughly misplaced, for the German fleet has become, especially since the war with France, a fully appreciable, not to say formidable, entity. Eight armoured frigates, six armoured corvettes, eighteen armoured gunboats (especially designed for coast defence), twenty unarmoured corvettes, besides smaller vessels and torpedo boats, constitute a considerable naval armament for an Empire whose seaboard is small in proportion to its extent; whose coasts are for the most part rendered almost inaccessible to an enemy by sandbanks, shallow water, fogs, and storms; and whose colonial possessions are very few in number. Two other points are worthy of note. Formerly all, or nearly all, the appliances for equipping these vessels would necessarily have been obtained from this country in default of native production; now, everything—iron plates, anchors, cables, and blocks, have been supplied by German industry. Secondly, as a fleet, however powerful, is useless without trained seamen, systematic measures have been adopted for ensuring the necessary supply. Not only is there an apprentice school, the doors of which are beset by candidates, where lads between the ages of fifteen and seventeen are received; but also young men from inland districts are allowed to acquit themselves of their military liabilities by a four years' service on board ship, three years of which are passed at sea. Considering the rapid advance made by Germany as a naval Power during the last six years, who shall say what her position in this respect may not be when the century closes?

The Violence of the Clerical Party.——There are indications that the Italian Clerical Party are no longer to hold aloof from the practical politics of their country, and this week *The Times* had an article setting forth the immense advantages that may be expected to attend the exercise of their functions as citizens. We quite agree that all parties ought to take their share in the public life of the nation; but we question whether, as our contemporary supposes, the priests and those influenced by them are likely to be made more moderate by contact with men from whom they differ. This, at any rate, has not been the experience of the French and the Germans. It might have been expected that the last war would have taught even the French Ultramontanes a bitter lesson; yet, as all the world knows, they are at the present moment carrying on a struggle that threatens to bring the nation to the verge of ruin. And they do not conceal their readiness to plunge their country at the first favourable opportunity into a war for the restoration of the Temporal Power. As for the German Ultramontanes, their designs may be guessed from an incident of the present week. In the course of a very fierce debate in the Prussian Parliament their leaders denounced M. Gambetta and his friends as enemies of society, and enthusiastically applauded Marshal MacMahon for resisting them. At the very time when these virtuous upholders of morality were thus speaking, their supporters were allying themselves in a provincial election with the Socialists against the Liberals; and on every occasion when such an alliance is possible, it is resorted to without hesitation. We fear there is no chance of the Clerical party either in Italy or elsewhere moderating its zeal. In each country it is supported by the consciousness that it has friends in other lands, and it has persuaded itself that it is fighting for a sacred cause.

Grumbling Emigrants.——It is just because the comically ill-spelt letter from an emigrant to Queensland which *Punch* publishes this week bears such a family likeness to many similar effusions from persons of the labouring class that it deserves attention. Englishmen are proverbially grumblers, but, judging from our own experience, the ignorant and unlettered are far more apt to growl under the pressure of Colonial hardships than those who are better educated. The labourer, for instance, with his three meals a day of butchers' meat, conveniently forgets that in the old country he seldom tasted anything more appetising than bacon; and while vigorously inveighing against the hot winds, the dust, and the snakes, he looks back with fond regret on the dank fogs, the gloomy skies, and the biting frosts of his native island. As employers of labour, as shopkeepers, and as artisans, the English do well enough in the Australian colonies; but for the hard, rough, heavy work, which is chiefly in demand in every young country, they are not so well-suited as the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh. The clannishness of these latter nationalities helps them on, they are ready to give their fellow-countrymen a lift, whereas an Englishman is apt (unless urged by other motives) to regard another Englishman with surly indifference. At the same time, reverting to *Punch's* emigrant, we admit that, of all the Australian colonies, Queensland is the last to which we should recommend a labouring man to go. It is all very well for capitalists out there, who want cheap labour, to crack up the climate; but the climate, though cool for the latitude, is quite tropical in its character, and, except on the table-lands, is unsuitable for Northern Europeans who have to gain their living by hard out-of-door labour. Such persons had far better go to the southern colonies, to Tasmania, or New Zealand, and leave the hard work of Northern Australia to John Chinaman, who will willingly undertake it if only permitted to do so.

Art in the Provinces.——A very influential deputation, appointed by a number of municipal corporations, waited this week upon the trustees of the National Gallery, to ask them for help in establishing local art exhibitions. A similar application will probably be made to the trustees of the British Museum, and we hope that both bodies will do what they can to meet the request in a friendly spirit. After all, London and England are not quite the same thing; and the inhabitants of provincial towns have a perfect right to demand that they shall derive some benefit from the common property of the nation. We do not know what proportion of the public art treasures in London could be made available for the purpose; but unquestionably every picture and statue that are not absolutely necessary for the completeness of the metropolitan collections ought to be in Birmingham, Manchester, or some other provincial city. It is of the utmost importance that measures should be taken to make life more attractive in every considerable centre throughout the country. So many elements of the national life have now been brought together in London, that the vast, overgrown place is rapidly draining the United Kingdom of its best energies. The process will never be effectually checked until the smaller towns are made pleasanter places to live in; and the cultivation of a feeling for art would certainly be one powerful means of enabling them to compete with the capital. We are far from supposing that the furnishing of galleries would alone suffice to develop artistic sympathies; but it would at any rate be a step in that direction.

Minor Railway Improvements.——The following remarks are intended to apply to metropolitan lines, where the trains are frequent, the stoppages brief, and the stations in many cases underground and dimly lighted. In an assault case reported the other day the defendant declared that he was not aware he was in a smoking-compartment. When it was proposed to allow smoking on the Metropolitan Railway, Mr. Bright objected (and very sensibly we thought at the time) that it would compel intending passengers, in semi-darkness, and with only a few seconds at their disposal, to discriminate between six sets of vehicles instead of three. Mr. Bright was overruled, but as his objection still holds good, we suggest that smoking-carriages should either be painted of a special colour (this plan has been adopted in India to distinguish railway carriage classes) or much more boldly labelled than they now are. Again, in second and third-class coaches, where there are no arm-divisions, would it not be well, to prevent disputes about passengers occupying an undue amount of space, to mark on the walls of the compartment the width allotted to each person? Fat people, of course, would still unavoidably encroach on their neighbours' territory; but, at all events, the extent of their encroachment would be clearly shown. Lastly, ladies and inexperienced persons, who want to know whether the train coming in is *their* train, would derive surer information if the differences indicated by the system of variously coloured lamps placed in front of each engine were explained by placards hung up at each station, than from the shouts of the porter, which are often rendered inaudible by the noise of the approaching train. The sliding panel, also, showing the destination of each incoming train, which is in use at Victoria Station, might advantageously be adopted elsewhere.

NOTICE.——*With this Number is presented an* EXTRA QUADRUPLE SUPPLEMENT, *entitled*, "A BIRD'S EYE VIEW *of the* RUSSIAN *and* TURKISH POSITIONS *before* PLEVNA." *For binding, this Supplement must be mounted on a guard.*

AMUSEMENTS

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW OF CATTLE, IMPLEMENTS, ROOTS, &c., &c

SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON, MONDAY, Dec. 10, at 2 o'clock. Admission, 5s. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 9 o'clock. Admission, One Shilling.
S. SIDNEY, Secretary.
Agricultural Hall Co. (Limited), Barford Street, Islington.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW.

The TWENTY-NINTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, DOMESTIC POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, and IMPLEMENTS, will be held at Bingley Hall, MONDAY, December 3, Admission, 5s.; TUESDAY, December 4, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, December 5 and 6, 1s.

For Excursion Trains and other special Railway Arrangements, see the advertisements and bills of the various Companies.

HENRY DUNBAR, by TOM TAYLOR, Powerfully Cast, and A ROUGH DIAMOND, by J. B. Buckstone (for a limited number of Nights). Box Office Hours, 11 to 5. No Fees for Booking. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. EDWARD RIGHTON.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, CRYPTOCONCHOIDSYPHONOSTOMATA. At 7.45, STOLEN KISSES. At 9.45, ISAAC OF YORK. Messrs. Ryder, F. H. Macklin, Garnes, A. H. Warren, C. Collette, D'Arley, and E. Righton; Mesdames C. Loseby, C. Lewis, Lucette, Clifton, Rachel Sanger, and Emma Ritta. Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON.

GLOBE THEATRE. — MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY.—TO-DAY, Saturday, Dec. 1, at 2, for the Benefit of Mr. E. Clifton, Acting Manager, SPEED THE PLOUGH, and other Entertainments.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday and Saturday excepted), at 6.45, TWO SONS, a New Drama by F. Manuel, Esq. On Wednesday and Saturday, at 6.45, MAN OF THE RED MANSION. Followed Every Evening by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Messrs. Young and Dean, Emily Randall, William Randall, Sisters Waite. Concluding with A WIFE YET NO WIFE. Mrs. S. Lane.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening do.

STAFFORD HOUSE FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED TURKISH SOLDIERS.—CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 5, at 3 o'clock, in aid of this Fund. Mdlle. Caroline Salla and Mdlle. Bauermeister (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq., of Her Majesty's Opera); Mr. Maybrick. Instrumentalists: Messrs. Staeger, Hollander, Erba, Hann, and Lasserre. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN. — NOTICE. — These celebrated SUPPER ROOMS are now open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS, specially trained by and under the direction of Mr. F. Jonghmans, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES. Proprietor, J. B. AMOR.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker Street.—Now added, a Group representing the Emperor of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, General Ignatieff, and Hobart Pasha. Also Portrait Models of the Penge Convicts and the Perpetrators of the Great Turf Frauds, Benson and Kurr. Admission 1s. Children under twelve, 6d. Extra Rooms, 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES WILL OPEN on Monday, December 3. 5, Pall Mall East.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is NOW OPEN, at Thomas McLean's Gallery, No. 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON. — PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, via Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE. — Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement for Six Nights only, commencing MONDAY, December 3, of the Popular Actor and Actress, Mr. JOHN CLAYTON and Miss LOUISE MOODY, who will appear in THE DANISCHEFFS. In active preparation, and will be produced on MONDAY, Dec. 24, a Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, by F. W. Green, entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon ... Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS ... CO., James Street, Liverpool.

"THE GRAPHIC"

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

READY EARLY IN DECEMBER, WILL BE OF EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST.

AN entire novelty has been introduced this year, as a large number of the Engravings have been printed in colours, besides the Presentation Coloured Plate usually issued.

IN addition to this Plate one of the Sheets will also be in Colours, illustrating a Tale called "THE ANIMATED PORTRAIT," so that with this Number there will be

NINE PAGES OF COLOURED ENGRAVINGS, besides many others of seasonable interest, printed in Black and White. The following is a List of the Illustrations:

COLOURED PLATES.

ONCE UPON A TIME.
(PRESENTATION PLATE).

THE CALICO BALL AT GROBY CASTLE (Double-page).
"The dresses had been very carefully designed, and they attracted a great deal of attention, as they afforded a pretty complete panorama of costume from the Middle Ages up to a recent date."

THE CARICATURE.
"The children were absorbed in their occupation, and totally unconscious that anybody was behind them, while Sir Anthony stood frowning and pursing up his lip."

LADY MILDRED AND HER LOVER.
"Very fascinating she looked, for her face wore an especially bright animated expression as she conversed with the rising young diplomat."

LILIAN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
"It was a pretty sight to see her arrive, her face grave with excess of joy, and her little arms laden with gifts."

CUPBOARD LOVE.
"Hilda had coaxed several of the deer from the park into the hall to eat these dainties from her hand."

A COTTAGER'S CHRISTMAS HAMPER.
"None received her more gladly than old Mrs. Boscobel, who delighted in a visit from the great folks at the Castle."

A CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

Maria started when she spied
The little winged boy inside. . . .
"You looked for game, sweet girl," cries he,
"Henceforward don't make game of me!"

BLACK AND WHITE ENGRAVINGS.

ANCESTOR RALPH.
"Both the girls distinctly saw the right hand of the Portrait move out of the canvas!"

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.
"Psyche! Psyche! look!" cried Eros, starting to his feet in joyous excitement.

BLISSON'S LAST ROUND. Six Illustrations.
"He was in the act of lifting the tankard to his lips when I saw his face change suddenly. . . . Leaning against the clock in an attitude of dejection stood the Figure."

THE BARLEY MOW. Ten Illustrations.
"The disturbance outside continued. "My 'usband! My 'usband!" cried the voice; "what have you done with my 'usband?"

A HORRIBLE TALE (Double-Page).

Our blood was chilled, we could not speak,
We could not even raise a shriek,
Each moment seemed a tedious week.

THE TALES are by Mrs. OLIPHANT, ARTHUR LOCKER, T. W. SPEIGHT, and JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, post free, 1s. 2½d.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast	France	Natal
Austria	Germany	Norway
Belgium	Gibraltar	Portugal
Brazil	Holland	Russia
Canada	Italy	St. Thomas
Cape of Good Hope	Jamaica	Suez
Constantinople	Malta	Sweden
Denmark	Mexico	Switzerland
Egypt	Monte Video	West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia Ceylon China	*Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition.	India Japan New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH THE TURKS

ALTHOUGH the bastinado is comparatively little used now amongst the Turks, corporal punishment is as popular an institution as ever, and whether the offender is a dishonest baker of Stamboul, or a disobedient or thieving soldier on the banks of the Lom, the culprit—provided his fault be not so flagrant as to necessitate reference to higher quarters—is generally summarily made to "eat stick," after the orthodox schoolboy fashion represented in our illustration.

The third sketch depicts a stable and hut, the quarters occupied by the two British officers of Baker Pasha's staff, Colonel Studdy and Major Allix, at Sarnasuffla, Bulgaria. Our artist enjoyed the hospitality of these gentlemen for one night; though, owing to the close proximity of the horses and the company of a multitude of rats, his sleep could hardly be termed unbroken. However, he remarks, "*à la guerre comme à la guerre*," and the smallest shelter on the field is eminently acceptable.

WITH THE RUSSIANS—FIRING A FALCONET

IN these days of ironclads and 100-ton guns it is strange to find a weapon of three centuries back being reverted to in a campaign where even the *zundnädelgewehr* of a few years since is regarded as an antiquated weapon. The "falconet" was the name given to the semi-blunderbuss-semi-cannon used in the time of good Queen Bess. During the present war it has been a not unfrequent arm in the hands of the Russians, who have used it behind good cover, such as a raised mound, for desultory assaults, or for pushing forward a line of advance. In the present sketch it is being used during an attack on November 9th by Skobeleff's troops, the officer resting the unwieldy weapon upon a breastwork of bushes.

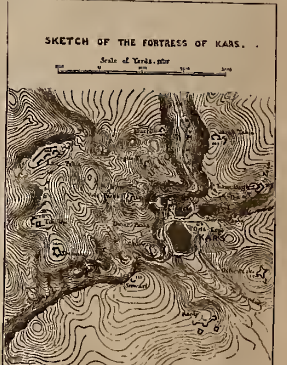
WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA—PRAYER

"CELEBRATE the praise of thy Lord before the rising of the sun, and before the setting thereof . . . that thou mayest be well pleased with the prospect of receiving favour from God." So runs the ordinance for prayer in the Koran, and there is no precept of the Mahometan Scriptures more rigidly observed by the True Believer than this, wherever he may be at the appointed hour, whether in the barren wastes of the desert, where sand has to serve for his preliminary ablutions, or on the crowded bazaar of Stamboul or Cairo. Neither does he neglect these duties in warfare, for his regiment is invariably accompanied by a Muezzin, who, as the sun slowly prepares to sink to rest, mounts, if in camp, on a roughly-made watch-tower; if on the field, on a neighbouring transport waggon or earthen mound, and with the cherished profession of faith, "La Allah il Allah, Mahmoud Rusoul Allah" ("God is God, and Mahomet is His Prophet"), loudly summons the men of war to their nightly prayer and genuflexions—a summons rarely neglected, and doubtless on such occasions as portrayed in our illustration many a "faithful" soldier supplements his orisons by an inward petition to the Prophet not to forget the promise, given in the words of the Koran, which has sustained him through so many hardships and dangers, that "whosoever fighteth for the religion of God, whether he be slain or be victorious, we will surely give him a great reward." And is he not about to fight once more against the Giaour Muscov?

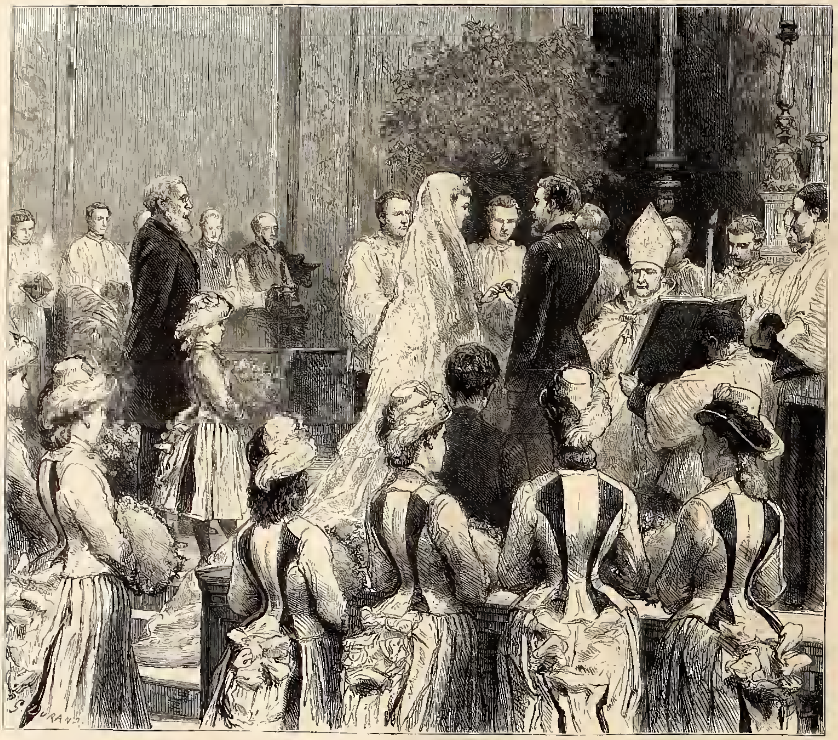
THE SURRENDER OF KARS

THE fortifications of Kars—the key of Asia Minor, as Sir Fenwick Williams termed it—may be divided into three distinct sets of defences. The town itself is situated in a rocky amphitheatre of basaltic heights—those on the eastern side, the Kara Dagh, or Black Mountain, being the most formidable. On the hills are constructed a series of outlying forts and redoubts, which when properly manned, afford an effective protection to the position.

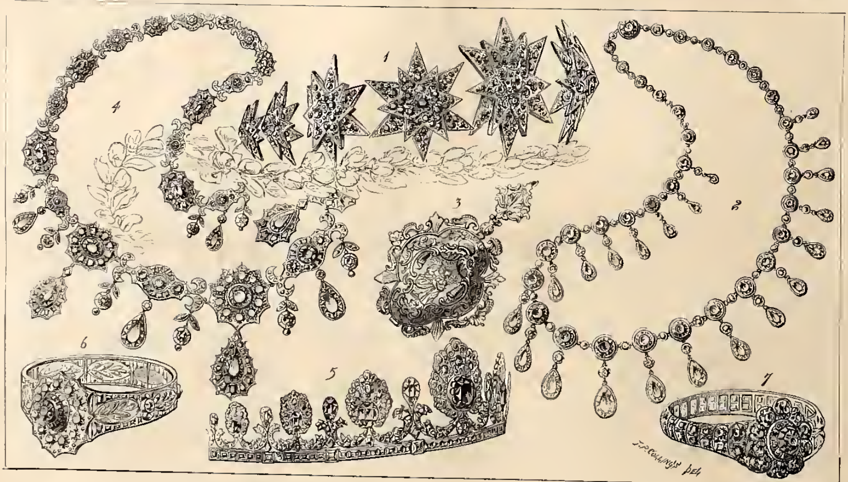
The first set of these defences—a correspondent of *The Times* recently wrote—are on the plain to the south, and include Hafiz Pasha, the Kanli, and the Suwarri Tabia (forts), with the connecting line of intrenchments and the camp in their rear. The second, to the west of the Kars Tchai (River) which flows through the valley, are on steep heights—the principal forts being Tahmasp, the Tek, and Mukhliss Tabia. The third system comprises the works on the Kara Dagh. Between the eastern and western forts run the Kars Tchai, with steep precipitous banks from 400 feet to 700 feet in height. It was on Saturday, Nov. 10th, that the Russian besieging forces opened a heavy artillery fire on the southern and eastern positions, and in the evening, under cover of the darkness, assaulted simultaneously the Suwarri, the Kanli, and the Hafiz Pasha, while smaller parties threatened the Tahmasp and Kara Dagh. The forts being weakly manned, rapidly succumbed—the Kara Dagh, the key to the position, was carried, the remaining forts surrendered, and the town fell into the possession of the Russians on the following morning.


SKETCH OF THE FORTRESS OF KARS.

We have already published an engraving of the modern defences of Kars, and this week reproduce an illustration of the famous historical assault of Kars on September 29th, 1855, during its gallant defence by General Williams. General Williams had arrived at Kars on June 7th, and wrote to a friend that "Kars cannot be taken by a *coup de main*, but involves a bloody struggle for its defence and fall." General Williams's predictions were amply verified by the result, for after waiting until September 29th the Russian commander Mouravieff, growing tired of so long a siege, attempted to surprise the garrison in force. He failed, and after a most furious action was repulsed with a loss of 7,000 men. Famine, however, ultimately accomplished what force of arms could not effect, and on the 25th of November General Williams capitulated to General Mouravieff, who accorded him all the honours of war while remarking, "General Williams, you have made for yourself a name in history, and posterity will stand amazed at the endurance, the courage, and the discipline which this siege has called forth in the remains of an army."—Our illustration is from a lithograph executed by the Typographical and Statistical Depot of the War Department from a sketch made on the spot by Mr. Henry A. Churchill, Secretary to the British Commission, and transmitted through the Foreign Office to the War Department.



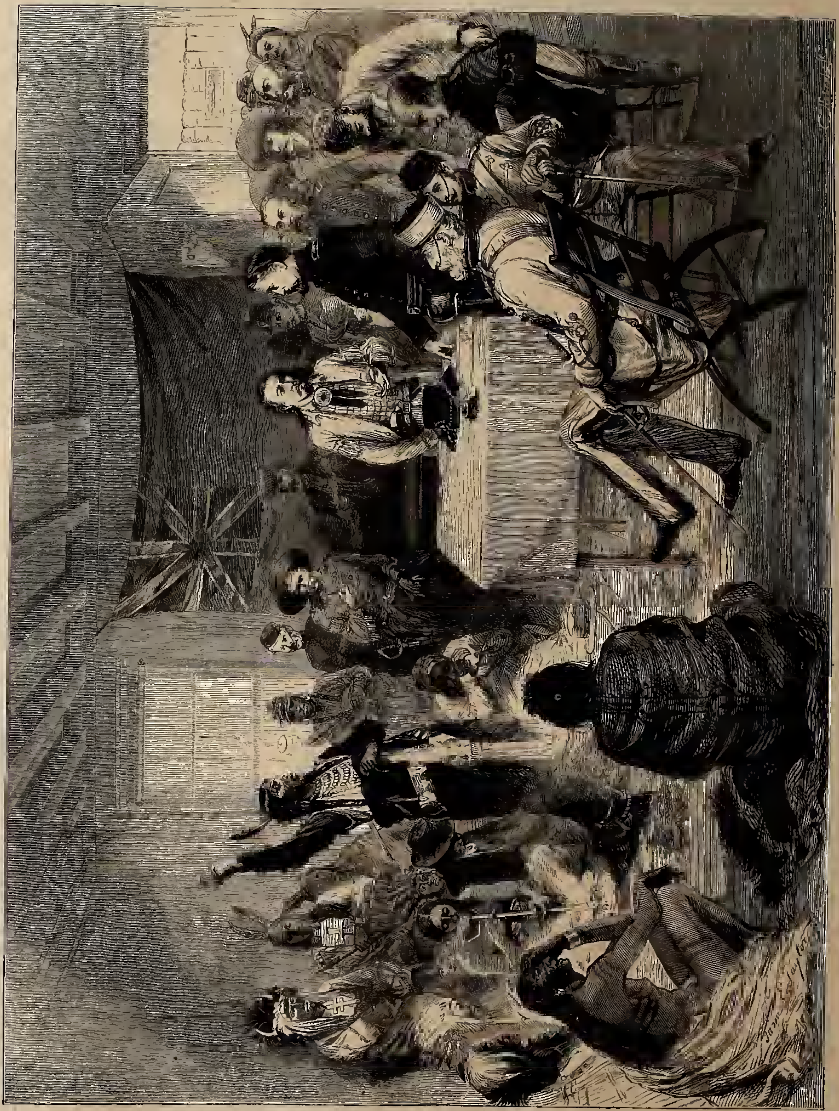
THE CEREMONY AT THE ORATORY, BROMPTON



SOME OF THE PRESENTS

1. Diamond Tiara, given by Abney Hastings, Esq., Father of the Bride.—2. Diamond Necklace given by the Inhabitants of Sheffield, and Tenants of the Hallamshire Estates.—3. Relic of Ste. Philippe, given by the Fathers at Brompton Oratory.—4. Diamond and Ruby Necklace given by the Bridegroom.—5. Diamond and Ruby Tiara given by the Bridegroom.—6 and 7. Bracelets given by the Bridegroom.

THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK



THE INDIAN WAR IN THE UNITED STATES—THE "SITTING BULL" COUNCIL AT FORT WALSH, BRITISH TERRITORY, OCTOBER, 1877

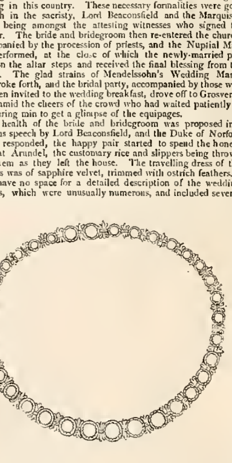
THE DUKE OF NORFOLK'S MARRIAGE

THE nuptial ceremony which took place last week at the Brompton Oratory was one of surpassing magnificence. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the altar and super-altar were ablaze with light and colour. Dr. Danell (the Bishop of Southwark) officiated, assisted by the Bishops of Nottingham and Port Louis, Monsignors Capel, Weld, Talbot, and a host of lesser ecclesiastic dignitaries, whose rich vestments added to the magnificence of the scene. The bride, Lady Flora Hastings, wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and sprays of orange-blossom, a *point de gaze* veil, and a profusion of diamond jewellery, the presents of the bridegroom, her father, and other relatives and friends. Her twelve bridesmaids, most of them very young, and a few quite children, were uniformly attired in ivory *poult-de-soie*, trimmed with ivory *broche* silk and Cardinal velvet, with felt hats to carrespond.

Instead of a locket the Duke of Norfolk had given each a bracelet of gold, pearls, and diamonds. The bride's mother was dressed in dark blue silk, and the bridegroom wore a blue frock coat, with pale lavender trousers. The Roman Catholic marriage-service differs from the Anglican ritual only in the introduction of the words "If Holy Church will it permit," the presentation by the bridegroom to the bride of "gold and silver" as well as the ring, and the sprinkling of the pair with holy water, but it of course has to be supplemented by a civil ceremony before the registrar of the district, as no purely religious marriage other than that of the Church of England is legally binding in this country. These necessary formalities were gone through in the sacristy, Lord Beaconsfield and the Marquis of Lorne being amongst the attesting witnesses who signed the register. The bride and bridegroom then re-entered the church, accompanied by the procession of priests, and the Nuptial Mass was performed, at the close of which the newly-married pair knelt on the altar steps and received the final blessing from the Bishop. The glad strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March then broke forth, and the bridal party, accompanied by those who had been invited to the wedding breakfast, drove off to Grosvenor Street amid the cheers of the crowd who had waited patiently in the pouring rain to get a glimpse of the equipages.

The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed in a felicitous speech by Lord Beaconsfield, and the Duke of Norfolk having responded, the happy pair started to spend the honeymoon at Arundel, the customary rice and slippers being thrown after them as they left the house. The travelling dress of the Duchess was of sapphire velvet, trimmed with ostrich feathers.

We have no space for a detailed description of the wedding presents, which were unusually numerous, and included several



reliquaries and religious emblems. That which we have engraved above is a pearl necklet of great historical value, having once belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. It was the gift of the bridegroom. During the time the presents were on view three detectives were employed to watch over them lest they might go the way of those belonging to the Countess of Aberdeen.

THE KAFFIR WAR AT THE CAPE

WE gave last week, with the portrait of the rebel chief Kreli, a brief account of the recent rising of the Galeka Kaffirs, which has just been quelled by the energy of Sir Bartle Frere, and this week we publish the portrait of Sandili, the chief of the Gaikas, a powerful Kaffir tribe. It was at first feared be might join Kreli, but he has fortunately remained faithful to us throughout. That is to say "passively" faithful, for he has rendered no actual assistance, and during a recent interview with Sir Bartle Frere feigned utter ignorance of the war news, and "wished to sit still." In rank and prestige, he is scarcely inferior to Kreli, as the Gaikas are nearly as large a tribe as the Galekas. The other portraits portray a Basuto witch-doctor in full dress, and bedecked with the various charms so essential to his art, and a Kaffir warrior of many feathers fully prepared for a campaign against the hated English invaders of his ancestral territory.

Of our two views, the first is taken from Fingoeland, overlooking part of the course of the Kei River, which is the boundary between the Eastern province of the Cape Colony and Kaffirland proper.

The flat-topped mountain rising from the opposite or Colonial side of the river has the evil-sounding name of Murderer's Kop—or head. It is so-called on account of its having been the scene of the murder of five English officers who, towards the close of the last Kaffir war, had ridden from the "Komgka" for the purpose of enjoying the splendid view of the Kei Valley that can there be obtained. Unfortunately they were watched by the Kaffirs, who lay in wait for them at the only place where an ascent to the upper plateau is possible. Here the dense bush so effectually cancealed them that the fire of their guns actually scorched the clothes of their victims, who had to pass within a foot or two of these hidden foes. During the fighting that took place on the following day several of these men were killed whilst wearing the unfortunate officers' clothes, whose bodies were found lying where they had been slain. The ascent to the "Kop" is on the left side of the sketch, all the other slopes of the mountain are precipitous. The "Komgka," situated among the most distant hills in this sketch, is now again occupied by British troops, who are there stationed to prevent the Gaika tribe within the Colony assisting the Galekas, and also to occupy the Colonial Police quarters, and thus enable the whole of that force to be concentrated in the Transkei.

Our second sketch is the Nxhaxa Presidency in the Idutwa Reserve, about twenty miles from Kreli's "Great Place." These magistrates' houses are mostly of a primitive style of construction, and are sometimes made with their own hands, whilst Kaffir huts have even to be put up with at times until a better lodging can be built. Beyond an occasional visit from another magistrate they see few white men—excepting their assistant clerk—from year's end to year's end, but their time is fully occupied settling Kaffir disputes, punishing criminals, and collecting the hut tax.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 513.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

VICTOR HUGO'S new work is continued on page 518.

THE LAPLANDERS AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM

ALL those who believe with Pope that the proper study of mankind is man, should make a point of seeing the strange visitors who have just been imported by Mr. Farini. They are remarkably good types of their race, and they come from Kauto Keino, in Finmark, the most northerly inhabited part of Europe, about 71 deg. N. latitude, and consequently within the Arctic Circle. The party, which was brought to this country by Mr. Carl Bock, the Norwegian naturalist, consists of two men and two women, and they have brought with them their sledges, tents, some reindeer, dogs, and an Arctic fox. They are of short stature, with Mongolian features; and their dress, made almost entirely of reindeer skin, is the same both for males and females, with the exception of the headgear, the men wearing a thick woollen cap stuffed with eider-down, and the women a sort of helmet made of light wood and covered with cloth. They go through a kind of performance, pitching their tents, lassoing the deer, and harnessing them to the sledges, as well as singing some Lutheran hymns, and the song by which they are accustomed to call together their flocks of deer. Their habits are not over cleanly. They seldom undress, sleeping in their clothes upon the floor, beds being entirely unknown in their country. They are great flesh-eaters, and are very fond of coffee and tobacco, and also of bread, with which, however, they were unacquainted until their arrival in this country. They have a simple, childlike expression, and their behaviour before a crowded audience is a strange mixture of shyness and self-possession. They stare at their visitors with great pertinacity, and will stop in the middle of a hymn to blow their noses through their fingers, yet when their task is completed they hide their faces in their hands as though half-ashamed of their performance. The names of the men are Joseph and Nils, those of the women Sivi and Ellen. The last mentioned is very wealthy, being the owner of 1,000 reindeer. They are all unmarried; but it is said that a double wedding is likely to take place before their return, Nils pairing off with Ellen and Joseph with Sivi.

THE "SITTING BULL" COUNCIL AT FORT WALSH, BRITISH COLUMBIA

A BURMESE PONY RACE

AND

COOLIES AT CAPE TOWN INSPECTING OUR WAR NUMBER

See page 524.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SELBY

THE recent visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to the seat of Lord Londesborough in Yorkshire was seized upon by the inhabitants of Selby as an opportunity for demonstrating their loyalty by a display of decorations which did credit to the taste of the Reception Committee. The weather, however, on the day of the Royal visit was most unfavourable; heavy rain saturated the bunting and put out most of the innumerable oil lamps, which had been prepared in consequence of the procession not passing through the town until nearly dusk in the evening. The gas illuminations, however, burned brightly enough, and the hearty welcome of the people was in no degree diminished by the dampness of the atmosphere.

The west front and south side of the parish church which forms the subject of our illustrations, were lit up in a very pretty manner. The church, which is the chief object of interest in the town, is a portion (almost the only remaining one) of Selby Abbey, founded by William the Conqueror 1069, and was the birthplace of Henry I. The architecture is mixed Norman and Early English, the choir being a most beautiful specimen of decorated work. The whole building has recently been restored under the supervision of Sir Gilbert Scott.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. F. Sherwood, of Selby.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Lord Derby, replying on Wednesday to a deputation representing three Russophobist Societies, whose desire is that the Government should take some active steps for the protection of "British Interests," and to bring about peace, said that he could not think that the road from England to India lies through the Euphrates valley, so long as the Suez Canal was open to us, and the proposition that the latter line of communication would be endangered if the Russians should get to Trebizonde he considered somewhat difficult of proof. The further strengthening of the Mediterranean garrisons might be regarded as a menace, and our fleet could not be sent to Constantinople without the consent of the Porte, which might possibly be refused, except on terms incompatible with the maintenance of our "conditional neutrality." He did not, however, think that the city was in any immediate danger.—Mr. Gladstone's lecture in reply to Mr. Forbes's article in the *Nineteenth Century* was given on Friday last at the Hawarden National Schools, the proceeds being devoted to the fund being raised by Mr. Forsyth and Miss Irby for the refugees in Dalmatia and Montenegro. Mr. Gladstone condemned the Turkish Government as a combination of fraud, falsehood, and robbery; and said that systematic lying and systematic slander were the daily instruments by which it carried on its work. (As an instance of this be cited the absurd account of his Bulgarian origin, which we have already noticed.) He admitted Mr. Forbes' description of the prosperity of the Bulgarians; but pointed out that their lives and property were at the absolute will of the Government, whose cruelty was only limited by regard for the raising of the taxes and the necessary cultivation of the land. As long as the British Cabinet observed its conditional neutrality, the Liberal party would observe a conditional quietude; but if the Government desisted, they would desist also. He regretted the errors which placed Russia in a position of such power; but he had confidence in the honour of the Emperor, and in the humanity of the Russian people. If Russia misused her position we should be strong enough to restrain her; but if, as he believed, she acted up to her pledges, she would have done mankind a service which would always be remembered.—Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., has abandoned for the present all hope of getting Parliament to adopt his scheme of Municipal Licensing. Finding that everywhere, except in Birmingham, he has failed to secure the support the United Kingdom Alliance, he bows before the inexorable logic of facts, and has determined to wait until public opinion has more advanced in his direction.—Dr. Kenealy's influence appears to be on the wane. His appeal for a "million sixpences" for the advancement of Magna Charta, issued some time ago, has as yet only been responded to to the extent of 20*l*.—Several members of Parliament have addressed their constituencies during the week, the Conservatives of course taking credit to the Government for its policy of conditional neutrality, and the Liberals equally of course claiming that that policy has been forced upon Lord Beaconsfield by Mr. Gladstone, and other prominent members of the Opposition.—Cork had its usual torchlight procession on Friday last to commemorate the anniversary of the execution of the "Manchester Martyrs;" but the number of processionists was exceedingly small.—A faction fight took place on Tuesday at New Pallas, Limerick, between three and four hundred men known as the "Three Year Olds" and the "Four Year Olds," some of whom were badly injured. We are obliged to confess ignorance as to the political proclivities of the contending parties.

MISCELLANEOUS.——At the Crystal Palace on Wednesday Mr. Archibald Forbes gave a lecture descriptive of his experiences as a Special Correspondent at the Seat of War. He wore the many Orders which he had won in different campaigns, and his stirring narrative of the episodes of the war, and humorous stories of personal adventure were evidently much appreciated by his hearers.—A Dramatic Reform Association is about to be started at Manchester. Its objects are to promote a more general elevation of public taste in relation to the Drama by affording facilities for the study of the works of the best dramatic authors, and arranging for dramatic readings, essays, and discussions.—The Marquis of Bute has offered to build a grand hall for the University of Glasgow. The cost estimated is 80,000*l*.—A statue of King Robert the Bruce was unveiled at Stirling on Saturday last. It stands in front of the Castle, and overlooks the battle-fields of Stirling Bridge and Bannockburn.—Lord Selborne is the new Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University.—Her Majesty the Queen has given to the town of Heywood, Lancashire, twenty acres of land for the purpose of a public park.—The violent gales of Saturday and Sunday appear to have done more damage by sea than on land, but the incessant rains have greatly swollen the rivers, and many parts of the country are inundated. As an indication of the extreme cold which has prevailed in some districts it may be noted that on Monday morning a young man was found frozen to death in the streets of Liverpool.—Temple Bar appears to be stronger than some people have supposed. The other day a carriage drawn by two runaway horses came into collision with it and did *not* knock it down.—The Blantyre Colliery inquiry concluded on Friday, and the report of the Commissioners will be anxiously waited for. An overman of No. 1 pit who gave evidence on Thursday said that the statement of the man Coulter, that he had been dismissed because he asked for an inspection of the mine, was a "deliberate lie," he having left of his own accord, although witness offered to go round the mine with him and any other two of the men.

SPORTING

THE TURF.——The "legitimate" racing season died last week, as every one interested in the Turf well knows; but now that nine-tenths of the "illegitimate" business is done by thoroughbreds, which are soon schooled to clear "obstacles," the winter of the Turfites' discontent is cheered by an almost continuous supply of hurdleracing and steeplechasing till the "flat" work begins again. If, then, a sufficient number of persons can be found to stand up to their ankles in mud, and defy *Jupiter Pluvius* with the aid of mackintoshes and waterproof ulsters, for the pleasure and excitement of watching the timber-topping and cross-country performances of animals equine and human, and a sufficient number of horses to keep the game alive, what just cause or impediment can be alleged against this winter form of racing? That a sufficient number of performers and spectators can be found this week's meeting at Croydon is ample evidence; and those who put in an appearance at the Woodside pastures must confess that they got their money's worth, though in one or two instances the caprice of owners and the ills horseflesh is heir to limited the fields. The wind-up of the legitimate season every year seems to take more and more out of the speculators, and consequently the big hurdle race and steeplechases at Croydon evoked but little in the way of market operations till the numbers were up. The acceptances for these were meagre when compared with the entrances; but the International Hurdle Race, after all, produced a fair field of eleven, and for speculative purposes was open enough, as the favourite, Citizen, could be backed up to the last moment at a trifle over 4 to 1, last year's winner, Woodcock, associated as a bird appropriately enough with the month of November, standing at 10 to 1. The race was a capital one, and it was not till within the last few strides that the favourite got up and defeated the almost rank outsider, Royal Oak, by a head. Another good race on the opening day was that for the Selling Steeplechase, which Mr. A. Yates, in capital form, won on Lothair, beating Zerlina by a neck. The Irish division, which is always formidable, threw two mains in succession, winning the Maiden Hurdle Race with Lady Pitt, and the Stewards' Steeplechase with Moortown. Whatever grievances our Hibernian friends suffer, or fancy they suffer, politically, civilly, or socially, there is certainly "justice to Ireland" on the English Turf. Wednesday's racing was decidedly good, though the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase dwindled down to five runners, and after a race of but little interest fell to last year's winner, Pride of Kildare, who beat Chimney Sweep easily enough. No less than fifteen animals contested the Selling Hurdle Race, for which Huntly, notwithstanding his indifferent performance on the previous day, was made favourite. He justified the anticipations of his supporters by winning the race from Somebody's Child by a neck. Gilestone, who has led a retired life of late, won the Shirley Hurdle Race for Mr. T. V. Morgan in a field of ten, starting at the decent odds of 6 to 1. Altogether the Craydon authorities may be congratulated on a very successful meeting.

Coursing.——The Berkeley Open Meeting shows signs of taking a foremost position among the coursing fixtures of the season, though yet in its infancy. The Derby Stakes were divided between Mr. Webb's Wordsley and Mr. Morgan's (nomination) Berkeley. Memorandum for those who are on the look out for young dogs likely to further distinguish themselves—"Keep an eye on Berkeley."

Football.——Matters have been rather quiet lately in the field, the match between the military establishments of Woolwich and Sandhurst being the most important of recent contests. It was fought at the Surrey Oval on Saturday last mid rain and mud, and resulted in the victory of the Woolwich team by three tries to *nil*. An inter-county match between Cumberland and Northumberland is to be recorded in favour of the latter by eight goals, Cumberland not making a single score.

Assault of Arms.——Under this somewhat perplexing title the London Athletic Club held high festival at St. James's Hall on Saturday last, and gave its annual exhibition of fencing, single-stick, boxing, and all kinds of gymnastic exercises. After its kind it is one of the events of the year, and drew, as it invariably does, an immense audience—or, to speak more correctly, "spectatory." The professional set-to between Allen and Donnelly with the gloves, conducted in a perfectly legitimate and artistic manner, was a treat to see, and might have been witnessed by a young ladies' school of the most refined character or by the bench of Bishops without scandal.

THEATRES

The author of *The Omadhaun* at the **Queen's** Theatre has with some ingenuity converted a French melodrama, the scene of which is in the Upper Pyrenees, into a romantic play, whereof the action is supposed to pass in the mountainous region of the south-west of Ireland. The original piece—as honestly acknowleged in the playbill—is *Le Crétin de la Montagne*, by Grangé and Thiboust, which was brought out at the Théâtre de la Gaîeté in 1861. A rough sort of version was quickly produced at the Surrey Theatre, with the title of *The Idiot of the Mountain*; but this is, we believe, the first time that anything like a careful adaptation of this stirring and picturesque play has been attempted on our stage. The skill of Mr. Grattan, the adaptor, has been chiefly exhibited in the genuine Irish tone which he has imparted to the dialogue, and praise is due to him for the judgment with which he has reduced the superabundant materials before him so as to bring the piece well within the limit of time beyond which experience seems to show that the patience of English audiences must not be tried. The play is, however, not without serious faults. The adaptor has not altogether made his own story clear; the characters hint at complications which are fully enough developed in the original, but in this compressed version are either not developed at all, or not sufficiently impressed on the mind of the audience for their significance and importance as elements of the story to be fully appreciated. We need hardly say that persecuted virtue is the main feature of both play and adaptation. A worthy innkeeper is charged with the murder of an oppressive usurer; the circumstantial evidence is strong, yet the real murderer is a villainous squire, who, to mislead justice, has done the deed by means of a gun belonging to the accused man, and surreptitiously obtained from his house. The murderer, however, does not go the length of allowing the innocent to be condemned. He happens to be one of the jury, and by his influence in this capacity he procures a verdict of acquittal. The innkeeper, nevertheless, still suffers from the persecution of his neighbours, who believe in his guilt; and from this point the story resolves itself into the efforts of his daughter, the heroine of the piece, to clear the reputation of her father. This, it will be seen, is not altogether so commonplace a situation as most melodramas present us with; and a poetical spirit is further communicated to the play by the presence of a poor half-witted lad, who, inspired by a simple love for the heroine, renders signal service in detecting the murderer. The interest, indeed, centres in this boy, and the part is played at the Queen's with equal delicacy and force by Miss Henrietta Hodson. It is, however, in great degree the relations of the boy with other personages, and above all with the murderer, that give him this importance, and these elements are in the adaptation weakened and obscured to an extent which does damage to the story. The management of the *dénouement* is singularly clumsy; as are the arrangements of the important set-scene in the second act, wherein serious incidents and dialogue are made to take place in a section of a cottage perched upon a rock. This scene in the original French play has always been enacted on the level of the stage, one half of which is occupied by the cottage. Although ordinary human eyesight is incapable, as Mr. Weller justly observed, of seeing through a deal door or a brick wall, a section of an interior is one of those conventions of the theatre to which—at least in a melodrama—no sensible person objects: but tragic proceedings going on in half a portmanteau upon a large shelf are apt to appear ridiculous. The acting of the piece is in most respects satisfactory, Mr. Vezin, Mr. Shiel Barry, Miss Carlisle, Miss Brennan, and Mr. Billington being each and all provided with characters strictly within their province; and little seems wanted to render *The Omadhaun* a popular piece.

Progress, which is a free rendering of *Les Ganaches*, was performed at the **Criterion** last Saturday morning, and, though somewhat didactic in tone, is by no means one of the least pleasing of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedies. The interest of the piece, we may mention for the benefit of those who have not seen the play, turns on the affection of a young lady for a man of somewhat humbler position than herself. At first he does not reciprocate her feelings, but being encouraged by her friends (who regard it merely as the scheme of a good-natured doctor to restore her to health) to humour her belief that he is equally attached to her, he really and truly falls in love, to their great wrath and discomfiture. Miss Eastlake was a charming representative of Eva Summers, the young lady in question, and played the part in a way to justify a very sanguine estimate of her future reputation. She was excellently supported by Mr. Ashley as Dr. Brawn, the bustling, good-humoured medical attendant. Mr. C. Wyndham, as the young engineer whom Eva loves, has comparatively little to do; and we have seen Mr. Edgar Bruce in parts which suited him better than that of the proud yet generous-natured Arthur Mompesson. Mr. Bunnythorne and his scapegrace son might be omitted from the play without any damage to the plot. The former was humorously rendered by Mr. Harry Paulton. This (Saturday) morning, and on the 15th inst., the ever-popular *Pink Dominos* will be performed; on the 8th, *Still Waters Run Deep*, and on the 22nd, *An American Lady*.

On last Saturday morning at the **Globe**, *Flirtation*, a petite comedy in three acts, by Messrs. Romer and Bellamy, was performed. We noticed it when it was first produced last year, and therefore need only say that although the dialogue is very slight, the interest and amusement of the audience was well sustained by Mr. Righton's capital impersonation of the Major, and the piece met with a tolerably good reception. Mr. J. R. Plowman's burlesque *Isaac of York* concluded the entertainment.

The **Duke's** Theatre has reopened with a revival of Lord Byron's *Sardanapalus*, or rather of the compressed stage version of that play which has from time to time been employed as a vehicle for grand scenic effects. With the exception of Miss Gainsborough's performance of Myrrha there is not much to commend in the acting, or rather in the elocution, for there is but little action. The scenic splendours, however, which are due to the taste and enterprise of Mr. Calvert and Mr. Charles, fully justify the reputation with which this revival has come to town.

Shooting Stars at the **Folly** Theatre is another and a more free version of M. Hervé's *L'Œil Crevé*, which is brilliant and animated, as all musical pieces are at this theatre; though not remarkable for witty allusions or clever dialogue in general. The acting and singing of Miss Munroe, Miss Cameran, Miss Beaumont, and Mr. Howson, however, render the trifle a pleasant afterpiece.

The management of the **Princess's** have revived Mr. W. G. Wills's *Jane Shore*, with Miss Heath in the part of the heroine.

On Saturday last, at the **Montefiore Institute**, Tavistock Place, Mr. Charles Sleigh's comedy-drama company gave a representation of Mr. H. T. Craven's comic drama, *Milky White*. The characters were fairly sustained. The Institute, which is named after its chief patron, Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., combines the advantages of a Club with those of a Literary and Art Society. Besides a *bijou* theatre, in which entertainments and lectures are given, there are ladies' rooms, dining, smoking, reading, and billiard saloons, a library, and classes for music, elocution, debating, &c.

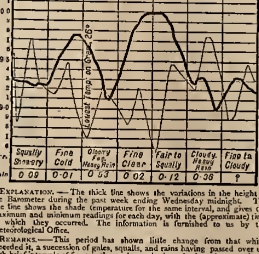
St. George's Hall, Langham Place.——After the 26th December next **St. George's Hall** will be under the entire management of Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain, and will as hitherto still be available for Amateur Performances, Concerts, &c., on the afternoons and evenings not devoted to Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment.

Messrs. Savile Clarke and Du Terreaux's comedy, entitled *Love Wins*, was performed at the **Crystal Palace** Theatre on Wednesday, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, before a crowded audience. In these days of revivals it is rather remarkable that this cleverly constructed and amusing comedy has not been reproduced at a London theatre.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

November 22nd to November 28th (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——This period has shown little change from that which preceded it, a succession of gales, squalls, and rains having passed over us, with brief intervals of fine weather. As a rule the gales have been southerly to westerly in direction, and have been felt more severely on our western and northern coasts than about London. On Saturday, the 24th instant, however, a very small but deep disturbance passed up the Channel, and severe gales were experienced, from north-west to north-east in Devon and Cornwall, and from south-east to north-east on our south-eastern coasts. On the Kentish coast great damage was done by the violence of the wind; but the gale was not felt at any station north of the Wash. The barometer was highest (29·98 inches) on Sunday night, the 25th instant; lowest (29·00 inches) on Tuesday night, the 27th instant; range, 0·98 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (54°) on Thursday, the 22nd instant; lowest (31°) on Monday, the 26th instant, when 21° was recorded on the grass; range, 23°. Rainfall: Total fall, 1·13 inches, on six days; greatest fall, 0·53 inches, on Saturday, the 24th instant. On Thursday morning last the weather was again stormy and wet, and the barometer had fallen to 29·85 inches in London.

◆

An Ingenious Picture Theft has been committed recently in the Philadelphia Academy of Arts. A valuable painting by the late Spanish artist, Fortuny, "The Council House of Grenada," was minutely copied by some painter, and the copy inserted in the place of the original, which was cut out of the frame and carried off. So well was the imitation executed that the trick was not discovered till several months afterwards, while the original has lately been found in the possession of an artist at Niagara Falls. The painting is worth about 3,000*l.*, and is specially valuable, as, says the *New York Herald*, there are only twenty-seven Fortunys in existence.

Scraps

Milan will hold an Industrial Exhibition in 1879.

A fine Bed of Oysters, extending over from twelve to twenty square miles, has been discovered off the west coast of Jersey.

Temple Bar's days are now numbered, and tenders for its removal are invited, the applications to be sent in by the 12th inst.

A Portrait of Mr. Darwin is to be painted for Cambridge University, and subscriptions are now being raised for this purpose.

The Ground round St. Paul's Cathedral is shortly to be laid out as a public garden. The palings will be lowered, trees planted, and pathways made.

Herr Wagner's Dramatic School at Bayreuth, wherein students are to be trained especially for the representation of his operas, opens on January 1st.

Terence's *Adelphi* will be the Westminster Play this year, and will be performed, as usual, in the Dormitory on the evenings of the 13th, 18th, and 20th inst.

Professor Ebers, the German novelist, who has furnished such curious studies of ancient Egyptian life in his "Egyptian Princess" and "Uarda," has completed a new novel, "Homo Sum," laid in the time of Constantine.

M. Victor Hugo has two five-act lyrical dramas ready for representation, according to the Paris *Figaro*, one being founded on the story of the Man in the Iron Mask, and called *The Twins*, and the other being entitled *Torquemada*. The author intended these two pieces to be played after his death, but the success of *Hernani* will probably induce him to bring them out at once.

A Species of Hydrophobia has attacked the deer in Cassiobary Park, the Earl of Essex's seat at Watford, according to the *Live Stock Journal*. The animals have become very fierce, foam at the mouth, fight, and run their heads against the trees, injuring themselves so much as to cause death. In this way forty-five deer had been destroyed up to the beginning of last week.

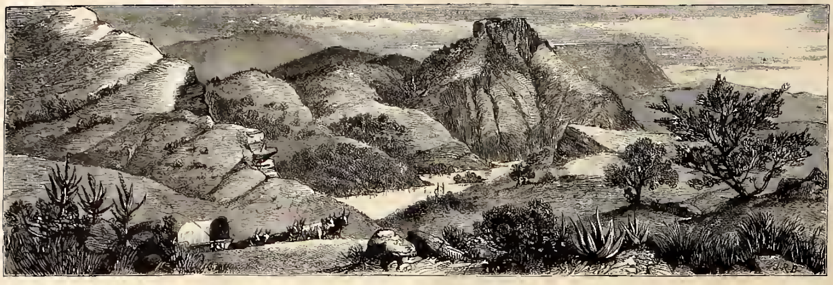
Incombustible Writing-Paper has been invented by two Salamanca *savants*, which is warranted to resist the most intense heat. A single sheet will carbonise, but will not burn, while if a roll of prepared paper be placed in the fiercest fire, although the outside leaves and the extreme edges may carbonise, the interior will remain unaltered, and the writing or printing will be perfectly legible. Papers already written or printed upon may undergo the process of preparation without injury.

Help to the Turkish Wounded.——The Stafford House Committee for the relief of the wounded in the Russo-Turkish war appeal afresh for assistance, as help is urgently needed in Armenia, where the recent battles have greatly increased the distress. Round Erzeroum thousands of wounded await assistance, and of these many must go for days or weeks without aid, and even die of their wounds, for simple want of appliances for their relief. The committee has sent out forty-two surgeons, has established five permanent hospitals and five ambulances, a transport service from the field to the hospitals, two railway transports, and five soup-kitchens, with the necessary stores and appliances, and four surgeons are now on their way to Trebizonde.

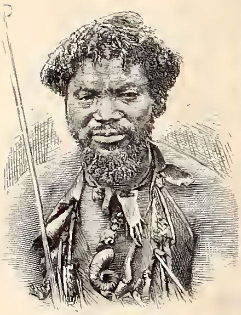
The Island of Jan Mayen, in the Arctic Ocean, has been freshly surveyed by the Norwegian Deep Sea Expedition, which explored the Northern Seas last summer. The island is a comparatively recent volcanic formation, similar in geological conformation to the later portion of Iceland, such as the peninsula of Reikavik. The volcano of Beerenberg, the highest point on the island, was ascertained by the explorers to be nearly 1,000 feet lower than had been believed—5,836 ft., instead of 6,640 ft. At a distance of seven or eight miles from Jan Mayen the sea was 1,000 fathoms deep, while the transition from the warm Gulf Stream to the icy Polar waters between Tromsoe and Jan Mayen was most strongly marked about lat. 71 N. and long. 5 W. Next year the Expedition will continue its investigations between Jan Mayen, Spitzbergen, and the North Cape, and will endeavour to ascertain the limit of the existence of shell-fish.

London Mortality increased last week, and 1,571 deaths were registered against 1,435 during the previous seven days, an increase of 136, but being 142 below the average, and at the rate of 23·2 per 1,000, a higher rate than any since May last. The present prevailing epidemic is measles, from which 82 deaths occurred during the last week (an increase of 16); there were 27 from small-pox (an increase of 13); 55 from scarlet fever; 11 from diphtheria; 32 from whooping-cough (an increase of 19), 38 from different forms of fever (an increase of 10, and 4 below the average), 13 from diarrhœa, and 1 from hydrophobia, being the sixteenth fatal case this year. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 409 (an increase of 96, but 56 below the average), of which 267 resulted from bronchitis, and 104 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 43 deaths. There were 2,398 births registered against 2,666 during the previous week. The mean temperature was 42·8 deg., or 1 deg. above the average. There were 11·9 hours of sunshine during the 59·7 hours the sun was above the horizon.

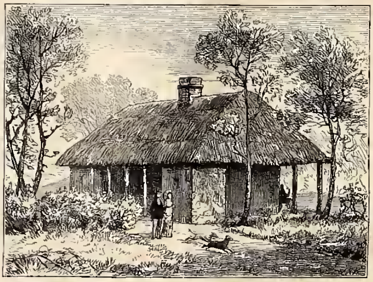
A Novel Fire Escape.——With reference to the engraving we published last week, Mr. T. Twining, of Twickenham, informs us that in May last he wrote to Captain Shaw, offering a sum of 25*l.*, or, if needed, of 50*l.*, for the purpose of instituting experiments on the feasibility of saving the inmates of the upper stories of a house on fire by preparing a suitable receptacle for them to jump down upon. Mr. Twining also forwarded to him a sketch of a pictorial diagram which has appeared for some years in his admirable published course of lectures, "Science Made Easy," and which suggests the same plan as that engraved by us, with the exception that a sail is portrayed instead of a net, as forming an object more easily seen from above. Mr. Twining concludes with the intimation that his proposed contribution is still available if the publicity which the suggestion has now attained should result in a series of experiments being undertaken by the proper authorities. Messrs. James Hood and Son, of Gateshead, suggest that, as timid persons might not easily be induced to jump from a two or three-storied window, the poles upon which the net or sail is supported might be made in three pieces of, say, six feet each, and joined together with iron ferules like an ordinary fishing-rod. This plan, however, would, we fear, be too complicated to work successfully at a time when every moment is precious.



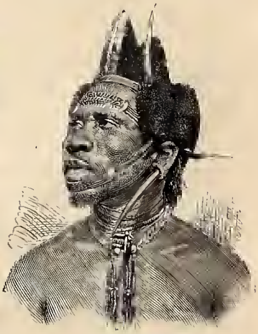
THE RIVER KEI FROM THE TOLENI ROAD, FINGOELAND



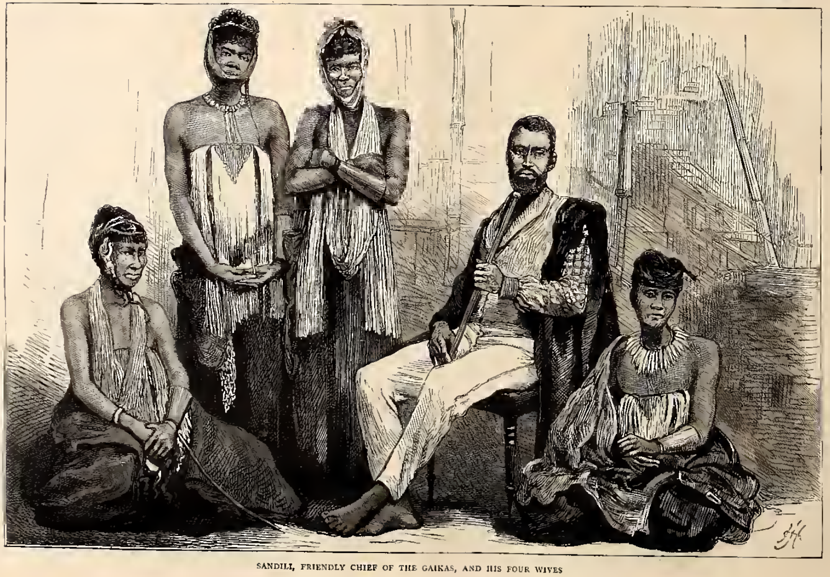
A BASUTO DOCTOR



NXAHAXA RESIDENCY, IDUTCHWA RESERVE, BORDERING ON KRELI'S COUNTRY



A KAFFIR WARRIOR



SANDILI, FRIENDLY CHIEF OF THE GAIKAS, AND HIS FOUR WIVES

THE KAFFIR WAR IN THE TRANSKEI

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DAY BEFORE

THEY were very patient with me, the Captain and Celia, while the madness was in my blood. They let me talk as wildly as I pleased, and did not argue. But on the third day Celia put her foot down.

"I will hear nothing more, Laddy," she said. "You have spent three days in dreams of bloodshed and battle. Talk to me about your mother, if you please. I shall never tire of looking at her eyes. They are like yours—when you do not madden yourself with the recollection of that story. Let us picture the sweet life in the Polish village with the chateau beside it, and the girls dancing. Let us play their waltz, or let us go up to the wall and talk of Leonard. But no more battles."

It was a wise prohibition, and I had to obey. My thoughts were directed into a new channel, and the furies which had taken possession of me were, for the moment at least, expelled.

Four days, then, to the twenty-first. Four long, tedious days.

Then three.

Then the days became hours, and at last we were only a single day—only four-and-twenty hours from the fixed time when Leonard should come back to us. "In riches or in poverty"—somehow, in spite of all obstacles—he was to return to Celia's Arbour on the evening of the twenty-first of June, 1858. How would he come back, and what would be his history?

"If he is changed, Laddy," said Celia, "he will find us changed too. You, poor boy, under a promise to go out and get killed for Poland. Not that you shall go in spite of the old patriot. And I—what am I, Laddy?"

"You are like Andromeda chained to the rock, waiting for the monster to come and devour her. Or you are like an Athenian maiden going out to the youth-devouring Minotaur. But patience; Perseus came to Andromeda, and Theseus killed the Minotaur. I fancy the Minotaur must have been a tall and rather imposing animal to look at, six feet high at least, with a heavy white moustache and a military carriage. And very likely he wore blue spectacles out of doors."

"And what was Theseus like?"

"I think we will call him Perseus, and our monster shall be Andromeda's terror. There is an ugly story, you know, about Theseus and Ariadne."

Cis flushed a sweet rosy red. "Then tell me what Perseus was like."

"He was about as tall as the monster, perhaps not quite. He was very handsome, had curly brown hair, perhaps he had a moustache, he was about four-and-twenty years of age; he was greatly esteemed by everybody because he was so brave and strong; there was a mystery about his birth which only made him more romantic; there was, you know, about a good many of the ancients,—Theseus, for instance, Achilles, Œdipus. The damsels all fell in love with him because there was no one in all Greece or the Isles half so handsome; but he kept himself away from all of them; I believe there is a story about some Queen offering him half her throne if he would marry her, but he would not,—declined in the most respectful, but unmistakeable terms. When she received his answer, and sent half-a-dozen men to murder him—because terrible is the wrath of a woman whose beauty has been despised—he stood with his back against a wall, with his short sword held so, and with his shield held in the other hand, he made mincemeat of all those six murderers together, and went on his way without further molestation. There was a Dryad once, too, who met him in an Arcadian forest, and proffered him, in return for his love, half the balance of her life. She said she didn't know how much there was left to run, but she thought about fifteen hundred years or so, when she and her sister, and the great God Pan, would all be snuffed out together. Perseus told her that Love was immortal, and not a slave to be bought or sold. So he passed away, and the Dryad, sitting under a tree, slowly pined and pined till Orpheus found her at last changed into the strings of an Æolian harp, and sighing most melodiously when the western breeze blew upon it. Perseus——"

"Laddy, talk sense."

"I can't, Cis. I feel as if Leonard was coming home to lift a great weight from both our hearts. I do not know how. I feel it. Perseus, however, was not callous to female loveliness, only he had given his heart away five years before, Cis, five years before."

"Laddy, I forbid you to go on."

"It is not a made-up story, Cis. I am certain it is all true. Arthur and Barbarossa are coming some day, to remove the miseries of the people. Why not Leonard to take away our troubles? We had no troubles when he went away. Now we are hampered and fettered, by no fault of our own, and I see no way out of it."

"Does the Captain know that it is so near?"

"Yes, he has not spoken of it to me, and he will not, I am sure. But he knows, and is looking forward. Last night I heard his step for an hour in his room, after he had gone to bed. He was thinking of Leonard, and could not sleep. And this morning he told Mrs. Jeram that you were going to stay all night to-morrow."

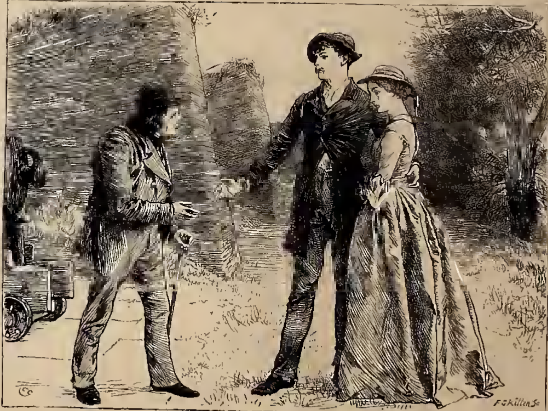
"Did he? The kind old Captain!"

"And that there would be another guest, and she was to get supper, a magnificent supper. The other guest, he explained, was to have his own room, and you were to have the spare room. Then I interposed, and said that a better arrangement would be to put the stranger into the spare bed in my room, so that he would not have to turn out. He grumbled and laughed, but he gave way."

"So he knows—but no one else."

"No one else: not even poor old Mrs. Jeram."

"We have gained a little time," said Celia, "Herr Raumer has not asked yet for my decision; but he has not given me up; and I am sure he will not. My father says nothing; but he starts if I come upon him suddenly. How will Leonard be able to help us with him?"



He got one hand free, and gave it to me

How indeed? And yet, somehow, he was going to help. I was quite sure of it.

"And how will Leonard help us?" I asked.

"It is no use hoping," said Celia. "Leonard can help neither of us."

"He will help you, somehow, Cis. Of that be very sure. But he cannot help me."

"He *shall* help you, Laddy. Do you think we are going to let you go off to be killed?"

"I must," I said. "I have partly got over the revengeful madness which filled my soul when Wassielewski told me my story; I can think of a Russian, now, without wanting to tear his heart out. But the old man is right, I owe my life to the same cause in which my father and my mother lost theirs. If I can do anything for Poland, I must. And if Wassielewski tells me that it will be good for my country if I go out to get shot in his name, why I must do that. And I have sworn to do it, on the cross that my father carved."

"Sworn! Laddy, of what power is an oath made under those conditions? You were maddened when you swore that oath. That old enthusiast ought never to have told you the story."

"Cis, dear, if I were to break that oath, it would break his heart. There is no way out of it at all. I *must* go."

That was the real reason. Heaven knows that during the first transport of rage, while before my eyes moved, visible in all the details, the long line of carts full of children, escorted by cavalry, and followed by shrieking women, running blindly along in the snow, and among them my poor mother, there was no scheme of vengeance, however mad, into which I wouldn't have plunged with joy. With calmer thoughts came better judgment, and I hope I shall not be accused of insensibility because I listened to Celia when she said that the perils of hopeless insurrection were not what my mother's death called for. There is no blacker story in all the black record of Russia than that robbery and murder of those helpless children; no wail yet resounding within the vaults of space more piercing than my poor mother's last cry for her stolen child. And yet, O sweet pure eyes; O tender face; O lips of soft and compassionate mould—would you wish in return for your death another tale of misery and retribution?

And if I did not go when the old man should think it the time to summon me, I should break his heart. It was the dream of his old age to carry back with him the son of his murdered mistress. He thought that because his own life had been spent in brooding over that cruel crime all good Poles at home had done the same thing, and he dreamed that he had but to show himself with me beside him to say, "This is the child of Roman Pulaski, tortured to death in the mines, and Claudia, who died of cold and fatigue trying to save the child," and that thousands would rise from all quarters to die for Poland. For at least *he* entertained no illusions of possible success. Poland could not free herself in his lifetime; of that he was quite certain. All the more honour to those who, knowing the worst, were ready to brave the inevitable.

When a man fixes his thoughts incessantly upon one thing, when day and night he is always dwelling upon a great aim, there comes, or seems to come, unto him, when his mind is charged with figures of the present and the future, the gift of prophecy. The mist which falls upon the spirit of the Highland seer is gloomy always, and full of woe. The prophet is always like him who would prophecy no good concerning Ahab, but only evil. As for me, I think,

> Too dearly would be won
> The prescience of another's pain,
> If purchased by mine own.

Six years ago, when the maddest of all modern revolts, that of the Commune of Paris, was staggering to its doom in blood and flame, there was one man among the leaders, Delescluze by name, who out of a life of over sixty years had spent between thirty and forty in prison, for the sacred cause of the people. Twice had he travelled backwards and forward on that cruel and stifling voyage between Brest and Cayenne. Many times had he been arrested on suspicion, he had been haled before judges, browbeaten, scoffed, and punished; had he been in Prussia he would have had the administration of stick, with those cuffs, boxes of the ear, kicks, and addresses in the third person, which illustrate the superior sweetness and light of the land of *Geist*. Had he been in Russia he would have had the knout. As he was in France he only got prison, with insufficient food, and wretched lodging. Then came the time of the Commune, prophesied by Heine, after the siege, when Delescluze for the first time in his life got his chance. It was really only the ghost of a chance, but he did his best with it. Of course he failed, as we know, and became, together with his party, a byeword of execration, by him quite undeserved. When it was apparent, even to him, the most fervent believer in the Commune, that there really was no longer any hope left, the poor old man was sent forth to meet Death. He would not wait to be brought before a Court Martial, to have more questions to answer, more witnesses to hear examined, to listen to more speeches, to wait in suspense for the sentence which would do him to death, to go back to a miserable prison, and sit there till the hour struck, when in the cold grey of the spring dawn he was to be placed with his back against the wall of La Roquette and receive the bullets of the soldiers. All this was too wearisome. But he had to die. His work in the world was over. He had striven for the best; he had maintained his own ideal of purity and singleness of purpose; as he had lived for the Cause, so he would die amid its dying struggles. He descended into the street, took off his hat, as one should in the presence of Death, of God, and of the Judgment, and walked without a word along the way till he came to the first barricade. Up to this he climbed, and then standing, his long white hair streaming in the wind, his sorrowful eyes looking upwards, his face full of that great love for humanity which made him half divine, he awaited the bullet, which was not long in coming.

When I read the story of the death of Delescluze, when I conversed with a man who actually saw it, I thought of poor old Wassielewski, for such was he, as unselfish, as simple, as strong in his conviction, and as careless of himself, if, by spending and being spent, he could advance the Cause.

With brave words and a great pretence at cheerfulness I comforted poor Celia, and prophesied her release; but I could not feel the assurance I pretended. How could Leonard, if he were ever so successful, free her so as to leave her father safe from the German's revenge? How could he release me from the oath which bound me to the old Pole, and yet not darken the last years of his life with the thought that the child of the Lady Claudia was a traitor to his mother's cause?

We had been living in a fool's paradise, expecting such great things; and now at the very time when they ought to be coming off, we were face to face with the cold truth.

"We must not think of ourselves any more, Laddy," said Cis, as if reading my heart. "If Leonard can help us, he will. At all events, he will be on our side. I shall wait patiently until I am called upon to give my answer, and then, Laddy—and then—if for my father's sake"—she broke off and left the sentence unfinished. "You must both of you try not to think badly of me."

"We shall never think badly of you, whatever you do, Cis," I said, a little huskily.

"Come home with me, Laddy," she said, rising from the grass. "It is nearly eight o'clock. See, the tide is high; we shall have everything to-morrow evening just as it was five years ago; a splendid evening; a flowing tide; the light of a midsummer sunset on the water; the buttercups and daisies out upon the meadow; the long green grass waving on the ramparts and grown up before the mouths of the cavern; you and I, dear Laddy, standing by the old gun, waiting for him. What was it he promised? 'In velvet or in rags—in riches or in poverty, I will come to see you on the 21st of June, 1858.' And now it is the 20th. Laddy—tell me how he will come."

"We shall see him first," I said, "crossing the meadow, just down there. We shall know him by the backward toss of his head. Presently we shall see his brown curls, and then his eyes and his mouth. He will see us then, and his lips and eyes will laugh a welcome before he runs up the slope. Then he will spring upon us in his old way, and—and—where he said goodbye, Cis, he kissed you."

"We are older now," said Cis. "And do not be silly, sir. As if men want to kiss like children!"

"It depends, my dear," I replied wisely, "on the object. However, that will be the manner of his return. And then we shall all three march off to the Captain's, Leonard between us; and should be singing as we went, but for the look of the thing; Leonard will be asking us questions about the dear old Captain and everybody—wait—Cis—wait for four-and-twenty hours."

I went home with her. Herr Raumer was talking to Mrs. Tyrrell in the drawing-room. We had a little music. The German played and sang one or two of his Volkslieder in his most sentimental manner, but we listened very little. Mr. Tyrrell was in his office, and I crept down to see him.

He was sitting in an attitude of profound melancholy before a pile of papers.

"Shut the door, Laddy, boy," he said, wearily. "Who is upstairs?"

"Herr Räumer, Mrs. Tyrrell, and Cis."

He sighed.

"He is beginning to worry about an answer. What would Celia say?"

"Celia would be made wretched for life. It cannot be. Is it quite, quite necessary?"

"There is one way out of it," he murmured.

I stood still and looked at him."

"What is the one way out of it?"

"There are two ways—Death and Dishonour. Let no one know, Laddy. Think of me as you must, only think that for no other cause would I ask this thing of my child. Poor Celia! Poor Celia!"

He drew his hand across his forehead.

"I cannot sleep—I cannot work—I can think of nothing else. Do you believe I *like* to have that man here—that cold and selfish cynic—that I willingly tolerate him in my house, to say nothing of seeing him hang about my daughter? But I am a lost man, Ladislas. I am a lost and guilty man, and I must abide my lot."

A lost and guilty man! And this the most successful man in the town!

He pointed to the safe painted outside "Herr Räumer."

"The papers are there—locked up. If I only had the key for one minute Celia would be free."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TWENTY-FIRST OF JUNE

The day fulfilled its promise of the evening: it was one of those most perfect and glorious days which sometimes fall in June, and make that month, in full summer and yet with all the hope and promise of the year before it, the most delightful of any. I rose early, because I could not sleep; but I found the Captain up before me, at work in the garden. But he prodded the ground nervously, and made little progress. At prayers he opened the Bible at random, and read what fell first before his eyes. It was a chapter of the Song of Solomon, and as he read his voice faltered.

"'The watchmen that go about the city found me, to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?

"'It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth.'"

Then he stopped, having read only the first four verses of the chapter; and to him, as to me, they seemed to be of good omen.

He did not mention Leonard's name, but he presently went up stairs, and I knew he was gone to see that the room was in order for him. He brought out certain articles of family plate which only saw the light on grand occasions; and I caught him making extensive and costly preparations with a couple of bottles of champagne. All day he was very serious. Nor did he, as usual, go out upon those mysterious rounds of his, of which I have spoken.

"Celia will come here to dinner, sir."

"Ay—ay——. The earlier the better. Celia cannot come too early or too often." He sat down in his wooden arm chair and began to nurse his leg in a meditative fashion.

"Laddy——Celia Tyrrell is a very beautiful girl."

"Have you only found that out to-day, sir?" I asked. "Why, she is the most beautiful girl in all the world, I believe."

"I was thinking—Laddy—if things are all right—and they must be all right, or else he would have written—when he comes home—he might—I know I should have done so at his age—he might—fall in love with her. She must have a good husband, the best husband that we can find for her. Look high or low, Laddy, I can see no one but Leonard that will do for her."

"But you have not seen him yet. And he may have fallen in love with some one else."

"Nonsense, boy. As if I did not *know* what he is like. Cubs don't grow out of lions' cubs; you can't turn a white boy into a nigger; and a Portugee, as every sailor knows, is a Portugee by birth."

Then we began, as we had done the night before, speculating how the wanderer would return. He was above all things, according to the Captain, to be strong, handsome, and successful.

Celia came to our mid-day dinner, and when it was over we moved into the garden, and sat under the old mulberry tree. The sun was streaming full upon the sheet of water before us, and a light breeze crisped the surface.

We spread rugs on the grass, and all three sat down upon them, Celia lying with her head on the Captain's knees, while he sat with his back against the tree. It was peaceful and quiet save for the boom of the mill hard by, and to that we were accustomed.

The excitement of the day touched Celia's cheek with a light flush, and heightened the brightness of her eyes. I had never before seen her more perfectly beautiful than on that afternoon. The Captain's eyes rested on her face, and his hand was in her hair with a gentle caress.

"This was where you were sleeping," she said in a low voice, "when he first came."

We did not say "Leonard" on this day because all our minds were full of him, and a pronoun was quite as useful as the noun.

The Captain nodded his head.

"Just here, my dear," he replied, "and just such an afternoon as this, without the breeze, and may be a thought warmer. It was in August, when the mulberries are ripe. I came out after dinner. My dinners were solitary enough then, before I had the boys to mess with me, and I sat under the tree and smoked my pipe. Then I fell fast asleep. What woke me was the mulberries dropping on my face, and then I looked up and saw the pretty rogue laughing at me, with his mouth full of mulberries, and his face and hands stained black with mulberry juice. Ho! Ho! and he began to laugh at once. What a boy he was! What a boy! Never any boy like him for spirit. A thousand pities he wasn't a sailor."

"And you never lost sight of him after that?" said Celia.

"No, my pretty—never after that. It was a matter of a year or two though before I found out that I was a lonely old bachelor, and wanted the boys with me. Wanted them badly, you may be sure. We had a good spell of fine weather, those years you were both of you at school, Laddy, hadn't we?"

"Indeed we had, sir."

"I was at sea when I was thirteen, and I hadn't much experience of shore-going boys till then. To be sure, I was always fond of watching boys at play, and talking to them—perhaps throwing in a word on the great subject of duty. But Lord! the things I learned from those two! The pretty ways of them when they were next door to babies! and their growing up to be boys together bit by bit. Then how they grew to be self-reliant, and how we all grew to understand each other! My dear," the good old man continued, simply, "if I were to give you what is best for all of us, man or woman, I would give you children. You can't distrust the Lord when you have felt what it is for the little children to trust and love you. I never had a wife, but I have had two boys all the same. Both good sons to me—Laddy, there, will not be jealous—and to each his gifts; but Leonard was born, like Nelson, without fear."

"Always a brave boy, was he not, Captain?" Celia murmured.

"It's a rare gift. Most of us learn by experience how to go into action without fear, and a fight is a red-letter day for soldiers as well as sailors. But Leonard would have gone in laughing as a middy. It's a beautiful thing to see a plucky boy! You remember how he used to come home after a fight, Laddy? The other boy always struck his colours, eh?—and generous and thoughtful with it, too. Why did I ever consent to his going away for five years?"

"Patience!" said Cis. "Tell me more about him."

We kept the Captain amused all the afternoon with yarns of Leonard's school life, while in the quiet garden the big humble bees droned, and the hollyhocks turned their great foolish faces to the sun, while the mill went grinding as the water ran out with the tide to the deep-toned music of its heavily turning wheels, and the golden sunshine of June lay upon the rippled waters of the mill-dam, and lit with flashes of dazzling light the leaves of the trees upon the little island redoubt.

At six I brought out a table and chair, and we had tea in the garden, also under the mulberry tree. Cis made it for us; she always made it so much better than we did.

And then the time began to drag, and the Captain to look at his watch furtively. Presently the mill stopped, and everything became quite still. That meant that it was seven o'clock.

Then Celia and I rose from the table.

"We are going for a walk, Captain," said Cis.

"Mayn't I go too?" he asked, wistfully.

She shook her head with decision.

"Certainly not. You have got to stay at home. We have got to go to the walls and—and walk about there—and talk. And we shall not be back till a quarter to nine, or perhaps later. Perhaps, Captain, we shall bring you some news—Oh! what news will it be?" she cried eagerly.

No one on the Queen's Bastion, when we got there; Celia's Arbour as deserted as any out-work of Palmyra; no one on the long straight stretch of wall between the gate and the Bastion—not even a nurse with children; and our own corner as green and grassy, as shaded by the great elm, as when, five years ago, Leonard bade us farewell there. Nothing changed here, at any rate.

"Laddy," whispered Celia, in awe-struck tones, "suppose, after all, he should not come."

"He will come, Celia; but we are an hour before our time."

"Oh! what a long day it has been! I am selfish. I have been able to think of nothing but my own troubles until to-day. And now they seem to be all forgotten in this great anxiety."

We walk up and down the quiet wall, talking idly of things unimportant, talking to pass the time.

Eight struck from half-a-dozen clocks, from the clock in the Dockyard, the clock on the Ordnance Wharf, the clock of St. Faith's, the clock of St. John's, from all of them. The splendid sun was sloping fast towards Jack the Painter's Point; the great harbour, for it was high tide, just as on that night when Leonard went away, was a vast lake of molten fire, with sapphire edging below our feet. We leaned against the rampart, and looked out, but we were no longer thinking of the harbour or the light upon it.

Five years, since he left us, a tall stripling of seventeen, to seek his fortune in the wide and friendless world. Five years. Celia, who was now so tall and fair, was then a little girl. In her, at least, Leonard would not be disappointed. And I? Well, I suppose, I was much the same to look at. And for my fortunes, there was little to tell and nothing to be proud of. Only a music-master in a provincial town; only an organist to a church; a composer of simple songs to please myself and Celia. But what would he be like? What tale would he have to tell us? What adventures to relate? In what part of the world had his fortunes drifted him?

Five years. They make a girl into a woman; a boy into a man; five links in the chain of time; time to make new friends, to form and lose new loves; to strengthen a purpose; to make or mar a life. Had they made, or had they marred, the life of Leonard?

"What will he say, when he sees us?" murmured Celia.

"He will remember, Cis, the words of Spenser.

> Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
>   So fair a creature in your town before?
> So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
>   Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store.

"Don't, Laddy, please. Let us talk only of him, until he comes."

"Where is he now?" she whispered, looking round. "On the road walking quickly so as to keep his promise to the minute? Is he in the train? Do you think he came last night and has been hiding away in a hotel all day for fear of meeting us before the time? Oh, Laddy, let us move about at least. I cannot stand here doing nothing."

The minutes passed slowly on. I looked at my watch.

"Twenty minutes more. Courage, Cis! Only twenty minutes. Where are your thoughts now?"

"I was thinking of the dear old time. Listening to his talk about the great world—it lay over there, you remember, behind the harbour and the hill. Wishing I had been a man, to go with him and fight the world beside him."

"Five years ago, Cis! Why, Leonard may have lost his faith in his own power, and—"

"Don't, Laddy. Not now. It is all we have to believe in. And—and—Laddy—please—do not tell him what you told me."

"I understand, dear Cis. I have forgotten that I ever told you."

"Not but that you made me happy—happy and proud; any girl would be proud to think of having had, if only for a day, such a hope and such a love. But he must never know. And yet I should be ashamed to hide things from him."

"Until you tell him yourself then, Cis."

I looked at my watch again. Heavens! had Time tumbled down down and hurt himself, so that he could only crawl? Only a quarter-past eight. Fifteen minutes more.

"Where are you now, Cis?"

"I am thinking what a difference he will see in us, and we in him. Why, I was only a child, a girl of fourteen, then, and you were only fifteen."

"At least," I said, "he will see no difference in me. I am no taller and no straighter. But you—oh! Celia, if you only knew how beautiful he will think you!"

"That is only what you think, dear Laddy. Beautiful? Oh! If I ever have any thoughts that are not common or mean it is because you have put them into my heart. What should I be now, if I had not had you, all these five long years?"

She stooped, and kissed my cheek.

I could endure that now—I could kiss her in return—without that old passionate yearning which, a very little while before, had been wont to set the blood tingling in every pulse at very sight of her. The monks of old were quite right in one thing, though as a Protestant I am bound to think that they had a very confused and imperfect sort of perception. I mean that you may, by dint of resolution and patience—they would call it prayer and penance—quite beat down and entirely subdue any inclination of the heart or intellect. They started with the supposition that every man was bound to fall in love with every woman. That is absurd, but an intelligible position on the score of monkish ignorance. I, for my part, was only in danger once of falling in love. Having seen, known, and learned the sweet nature of one woman, it was not possible that I should ever fall in love with another.

We kissed each other on the lips, and then we sat with clasped hands upon the sloping bank, waiting. At last the clock struck the half-hour, and we turned together and looked across the green.

Suddenly came a figure, a ragged figure, walking swiftly across the grass.

Yes, as I had prophesied, by the backward fling of his head, by the proud carriage, by the firm and elastic walk, we knew him.

Celia clasped my hands convulsively, and I hers; and before she sprang to her feet she whispered,

"See, he is ragged—he is poor—he has failed. Not a word, not a look, Laddy, to let him see what we feel. Oh, my poor Leonard! my poor Leonard!"

She made a little moan, and then ran forward to meet him. For it was Leonard himself and no other who, at sight of us, came bounding up the grass slope with quick and eager step, and in a moment was with us, holding Celia by both his hands, and gazing in her face with eyes that spoke of love—of love—of love. Who could mistake that look! Not Celia, who met the look once, and then dropped her eyes shamefaced. Not I, who knew by sad experience what love might be, how strong a king, how great a conqueror.

In one glance we caught the melancholy truth. He was in rags; there was no petty pretence of genteel shabbiness; there was no half failure, he was in rags absolute. He wore a battered old felt hat, the brim of which, partly torn, hung over his right eye; he had on a coat which was a miracle for shabbiness; it was green where it ought to have been black; shiny where it had once exhibited a youthful gloss; and it had a great hole on the left shoulder, such a hole as would be caused by carrying a bundle on a stick. The coat, an old frock, was fastened by the two surviving buttons, across his chest. One could see that he had no waistcoat, and his trousers were in the last stage of dilapidation and decay. He wore neither collar nor necktie. But it was Leonard. There was no mistake about him. Leonard came back to us on the day that he promised. Leonard, dressed as a beggar, and stepping like a prince.

"Celia!—Laddy!"

"Leonard!"

Both hands; not one. And as he clasped her tight she drew nearer to him, and like a child who holds up his face to be kissed, she looked up at him. But there was no kiss. Men, as Celia said, are not like children, always wanting to kiss. Oho! Cis, as if you knew! Man's love is like the morning sun, which, falling on his bride, the earth, draws up sweet mists which rise to hide her blushes. Leonard was come back, and now I understood how in her mind Leonard was to make all straight, because Leonard loved her, and she loved Leonard. And he a beggar.

He got one hand free, and gave it to me.

"Laddy! Well? You at least are not changed. But look at Celia!"

"Take off your hat, Leonard," she said. "Let us look at your face. Laddy! He is just the same, except for that." She laughed, and patted her own upper lip with her fingers. Leonard had grown a great moustache. "And his face is bronzed. Where have you been, sir, to get your face so brown? Fie! what a bad hat! A great hole in the side of it, and look what a coat to come home in! Dear, dear, before we take him home to the Captain we must dress him up. What a pity he is too tall to wear your things, Laddy. Now we have found him again we will never let him go. Will we? He is our predigal son, Laddy, who has come back to us—back to us," and here she broke down, and burst into tears. "We have so longed for you, have we not, Laddy? And the time has been so weary, waiting for you."

"But I am come at last, Celia," he said, with eyes that filled—I had never before seen a tear in Leonard's eyes—"I have kept my promise. See—in rags and tatters, with empty pockets." He turned them out.

"What does it matter," she cried, "so long as we have you, how you come?"

"And the Captain?"

"He is well," I told him, "and waiting at home for us all. Come, Leonard."

He hesitated, and looked with a humorous smile at his ragged habiliments.

"What will the Captain say to these rags? Dear old boy, it is not as he expects, is it? Nor as you expected, Celia."

"No, Leonard, I am sorry for your ill-success. But it wasn't your own fault?"

"No, certainly not my own fault," he replied, with a queer look. "Not my own fault. I have done my best. Celia and Laddy! How jolly it is to say the two names over again with their owners in the old place! And how often have I said them to myself, thousands of miles away,"—he had been a traveller, then.—"Suppose you two go first to the Captain, and prepare him. Will not that be best? Say that he must not be surprised to find me coming home in a sad plight—all in rags, you know—tell him about the hat, Laddy, and then—I will only be a quarter of an hour after you—he won't be so very much shocked. Will you do this? Good. Then, in a quarter of an hour, I will be there."

He caught Celia's hand and kissed it, looking her in the eyes half lovingly, half amused, and ran down the slope as lightly as if he was come back a conquering prince.

We looked at each other in stupefaction. Was it really Leonard? Was it a strange dream?

"Can you understand it, Celia?"

"Not yet, Laddy, dear. Do not speak to me just now."

"His hands were white," I went on, unheeding, "like the hands of a gentleman; his boots were good and new, the boots of a gentleman; and his face—did that look like the face of a beggar, Celia?"

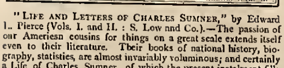
"Always the same face, Laddy. The dearest face in all the world to you and to me, isn't it? Poor and in rags. Poor—poor Leonard!"

"I don't know," I replied, "whether your face isn't dearer to me than Leonard's. That is because I have seen more of it, perhaps. But why is he in such a dreadful plight? He said he had been thousands of miles away. He must have been an emigrant in America, and failed."

Of course that was it. He must have gone to America as an emigrant and failed.

We crept slowly and sadly back, like a pair of guilty children. What were we to say to the Captain? Who should break the news?

(To be continued)



THE READER

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF CHARLES SUMNER," by Edward L. Pierce (Vols. I. and II.: S. Low and Co.).—The passion of our American cousins for things on a great scale extends itself even to their literature. Their books of national history, biography, statistics, are almost invariably voluminous; and certainly a Life of Charles Sumner, of which the present instalment fills two closely-printed volumes, and which cannot possibly be completed in less than two thick volumes more, will not be held an exception to the rule. It may be doubted, indeed, whether so lengthy a memoir is not a little disproportioned to the importance of its subject. For Charles Sumner, though a man of mark, was hardly in the foremost rank of American statesmen—in the rank, that is, of a Lincoln and a Seward. His fame, in truth, is rather that of the orator than of the politician, of the man whose reputation chiefly rests on three or four great speeches, and on the glory of having been at once champion and martyr in the cause of negro emancipation. But the interest of a biography is often to be measured less by what its subject does or says than by the things he sees and hears, and from this point of view Charles Sumner's life is very interesting indeed, even more so perhaps, in these its earlier stages, to English than to American audiences. How one so young and little known, armed only with a few letters of introduction, made good his footing almost without effort in the best social circles of the Old World was a puzzle even to those who helped to smooth his way. Famous he was not, for he was only known as editor of the *American Jurist*, as friend and *protegé* of good Judge Storey. Nor was he highly born or rich. His father, the plain Sheriff of Suffolk County, Mass., sprang from a line of worthy New England farmers. The very tour whose details fill the larger moiety of these two volumes was only made on borrowed money, and at a risk of losing his place in the profession to which he looked for bread, which to his English lawyer friends, the Folletts and the Denmans, seemed positively appalling. Yet here we find him—a briefless junior, so to speak, with a talent for reporting—installed at once in the best legal, literary, and political society; elected honorary member of Arthur's and the Garrick; at home with the leaders of the bar and of the bench, with Brougham, Pollock, Cottenham, no less than Follett, Lushington, or Charles Austin; wandering pleasantly from Brougham Hall to Wentworth, from Wentworth to Holkham; consulted by statesmen on the little asperities that then more frequently than now ruffled our intercourse with the United States. The letters which form so large a portion of these volumes go far to solve the seeming mystery, to trace the search of Charles Sumner's success less to his own indisputable ability or close relationship to Judge Storey than to his, then at least, thoroughly genial temperament, to the contagious readiness to please and to be pleased that sat so well on the stranger from the West. One often indeed imagines oneself perusing the recollections of a genial Talfourd or a less acid Rogers, not those of one who in his inmost core was, after all, a Yankee of the Yankees. His larger public career at home begins just where these volumes end, with the delivery of the famous "Fourth of July" speech, which placed him at once in the front rank of American orators. The pleasant easy flow of the memoir and correspondence reflect thus far the easy course of Sumner's early life. The rougher, historically more important, sequel remains to be told.

Among illustrated gift-books of the present season high place must be assigned to a magnificent volume, "Great Painters of Christendom: Cimabue to Wilkie" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), by J. Forbes-Robertson. Letter-press and illustrations seem for once almost equally good, the first comprising excellent notices of the chief masters of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, Spanish, French, and English Schools; the second some 250 illustrations of their works, part large engravings, part prettily-finished heading and side-pieces. The whole volume presents an outline history of painting in a most attractive form, and with an amount of freshness in its general treatment and choice of examples—notably for the Dutch masters and the French Schools of the Regency and the First Empire—which quite removes it from the mere illustrated *rechauffé* of things that have been described elsewhere.

In "The Mediterranean Illustrated," by the author of "Buried Cities of Campania" (T. Nelson and Sons)—another really delightful gift-book, for its Italian sections more especially—we make the circuit of the ports and islands of the inland sea, commencing with visits to Malta and "the Rock," thence coasting quickly round its shores from Spain to France and Western Italy, thence up and down each side of the Adriatic to the Morea and the "Isles of Greece," and back by Syria and the African coast. The numerous engravings very effectively illustrate the scenes that greet the visitors from the sea; while here and there excursions inland afford occasion for fair descriptions of Granada, Lyons, Rome, Jerusalem, and Athens. For the young reader, not yet surfeited with books of travel, these pretty pictures of scenes seldom we think embodied before in one comprehensive survey, will prove an almost inexhaustible source of pleasure and instruction.

"Masterpieces of Antique Art," by Stephen Thompson (Griffith and Farran), or "Twenty-four Examples in Permanent Photography from the Collections in the Vatican, the Louvre, and the British Museum," though a fairly handsome volume, is at times a little disappointing. Photography scarcely strikes us as in all cases the most successful medium for the reproduction of the antique—to go no further than the "Sleeping Ariadne" of the title-page. Nor is the letterpress, though good as far as it goes, quite so complete as might be desired in a book of such pretensions, giving for instance only a few lines to the Melian Venus, and nothing to the many controversies about the true *pose* and meaning of the famous statue. Still it is a graceful volume for the drawing-room, and by no means without value as a book about art.

We must commit to critical readers of the gentler sex Mrs. H. R. Haweis' "Art of Beauty" (Chatto and Windus)—beauty in dress, in colour, in ornament, in furniture. Honestly we feel a little at sea in discussions whether dress should conceal, disclose, or, as poor M. Charles Blanc terms it, *laisser deviner*. We even have an old-world weakness for the barbaric times when dress was simply a medium for the display of splendour—we do not quite mean to the full extent of Queen Elizabeth, ruffed and farthingaled out of all likeness to humanity—and people talked less of the human form divine, whether revealed with the Paradisaic frankness of the Attic tunic or suggested by the subtler mouldings of the newest thing in *jupes*. We may say, however, that Mrs. Haweis' volume contains many sensible remarks on modern absurdities of dress, and not a few suggestions of greater or less utility, most piquantly set off by illustrations, all interesting, some comic, and a few graceful.

Whatever theory we adopt as to the origin of our species, whether the simple record which was good enough for our honest forefathers, or the newest scheme of the advanced evolutionist, the question of time is still our greatest difficulty. To bring within a few thousand years the peopling of the world by all the races, past and present, of whose infinite variety we have ocular proof, seems, on the one hand, hardly reasonable. To accept the million ages postulated by evolution is to bring the theories of the geologist into perilous conflict with the exacter calculations of the physical astronomer. In his "Origin of the World" (Hodder and Stoughton), Dr. Dawson, of M'Gill University, Montreal, argues boldly and with much ability in defence of complete harmony between Science and Revelation, taking of course the "days" of creation as so many "periods," but accepting from the sixth day downwards the Biblical narrative in its most literal sense as the most easy to reconcile with tradition and with common sense. Of course the evidence from "cave" and "fossil" man, from flint weapons in the drift, and layers of alluvial soil accumulated over the remains of human life, from Egyptian or Chaldæan legends stretching back to a fabulous antiquity, have one and all to be explained away. Nor does Dr. Dawson shrink from or evade the difficulty. His essay, whether it bring conviction with it or not, must certainly be commended as worth reading.

In "Oriental Records (II.), Historical" (S. Bagster and Sons), the Rev. Dr. Rule proceeds to illustrate the Scripture story by parallel passages from the historians or mythologers of the heathen world, as in the previous volume he had done from a comparison of the ancient monuments. The little volume, though not too much impregnated with the spirit of criticism, is undoubtedly interesting. We confess, however, that we were not aware that Xenophon ever resided at Ecbatana, and wrote his "Cyropœdia" out of the Medo-Persian archives.

The simple realism of "Five Years' Penal Servitude" (Bentley and Sons) scarcely requires the publishers' assurance that it is a genuine record of a convict's life in Newgate, Millbank, and Dartmoor, some dozen years ago. The writer neither wearies us with assertions of his own innocence, nor goes out of his way to cast discredit on the gaol officials. On the whole, indeed, life in prison—these were the ante-Carnarvon days—seems to have been for a certain class of convicts the very reverse of unendurable. We can quite imagine the poor labourer whom "justices' justice" sends to Dartmoor for stealing eggs to feed a too numerous family looking forward with very mixed feelings to his approaching release, and carrying with him fond memories of the cell, where he had slept more comfortably than in all his life before. For another class—for the two clergymen who accompany the writer through his change of prison, or for the fallen angel of "club-land," no doubt the case was somewhat different. Still the chief grievances seem to have been a certain want of elasticity in rules framed only to meet the case of hardened and habitual offenders, and some injustice occasionally done through stupidity or spite by crabbed or incompetent warders. On the whole system of penal servitude as now administered—the stumbling-blocks thrown half carelessly in the way of those who on discharge would fain lead a new life, the absence of effective classification of prisoners—short sentences, sharp disciplinary treatment, and total separation from the habitual criminal, are the writer's recipe for a first offence—the judgment is perhaps less favourable. Directors of prisons might read worse books than these experiences of a former convict.

FASHIONS

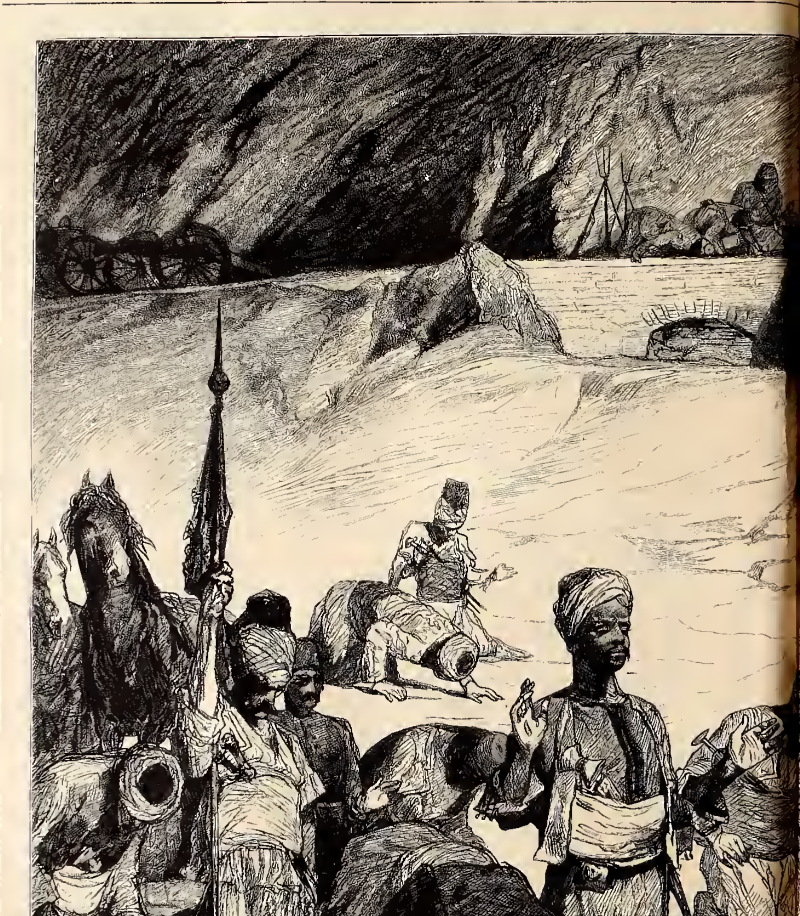
THE Paris season has commenced more than usually early; both male and female milliners and dressmakers have taxed their skill and taste to the uttermost in preparation for the Royal wedding in Spain, and also for the various recent complimentary banquets and receptions given to General Grant.

At the present moment a gift of antique lace is of more value than modern gems. At a modern ball or banquet we no longer see the same type of costume repeated again and again, each lady guest vies with her neighbour in producing some novel effect. For example, at a recent *grand dîner* were two toilettes, complete contrasts, but equally appropriate to their wearers. The one was worn by a very tall blonde, it consisted of a rich cream-coloured satin petticoat, elaborately embroidered in chenille with roses of every shade and hue—wide at the bottom and narrowing upwards—train skirt and corsage of cobalt blue velvet, on which was a flat trimming of Honiton lace; the train skirt was fastened back at irregular intervals on either side with sprays of blue Salvia exquisitely made in velvet. The *coiffure* was arranged with a thick fringe, almost touching the eyebrows, and thick curls on the top of the head, confined in three places by narrow pearl bands on wider blue velvet bands; on the left side was a dragon-fly, composed of gems. The other was of cream-coloured corded silk, Princess shape, with a very long train; down the front and round the train was a trimming of stamped white velvet, two inches wide in front, graduated to twelve inches at the back; the bodice, cut square back and front, was simply trimmed with Mechlin lace; the elbow sleeves were arranged in three straps of velvet, fastening silk puffs, lace ruffles. The wearer of this costume arranged her luxuriant dark hair close to the head in front, with thick plaits, low in the neck; at the back, a deep crimson natural rose and foliage was placed under the left ear, and one to correspond on the left side of the corsage.

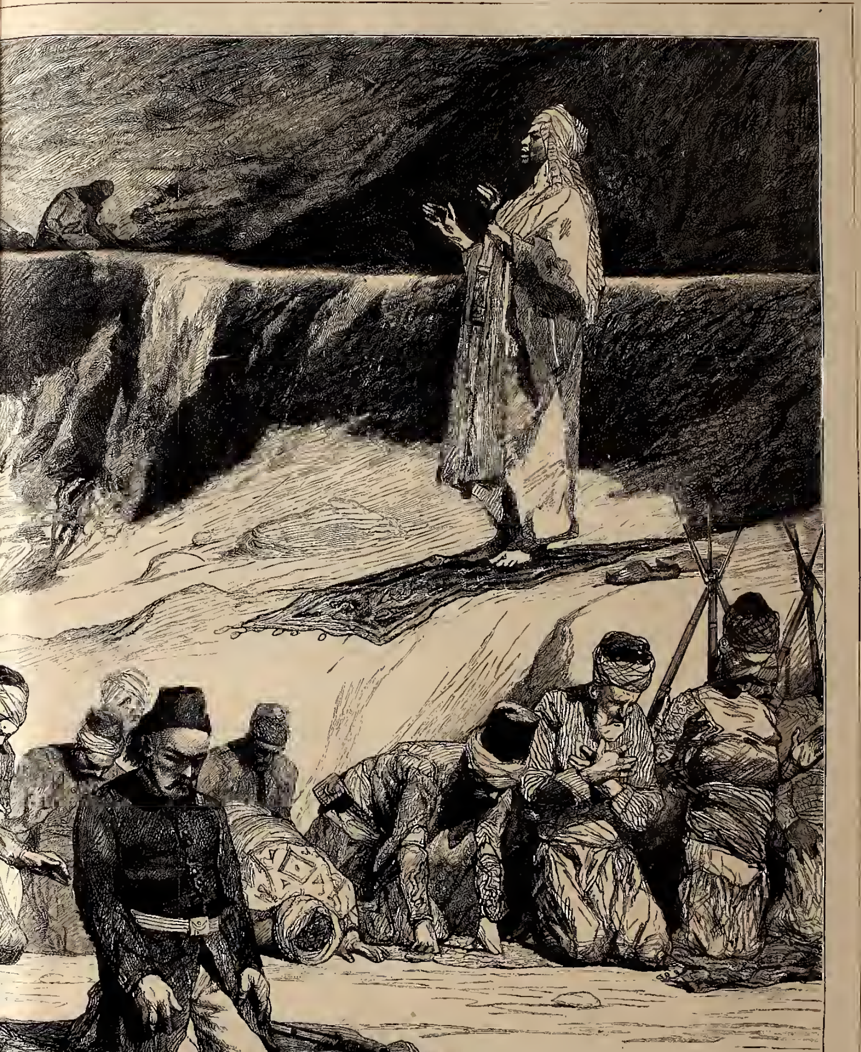
Whichever way we turn, the chief inquiry is, "Of course, you have seen the *trousseau* of the Duchesse S——?" In self-defence we are compelled to give a description of some few of the toilettes therein contained. Passing over the actual wedding-dress, which is of the orthodox satin and lace, we turn to the *robe de chambre du souper de noces*, which consists of a Watteau dress of rich white satin trimmed down the front with cascades of old point lace, interspersed with satin rosettes; the sides embroidered with small bouquets of rosebuds. The back and train of plain white satin, draped from the throat to the end of the skirt with point lace; the costume is completed by a small cap of point lace, with a sky-blue rosette and two roses. Distinguished among many other elegant dinner dresses is one of the true Castilian type, made thus:—Petticoat of rich black satin, bi-draped with heavy folds, on which are elaborate embroideries of *clair de lune* beads; the bodice and train of black satin, handsomely trimmed with stamped velvet, pattern of chestnut leaves. As a contrast, in white, was a dinner dress of silk draped with gauze and white velvet trimmings, four gauze scarves were fringed with white chenille, low bodice cut square, bouquet of vari-coloured flowers on the left side.

Passing on from these costly and unattainable toilettes to those within the reach of our readers who provide for themselves, we would first advise all who are delicate in the chest, or susceptible of cold, to procure chamois-leather habit shirts—with or without long sleeves—to be worn under their evening or dinner dresses, *not* in the day-time, when sufficient warmth is to be found in the ordinary winter attire of cloth, velvet, and fur; no greater mistake can be made by healthy young people than to wrap up over-much in the day-time, especially when they put on thin dresses for the evening. During the winter season it is quite unnecessary to wear a chilly catch-cold dress at the opera, theatre, or a friendly party. Numerous warm materials are now made in every delicate shade; for example, a costume of pale pink, blue, cream, or sea-green cashmere, made with a long polonaise fastened at the back and draped with a sash or cords and tassels of the same colour worn over a black or dark-coloured velvet or silk, is stylish and warm, more especially when between the lining and exterior of the bodice a thin layer of eider-down is introduced, an arrangement which we can assure those of our readers who are afraid of adding to their circumference will have no such effect. A capital way to utilise the dresses of the past season (we speak of cashmere, silk, or satin), is to wear them as petticoats under costumes of black silk, velveteen, or poplin, the former quilted, gathered, or pleated, the latter of a Princess shape, sometimes made quite plain with a high bodice and tight sleeves over which to display dainty lace collars, necklets, and cuffs, at others with long square lappels open at each side, and laced together with thick cords to the train, which is open half-way up to display a fan-tailed skirt; the bodice cut low and square back and front, under it either a high bodice to match the petticoat, or a thickly gathered white India muslin chemisette; velvet sleeves open and laced over the material to correspond with the petticoat. Opera cloaks are for the most part made in white this season, with wide Venetian sleeves; of silk *matelassé* trimmed with feathers, swansdown, or frayed ribbon; Indian embroidered cashmere *sortie de bal* are still much worn both in white and colours; the former is by far the most useful.

The Parisian fashion of wearing bonnets and hats at the theatre, and even at the opera in the winter season, is coming into usage amongst us, hence we see some very pretty dress bonnets of white plush, trimmed with a warm colour in velvet, silver-grey felt trimmed with a self-colour velvet, relieved by a bright hued humming bird or wing; a most stylish bonnet was recently shown to us, made entirely of white ostrich feathers, the tips curling over the front; black satin and velvet are much used for trimming hats and bonnets; some most eccentric ornaments are used, foremost amongst which may be mentioned a bunch of three or four keys; this idea might be utilised by young housekeepers, who are often at a loss where to carry these useful *impedimenta*. Caps are now worn so large as to be often mistaken for bonnets; for example, a velvet *toque* or Glengarry shape, with two-inch wide frills of lace, and an aigrette at the side, is too much for a young matron, and not dignified enough for the mother of a family; there are some caps small and coquettish enough for a young face, and others equally suitable for the middle-aged and elderly; judicious care is needful to draw the line between the seven ages of women.



WITH THE TURKS IN ASIA—AT


Benjamin Constant

SUNSET BEFORE THE BATTLE

"Sheen's Foreman," by Lady Wood (3 vols. : Chapman and Hall).—The somewhat rude vigour and graphic realism, which always characterise Lady Wood's novels are conspicuous in this, which consists, in the main, of pictures of the life of well-to-do agriculturists. There is always "a great deal of human nature" in Lady Wood's men and women ; if they do not greatly attract us, they are at any rate never insipid, or the mere thin abstractions which too many writers of fiction offer us in the stead of creatures of flesh and blood. The central figure in the story is the stiff-necked, hard-hearted, close-fisted farmer, Enoch Sheen of the West Grange ; a man of importance in the neighbourhood, as he is universally believed to be farming his own land. In truth, as he and a knavish attorney are very well aware, the land does not belong to him, but to the orphan cousin, whom he has taken as an infant out of the workhouse, where a series of untoward chances had placed him, and, after a fashion, clothed and fed ; hating the lad all the while precisely because of the wrong he is doing him. Young Benedict, or "Ben," Sheen, grows up a youth of promise, with many traces in him of gentle blood ; and becomes in time the right-hand man about the farm. He is never paid any wages, and gets nothing but hard words in return for good and faithful service ; still he stays on in his place partly because, in his modesty and want of self-assertion, he supposes himself an unprofitable servant, who is treated quite as well as he deserves, partly from his dog-like devotion to the pretty Lucy, his master's spoiled and petted daughter. How the scene shifts presently, and the depressed Benedict, who has taken his mother's name of Summertrees, appears as the man of wealth and position, whilst misfortune upon misfortune bring Sheen and his daughter very low in the world, we need not attempt to explain here. The *denouement* is just what all readers will anticipate, though it seems rather hurried and slurred over when it comes. Biddy Bond, the principal domestic at the West Grange, at once housekeeper to the farmer, nurse to Lucy, and almost second mother to Ben, is an admirable character ; one of the very best, we think, that we have ever had from the author's hands—though we don't know why Biddy should be styled an "old woman," when she can hardly be forty at the end of the story. The Bright household, with the sharp-eyed, self-seeking Miss Carrie Calénie, who ultimately manœuvres herself into becoming its mistress, is another humorous and most life-like sketch. It is a small matter, still it shows the hand both of the artist and the observer of human nature, that Carrie, instead of abusing the position she wins by somewhat questionable strategy, as we more than half expect she will, becomes with all her faults, as far as her lights, a model wife and daughter-in-law. As usual in telling her story, Lady Wood digresses not a little ; but we generally find that she has something to say which make her digressions worth reading.

"Ero ; or, Spells and Counter-Spells," by M. Bramston, author of "The Carbridges," &c. (Marcus Ward and Co.).—The one unfavourable criticism we have to offer upon Miss Bramston is that she sometimes writes "feasible," instead of "possible." For the rest, it would be difficult to speak in too high terms of the freshness and gracefulness of her delightful story, the reading of which is an unalloyed pleasure. The simple and familiar materials out of which the plot is built up are handled with much skill, and the characters interest at once, and are distinct and well-sustained. The book, too, bears that stamp of thoughtfulness and refinement of tone—of culture, in a word—which lends an attraction of its own even to inferior workmanship. It really has much of that analogy to a fairy-tale very prettily and ingeniously suggested by the author in the titles she has chosen for her chapters. We must not attempt to sketch the plot here ; we could give no real idea of it without going into details for which we have not room. Emily Madock, or "Em," "the sylph-child of the heather, innocently proud and confidingly simple," all the more determined to be the lady she is entitled to consider herself by right of her blood because of her rough and lowly surroundings, is an exceedingly fascinating heroine. She is, indeed, as the author says, "an example of the merits and shortcomings of the chivalrous sentiment ;" and her pride and strong sense of personal dignity, adroitly worked upon by the wicked fairy of the piece, are very nearly making shipwreck of her own happiness and her lover's with it. The good fairy, Mrs. Devon, the clergyman's wife, who has proclivities in the direction of "freethought," and "goes in" for culture, is another character drawn with much force and finish. We can congratulate Miss Bramston on a very thorough success, and bid her in all sincerity go on and prosper.

"Grey Abbey," by "Old Calabar," author of "Won in a Canter," &c. (2 vols. : Chapman and Hall).—If any thin-skinned Roman Catholic chanced to have his feelings lacerated by a perusal of "Gwen Wynn," noticed by us in our last issue, he may find balm in the pages of "Old Calabar's" story. In the Rev. Joseph Sladen, otherwise "Holy Joe," a clergyman of the Established Church, who is one of the most conspicuous of its characters, we have a very creditable *pendant* to the villainous and happily impossible Jesuit of Captain Mayne Reid's futile fancy. Whilst curate in charge of a parish in the neighbourhood of Hythe, Mr. Sladen is a money-lender's tout and a smuggler ; he proposes to a young lady of his flock that she shall share his home without the preliminary of a marriage, and, when she threatens to expose him to her father, throws her into a mill-pond and runs away. Of course she is rescued by an opportune poacher—a reformed poacher, be it understood—who seems always at hand when wanted ; and "Holy Joe," after living to perpetrate several other enormities, meets with condign punishment in the end. The novel contains full and particular accounts of a duel ; two steeplechases, one English, the other French, and some minor sporting "events ;" and is perhaps not worse than the run of tales which rely for success upon sensationalism and nothing else, though we cannot say that we have found it either probable or amusing.

"Seacliffe" (3 vols. : Provost and Co.).—In a dedication to Dr. Caird the author of this work trusts that it will not be found to contain any instances of "glaring anachronisms." We do not know what his notions touching anachronisms may be ; but what are we to say to a nobleman who, in the beginning of the reign of James the First, dates his letter "Seacliffe, N.B.," addresses his correspondent as "Dear Mr. Potts," and winds up with "Believe me, dear Mr. Potts, yours truly," &c. ? And this is just one instance out of many quite as striking that meet us even in the first thirty pages.

"Emilia ; or, The Genoese Orphan," by Giovanna Sursarello (London, Dulau and Co. ; Venice, Münster's successor, Ongaria).—This is a novel by an author who knows English only a very little, set up apparently by printers who do not know it at all. The result is like nothing in the world, except the letters from French correspondents that sometimes appear in *Punch*. Thus we come upon "last day Marion *went down worse* in health and spirits ;" "there was a signified reserve in her tone and manner which checked *reproach* at '*conversation*' and '*enjoyment*.'" The book may at least be pronounced mirth-exciting.

◆

THE SIEGE OF PLEVNA

The line of investment has been drawn tightly and closely round the brave army of Osman Pasha entrenched on their impregnable positions at Plevna, and that much lauded general has been caught in a trap, the meshes of which will very much tax his ingenuity to break through. Daily events tend to show that, unlike the picture of the Lion and Mouse we see on advertisement boards, the Lion Pasha has very little chance of outdoor relief. He is hemmed in by strong lines of Russian troops that will require an army larger than the Turks are capable of putting together to succeed in relieving him from his awkward position. His brave soldiers must starve behind their earthworks or break through the Russian forces surrounding them. If the latter alternative ever entered Osman's mind he ought to have acted on it long ago, but no doubt he knows a better means of getting out of the difficulty, and as Kars fell so will Plevna. In my sketch I have tried to show by taking a bird's-eye view from the south-east how the blockade is intact, and how the Turkish General with his army is literally bottled up, and (as correspondents love to say) hermetically sealed by the Russian troops.

On the right is the famous village and redoubt of Gravitza, which the Roumanians surprised with their bravery. Behind and forming part of the Gravitza spur of the Turkish works is the redoubt, which made the Roumanian victory of little avail. In the centre of the sketch is the redoubt which was stormed with such fruitless results on the memorable *fête* day of the Czar. In the foreground are troops marching to entrenched positions, and also sappers and miners returning from throwing up these defences. On the left of the panorama is the historical village and heights of Radichova lined with artillery and rifle pits. Continuing the ridge, we come to the redoubts made famous by the reckless bravery of Skobeleff on the 11th September. Further on is the Turkish entrenched camp behind Plevna, and beyond is Gorny Dubnik, the strong link on the Sofia road in the chain of iron the Russians have worked round Plevna. In relation to the interesting village of Radichova, the military correspondent of *The Times*, in one of his letters published on the 23rd inst., writes to say that because he has not kicked up a few bones and skulls in that village the massacre of the wounded on the night of the 31st of July "is wholly apocryphal." There might have been more weight in his argument if he had not gone on to state "that there was no panic in the Russian army on that deplorable night and following day." I was in the line of retreat during that period, and found the scattered remnants of the Russian army on a very quick move towards the bridge of Simnitza, without showing any of the "bulldog tenacity of the Russian character" which *The Times'* correspondent would lead us to believe was displayed on that occasion. It was not till late in the day of the 1st August that, finding that Osman Pasha, with the usual generalship that gentleman has always displayed, did not intend to follow up his victory, and not till the cry of "Bashi-Bashouks" died out on their rear that the Russians showed the "rock-like firmness" which the military correspondent states as the characteristic of its incomparable infantry, and which was displayed on that occasion.

The Russian soldiers are good, brave men, and may be incomparable when handled by intelligent officers, but on this memorable day, being thoroughly beaten by far superior numbers, and feeling the incapacity of their leaders, they broke and fled, after one of the best-fought battles on record in this campaign. But for the undoubted inability of Osman Pasha to feel the position of his enemy, two regiments of his Circassians, with artillery, could easily have destroyed Shakoffskoi's army, and have reached the bridge at Simnitza. "What the Russians were at Bondino and Pullusk they are to-day," further says the correspondent of *The Times*, but what they were on the 31st of July only eye-witnesses can tell. I was one of them, but the correspondent of *The Times* was then not far from the battle-field of Dorking.

Frederic Villiers

◆

The History of a Crime :

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

I.

THE FIRST DAY—THE AMBUSH

XIX.

ONE FOOT IN THE TOMB

Cournet was waiting for us. He received us on the ground floor, in a parlour where there was a fire, a table, and some chairs ; but the room was so small that a quarter of us filled it to overflowing, and the others remained in the courtyard.—"It is impossible to deliberate here," said Bancel. "I have a larger room on the first floor," answered Cournet, "but it is a building in course of construction, which is not yet furnished, and where there is no fire."—"What does it matter?" they answered him. "Let us go up to the first floor."

We went up to the first floor by a steep and narrow wooden staircase, and we took possession of two rooms with very low ceilings, but of which one was sufficiently large. The walls were whitewashed, and a few straw-covered stools formed the whole of its furniture.

They called out to me, "Preside."

I sat down on one of the stools in a corner of the first room, with the fireplace on my right, and on my left the door opening upon the staircase. Baudin said to me, "I have a pencil and paper. I will act as secretary to you." He sat down on a stool next to me.

The Representatives and those present, amongst whom there were several men in blouses, remained standing, forming in front of Baudin and myself a sort of square, backed by the two walls of the room opposite to us. This crowd extended as far as the staircase. A lighted candle was placed on the chimney-piece.

A common spirit animated this meeting. The faces were pale, but in every eye could be seen the same firm resolution. In all these shadows glistened the same flame. Several simultaneously asked permission to speak. I requested them to give their names to Baudin, who wrote them down, and then passed me the list.

The first speaker was a workman. He began by apologising for mingling with the Representatives, he, a stranger to the Assembly. The Representatives interrupted him. "No, no," they said, "the People and Representatives are all one! Speak!——" He declared that if he spoke it was in order to clear from all suspicion the honour of his brethren, the workmen of Paris ; that he had heard some Representatives express doubt about them. He asserted that this was unjust, that the workmen realised the whole crime of M. Bonaparte and the whole duty of the People, that they would not be deaf to the appeal of the Republican Representatives, and that this would be clearly shown. He said all this, simply, with a sort of proud shyness and of honest bluntness. He kept his word. I found him on the next day fighting on the Rambuteau barricade.

Mathieu (de la Drôme) came in as the workman concluded,—"I bring news," he exclaimed. A profound silence ensued.

As I have already said, we vaguely knew since the morning that the Right were to have assembled, and that a certain number of our friends had probably taken part in the meeting, and that was all. Mathieu (de la Drôme) brought us the events of the day, the details of the arrests at their own houses carried out without any obstacle, of the meeting which had taken place at M. Daru's house and its rough treatment in the Rue de Bourgogne, of the Representatives expelled from the Hall of the Assembly, of the meanness of President Dupin, of the melting away of the High Court, of the total inaction of the Council of State, of the sad sitting held at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, of the Oudinot *fiasco*, of the decree of the deposition of the President, and of the two hundred and twenty forcibly arrested and taken to the Quai d'Orsay. He concluded in a manly style : "The duty of the Left was increasing hourly. The morrow would probably prove decisive." He implored the meeting to take this into consideration.

A workman added a fact. He had happened in the morning to be in the Rue de Grenelle during the passage of the arrested members of the Assembly ; he was there at the moment when one of the commanders of the Chasseurs de Vincennes had uttered these words : "Now it is the turn of those gentlemen—the Red Representatives. Let them look out for themselves!"

One of the editors of the *Révolution*, Hennett de Kesler, who afterwards became an intrepid exile, completed the information of Mathieu (de la Drôme). He recounted the action taken by two members of the Assembly with regard to the so-called Minister of the Interior, Morny, and the answer of the said Morny : "If I find any of the Representatives behind the barricades I will have them shot to the last man," and that other saying of the same witty vagabond respecting the members taken to the Quai d'Orsay, "These are the last Representatives who will be made prisoners." He told us that a placard was at that very moment being printed which declared that "Any one who should be found at a secret meeting would be immediately shot." The placard, in truth, appeared the next morning.

Baudin rose up.—"The *Coup d'État* redoubles its rage," exclaimed he. "Citizens, let us redouble our energy!"

Suddenly a man in a blouse entered. He was out of breath. He had run hard. He told us that he had just seen, and he repeated, had seen with "his own eyes," in the Rue Popincourt, a regiment marching in silence, and wending its way towards the blind alley of No. 82, that we were surrounded, and that we were about to be attacked. He begged us to disperse immediately.

"Citizen Representatives," called out Cournet, "I have placed scouts in the blind alley who will fall back and warn us if the regiment penetrates thither. The door is narrow, and will be barricaded in the twinkling of an eye. We are here, with you, fifty armed and resolute men, and at the first shot we shall be two hundred. We are provided with ammunition. You can deliberate calmly."

And as he concluded he raised his right arm, and from his sleeve fell a large poniard, which he had concealed, and with the other hand he rattled in his pocket the butts of a pair of pistols.—"Very well," said I, "let us continue."

Three of the youngest and most eloquent orators of the Left, Bancel, Arnauld (de l'Ariége), and Victor Chauffour, delivered their opinions in succession. All three were imbued with this notion, that our appeal to arms not having yet been placarded, the different incidents of the Boulevard du Temple and of the Café Bonvalet having brought about no results, none of our decrees, owing to the repressive measures of Bonaparte, having yet succeeded in appearing, while the events at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement began to be spread abroad through Paris, it seemed as though the Right had commenced active resistance before the Left. A generous rivalry for the public safety spurred them on. It was delightful to them to know that a regiment ready to attack was close by, within a few steps, and that perhaps in a few moments their blood would flow.

Moreover, advice abounded, and with advice, uncertainty. Some illusions were still entertained. A workman, leaning close to me against the fireplace, said in a low voice to one of his comrades that the People must not be reckoned upon, and that if we fought "we should perpetrate a madness."

The incidents and events of the day had in some degree modified my opinion as to the course to be followed in this grave crisis. The silence of the crowd at the moment when Arnauld (de l'Ariége) and I had apostrophised the troops had destroyed the impression which a few hours before the enthusiasm of the people on the Boulevard du Temple had left with me. The hesitation of Auguste had impressed me, the Society of Cabinet Makers appeared to shun us, the torpor of the Faubourg St. Antoine was manifest, the inertness of the Faubourg St. Marceau was not less so. I ought to have received notice from the engineer before eleven o'clock, and eleven o'clock was past. Our hopes died away one after another. Nevertheless, all the more reason, in my opinion, to astonish and awaken Paris by an extraordinary spectacle, by a daring act of life and collective power on the part of the Representatives of the Left, by the daring of an immense devotion.

It will be seen later on what a combination of accidental circumstances prevented this idea from being realised as I then purposed. The Representatives have done their whole duty, Providence perhaps has not done all on its side. Be it as it may, supposing that we were not at once carried off by some nocturnal and immediate combat, and that at the hour at which I was speaking we had still a "to-morrow," I felt the necessity o fixing every eye upon the course which should be adopted on the day which was about to follow.—I spoke.

I began by completely unveiling the situation. I painted the picture in four words: the Constitution thrown into the gutter; the Assembly driven to prison with the butt-end of a musket, the Council of State dispersed; the High Court expelled by a galley-sergeant, a manifest beginning of victory for Louis Bonaparte, Paris ensnared in the army as though in a net; bewilderment everywhere; all authority overthrown; all compacts annulled; two things only remained standing, the *Coup d'État* and ourselves.

"Ourselves! and who are we?" "We are," said I, "we are Truth and Justice! We are the supreme and sovereign power, the People incarnate—Right!"

I continued:

"Louis Bonaparte at every minute which elapses advances a step further in his crime. For him nothing is inviolable, nothing is sacred; this morning he violated the Palace of the Representatives of the Nation, a few hours later he laid violent hands on their persons, to-morrow, perhaps in a few moments, he will shed their blood. Well then! he marches upon us, let us march upon him. The danger grows greater, let us grow greater with the danger."

A movement of assent passed through the Assembly, I continued:

"I repeat and insist. Let us show no mercy to this wretched Bonaparte for any of the enormities which his outrage contains. As he has drawn the wine—I should say the blood—he must drink it up. We are not individuals, we are the Nation. Each of us walks forth clothed with the Sovereignty of the People. He cannot strike our persons without rending that. Let us compel his volleys to pierce our sashes as well as our breasts. This man is on a road where logic grasps him and leads him to parricide. What he is killing in this moment is the country! Well then! when the ball of Executive Power pierces the sash of Legislative Power, it is visible parricide! It is this that must be understood!"

"We are quite ready!" they cried out. "What measures would you advise us to adopt?"

"No half measures," answered I; "a deed of grandeur! To-morrow—if we leave here this night—let us all meet in the Faubourg St. Antoine."

They interposed, "Why the Faubourg St. Antoine?"

"Yes," resumed I, "the Faubourg St. Antoine! I cannot believe that the heart of the People has ceased to beat there. Let us all meet to-morrow in the Faubourg St. Antoine. Opposite the Lenoir Market there is a hall which was used by a club in 1848."

They cried out to me, "The Salle Roysin."

"That is it," said I, "the Salle Roysin. We who remain free number a hundred and twenty Republican Representatives. Let us instal ourselves in this hall. Let us instal ourselves in the fulness and majesty of the Legislative Power. Henceforward we are the Assembly, the whole of the Assembly! Let us sit there, deliberate there, in our official sashes, in the midst of the People. Let us summon the Faubourg St. Antoine to its duty, let us shelter there the National Representation, let us shelter there the popular Sovereignty. Let us intrust the People to the keeping of the People. Let us adjure them to protect themselves. If necessary, let us order them!"

A voice interrupted me: "You cannot give orders to the People!"

"Yes!" I cried, "when it is a question of public safety, of the universal safety, when it is a question of the future of every European nationality, when it is a question of defending the Republic, Liberty, Civilisation, the Revolution, we have the right—we, the Representatives of the entire nation—to give, in the name of the French people, orders to the people of Paris! Let us, therefore, meet to-morrow at this Salle Roysin; but at what time? Not too early in the morning. In broad day. It is necessary that the shops should be open, that people should be coming and going, that the population should be moving about, that there should be plenty of people in the streets, that they should see us, that they should recognise us, that the grandeur of our example should strike every eye and stir every heart. Let us all be there between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. If we cannot obtain the Salle Roysin we will take the first church at hand, a stable, a shed, some enclosure where we can deliberate; at need, as Michel de Bourges has said, we will hold our sittings in a square bounded by four barricades. But provisionally I suggest the Salle Roysin. Do not forget that in such a crisis there must be no vacuum before the nation. That alarms it. There must be a government somewhere, and it must be known. The rebellion at the Elysée, the Government at the Faubourg St. Antoine; the Left the Government, the Faubourg St. Antoine the citadel; such are the ideas which from to-morrow we must impress upon the mind of Paris. To the Salle Roysin then! Thence in the midst of the dauntless throng of workmen of that great district of Paris, enclosed in the Faubourg as in a fortress, being both Legislators and Generals, multiplying and inventing means of defence and of attack, launching Proclamations and unearthing the pavements, employing the women in writing out placards while the men are fighting, we will issue a warrant against Louis Bonaparte, we will issue warrants against his accomplices, we will declare the military chiefs traitors, we will outlaw in a body all the crime and all the criminals, we will summon the citizens to arms, we will recall the army to duty, we will rise up before Louis Bonaparte, terrible as the living Republic, we will fight on the one hand with the power of the Law, and on the other with the power of the People, we will overwhelm this miserable rebel, and will rise up above his head both as a great lawful Power and a great Revolutionary Power!"

While speaking I became intoxicated with my own ideas. My enthusiasm communicated itself to the meeting. They cheered me. I saw that I was becoming somewhat too hopeful, that I allowed myself to be carried away, and that I carried them away, that I presented to them success as possible, as even easy, at a moment when it was important that no one should entertain an illusion. The truth was gloomy, and it was my duty to tell it. I let silence be re-established, and I signed with my hand that I had a last word to say. I then resumed, lowering my voice.

"Listen, calculate carefully what you are doing. On one side a hundred thousand men, seventeen harnessed batteries, six thousand cannon-mouths in the forts, magazines, arsenals, ammunition sufficient to carry out a Russian campaign; on the other a hundred and twenty representatives, a thousand or twelve hundred patriots, six hundred muskets, two cartridges per man, not a drum to beat to arms, not a bell to sound the tocsin, not a printing office to print a Proclamation; barely here and there a lithographic press, and a cellar where a handbill can be hurriedly and furtively printed with the brush; the penalty of death against any one who unearths a paving stone, penalty of death against any one who would enlist in our ranks, penalty of death against any one who is found in a secret meeting, penalty of death against any one who shall post up an appeal to arms; if you are taken during the combat death; if you are taken after the combat transportation or exile; on the one side an army and a Crime; on the other a handful of men and Right. Such is this struggle. Do you accept it?"

A unanimous shout answered me, "Yes! Yes!"

This shout did not come from the mouths, it came from the souls. Baudin, still seated next to me, pressed my hand in silence.

It was settled therefore at once that they should meet again on the next day, Wednesday, between nine and ten in the morning at the Salle Roysin, that they should arrive singly or by little separate groups, and that they should let those who were absent know of this rendezvous. This done there remained nothing more but to separate. It was about midnight.

One of Cournet's scouts entered. "Citizen Representatives," he said, "the regiment is no longer there. The street is free."

The regiment, which had probably come from the Popincourt barracks close at hand, had occupied the street opposite the blind alley for more than half an hour, and then had returned to the barracks. Had they judged the attack inopportune or dangerous at night in that narrow blind alley, and in the centre of this formidable Popincourt district, where the insurrection had so long held its own in June, 1848? It appeared certain that the soldiers had searched several houses in the neighbourhood. According to details which we learned subsequently, we were followed after leaving No. 2, Quai Jemmapes, by an agent of police, who saw us enter the house where a M. Cornet was lodging, and who at once proceeded to the Prefecture to denounce our place of refuge to his chiefs. The regiment sent to arrest us surrounded the house, ransacked it from attic to cellar, found nothing, and went away.

This quasi-synonym of Cornet and Cournet had misled the bloodhounds of the *Coup d'État*. Chance, we see, had interposed usefully in our affairs.

I was talking at the door with Baudin, and we were making some last arrangements, when a young man with a chestnut beard, dressed like a man of fashion, and possessing all the manners of one, and whom I had noticed while speaking, came up to me.

"Monsieur Victor Hugo," said he, "where are you going to sleep?"

Up to that moment I had not thought of this.

It was far from prudent to go home.

"In truth," I answered, "I have not the least idea."

"Will you come to my house?"

"I shall be very happy."

He told me his name. It was M. de la R——. He knew my brother Abel's wife and family, the Montferriers, relations of the Cambacères, and he lived in the Rue Caumartin. He had been a Prefect under the Provisional Government. There was a carriage in waiting. We got in, and as Baudin told me that he would pass the night at Coumet's, I gave him the address of M. de la R——, so that he could send for me if any notice of the movement came from the Faubourg St. Marceau or elsewhere. But I hoped for nothing more that night, and I was right.

About a quarter of an hour after the separation of the Representatives, and after we had left the Rue Popincourt, Jules Favre, Madier de Montjau, de Flotte, and Carnot, to whom we had sent word to the Rue des Moulins, arrived at Cournet's, accompanied by Schœlcher, by Charamaule, by Aubry (du Nord), and by Bastide. Some Representatives were still remaining at Coumet's. Several, like Baudin, were going to pass the night there. They told our colleagues what had been settled respecting my proposition, and of the rendezvous at the Salle Roysin; only it appears that there was some doubt regarding the hour agreed upon, and that Baudin in particular did not exactly remember it, and that our colleagues believed that the rendezvous, which had been fixed for nine o'clock in the morning, was fixed for eight. This alteration in the hour, due to the treachery of memory for which no one can be blamed, prevented the realisation of the plan which I had conceived of an Assembly holding its sittings in the Faubourg, and giving battle to Louis Bonaparte, but gave us as a compensation the heroic exploits of the Ste. Marguerite barricade.

XX.

THE BURIAL OF A GREAT ANNIVERSARY

SUCH was the first day. Let us look at it steadfastly. It deserves it. It is the anniversary of Austerlitz; the Nephew commemorates the Uncle. Austerlitz is the most brilliant battle of History; the Nephew set himself this problem—how to commit a baseness equal to this magnificence. He succeeded.

This first day, which will be followed by others, is already complete. Everything is there. It is the most terrible attempt at a thrust backwards that has ever been essayed. Never has such a crumbling of civilisation been seen. All that formed the edifice is now a ruin; the soil is strewn with the fragments. In one night the inviolability of the Law, the Right of the Citizen, the Dignity of the Judge, and the Honour of the Soldier have disappeared. Terrible substitutions have taken place; there was the oath, there is perjury; there was the flag, there is a rag; there was the Army, there is a band of brigands; there was Justice, there is treason; there was the code of laws, there is the sabre; there was a Government, there is a crew of swindlers; there was France, there is a den of thieves. This called itself Society Saved.

It is the rescue of the traveller by the highwayman.

France was passing by, Bonaparte cried, "Stand and deliver!"

The hypocrisy which has preceded the Crime equals in deformity the impudence which has followed it. The nation was trustful and calm. There was a sudden and cynical shock. History has recorded nothing equal to the Second of December. Here there was no glory, nothing but meanness. No deceptive picture. He could have declared himself honest; he declares himself infamous; nothing more simple. This day, almost unintelligible in its success, has proved that Politics possess their obscene side. Louis Bonaparte has shown himself unmasked.

Yesterday President of the Republic, to-day a scavenger. He has sworn, he still swears; but the tone has changed. The oath has become an imprecation. Yesterday he called himself a maiden, to-day he becomes a brazen woman, and laughs at his dupes. Picture to yourself Joan of Arc confessing herself to be Messalina. Such is the Second of December.

Women are mixed up in this treason. It is an outrage which savours both of the boudoir and of the galleys. There wafts across the fetidness of blood an undefined scent of patchouli. The accomplices of this act of brigandage are most agreeable men—Romieu, Momy. Getting into debt leads one to commit crimes.

Europe was astounded. It was a thunderbolt from a thief. It must be acknowledged that thunder can fall into bad hands. Palmerston, that traitor, approved of it. Old Metternich, a dreamer in his villa at Rennweg, shook his head. As to Soult, the man of Austerlitz after Napoleon, he did what he ought to do, on the very day of the Crime he died. Alas! and Austerlitz also.

II.

THE SECOND DAY—THE STRUGGLE

I.

THEY COME TO ARREST ME

IN order to reach the Rue Caumartin from the Rue Popincourt, all Paris has to be crossed. We found a great apparent calm everywhere. It was one o'clock in the morning when we reached M. de la R——'s house. The fiacre stopped near a grated door, which M. de la R—— opened with a latch-key; on the right, under the archway, a staircase ascended to the first floor of a solitary detached building which M. de la R—— inhabited, and into which he led me.

We entered a little drawing-room very richly furnished, lighted with a night lamp, and separated from the bedroom by a tapestry curtain two-thirds drawn. M. de la R—— went into the bedroom, and a few minutes afterwards came back again, accompanied by a charming woman, pale and fair, in a dressing-gown, her hair down, handsome, fresh, bewildered, gentle nevertheless, and looking at me with that alarm which in a young face confers an additional grace. Madame de la R—— had just been awoke by her husband. She remained a moment on the threshold of her chamber, smiling, half asleep, greatly astonished, somewhat frightened, looking by turns at her husband and at me, never having dreamed perhaps what civil war really meant, and seeing it enter abruptly into her rooms in the middle of the night under this disquieting form of an unknown person who asks for a refuge.

I made Madame de la R—— a thousand apologies, which she received with perfect kindness, and the charming woman profited by the incident to go and caress a pretty little girl of two years old who was sleeping at the end of the room in her cot, and the child whom she kissed caused her to forgive the refugee who had awakened her.

While chatting M. de la R—— lighted a capital fire in the grate, and his wife, with a pillow and cushions, a hooded cloak belonging to him, and a pelisse belonging to herself, improvised opposite the fire a bed on a sofa, somewhat short, and which we lengthened by means of an armchair.

During the deliberation in the Rue Popincourt, at which I had just presided, Baudin had lent me his pencil to jot down some names. I still had this pencil with me. I made use of it to write a letter to my wife, which Madame de la R—— undertook to convey herself to Madame Victor Hugo the next day. While emptying my pockets I found a box for the "Italiens," which I offered to Madame de la R——. On that evening (Tuesday, December 2nd) they were to play *Hernani*.

I looked at that cot, these two handsome, happy young people, and at myself, my disordered hair and clothes, my boots covered with mud, gloomy thoughts in my mind, and I felt like an owl in nest of nightingales.

A few moments afterwards M. and Madame de la R—— had disappeared into their bedroom, and the half-opened curtain was closed. I stretched myself, fully dressed as I was, upon the sofa, and this gentle nest disturbed by me had subsided into its graceful silence.

One can sleep on the eve of a battle between two armies, but on the eve of a battle between citizens there can be no sleep. I counted each hour as it sounded from a neighbouring church; throughout the night there passed down the street, which was beneath the windows of the room where I was lying, carriages which were fleeing from Paris. They succeeded each other rapidly and hurriedly, one might have imagined it was the exit from a ball. Not being able to sleep I got up. I had slightly parted the muslin curtains of a window, and I tried to look outside; the darkness was complete. No stars, clouds were flying by with the turbulent violence of a winter night. A melancholy wind howled. This wind of clouds resembled the wind of events.

I watched the sleeping baby. I waited for dawn. It came. M. de la R—— had explained at my request in what manner I could go out without disturbing any one. I kissed the child's forehead, and left the room. I went down stairs, closing the doors behind me as gently as I could, so as not to wake Madame de la R——. I opened the iron door and went out into the street. It was deserted, the shops were still shut, and a milkwoman, with her donkey by her side, was quietly arranging her cans on the pavement.

I have not seen M. de la R—— again. I learned since that he wrote to me in my exile, and that his letter was intercepted. He has, I believe, quitted France. May this touching page convey to him my kind remembrances.

The Rue Caumartin leads into the Rue St. Lazare. I went towards it. It was broad daylight. At every moment I was overtaken and passed by *fiacres* laden with trunks and packages, which were hastening towards the Havre railway station. Passers-by began to appear. Some baggage trains were mounting the Rue St. Lazare at the same time as myself. Opposite No. 42, formerly inhabited by Mdlle. Mars, I saw a new bill pasted on the wall. I went up to it, I recognised the type of the National Printing Office, and I read,

"COMPOSITION OF THE NEW MINISTRY

"*Interior*—M. de Morny.
"*War*—"The General of Division St. Arnaud.
"*Foreign Affairs*—M. de Turgot.
"*Justice*—M. Rouher.
"*Finance*—M. Fould.
"*Marine*—" M. Ducos.
"*Public Works*—M. Magne.
"*Public Instruction*—M. H. Fortoul.
"*Commerce*—M. Lefebvre-Duruflé."

I tore down the bill, and threw it into the gutter; the soldiers of the party who were leading the waggons watched me do it, and went their way.

In the Rue St. Georges, near a side door, there was another bill. It was the "Appeal to the People." Some persons were reading it. I tore it down, notwithstanding the resistance of the porter, who appeared to me to be entrusted with the duty of protecting it.

As I passed by the Place Bréda some *fiacres* had already arrived there. I took one. I was near home, the temptation was too great, I went there. On seeing me cross the courtyard the porter looked at me with a stupified air. I rang the bell. My servant, Isidore, opened the door, and exclaimed with a great cry, "Ah! it is you, sir! They came during the night to arrest you." I went into my wife's room. She was in bed, but not asleep, and she told me what had happened.

She had gone to bed at eleven o'clock. Towards half-past twelve, during that species of drowsiness which resembles sleeplessness, she heard men's voices. It seemed to her that Isidore was speaking to some one in the ante-chamber. At first she did not take any notice, and tried to go to sleep again, but the noise of voices continued. She sat up, and rang the bell.

Isidore came in. She asked him,

"Is any one there?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Who is it?"

"A man who wishes to speak to master."

"Your master is out."

"That is what I have told him, Madam."

"Well, is not the gentleman going?"

"No, Madam. He says that he urgently needs to speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo, and that he will wait for him."

Isidore had stopped on the threshold of the bedroom. While he spoke a fat, fresh-looking man in an overcoat, under which could be seen a black coat, appeared at the door behind him.

Madam Victor Hugo noticed this man, who was silently listening.

"Is it you, sir, who wish to speak to Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

"Yes, Madam."

"He is out."

"I shall have the honour of waiting for him, Madam."

"He will not come back."

"Nevertheless I must speak to him."

"Monsieur, if it is anything which will be useful for him to know you can confide it to me in perfect security, I will faithfully tell him."

"Madam, it is to himself that I must speak."

"But what is it about? Is it regarding politics?"

The man did not answer.

"As to politics," continued my wife, "what is happening?"

"I believe, Madam, that all is at an end."

"In what sense?"

"In the sense of the President."

My wife looked fixedly at the man and said to him:

"You have come to arrest my husband, sir."

"It is true, Madam," answered the man, opening his overcoat, which revealed the sash of a Commissary of Police.

He added after a pause: "I am a Commissary of Police, and I am the bearer of a warrant to arrest M. Victor Hugo. I must institute a search and look through the house."

"What is your name, sir?" asked Madame Victor Hugo.

"My name is Hivert."

"You know the terms of the Constitution?"

"Yes, Madam."

"You know that the Representatives of the People are inviolable?"

"Yes, Madam."

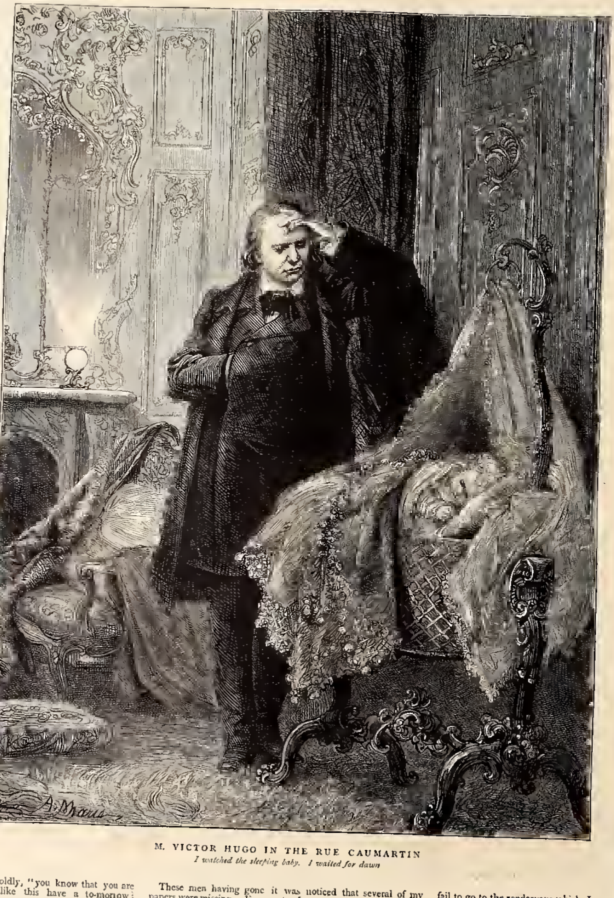
"Very well, sir," she said, coldly, "you know that you are committing a crime. Days like this have a to-morrow; proceed."

The Sieur Hivert attempted a few words of explanation, or we should rather say justification, he muttered the word "conscience," he stammered the word "honour." Madame Victor Hugo, who had been calm until then, could not help interrupting him with some abruptness.

"Do your business, sir, and do not argue; you know that every official who lays a hand on a Representative of the People commits an act of treason. You know that in presence of the Representatives the President is only an official like the others, the chief charged with carrying out their orders. You dare to come to arrest a Representative in his own home like a criminal! There is in truth a criminal here who ought to be arrested—yourself."

The Sieur Hivert looked sheepish and left the room, and through the half-open door my wife could see, behind the well-fed, well-clothed, and bald Commissary, seven or eight poor raw-boned devils, wearing dirty coats which reached to their feet, and shocking old hats jammed down over their eyes—wolves led by a dog. They examined the room, opened here and there a few cupboards, and went away—with a sorrowful air—as Isidore said to me.

The Commissary Hivert, above all, hung his head; he raised it, however, for one moment. Isidore, indignant at seeing these men thus hunt for his master in every corner, ventured to defy them. He opened a drawer and said, "Look and see if he is not in here!" The Commissary of Police darted a furious glance at him: "Lackey, take care?" The lackey was himself.



M. VICTOR HUGO IN THE RUE CAUMARTIN

I watched the sleeping baby. I waited for dawn

These men having gone it was noticed that several of my papers were missing. Fragments of manuscripts had been stolen, amongst others one dated July, 1848, and directed against the military dictatorship of Cavaignac, and in which there were verses written respecting the Censorship, the councils of war, and the suppression of the newspapers, and in particular respecting the imprisonment of a great journalist—Emile de Girardin:

> . . . O honte, un lansquenet
> Gauche, et parodiant Cesar dont il hérite,
> Gouverne les esprits du fond de sa guérite!

These manuscripts are lost.

The police might come back at any moment, in fact, they did come back a few minutes after I had left. I kissed my wife; I would not wake my daughter, who had just fallen asleep, and I went downstairs again. Some affrighted neighbours were waiting for me in the courtyard. I cried out to them laughingly, "Not caught yet!"

A quarter of an hour afterwards I reached No. 10, Rue des Moulins. It was not then eight o'clock in the morning, and thinking that my colleagues of the Committee of Insurrection had passed the night there, I thought it might be useful to go and fetch them, so that we might proceed all together to the Salle Roysin.

I found only Madame Landrin in the Rue des Moulins. It was thought that the house was denounced and watched, and my colleagues had changed their quarters to No. 7, Rue Villedo, the house of the ex-Constituent Leblond, legal adviser to the Workmen's Association. Jules Favre had passed the night there. Madame Landrin was breakfasting. She offered me a place by her side, but time pressed. I carried off a morsel of bread and left.

At No. 7, Rue Villedo, the maidservant who opened the door to me ushered me into a room where were Carnot, Michel de Bourges, Jules Favre, and the master of the house, our former colleague, Constituent Leblond.

"I have a carriage downstairs," I said to them; "the rendezvous is at the Salle Roysin in the Faubourg St. Antoine; let us go."

This, however, was not their opinion. According to them the attempts made on the previous evening in the Faubourg St. Antoine had revealed this portion of the situation; they sufficed; it was useless to persist; it was obvious that the working-class districts would not rise; we must turn to the side of the tradesmen's districts, renounce our attempts to rouse the extremities of the city, and agitate the centre. We were the Committee of Resistance, the soul of the insurrection; if we were to go to the Faubourg St. Antoine, which was occupied by a considerable force, we should give ourselves up to Louis Bonaparte. They reminded me of what I myself had said on the subject the previous evening in the Rue Blanche. We must immediately organise the insurrection against the *Coup d'État*, and organise it in practicable districts, that is to say, in the old labyrinths of the streets St. Denis and St. Martin; we must draw up Proclamations, prepare decrees, create some method of publicity; they were waiting for important communications from Workmen's Associations and Secret Societies. The great blow which I wished to strike by our solemn meeting at the Salle Roysin would prove a failure; they thought it their duty to remain where they were, and the Committee being few in number, and the work to be done being enormous, they begged me not to leave them.

They were men of great hearts and great courage who spoke to me; they were evidently right; but for myself I could not fail to go to the rendezvous which I myself had fixed. All the reasons which they had given me were good, nevertheless I could have opposed some doubts, but the discussion would have taken too much time, and the hour drew nigh. I did not make any objections, and I went out of the room, making some excuse. My hat was in the antechamber, my *fiacre* was waiting for me, and I drove off to the Faubourg St. Antoine.

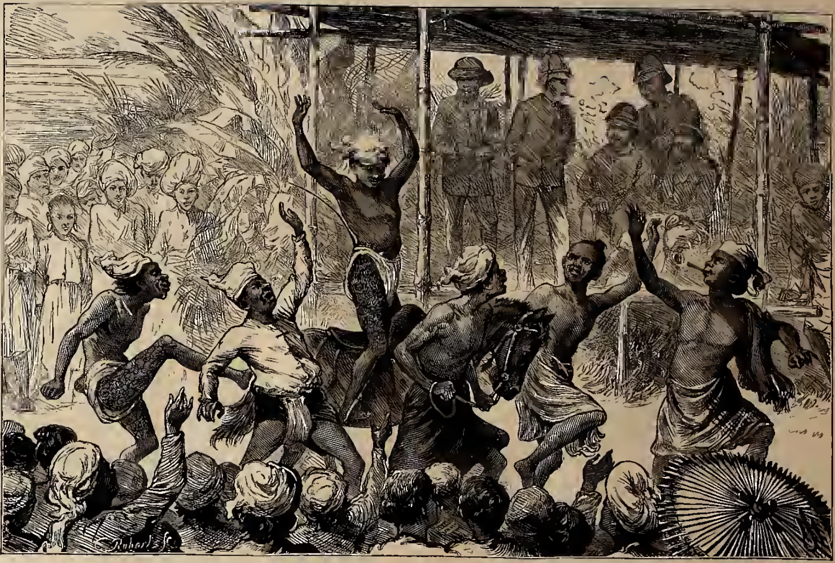
The centre of Paris seemed to have retained its everyday appearance. People came and went, bought and sold, chatted and laughed as usual. In the Rue Montorgueil I heard a street organ. Only on nearing the Faubourg St. Antoine the phenomenon which I had already noticed on the previous evening became more and more apparent; solitude reigned, and a certain dreary peacefulness.

We reached the Place de la Bastille.

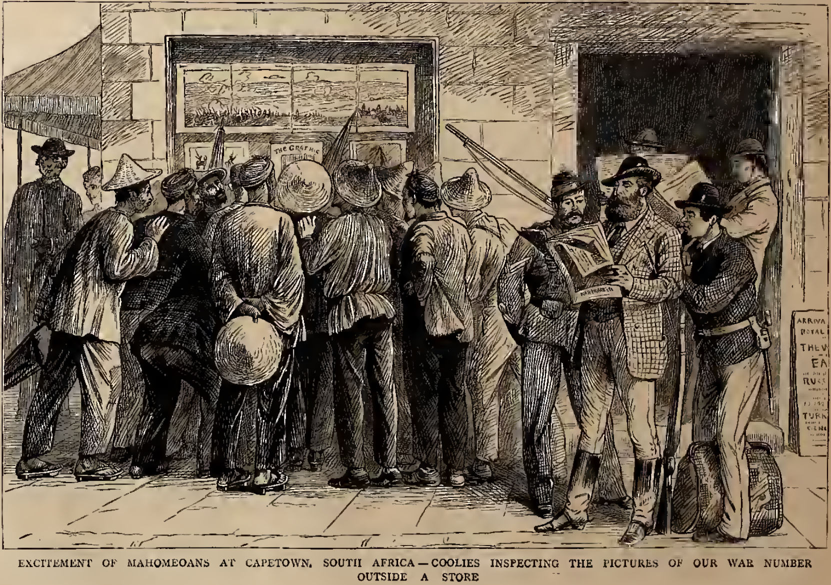
My driver stopped.

"Go on," I said to him.

(To be continued)



A PONY RACE AT JOUNGHOO, BRITISH BURMAH


THE GRAPHIC
ARRIVA
ROYAL
THE W
EA
RUSS
TURK
GENE

EXCITEMENT OF MAHOMEDANS AT CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA—COOLIES INSPECTING THE PICTURES OF OUR WAR NUMBER OUTSIDE A STORE

FOREIGN

The War in the East.——Plevna having been completely blockaded, the Russians have been turning their attention to barring the way to the advance of Mehemet Ali's army of relief from the south, and have taken the positions at Provitz and the important town of Etropol, at the head of the defile leading to Orchanie and Sofia. This last achievement was carried out on the 23rd ult. by Generals Rauch and Schouvaloff, after a difficult march of forty-nine hours, during which the men had to drag the artillery themselves, up deep, precipitous paths where dynamite had frequently to be used in order to clear the way. After a sharp battle the Russians drove the Turks from the position, and were thus enabled to occupy a point on the Orchanie road almost as far as Laskeni. Although Sofia itself is only seventy kilomètres distant, and Orchanie is comparatively close at hand, Mehemet Ali sent no reinforcements to the front, but allowed the Russians to obtain possession of an extremely valuable strategical position, for he not only will now find it extremely difficult to reach the neighbourhood of Plevna, but, should he suffer defeat at Orchanie, he will leave the road to Sofia and the south of the Balkans open to the enemy. Respecting Plevna itself, the situation remains the same. Osman Pasha continues to hold out, but deserters tell grave stories of the scarcity of food. The Russians erected a huge transparent screen to inform the besieged that Kars had fallen, an attention acknowledged by a tremendous fire upon the erection.

The Roumanians also have a victory to chronicle, for on the 19th ult., under Colonel Slaniceanu, they assaulted and carried Rahova, thus barring the road between Widdin and the Russian positions.—On the Lom there has been continual skirmishing, as Suleiman Pasha seems determined to try every point in the Czarevitch's line until he finds the weakest, and accordingly has been attacking various positions, from Pyrgos in the north to Tartar Bazardjik southwards. On Monday the Turks attacked the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch near Tirstenik and Metchka, but were repulsed with loss after having destroyed the depot of provisions at the former place. Further south also, at Polimarca, the Turks attacked the Russian garrison, but ultimately retreated. In the Shipka Pass the Turks made another unsuccessful attack on Mount St. Nicholas on the 22nd ult.—At Bogot, the Russian headquarters, the Roumanians are becoming great favourites, owing to their successes, the Czar has presented Prince Charles with two captured Turkish monitors, and is said to be negotiating the exchange of the Dobrudscha for the slip of Bessarabia which the Russians lost by the Treaty of Paris. The Russian loss up to the present is officially stated at 67,303 men, amongst whom are fourteen generals, one Imperial Prince, and four princes of the House of Rurik. The Turkish prisoners captured amount to 44,000 men, and the value of the booty taken to 14,000,000 roubles.

From Asia there is little trustworthy news beyond that Mukhtar Pasha has been summoned to surrender Erzeroum and has declined, and that the Russians are preparing for a general siege of the town. The fall of Kars has now been officially announced at Constantinople, where the event has not increased the popularity of obnoxious Mahmoud Damad Pasha, who is said to be about to resign. The Sultan has ordered a levy of a Civic or National Guard of 150,000, amongst whom for the first time Christians are to be enrolled, though only for the purpose of protecting the capital in case of an attack. Many Christians—chiefly Armenians—have joined the ranks.

Montenegro is still carrying on hostilities, and Prince Nicholas has captured Fort Nehay, near Spizza, and now occupies the whole territory from Lake Scutai to Bojana with the exception of the citadel of Antivari, which latter is being very energetically besieged, and Dulcigno. Servia is still preparing for war, and it is thought probable that Prince Milan will shortly declare his independence. Horvatovitch has ordered the inhabitants of Alexinatz, Saitschar, and Kujajevatz to be ready to return into the interior if required; while a boundary skirmish between Turks and Servians has already occurred in Krataroitza.

France.——Matters are looking more and more serious. The new Ministry was definitively formed on the 23rd ult. under General de Rochebouët, who commanded the troops in the Boulevard Montmartre during the street fighting of the *Coup d'État* in 1851. He now assumes the Premiership and the Ministry of War, and the other members are the Marquis de Banneville, MM. Welche, Lepelletier, Dutilleul, Ozenne, Graeff, and Faye; and respectively take the portfolios of Foreign Affairs, the Interior, Justice, Finance, Commerce, Public Works, and Instruction. None of the members belong to either House, and the Cabinet was formed professedly with the object of carrying on the business of the State without reference to political affairs. The Republicans, however, possessing the majority in the House and country, naturally regard the Ministry as unconstitutional, and moreover only formed for the sake of carrying the Budget through the House, and thus depriving the Left of their only weapon of resistance against the measures of the Marshal and his advisers. On Saturday the Ministers presented themselves to the House, and General de Rochebouët spoke, stating that the Marshal had confided the Ministry to men "whose programme it was to remain outside the pale of the political struggle," promising that the Republican Constitution should be respected by them, and handed down intact to their successors; and declaring that on the eve of the Universal Exhibition, on which so many interests and even the honour of the country depended, it behoved them "above everything else to devote themselves to the sound management of business transactions." The Left lost no time in taking action. M. de Marcère opened the battle with a telling oration, to which M. Baragnon made a weak reply; and after a speech from M. Floquet, who told the Ministry that the Chamber was too wide-awake to fall into the trap laid for it, the Chamber passed by 323 votes to 208 an "order of the day," declining to enter into any relations with the Ministry, which is a "negation of the rights of the nation, and can only aggravate the crisis which has weighed upon the country since May 16th." In the Senate an identically similar Ministerial statement was read, and was received in silence by both sides; but on Monday the Left Senators began the campaign with a proposition from M. Feray for a Committee of Inquiry into the causes of the existing commercial distress, with the manifest object of fixing the "cause" upon the policy of the men of the 16th of May. Nevertheless the Committee was voted unanimously, and the Senate adjourned to Thursday.

In the Lower Chamber the Left showed that Saturday's order of the day was no vain threat, and when M. Welche, the Finance Minister, moved that the four direct taxes should be detached from the Budget and passed as a distinct measure, the Chamber perfectly ignored the proposal, and passed on to other business. On Tuesday the Budget Committee reported on the special accounts which the late Ministry had raised since the dissolution to the amount of 700,000*l.*, illegally and without due authority. The report is a preliminary attack on one of the expedients which have probably been relied upon for expending money without the sanction of the Chamber. There was no sitting on Wednesday.

In the mean time the Ministry remain in office, General de Rochebouët having tried to extenuate his conduct in the *Coup d'État* by publicly declaring that he had simply carried out the orders he had received, "without his disciplinary obedience implying the slightest approval of Louis Napoleon's policy." But this is a very lame guarantee for the future, as "disciplinary obedience" may again lead him to rake the Boulevards with grape-shot. As for the Marshal, it is said that the ill-success of his new Cabinet only makes him more determined; and there are all sorts of rumours abroad respecting his intentions concerning which, now that General Bertaut has left the War Office, considerable apprehensions are openly expressed. It is thought that he will appeal once more to the Senate and to the "loyalty" of the Orleanists or self-dubbed Constitutionalists; but it is stated that a deputation of Conservative Republicans, headed by M. Grévy, has determined to interview him, and attempt to bring him to reason.

Paris has remained quiet throughout the crisis, although seditious placards are once more beginning to be posted on the walls, and there are visible signs of latent excitement. The Ministry, regarded by the Republicans as unconstitutional, is no favourite with the Conservatives, who nickname it a mustard plaister on a wooden leg. To pass to social matters, notwithstanding the political imbroglio, there have been three first representations, *Les Mariages d'Autrefois*, a highly successful two-act comedy at the Gymnase, by M. Adolphe d'Ennery, on the ancient custom of marrying children at an early age and then separating them for years; *Le Club*, a three-act comedy at the Vaudeville, by MM. Edouard Jondinet and Felix Cohen; and at the Taitbout a four-act comedy, *Le Fiacre Jaune*, which was so condemned by the audience that the authors declined to announce themselves at the close of the performance.

Italy.——The Pope gave audience to a body of Carcassonne pilgrims at the close of last week, and was so fatigued by the ceremony that he was compelled to take to his bed, where he remains up to the time we are writing, only receiving unavoidable visitors in a sitting posture.

The Chambers opened last week, but little noteworthy has been done. On Monday the Ministry, in reply to an interpellation, acknowledged that they had stopped certain telegrams to foreign journals respecting the inauguration of the Mentana Monument, at which it appears several seditious speeches and demonstrations were made.—The Clericals have at last determined to take part in political contests, and have stolen a march upon the Liberals by suddenly carrying off half the elections for Provincial Councillors of Rome.—The Antonelli suit has been once more postponed until the 6th inst.

India.——Our little war on the frontier has been somewhat delayed by the rains, but General Keyes has made several successful attacks upon the Jowakis, has destroyed numerous villages and fortified towers, and is now preparing to attack Jaumoo, their principal stronghold, while holding Jurki and Paiah in order to shorten the line of blockade which is to be held until the submission of the enemy. Capt. Swiney, of the 17th Bengal Cavalry, and nine men have been killed.—The famine reports continue to improve.—The Viceroy will hold an installation of the Bath and Star of India on January 1st, at Calcutta.

United States.——The Democrats and Republicans have been wrangling over the rival claimants for the South Carolina Senatorship, and on Monday sat for twenty-eight hours without deciding the matter.—The Fishery Commission on the compensation to be awarded to Canada under the Treaty of Washington, has awarded 1,100,000*l.* to Canada—the United States Commissioner, however, dissenting.—The U.S. steamer *Huron* has been wrecked on the North Carolina coast, only four officers and thirty men being saved, out of a crew of 15 officers and 119 men.

THE COURT

Prince Leopold still continues indisposed at Balmoral, and accordingly the Queen has again deferred her return to Windsor. Her Majesty will, however, probably leave Scotland about Tuesday or Thursday next, and an invalid coach is in readiness at Euston to be fitted to a saloon for the Prince's use during the journey if necessary. The Queen and the Princess Beatrice spent a short time at the Glassalt Shiel last week, and on their return to Balmoral Her Majesty held a Council, at which the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and Sir Stafford Northcote were present, and afterwards gave audience to the Duke. In the evening the two Ministers and Mr. Peel dined with the Queen, and next morning the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and Mr. Peel left the castle. On Saturday Sir Stafford Northcote joined the Royal party at dinner, and next morning Divine Service was performed in the Castle before Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating. Sir Stafford Northcote left Balmoral on Monday.

The Princess of Wales with her three daughters and Miss Knollys arrived at Clarence House from Abergeldie at the end of last week, and were afterwards joined there by the Prince of Wales on his return from visiting Lord Londesborough. Miss Knollys bore the journey well, although so weak as to be carried to and from the carriage, and continues to improve. On Saturday evening the Prince and Princess went to the Olympic Theatre, and on Monday, accompanied by their three little girls, left town for Sandringham, where they are entertaining a number of friends to keep the Princess's birthday. On Tuesday the Prince and his guests went out shooting, and the Princess and her lady visitors were out in the afternoon, while a county ball will be given this week.—Monday was the 8th birthday of Princess Maud, youngest daughter of Prince and Princess of Wales.—It is stated that the Prince of Wales will be re-nominated Grand Master of the English Freemasons at the Quarterly Meeting of the Grand Lodge on the 5th inst.

The Princess Louise and her husband and the Crown Prince of Hanover visited the Royalty Theatre last week.—The King of Holland is expected at Nice, where ex-Queen Amélie of Greece, widow of Otho I., also intends to spend the winter.—Prince Louis Napoleon has been staying with the Earl and Countess de la Warr, at Buckhurst.

CHURCH NEWS

"Eternal" Punishment.——Canon Farrar, writing to the *Guardian*, says that the language and purport of his recent sermon at Westminster Abbey has been completely misrepresented. He neither denounced the doctrine of *eternal* punishment nor expressed any hope that the word "eternal" might not appear in the Revised Translation. His object was to prove that the word "eternal" did not *necessarily* connote "endlessness," and at the same time to vindicate that faith in the possible effects of Christ's infinite redemption even beyond the grave, which seems to be most expressly stated in the text from which he preached (1 Pet. iv. 6). Neither the Anglican nor even (he believes) the Roman Church has dogmatically decided against the permissibility of such a hope, and it has been widely held in different ages.

Various.——A remarkable correspondence has taken place between the Bishop of London and Mr. Mackonochie relative to the erection of a crucifix and a picture of the Virgin in the Church of St. Alban's, Holborn. The Bishop points out the illegality of the adoption of these ornaments without a faculty, and directs their removal; but Mr. Mackonochie declines to comply, on the ground that they are deeply valued by his congregation as standing witnesses to two cardinal doctrines of Christianity, the Incarnation and the Atonement. The Bishop replies that he shall be compelled to proceed by monition from the Court of his diocese; and Mr. Mackonochie retorts that he has made up his mind to "take the consequences." Whatever these may be, the rev. gentleman cannot in this case contend that he is resisting the edict of a secular Court.—It is curious that Mr. Tooth's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, published in *The Times* of the 23rd inst., had not reached his Grace on the 26th.—The Bishop of Lincoln, writing to some one who had interrogated him as to his reason for turning to the east at the conclusion of a sermon in Ordsall Church, says he was not aware of having done so, that it would not have been worth while noticing if he had, and that life is not long enough for debates on such trivialities. The *Echo*, commenting on this reply, says that it remembers a Bishop who raised a great storm about a triviality that he did debate, and which was discussed even up to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, where a frivolous objection to the grant of the title of "Reverend" to a Wesleyan minister was solemnly decided, and the trivial objection was judicially quashed.—Mr. Bright has written to the Bishop of Peterborough explaining that he meant no "sneer" in using the word "Consecration" in his speech in Parliament upon the Burials Bill. He says that he can no more believe in what is called "holy ground" than the Bishop can in "holy water," and adds that it is not necessary to ridicule all one cannot believe, although it is certain that ridicule has had its share in clearing the world of superstitions. To this the Bishop replies that he thinks a churchyard may fairly be called holy ground in the sense of its having been set aside for a holy use, though he has never heard it so called by Churchmen; and that with regard to the overthrow of superstition the effect has very often been mistaken for the cause. "Superstitions are successfully ridiculed when they are expiring; they do not expire because they are ridiculed."—The Free Church of Scotland, sitting in commission last week, resolved to take steps to prevent the spread of Roman Catholicism in Scotland, as threatened by the intended establishment of a Roman hierarchy therein. A resolution was passed calling the attention of ministers of the Church to "the importance of instructing the people in the true nature and bearing of the Romish system, as well as the present movement by the Vatican."—The Glasgow Free Presbytery had a long discussion the other day anent the heresy of the Rev. Dr. Dods, who holds very advanced doctrines respecting the inspiration of Scripture. There was no difference of opinion as to his guilt, but considerable difficulty arose as to the proper terms in which he should be condemned. Several resolutions were proposed and rejected in turn, and after a sitting of five hours the members adjourned without having settled the knotty question.—The amount collected for the Metropolitan Hospital Fund this year is 26,082*l.* The decrease as compared with last year (27,[illegible]42*l.*) is attributed to the serious financial depression of the country. The money has been distributed amongst seventy-six hospitals and forty-three dispensaries, the largest award (2,491*l.*) being made to the London Hospital.

MUSIC

Her Majesty's Theatre.——The prospects of Mr. Mapleson's winter season look brighter and brighter; and it is not surprising that he should, as is reported, resolve upon extending the term of its originally contemplated duration. The addition to his company of Mdlle. Marimon, a vocalist, in her particular style, unique, and the successful production of an opera which, though for some years popular in Italy, was hitherto unknown to this country, have afforded satisfaction to the public, and at the same time, if crowded houses signify anything, brought money to the treasury. Mdlle. Marimon has already appeared in three of her best known characters—Amina (*La Sonnambula*), Maria (*La Figlia del Reggimento*), and Astrifiammante (*Il Flauto Magico*). If not, in a strictly dramatic sense, the most ingeniously engaging of somnambulists, the most strikingly picturesque of "vivandières," or the most imposing "Queen of Night" habitual opera-goers can bring to remembrance, she is, after her manner, a perfect mistress of the vocal art, just as much at home with the music of Mozart as with that of Bellini and Donizetti. Each of the three operas above named gave Mdlle. Marimon an opportunity of reviving old impressions, and winning unanimous approval. In the exceptional music written by the composer of *Die Zauberflöte* for the exceptional voice of an exceptional singer, with a prodigious command of the higher notes, she, not for the first time, astonished her audience. From among the other singers, in the opera through which, by force of his truly Orphean melody, the great Mozart immortalised the little Schikaneder, author of the libretto, manager of the theatre, and first representative of Papageno—(that biped *with* feathers, who upset a Voltaire's definition of man—"*un bipied sans plumes*"), Madame Marie Rôze, as Pamina, stood out conspicuously, her delivery of the pathetic soliloquy, "Ah! lo so, più non m'avanza," being one of the most striking achievements of the evening. Signor Del Puente is an excellent Papageno—a character which would seem almost impossible after the inimitable impersonation of Ronconi; Mdlle. Valleria, as may well be credited, is all that could be desired as Papagena; Signor Bettini is an acceptable Tamino; and the Sarastro of Signor Foli is now, what it has ever been, and is ever likely to be—more like the Sarastro of Formes than the Sarastro of Staudigl. The subordinate characters—and many such belong to this mysterious Eleusinian "pasticcio"—are more or less adequately sustained; and the performance generally, under the able direction of Signor Licalsi, is good. About *Ruy Blas*, the first of Mr. Mapleson's promised "novelties," we can only just now say a few words. Signor Marchetti has written two other operas (if not more); but *Ruy Blas* alone has made its mark in Italy. Though much talked about, nine years elapsed before our English amateurs were allowed to judge of its merits. The general impression, however, seems to be decidedly favourable, and not without reason. The play of Victor Hugo, upon which the libretto is constructed, while uninviting, and occasionally repulsive, comprises characters, situations, and incidents enough to tempt any musician ambitious to shine as a composer for the theatre. It has been used as the medium of an operatic libretto on several occasions, but never, perhaps, on the whole so successfully as by Signor Marchetti. Not that a trace of original thought, or a suspicion of individuality, can be discovered in his music, which—but for the overshadowing Guiseppe Verdi (now to Italy what Weber was once to Germany)—would never have been written, or, at any rate, would have been written in quite a different style;—far from it. Nevertheless, Signor Marchetti has the talent of producing music agreeable enough to make his hearers forget that the larger number of his melodic phrases have, in some shape or other, been heard before; that his orchestration, while happily devoid of the incessant noise to which modern innovations have, for some considerable time, accustomed us, is by no means rich or varied; and that, in passages where the illustration of deep feeling is called, he is at his weakest. Signor Marchetti, in short, is anxious to be another Verdi, while lacking the genius, if not altogether the *savoir faire*, of that renowned dramatic composer—dubbed by Rossini "Last of the Romans." We shall, however, take another opportunity to speak about the music of *Ruy Blas*, and need only add that it is a fair specimen of what now in Italy obtains general acceptance. As such it was welcome; and we have to thank the director of Her Majesty's Theatre for placing it so carefully on the stage, and Signor Licalsi for having so efficiently prepared it in rehearsal. The leading singers—Mdlle. Salla (the Queen), Mdlle. De Belocca (Casilda), Madame Lablache (Giovanna), Signor Fancelli (Ruy Blas), and Signor Galassi (Don Sallust)—are all furnished with parts that well suit them, Mdlles. Salla and de Belocca more especially distinguishing themselves. The opera, which has been given twice, is an unquestionable success.

London Ballad Concerts.——Two new songs were produced on Wednesday evening. "When thou art near," words by W. J. Stewart (if we mistake not, a novelist of much promise, who died young some years ago), has been wedded by Mr. Sullivan to some tolerably pretty music, which will not, however, add materially to that composer's high reputation. Stephen Adams' "Tar's Farewell" has a good deal of "go" in it, but is not likely to attain to the popularity achieved by "Nancy Lee." Ample justice was done to both songs by Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Santley respectively, who also otherwise carried off the chief honours of the evening; the former in "Phillis is my only joy" and "Sally in our Alley," and the latter in the "Yeoman's Wedding" and various old English ditties. Madame Antoinette Sterling, too, sang two of her most favourite songs, "The Lost Chord" and "Caller Herrin'," in her best style. Nor must we forget the London Vocal Union, who sang Bishop's glee "Hart and Hind" most deliciously. We noted an improvement in the manner of encores at these concerts last Wednesday which will, we hope, be permanent. As soon as the audience unmistakably showed that they wanted to hear a song again the performer came back and sang it forthwith. We trust when Mr. Sims Reeves recovers from his cold he will do likewise, instead of wasting his own time and that of his listeners by affected delays.

◆

FINE ARTS

Continental Gallery.——Since our notice last May of Mr. Everard's Gallery of Continental Pictures in New Coventry Street, numerous other paintings have been added to the collection. Among these is a fine example of Ernest Slingeneyer (whose well-known "Christian Martyr" is still in the collection) representing "An Episode of St. Bartholomew." A Huguenot family have taken refuge on a terrace, but are prepared to sell their lives dearly to the assassins who are pursuing them, and one of whom is just mounting to their hiding-place. The various attitudes and expressions of the beleaguered family, including their faithful greyhound, are admirably rendered. Roybet furnishes a characteristic picture entitled "The Amateurs of Engravings." A party of gentlemen, richly-dressed in Henri Quatre costume, are carefully inspecting a series of portfolios. The expression of the elderly critic is especially good. Roybet has also added to a work of Fortuny's, "An Antechamber in the Vatican," some figures, skilfully grouped, thereby much enhancing the interest of the picture. While dealing with painters of the Fortuny school we may mention Madrazo's "Reverie," a charming girl in pale pink, whose dreamy gaze fully bears out the artist's title; and Jiminez' "Departure for the Bull Fight," a picture redolent of Spanish colour and character, representing the *matador* or *picador* kissing his wife before starting on his perilous enterprise. Tissot is always clever and interesting, though often eccentric in choice of subject. "Time is Money" simply shows us a middle-aged gentleman bowling along in a first-class railway carriage, watch in hand. In his second picture many will recognise that unique glass-covered staircase at Willesden Station, where a young lady (as plain featured as M. Tissot's young ladies usually are) is waiting behind a "varied assortment" of luggage—a thoroughly prosaic subject, yet attractive because of its genuineness. There are several examples here of the late celebrated painter, J. Van Lerius. Of those the most noticeable, "The Triumph of Virtue," depicts a very tragical scene. A girl has just plunged a dagger into the heart of her would-be seducer, while at her side stands an old woman gazing at the gold which she has been paid for arranging the interview. Next let us note some single-figure subjects, all good in their several ways, namely, Alfred Stevens' "Sad News," representing a lady opening a letter which shocks her; Piot's "Bird's Nest," a pretty, bright-eyed, Italian-faced girl with the nest in her lap; A. Toulmouche's "Will He Come?" a girl in a very natural attitude, leaning on the mantel-piece, and impatiently regarding the clock; and lastly Jules Goupil's highly-finished "Critical Observer," a lady dressed in the fashion of the First Empire carefully examining an old cabinet through an eye-glass. There is rather too much blue, to our fancy, in Detti's clever picture of the old gentleman reading aloud in a Swiss garden, while his daughter is more interested in her lover than in her father's book. Faostini's "Chinese Curiosity Shop" is a very rich bit of colouring. Jan Van Beers, a rising young Belgian artist, supplies a clever sketch of "A Spanish Juggler" preparing for his entertainment; Decamps' "Turkish School" is characteristic, though the figures in the background are rather indistinctly depicted; Munkacsy's "Drunkard's Home," a wife contemplating her snoring husband, is painfully powerful, the sordid wretchedness of the cottage and its inmates being most faithfully portrayed. Good also is Max Claude's "Departure for the Chase" and Castre's "Ambulance," a life-like scene from the war of 1870-1. De Neuville's "French Trumpeter" is a bold and clever sketch. T. Couture, who has a high reputation, is represented here by a very simple subject, "The Birdcatchers," a number of lines and traps set under a garden wall. As most of Paul Delaroche's pictures are now hidden in private collections, many persons will look with interest at his "Death of Annibal Caracci," a picture which grows upon you as you look at it. There is here also a charming Meissonier, "The Reader," which belonged to the notorious Baron Strousberg. Talking of Meissonier, Damingo, in his "Preparing for the Duel," shows himself a competent follower of that microscopic master. Noting Von Thoren's cow and sheep-dog confronting each other in a hostile attitude; Palmaroli's bright-hued group of Incroyables (*temp.* 1795), round an ornamental basin; and Tapiro's masterly water-colour sketches in Tangiers; let us say a word concerning two or three landscape pieces. The most important of these is Troyon's "Valley of La Tocque," an admirable, solidly-painted picture, revealing new beauties the longer it is looked at. Foreign artists have for some time learnt to value the peculiar charms of English scenery, and they are especially fond of the Thames. A. Musin's "View near Rosherville," shows a thorough knowledge of the scenery on the lower reaches of our metropolitan river. Last of all, we would mention a "View of Rome," by Ziem, with the huge mass of St. Peter's conspicuous in the distance.

◆

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

III.

"Picturesque Europe" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) has reached its second volume, and adorned with steel engravings, a multiplicity of smaller views, and a thoroughly readable text, forms one of the handsomest books of the season. The British Isles still furnish matter for the illustrations. We travel through the Highlands to the Border country, explore Western Ireland and Wales, saunter through Devon, linger with the honeymoon couples at the Lakes and the Isle of Wight, and visit the Cathedral cities, the Universities, and the old English homes, in which last category comes the eternal Haddon Hall. It would be quite refreshing to find a book of this description which omitted the fair Dorothy Vernon. The drawings of the rock scenery on the Irish coast are amongst the most interesting, and contrast admirably with the placid beauty of the Devonshire views, notably "on the Dart near Totnes." Messrs. Cassell also send us the first part of "The Sea," an illustrated periodical which promises to furnish an interesting account of the ocean and its wonders, and of the famous vessels which have floated on its waters.

Yet another artistic volume devoted to the beauties of Great Britain, "Art Rambles in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland," by J. T. Reid (Routledge). Mr. Reid is both author and artist, and has evidently a holy horror of tourists, so he wanders into comparatively out-of-the-way spots, and reproduces some charming little bits of scenery in Skye, Harris, Lewis, and the isles on the West coast, whilst not forgetting the more familiar parts of the Highlands. The illustrations are clear and delicately executed.—The illusions of the "magic art" have afforded so much genuine amusement that it seems almost a pity to allow such a peep behind the scenes as given by M. Robert Houdin's "The Secrets of Conjuring and Magic" (Routledge), edited and translated by Professor Hoffmann. Here the secrets of the prison house are duly unveiled, and the various tricks, even to the famous bowl of fish, are so clearly explained and illustrated that a shoal of amateur conjurers may be foreseen for Christmas, and Dr. Lynn's audiences may confront him with a certain knowledge of "how it's done."—Parents and relations in search of gift-books will welcome two old friends from the same publishers, "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare," illustrated by Sir J. Gilbert, and an excellent edition of "The Poetical and Dramatic Works of Sir Walter Scott," a specially complete volume, containing even the mottoes and detached pieces from Scott's novels, and a brief memoir by W. B. Scott.—Of the many recent birthday books the palm must be awarded to "The Birthday Book of Flower and Song," compiled by A. Leith (Routledge), a handsome volume of well-chosen extracts, with a refined floral heading to each month, while "The Poetical Birthday Book," edited by the Countess of Portsmouth (Hatchards) is republished with the addition of twelve photographs from celebrated pictures.—Anent reprints, Mr. Tennyson's "Queen Mary" and "Harold" appear as the sixth volume of the "Author's Edition of Tennyson's Works" (C. Kegan Paul).

Alexander's lament for more worlds to conquer will surely soon be echoed by M. Jules Verue, who has left scarcely a corner of sea, earth, and sky untouched by his fictions. He has been to the moon, to the centre of the earth, and under the sea, to the tropics, and the Arctic regions, has put a girdle round the earth, and now resorts to the solar system by depicting the career of a comet in "Hector Servadac" (Sampson Low). Coming in contact with the earth, the comet Gallia carries off in its passage part of Algeria, a fragment of Gibraltar, and scraps of Italy, Morocco, and the Balearic Isles, whose inhabitants form a heterogeneous, but happy, colony. Gallia's climate, however, is decidedly unpleasant, for as the comet proceeds on its orbit, it is first nearly burnt up by the sun, and subsequently the piercing cold forces the colony to live in the heart of a volcano, so when our planet is once more approached the prisoners embark in a balloon, and return to Mother Earth. Smoothly translated by Ellen E. Frewer, the book will be a treat to lovers of the wondrous.—Temperance tales of late are all built upon the same model—a lovely, delicate woman with a drunken husband, who brings his home to ruin and his child to death—and "Little Mercy," by M. J. Franc (Sampson Low), follows the familiar lines. The story, however, is prettily told.—The manifold industries of the poor in our great city are transferred from the street to the drawing-room by "Street Life in London," by J. Thomson and A. Smith (Sampson Low), wherein photographs and word pictures ably illustrate the curious callings of our poorer brethren. Familiar scenes, most of them to be met with in an everyday walk, but each carefully drawn from life, and the history of the models is truthfully recounted.—Another London feature, soon to disappear, "Temple Bar," finds a sympathising historian in Mr. E. W. Godwin (B. T. Batsford), who gives a brief sketch of the Bar's history, and pleads for its preservation in a more convenient spot.

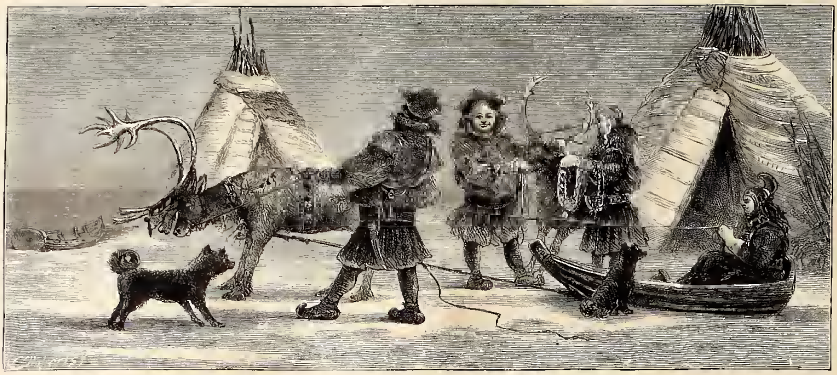
Trifles light and airy are the "Holiday Rambles," by a wife with her husband (Daldy, Isbister)—lively reminiscences of Continental and English travel reprinted from the *Spectator*. There is little new in the foreign trips, but the experiences of the travellers in Devonshire, when they emulate Mr. Black's "Adventures of a Phaeton," and drive about with a horse addicted to "megrims" are highly entertaining.—From travelling in pleasant places to vegetating in solitude—the isolation of the inhabitants of St. Kilda is again brought forward by Mr. J. Sands in a fresh edition of "Out of the World" (Maclachlan and Stewart), a record of his two visits to these melancholy islands. Several of the sketches in this book appeared in our journal some months ago.

The various religious magazines are now bringing out their yearly volumes. *The Fireside* (*Hand and Heart* Publishing Office), contains some excellent articles on historic, domestic, and scientific subjects—notably the sketches of "Caledonia, Stern and Wild"—in addition to the customary religious papers and fiction, while the illustrations are well-selected.—*Home Words* and the *Day of Days* (same publisher), are of a more homely character, the latter being intended for Sunday reading.—Much of the same type are *The Mother's Friend* (Hodder and Stoughton), the *Friendly Visitor*, *Family Friend*, and *British Workman* (S. W. Partridge), while for younger readers the latter publishers produce the *Children's Friend*, *Infant's Magazine*, and *Band of Hope Review*, in company with a number of sheet almanacs to hang on the wall.—Juveniles also will heartily enjoy the half-yearly volume of *Little Folks* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), brimful of merry stories, pictures, and puzzles; "Little Wideawake" and "Sunbeam's Picture Book" (Routledge), as gay inside as out, while "Young Days" (Sunday School Association), also has some wholesome tales and illustrations.—Sunday school teachers and their classes are supplied by the Church of England Sunday School Institute with the annual volume of the *Sunday School Scholars' Companion*; four New Year's addresses to parents, teachers, and pupils, young and old; a useful "Class Book;" "Teachers' Pocket Book," and some tasteful "motto cards," with texts in gold and colours, suitable for Christmas distribution.—Similar Christmas cards, "Christmas Wishes and Promises for the New Year," come from the Religious Tract Society, which also sends us "Sketches of Country Life," after Birket Foster—a collection of cards with coloured rural scenes and appropriate Scriptural extracts, and the music and words of "Christmas Carols," arranged by W. H. Essex, which will be valuable for children at school-teas, &c.

The *Hornet Annual* is an excellent sixpennyworth, containing as it does stories and poems by Messrs. H. J. Bymn, Leigh, Reece, Godfrey Turner, and other writers of comic fame, embellished by a profusion of woodcuts.

The Convicted Detectives.——It is said that Meiklejohn, who while the recent proceedings were pending made repeated overtures to the Treasury to become a witness for the Crown, has since his conviction made statements implicating a number of other police officers. The matter is understood to be under the consideration of the Home Secretary, and an official inquiry will in all probability be ordered. Confidence in the force has been so rudely shaken that nothing but a most searching public investigation can possibly re-establish it.

Miscellaneous Items.——One of the thieves who stole the Countess of Aberdeen's jewels has been captured, and the police have hopes of securing his confederates as well as of recovering some of the property.—Sir J. Bazalgette has been visited by burglars, who, besides appropriating a cash-box and its contents, carried off a silver trowel presented to him by the Board of Works in commemoration of the laying of the first stone of the Thames Embankment.—Jewel robberies are growing fashionable. Last week a shopman in the employ of a jeweller at Bury St. Edmunds, being left in sole charge of the premises decamped with the whole stock, worth several thousand pounds, besides 100*l*. in cash.—Who is responsible for the safety of mail-bags *in transitu*? Last Friday two bags were stolen from the Leamington Station of the Great Western Railway, and were subsequently found near by, emptied of their contents, fragments of the torn letters lying all around.—Mr. Justice Denman has decided that the men charged with being concerned in the robbery of 70,000*l*. worth of foreign bonds from the mail train between Calais and Paris cannot be tried in this country, as the alleged offence was committed abroad. Carr, the Englishman, has therefore got off scot free, but Martin and Hibbert are still in custody, and will probably be given up under the Extradition Act.—Procrastinating people, who buy dogs and put off from day to day the duty of procuring licenses for them, would do well to note the decision which has just been made in the Common Pleas Division—namely, that it is not lawful to keep a dog, even for an hour, without a Government permit.—The other day a beer-shop keeper was summoned for being drunk on his own licensed premises. There was no dispute as to the fact; but it was urged in his favour that he was found lying inside the bar, and it was held that that being a private portion of the premises, the Act did not apply. In all likelihood this nice point, which is only matched by the question of jurisdiction raised by Mr. Tooth, will have to be decided in one of the Superior Courts.—Mr. George Washington Moore, one of the famous troupe of negro melodists who "never perform out of London," was the other day summoned for furious driving; but, as the policeman who brought the charge was unable to say whether the animal so driven was a mule or a pony, the charge was dismissed.—Mr. Cobbett, the pertinacious champion of the Tichborne Claimant, on Tuesday made yet another fruitless application to the Queen's Bench Division. His contention is that perjury can only be punished with one term of seven years' penal servitude, and that therefore the double sentence passed on the convict in respect of two distinct charges is illegal. The Judges, however, consider the action "frivolous and vexatious," and of course refuse to grant a rule for its trial.—The three colliers who were convicted of kicking a man to death at Coalville on September 1st were executed in Leicester Gaol on Monday last; and the young Welsh farmer who killed a woman with whom he had illicit acquaintance was hung at Dolgelly on the previous Friday. At the latter place there had been no execution for sixty years, and none of the local carpenters would have anything to do with erecting the scaffold.



THE LAPLANDERS AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM

A BURMESE PONY RACE

A RACE between two ponies belonging to and ridden by Burmans took place on the 2nd of November last at Joungnoo, British Burmah. The Burmans are much attached to this form of sport, and bet considerably. In this case the race was held on the Jail Road, the starting place being near the jail, and the course a perfectly straight one of about 250 yards. Three heats are run, the winner of two out of three being of course the victor. The sketch represents the winner of the first heat being escorted back to the starting post by his backers with dance and song. The hubbub is scarcely calculated to steady the nerves of an English racer, but a paddy diet possibly produces stoicism. The jockey, tucking his switch into the back of his *lungi*—which was rolled tight up round his loins, displaying the indigo-coloured tattoo work with which all Burmans are adorned from the waist to below the knee to full advantage—stood in his very short stirrups and danced, gesticulating with hands bent back after the Burmese Pony fashion. The Burmese ponies are from 12 hands to 12·2 on the average, some smaller than 12 and some larger than 12·2. The Burmese saddle is a flat, shallow seat, with a large hump in front, covered with crimson cloth; the reins are crimson bell-rope, and so is the crupper, which passes loosely under the tail, and crimson bell-ropes, tassels and all, hang down the sides. A small bamboo shelter with a raised floor, standing at the winning-post, was occupied by a small party of Europeans—military, civil, and clerical.—We are indebted to Mr. J. B. Waller, of Jounghoo, for the sketch from which our engraving is taken, and for the above particulars.

◆

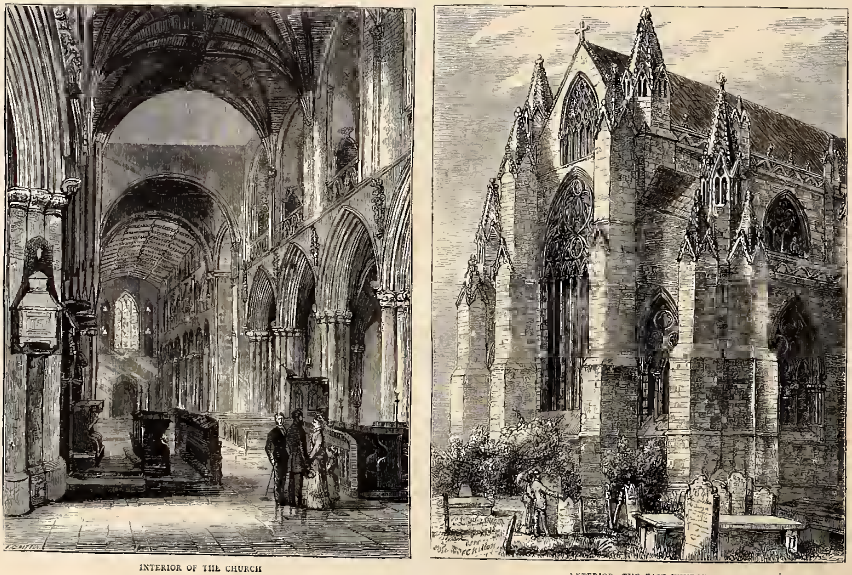
COOLIES AT CAPE TOWN INSPECTING OUR WAR NUMBER

BESIDES its white inhabitants, who are chiefly of Dutch and British descent, the metropolis of South Africa contains a numerous coloured population, some of whom belong to the native African races, such as the Hottentots and Fingoes, while others are Malays hailing from the region round about the Straits Settlements. These latter, who comprise the most industrious portion of the coloured population, are all Mohamedans by religion, and they have several places of worship in Cape Town. On account of their creed they take an especial interest in the war now being waged betwern the Sultan and the Czar, and the sketch (by C. B. M., of Cape Town), from which our engraving is taken, depicts the excitement of a party of Coolies on seeing the stirring events depicted in our Extra War Number, which was exhibited outside a store in a street in Cape Town. Some of the other figures represent volunteers for the Kaffir war, as they appear before going into and after coming out of the "Mill" at the Town House.

◆

THE "SITTING BULL" COUNCIL AT FORT WALSH, BRITISH COLUMBIA

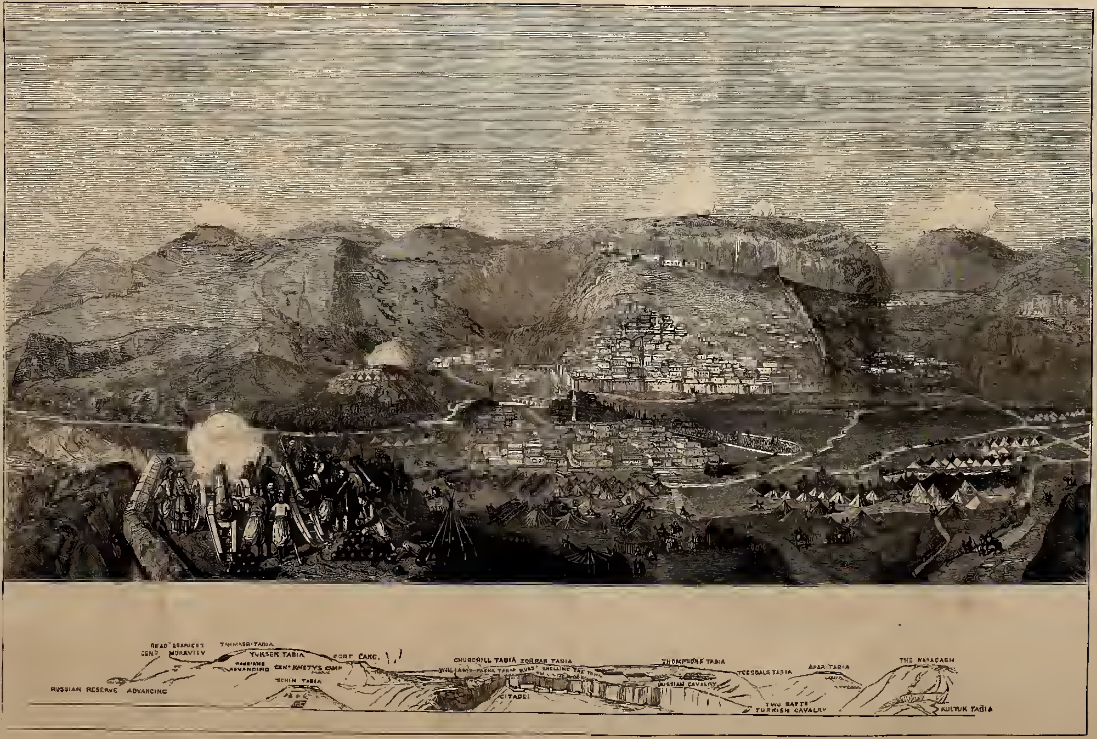
IT will be remembered that at the close of the late Indian War in the north-west of the United States, a number of the Sioux, headed by the famous chief, Sitting Bull, crossed over the British border. Those of the hostile Indians who had remained on American territory, having in the meantime received a full pardon from "the Great Father" (*i.e.*, President Hayes) on condition of giving up their arms and horses, a United States Commission, presided over by General Terry, crossed the frontier with a view of persuading the refugees to follow the example of their penitent countrymen. The object of the



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH

EXTERIOR, THE EAST WINDOW

THE ABBEY CHURCH, SELBY


HEAD QUARTERS
GENL MURAVIEV
TAHMASP TABIA
YUKSEK TABIA
RUSSIANS ADVANCING
GENL KMETY'S CAMP
FORT LAKE
TCHIM TABIA
RUSSIAN RESERVE ADVANCING
CHURCHILL TABIA
ZORRAB TABIA
WILLIAMS PASHA TABIA
RUSS SHELLING THE TOWN
CITADEL
THOMPSON'S TABIA
RUSSIAN CAVALRY
TEESDALE TABIA
ARAB TABIA
TWO BATTS
TURKISH CAVALRY
THE KARADAGH
KULTUK TABIA

THE FORTRESS AND FIELD DEFENCES OF KARS

REPRESENTING THE ACTION BETWEEN THE RUSSIANS UNDER MOURAVIEFF AND THE TURKS UNDER GENERAL WILLIAMS, SEPT. 29, 1855

Americans was of course to have Sitting Bull and his followers under entire control, whereas if they remained on the British side they might at any time make a raid into American territory. The place fixed upon for the interview, or "pow wow," as it is styled, was Fort Walsh, which is situated in British Columbia, near the 110th parallel of west longitude, and a few miles from the American Territory of Montana. Among the Red men present were Sitting Bull, Spotted Eagle, Flying Bird, and other prominent aboriginals; while the White men were represented by General Terry, with his fellow Republicans, and the British officers Colonel M'Leod and Major Walsh. Sitting Bull delivered a powerful speech expressive of the greatest animosity towards the Americans, and refusing to quit the British dominions. "I did not give you any country," he said, "but you took it away from us. I was born and raised in this country with the Red River half-breeds, and I intend to stop with them. You come here to tell me lies, and I don't want any such language here in my Great Mother's house" (alluding to Her Majesty the Queen). "This country is mine. Go back where you came from, and take it easy going back" (that is, "never go back at all"). Other Indians' speakers followed, and ended by shaking hands with the British officers, and addressing to them terms of affection and respect, while they did not even say "Good-bye" to the Americans. This marked difference of behaviour towards the respective representatives of the two nations is regrettable, and may react unfavourably upon the Indians generally; but it cannot be denied—indeed, it is freely admitted by the Americans themselves—that the Red Indians have been far more skilfully managed by the British than by their Republican cousins. The machinery of a Monarchy is far better fitted for dealing with outlying territories and semi-savage races than that of a Republic. Under the former, law and order are enforced in the remotest regions; under the latter, every man does "as he darn pleases," and it generally pleased the pioneers of new settlements to shoot and maltreat the aborigines.

THE THREE MAGAZINES.

NEW VOLUMES JUST COMMENCED.

Now Ready.
CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for DECEMBER. Price 7d.,
Being the First Part of a New Volume.
"Its character is so marked and decided that we have no hesitation in giving CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE the FIRST POSITION AMONG THE MONTHLIES for the people."—*Edinburgh Courant.*

Now Ready.
THE QUIVER for DECEMBER.
Price 6d.
"An outlay of Sixpence upon THE QUIVER will not be regretted by those who are desirous of finding something at once easy to understand and worth the reading. The illustrations are a very pleasant feature in the numbers."—*Guardian.*

Now Ready.
LITTLE FOLKS for DECEMBER.
Price 6d.
"The praise of LITTLE FOLKS is among all the critics as the perfect ideal of a magazine for the young."—*Glasgow Mail.*

In Monthly Parts, 7d and 8½d. Part 1. now ready.
WAR, CASSELL'S HISTORY of the RUSSO-TURKISH. Profusely Illustrated.

Now Ready, Part 1, price 8½d.
WAR, CASSELL'S HISTORY of the RUSSO-TURKISH
, Every purchaser of Part 1 is entitled to receive with it a large Map, measuring 21½ in. by 31 in (handsomely printed in Chromo-Lithography), of THE PASSAGES OF THE DANUBE AND PASSES OF THE BALKANS.

In Monthly Parts, 7d. Part I. now ready.
SCIENCE FOR ALL.

Now ready, Part I., price 7d.
SCIENCE FOR ALL. Edited by Dr. ROBERT BROWN, assisted by Eminent Writers. Abundantly Illustrated.
"It is proposed in 'Science for All' to take everyday incidents of life and the commonest objects which surround us, and show, in simple and clear language, the scientific principles which underlie them, and whose operation they illustrate."—Extract from Prospectus.
CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN; and all Booksellers.

THE SEA—ITS STIRRING STORY.

Now ready, Part 2, price 7d
THE SEA—ITS STIRRING STORY OF ADVENTURE, PERIL, AND HEROISM. With Numerous Original Illustrations.
"Among the boys this book is likely to create a perfect furore, and it can hardly fail to be regarded as a most eligible investment for spare pocket-money, especially since to the attractions of 'awfully jolly' reading are added those of very effective illustrations."—*John Bull.*
FOURTH EDITION OF PART I. (including large presentation Plate), price 7d., also now ready.
CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN; and all Booksellers.

COMPLETE CATALOGUES of Messrs. CASSELL, PETTER and GALPIN'S PUBLICATIONS, containing a List of Several Hundred Volumes, including Bibles and Religious Works, Fine-Art Volumes, Children's Books, Dictionaries, Educational Works, History, Natural History, Household and Domestic Treatises, Handbooks and Guides, Science, Travels, &c., together with a Synopsis of their numerous Illustrated Serial Publications, sent post free on application to CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London

Folio, price 7s. 6d. each.
THROUGH THE EYE TO THE MIND—THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOKS: a Series of Volumes illustrative of Natural History and of the Vegetable World, with Descriptive Letterpress.
"These volumes are among the most instructive picture books we have seen, and we know of none better calculated to excite and gratify the appetite of the young for the knowledge of nature."—*Times.*
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Tenth Edition, with Fifty-four Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 1: or, LESSONS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS. By ADAM WHITE, late Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Fifth Edition, with many new Plates, price 7s. 6d
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 2: or, LESSONS FROM THE VEGETABLE WORLD By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Herb of the Field," &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Third Edition, with Sixty Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d,
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 3: LESSONS ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, or the Natural History of the Quadrupeds which characterise the Four Divisions of the Globe.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Second Edition, with Forty-eight Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No 4: SKETCHES FROM NATURE, or Pictures of Animal and Vegetable Life in all Lands.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Seventh Edition, with Thirty-six Oblong Coloured Illustrations, price 7s. 6d.
RECREATIVE ILLUSTRATION— THE NEW PICTURE BOOK; or, PICTORIAL LESSONS ON FORM, COMPARISON, AND NUMBER, for Children under Seven Years of Age. With Explanation by NICHOLAS BOHNY.
London. EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Map and Illustrations, price 6s.
THE HEROES OF YOUNG AMERICA. By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "A Peck of Troubles," "A Book About Boys," "A Book About Dominies," &c., &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W

Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, price 6s.
ADVENTURES IN THE AIR; being Memorable Experiences of Great Aeronauts. From the French of M. DE FONVIELLE. Translated and edited by JOHN S. KELTIE.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

DANCING MADE EASY.—COULON'S HANDBOOK OF DANCING is the most complete treatise on the subject, containing full descriptions of all dances, new and old, illustrated by upwards of forty woodcuts Price 1s; post free, 13 stamps.—A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, W. All new music half-price.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries.
DORIS BARUGH. By Mrs. Macquoid, Author of "Patty," "Diane," &c. 3 vols.
THE VILLAGE COMEDY. By MORTIMER and FRANCES COLLINS. 3 vols.
THE SQUIRE'S COURTSHIP. By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIEL. 3 vols.
A JEWEL OF A GIRL. By the Author of "Queenie," &c.
MAUD LESLIE. By Lady CHARLES THYNNE. 2 vols.
TWO TALES OF MARRIED LIFE. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK and M. C. STIRLING. 3 vols.
CHEAP EDITION of PHŒBE, JUNIOR. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 1 vol. 5s. bound and illustrated.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

A YOUNG SQUIRE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. From the Papers of CHRISTOPHER JEAFFRESON. Edited by JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON. 2 vols., 21s.
"Two volumes of very attractive matter."—*Athenæum.*
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

This day is published,
OUR TRIP TO BLUNDERLAND.
OR, GRAND EXCURSION
TO BLUNDERTOWN AND BACK.
By JEAN JAMBON.
With SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS designed by CHARLES DOYLE, and engraved by Messrs. DALZIEL.
Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 6s. 6d.
WM. BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh and London.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE THE SPLENDID CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY NUMBER OF
DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. It contains an unparalleled list of attractions. Beautiful Steel Engravings, Christmas Stories, Poems, &c., and a host of other entertaining Christmas Novelties. Price 1s., or by post, 1s. 2d.—THE WILLMER & ROGERS NEWS CO., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet St., E.C., and all Booksellers.

A DAILY PAPER says:—
"HUSH-A-BYE BABY.
"Such is the singular title of the Christmas annual of *Once a Week.* It is written by George Manville Fenn, and that of itself is a guarantee that it is of high literary merit. The author styles it 'a seasonable dish of small salad for a mental meal, in sixteen spoonfuls,' each 'spoonful' forming a distinct story, although the whole are in a very novel way connected. In these sixteen 'spoonfuls' the writer passes with marvellous power 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' Some of the stories are characterised by the richest humour, while others are full of pathos. In the latter category, perhaps, the most remarkable are, 'The Babies at Mrs. Widgeon's' and 'The Baby who was not Baptised—by Water.' On the other hand, 'The Baby who came in a Basket' and 'The Baby who had a Powder,' present babydom in a most comical manner."

HUSH-A-BYE BABY,
By G. MANVILLE FENN.
Of all Booksellers and Bookstalls.
PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE ART JOURNAL
For DECEMBER (price 2s. 6d.) contains the following LINE ENGRAVINGS:—
I. ALMS-GIVING. By GUSTAVE DORE.
II. THE EAGLE'S NEST. After Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.
III. JOHN HENRY FOLEY, R.A. After T. BROCK
LITERARY CONTENTS:
Norway. Chap. XII. By R. T. Pritchett, F.S.A. Illust
Rubens Tercentenary at Antwerp. By Athol Mayhew.
The Works of Charles H. Millet. Illustrated.
Art Sales of the Season. (Concluded)
The Art of Dressing and of being Dressed By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A.
Ancient Irish Art. By L. Jewitt, F.S.A. Illustrated
Art at Home and Abroad, Obituary, Reviews, &c.
London: VIRTUE and CO. (Limited), Ivy Lane, and all Booksellers.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE. No. 218.
For DECEMBER. Price 1s.
Contents of the Number:—
1. The Education of After Life. By the Dean of Westminster.
2. Young Musgrave. By Mrs. Oliphant. Chaps. XXXVI.—XL. (Conclusion.)
3. Modern Life and Insanity. By D. Hack Tuke, M.D.
4. A Narrow Escape. By M. Laing Meason.
5. Valentine's Day, 1873. (An unpublished Poem.) By the Rev. Charles Kingsley.
6. German Universities. By Walter C. Perry.
7. The Reform Period in Russia. By H. Sutherland Edwards.
8. Heligoland. By Mrs. Brassey.
9. Autumn.
MACMILLAN and CO., London.

Now Ready, the DECEMBER or EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER of
MRS. HENRY WOOD'S MAGAZINE,
THE ARGOSY.
Contents: A Mysterious Visitor, by the Author of "East Lynne;" Lee the Letterman, by Johnny Ludlow; In Memoriam, Julia Kavanagh; Clement's Love, Julia Kavanagh's Last Story; Through Holland, with Five Illustrations by Charles W. Wood; Seeing a Ghost, &c.
PRICE ONE SHILLING.
RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, 8, New Burlington Street, W.

Price 6d., post-free, 7½d.
FAMILY HERALD for December.

FAMILY HERALD, PART 415.
PURE LITERATURE.
The *Illustrated London News,* in reference to pure literature, speaks of "The *Family Herald,* that joy to tens of thousands of innocent English households."

FAMILY HERALD FOR DECEMBER, price 6d.
LEADING ARTICLES and ESSAYS.
The *British Quarterly Review* says:—"There is a well-considered leading article or essay every week, upon some subject of an instructive or thoughtful character."

FAMILY HERALD, PART 415, price 6d., post-free, 7½d.
NOVELS and TALES.
The *Saturday Review* says:—"Its novels and tales are quite as well written as the best circulating-library stories."

FAMILY HERALD FOR DECEMBER, price 6d.
ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.
The *Saturday Review* says:—"The editor is the confidant and confessor in every station of life. The Answers to Correspondents cannot be fictitious, a romance and a life history being embodied in almost each of them."

Price 6d., post free, 7½d.,
FAMILY HERALD for Dec., Part 415.
WILLIAM STEVENS, 421, Strand, London; and all Newsvendors and Railway Stations.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 32 stamps.
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

NEW GIFT BOOKS.
ELEGANTLY BOUND.

G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES' NEW BOOK FOR BOYS
In square imperial 16mo, price 6s., cloth gilt, gilt edges.
WILDCAT TOWER:
A Book of Adventures for Boys.
By the Author of "The Swan and Her Crew."
Embellished with 100 choice Illustrations.

In crown 8vo, price 5s., cloth gilt, 450 pp.,
OLD PICTURES in a NEW FRAME.
By DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.
With Page Illustrations.

In crown 8vo, price 3s. 6d. each, cloth gilt.
GOD'S SILVER: or, Youthful Days.
By the Hon. Mrs. GREENE,
Author of "Cushions and Corners," "Gilbert's Shadow," &c.
With Original Page Illustrations.

MARTIN NOBLE:
Or, a Boy's Experience of London Life.
By JOHN GEORGE WATTS.
With Original Page Illustrations.

LITTLE BOOKS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.
In imperial 16mo, 2s., cloth gilt.
SEVEN O'CLOCK:
A Home Story.
By JANIE BROCKMAN.
With Choice Original Illustrations.

Now Ready, Gratis, on application.
WARNE'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Choice GIFT BOOKS, elegant Presentation Works, Juvenile and Picture Toy Books, in price from 75s. to 6d., or forwarded post free by FREDERICK WARNE and CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

Ready this day, Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d. (postage 5d.
THE
PICTURE AMATEUR'S HANDBOOK
AND
DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS.
Being a Guide for Visitors to Public and Private Picture Galleries and for Art Students, including an Explanation of the various Methods of Painting and Instructions for Cleaning, Re-lining, and Restoring Oil Paintings, a Glossary of Terms, an Historical Sketch of the Principal Schools of Painting, and a Dictionary of Painters, giving the Copyists and Imitators of each Master.
By PHILIPPE DARYL, B.A.
CROSBY LOCKWOOD and CO., 7, Stationers' Hall Court, London, E.C.

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES, upon the Principles of Stœchiological Medicine, by JOHN FRANCIS CHURCHILL, M.D.,
With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stœchiological Inhalants And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Heslop, Sterling, Bird, Santa Maria, Gomez, Maestre, Pongot, Reinvillier, Guites, Leriverend, Denobele, Feldman, Pfeiffer, Vinteas, Bougard, Tinfahy, Lanti, Fabbri, Panegrossi, Cerasi, Gualdi, Todini, Ascenti, Regnoli, Valentini, Casati, Blasi, Borromeo, Fiorelli, and Fedeli.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 2s.

DE LA RUE and CO.'S INDELIBLE REFILLETTER DIARIES, CONDENSED DIARIES, and TABLET CALENDARS, for 1878, in great variety, may now be had of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Publishers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

DE LA RUE and CO.'S PLAYING CARDS. The New Patterns for the Season may now be had of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Manufacturers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

By Royal Letters Patent.
"DEXTER" PLAYING CARDS, with rounded Corners and Patent Index-pips, extra thin, and highly burnished on both sides Of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Manufacturers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

DE LA RUE and CO.'S CHRISTMAS CARDS, in great variety, prepared from original designs and illustrated by original verses. Of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Publishers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

GO-BANG, a JAPANESE GAME, with Board arranged on an improved principle, Counters, and "Guide" by "CAVENDISH." Retail at 5s and upwards of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Manufacturers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

Now ready, 11th Edition, 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, price 5s.
WHIST. The Laws and Principles of.
By "CAVENDISH." Of all Booksellers and Stationers.
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

By the same Author
ECARTÉ. The Laws of, with a TREATISE ON THE GAME. Price 2s. 6d. ROUND GAMES AT CARDS, Price 1s. 6d. PIQUET, Price 3s. 6d. LAWN TENNIS and BADMINTON, Price 1s. POCKET GUIDES, Price 6d. each: WHIST (3)—Guide; Laws; Leads. BEZIQUE. POLISH BEZIQUE. ECARTÉ. EUCHRE. SPOIL-FIVE. CRIBBAGE. CALABRASELLA. SIXTY-SIX. GO-BANG. BACKGAMMON. CHESS. DRAUGHTS. Of all Booksellers and Stationers.
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

PROVIDENT CLERKS' MUTUAL
LIFE ASSOCIATION,
27, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON,
Established 1840.
Mutual Assurance for all Classes.
W. T. LINFORD, Secretary.

PROVIDENT CLERKS' AND GENERAL GUARANTEE ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).
61, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON.
Guarantees for fidelity in situations of trust. The Bonds of this Association are accepted by all Government Departments.

PROVIDENT CLERKS' AND GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED).
61, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON.
Every description of Accidental Insurance on favourable terms.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.— The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel.
Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety to their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

300 PIECES RICH
BLACK and COLORED VELVETS,
plain and brocaded in all the new designs,
prices, Black and Plain Colours, from 4s. 11d., Brocaded, from 12s. 9d. Patterns free.

NEW COLORED LYONS SILKS,
in White, Cream, Ivory,
Tilleul, Moonlight, Coral, Eau de Nil, &c., &c.,
specially prepared for
BRIDAL AND EVENING WEAR,
also every new shade of Bronze, Navy, Claret, Prune, &c., &c., at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., 4s. 4½d., and 5s. 3d. per yard.
350 Shades to select from. Patterns free on application to
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

BLACK SILKS OF STANDARD QUALITY.
Heavily dyed and showy makes at low prices should be avoided.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,
having kept for the past 35 years Black Silks produced by Messrs. Bonnet, Ponson, Jaubert, and Tapissier, which are found upon careful examination to be the best and purest makes, invites special attention to these fine qualities, as being cheaper than at any former period, and at the same time recommended with more confidence for really hard wear than any other make of Silk; in proof of purity and excellence the highest awards were given at Philadelphia.
Each quality guaranteed not to cut.
Prices, 4s. 6d. to 21s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

BLACK AND COLOURED
SILK COSTUMES,
made from the new Paris Models in eight different styles of the most approved designs, as shown in Engravings, prices, with bodice complete, Black, from 4½, Colours, from 5½ guineas.
Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN
MANTLES AND PALETOTS,
Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 35s. to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 5 to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 25 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL.
CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.
The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s.
Patterns and Engravings free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR
WINTER DRESSES,
in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour,
From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool,
This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN
WINTER COSTUMES,
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas
Specialities in Costumes suitable for Travelling, Promenade, and Indoor Wear, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas
Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas.
Illustrations and Patterns of Materials post free.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING
MADE BALL and Wedding Dresses.
Now ready, several thousand charming Dresses in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas.
Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN.
THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black),
profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train,
1 guinea, a substantial box included.
A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours, for 28s 9d., with material for bodice.
Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

MADAME ELLIOT'S STYLISH PALETOTS, MANTLES, JACKETS, from 30s., trimmed fur, and also the new clair de lune trimming. Also, very stylish Princess Dresses and Polonaises, beautiful quality black Cashmere, from 42s.; elegant Bonnets and Hats, from 18s. 6d.; speciality in French Corsets, from 10s 6d. Madame E. especially recommends the Cuirass Corset, with Jean d'Arc Belt, wonderfully adapted for ladies inclined to embonpoint. Price from 21s. to 42s. To prevent delay and inconvenience send size of waist and Post-office Order to 8, Great Portland Street (four doors from Oxford Street).

DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP of
GASK and GASK.
SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK of
SILK MERCERY, GENERAL DRAPERY, &c.
ALL NEW FOR THIS SEASON.
GREAT REDUCTIONS in PRICES have been made throughout, and all articles marked in plain figures at the lowest prices for READY MONEY ONLY.
SILKS and VELVETS of all kinds, cheaper than they have ever been sold.
BONNET'S and PONSON'S CELEBRATED BLACK SILKS, greatly reduced in price.
COSTUMES.—Perhaps the largest and best Stock of New Costumes in London. Paris Models in Silk, Silk and Velvet, Silk and Cachemire, new Silken and Woollen Fabrics, &c., all now marked exceedingly cheap.
EVENING COSTUMES in Tulle, Net, Tarlatan, &c.; beautiful new designs, all equally cheap, commencing at 15s. 9d. each.
MANTLES, PALETOTS, JACKETS.—All the vast collection, new for this season, of Paris Mantles, &c., in Cloth Vigognes, Camel's Hair, Matelasse, Velvet, fur-lined Cachemires and Silks, Sealskins, Ulsters, &c., has been re-marked at exceptionally low prices.
DRESS FABRICS.—A great collection of all the newest materials, Foreign and English, all marked at the reduced prices.
Gloves, Hosiery, Linen Goods, Blankets, Flannels, Calicoes, Lace Goods, Ties, Scarves, Fichus, Ribbons, Trimmings, Umbrellas, Ladies' Underclothing, Millinery, Mourning Goods of all kinds, &c.
All purchasers must effect a considerable saving during this Sale. Patterns free to the country.
The doors are opened each morning at ten o'clock.
58 to 63, Oxford Street; 1 to 5, Wells Street, London.

LADIES' IRISH ULSTER COATS, made in the best manner by experienced tailors. Immense variety of Irish Friezes and other fashionable materials. Patterns and forms for self-measurement post free.
RICHARD ALLEN, Sackville Street, Dublin.

WOOLLEN CLOTHS. Waterproof Tweeds, Matelasse Cloths, Sealskins, Fur Beavers, and other materials for Ladies' Jackets; also every kind of Woollen Goods for Gentlemen's and Boys' wear.
C. MEEKING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
111 and 112, Hatton Garden, Holborn Circus, London

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

BLACK LYONS SILKS.

The unparalleled quantities of Silk which I have sold during the past twelve months has caused the Lyons manufacturers of the special makes which I advertise to call them "CHAPMAN'S SILKS," and in following their example, I am anxious NOT TO DECEIVE the public by leading them to imagine I am the maker of these goods. I am simply a buyer and seller, but, being enabled to purchase such enormous quantities, I buy at a much lower rate than any other consumer. The advantage thus gained I give entirely to my Customers, and, being in a better position than any Broker or Merchant in London to supply the Public with a Good Silk at a Low Price, I shall be glad if Ladies will give me the chance of sending patterns for comparison.

THERE ARE FOUR PRICES:

No. 1, 3s. 11d. No. 2, 4s. 11d. No. 3, 5s. 11d. No. 4, 6s. 11d.

COLOURED SILKS.

Rich quality	3s. 11d. per yard.
Very superior value	5s. 6d. "
Magnificent Rich Failles	6s. 11d. "

JAPANESE SILKS.

The most extensive Assortment in London to Select from

In consequence of the depreciation in the value of Silk, I am compelled to reduce the whole of my Japanese Stock very nearly to what they cost me. The new tariff is as under:—

Brilliant quality	1s. 11½d. per yard.
The richest quality made	2s. 4½d. "

BRUNSWICK BLACK PERMANENT VELVETEENS.

After a series of failures and unsuccessful attempts to produce a perfect article of its kind, English manufacturers have at last attained their desired object, and in introducing their New Permanent Velveteens can dare to challenge the competition of the world, which they are prepared to defy. They assert that their New Velveteens can be warranted to wash, the colour is imperishable, they are far superior in appearance to every other kind, are lighter, will drape much better, perfectly free from smell, and, moreover, are perfect Velveteens, having all the appearance and double the wear of Lyons Velvet at one third the price, being only 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d. per yard. 27 in. wide.

EXTRACT FROM THE "QUEEN,"

November 24, 1877.—

"Mr. Chapman, of Notting Hill, whose stock of fashionable materials at low rates always testify to the energy of both manufacturer and retailer, has forwarded a parcel of his latest winter patterns. There are several novelties worthy of noting by those in quest of inexpensive dresses; and the Brunswick Black Velveteen certainly ranks in this category. Few buy Velveteen who can afford Lyons or Genoa Velvet, but many desire that Velveteen should have as near an approach as possible in effect to the French and Italian productions. This Permanent Black Velveteen, introduced by Mr. Chapman, has the same deep blue shades or *reflets*, called the bloom, noticeable in the richest black Velvets. It is light to wear and drapes well, and its colouring is admirable.

COMPLETE SETS of PATTERNS

forwarded to all parts of the globe same day on receipt of order.

COURT DRESS MAKER.

Seven Minutes from Notting Hill Gate Station, Five Minutes from Uxbridge Road Station, and Ten Minutes from Addison Road Station.

CHAPMAN'S, NOTTING HILL, W.

HENRY GLAVE'S

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS for 1877.

GRENADINES for DINNER, BALL, and EVENING WEAR.

- White Grenadines, with Coloured Stripes, 3¾d., and with Satin Stripes, 10¾d. a yard
- Plain White Wool Grenadines, 10¾d. and 1s. 3½d.
- Black Self Stripe Grenadines, 6¾d. a yard.
- Black very rich Satin Stripe Grenadines, 6¾d. and 8¾d.
- Coloured Bengal Stripe Barèges, 7¾d., suitable for children.
- A very pretty Grey Granite Barège, at 9¾d.
- Black Checked Grenadines, at 4¾d. and 8¾d.
- White-Ground, Coloured-Checked Grenadines, at 8¾d.
- Pink, White, Sky, and Ecru Honeycomb Grenadines, at 1s. 0½d.
- Black Dentelle Grenadines, 8¾d., 10¾d., and 1s 0½d
- Black Silk Grenadines, 10¾d., 1s. 4½d., 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d.
- Black Honeycomb Grenadines, 1s. 9½d. a yard.
- Black Barèges, 1s. 0½d., 1s. 3½d., 1s. 6½d., and 1s. 11½d
- Black Wool Norwich Grenadines, 6¾d., 8¾d., 1s. 0½d., 1s. 6½d., and 1s 11½d.
- Black Glacé Grenadines, 4¾d., 6¾d., and 8¾d. yard.

Patterns free.

534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S

DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.

Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 1s. 3½d. Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s 11½d. Double-width Melton Cloths, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.

Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s. 11d. to 6s. 11d.

Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard.

All Patterns post free.

534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S

CHRISTMAS BALL AND SOIREE DRESSES.

We have prepared photographs and sketches of the following New Styles, which are sent post free with patterns of material, instructions for self-measurement, and every other particular:—

"Robe de Bal," Coloured Tarlatan Dresses, 18s. 9d. or 25s. 9d.; "Palais Royal," 29s. 6d. or 35s. 6d.; "La Charmeuse," 2 and 2½ gs.; "Geroflee," 29s 6d or 37s. 6d.; "Fairy," 18s. 9d., 25s. 6d., or 29s. 6d.; "Niaon," 39s. 6d.; "Antoinette," 35s. 6d. and 2 gs.; "Yoland," 21s. 6d., 29s. 6d., and 35s. 6d.; "Gipsey," 3 gs. or £3 10s. 6d.; "Special Cheap Ball Dresses," complete, with made Bodice, in any Colour Tarlatan, 16s. 9d. each, made to measure in a few hours.

534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S

UNDERCLOTHING AND OUTFITTING.

A New Illustrated Price List is now ready, and can be sent free to any address.

- 300 dozen Ladies' Trimmed Nightdresses, 1s. 11½d. each, or three for 5s. 9d.; usual price 2s. 11½d. each.
- Handsomely Trimmed Ladies' Nightdresses, with Scotch Insertion and edging, 4s. 11d.; or three for 14s 6d.
- Ladies' Trimmed Chemise, three rows insertion and edging, 2s. 6½d. each, or three for 7s. 4d.
- Ladies' Handsomely Trimmed Chemise, 3s. 11½d. each, or three for 11s. 6d.; worth 5s. 11d. each.
- Ladies' Plain Chemise, 1s. 4½d. each, three for 3s. 11d., or six for 7s. 10d.
- 100 dozen Ladies' Trimmed Knickerbockers, with insertion and edging, 2s. 6½d. each, or three for 7s. 4d.
- 50 dozen Ladies' Trimmed Drawers, 2s. 11½d. each, or three for 8s. 6d.

534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,

IMPORTERS.

TURKEY CARPETS.

PERSIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS.

35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD.

—Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Hon A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman.

Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000.

£1,120,000 has been paid as compensation.

No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS and SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on December 20th and 21st.

BLACK SILKS! BLACK SILKS!

The Best Value, from 2s. 11d. to 5s. 6d.

Patterns free—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

EVENING, WEDDING, and USEFUL SILKS.

The Best Value, from 1s. 11½d. to 4s. 11d.

Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP'S, Regent Street.

NOTICE.—1,000 ODD SILK

DRESSES and REMNANTS at Half-price.

Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP.

1,000 BOXES ROYAL SILK

MOLESKIN VELVETEENS in Black, from 1s. 9½d.

All Colours, from 2s. 11d.—BAKER and CRISP.

INDIAN CASHMERES and FRENCH MERINOS.

500 Pieces. From 1s 9d. to 2s. 11d. yard.

Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, Regent Street.

DRESSES! DRESSES! DRESSES!

Serges, Viennas, Saxony Flannels,
Camel Hair Cloths, Snowflakes,
and 100 other new Winter Materials, from
6d. to 2s. 6d. yard.—BAKER and CRISP.—Patterns free.

EVENING DRESSES. EVENING DRESSES.

The New Grenadines and other light Fabrics, from 6s. 9d. full dress. Patterns free.

COSTUMES. COSTUMES. COSTUMES.

New Engravings free.

Cashmeres, Serges, Velveteens, Vicuna, Snowflake, and every other Fabric, from 29s. 6d. Patterns free.

BAKER and CRISP.

BAKER and CRISP'S PALETOTS,

ULSTERS, &c.—Patterns and Engravings free.

The Jehu (last Novelty), and 1,000 others, from 16s. 9d. to 100s.—BAKER and CRISP.

NOTICE.—ODDS and ENDS.—

WINTER BUNDLES of 50 yards of Best DRESS FABRICS, for 35s. 6d. and 45s. 6d. each. Send for P.O.O. to BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S

COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET,

Is the Cheapest and the Largest
Warehouse of the kind
in London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S

WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.

For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
In the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.

"ON RECEIPT of LETTER

or TELEGRAM,"

MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.

PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.

DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well

as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.

AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE
OF SEVERAL THOUSAND PIECES BY

PETER ROBINSON of Regent Street

OF THE BEST WEARING MAKES ONLY,
and highly recommended

Bonnet and Cie	at 5s. 0d
Jaubert	at 4s. 0d.
Ponsons	at 5s. 3d.
Degoves	at 4s. 9d.

The above are from 2s. to 3s. per yard
under last year's prices.
The EMPRESS CACHEMIRE, at 6s.
Also Excellent Value at
2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., and 4s. 11d.
For Patterns address to
PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 262, Regent Street.

BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS.

Exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in Lyons Velvet, at 10s. 9d.
Black Silk-Trimming Velvets.
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.
Nos. 256 to 262.

FOR SIX GUINEAS.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME

made of RICH LYONS SILK.
with Velvet Garniture,
Exquisitely cut and fashioned.
Copies of expensive Paris Models.
Photos free.
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One

Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT.
For 2½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT.
At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

FOR TWO GUINEAS, and up to Seven,

Costumes in New Black Materials,
In various fashionable Styles,
At PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea.

Black Brussels Net, at 29s. 6d.
Tolle (condition keeping), 50s.
Grenadine, 52s 6d.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed.
Illustrations free.

THE NEW CRAPE.

The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialite,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS

at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
3½ and 4½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,

33 inches long for 9½ guineas.
36 inches long for 11 guineas.
39 inches long for 13 guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the

above advertisement,
It is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS.

REDUCTION OF PRICES.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,

30 inches long, from 8 to 12 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,

33 inches long, from 10 to 15 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,

36 inches long, from 12 to 16 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,

40 inches long, from 16 to 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,

46 inches long, from 20 to 28 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,

40 inches long, richly trimmed with real marten tails, 12 inches deep, 30 gs.; Real Sable, 10 inches deep, 40 gs.; Skunk, 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS

can be sent on approval to any part of the United Kingdom by forwarding a reference in Town to

MESSRS. WAYRE, Manufacturing

FURRIERS, 96, Oxford Street, and 335, Oxford Street (corner of Regent Circus). Established Half-a-Century.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The

most perfect fitting made."—*Observer.* Gentlemen desirous of purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka. 30s., 40s., 45s. half-dozen.

ÆGIDIUS.—A New ELASTIC OVER-

SHIRT, as warm as wool, as soft as silk, 13s. 6d. each. Patterns of material and self-measure free by post.—FORD and CO., 41 and 44, Poultry, London.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)

BOYS' SUITS.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.

Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

JAMES EPPS AND CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS.

COCK'S READING SAUCE

Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured

FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.

It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.

CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

Established 1837.

CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.

ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER makes the finest Custards without Eggs, and at one-half the cost and trouble. Sold by all Chemists, Italian Warehousemen, and Grocers. —Wholesale at BARCLAY and SONS, 95, Farringdon Street, London.

In packets, price 6d. and 1s. each.
Manufactory—69, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

THE "FITZROY SOUPS" are the best

for EXCELLENCY, PURITY, AND ECONOMY.
Sold by all respectable Grocers.

MORSON'S

PEPSINE,

AND ITS PREPARATIONS

FOR INDIGESTION.

SEE NAME ON LABEL.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

As WINE, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 9s.
LOZENGES, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.
GLOBULES, at 2s., 3s 6d., and 6s. 6d.
And as POWDER, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

MORSON and SON,

SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY.

Property of the French Government.

- CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.
- HAUTERIVE.—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.
- GRANDE-GRILLE.—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.
- HOPITAL.—For Stomach complaints, &c.
- VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.
- CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD

LIVER OIL (Registered).

No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.

Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.

"The natural nauseous taste of the Oil is disguised with considerable art. Children take it with avidity."—See *Lancet, British Medical Journal, Sanitary Record, Medical Times, Medical Press, Medical Record,* &c.

Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.

Retail of all Chemists and Druggists, and Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited), Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY

"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."
UNRIVALLED
FOR "TODDY."

Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

CHRISTMAS CASES, One Guinea

containing 3 Bottles of Port, 3 Sherry, 1 Gin, 1 Rum 1 Whiskey, 1 Brandy, 1 lb. Tea. All reputed quart bottles warranted pure and genuine. Sent bottles, case, and carriage free, to any Railway Station in England, by the VICTORIA WINE CO., 12, Mark Lane. P.O.O. to W. W. HUGHES.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—

Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE"

MILD AND FRAGRANT.
WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE,"
A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS."

Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS

and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNERS' NEW DINNER SERVICES

are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,
MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY,
LONDON.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S

SPOONS AND FORKS.

Equal in Finish and Appearance to Sterling Silver.

	Plain		Ornamental
Table Spoons or Forks, pr. doz.	30s. 0d.	40s. 0d.	60s. 0d.
Dessert do. do. do.	24s. 0d.	32s. 0d.	44s. 0d.
Tea do. do.	12s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	28s. 0d.
Salt, Mustard, or Egg, each	2s. 3d.	2s. 0d.	3s. 6d.
Sugar Tongs do.	2s. 6d.	3s 6d.	6s. 0d.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S

ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.

New Registered Designs, plain or richly ornamental.

THE HIGHEST QUALITY, at Lowest Prices.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES Post Free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,

MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, OXFORD STREET, WEST END,
LONDON.

CHUBB'S SAFES and LOCKS.—

128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, ST. PAUL'S. Communication by Special Private Wire with their West End Branch at 68, St. James's Street, Pall Mall; and Safe Factory, Old Kent Road, S.E. Lock Factory, Wolverhampton. Illustrated Price List sent free.

ENGRAVED GLASS.

Latest Novelties, Unique Designs.
RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.
LOW PRICES, CHRISTMAS SEASON.
NAYLOR & CO.,

7, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W., Beg to announce that the whole of their carefully-assorted stock of table-glass and flower-stands is now offered at a reduction of 20 per cent. to effect clearance before Christmas.

GENUINE SALE.
SHOW ROOMS:
7, PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.

DUPLEX TABLE LAMP, with instantaneous extinguisher.

—The Lamp of the Season for petroleum or rock oil, gives an intense, pure, and beautiful light, equal to that of 24 sperm candles, at a cost of about one farthing per hour. Deane and Co have a large stock on sale in Crystal, China, Ormoulu, and Bronzes. Prices from 17s. 6d. to £6 6s.

Deane and Co.'s Illustrated Priced List for 1877 post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, King William St., London Bridge.

HOLY BAZIL.—PIESSE and LUBIN.

—This is a most rare perfume distilled from the HOLY BAZIL FLOWER OF HINDU (*Ocymum sanctum*), so remarkable for its unique fragrance. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, and by their agents in all parts of the world.

COLD CREAM OF ROSES.—PIESSE

and LUBIN prepare this exquisite COSMETIC with the greatest care, fresh daily, in jars, 1s.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—HOLY BAZIL,

—Soap perfumed with HOLY BAZIL, 2s. 6d. HOLY BAZIL Sachet, 1s. 6d. HOLY BAZIL Scented Toilet Powder, 2s. HOLY BAZIL in all compounds, cosmetiques, hair dressings, pomades, &c.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, W. Price Lists free.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION!

SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA

The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S

DENTIFRICE WATER

Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC

WAFERS instantly relieve and rapidly cure asthma, consumption, bronchitis, coughs, colds, shortness of breath, phlegm, pains in the chest, rheumatism, and taste pleasantly. Sold at 1s. 1½d.

TOOTH-ACHE.

INSTANT CURE.
FORMS A STOPPING.
SAVES THE TOOTH.

J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief."

Of all chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per packet.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO.

Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—A neat

Perfume Case, registered by E. RIMMEL, of 96, Strand, London, on sale (price 1s.), at the principal Perfumery Stores

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline

produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 32, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored

by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

SUNNY RAYS for GOLDEN HAIR, a

few applications of which produce the most charming golden tint, varying in brightness by its frequency of use. It is perfectly harmless both to health and hair; an occasional use has a lovely effect upon any shade of brown, without producing a perceptible change. In bottles at 5s 6d., per post four extra stamps.—CHARLES BOND, 239, Oxford Street, W.

THROAT IRRITATION.

EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES

Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SPECIALITIES in PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S STUDENT'S PIANOFORTE. Compass 5 Octaves, 15 gs., or £1 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SCHOOL PIANINOS. From Canadian Walnut, 20 gs., or 2 gs. per qr. on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S YACHT PIANINOS, 30 gs., or £3 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR PIANINO, 35 gs., or £3 10s per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MODEL PIANETTE, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH MODEL, 40 gs., or £4 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COLONIAL MODEL, 45 gs., or £4 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S FOREIGN MODEL, 50 gs., or £5 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH OBLIQUE, 55 gs., or £5 10s per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S OBLIQUE GRAND, 70 gs., or £7 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUE, 90 gs., or £9 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MIGNON IRON GRAND, 80 gs., or £8 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR IRON GRAND, 110 guineas, or £11 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

UPWARDS of ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES on VIEW.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL PIANO-FORTE DEALERS throughout the United Kingdom.

SHOW-ROOMS, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

STEAM FACTORY, CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.

MUSICAL PRESENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.—High-class Music for Amateurs, Students, and others.—To be had, gratis and post free, a LIST of 400 CLASSICAL WORKS, bound, at greatly reduced prices.—Published only by ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

THE HOLY FAMILY. Sacred Melo-dies. Arranged by W. H. CALLCOTT for the Pianoforte. Solos complete in 12 books, 5s. each; duets, 6s. each; ad lib accompaniments for flute, violin, and violoncello, 1s. each. Each book free at half-price in stamps. N.B.—This work may also be had in 4 vols. as solos. Cloth, gilt edges. Price 12s. each net.

London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO.

EASY MUSIC. Arranged and Fingered for the Pianoforte.

Home Treasures. 25 Nos. Wm. Smallwood. 2s. 6d. each. 12 as Duets. 3s. each.

Little Fancies. 25 popular themes. Michael Watson. 1s. each. 12 as Duets. 1s. each.

Blossoms of Opera. 25 Nos. J. Andre. 1s. each.

Little Buds. 25 Nos. Wm. Smallwood. 1s. each. 12 as Duets. 1s. each.

Operatic Leaflets. 25 Nos. G. F. West. 2s. 6d. each. 12 as Duets. 3s. each.

Rosebuds: Twelve Progressive Lessons on Popular Melodies. By George Frederick West. 1s. each.

London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUC-TIONS for the PIANOFORTE. 1,151st Edition.—Sixty-eight pages, 4s.; post free 28 stamps. The number of editions this work has passed through sufficiently guarantees its well-deserved and world-wide popularity.

Also HAMILTON'S DICTIONARY of 3,500 MUSICAL TERMS. 12 stamps. 119th Edition, in cloth, 1s. 6d.

CLARKE'S CATECHISM of the RUDI-MENTS OF MUSIC. 196th Edition. Free by post 12 stamps, in cloth 1s. 6d. "Every child learning music should have this book."—*Morning Chronicle.*

QUESTIONS RELATING to the THEORY of MUSIC. By GEO. F. WEST. 19th Edition, 1s.; free by post, 12 stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

DANCE MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO.

Price 1s each number. Post free 13 stamps.

Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d. each.

No. 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe.
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.

SIX WALTZES BY JOSEPH GUNG'L.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Gräfenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schönster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tout du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancée Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

NEW WALTZES by OTTO MULLER —Composer of the famous Geliebt und Verloren (Loved and Lost). In making the present announcement DUFF and STEWART beg to point to the unprecedented success, and (for the few months it has been published) unparalleled sale of Geliebt und Verloren, and they now have great pleasure in submitting for public approval Otto Muller's Two New Sets of Waltzes,

ZART UND TREU (Tender and True), and
VERLOBT (Betrothed).

Post free 2s. each.—DUFF and STEWART, 157, Oxford St.

A PRETTY PRESENT for CHILDREN —WATCHING FOR PA. Juvenile Quadrille on popular melodies sung by Christy's Minstrels (beautifully illustrated), arranged without octaves and fingered throughout by JULES ROCHARD. Post free 2s.

DUFF and STEWART, 157, Oxford Street

NEW and POPULAR WALTZES, performed at Arditi's Concert, Covent Garden Theatre.

Loved and Lost. Otto Muller.
Reve d'Amour. G. Lamothe.
Juliette. G. Lamothe.
The Last Kiss. Otto Muller.
Fontainebleau. G. Lamothe.

Post free 2s. each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford St., and all Musicsellers.

THE MUSICAL TIMES. Price 3d. The Largest and Best Musical Journal (64 Pages).

THE MUSICAL TIMES for December contains:—Holiday Music, by H. C. Lunn; The Great Composers, Sketched by Themselves; Mozart, by J. Bennett (continued); History of Music Printing, by Dr. Chrysander (concluded); Borrowed Plumes; Newcastle Concerts; Glasgow Choral Union; Edinburgh Choral Union; Monday Popular, Crystal Palace, and other Concerts; Her Majesty's Opera; Opera-Comique; Reviews; Foreign and Country News; Part Song, "In Memoriam Therese Titiens," by J. L. Roeckel; and Christmas Carol, "Hollyberries," by W. J. Westbrook. Postage free 4d. Annual subscription 4s., including postage.

THE MUSICAL TIMES for December contains Part Song, "In Memoriam, Therese Titiens," by J. L. Roeckel, and Christmas Carol, "Hollyberries," by W. J. Westbrook. Music separately, 1½d.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS, NEW AND OLD. Words edited by Rev. H. R. BRAMLEY, M.A.; Music edited by Dr. STAINER. Beautifully illustrated and elegantly bound, gilt edges, 7s. 6d. List of cheaper editions may be had on application.

CAROLS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE. Set to Music for Little Singers by GEORGE FOX. With Illustrated Title and Cover, 2s. 6d.

THE SUNLIGHT OF SONG. A Collection of Sacred and Moral Songs, with Original Music by the most eminent English Composers. Beautifully illustrated and elegantly bound, 10s. 6d.

SACRED SONGS FOR LITTLE SINGERS. Words by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL; Music composed and arranged by ALBERTO RANDEGGER. Illustrated and elegantly bound, gilt edges, 5s.

NATIONAL NURSERY RHYMES AND SONGS. Set to Music by J. W. ELLIOTT. With 65 Illustrations. Elegantly bound, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

MENDELSSOHN'S LIEDER OHNE WORTE. 8 Books, 4s.

MENDELSSOHN'S LIEDER OHNE WORTE. The best and only Complete Edition, containing Books 7 and 8. With portrait of Composer. Elegantly bound, gilt edges, folio size, 12s.; octavo paper, 4s.; cloth gilt, 6s.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS. New and complete Edition. Edited and fingered by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, folio size, 21s.; octavo, paper, 5s.; cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.

MOZART'S SONATAS. New and Complete Edition. Edited and Fingered by AGNES ZIMMERMANN. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, folio size, 18s.

SCHUMANN'S VOCAL ALBUM. Containing 30 of his most celebrated Songs. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, octavo size, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM (Op. 68 and Op. 15). New Edition, containing 13 additional pieces (56 pieces in all). Handsomely bound, gilt edges, octavo size, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

GERMAN VOLKSLIEDER ALBUM. Containing 40 Songs, with the original German Words, and an English Version by JOHN OXENFORD. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, octavo size, 4s. 6d.; paper covers, 2s. 6d.

RUBINSTEIN'S EIGHTEEN TWO-PART SONGS. German and English Words. Paper covers, 2s. 6d.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC Primers. Edited by Dr. STAINER. The following are now ready:—

Third Edition.

THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By ERNST PAUER. Price 2s.

Second Edition.

THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. STAINER. Price 2s.

Second Edition.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. Price 1s.

Second Edition.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE BEAU-TIFUL IN MUSIC. By ERNST PAUER. Price 1s. (Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.)

NEW SONG BY JOSEPH BARNBY.

ELIZABETH'S SONG, from "The Saint's Tragedy," by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Set to Music by JOSEPH BARNBY. 4s.

SIXTY HARMONIUM VOLUN-TARIES. Arranged by J. W. ELLIOTT. 1s.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.—Arranged for the Pianoforte by BERTHOLD TOURS. Folio size, 5s.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.—Arranged for the Pianoforte by BERTHOLD TOURS. Folio size, 5s.

LONDON: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.,
1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

NEW MUSIC by Mary Travers (post free)

Faithful	1s. 6d. net.
It Was Nothing But a Rose, E flat, F, A flat	2s. 0d. net.
Wishing, E flat, F	1s. 6d. net.
Coquette, Morceau de Salon	1s. 6d. net.
Impromptu (in D)	2s. 0d. net.
Original Air, with Variations (in A)	1s. 6d. net.

ASHDOWN and HOLLOWAY, 23, Spring St., Hyde Park, W.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.

A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.

"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*

Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

STOLEN KISSES WALTZ. By Hans WALDENFELDT. Free, 2s.—WOOD and CO., 3, Great Marlborough Street. "Sweetly pretty, universally admired, and, having established itself as one of the most popular waltzes of the season, no programme will be complete without it."

ROBERT STANLEY'S NEW SONGS.

DEAR LITTLE FLOWERS.
WHEN LOVE'S GLOW HATH GONE BY.
EASTING.
Price 2s. each net.
J. B. CRAMER and CO., 201, Regent Street.

ESTEY AMERICAN ORGANS, cheapest and best for quality, &c. LOW PRICES FOR CASH, or by monthly payments (in London and Suburbs only). Lists on application.—J. A. MILLS, 60, Moorgate Street, E.C.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 56, Cheapside, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and McCULLOCH, as above.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRU-MENTS.—Violins, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Guitars, Zithers, Banjoes, Accordions, Flutinas, Cornets, Saxhorns, Drums, Fifes, and Musical Instruments of every description. Largest assortment in the kingdom at BUTLER'S MANUFACTORY, 29, Haymarket, London.—Illustrated catalogue, 50 pages, post free.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

BOOSEY and CO.'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

all handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges.

THE ILLUSTRATED SONGS OF SCOTLAND (190 songs with twelve full-page Illustrations) 10s. 6d.
BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS. Edited by W. Dorrell. 10s. 6d.
MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. 4s.
SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM. 4s.
CHOPIN'S WALTZES, NOCTURNES, and MAZURKAS. 4s.
STRAUSS' WALTZ ALBUM (18 sets). 4s.

THE ROYAL SONG BOOKS.

RUBINSTEIN'S 50 SONGS. 4s.
RUBINSTEIN'S 18 VOCAL DUETS. 4s.
BEETHOVEN'S 76 SONGS. 4s.
MENDELSSOHN'S 60 Songs. 4s.
SCHUMANN'S 75 SONGS. 4s.
THE SONGS OF GERMANY. 4s.

The above have all German and English words.

THE SONGS OF ENGLAND. 4s.
THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND. 4s.
THE SONGS OF IRELAND. 4s.
THE SONGS OF WALES. 4s.

The above form a complete collection of National Songs.

SACRED SONGS, ANCIENT and MODERN. 4s.
HUMOROUS SONGS. 4s.
CHOICE DUETS FOR LADIES' VOICES. 4s.

All the 4s. volumes can be had in paper covers, 2s. 6d. each.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

BOOSEY and CO.'S NEW SONGS.

AT LAST. By COWEN. Sung by ANNA WILLIAMS.

THE BETTER LAND. By COWEN. Sung by ANTOINETTE STERLING.

THE OLD SAILOR WIFE. By MOLLOY. Sung by ANTOINETTE STERLING.

THE TAR'S FAREWELL. By STEPHEN ADAMS. Sung by SANTLEY.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY. By Molloy. Sung by FEDERICI and MAYBRICK.

Price 2s. each, net.—BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

NANCY LEE WALTZ. On the Cele-brated Song. The Waltz of the Season. Price 2s. net. Solo and Duet; Septet, 1s.; Orchestra, 2s.

NANCY LEE GALOP. By Frewin. On Adams' Popular Ballad. 2s. net. [This day.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S PIANOFORTE ROOMS.

GRAND and UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES,
by all the great makers, both English and Foreign,
for SALE or HIRE,
subject to the largest discount obtainable in London.
Pianettes, from £20. Short Grands, from £40.
Sole Address, 295, Regent Street.

PRATTEN' PERFECTED FLUTES, Cylinder and Cone, commencing at 4 gs. The Siccama Flute and the Boehm Old and New System of Fingering. Particulars of all these Instruments upon application to the Manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRU-MENTS FOR AMATEURS.

THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.

The above Instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

ALLEGRETTO in F Minor, and SCHERZO in B Flat Major. By Mrs. MARWOOD TUCKER, dedicated to her mother, Lady Mildred Beresford Hope. Price 4s.—STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, and CO., 84, New Bond Street, London.

BATH'S "MUSICAL MUSEUM" for THE HARMONIUM. 1s. each Book; by post, 14 stamps.

BOOK I., containing twenty-six Sacred Melodies, selected and arranged by W. Layland.

BOOK II., containing eighteen Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by A. S. Holloway.

BOOK III., containing twenty Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by Dr. Spark.

BOOK IV., containing twenty-two popular pieces (sacred and classical), selected and arranged by Michael Watson.

BOOK V., containing eighteen Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by J. E. Webster.

"Bath's Musical Museum for the Harmonium."

BOOK IV., selected and arranged by Michael Watson, is as cheap a shillingsworth as can be met with in the musical world. It contains twenty-two pieces for that instrument, including a popular "Volkslied," by Mendelssohn, a "Rondo," by Dussek, a "Bourée" and Gavotte, by Bach—in fact, most of our great ancient and modern composers have contributed a share to this excellent little work.—Vide *Graphic*, Oct. 27.
J. BATH, 40, Great Marlborough Street, W.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.

BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.

Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Piano-FORTE SCHOOL.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

MUSICAL LIBRARY SERIES.

Edited and carefully fingered, with Metronome marks by CHARLES HALLÉ.
58 Numbers now ready.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉS New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

Carefully fingered and revised with Metronome marks.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

MUSICAL BOXES, by Nicole Freres. —KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., direct Importers, have the largest Stock of really fine BOXES in Europe, £3 to £300. The new rooms devoted to the display of these instruments are now ready. Self-acting and Barrel Pianoforte, 18 to 1,200 gs.

FLUTES.—NEW MODEL, for beauty of tone unsurpassed, four guineas and seven guineas; Rudall's Prize medal Flutes, new and second-hand. A great variety of second-hand Flutes, one guinea to 25 guineas, of KEITH, PROWSE, and CO.'s Manufactory, 48, Cheapside.

BANJOES.—CHEAPSIDE MODEL Is best. Covered back, machine head, &c., five guineas, including light case, £6. Other models one to twelve guineas. Self-instructing book, with airs, songs, &c., 6s. net.—KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., Manufacturers, 48, Cheapside.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CRETONNES. —OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received all their New Designs in FRENCH CRETONNES for the present Season, amongst which are some beautiful specimens of artistic design and colourings. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZ-MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PRE-MISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

PAINTINGS, OLEOS, CHROMOS, PHOTOS, and Engravings; a choice assortment in handsome frames. The paintings are by well-known artists, and the name guaranteed. Also, a large assortment of Bronzes, Statuettes, Vases, Clocks, Antique Furniture, and Artistic Furnishing Items. A catalogue of art department post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DE-PARTMENT.—Best Plate Chimney Glasses, in double gilt frames, elegant pattern, large size, 2 guineas; magnificent ditto, from 5 to 20 guineas; handsome Walnut Cheffoniers, shaped front, and richly carved mountings, 4ft., 3½ guineas; noble Mahogany Sideboards, 5ft., 6 guineas; 6ft., from 8 guineas upwards; Easy Chairs, from 14s. 9d. upwards; Drawing and Dining Room Chairs, from 10s. 6d. each.—OETZMANN and CO.

STANLEY DINING-ROOM SUITE In solid carved Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best marone leather, comprising a noble couch, two easy chairs, and six chairs. Price 14 guineas. Quality guaranteed. A variety of other patterns on show, from 8 guineas upwards. Massive mahogany telescope dining tables, 8 ft. by 4 ft., patent metallic screw, £6 15s.—OETZMANN and CO.

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZ-MANN and CO.—Elegant Drawing Room Suite, richly carved Italian walnut-wood, upholstered very soft and comfortable, in best rep, consisting of a Couch, two Easy Chairs, and six Chairs, price 15 guineas; ditto, very handsome design, upholstered in rich Pekinade, made and finished in superior style, 20 guineas; ditto, very elegant design, richly upholstered in finest satin, and finished in the best possible manner, 33 guineas; also a variety of other Drawing-Room Suites, in Black and Gold, Early English, and other designs.

LODGINGS.—Extra Bed to accommo-date Visitors. A strong IRON FOLDING BEDSTEAD, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 6 in. wide, with a wool mattress, bolster, and pillow, complete for 21s. Same items, 3 ft. wide, 25s. complete. Sent carefully packed; forms a portable package. Also, to suit the above, 2 white calico sheets, 1 ditto bolster-case, 1 pillow-case, 3 white Witney blankets, and 1 counterpane, for 28s. 6d. the set. Iron Easy-Chair Bedstead, 6 ft. by 2 ft., with cushions forming the mattress, price complete, 51s.—Address order to OETZMANN and CO.

BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.
BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.
BEDSTEADS. BEDDING.

LINOLEUM.—OETZMANN and CO. —LINOLEUM.—Warm, soft, carpet-like in appearance, and very durable. ALL the NEW PRIZE DESIGNS are NOW in STOCK. A visit of inspection solicited. Prices below those usually charged for this favourite floor covering. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO.

TURKEY CARPETS.—CLEARANCE SALE.—OETZMANN and CO.—A quantity of Turkey, Indian, Persian, Jubbalpore, Massalapatam, Farahan, Khorassan, Serabend, Koula, Ghiordes, and Kelim Carpets and Rugs, clearing out at greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 9d. to 80 guineas. A reduced Price List, with sizes and description, sent post free on application. Prices will be found much below those usually charged. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 15s. 9d. each; some very handsome ditto, at 35s. to 45s.
OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CRETONNES.—OETZMANN & CO. CRETONNES.—An immense assortment of all the choicest designs in this fashionable material, in every variety of style and colourings: excellent imitations of rare Tapestries, some being exact copies of the finest GOBELIN Tapestry. Prices varying from 9½d. to 4s. 11d. per yard. Patterns sent into the country by stating kind required.

BOMBAY STRIPED CURTAINS.—The cheapest Curtains extant. Effective style, 3 yards long by 46 inches wide, 9s. 9d. per pair; 3½ yards, 11s. 9d.; 4 yards, 13s. 9d. Patterns on application.

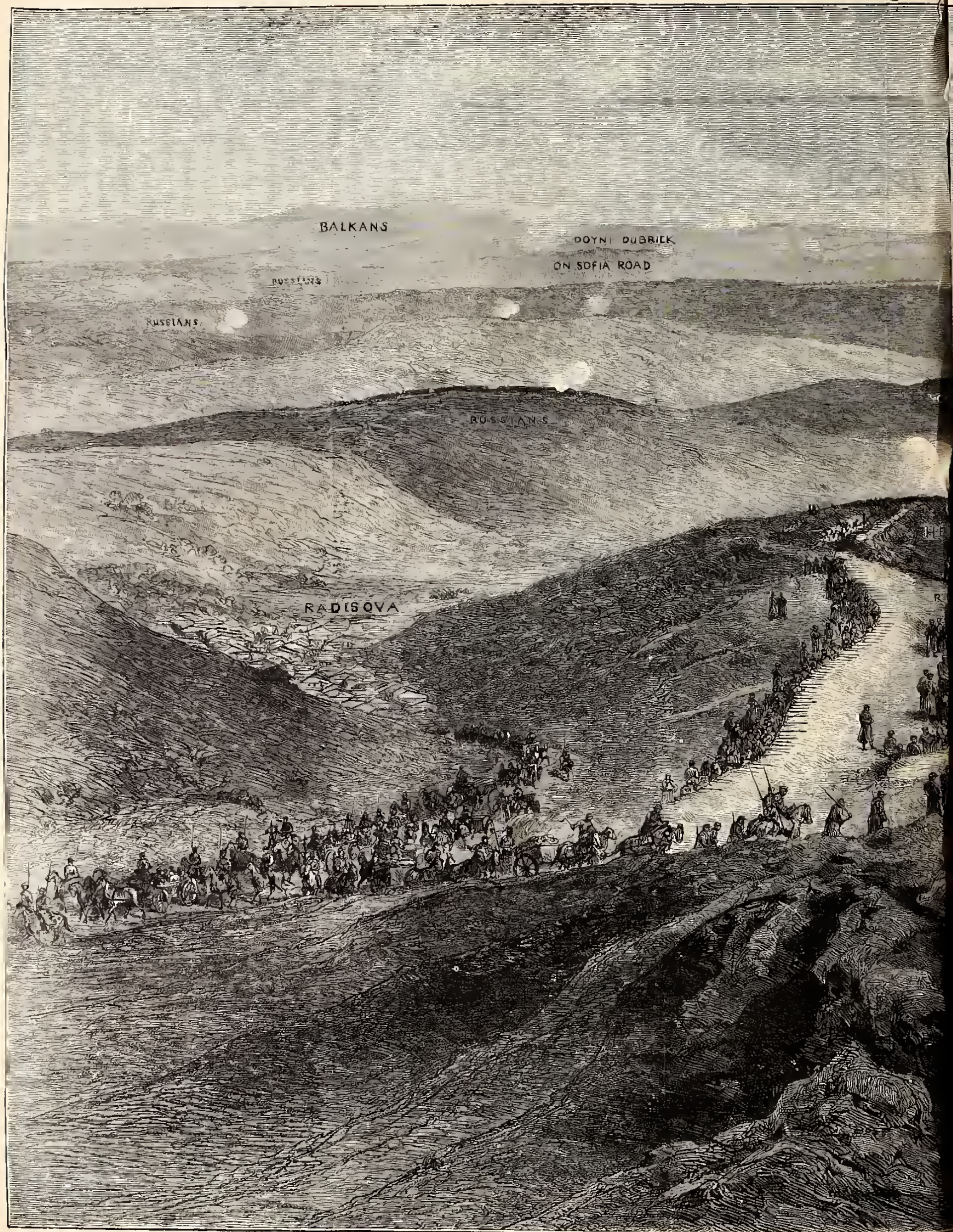
KITCHEN REQUISITES.—OETZ-MANN and CO.'S TEN POUND SET (List No. 5A, page 231, in their "GUIDE TO HOUSE FURNISHING," sent post free on application), includes Tables, Chairs, Clock, &c., with the various culinary utensils and requisites, contains all the most useful articles required in every kitchen, each being of superior quality, and is the most practical selection extant.—OETZMANN and CO.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

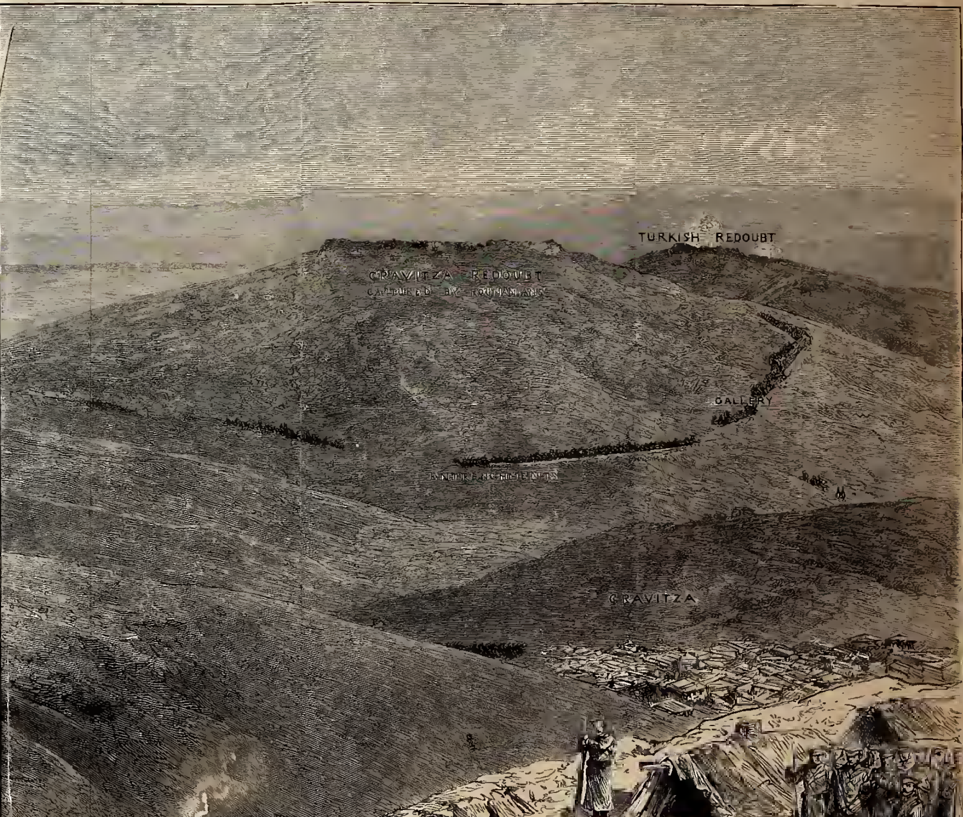
OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—DECEMBER 1, 1877.

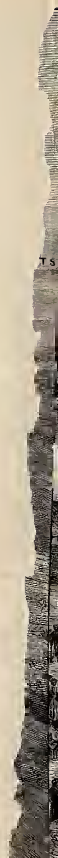

KIRSHINE REDOUBT RIDGE
BALKANS
DOYNI DUBRICK
ON SOFIA ROAD
RUSSIANS
RUSSIANS
RUSSIANS
RADISOVA
RADICHOVA RIDGE

THE


GRAVITZA RIDGE REDOUBTS
TURKISH REDOUBT
GRAVITZA REDOUBT
CAPTURED BY ROUMANIANS
GALLERY
ENTRENCHMENTS
GRAVITZA
INFANTRY OF GUARD MARCHING TO TRENCHES

UTH-EAST

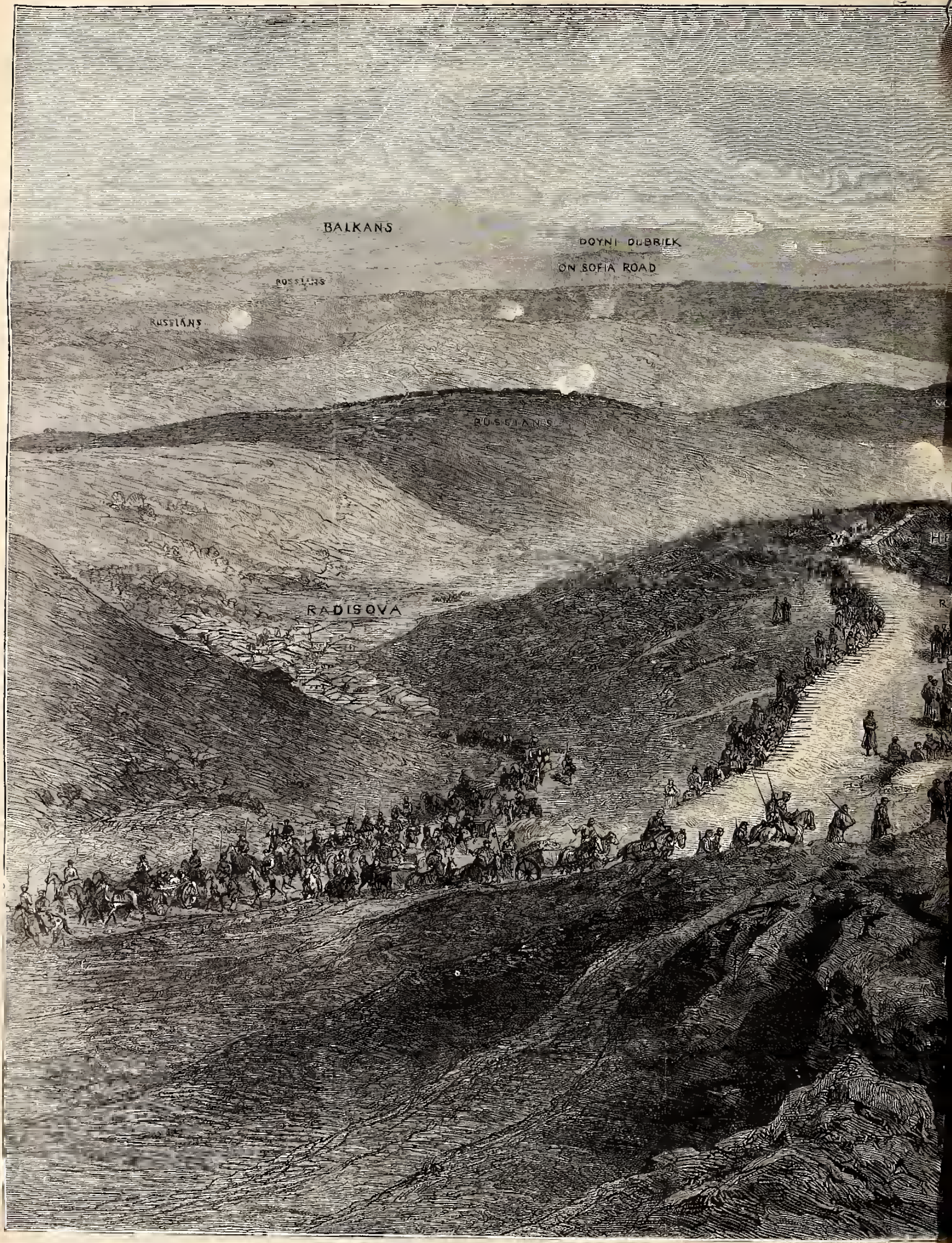
LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



SO

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

KIRSHINE REDOUBT RIDGE

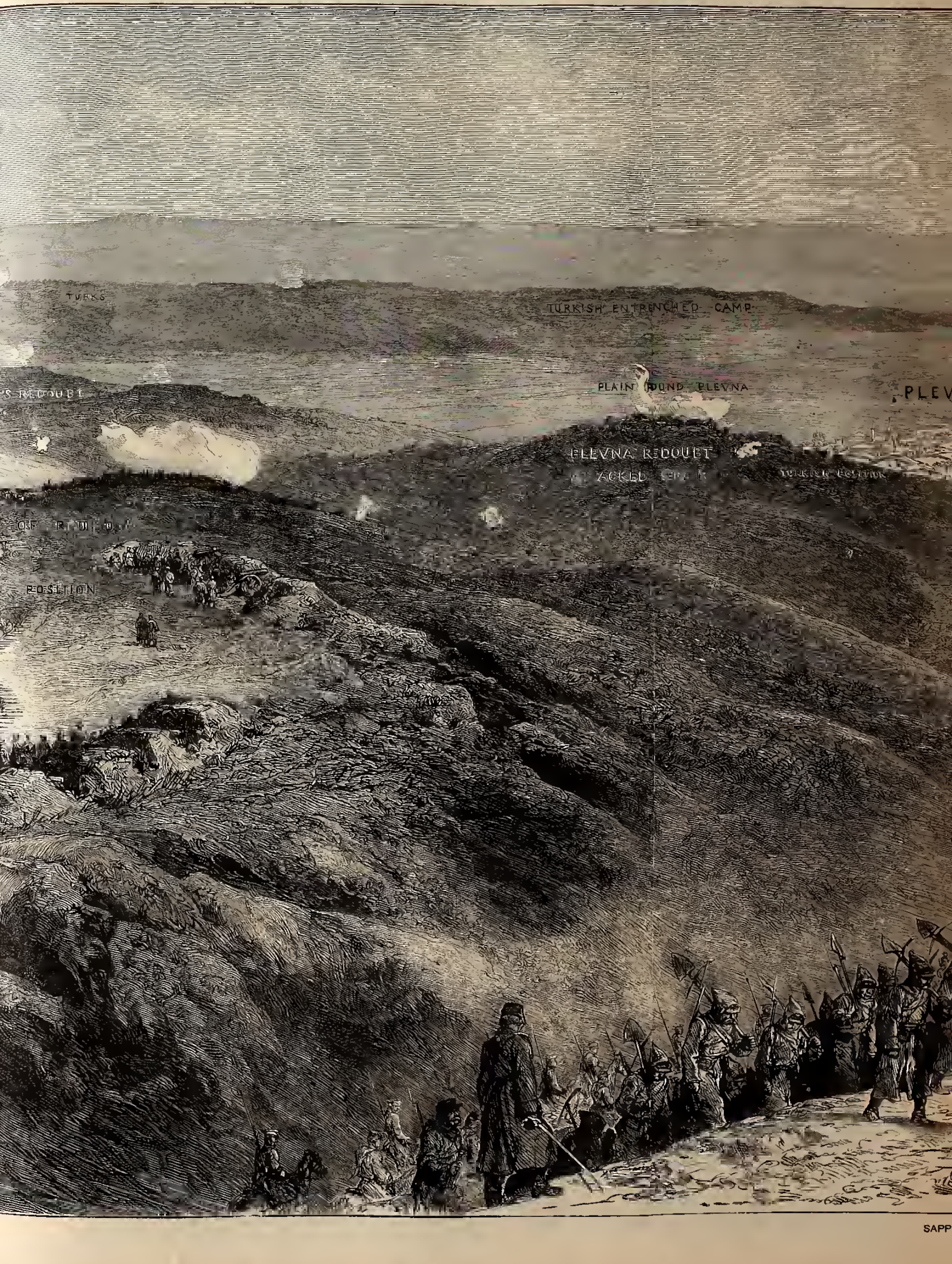


BALKANS
DOYNI DUBRICK
ON SOFIA ROAD
RUSSIANS
RUSSIANS
RUSSIANS
RADISOVA

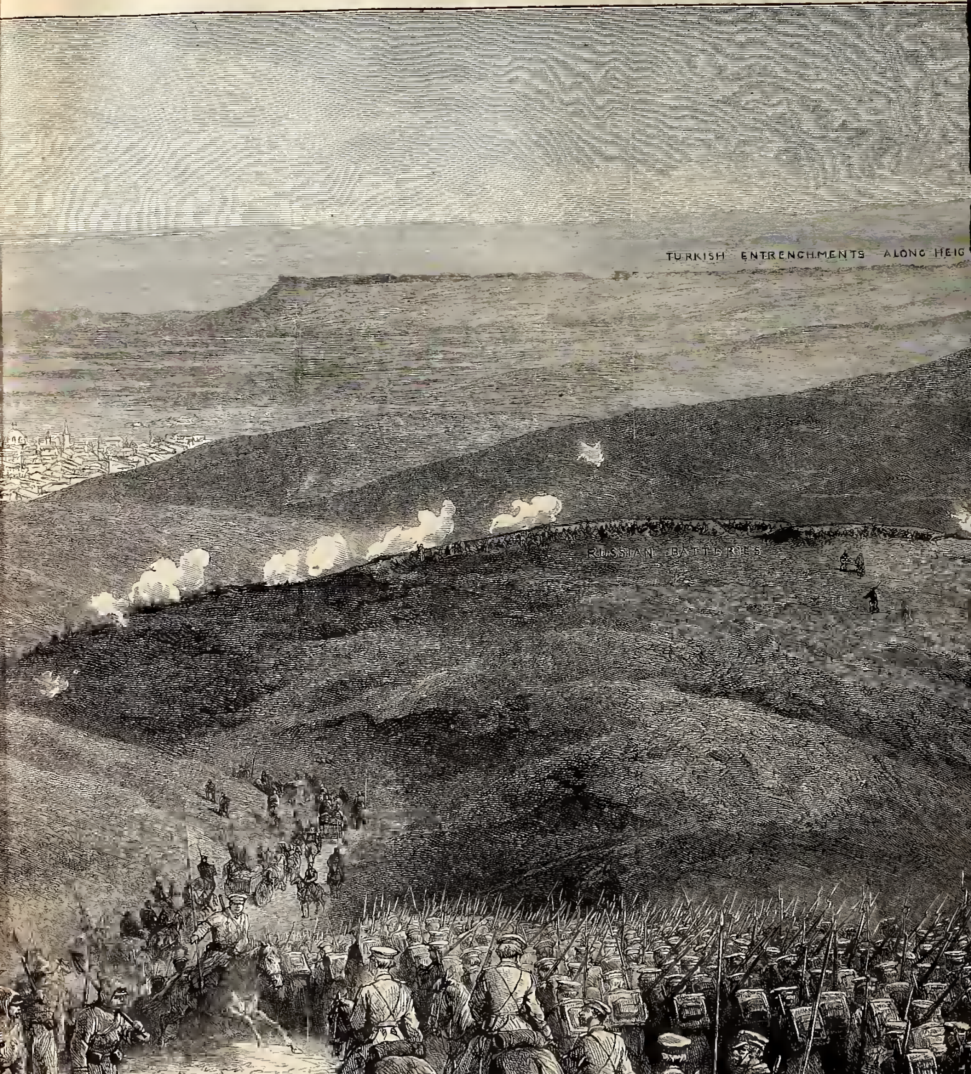
RADICHOVA RIDGE

THE

PLEVNA REDOUBT


TURKS
TURKISH ENTRENCHED CAMP
PLAIN ROUND PLEVNA
PLEV
S REDOUBT
PLEVNA REDOUBT
ACKED
TURKISH POSITION
OF
POSITION
SAPP

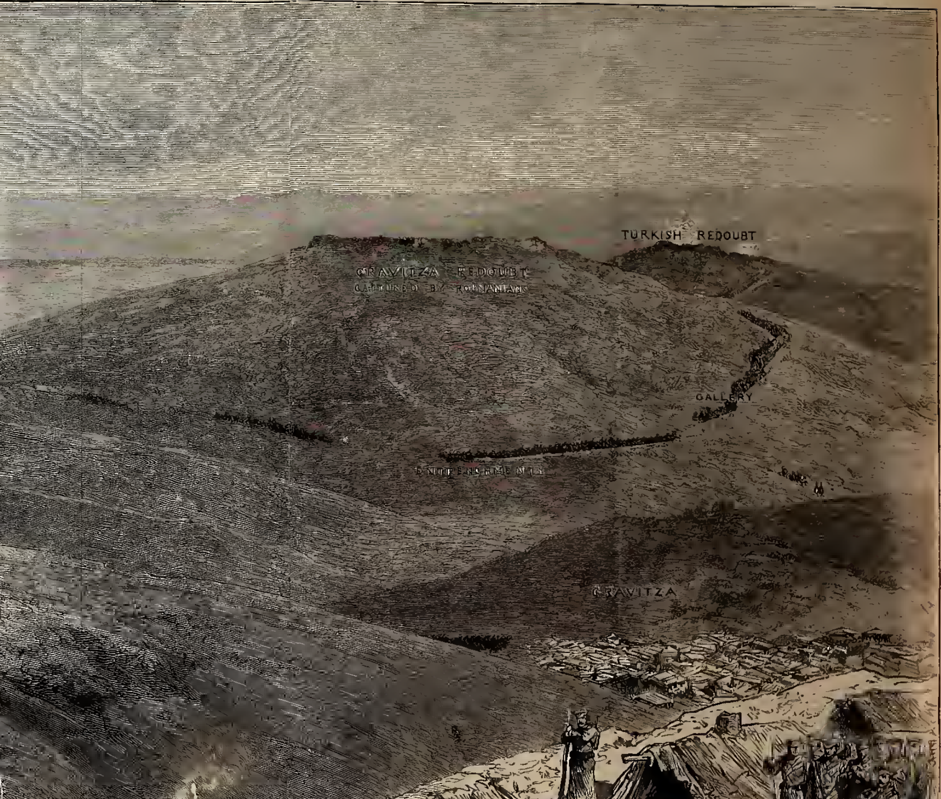
EGE OF PLEVNA: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE


TURKISH ENTRENCHMENTS ALONG HEIG
RUSSIAN BATTERIES

ND MINERS RELIEVED

USSIAN AND TURKISH POSITIONS FROM THE

GRAVITZA RIDGE REDOUBTS


TURKISH REDOUBT
GRAVITZA REDOUBT
CAPTURED BY ROUMANIANS
GALLERY
ENTRENCHMENTS
GRAVITZA

INFANTRY OF GUARD MARCHING TO TRENCHES

UTH-EAST

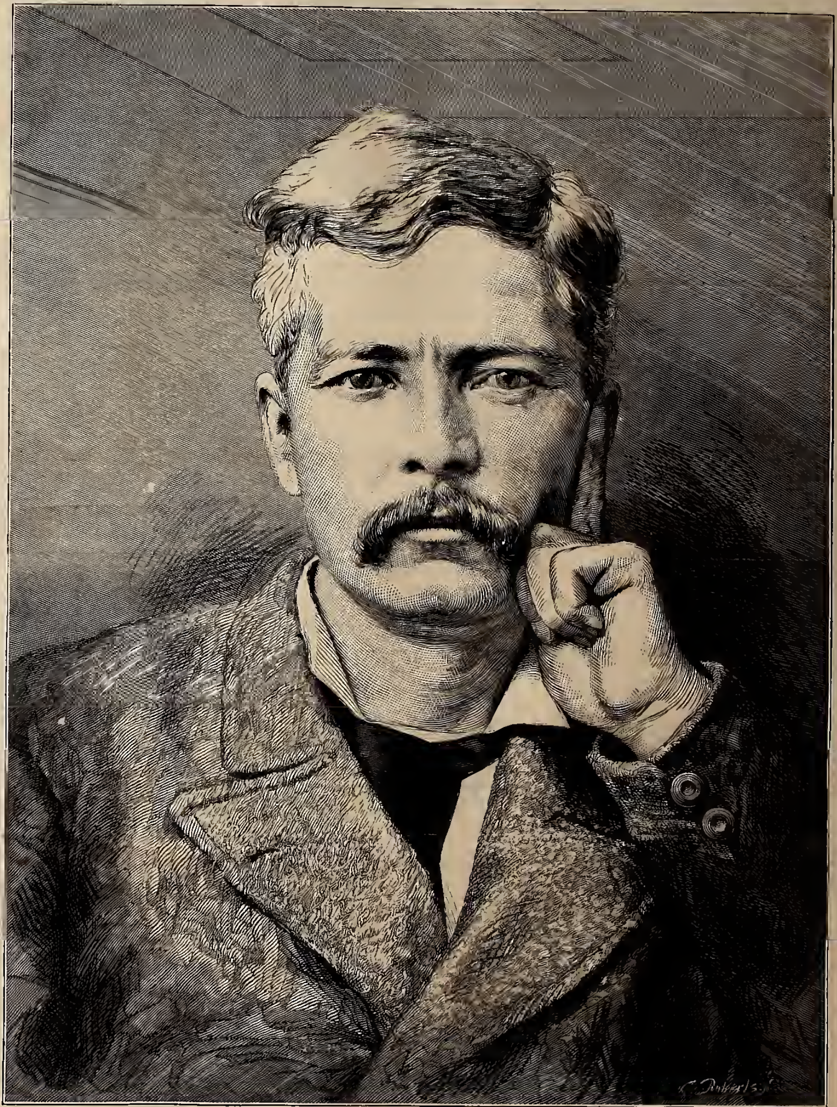
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 419
Regᵈ at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



MR. H. M. STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT CAPETOWN ON HIS ARRIVAL FROM THE WEST COAST

Topics of the Week

The Indecision of England.——In his speech at Bournemouth on Tuesday, Sir Stafford Northcote appealed to the nation to have confidence in the Eastern policy of the Government. There was something in his tone which indicated that the confidence he desires is not, in his opinion, very generally felt; and we believe that this opinion is perfectly correct. There are still, as at the time of the outbreak of war, two currents of sympathy in the country. On the one hand, a considerable party would like nothing better than to see the nation committed to a conflict with Russia; on the other, an even more powerful section is anxious that, if possible, we should keep wholly apart from the struggle. The Ministry has somehow failed to conciliate either side, and the reason is that nobody knows what it really wants. Lord Derby and Sir Stafford Northcote adopt a peaceful tone, and Mr. Cross is equally pacific. On every occasion, however, on which Lord Beaconsfield has expressed an opinion on the subject, he has exhibited a strong preference for the Turks; and rumours are constantly going about to the effect that he makes to influential foreign authorities threatening declarations of which many of his colleagues disapprove. The English people have, therefore, a strange sense of insecurity, and long for nothing so much as for a firm utterance which would enable them to understand at what point their rulers would think it necessary to draw the sword. The result of the present indecision is that all sorts of negotiations go on in Europe without the opinion of Great Britain being in the least taken into account; and it is too probable that a peace may be concluded which will be altogether repugnant to the great mass of Englishmen. A strong utterance of almost any kind would be welcomed by men of every party. The nation would then know what it had to expect, and would speedily find means of letting the Cabinet know whether it might look for general support.

Pio Nono.——If, as Lord Bacon says, even a hale old man is like a tower undermined, it is not likely that a man of nearly eighty-six, whose recovery is pronounced to be hopeless, will long survive. As, therefore, it is highly probable that, before we next address our readers, Pope Pius the Ninth will have passed into another state of existence, we will take the opportunity to speak a few words concerning him at once. Of his successor we will say nothing now,—there will be abundant time for that hereafter. As for Pius the Ninth, friends and foes will alike agree in according to him a prominent place in the long roll of those men who have worn the triple tiara. None of his predecessors exceeded in their term of office the five-and-twenty years traditionally allotted to St. Peter, and although many of them have undergone severe vicissitudes of fortune, it was reserved for Pius the Ninth to see the extensive domains swayed by the Papacy when his reign began shrink before its close to the narrow space covered by the buildings of the Vatican. He began his Pontificate as a Liberal, of apparently so sincere and ardent a type that even Evangelical Protestants hailed his accession, and hoped that, under his auspices, Roman Catholicism was about to undergo a self-imposed reformation. He ends his career as an unyielding Reactionist, regarding the French Republic, the German Empire, and, above all, the Constitutional Kingdom of Italy, as "devices of Satan," chiefly contrived for the purpose of robbing him of his rights divine; while the Church of Rome, instead of moderating those pretensions which are so abhorrent to Protestants, has become more uncompromising than ever. Which party is chiefly to blame for this disastrous change, the Jesuits or the Ultra-Republicans? We say, without hesitation, the Ultra-Republicans. It was they who, on the pettiest provocation, drove Louis Philippe from power, an operation which paved the way for the Siege of Rome, for the *Coup d'Etat*, and for Sedan; it it was they who by their violence and excesses (witness the murder of Count Rossi) terrified the Pope at a time when the wise and cautious guidance of a Cavour might have led him permanently into the paths of moderate Reform.

The Struggle in France.——Marshal MacMahon used to be considered the most loyal of rulers. Few observers had a high opinion of his talents; but his loyalty, it was thought, could not be questioned. Even his honesty, however, is now open to doubt, for his recent tactics have, to say the least, had a remarkably disagreeable appearance. M. Duclerc, in the course of a conversation with him, noted several of the conditions which he personally thought would be required by the Left, one of them being a demand that the right of dissolution should no longer be vested in the President and the Senate. The Marshal had before this, by conferences with the Presidents of the two Chambers and with M. Dufaure, managed to convey the impression that he was willing to make concessions for the sake of peace. M. Duclerc's note gave him an opportunity of assuming the position of injured innocence. The ungrateful Radicals! There was no possibility of dealing with them, and the sooner the Constitutionalists in the Senate not only broke away from them but voted a dissolution the better for themselves and the country. The Republicans retorted by simply asserting that no one had been commissioned to mention terms of peace in their name. They proceeded also to announce in the most decided terms that until the appointment of a Parliamentary Government they would not vote the supplies. At the present moment, therefore, the two powers in the State confront each other in a spirit of violent hostility; and few politicians venture to predict how the struggle will go in the immediate future. Fortunately, the Constitutional senators appear to have sufficient patriotism to prevent them from sanctioning a dissolution; but it does not, therefore, follow that the Marshal will either accept a Republican Ministry or resign. He is ignorant of the real forces at work in the nation, and may persist in his folly until an attempt at violence becomes almost unavoidable. He would probably have passed from covert threats to action long ago but for his uncertainty as to the temper of the army.

Artificial Pauper Hatching.——It is to be hoped that the spirits of the departed take no cognisance of the affairs of this world, for if they do, the shade of the late Alderman Henry Smith, a citizen of London who died some two hundred and fifty years ago, must have felt very uncomfortable during the past week. All the daily papers have had a fling at him, and now we weeklies are going to follow their example. His testamentary intentions were excellent; he desired to redeem victims of Moslem piracy from slavery, and to preserve indigent members of his own kindred from sinking into utter poverty. But if "liars ought to have good memories," charitable will-makers ought to possess the gift of looking into futurity. In default of this faculty, Time and Fate are apt to play strange pranks with their well-meaning designs. Poor Alderman Smith had no idea of three phenomena which have since happened. First, that before long there would be no more Turkish captives to rescue; secondly, that his legacy would increase in value beyond his wildest dreams; thirdly, that his "poor kindred" in the latter half of the nineteenth century would occasionally be persons demanding from his trustees such absolute necessaries of existence as music-lessons and daily governesses. We will not join in the chorus of lecturing which has been so unanimously administered to Mr. Alderman Smith during the past week, we will merely say that were he suffered to "revisit the glimpses of the moon" he would feel indignant at the bald and literal manner in which his desires have been interpreted, and he would rejoice to find that the Master of the Rolls has decided that after the "Smith's Poor Kin" have got what they are legally entitled to, the surplus funds are to be applied to general charitable uses.

The Northern Weavers.——It is deeply to be regretted that the cotton-spinners of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire seem about to enter upon a conflict with their employers which may last for months. We are very far from feeling hostility to trades unions. We believe they have conferred great benefits upon the working class, and that, when no other means of raising wages are possible, they are often justified in having recourse to strikes. But in the present instance the workmen would undoubtedly be injuring their own interests. The cotton trade is notoriously at a low ebb, but that is not caused, as the weavers seem to suppose, by over-production. It is mainly due to the fact that various countries, by prohibitive duties, have been able of late years to develop the trade within their own borders. In this way, although England still supplies a vast area, she has lost many of her old customers; and it is but too probable that she will go on losing them, especially as the dishonest practices of many manufacturers are bringing the English name into disrepute. A strike, therefore, could not result in a rise of wages; it would probably end in their being still further diminished. Moreover, the price of cotton goods would be so much increased that the masters would for once be sure of general sympathy, a consideration which the workers would be extremely foolish to disregard. No one can wonder at their discontent; but, after all, they have to choose between two evils, and the smaller of the two is to accept the conditions forced upon them by the pressure of events. Wide-spread hardship among their ranks at this season of the year would be nothing short of a national calamity.

Water Rates and Cisterns.——The case of a poor woman, who, after paying the rates regularly for twenty years, had her supply cut off by the Southwark and Vauxhall Company for a temporary default, reminds us that this method of enforcing payment is of rather a barbarously primitive character. If a man were unable or unwilling to pay the Lighting or Paving Rate and the parish were to put out the street lamp opposite his gate, and pull up the flagstones in front of his door, people would say that the parish were acting very absurdly. They would be inconveniencing the public for the sake of punishing an individual. The case of the water-supply is not so very dissimilar. Defaulting landlords often have lodgers, and it is hard that they should suffer for their landlords' sins. But, besides this, a "cut-off" household, with no more water than the modicum they can beg, borrow, or steal from their neighbours, very soon become an extremely dirty household, and, as such, a nuisance, and a possible source of disease to their neighbours. And here let us say a word in praise of that sensible doctor, Mr. Hatherly, who, instead of asking for more legislation, or imploring people to agitate for a "constant supply," bids them cleanse their foul cisterns with Condy's Fluid and a stiff birch-broom. We recommend the idea to Paterfamilias; the job (we have often done it ourselves) will give him a good appetite for breakfast, and his household will enjoy better health afterwards.

The City Companies and Technical Schools.——The announcement, made with authority the other day by Professor Huxley, to the effect that the City Companies are about to take definite measures for the establishment of technical colleges, was one of considerable importance. The Companies possess vast funds, and if they were to go on disposing of them in charity and "hospitality" the probability is that the public would by and by insist on some disagreeable inquiries. They could not find a better channel for a considerable portion of their revenues than that which they have now selected, for it has long been obvious that thorough instruction in their respective crafts is what our workmen most urgently need, and the endowment of such institutions is in perfect accord with the objects for which the companies were originally formed. It ought, however, to be remembered that technical schools, taken alone, will not be of essential service. To be in the highest degree useful they ought to form part of a general and well-considered scheme of national education. In Germany a lad does not enter a technical college until he has passed through several grades of schools. He begins at an elementary school, and passes on through a middle school to the so-called Real schools of two ranks. Completely equipped, he then enters upon his technical studies. In this country a boy would usually be expected to go from the Board school to the classes in which he would learn the principles of his particular trade or art; so that it would be unreasonable to expect the same results from him as from his German rival. This aspect of the question has not received sufficient attention, but it is one to which the falling off in our commercial prosperity is likely soon to give great prominence.

Electric Lamp-Lighting.——"He runs like a lamplighter." This venerable simile has ceased to have any significance for the young generation. The lamp-illuminator of our youth, with his brisk step and ladder, has been replaced by an official who moves no faster than other working folk, and who, in lieu of a ladder, carries a thing which looks like an apoplectic fishing-rod. This is a revolutionary age, and even the modern lamplighter is at this moment in as imminent danger of extinction as one of his own lamps at the approach of dawn. A plan for lighting gas-lamps by electricity has now been practically tested for eight months at the Gas Light and Coke Company's station at Fulham, and has been found so successful that before long it will probably be applied to street lighting. The invention, which is by Mr. Fox, is fully described in *The Times* of Tuesday last, so we will merely observe here regarding it, that the first and last lamps of the electrical circuit by which the lighting is effected are both placed close to the operating station, and if these two lamps are alight, it is certain that all the intermediate lamps on the circuit have also caught the electric spark. It is calculated that by this method of lighting a pound per lamp per annum will be saved, no mean sum in a city like London, which contains a hundred thousand street lamps. The invention will be especially useful during the occasional dense fogs of winter, as the gas can be lighted or put out in a moment, whereas now the gas is often not lighted till the fog is just clearing off, and is left alight when no longer needed.

ON MONDAY NEXT.

"THE GRAPHIC"

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

THIS YEAR, WILL BE OF EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST.

AN entire novelty has been introduced this year, as a large number of the Engravings have been printed in colours, besides the Presentation Coloured Plate usually issued.

IN addition to this Plate one of the Sheets will also be in Colours, illustrating a Tale called "THE ANIMATED PORTRAIT," so that with this Number there will be

NINE PAGES OF COLOURED ENGRAVINGS, besides many others of seasonable interest, printed in Black and White. The following is a List of the Illustrations.

COLOURED PLATES.

ONCE UPON A TIME.
(PRESENTATION PLATE).

THE CALICO BALL AT GROBY CASTLE (Double-page).
"The dresses had been very carefully designed, and they attracted a great deal of attention, as they afforded a pretty complete panorama of costume from the Middle Ages up to a recent date."

THE CARICATURE.
"The children were absorbed in their occupation, and totally unconscious that anybody was behind them, while Sir Anthony stood frowning and pursing up his lip."

LADY MILDRED AND HER LOVER.
"Very fascinating she looked, for her face wore an especially bright animated expression, as she conversed with the rising young diplomat."

LILIAN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
"It was a pretty sight to see her arrive, her face grave with excess of joy, and her little arms laden with gifts."

CUPBOARD LOVE.
"Hilda had coaxed several of the deer from the park into the hall to eat these dainties from her hand."

A COTTAGER'S CHRISTMAS HAMPER.
"None received her more gladly than old Mrs. Boscobel, who delighted in a visit from the great folks at the Castle."

A CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

Maria started when she spied
The little winged boy inside. . . .
"You looked for game, sweet girl," cries he,
"Henceforward don't make game of me!"

BLACK AND WHITE ENGRAVINGS.

ANCESTOR RALPH.
"Both the girls distinctly saw the left hand of the Portrait move out of the canvas!"

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.
"Psyche! Psyche! look!" cried Eros, starting to his feet in joyous excitement.

BLISSON'S LAST ROUND. Six Illustrations.
"He was in the act of lifting the tankard to his lips when I saw his face change suddenly. . . . Leaning against the clock in an attitude of dejection stood the Figure."

THE BARLEY MOW. Ten Illustrations.
"The disturbance outside continued. "My 'usband! My 'usband!" cried the voice; "what have you done with my 'usband?"

A HORRIBLE TALE (Double-Page).

Our blood was chilled, we could not speak;
We could not even raise a shriek;
Each moment seemed a tedious week.

THE TALES are by Mrs. OLIPHANT, ARTHUR LOCKER, T. W. SPEIGHT, and JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, post free, 1s. 2½d.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

AMUSEMENTS

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening ditto.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—ONCE IN A CENTURY, AT THE SEASIDE, and NO. 204. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday morning, at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Oxford Circus.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN. — NOTICE. — These celebrated SUPPER ROOMS are now open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS, specially trained by and under the direction of Mr. F. Jonghmans, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES. Proprietor, J. B. AMOR.

RIPON HOUSE, 1, WOBURN PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE.—Mr. HENRI BEAUMONT (pupil of Mr. Charles Sleigh), begs to announce that on SATURDAY, Dec. 15, he will give a Selection of Poetic and Dramatic Readings in the Theatre of the School of Dramatic Art (as above). Commence at 8 p.m. Tickets, 1s., 2s., and 5s.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mal East. Ten till five. Admission 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The TWELFTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES will OPEN on MONDAY NEXT, the 10th December. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall.
H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is NOW OPEN, at Thomas McLean's Gallery, No. 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

GUARDI GALLERY, 11, Haymarket.—Mr. MARTIN COLNAGHI begs to announce his Daily Exhibition of Munthe's "FROZEN RIVER," and other High-class Continental Pictures, between 10 and 7 o'clock.—GUARDI GALLERY, 11, Haymarket. Admission, 1s.

BRIGHTON. — PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.15 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom . £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia
Ceylon
China
} *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. {
India
Japan
New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher.

Our Illustrations

MR. STANLEY AND HIS FOLLOWERS

OUR portrait of Mr. H. M. Stanley is from a photograph taken since his arrival at Cape Town, and a comparison of it with that which appeared in our issue of Aug. 17, 1872 (No. 142), will show how much the intrepid explorer has been changed in appearance by the mental and physical strain which he underwent during the wonderful journey which he has just brought to a successful conclusion, and which, to use his own words, "has made him an old man in his thirty-fifth year." As one looks upon the altered features, one cannot help feeling admiration for the indomitable pluck and energy which must have been needed to carry him triumphantly through all dangers and obstacles; and if that sentiment be shaded with some regret concerning his treatment of the natives, it must not be forgotten that as yet we have had no complete statement of the circumstances under which force was resorted to. We may at least hope that when Mr. Stanley reaches this country he may be able to defend himself from the terrible accusation of wanton bloodshed: an accusation which he has already indignantly repelled in his speeches at Cape Town.

Of the group of Africans depicted on our second page we need say but little except that throughout the expedition they remained faithful to their leader "the white master," and that they have since shared in his triumphant receptions at St. Paul de Loando and Cape Town. At the latter place they were *fêted* by Lady Frere at the Government House, and taken to the theatre, where they saw an acrobatic performance which much astonished them; but the most marvellous delight to them was a trip upon the railway from Cape Town to Stellenbosch. They were greatly excited by the motion of the "fire-carriage." "We here, we there, quick, quick,—three whole days' journey in one hour," were the exclamations by which they expressed their astonishment and admiration. Of the chief, Manwa Sera, we need say nothing beyond the fact that as chief captain he was, of course, second in command after the death of the brothers Pocock, but the story of Uledi's heroism must be told, and it is best told in his own simple language, as quoted by Mr. Stanley in one of his letters to the *Daily Telegraph*. Having spoken of the manner in which the brave "little master," although sick and lame, insisted upon going over the Zinga Cataract in the canoe, he goes on to say that no sooner had they cast off than "the cruel water caught us and tossed and whirled us round, and shot us here, and shot us there, and the noise was fearful. Suddenly the little master shouted, 'Look out! Take hold of the ropes,' and he was tearing his shirt off, when the canoe, which was whirling round and round, with its bow in the air, was dragged down, down, down, until I thought my chest would burst, then we were shot out into daylight again and took some breath. The little master and two of our people were not to be seen; but soon I saw the little master face upward, but insensible. I instantly struck out for him, to save him, but we were both taken down again, and the water seemed to be tearing my legs away, but I would not give in. I held my breath hard then, and I came to the surface, but the little master was gone for ever."

Mr. Stanley describes Uledi as a young African, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, "lithe and active as a leopard and brave as a lion, the first in war, the most modest in peace, the best soldier, the best swimmer, the best carrier, the best sailor, the best workman in wood or iron, and the most faithful of the black faithfuls."—Our portraits are all from photographs, that of Mr. Stanley by J. E. Brunton, Cape Town, and the others by S. B. Barnard, 37, Adderley Street, Cape Town.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

WITH GENERAL SKOBELEFF BEFORE PLEVNA

WE have already given the portrait of this dashing hero of the Russian camp, who until recently had escaped unscathed from the many reckless deeds of daring for which he is so renowned. On November 15th, however, he was wounded during the encounter at his outpost line, and for the first time had to take to his bed for a while. Our first sketch represents General Skobeleff on the trenches of his foremost outpost line, only 150 yards distant from the trenches of the enemy, taking a few hours' rest on a stretcher in his "bedroom," which, our artist writes, is a square shallow pit dug out about two feet, the depth of the ditch at the back of the trench, in which his "bed," a simple stretcher, is placed. His officers sit about on the ground or lie on the straw with which the pit is strewn. The rifles of the soldiers are ranged along the parapet, and a few men keep watch while the remainder sit on the step, which serves to bring their heads when standing on a level with the parapet, and sleep or play cards. In our other illustration (page 536) may be seen General Skobeleff and his standard-bearer, who carries his flag into every skirmish. "The standard itself," our artist writes, "is a tattered square banner of red silk, with a white cross of St. George on one side and the letters 'M. C., 1875,' in yellow on red ground on the other. I made the sketch during an inspection of troops which were going into action at 'the Green Hill.' The background of fog, the scattered groups of soldiers about the camp-fires, and the weird shape of the mitrailleuses made a most impressive picture. I do not think that Skobeleff's soldiers would fight unless they saw this standard following their general galloping at their head on his white horse."

WITH THE TURKS—THE CAPTURED AMBULANCE

HERE we have a group of the doctors who composed the section of the Red Cross Ambulance which was captured by the Russians at the surrender of Telis on October 28th. One of them, however, Dr. Mackellar, had previously left Telis, just before the road to Orchanie was closed, so that he escaped. Dr. Douglas, of St. Thomas's Hospital, and Dr. Vachell, of the London Hospital, had been sent out by the Stafford House Committee, but were subsequently transferred to the Red Crescent Ambulance, under the charge of Mr. Barrington Kennett. Colonel Coope is an ex-officer of the 7th Fusiliers, and a colonel in Baker Pasha's "Imperial Gendarmerie." Finding, however, that his post at present was a mere sinecure, Colonel Coope tried to organise a company of stretcher men to carry the wounded off the field. His services, however, were declined by Osman Pasha, who declared himself the "saviour of society," refused all "foreign" aid, and so Colonel Coope joined the Red Crescent, and was temporarily attached to the ambulance to organise the service of "brancardiers." The two doctors have, it is said, been very kindly treated by the Russians; but Dr. Vachell has been exceedingly ill with dysentery—so ill, indeed, that he was obliged to decline to return with the flag of truce which Chefket Pasha sent to the Russians to demand the restitution of the two doctors. Dr. Douglas also declined to leave his friend, and both have been sent to St. Petersburg, to the charge of our Ambassador, by whom they will be returned to England. Colonel Coope, however, and Lorando, the dragoman of the party, are detained by the Russians as prisoners of war, both being in the Ottoman service, and possessing no papers to prove their official connection with the ambulance.—Our illustration is from a photograph by D. Michailides, of Adrianople, which was taken at Orchanie just before starting for Telis.

WITH THE TURKS—SILISTRIA

OF our two sketches at Silistria one represents one of the entrance gates to this strongly fortified town, which, although smaller in extent than Widdin or Rustchuk, is of considerable strategical importance from its position on the Danube. The other sketch depicts a party of Circassians embarking for a raid on Roumanian territory. These raids are of constant occurrence, and on the 27th ult. a band of fifty of these irregular troops crossed on a reconnoitring expedition, seized upon a work recently constructed by the Russians, surrounded the troops who occupied it, and carried off some sixty horses, together with a quantity of needle-guns, salves, and provisions. Ordinarily, however, these raids are merely "cattle-lifting" affairs, resulting in the capture of a few dozen sheep or oxen.

THE BRITISH FLEET IN BESIKA BAY

THE British Mediterranean Fleet, under Vice-Admiral Hornby, is again to winter at the bleak and dangerous anchorage in Besika Bay, which, though fair enough in summer weather, is a hazardous station in the tempests of winter. From last year's experience it was seen how difficult it was in bad weather to keep such huge vessels in hand, and when ships of such enormous tonnage as these happen to drag their anchors, it is not easy to bring them to unless steam is got up. Thus the fires have to be kept constantly alight, and the difficulty of maintaining a sufficiency of fuel will not be amongst the least of Admiral Hornby's difficulties.

THE LAND OF PLENTY

WHILE deserters from Plevna bring sad accounts of the privations suffered by the besieged, the besiegers outside the city are living in a glorious land of plenty, as may be seen by our sketch representing a detachment of the Guards drawing their fresh meat rations at Dolny Dubnik, previous to their march southwards under General Gourko. "Goats, sheep, and calves," writes our artist, "were served out alive, and two men carried away half a sheep on a pole. It was most ludicrous to see these tall, sober, fine-looking fellows leading and carrying away this miscellaneous zoological collection, riding the goats, and hugging the sheep like babies. The country round about here has all been depopulated; but plenty of provisions can be drawn from the west and south, where General Gourko has captured enough to last the whole detachment of Guards for forty days." A writer in the *Daily News* also bears witness to the plentiful supplies of the Russians, stating that great droves of beef cattle are about here on the hill-sides, and the butchers are up to their elbows in blood from morning to evening. "In one respect we are very much like the Turks in Plevna—meat is plentiful, but bread is scarce, and even impossible to get at any price."

A PRESENT TO PLEVNA

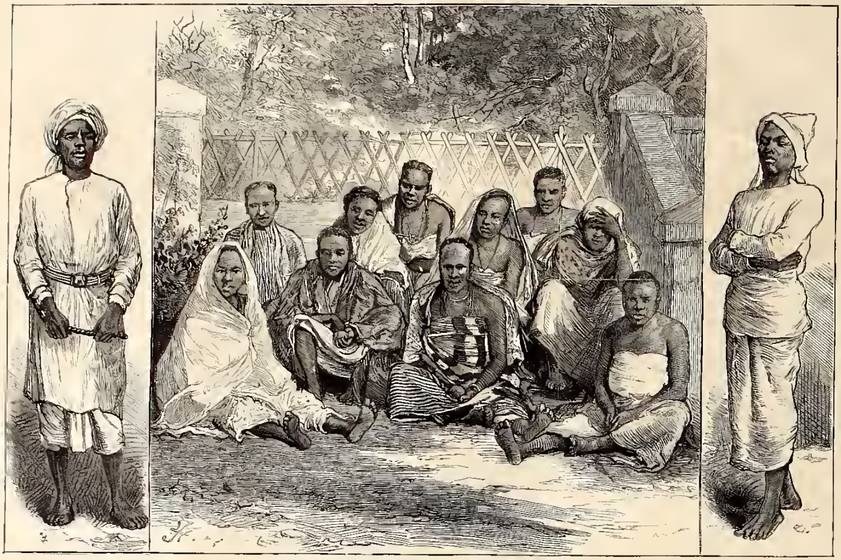
THIS depicts a sad scene at Dolny Dubnik, where our artist sketched a group of families—men, women, and children—who had been captured at Vraca, and who were being forwarded into Plevna as a "present to Osman Pasha." A correspondent of the *Daily News* gives a most harrowing account of their condition, there being about a dozen women and twice as many children stowed away in two ox-carts, half-naked and shivering in the cold wind which was sweeping through the valley. In the last cart there was a family of gipsies, scantily dressed and half-famished with hunger. "When the cavalcade of misery halted bread was given to the half-starved women and children, who shared it readily with the men. Bony hands clutched the loaves and tore them in pieces; wild eyes looked for more with a sort of agonised pleading, and for the first time for days they feasted. Soldiers showered on the party a share of their rations, corn was piled in the carts, and they creaked away. One of the women sat apart from the rest during the halt, and she took no share in the feast. She sat unmoved, and when the others ate threw herself flat on the ground and sobbed. She had taken a revolver and shot a Russian sergeant dead in the street at Vraca after the town was occupied and quiet, and for this she sat apart from the other women, pointed at as a murderess."

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 537.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT NIAGARA FALLS

THE ambulatory photographer is becoming one of the nuisances of the nineteenth century. Whether you go simply to Hampstead Heath for an hour's walk, to Brighton for a week's blow by the sea, or to the United States for a three months' tour, you are invariably confronted by a man in a slouch hat, carrying a mysterious-looking box upon three legs, and who accosts you with "Nice evening to have your portrait taken; this style and size blank sixpences, shillings, or dollars," as the case may be. But

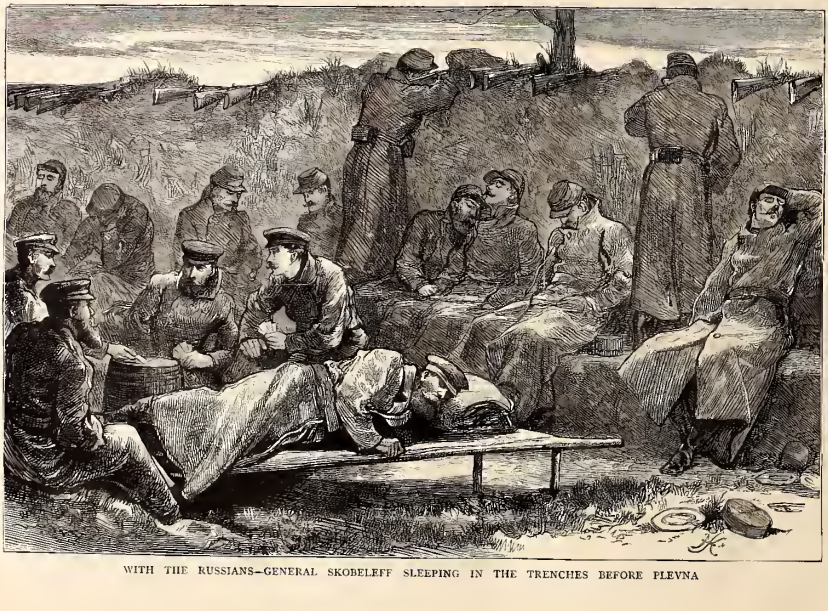


MANWA-SERA, MR. STANLEY'S CHIEF CAPTAIN

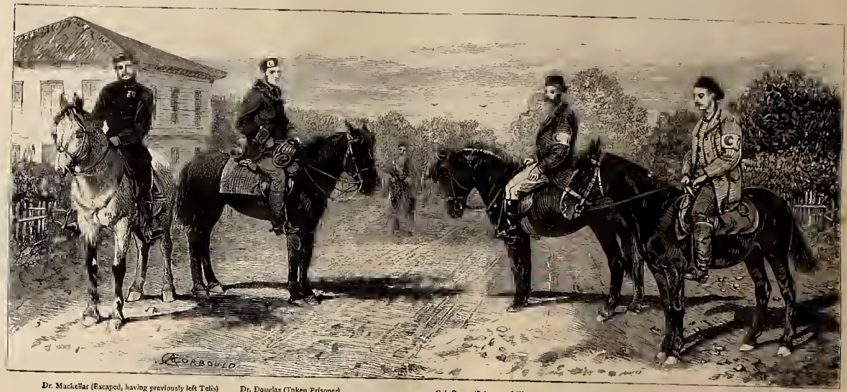
WIVES OF THE CAPTAINS OF THE EXPEDITION

THE HERO ULEDI, WHO TRIED TO SAVE FRANK POCOCK'S LIFE

MR. STANLEY'S CENTRAL AFRICAN EXPEDITION

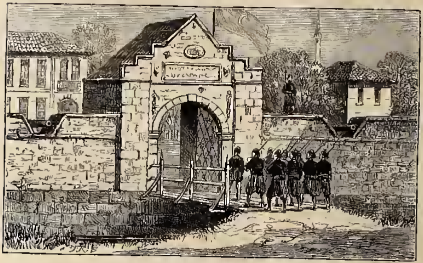


WITH THE RUSSIANS—GENERAL SKOBELEFF SLEEPING IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PLEVNA

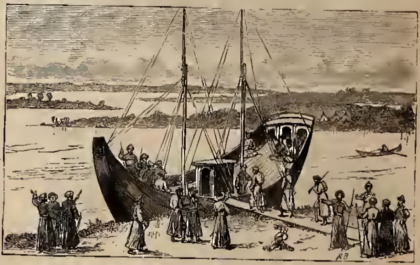

Dr. Mackellar (Escaped, having previously left Telis)
Dr. Douglas (Taken Prisoner)
Col. Coope (Prisoner of War, as being in Turkish Service)
Dr. Vachell (Taken Prisoner)

WITH THE TURKS—THE RED CRESCENT AMBULANCE SECTION TAKEN PRISONER BY THE RUSSIANS AT TELIS

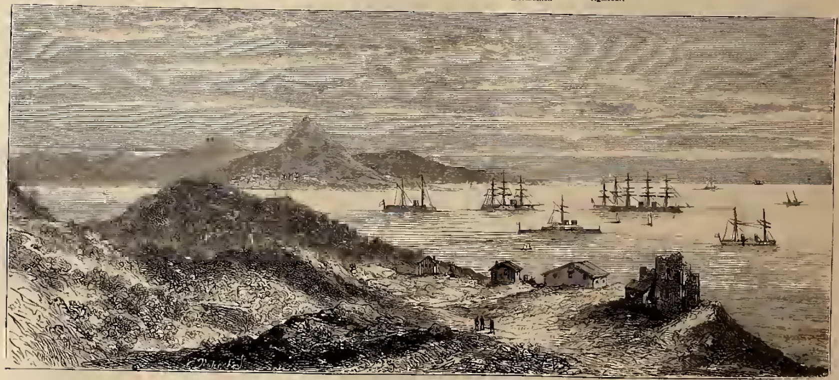
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH AT ORCHANIE TAKEN BEFORE STARTING FROM TELIS



SILISTRIA—ONE OF THE GATES



SILISTRIA—CIRCASSIANS EMBARKING ON THE DANUBE FOR A RAID ON THE ROUMANIAN SHORE


Island and Town of Tenedos in the Distance
"Hotspur"
"Pallas"
"Devastation"
"Agincourt"
English Cafe
Maltese Eating House
Café Chantant
"Salamis" Paddle Yacht

THE BRITISH SQUADRON AT BESIKA BAY

WITH THE TURKS

if there is one place where the nuisance becomes a positive insult, it is at Niagara Falls, where, lost in contemplation of the matchless grandeur of the scene, you are suddenly brought back to earth by the matter-of-fact ruffian thrusting a framed monstrosity before us, and remarking that the "atmosphere" is just in the condition for a "successful sitting," and that the Falls make a "grand natural background." The writer of these lines found the quickest way to get rid of these "artists" was to offer them, say a sixth of the price they would mention, when they would at once return with an injured expression at your low estimation of their professional powers. Yet there are people who never seem to get tired of seeing themselves portrayed in every possible attitude and in every possible place, otherwise the ambulatory photographer, who does not exercise his profession solely from love of his art, would quickly turn his talent to fields and pastures new. Two such folk are depicted by our artist, posing on a rustic seat in a presumably becoming attitude, with the rapids below the Falls as a background. These rapids, rushing along seething, foaming, and boiling over the black rocks in a narrow defile, are as eminently grand in their way as the "Falls" themselves, and when we look upon the two prim self-important atoms on the brink of the walled terrace, and the grotesque three-legged monster in the foreground, we feel that truly there is but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

Victor Hugo's new work is continued on page 542.

A FAMINE COUNCIL AT BANGALORE

This engraving is from a photograph taken by Mr. A. J. W. Penn, at Bangalore, during the recent visit of the Viceroy to the Province of Mysore, whither he had proceeded for the purpose of conferring with the Chief Commissioner relative to the famine which has proved such a scourge to Southern India. Lord Lytton forms the centre of the group, with Mr. Saunders, C.B., Chief Commissioner of Mysore and Coorg, seated on his left, and Mr. C. A. Elliot, the newly-appointed Famine Commissioner, on the seat beyond. On the right of his Excellency are seated Mr. J. D. Gordon, C.S.I., the Judicial Commissioner of Mysore, and Mr. Molesworth. In the foreground Colonel Burne, C.S.I., Military Secretary to the Viceroy, and Captain Lock, A.D.C. to his Excellency, are seated on the right, with Captain Stainforth, A.D.C. to the Chief Commissioner, on the left. Behind the Viceroy stands the A.D.C. in Waiting, Captain the Hon. C. Villiers, lately appointed Attaché at Berlin; and on his right are grouped Mr. A. Wingate, of the Bombay Civil Service, who has been lately appointed Additional Secretary to the Chief Commissioners of Mysore in the Famine Department; Mr. Thornton, C.S.I., Foreign Secretary to the Government of India; Mr. Bayley, C.S.I.; and Colonel Colley, Military Secretary to the Viceroy. On the left of Captain Villiers are Major Moncrieff, who has been appointed to act as Chief Engineer in Mysore, when Colonel Sankey, R.E., was so summarily sent off to Simlah; Captain Yates, R.A., A.D.C.; and Mr. Bernard, C.S.I. Behind Mr. Saunders stands Mr. Tredway Clarke, the Secretary of the Mysore Government, with Major Robert Cole, on special famine duty; and Dr. Barnett, Surgeon to the Viceroy, on his left.

THE CHATHAM INSTITUTE
AND
A CELEBRATED SHORTHORN

See page 548.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The chief events of the week have been the Conservative gathering at Bournemouth on Tuesday, and the *soirée* of the Heywood Reform Club on Saturday last. At the first-named meeting Sir S. Northcote criticised at some length the recent speeches and writings of some of the Liberal leaders, and said that from the diversity of opinion amongst them they appeared to be engaged in a "free fight." He firmly believed that the Government possessed the confidence of the country, and that it would gladly intervene for peace as soon as an opportunity arose. At Heywood the principal speaker was Mr. Hibbert, M.P., who said that though it was not improbable that Lord Beaconsfield might attempt the assimilation of the franchise, with the view of "crushing" the Liberals, he felt confident that the latter would ultimately come uppermost. He trusted that, when the Ballot Act came up for revision in 1880, the portion giving votes to illiterates would be struck out, inasmuch as it allowed the most corrupt action to be followed. No question demanded more serious consideration, especially in the present state of trade, than that of taxation, for the annual expenditure of the country had under the Conservatives grown 6,500,000*l.* in the past three years.—Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., the First Lord of the Admiralty, was on Saturday entertained at a congratulatory banquet, and in response to the toast of his health, said that his duties had been materially lightened by the devotion and attention which had been paid to the exigencies of the service by the late Mr. Ward Hunt, who had left the Navy in a more efficient state than it had been for some years. Mr. Cross, replying for "The House of Commons," said that he adhered to every word of the speech upon the Eastern Question which he delivered in the House of Commons last Session, and which represented the sentiments of the Ministry generally, and when Parliament again met he for one should not be ashamed to defend the conduct of the Government.—Mr. Gladstone, replying to an address of the Kerry Tenants' Defence Association, says that he will endeavour to deal with whatever Irish measure may arise while he remains in the House of Commons upon the same principles of equity as heretofore.—Mr. H. Edwards, M.P., who has recently returned from Constantinople, spoke at a banquet at Weymouth, on Wednesday. He said that Russia had been carrying on a most flagrant system of bribery and intrigue. Lying and corruption had been her policy; and she was solely responsible for the outbreak of the Bulgarian atrocities. We were much indebted to Turkey for dispelling the bugbear of Russian greatness, but it behoved us to be on our guard against any interference with our *prestige* in the East, which would certainly be affected if Russia took possession of Armenia.

Miscellaneous.——Mr. Archibald Forbes was on Saturday entertained at dinner by his brother journalists and personal friends; the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Houghton, General Lord Mark Kerr, Sir Charles M'Grigor, and Sir John Heron Maxwell being amongst the company. Mr. Sala, who presided, spoke eloquently of the genius of Mr. Forbes and the value of his labours; and Mr. Forbes, in replying, said that the proudest moment of his life was when his first article was accepted by a gentleman then in the room, and that that was certainly his next proudest.—The Scottish Corporation kept St. Andrew's Day at the Freemasons' Tavern, their hall having been recently destroyed by fire. Sir Stafford Northcote occupied the chair, and the subscriptions amounted to 2,700*l.*, the largest amount ever received.—The Liverpool Caledonian Association also had a banquet on St. Andrew's Day. The Marquis of Huntly presided; and Mr. Rathbone, responding for "The House of Commons," said that, although Scottish legislation had been neglected, the Scotch were nearly fifty years ahead of the English in all matters of Reform.—Lord Lyttleton, in distributing the prizes at the Kidderminster School of Art on Tuesday, said that the great tendency towards increased subdivision of labour might lead to the perfection of the article produced; but it had a certain narrowing and cramping effect on the producer, and was likely to be extremely prejudicial to the development of the inventive faculties. He therefore urged that schools of art should afford not only the teaching a student asked, but something beyond it.—The ground around St. Paul's Cathedral is to be laid out with paths and thrown open to the public.—There is great distress, amounting almost to famine, in the Forest of Dean, 5,000 persons being upon the verge of starvation. The women of Parkend held a meeting last week, and resolved to send a memorial to the Queen. It has been signed by ten dames of the Forest, each about eighty years of age; ten mothers, each of whom has ten children; ten widows of ten colliers, ten orphan girls, and ten ladies, and it is to be presented to Her Majesty by Colonel Kingscote. The Earl of Ducie, the Lord-Lieutenant, sent a letter containing a donation in aid of the poor people, but pointing out that much of the distress was attributable to the refusal of the miners to work at reduced wages.—Mr. John De Morgan has been sent to prison by the Master of the Rolls for disregarding the injunction of the Court by addressing a meeting at Selston in September last. His speech was of the "don't pump on him" order, and was followed by a riot and the pulling down of some fences abutting on the common.—Mount Stuart House, near Rothesay, the seat of the Marquis of Bute, has been partially destroyed by fire, and some old panel-paintings and other valuables have been lost. Rothesay, a town inhabited by 9,000 people, has no fire-engine.—The coroner's jury have found that the recent explosion at the Pemberton Colliery was purely accidental, and that so far from there having been any negligence everything was done for the proper working of the mine and the protection of those engaged in it.—Two very singular suicides are reported this week. One is that of Lieutenant Lowe, of H.M.S. *Boscawen*, who on the 15th ult. jumped from his cabin window with three dumb bells fastened to his body. He left a letter addressed to a brother officer requesting him to accept a gun "*in memoriam*," and to think of him "as one gone to his rest." The other case happened at Bath, where a young man drowned himself in a public bath, having first written to his father stating that he could not divest himself of the idea that he had a cancer, and that, ignoble as it might be, it was better for him to die by his own hand than to linger on in misery.

Fine Arts

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

I remember no Exhibition of drawings and water-colours at once so comprehensive and so interesting as that now open in the Grosvenor Gallery. It is not only that it enables us to survey at one view the whole progress of English water-colour art, from its rudimental condition of "tinted" topographical views and the almost monochromatic work of Cozens and Girtin to its development into pictures of masterly completeness in the hands of David Cox, De Wint, and J. M. W. Turner. Something of the same kind may be seen at South Kensington, where the bequests of Chauncey Hare Townshend, Mrs. Ellison, and W. Smith, with the aid of Mr. S. Redgrave's excellent catalogue, carry us along the same track of development to the same conclusion. But the Grosvenor Gallery shows us, along with the course of English water-colour painting, what English Art is not in a position to show us in any proportionate degree, all that the earlier schools of Italy, Germany, Holland, and France have done in the way of studies preparatory to pictures, and that by means of examples all interesting, and some of consummate excellence. English artists may learn here the infinite pains taken by the old masters; how much of what is most valuable in their finished work was, in fact, accomplished before they laid colour on canvas. They may compare the qualities of imagination and handicraft of different masters of the same school and the different schools of the same country, and the characteristics of the art of different countries; may see how beauty and high ideal or decorative aim were the distinctive quality of the Italians; literal truth, earnestness and grim pathos of the Germans; homely fact, the humours of humble life, and outdoor prose-pastoral of the Dutch; courtly grace, and gallantry, and second-hand classicality of the French. Then in English water-colour painting they will find from the first that predominant love of outdoor nature, and familiar life which have always characterised English art in its most popular form, with evidences besides of such influences of earlier schools as might be looked for in our own as the most recent of modern national developments of Art. The lessons of such an Exhibition are, indeed, too manifold for enumeration here. And in no country, it may confidently be asserted, could such ample materials for such teaching have been got together. Sir Coutts Lindsay has found the most liberal aid at his command. The Queen has lent him some of the choicest contents of the Windsor portfolios, so rich in fine examples of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Holbein. Historic houses like Chatsworth, Warwick, and Holkham have put their stores of drawings at his service. He has had the pick of the best private collections, both of drawings by Old Masters, and English water-colours, such as those of Messrs. W. Russell, E. Cheney, Malcolm of Poltalloch, F. Locker, W. Mitchell, Henderson, Nettlefold, Quilter and Burton, Holbrook Gaskell and Orrock, J. E. Taylor, C. E. Pooley, Aspland and Cohen, and the living representatives of such great names in Art as Constable and Girtin. And this large collection of 1,237 drawings is so displayed that all can be seen, and with the least possible confusion of schools and styles.

The Grosvenor Gallery, as many of our readers are no doubt aware, includes five rooms. The noble East Room, the largest of the suite, is devoted to English water-colours. The West Room, next in space and stateliness of proportions, is appropriated to the Italian and early German schools, in examples of the highest interest and excellence, which culminate in the wonderful Leonardos, the most delicately elaborated studies of figures, heads, limbs, and draperies, landscapes, flowers, and foliage, often containing, besides, the first thoughts of engineering inventions and architectural designs that ever proceeded from man's hand. In the vestibule are hung the invaluable Windsor Holbeins, with fine Rubenses, and Vandykes, and some early German works. The Sculpture Gallery contains a more miscellaneous collection, including the drawings of Boucher, Watteau, and his pupils or contemporaries, Lancrel, Pater, and Parrocel; landscapes of Claude and Nicholas Poussin; examples of later French masters as Greuze, Robert, St. Aubin, Fragonard, Huet, and Proudhon, with drawings, studies, and sketches of our own English masters, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, Bartolozzi, Cosway, Lawrence, Bewick, Wilkie, Bonnington, Flaxman, and Calcott. Here, too, are some precious early German works of Wohlgemuth, Dürer, Memling, and Martin Schoen, with more examples of Holbein.

The works of English painters in this Gallery, though not numerous, are of great interest. Thus we have Hogarth's sketch of his well-known picture of the "Beggars' Opera," with Walker in Macheath, and Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, in Polly, and the Duke himself among the audience in one of the stage-boxes. Here, too, is the wonderful design which the painter himself inscribed "Finis," and which was indeed the last work to which he set his hand, in which every object introduced points the moral of work done and life drawing to its close, while Time, the central figure, amidst all imaginable symbols of decay and downfall, lets his shattered scythe drop from his one failing hand, while the other holds his "last Will and Testament." In significance, as in sadness, this is about the most noteworthy piece of Hogarth's work. This is the very design from which he dashed the plate in with his own hand, hurrying as if he felt Death at his elbow. Here, too, not less notable, as an example of Hogarth's power of branding and scathing, is that wonderfully diabolic portrait of John Wilkes, with the Cap of Liberty, and a grin that seems to mock his dupes, which was Hogarth's revenge for Wilkes's savage attack upon him in the *North Briton*. This design is lent by Mr. F. Locker, whose collection seems to be made up of gems. From him, too, comes the best example here of Wilkie's work in water-colours,—a fancy sketch, or rather finished drawing, of his father, Captain Locker, R.N., as the "Old Commodore" tended by his daughter—which shows Wilkie a very competent workman in water-colour. Other Hogarth drawings here are a lifelike study of a baby's head, a spirited half-length sketch of a lady in a Spanish hat with a feather in her hand; a family group gathered round a card-table; and a study for a conversation piece in water-colour of a more artificial and elaborate kind.

Then there are interesting studies for ladies' portraits by Gainsborough; two of the slight landscape designs which were the favourite occupation of his evenings; a very interesting full-length of himself, as a very young man, sketching in the woods near his native place, before he migrated to Bath; and, of even more interest, a closely studied view from Yewdale, near Coniston, with notes in writing on it, of the effect and colouring. Never was man better fitted to enjoy, and never in fact did man more enjoy, the Lakes than Gainsborough, thanks to that fresh and youthful enjoyment of nature which was so strong in him, and which so entirely survived his town life. Of Sir Joshua, Hoppner, and Romney there is nothing worth particular notice. In fact, Sir Joshua never made studies or drawings except of the slightest kind. A sheet of Flaxman's designs for the "Pilgrim's Progress," some studies of ascending souls and guardian angels, and some portrait studies from his early friend Mrs. Mathews and his sister-in-law, Maria Denman, have all the simple grace of expression and calculated harmony of line which distinguish his work. Besides the "Old Commodore" there is a very interesting and delicate study by Wilkie, for the Duchess of Argyll in the "Knox Preaching," from Mrs. W. Russell. The lady was a descendant of the House of Argyll; and the face has a high-bred beauty rarely reached, or even aimed at, by the painter.

The last room of the suite, though the smallest, is one of the richest in the interest of its contents. Here are specimens of the careful studies from nature of the Dutch masters, Jacob Ruysdael, Cuyp, Wouvermans, Dusart, Van Ostade, Paul Potter, Jan Both, and others, with more Rubenses and Vandycks, a lovely girl's head by Sir Peter Lely, and a marvellously finished water-colour ascribed to Franz Hals, either a study for, or engraver's copy from, an early female portrait by him exhibited among the Old Masters at the Academy last year. To me it seems hardly conceivable that such studied and delicate work in water-colour could have come from the impetuous hand of Hals, though it is true that the portrait in oil, no doubt one of his earliest and most careful time, is as delicately finished as the drawing. The Water-Colour Room also contains a few examples of Velasquez and Murillo—the most interesting of the former a boy sketching in his shirt, of the latter a laughing peasant girl with a hound, and some singularly free and vigorous flower sketches by Van Huysum. Here, too, is a selection of six leaves from the sketch-book used by Paul Potter on his marriage tour, showing studies of Cleves, and groups of peasant men and women, slight but masterly. But the interest of this room comes to a climax in the Rembrandt drawings, which occupy the whole of one wall. Here we see fully displayed, though often in small, and, at first seeming, slight, examples, the master's wonderful power of expressing much by a few seemingly random strokes, or blots and dashes of colour, which makes his etchings so unrivalled. Here, too, we see at work the great imagination which could dispense with beauty of form; as if sublime poetry should somehow find an utterance in uncouth prose. Never has the unique character of Rembrandt's qualities been more strikingly shown than it is here in little.

This rapid sketch of the contents of this unique exhibition will sufficiently show how rich it is, how interesting and instructive it should be to all who practice or care for art. In the space at my command it is impossible to do more by way of more detailed notice of its contents, still less to comment on them.

Tom Taylor

DUDLEY GALLERY AND WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY'S EXHIBITIONS

The length to which the notice of the Grosvenor Gallery has run in our columns renders it impossible this week to do more than notify the opening of these exhibitions, and the fact that the contents of both are of even more than average excellence.

THE GUARDI GALLERY

We must touch very briefly on the interesting collection of pictures brought together by Mr. Martin Colnaghi, at 11, Haymarket. There are three important examples of Munthe, an artist who is unrivalled in the delineation of winter scenes in countries where the frost bites more sharply than in these islands. His "Frozen River," showing the roadway upon the imprisoned stream, scarred by wheel-tracks and hoof-prints, is especially noteworthy. Three Eastern subjects next claim our attention. Clairin's "Turkish Bath," where a lady is feeding peacocks, excellent both in colour and perspective; a Tunis negro selling oranges by Wauters; and "The Mahomedan Sunday at Algiers," showing the Moors engaged in friendly gossip, by Lazerges. Piot, noted for children, furnishes two companion pictures, one of a child playing with butterflies, the other (and the more interesting of the two) of a sweet little girl with a bunch of cherries. "The Return from the Ball" is a brilliant specimen of Madrazo's colouring. Billet's fisher-folk engaged in sand-eeling, Bischop's blind girl burnishing church plate, Domingo's Spanish strollers teaching a poodle to jump through a hoop, Roybet's "Archers," Guillemin's "Breton Interior" (a child lighting its father's pipe), and Egusquiza's "Fête Day," a young lady with an immense bouquet of flowers, are all in their several ways, full of merit. There are several good pictures by our own countrymen, as, for example, a Venetian study by Pritchett, a clever sea-piece by Harris, a faithful bit of Tipperary landscape by Nicol, and a lovely view among the Welsh hills, with the setting sun gilding the rocks and foliage, by Holden.

SPORTING

The Turf.——Two days of first-class hurdle-racing and steeplechasing at Sandown have brought us well into the "illegitimate" racing season, and for the next three months with little intermission we shall carry on *con amore* the cross-country sport in which Continental sportsmen indulge during the summer months. Here we associate barren fields and leafless trees, mud, rain, wind, and fogs with steeplechasing, but our friends in France and Germany green hedges, bright field-flowers, and hot sunshine. The Sandown Meeting was all that could be desired, and the improvements on the course gave universal satisfaction. Since the Esher course was opened three years ago, the management has never ceased to do all in the power of ordinary mortals to make it as perfect as possible, and before another gathering there will be a five furlongs straight course to finish with as good as any in the kingdom. Captain Pigott opened the ball with Roundhead winning the Claremont Flat Race for hunters on the Tuesday; and on the following day Roundhead secured the Royal Hunt Steeplechase, but not till after he and his two antagonists, Early Dawn and Little Fawn, had done as much in the way of falling and refusing as is often witnessed on a steeplechase course, the winner taking more than half-an-hour to complete the circuit. All this of course was "real jam" to those who attend steeplechases to see the fun of riders and horses coming to grief. The Grand Annual Hurdle Race produced only eight runners, others doubtless being scared away by the presence of Antidote, the withdrawn of the similar event at Croydon last week. Of course she was made first favourite, and it may be also said "of course" won; the only wonder being that the bookmakers were so liberal, even with all the chances of a fall at the timber-topping business. For the Hunters' Hurdle Race Lord Marcus Beresford landed his horse Bounce a winner by a head in advance of Crœsus, the favourite; and the last two races of the first day fell to Mr. Fitzroy, John Day, a certainty as far as there can be certainties at the game, taking the Maiden Hurdle Race, and old Chilblain the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase. The second day's sport was even better than that of the first, the Selling Hurdle Race producing no less than nineteen runners, of whom Silverley was made first favourite and Lady of Avenel second. This was not bad picking, as her Ladyship won, and Silverley was third. The Great Sandown Steeplechase, the event of the meeting, was contested by a good field of ten horses, Antidote naturally enough being made favourite, Citizen with the blushing honours of Croydon thick upon him being next in demand, and after him the veteran and somewhat unlucky Chimney Sweep. The result showed that the selection was sound, as the horses just named were the first three past the post, though not in the order of the betting, as Chimney Sweep beat Citizen by a head. The strange feature of the race was that the winner was behind the other two at the last hurdle, but actually beat them for pace in the run home. Lord Marcus Beresford, his owner, is to be congratulated on his victory, for he is not only one of the most plucky riders but most plucky and straightforward sportsmen we have at the cross-country game.—By the way it may be noticed that a week or so ago Mr. John Robinson, a successful bookmaker, and recently elected a town-councillor of Nottingham, offered 500*l.* to the "ministers of all denominations" in that town to be distributed by them among the poor—a kind of thank-offering we suppose for the good favour of Providence. Thereupon a report was spread that the ministers with one mind and voice repudiated "the wages of iniquity," and would have nothing to do with the gift. Thereupon again a series of articles in daily and weekly papers which most uncharitably scourged the ministers' want of charity. But after all it turns out that this virtuous indignation was premature—or rather we should say after-date—for the ministers in question had received the 500*l.* and distributed it days before the trenchant articles were written!

Football.——There has been almost a lull in the contest for the Association Challenge Cup; but the playing off the drawn game between Sheffield and Notts at Bramall Lane, Sheffield, on Saturday last, created an unusual interest in consequence of the well-known rivalry which exists between these clubs. After a splendid game victory rested with the home party, who were not a little sore at their claim of a goal in the former match being refused. By the way, when will some satisfactory arrangement be come to in reference to the terminology used in reference to football? We speak of the different "rounds" in contests, such as that for the Association Cup, as "ties," and at the same time a "drawn" game is called a "tie." It would be well that the latter term should be dropped altogether when speaking of the "rounds."—The first match ever played between London and Birmingham came off on Saturday last at the Oval (Association Rules), the Metropolitans never giving their opponents a chance, and winning by eleven goals to nothing.—At Eton, on St. Andrew's Day, according to immemorial custom, the Collegers and Oppidans played their "Game at the Wall," the former winning by ten "shies" to love.

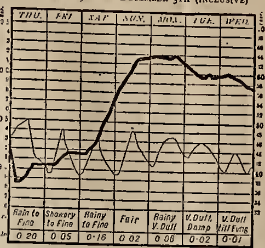
Aquatics.——The professional scullers keep the game alive in the dull season, and not a few interested in rowing came to witness the contest between Young Messenger, of Teddington, and W. Smith, of Kingston, over the Champion Course from Putney to Mortlake, on Monday last. However, the race was not an exciting one, as it was evident from the first that Messenger had it in hand, and he really won as he liked. His father is an old Thames Champion, and it is satisfactory to see that the race does not degenerate. Unless we are mistaken, there is a good future in store for the Teddington lad.

Pedestrianism.——Weston has failed to do 500 miles in six days, but he did 400 in less than five days. There seems to have been a roughish element at the Drill Hall, Bristol, and Weston plainly said that the "hideous hilarity" of some in the hall had prevented his getting the amount of sleep necessary for the successful accomplishment of the task he had undertaken.

◆

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

November 29th to December 5th (inclusive)



Explanation.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——The weather at the beginning of this period was very changeable. The barometer was affected by the presence of a rather deep depression over Scotland, in the centre of which readings were about 28·5 inches, and which brought the mercury in London down as low as 28·85 inches on Thursday morning, the 29th ultimo. The winds at that time were strong from the southward, and the weather was very rainy; but in the course of the same day the barometer began to rise, and the wind veered to the westward, with fine weather. The rise in the barometer continued until Monday, the 2nd instant, the wind shifted round to the eastward, and the weather gradually improved; but towards the close of that day the mercury began to fall slowly—a change which has continued, though with some irregularity, until the present time. The north-easterly winds have gently given way, and have been succeeded by light airs or calms, except in the extreme west of our islands, where a strong south-east wind set in on Wednesday afternoon, the 5th instant. The weather has become overcast, very gloomy and misty, with occasional rain. In consequence of the density of the cloud canopy, the diurnal variations in temperature have been small. The mean for the week has been rather above the average for the time of year. The barometer was highest (30·17 inches) on Monday morning, the 2nd instant; lowest (28·85 inches) on Thursday morning, the 29th ultimo; range, 1·32 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (50°) on Thursday morning, the 29th ultimo; lowest (35°) on Saturday, the 1st instant; range, 11°. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·52 inches, on seven days; greatest fall, 0·20 inches, on Thursday, the 29th ultimo. During the night of Wednesday, the 5th instant, the barometer had fallen fast, and strong southerly winds and rains set in along our southern coasts.

◆

"Minor Railway Improvements."——With reference to our "Topic Note" last week on this subject, we are informed that the plan of giving a distinctive colouring to the railway carriages in India according to their class has only been recommended, and not as yet adopted. According to the recommendation the colour of the carriages is to be the same as that of the tickets, an additional guide, especially for those who cannot read, a numerous class among the poor of India.

St. James's Hall.——A numerous audience, among whom the men far out-numbered the women, assembled in the large hall of this establishment on Tuesday evening to hear Mrs. Victoria Woodhull deliver her lecture, entitled "The Human Body the Temple of God." Such a stir has been made about this lady in America, and her portrait has been so extensively placarded about London, that it is little wonder that a large number of persons came to see and hear her. Doubtless they anticipated, as we ourselves did, an address which would at least be startling and original. We must confess that we were disappointed. Mrs. Woodhull, who is a lady of agreeable presence (the aforesaid portrait by no means does her justice), is not gifted with a voice of sufficient volume to fill that immense chamber, while her delivery was far too rapid to be effective. We make full allowance, of course, for the evident nervousness produced by a first appearance before an audience of strangers. So much for the manner of the address. As for the matter, the pith of which, judiciously condensed, might have been put into a ten minutes' speech, it chiefly consisted in the assertion, repeated over and over again, that if the mothers of England took their children into their confidence, and instructed them in certain physiological facts, crime and debauchery would disappear, and our gaols and lunatic asylums would be emptied. It is perhaps as well that there were very few mothers present, for they would have felt indignant to hear themselves so vigorously, and, we may add, so unjustly, scolded. Judging from the half-whispered comments around us, the audience evidently thought Mrs. Woodhull's vaunted panacea not worth serious discussion. One word of advice in conclusion to the fair reformer of morals. If she would really merit the name of "orator,"—which we observe is freely applied to her by some Transatlantic prints—let her take the trouble to write out an address, go carefully through it, cutting out all repetitions and "high falutin" phrases, then let her learn it by heart, and thus, by slow degrees, she may make herself a tolerably effective speaker. A flux of words is no more oratory than a crowd of men is a regiment of soldiers.

Scraps

M. Victorien Sardou will be received at the Paris Académie on February 15th.

M. Taine's "History of English Literature" has been translated into German, and brought out at Berlin.

Vaudeville Theatre.——The annual benefit of Mr. D. McKay, acting manager and treasurer, will take place on Wednesday, the 12th inst., at 2.30 p.m., when *The Road to Ruin* will be performed.

The Society of Lady Artists will hold their exhibition for 1878 at the Gallery, 43, Great Marlborough Street. Works received the 11th and 12th of February.—The Art Criticism Meetings (established in connection with this Society) will be held during the latter part of December and during January. Examining Visitor, W. H. Fisk, of University College.

Dr. Schliemann's Trojan Treasures are being arranged by the explorer himself in one of the Courts at the South Kensington Museum, and will shortly be opened to the public. The majority of the objects are terra cotta, but the collection includes a large portion of the supposed treasure of King Priam, varied representations of the owl-faced tutelary deity of Ilium, and the group of Apollo and the Horses of the Sun in the metope.

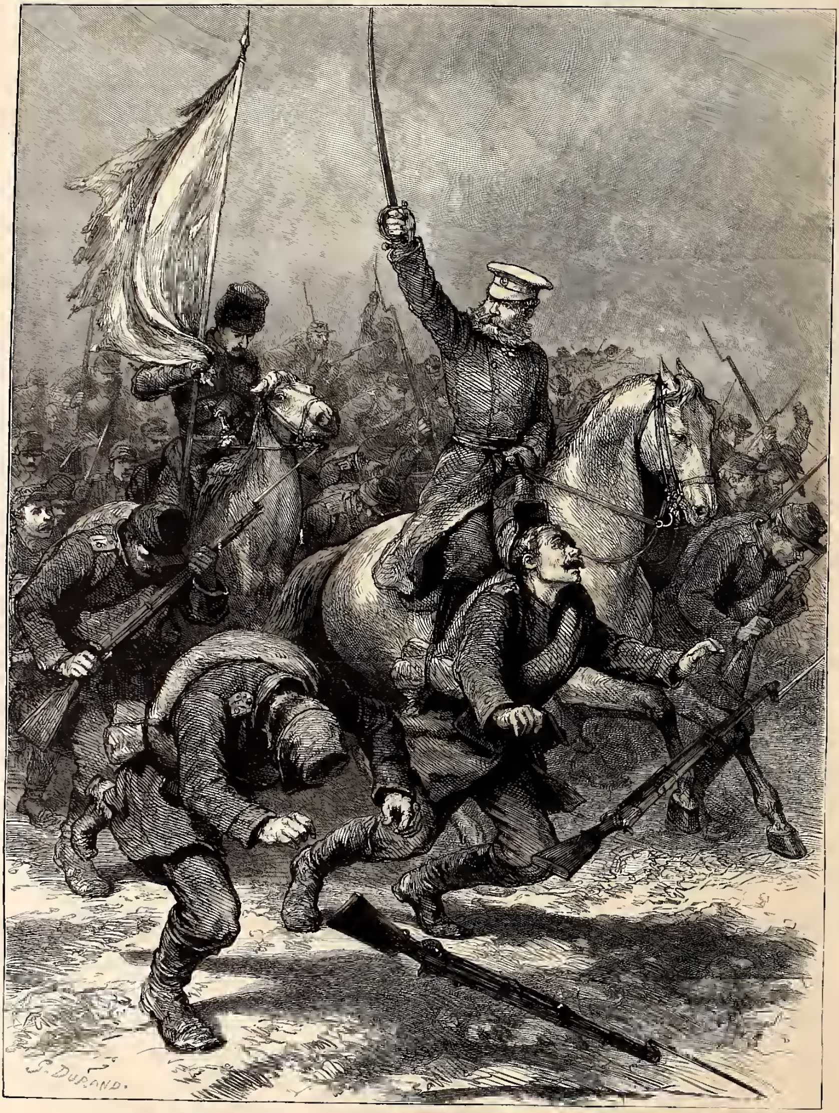
Walking Matches have been superseded in the United States by dances against time, and an agile professor in New York recently waltzed for seven hours without stopping, exhausting a large number of partners, none of whom were able to keep up longer than forty-five minutes at a time. The dancer took refreshments occasionally, but continued dancing while he drank, and during the first five hours swallowed two glasses of cold tea, two of champagne, and four of lager beer, as well as unlimited ice.

Cooking by Means of Solar Rays has been tried successfully at Bombay, and an apparatus has been contrived to cook chops and steaks in the open air as well and expeditiously as over an ordinary fire. The apparatus consists of a copper vessel, tinned inside and painted black outside, with a glass cover enveloping the vessel with an inch of hot air, and fixed on to the bottom of a conical reflector lined with common silvered sheet glass. If properly covered over it will retain the heat for full three hours and a half.

London Mortality increased very slightly last week, and 1,579 deaths were registered, against 1,571 during the previous seven days, but being 172 below the average of the last ten years, and at the rate of 23·3 per 1,000. There were 81 deaths from measles (exceeding the average by 29), 52 from scarlet fever (a decline of 3), 5 from diphtheria (a decrease of 6), 27 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 5), 31 from small-pox (an increase of 4, being the highest number registered in any week since the middle of last July), 36 from different forms of fever (a decline of 2, being 8 below the average), and 16 from diarrhœa (a decline of 3). Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 417 (an increase of 8, but being 64 below the average), of which 291 resulted from bronchitis and 116 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 45 deaths. There were 2,636 births registered, against 2,398 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 270. There were 12·3 hours of registered sunshine, the sun being 57·4 hours above the horizon. The mean temperature was 49·1 deg., or 0·3 deg. above the average.

A Folk-Lore Society, the formation of which has been under discussion for some time past in *Notes and Queries*, is now definitely proposed by Mr. William J. Thoms, who suggests the following points as a basis—That the headquarters of the Society must be in London, and that there should be a yearly subscription of 1*l.* 1*s.* Regarding the first suggestion, Mr. Thoms writes: "I insist on this because the Folk Lore Society must not only have a local habitation and a name, but that habitation must be central and permanent," and as to the second he very naturally says that from the very motives of the Society the incidental expenses will be large, apart from the paper and printing; and paper and print are luxuries which must be paid for. Mr. Thoms proposes that one of the duties of the Society will be to gather in the various local journals which indulge in folk-lore columns, and to mount and preserve these columns for future use, and, next to gathering together the relics of our folk-lore, the collecting of analogous folk-lore of other countries. The more important items of their researches would be published in an annual volume. Mr. G. Laurence Gomme, whose name is familiar to readers of *Notes and Queries*, has consented to act as Honorary Secretary, and any lady or gentleman (for, remarks Mr. Thoms, the Folk-Lore Society is one which may be greatly promoted by ladies) who may be disposed, is requested to communicate his or her intentions to that gentleman, at 26, Merthyr Terrace, Castelnau, Barnes, S.W.

Queensland.——Mr. Thomas Hamilton, Secretary to the Queensland Government Offices, 32, Charing Cross, has written to us in reply to our remarks last week on the climate of Queensland. His observations may be summarised thus:—1. As a proof of the estimate entertained of Queensland by the other Australian colonists, 12,133 persons, or one-fifth of the entire population, are natives of the other Australian colonies. 2. A large number of the English emigrants go out to relations who would not be likely to invite their friends to come and live in an unsuitable climate. 3. While the death-rate in England is 22·4 per thousand, the death-rate in Queensland varies from about 15·0 to 18·0 per thousand, except in 1875, when, in consequence of an epidemic then known for the first time, it rose to 23·81. 4. As a proof of the prosperity of Queensland emigrants, 12,250 depositors (restricted to a deposit of 200*l.* each) had in the Savings' Bank (1876) 641,875*l.* This is quite independent of the 3,091,681*l.* deposited in the other Joint Stock Banks.—As we have no desire to decry any British colony, we are well pleased to read Mr. Hamilton's statement, but at the same time we do not think that it controverts our carefully-guarded expressions of last week. The demand in Queensland for Chinese labour—we observe that a paper on this very subject is about to be read before the Colonial Institute—affords some proof that hard out-of-doors' work in that climate is not very congenial to Northern Europeans. Suitability of climate is, of course, a comparative term. Even Mr. Hamilton would admit that the English labourer would not thrive on the Indian plains, and the climate of the *lowlands* of Queensland approximates more nearly to that of India than to that of North-Western Europe. Hence, even in the southern hemisphere, which is undeniably cooler than the northern, we should recommend working-class emigrants to select those colonies which lie furthest from the equator.



WITH THE RUSSIANS BEFORE PLEVNA—MODERN CRUSADERS: GENERAL SKOBELEFF AND HIS STANDARD-BEARER

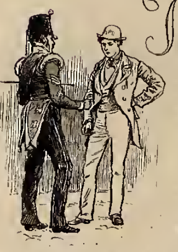
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"A SURPRISE"



THE Captain, dressed in his Sunday blue uniform coat and white ducks, was sitting at his table, pretending to read. At least he had a book open before him, but I observed that it was upside down, and it was not usual with the Captain to read with the book in that position. But it was getting dark; the sunset gun had gone half an hour before; and the twilight of the longest day was lying over the garden and the smooth waters of the Mill Dam. Perhaps, therefore, the Captain could see to read no more, and, indeed, his eyes were not so good as they had been. The candles were on the table, but they were not lit; and the cloth was laid for supper. He had been listening to our footsteps, and when we came in looked up with a quick air of expectation which changed to disappointment.

"You two?" he cried. "Back again?—And alone—alone?"

We had pretended, all day long, not to know who was coming in the evening, but the pretence broke down now.

Celia threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Dear old Captain," she whispered; "yes, he has come back—our Leonard has come home again to us."

He started to his feet trembling.

"Where is he, then? Why do you look at me like that? Why does he not come to me? What is it, Laddy?"

"Perhaps, sir, he is ashamed to come."

"Ashamed? Leonard ashamed? Why?"

"Suppose," said Celia, laying her hand on the Captain's shoulder, "suppose, Captain dear, that our boy, after he had promised his friends to come back triumphant, found the world too strong for him, and had to come back—in poverty, and not triumphant at all?"

"Is that all?" cried the stout old Captain. "Leonard has failed, has he? That is nothing. Many a lad fails at first. Give him rope enough and no favour, and he'll do in the long run. It's the confounded favour plays the mischief, ashore as well as afloat. Leonard has not had fair play. Where is the boy?"

And at this moment a step in the hall, and a scream, and a shuffle showed that the "boy" was arrived, and in the arms of the faithful Jeram.

"Oh, my beautiful boy—oh! my bonnie boy. Let your old nurse kiss you once again—and you so tall and bravo."

The Captain could restrain himself no longer.

"Leonard," he shouted, breaking through Celia's arms, "Leonard, ahoy! Welcome home, my lad."

We caught each other's hands and trembled, waiting for the moment when the Captain should discover the rags and tatters.

"Shall I light the candles, Laddy?"

"Not yet, Celia. Yes—do—it will be best so. The Captain must know all in a few minutes."

They were in the hall, laughing, shaking hands, and asking each other all round, and all at once, how they were, and how they had been.

"Supper at once, Mrs. Jeram," cried the jolly old Captain. "Supper at once. Such a feast we will make. And none of your fanteegs about not sitting down with Miss Celia, Mrs. Jeram, if you please. Now, then, Leonard, my boy, come and talk to Laddy and Celia. Lord! how glad I am, how glad I am!"

We looked at each other. One moment, and the rags would be visible to the naked eye.

"Poor Leonard—Oh, poor Leonard!" Celia whispered.

Then we started and cried out together, for the Captain and he came in together, the Captain, with his hand upon Leonard's stalwart shoulder, and a face which was like the ocean for its multitudinous smile.

But where were the rags?

They were gone. Before us stood the handsomest man, I believe, in all the world. He was nearly six feet high, his light brown hair lay in short crisp curls upon his head, his eyes had the frankest, loyalest look in them that I have ever seen in any man, and at that moment the happiest look as well. I declare that I have never seen in all my forty years of life so splendid a man as Leonard was at five-and-twenty. As he did not look one-half so splendid in rags one is bound to admit that clothes do improve even the finest figure. And as he stood in the doorway with the Captain I was dazzled by the beauty and vigour of the man. As for his dress, it was nothing but a plain black coat, with light summer trousers, just such as any gentleman might wear.

That was it: any *gentleman*.

He had succeeded, then.

"I beg your pardon, Celia, and yours, Laddy," said Leonard. "The foolish thought came into my head to see how you would receive me if I were to return in poverty and rags. So I masqueraded. I meant to come on here and see the Captain, too, just as I was. But I had not the heart when I saw the pain it gave you. So I made an excuse, and gave up the silly trick. Forgive me, Celia."

Her eyes, which had been frank with pity, looked more shyly into Leonard's as she listened.

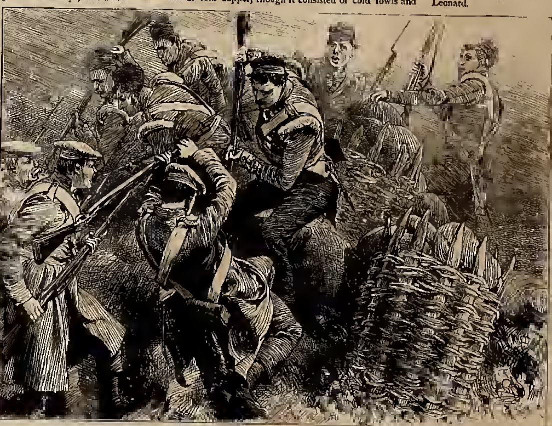
"What is there to forgive, Leonard? If we were glad to have you back again any way, how much more glad ought we to be that you have come back—as you are."

"But you do not know me—as I am."

"Come, come, no explanations now," cried the Captain. "Supper first, talk afterwards. I am so glad. Here's something I found to-day in your room, Master Leonard. See if you have forgotten the old tune."

Of course he had not forgotten it. It was the old fife on which he used to play the "Roast Beef of Old England" every Sunday before dinner. Leonard laughed, took up his position at the door, and piped lustily while the maid brought in the supper.

We all sat down, I at the end, Celia on the Captain's right, Leonard at his left, and Mrs. Jeram next him. I don't think we ate much at that supper, though it consisted of cold fowls and ham, the Captain's fixed idea of what a supper ought to be. But we had a bottle of champagne, a drink looked upon in those days as a costly luxury, to be reserved for weddings, Christmas dinners, and such great occasions. What greater occasion than the welcome home of the exile!



How Leonard won the Victoria Cross

"No explanations till after supper," repeated the Captain. "Celia, my pretty, not a question. Take another wing, my dear. No? Then Leonard shall have it. Leonard, my boy, here's to you again. Your health, my lad. After supper, you shall tell us all. I am so glad."

Supper finished, I began.

"Now, Leonard."

"Not yet," said the Captain. "The Bible and Prayer-book, Laddy, my boy."

Putting on his glasses, the old man turned over the pages till he found what he wanted.

Then he laid his hand upon the place, and looked up.

"Before I read the chapter," he said, "I wish to say that I thank God for my two boys, and for the trust that has always been with me, firm and strong, that the one who was away in the world would turn out as good in the matter of duty as the one who stayed with me."

And then, to our extreme discomfiture, he proceeded to read the story of the Prodigal Son. What on earth had the Prodigal Son to do with us at this juncture? Prayers despatched—he was always brief, after the manner of sailors, over prayers—he made another little speech.

"Since Leonard went away," he said, "which is five years to-day, as long a cruise as ever I made in the old days, I've been drawn towards this parable till I know it by heart. I've thought at times—What if Leonard were to come back like that young man, with five years' neglect of duty upon his mind! How should we have to receive him? And here I find the directions laid down plain. Lord! Lord! how plain a man's course is marked out for him, with lighthouses along the coast, and the mariner's compass, and the stars to steer by at night—if only he would use his eyes. Well, Mrs. Jeram, ma'am, and Celia, and Laddy, it was clear what we all had to do. And though a dreadful thought crossed my mind when you came home without him, and beat about the bush, talking of failure and such things, which I now perceive to have been only the remains of the devilment that always hung about the lad, I went out into the passage bold, and prepared, I hope, to act according to open orders. Somehow, we generally think, when we read this Divine parable, of the young man. To-night, all through supper, I've been thinking about his father, and I have been pitying that father. What if his boy, who had been away from home for five years or thereabouts, came home to him, not as he did, in rags and disgrace, but proud and tall, bringing his sheaves with him, my dear—bringing his sheaves with him? Think of that; for I am so glad, Leonard, I am so glad and happy."

We were all silent while the good old man cleared his throat and wiped his eyes. Celia leaned her head upon his shoulder and wept unrestrainedly.

"Therefore I say," continued the Captain, "the Lord be thanked for all His mercies, and if Laddy will play the Hundredth Psalm, and Celia will sing it with him, I think it would do good, both to Mrs. Jeram and to me."

"Thank you, my children," he said, when we had finished. "That hymn expresses my feelings exactly. And now, Leonard, that we've got the decks cleared of all superfluous gear and are ship-shape, and have had supper, and drank the champagne, and thanked God, I will light my pipe, and Celia shall mix me the customary—double ration to-night, my pretty—and you shall give us the log."

"Shall I begin at the end, sir, or at the beginning?" asked Leonard.

"The end," said Celia.

"The beginning," said the Captain, both in a breath.

"What do you say, Mrs. Jeram?" Leonard asked the old lady.

She said, crossing her hands before her, that, beginning or end, it would be all the same to her; that she was quite satisfied to see him back again, and the beautifullest boy he was that God ever made—flash o' lighting about the place just as he always had a done; and she was contented, so long as he was well and happy, to wait for that story for ever, so as she could only look at him.

"What do you say, Laddy?"

"Ask the Captain," I said. "He commands this ship, but Celia is our passenger."

"Good," said the Captain. "My dear, the ship's in luck to get such a lovely passenger as you. And you shall command the ship instead of me, so long as you don't run her ashore. Now then, Leonard, the end of the log first."

"First," said Leonard, "by way of preface to my log—you remember this?"

He drew a black ribbon from his neck with a gold ring upon it.

"A good beginning, my lad—your mother's ring."

"You remember what you said to me when you gave it to me? That it was an emblem of honour and purity among women, and that I was to wear it only so long as I could deserve it?"

"Ay—ay. This is a very good beginning of the end, Celia, my love. Go on, Leonard."

"I believe I have not forfeited the right to wear it still, sir."

"I never thought you would," said the Captain, with decision. "Go on, my lad,—keep on paying-out the line."

"Then the end is," he said, modestly, "that I bear Her Majesty's Commission, and am a Captain in the Hundred and Twentieth. We disembarked from India a week ago, and are now lying in the Old Kent Barracks in this town. Here, sir, are my medals—Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol, and India. I have seen service since I left you, and I have gone through all the fighting without a wound or a day's illness."

"You are a combatant officer in Her Majesty's service like myself?" cried the Captain, springing to his feet.

"I am Captain Coplestone, raised from the ranks by singular good fortune; and five years ago a raw recruit sitting on a wooden bench at Westminster, with all my work ahead."

"Like me, he has seen service; like me, he holds Her Majesty's Commission; like me, he can show his medals." He spread out his hands solemnly. "Children, children"—he spoke to Celia and to me—"did we ever dare to think of this?"

CHAPTER XXX.

LEONARD TELLS HIS STORY

THEN Leonard began his story. The room was lit by the single pair of candles standing one each side of the model of the *Asia* on the mantelshelf. The Captain sat with his pipe in his wooden chair, his honest red face glowing with satisfaction, and beside him Celia leaning on his shoulder and listening with rapt eyes. It was Dido listening to Æneas. "With varied talk did Dido prolong the night, deep were the draughts of love she drank. 'Come,' said she, 'my guest, and tell us from the first beginning the stratagems of the enemy and the hap of our country then, and your own wanderings, for this is now the *fifth* summer that carries you a wanderer o'er every land and sea.'" As Dido wept to hear, so did Celia sigh and sob and catch her breath as Leonard told his story. No Gascon, he; but there are stories in which the hero, be he as modest as a wood nymph, needs must proclaim his heroism. And a hero at four-and-twenty is ten times as interesting as a hero of sixty.

> O, talk not to me of a name great in story;
> The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
> And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
> Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

And what is it when the myrtle and ivy of two-and-twenty have real laurels mixed up with them?

A philosopher so great that people grovel before his name, in a work on the Subjection of Women, makes the astounding statement that the influence of woman has always been in the direction of peace and the avoidance of war. Pity he had not read history by the light of poetry. Was there ever, one asks in astonishment, a time when women did not love courage and strength? It was not only in the days of chivalry that young knights fought before the eyes of their mistresses—

> Since doughty deeds my lady please,
> Right soon I'll mount my steed;
> And strong his arm and fast his seat
> That bears frae me the meed.

How could it be otherwise? We love the qualities which most we lack. If women ceased to be gentle, tender, soft—what we call womanly—we should leave off falling in love. That is most certain. Who ever fell in love with one of the unsexed women? And I suppose if men ceased to be strong and courageous, women would leave off accepting and rejoicing in their love. Dido drank deep draughts of love listening to the tale of Æneas, which was, as Scarron many years afterwards remarked, extremely long and rather dull. So sat Celia listening to a much more wonderful story of battle and endurance. Or, I thought, she was more like the gentle maid of Venice than the proud Phœnician queen. With such sweetness did Desdemona listen when the valiant Moor told of the dangers he had passed. Did she, as John Stuart Mill would have us believe, incline him to ways of peace? Quite the contrary; this sweet and gentle Desdemona wished "that Heaven had made her such a man," and when her lord must go to slay the Turk she would fain go with him. My gentle Celia wept over the brave soldiers who went forth to fight, and again over those who were brought home to die; but her heart, womanlike, was ready to open out to the most valiant.

"I went up to town," he began, "with my ten pounds, as you all know. When I arrived at Waterloo Station I discovered for the first time that I had formed no plans how to begin. The problem before me was the old difficulty, how a man with a reasonably good education and no friends had best start so as to become a gentleman. I faced that problem for a fortnight, trying to find a practical solution. I might become a clerk—and end there; a mechanical copying clerk in a City office?"

"Faugh!" said the Captain.

"Or an usher in a school—and end there."

"Fudge!" said the Captain.

"Or a strolling actor, and trust to chance to make a name for myself."

"Pshaw!" said the Captain.

"There were men, I knew, who made money by writing for the papers. I thought I might write, too, and I found out where they mostly resorted, and tried to talk to them. But that profession, I very soon discovered, wanted other qualities than I possessed. Laddy might have taken to writing; but it was not my gift."

"Right," said the Captain. "Laddy, you remember the story of my old messmate who once wrote a novel. 'Twas his ruin, poor fellow. Never lifted his head afterwards.—Go on, Leonard."

"All the time I was looking about me the money, of course, was melting fast. I might have made it last longer, I dare say; but I was ignorant, and got cheated. One morning I awoke to the consciousness that there was nothing left at all except the purse. Well, sir, I declare that I was relieved. The problem was solved, because I knew then that the only line possible for me was to enlist. I went down to Westminster and took the shilling. Of course I was too proud to enlist under any but my own name. Going a soldiering is no disgrace."

"Right," said the Captain.

"Well," he went on, "it is no use pretending I was happy at first, because the life was hard and the companionship was rough. But the drill came easy to me who had seen so many drills upon the Common, and after a bit I found myself as good a soldier as any of them. One fretted a little under the rules and the discipline; that was natural at first. There seemed too much pipeclay and too little personal ease. One or two of the sergeants were unfair on the men too, and bore little spites. Some of the officers were martinets; I offended one because I refused to become a servant."

"You a servant, Leonard!" cried Celia.

He laughed.

"The officers like a smart lad; but it was not to be a valet that I enlisted, and I refused, as a good many others refused. Our lads were mostly sturdy Lancashire boys, proud of being soldiers, but had not enlisted to black other men's boots. It makes me angry now—which is absurd—to think that I should have been asked to become a lackey. Well, it was a hard life, that in the ranks. Not the discipline, nor the work, nor the drill,—though these were hard enough. It was the roughness of the men. There were one or two gentlemen among us—one fellow who had been an officer in the Rifles—but they were a bad and hopeless lot, who kept up as best they could the vices which had ruined them. They were worse than any of the rough rollicking countryside lads. I can't say I had much room for hope in those days, Celia."

She reddened, but said nothing. I remembered, suddenly, what he might mean.

"Things looked about as black for a few months as they well could. Rough work, rough food, rough campaigning. I thought of Coleridge and his adventures as a private, but *he* turned back while I—for there was nothing else to do—resolved to keep on. And then, bit by bit, one got to like it. For one thing, I could do all sorts of things better than most men—my training with the Poles came in there—it was found that I could fence: it got about that I played cricket, and I was put in the eleven—to play in the matches of the regiment, officers and men together; once, when we had a little row with each other, it was found that I could handle my fists, which always gains a man respect. And then they came to call me Gentleman Jack; and, as I heard afterwards, the officers got to know it, and the Colonel kept his eye upon me. Of course one may wear the soldier's jacket very well without falling into any of the pits which are temptations to these poor fellows, so that it was easy enough getting the good conduct stripe, and to be even made corporal. The first proud day, however, was that when I was made a sergeant, with as good a knowledge of my work, I believe, as any sergeant in the Line."

Mrs. Jeram shook her head. "More," she said, "much more."

"A sergeant," said Leonard. "It sounds so little now, but to me, then, it seemed so much. The first real step upwards out of the ruck. The old dream that I should return triumphant somehow was gone long since, or it was a dream that had no longer any faith belonging to it. And I began to say to myself that to win my way after two years to a sergeant's stripes was perhaps as much honour as Providence intended for me."

The Captain murmured something about mysterious ways. Then he patted Celia's head tenderly, and begged Leonard to keep on his course.

"Well," said Leonard, "you have heard how the great luck began. It was just before the Crimean War that I got the stripes. We were among the first regiments ordered. How well I remember embarking at this very place, half afraid, and half hoping, to see you all, but I did not."

"We were there, Leonard," said Celia, "when the first troops embarked. I think I remember them all going."

"It is a solemn thing," Leonard went on, "going off to war. It is not only that your life is to be hazarded—every man hazards his life in all sorts of ways as much as on a battlefield—but you feel that you are going to help in adding another chapter to the history of the world."

"Ay," said the Captain. "History means war."

"Let us pass over the first two or three months. We went to Varna, where we lost many men needlessly by cholera, waiting till the Generals could make up their minds. I suppose they could not avoid the delay, but it was a bad thing for the rank and file, and we were all right glad when the orders came to embark for the Crimea. We were amongst the earliest to land, and my first experience of fighting was at Alma. One gets used to the bullets after a bit; but the first time—you know, Captain——"

The Captain nodded.

"After Alma we might, as we know very well, have pushed straight on to Sebastopol. I doubt whether that would have finished the war, which had to be fought out somewhere. Russia had to learn that an immense army is not by itself proof of immense power. And so it was just as well, I believe, that we moved as we did.

"You know all about the battles—the Alma, Inkerman, Balaclava, and the rest. Our fellows went through most of the fighting, and, of course, I with the rest. The hardest day was Inkerman. We had just come in at daybreak from the trenches, where we had been on duty for four-and-twenty hours, when we were turned out to fight in the fog and rain. We fought in our great coats—well—all that is history. But the days of battle were red-letter days for all of us, and what tried us most was inaction, and the dreary waiting work in the trenches. And yet it was that work which got me my commission.

"You know what it was we had to do. Before the Redan and the Malakhoff were our batteries, the French attack on the Mamelon and the Malakhoff was on our right. Separating our right from our left attack was the valley which they called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, along which they carried the wounded, and where the Russian shells, which went over the Twenty-one Gun Battery, fell and rolled till the place was literally paved with shells. It was a dangerous way by which to carry wounded men, and at night the troops went down by the Woronzow Road. It was easy work comparatively in the battery; you could see the shells flying over, and long before they fell you had plenty of time to dodge behind the next traverse; after a while, too, a man got to know exactly if a cannon shot was making in his direction; sometimes the bombardment went on for days on both sides without any apparent result. There was the Naval Brigade—you would have liked to see them, Captain, in the Twenty-one Gun Battery under Captain Peel, the coolest officer in the whole navy—they were handier with the guns, and a great deal readier than our men.

"In front of the battery were the trenches, and in advance of the trenches were the rifle pits. You could see before you the venomous little Russian pits out of which so many brave fellows were killed, dotted about with sandbags, and where the Russians lay watching our men working from parallel to parallel, and in the zigzags. There was one rifle pit, in particular—I shall come to it directly—which gave us more annoyance than any other, on account of its position. It was close to the Quarries. The fire from it interfered with the approach of our trenches, and we had lost our men in numbers in the advanced sap at this point. It was for the moment the *bête noir* of our engineer officers. Of course, you have read in the papers what sort of work we have had in the trenches. On a quiet night, when the batteries were silent and the weather fair, it was pleasant enough. We sat round a fire smoking, telling yarns, or even sleeping, but always with the gun in readiness. In wet and bad weather it was a different thing, however. Remember that we only had ammunition boots, made by contract, which gave out after a week. The mud got trodden about deeper and deeper, till it was pretty well up to the knees; and when snow fell on top of it, and rain on top of that, and all became a wet pool of thick brown mud, it was about as lively work as wading up and down the harbour at low tide, even if you did happen to have a "rabbit," that is, one of the coats lined with white fur. And if it was a hot night you had the pleasure of listening to the cannonade, and could see nothing on the Russian side but the continuous flash of the guns. And there was always the excitement of a possible sortie.

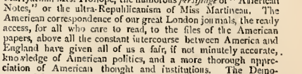
"We went out for night work in the trenches with heavy hearts, I can tell you, and many a man wished it were day again, and he was back in safety. We grew every day more badly off, too. Not only did the boots give out, but the great coats dropped to pieces, and the commissariat fell short. You have heard all that story. Jack of the Naval Brigade did not mind so much as regards the great coats, because he could patch and mend. He used to sell his slops for brandy, and cobble his old garments with the brown canvas of the sandbags. But the red coats were not so handy—I have often thought it a great pity that our fellows don't imitate the sailors, and learn how to do things for themselves—we suffered terribly. That you know, too; and any national conceitedness about the pluck of our fellows in fighting so well under such conditions has to be pulled up by the thought that what we did the French and Russians did, too. After all, there is no such thing as one nation being braver than another."

"Our sailors were stronger than the French," said the Captain. "When it came to pounding with the big guns, they held out longer."

"Let me come to my piece of great good fortune," Leonard went on, "or I shall be talking all night. I have told you of the rifle-pit by the Quarries which caused us such a lot of trouble. Now I am going to tell you how I took it. It was an afternoon in April, 1855. We were in the trenches; there had been joking with a lot of 'griffs,' young recruits just out from England; the men used to show them the immense wooden spoons with which the Russian soldiers eat their coarse black bread soaked in water, and declare, to Johnny Raw's terror, that the Russians had mouths to correspond. At that time the fighting between rifle-pits was the great feature of the siege, and to take a rifle-pit was one of the most deadly things possible, as it was also the most important. The 'griffs' went down to the most advanced trench; some of them had never been under fire before, and they were naturally nervous. Just after grog time—their grog had been taken down to them—a heavy firing began, and one of those curious panics which sometimes seize some veteran soldiers attacked these boys, and they bolted; left the trench and skulked back along the zigzag, declaring that the enemy was out in force. That was nonsense, and I was ordered down with a dozen men to take their place. My fellows, I remember, chuckled at finding the grog still there, and made short work of it.

"We had not been in the trench very long before a sortie in force actually took place. We were in front of the Redan; before us, under the Redan, stood the pit of which I have told you; on the right was the Malakhoff. Suddenly a cannonade *d'enfer* began from the Mamelon and the Malakhoff, and we began to suspect that something was going to happen; and then, between the two forts, we saw the advance of the great Russian sortie. To our great joy, they turned to the left, in the direction of the French. While we looked a thought came into my head—an inspiration. I reflected that the holders of the enemy's rifle-pit would very likely be watching their own sortie, and that now was the moment to make an attempt. I took half-a-dozen of our men; we crept out of cover, and then, without a word, rushed across the ground between. It was as I thought: the Russians never saw us coming: they were watching their own friends, and we were on them—a dozen of them—before they knew what had happened. It was hand-to-hand fighting, but we were the assailants. You know, Captain, it is always better to be in the attacking force. I cannot give you the details; but in less time than it takes me to tell the story, the Russians were *hors de combat* and the rifle-pit was ours. Then came the turning of the position. You understand, Celia, that the rifle-pit was a little advanced kind of redoubt, consisting of perhaps a dozen gabions filled with earth and topped with sand-bags, enough to shelter two or three dozen men. These were of course all placed in front, towards the enemy. We had to reverse the position, and place them towards the Redan. By this time we were observed, and shots began to fly about. That was the most dangerous moment of my life. We worked steadily and swiftly, tearing up the gabions, lugging the sand-bags round, getting such protection as we could while we worked. I do not know how long it lasted, but by the time we had finished there was left only myself and one other, and he was wounded in the right wrist. But the rifle-pit was ours, and our men in the trench behind were cheering like madmen."

(To be continued)



THE READER

"COLUMBIA AND CANADA," by W. Fraser Rae (Daldy, Isbister, and Co.).—In this useful volume—a supplement, says the title-page, to the author's well-known "Westward by Rail"—Mr. Fraser Rae has jotted down in solid, unpretending fashion his notes of a tour from Washington to Montreal and Toronto in the year of the Centennial Exhibition. The time has passed when the great British public was content to take its knowledge of the Western World from the writers whom Mr. Rae amusingly reviews in his concluding chapter—from the superficial satire of Marryat and Mrs. Trollope, the humorous *persiflage* of "American Notes," or the ultra-Republicanism of Miss Martineau. The American correspondence of our great London journals, the ready access, for all who care to read, to the files of the American papers, above all the constant intercourse between America and England have given all of us a fair, if not minutely accurate, knowledge of American politics, and a more thorough appreciation of American thought and institutions. The Democracy of the States is no longer for most of us an object either of ridicule or of dread. We flatter ourselves, indeed, that ours is in all essentials, as free a democracy as theirs, that each may learn something from the other, and that neither can possibly know too much of the other's inmost life and character. It is to the excellent purpose of adding to such knowledge, and thus contributing to a closer sense of union between the English-speaking races of either hemisphere, that Mr. Rae addresses himself in the present volume, with something, perhaps, of unnecessary solemnity, but with a fair share, too, of solid good sense and practical ability. His book is not the journal of the tourist "in search of the picturesque," but of the traveller who with exceptional means of information notes carefully as he goes along whatever strikes him as most interesting. The accounts of the American Press as typified in the *Tribune*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*; of characteristic gatherings like the Seventh Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, or the annual dinner of the Massachusetts doctors; of parties and politics in Canada, and of Protection *v.* Free Trade in the Dominion and the States, are among the most original features in a volume which also, it must be owned, comprises very much not unfamiliar to those who have had occasion to turn to the cheap, useful guide-books of Messrs. Lippincott or Appleton. Mr. Rae's "new and simple plan" of promoting closer union between the two branches of the good English stock by "an Act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and an amendment to the Constitution of the States, giving to citizens of the Republic and subjects of Queen Victoria common citizenship in the Anglo-American Empire," must be classed, we doubt, among the airy schemes that float in the misty atmosphere of Utopia.

In "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy" (Chatto and Windus) Mr. R. A. Proctor has given us perhaps the pleasantest of his very many pleasant volumes. Few, probably, realise to the full the extent to which the fancies of the astrologer, or the crude theories of the unlearned watcher of the stars, still keep their hold upon the vulgar mind. Did we not read the other day—half-earnest seemingly if also half-jest—a horoscopic forecast of the war among the Balkans, and did not the recently-published memoir of a famous Anglo-Indian contain at least three astonishing instances of astrological predictions marvellously fulfilled? "Parallax," for aught we know, is lecturing somewhere now on his favourite doctrine that earth is like a billiard-table, with the sun, moon, and stars suspended like the gas-lights overhead. Mr. Proctor's own chapter on the Swedenborgian vision of other worlds called forth a fierce reply from a clerical believer in the Swedish seer. The occult meaning of the Constellation figures has furnished in the last year or two a key to all the mysteries of earth and heaven to at least two authors not too eccentric to find a respectable publisher. Nay, even mighty men of science have sometimes mingled fact with fancy. Leverrier went, we think, to his grave a firm believer in that very dubious planet, Vulcan; while a whole book has just been given to a mere summary of the various theories that owe their birth to the great Pyramid. The reader who begins this charming volume—a dozen chapters to as many instances of erroneous observation or superstitious credulity—will hardly fail to peruse it to the end.

Exception might perhaps be taken to Mr. Wedmore's theory that the novel of social life can hardly deal satisfactorily with times when all is undergoing change, with the sort of moral twilight that sets in between the dying out of the old order and the full morning of the new—is not this true, if true at all, only of writers of the second class?—none will regret a theory that takes him for such charming subjects as his three "Pastorals of France" (Bentley and Son) to lands where "the old moralities" are still unshaken, to sober Breton homes or quiet vicarages of the Beauce. A tinge of melancholy runs through these Pastorals—each one a tale of silent self-sacrifice—not painfully, but with the tender sadness of the slow transition from autumn tints to soft November grey. As works of art these little sketches are of a high order of merit.

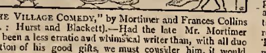
Our Turkophils would fain re-write history. Let us admit that Russia has oft-times pursued a tortuous policy. Few nations, if we confess the truth, among those who claim what Americans boldly call "a manifest destiny," have not. But we fail to see what conclusions are to be drawn from *brochures* like Mr. F. Francis's "Diplomatic History of the Greek War from the Formation of the Hetairia to the Treaty of Adrianople" (Brook and Co.). Did Russia or the world gain most by the War of Greek Independence, or does any one now really think that England should have aided Turkey to bring Greece back to the "simple Constitution and wise institutions" which Mr. Francis apparently imagines to have obtained there while the land was still an appanage of the Porte? Unless one goes so far as this, whether Prince Lieven or Mr. Canning was the cleverer man may be left, we think, to rest in the dust of half a century.

We had almost overlooked "Multum in Parvo Gardening" (Crosby Lockwood and Co.), by Samuel Wood, when a second glance at the title-page quite took our breath away. For there we saw that it was in two-parts. 1. How to make an acre of land, without glass, produce by the cultivation of fruits and vegetables 620*l*. per annum clear profit. 2. How to grow flowers in three glass houses (each forty feet by fourteen) to realise 176*l*. per annum profit. We are not quite clear whether Mr. Wood has actually done this, or only proceeded far enough in the way of experiment and calculation to warrant the conclusion that such wealth is "quite attainable." We should say, too, that the wall-work on which the fruit-trees must be grown will cost per acre nearly 500*l*., though as a profit is promised of 156*l*. from radishes alone, and 50*l*. from tomatoes, it might, we should think, be possible to commence with a plain 200*l*. a year or so from these humbler vegetables, and gradually buy our fruit trees and our walls out of surplus profits. Whether Dame Nature would have some trick in reserve to trip up the amateur experimentalist on the threshold of success, we are not gardeners enough to say. But should such danger threaten from the insect world, Mr. Wood has a whole appendix full of remedies against every variety of insect pest that might strive to levy income tax on his swollen receipts.

The pretty volume of the "Art at Home Series" (Macmillan and Co.), in which the Miss Garretts spoke of "House Decoration" generally, has now been supplemented by one in which Mrs. Orrin Smith deals at length with the especial furnishing and adornment of "the drawing-room." How to make the room which is still too often the gaudiest and the least comfortable in the house pleasant alike to look at and to live in, should not be very difficult. Harmony of form and colour for adornment, solid rather than showy furniture for use, are, after all, the main conditions of success. In Mrs. Orrin Smith's volume will be found ample rules for all that makes a drawing-room habitable—for choice of wall-paper, fashion of fire-place and windows, carpets and hangings, furniture and decorations—set off with very effective illustrations—*e.g.*, of "a snug corner" or a bit of "bare boards" artistically treated. A volume altogether in every respect up to the high general average of the series.

"Art Furniture," too, "designed by E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., and manufactured by W. Watt, of Grafton Street, Gower Street" (B. T. Batsford, Holborn), though simply a well-executed trade catalogue, is well worth some attention. The illustrations, ranging from designs for bed-room furniture to drawings of stalls and choir for private chapels, present many pretty forms and excellent examples of "old English." The preparatory "Hints" are useful and unpretending.

Last, but most interesting of all—to very many the most interesting publication of the month—comes Mr. Elliot Stock's *fac-simile* reproduction (in permanent lithography) of the original draft of the "Christian Year," in the clear legible handwriting of the poet—guiltless of blot or of erasure. Not, it is true, the "Christian Year" as we now have it—not half, indeed, of the hymns that make up the actual volume—but its first fair conception in the form of "MS. Verse, Chiefly on Sacred Subjects, 1822," containing, besides the first draft of the well-known hymns, other occasional pieces of Keble's own, already published (with two exceptions) in the miscellaneous Collection, and several more by early college friends whose identity not a few will guess beneath the initials of "G. J. C.," "J. T. C.," "T. A.," and "S. T." The accompanying preface, with notes on the variations between this first copy and the later text, is judiciously published—to make the *fac-simile* more exact—in a thin separate volume.



New Novels

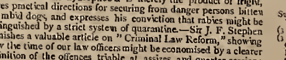
"THE VILLAGE COMEDY," by Mortimer and Frances Collins (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Had the late Mr. Mortimer Collins been a less erratic and whimsical writer than, with all due recognition of his good gifts, we must consider him, it would have been easier to make a guess as to what share in this posthumous work should be assigned to him, and what to the wife who so faithfully and lovingly soothed and shared his labours. We should then have had little hesitation in coming to the conclusion that, except a few scenes here and there which seem completely worked out, it is only the rough draft of a tale, to be shaped and harmonised later on, which Mr. Collins is here to be credited with, and that this outline has been filled in by the hand of the wife, guided, no doubt, by what she knew of his designs as to his work. But Mortimer Collins so often made a *quasi*-boast of his own independence of the ordinary laws of composition that it is quite possible that his book may have had in his eyes all the finish and coherence that it needed, and that Mrs. Collins' share in completing it may have been much smaller than we might *primâ facie* suppose. We may, however, we imagine, take it that it is to her exclusively we owe the device of making Mortimer Collins himself, under the designation of Manly Frowde, figure as in some sort the central figure in the piece, round whom the rest of the actors and actresses more or less revolve. From a purely artistic point of view the device is hardly a happy one, as, for one thing, the reality of the one figure makes the others appear even more shadowy by comparison; but it is impossible not to respect and sympathise with the feeling which has dictated it. We have so often expressed our opinion as to Mortimer Collins' merits and demerits as a novelist that we may be excused from dwelling on the point afresh; all the more so as this book shows him on no new path, but altogether in his old "form." As usual there is some extravagance and waywardness of conception and method, much lively chatter, some shrewd if hardly profound thoughts, and plenty of eating and drinking, though it must be owned that the heroes and heroines here do not seem gifted with the appetites of their predecessors in Mr. Collins' novels. "The Village Comedy" will doubtless find many readers, and none of them will close the book with other than kindly feelings towards the man whose premature death in the fulness of his powers of body and mind must be felt as a loss by all.

"Rothery Selfert, Q.C.," by John Ollive, author of "A Wooing of Até" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall).—Here we have another tale of unhappy married life—a mine of interest which, at the present rate of working, bids fair to "give out" at no distant date. Rothery Selfert, when we meet him, is a man already between forty-five and fifty, a highly successful barrister, and the leader of his circuit, with a prospect of the Solicitor-Generalship in the near future. But, prosperous as his career has been, he has an impression that he has, so far, missed something of domestic sweetness that falls to the lot of most men; so it occurs to him to take to wife Lena Morden, an exceedingly beautiful and gifted girl of eighteen or nineteen, who is well disposed to bow down and worship him on the score of his intellectual eminence, and can only wonder what so god-like a being can see in her to attract him. But Selfert, by nature a reserved and self-contained man, has grown more reserved and more self-contained through years of solitude, and it has formed no part of his scheme of matrimony to admit his wife to a share of his serious thoughts and aspirations. Lena's timid attempts at winning his confidence are sharply, even brutally snubbed, and the poor girl soon begins to pine at the isolation to which she finds herself doomed. How the little rift between husband and wife grows larger and larger, and is aggravated by untoward circumstances and the action of third persons, so that the sequel of the tale is of the gloomiest character, we need not attempt to set forth here. Lena is all that is morally excellent, and is drawn sufficiently well to win our interest and sympathy; but in his picture of the husband we question whether Mr. Ollive has quite achieved what he intended. In his arrogance, pretence, and harshness Selfert is simply another Mr. Dombey; of the intellectual gifts which have won him renown among his fellows, and the worshipping regard of his young wife, we hear, indeed; but he is made to give no evidence of them whatever. We cannot call the book a pleasant one—for to read of stupid tyranny is aggravating—but there is power in it, and here and there a touch of humour.

"The Trust: An Autobiography," by Jean Le Peur (3 vols: Samuel Tinsley).—The account which the heroine gives here of the days of her childhood strikes us as spun out even to weariness; but the tale, which is little beyond a chronicle of domestic life, is not without merit of a quiet and unpretending kind. The "Friends" who figure in its pages seem remarkably well drawn, startling as it somehow is to come upon Quakers in an Irish story.

"Noble by Heritage," by George F. Pardon, author of "The Faces in the Fire," &c. (Tinsley).—Mr. Pardon seems to have some turn for plot, which may perhaps be cultivated with advantage; but as yet we cannot credit him with any of the other qualities necessary to the novelist. His characters are unreal and conventional, and he does not impress us as having much knowledge of the world he attempts to portray. What possible occasion was there to devote a page to informing his readers as to the objects and general character of London clubs? Still, he has that knack at construction, though only in a rudimentary state, in which so many novelists are utterly wanting.

"Reediford Holm," by T. R. Skemp, author of "The D'Eyncourts of Fairleigh," &c. (Remington and Co.).—This is a tale of farm and country life which we cannot help feeling a trifle dull, in spite of what seems the faithfulness of its realism. Yet it is one of at least average excellence, for Mr. Skemp knows what he is writing about, and really has something to say, even if we have to regret that it is not said more attractively.



Magazines

AMONG the many interesting papers contained in this month's *Nineteenth Century*, that on "Hydrophobia and Rabies," by Sir Thomas Watson, will probably be the most widely studied. Veteran as he is, Sir Thomas writes as lucidly and vigorously as ever. He points out the difference between the respective diseases in the dog and the man, refutes the assertions of those who believe that hydrophobia is merely the product of fright, gives practical directions for securing from danger persons bitten by rabid dogs, and expresses his conviction that rabies might be extinguished by a strict system of quarantine.—Sir J. F. Stephen furnishes a valuable article on "Criminal Law Reform," showing how the time of our law officers might be economised by a clearer definition of the offences triable at assizes and quarter sessions respectively, and recommends, under certain restrictions, that prisoners should be allowed to be examined both by their own and by the prosecuting counsel.—Sir Julius Vogel maintains that the Post Office might largely increase their revenue by revising the charges now payable for telegrams, and Mr. Godfrey Turner offers some noteworthy remarks on the popular amusements of our countrymen.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Lowe writes a rejoinder to Mr. Gladstone's paper on "Manhood Suffrage." He, of course, makes the most of Mr. Gladstone's admission that the House of Commons has collectively degenerated rather than improved since the era of the First Reform Act, and he cites the example of France and the United States to show that universal suffrage has been by no means an unmixed blessing to either of those countries.—Mr. Frederic Harrison writes eloquently on the French crisis; he is very severe on the Marshal, De Broglie, Fourtou, and their followers; but the most interesting part of his essay, we think, is where he depicts Radicalism as it exists in the imagination of the reactionary party, and as it exists in the conception of its adherents. According to the latter view French Radicalism is a creed sufficiently harmless and non-revolutionary to be acceptable to such men as Mr. Cross and Sir Stafford Northcote.—The Rev. J. G. Rogers, writing on "Political Dissent," asserts that Nonconformists are more determined than ever to overthrow the Establishment, because of the covert which it lends to Romanising practices. It may be questioned whether in the interest of Protestantism generally this policy is really far-sighted, for with the fall of the Church would disappear those barriers which do undoubtedly at present tend to delay the Romeward movement.—Mr. Tollemache's paper on "Eternal Punishment," written in reply to Mr. Oxenham's work on "Eschatology," would have pleased us better if the tone had been simpler and more earnest. He harps on the familiar argument of sceptics, that, as there are alleged errors of fact in the Bible, the writers of that book may have been equally in error in their statements concerning future punishment.—It is a relief to turn from all these political and theological disquisitions to a delightful paper by Mr. A. R. Wallace on "Humming Birds."

Blackwood opens with rather an amusing story, descriptive of fashionable life in New York, and entitled "The Tender Recollections of Irene MacGillicuddy." The free-and-easy method of flirting which exists across the Atlantic, and apparently with little mischief to the hearts of the flirters, is well described. The heroine and her cousin, Flora Temple, become respectively engaged to two young British noblemen, but unfortunately the Duke of Gumbo puts his veto on his son's proposed alliance with Irene. Flora is more fortunate, and the happy couple sail for Europe, leaving Irene for the present in a state of despondency, which she endeavours to alleviate by attending Bible readings.

In *Fraser* we have an article which will be interesting to Spiritualists, as it is a reply to Dr. Carpenter's alleged exposure of so-called Spiritualistic phenomena. An elaborate account is given of a scientific test applied to a certain medium, Miss Eva Fay. Her hands were placed in contact with the two handles of a galvanometer, an instrument of such delicacy that if she had let go for a moment, the effect would have instantly been recorded. Having her hands thus practically tied, she was shut up in a dark room, when, among other wonders, four books were handed separately from a book-case twelve feet from the medium, on their being called for by name from the adjoining room. But it must be confessed that, however they are done, the feats of these nineteenth century spirits are of a very puerile character.

There is an exceedingly interesting article in the *Cornhill*, by Miss F. P. Cobbe, contrasting Wales with Ireland. But when Miss Cobbe expresses her surprise that two nationalities, both of Celtic origin, should differ so widely, she scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the fact that while the Welsh remain almost as homogeneous a people as they were in the days of the Druid, successive tides of immigration have flowed over Ireland. Danes, Spaniards, English, Germans, and French, have all contributed to the population of that wonderful island—to say nothing of the Scoto-English settlement of Ulster. The "Tipperary giants," for example, are probably nearly as Anglo-Saxon in blood as the peasantry of Sussex.

Dean Stanley delivered some time since an admirable address in Bristol on "The Education of After Life," which is now reprinted in *Macmillan*, and which it will do all, both old and young, good to read.—Dr. Tuke's paper on "Insanity," is also worthy of serious consideration. There can be little doubt that many of the conditions of modern life conduce to lunacy, and amongst these may be numbered the absurd rage for overloading young people's brains with book-learning. Perhaps the next generation will be wiser, and will revert to the spirit of that educational system which was deemed sufficient for the youth of ancient Persia, who were taught to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth.

A great popular want has been supplied in Messrs. Cassell's new magazine, *Science for All*, where all branches of Nature will be discussed and explained in a clear lucid manner, intelligible to minds of the least scientific attainment, and yet full of information valuable even to the advanced student. The first number contains a good descriptive account of the chief features of the moon by that indefatigable astronomical writer, Mr. Richard A. Proctor, a treatise on the origin and transformation of a piece of limestone," by Mr. H. Alleyne Nicholson, a readable paper on "Hunger," by Mr. Robert Wilson, while botany and hydrostatics are represented by papers from Messrs. Robert Brown and J. E. H. Gordon. The illustrations are well executed, and a good coloured diagramatic section of the earth's surface, depicting the various geological strata, deserves especial mention.

We have also to acknowledge a host of other magazines and extra numbers, among which latter are the following: "Shepherds All and Maidens Fair" (*All the Year Round*), "Solomon Isaacs" (*Tinsley*), "Our Villas" (Simpkin and Marshall), *Gentleman's* Annual and *Belgravia* Annual (Chatto and Windus), "Frozen Kisses" (A. H. Moxon), "Sylvia's Annual" and "Sixes and Sevens" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), "Golden Christmas" (F. E. Longley), and "The Haunted River" (G. Routledge and Sons).

BOOKS RECEIVED

England to Calcutta: F. W. Sims. Harrison and Sons.

Perils (2 vols.); Breccia: False or True; Ida Dalton; The Snowdrop Papers; Riven Bonds. Remington.

Manual of Dates: Townsend. F. Warne and Co.

Five Chimney Farm (3 vols.); Proud Maisie (3 vols.). S. Low and Co.

Venise: Charles Yriarte. J. Rothschild, Paris.

Two Knaves and a Queen (3 vols.); If (3 vols.). Tinsley Bros.

Vanessa Fairi; Are You My Wife? (3 vols.); From a Bed of Roses: A Sussex Idyl. Samuel Tinsley.

The Voyage of the *Challenger* (2 vols.); Green Pastures and Piccadilly (3 vols.); The Wise Men of Greece; Mirage (3 vols.); Young Musgrave (3 vols.). Macmillan.

Cherry Ripe (3 vols.). Bentley.

Doris Barugh (3 vols.). Hurst and Blackett.

Castle Blair (2 vols.) C. Kegan, Paul, and Co.

Leaves From My Sketch-Book (2nd Series); E. W. Cooke, R.A. The Country of the Moors; My Boyhood. John Murray.

Science and Literature in the Middle Ages: Paul Lacroix. Bickers and Son.

Hints on Household Taste; History of the Assemblage at Delhi. Longmans and Co.

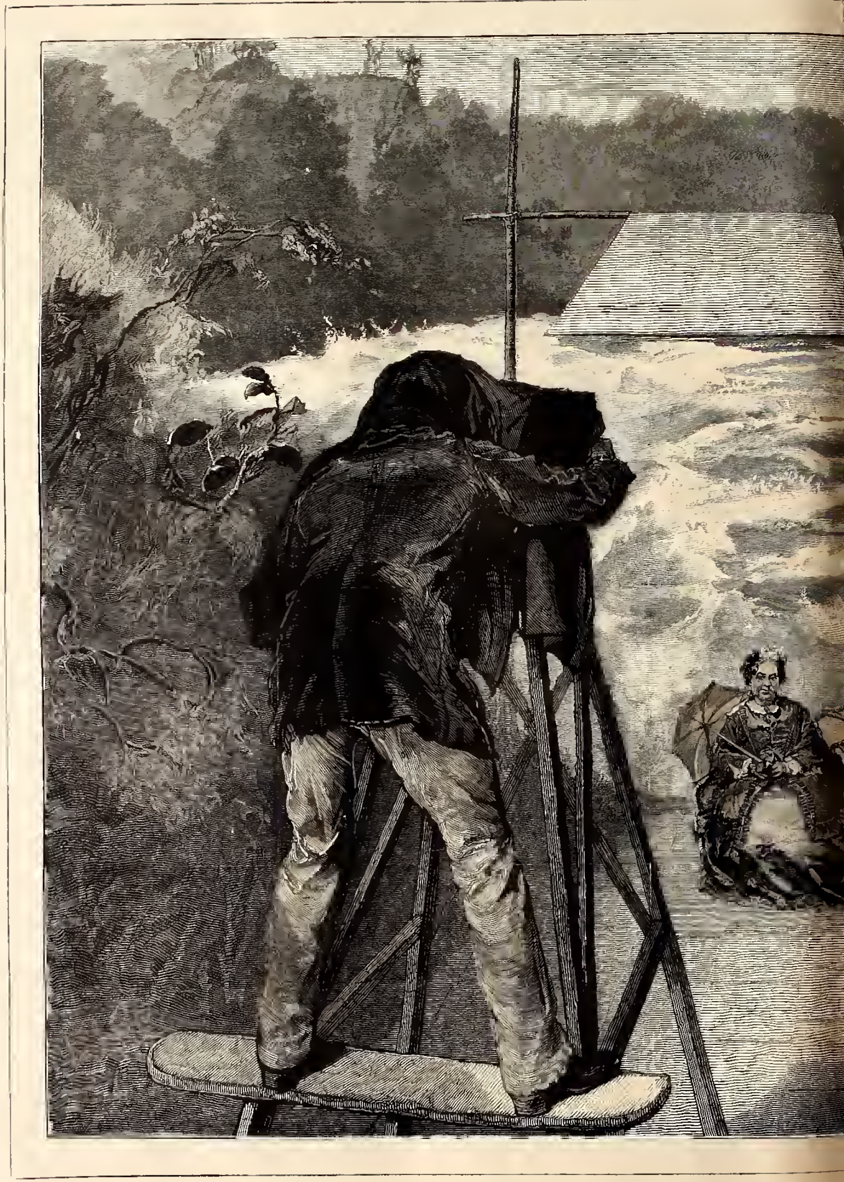
Thalessa; and some Fancy Stationery. Marcus Ward and Co.

The World Well Lost (2 vols.); Contemporary Art; North Italian Folk. Chatto and Windus.

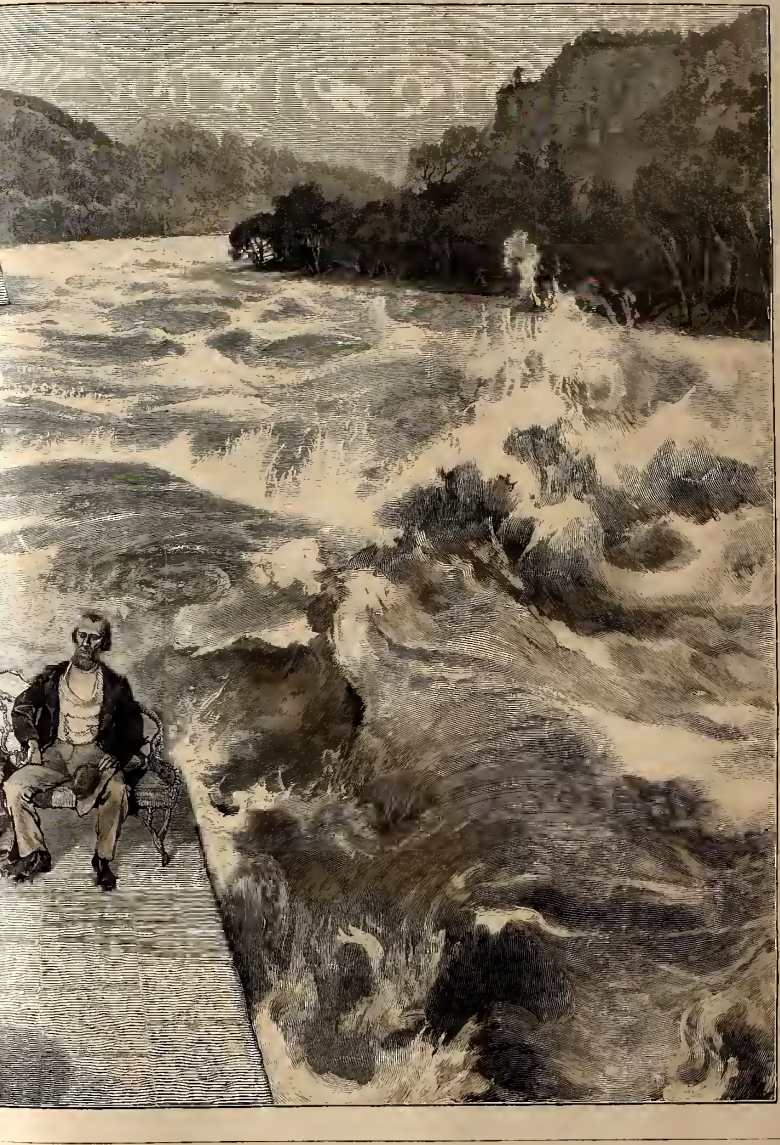
The War of Frederick I.; By Love and Law (3 vols.). Smith, Elder.

The Discordant Note; Winna (2 vols.). Charing Cross Publishing Co.

And a number of Christmas Books, Annuals, Cards, &c., from Messrs. Routledge, Cassell, Griffith and Farran, S. Low and Co., De La Rue, Nelson and Sons, &c.



THE RAPIDS BELOW NIAGARA FALLS



-THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

IV.

MESSRS. BRADBURY, AGNEW, AND CO. (London) have published a volume under the title of "International Art," which contains sixteen India proofs of steel engravings and fifty-two drawings on wood of the principal works of art exhibited in the gallery of the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia. The steel engravings are very beautifully executed, but the wood engravings are somewhat uneven. The steel plates, by the way, bear the imprint of an American publisher, as if they had been published simultaneously in both countries. The work will form a handsome and welcome gift-book for the season.

M. Viollet-le-Duc's "Treatise on the Constitution and Transformations of Mont Blanc" has been published by Messrs. Low and Co., with the hundred and twenty diagrams which illustrated the original French edition. In these days of Alpine travel such a work is sure to command attention, and the thoroughly practical character of the book has been carefully preserved by Mr. Bucknall in his translation. As an exhaustive treatise on Mont Blanc, this volume will no doubt be long regarded as *the* standard authority.

"Spenser for Children," by M. H. Towry, with illustrations in colours by Walter J. Morgan (Chatto and Windus), is a somewhat hazardous attempt to render the beauties of Spenser intelligible to young folks. The author has been fairly successful in her task, but the gems of the book are the coloured illustrations, which are admirably designed and tastefully printed. It is a pity the book is not better bound. The copy before us is all to pieces after a very slight turning over of the leaves.

Our old favourite, Routledge's "Every Boy's Annual" (Routledge), is more than usually varied in its contents, and is full of stories of adventure by land and by sea, from the pens of such writers as Jules Verne, Mrs. Riddell, Lieutenant Low, Rev. J. G. Wood, Colonel Drayson, and W. W. Fenn.

"Peter Parley's Annual" (Ben George), which has reached its thirty-seventh year of publication, is decidedly an improvement upon its predecessors, especially in its illustrations. The oil pictures are very bright and attractive. The letterpress also is of a higher quality than usual, and will tend to render this old favourite more popular than ever.

"Adventures in the Air" (Stanford) is a translation from the French of M. De Fonvielle's memorable experiences of great aeronauts. As a consecutive history of the main attempts that have been made to achieve the conquest of the air this volume will be found very useful and interesting. Its value is enhanced by the revision the proofs have received at the hands of Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell. The history is brought down to the latest date, the final chapter including the most recent ideas as to the use of balloons in Arctic Exploration.

"The Holiday Book" (W. P. Nimmo) is a series of stories and sketches which are connected only in the sense in which the papers in a kite's tail are—by being put together. They are all, however, well worth reading, being from the pen of the genial writer who is here pleased to dub himself Richard Rowe.

"The Snowdrop Papers" (Remington and Co.) is one of those little volumes which always puzzle a reviewer to discover why they have been published. The sketches by Wallis Mackay are very meagre and scratchy, and the text has an amateurish look of lengthened sweetness long drawn out.

"The Magic Valley," by E. Keary (Macmillan), is a beautiful little book, with charming illustrations by E. V. B. The story is simply but cleverly told, and, if we mistake not, this will be a popular volume with the youngsters.

"Mottoes and Aphorisms from Shakespeare" (John Hogg) is, as its title denotes, a collection of sayings from our national poet. Its claim to excellence over other works of the same kind consists in a very good index of words and ideas which renders the book a very handy one for reference.

"Wild Cat Tower," by G. Christopher Davies (Warne and Co.), is a story of the adventures of four boys in pursuit of sport and natural history in the North Counties. It is beautifully illustrated, and is written in a spirited and entertaining style, which is sure to find favour with boys.

"The Maid of Norway, an Historical Romance" (Chatto and Windus), is a translation by Mrs. Robert Birkbeck of Munch's "Pigen fra Norge." It is the story of Princess Margaret, the only child of King Eric, of Norway, who, by the death of her grandfather, Alexander III., became heir to the throne of Scotland. How she was betrothed to the son of Edward I., how she sickened and died after landing in Orkney, on her way to take possession of her crown, is all told prettily enough by Mrs. Birkbeck, whose work bears very few traces of being a translation. A series of pen and ink sketches of Norwegian scenery, by Mr. Birkbeck, form very attractive chapter headings.

"Fair Else, Duke Ulrich, and Other Tales" (Warne and Co.), is a collection of stories by the talented authoress of "Mademoiselle Mori." The leading one, "Fair Else," is very interesting, and particularly suitable for girls' reading.

"Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes and Fairy Tales" (Routledge) is a pretty volume full of capital illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, Tenniel, Walter Crane, Harrison Weir, &c. There are altogether upwards of four hundred engravings, and many of them are full-page. It is without doubt, we should say, the best collection of its kind.

Mr. Douglas Straight, who, under the pseudonym of "Sydney Daryl," has long been a popular contributor to our magazine literature, has published a collection of the best of his old sketches under the title of "Old Pictures in a New Frame" (Warne and Co.). The volume will make an acceptable prize-book for children of ten or twelve.

"The Heroes of Young America," by Ascot R. Hope (Stanford) is a little different in style to the schoolboy stories, for which this writer is famous. It is a brightly-written narrative of the adventures and perils of the English pioneers who first settled in North America, and is sufficiently detailed and painstaking to make it a popular and reliable history of that interesting period.

"A Book about Travelling, Past and Present," by T. A. Croal (Nimmo) is a series of pictures, sketchy, perhaps, in some parts, but fairly accurate, of the modes of travel that have been or still remain in use in this country. It is an interesting compilation, and traces its subject from the sedan chair in 1775 to the railways of 1875.

The Honourable Mrs. Greene is too well known as a writer for the young to need recommendation, and this collection of short stories, "God's Silver, or, Youthful Days" (Warne and Co.) will not disappoint admirers.

"The Catacombs of Rome, Historical and Descriptive" (Nelson) is a pretty little volume, which gives from a variety of sources all the leading facts without entering into controverted questions respecting the interesting memorials which constitute "underground Rome."

"Brave Little Heart" (Routledge) is a charmingly told story, reprinted from *Little Folks*, with some very tasteful illustrations by Mrs. Staples.

"King Hetel's Daughter; or, the Fair Gudrun" (Warne), is a well-told romance of the Norsemen, in which the weird quaintness of the Northern legends is well preserved.

"The Cuckoo Clock," by Ennis Graham (Macmillan), is another of those fascinating fairy stories which the author of "Carrots" knows so well how to indite. It is charmingly written, and characteristically illustrated by Walter Crane.

Five gift books from Mr. Nimmo, "The Boys of Willoughby School," "Harvey Sinclair," "Bible Jewels," "Bible Wonders," and "Rills from the Fountain of Life," will make admirable reward books for Sunday School.

The History of a Crime:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

II.

THE SECOND DAY—THE STRUGGLE

II.

FROM THE BASTILLE TO THE RUE DE COTTE

THE Place de la Bastille was at the same time empty and crowded. Three regiments in battle array were there; not one passer-by.

Four harnessed batteries were drawn up at the foot of the column. Here and there knots of officers talked together in a low voice,—sinister men.

One of these groups, the principal, attracted my attention. That one was silent, there was no talking. There were several men on horseback; one in front of the others, in a general's uniform, with a hat surmounted with black feathers, behind this man were two colonels, and behind the colonels a party of *aides-de-camp* and staff officers. This lace-trimmed company remained immovable, and as though pointing like a dog between the column and the entrance to the Faubourg. At a short distance from this group, spread out, and occupying the whole of the square, were the regiments drawn up and the cannon in their batteries.

My driver again stopped.

"Go on," I said; "drive into the Faubourg."

"But they will prevent us, sir."

"We shall see."

The truth was that they did not prevent us.

The driver continued on his way, but hesitatingly, and at a walking pace. The appearance of a *fiacre* in the square had caused some surprise, and the inhabitants began to come out of their houses. Several came up to my carriage.

We passed by a group of men with huge epaulettes. These men, whose tactics we understood later on, did not even appear to see us.

The emotion which I had felt on the previous day before a regiment of cuirassiers again seized me. To see before me the assassins of the country, at a few steps, standing upright, in the insolence of a peaceful triumph, was beyond my strength; I could not contain myself. I drew out my sash. I held it in my hand, and putting my arm and head out of the window of the *fiacre*, and shaking the sash, I shouted:

"Soldiers! Look at this sash. It is the symbol of Law, it is the National Assembly visible. Where this sash is there is Right. Well then, this is what Right commands you. You are being deceived. Go back to your duty. It is a Representative of the People who is speaking to you, and he who represents the People represents the Army. Soldiers, before becoming soldiers you have been peasants, you have been workmen, you have been and you are still citizens. Citizens, listen to me when I speak to you. The Law alone has the right to command you. Well, to-day the law is violated. By whom? By you. Louis Bonaparte draws you into a crime. Soldiers, you who are Honour, listen to me, for I am Duty. Soldiers, Louis Bonaparte assassinates the Republic. Defend it. Louis Bonaparte is a bandit; all his accomplices will follow him to the galleys. They are there already. He who is worthy of the galleys is in the galleys. To merit fetters is to wear them. Look at that man who is at your head, and who dares to command you. You take him for a general, he is a convict."

The soldiers seemed petrified.

Some one who was there (I thank this generous devoted spirit) touched my arm, and whispered in my ear, "You will get yourself shot."

But I did not heed, and I listened to nothing.

I continued, still waving my sash:

"You, who are there, dressed up like a general, it is you to whom I speak, sir. You know who I am; I am a Representative of the People, and I know who you are. I have told you you are a criminal. Now, do you wish to know my name? This is it."

And I called out my name to him.

And I added:

"Now tell me yours."

He did not answer.

I continued:

"Very well, I do not want to know your name as a general, I shall know your number as a galley slave."

The man in the general's uniform hung his head, the others were silent. I could read all their looks, however, although they did not raise their eyes. I saw them cast down, and I felt that they were furious. I had an overwhelming contempt for them, and I passed on.

What was the name of this General? I did not know then, and I do not know now.

One of the apologies for the *Coup d'État* published in England in relating this incident, and characterising it as "an insensate and culpable provocation," states that "the moderation shown by the military leaders on this occasion did honour to General ——" We leave to the author of this panegyric the responsibility of that name and of this eulogium.

I entered the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine.

My driver, who now knew my name, hesitated no longer, and whipped up his horse. These Paris coachmen are a brave and intelligent race.

As I passed the first shops of the main street nine o'clock sounded from the Church of St. Paul.

"Good," I said to myself, "I am in time."

The Faubourg presented an extraordinary aspect. The entrance was guarded, but not closed, by two companies of infantry. Two other companies were drawn up in echelons further on, at short distances, occupying the street, but leaving a free passage. The shops, which were open at the end of the Faubourg, were half closed a hundred yards farther up. The inhabitants, amongst whom I noticed numerous workmen in blouses, were talking together at their doors, and watching the proceedings. I noticed at each step the placards of the *Coup d'État* untouched.

Beyond the fountain which stands at the corner of the Rue de Charonne the shops were closed. Two lines of soldiers extended on either side of the street of the Faubourg on the kerb of the pavement; the soldiers were stationed at every five paces, with the butts of their muskets resting on their hips, their chests drawn in, their right hand on the trigger, ready to bring to the present, keeping silence in the attitude of expectation. From that point a piece of cannon was stationed at the mouth of each of the side streets which open out of the main road of the Faubourg. Occasionally there was a mortar. To obtain a clear idea of this military arrangement one must imagine two rosaries, extending along the two sides of the Faubourg St. Antoine, of which the soldiers should form the links and the cannon the beads.

Meanwhile my driver became uneasy. He turned round to me and said: "It looks as though we should find barricades out there, sir; shall we turn back?"

"Keep on," I replied.

He continued to drive straight on.

Suddenly it became impossible to do so. A company of infantry ranged three deep occupied the whole of the street from one pavement to the other. On the right there was a small street. I said to the driver,

"Take that turning."

He turned to the right and then to the left. We turned into a labyrinth of streets.

Suddenly I heard a shot.

The driver asked me:

"Which way are we to go, sir?"

"In the direction in which you hear the shots."

We were in a narrow street, on my left I saw the inscription above a door, "Grand Lavoir," and on my right a square with a central building, which looked like a market. The square and the street were deserted. I asked the driver,

"What street are we in?"

"In the Rue de Cotte."

"Where is the Café Roysin?"

"Straight before us."

"Drive there."

He drove on, but slowly. There was another explosion, this time close by us, the end of the street became filled with smoke; At the moment we were passing No. 22, which has a side door above which I read, "Petit Lavoir."

Suddenly a voice called out to the driver:

"Stop!"

The driver pulled up, and the window of the *fiacre* being down, a hand was stretched towards mine. I recognised Alexander Rey.

This daring man was pale.

"Go no further," said he, "all is at an end."

"What do you mean? All at an end?"

"Yes, they must have anticipated the time appointed; the barricade is taken; I have just come from it. It is a few steps from here straight before us."

And he added:

"Baudin is killed."

The smoke rolled away from the end of the street.

"Look," said Alexander Rey to me.

I saw, a hundred steps before us, at the junction of the Rue de Cotte and the Rue Ste. Marguerite, a low barricade which the soldiers were pulling down. A corpse was being borne away.

It was Baudin.

III.

THE ST. ANTOINE BARRICADE

THIS is what had happened.

During that same night, and as early as four o'clock in the morning, De Flotte was in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He was anxious, in case any movement took place before daylight, that a Representative of the People should be present, and he was one of those who, when the glorious insurrection of Right should burst forth, wished to unearth the paving-stones for the first barricade.

But nothing was stirring. De Flotte, alone in the midst of this deserted and sleeping Faubourg, wandered from street to street throughout the night.

Day breaks late in December. Before the first streaks of dawn De Flotte was at the rendezvous opposite the Lenoir Market.

This spot was only weakly guarded. The only troops in the neighbourhood were the post itself of the Lenoir Market, and another post at a short distance which occupied the guard-house at the corner of the Faubourg and the Rue de Montreuil, close to the old Tree of Liberty planted in 1793 by Santerre. Neither of these posts were commanded by officers.

De Flotte reconnoitred the position. He walked some time up and down the pavement, and then seeing no one coming as yet, and fearing to excite attention, he went away, and returned to the side streets of the Faubourg.

For his part Aubry (du Nord) got up at five o'clock. Having gone home in the middle of the night, on his return from the Rue Popincourt, he had only taken three hours' rest. His porter told him that some suspicious persons had inquired for him during the evening of the 2nd, and that they had been to the house opposite, No. 12 of the same street, Rue Racine, to arrest Huguenin. This determined Aubry to leave his house before daylight.

He walked to the Faubourg St. Antoine. As he reached the place of rendezvous he met Cournet and the others from the Rue Popincourt. They were almost immediately joined by Malardier.

It was dawn. The Faubourg was solitary. They walked along wrapt in thought, and speaking in a low voice. Suddenly an impetuous and singular procession passed them.

They looked round. It was a detachment of Lancers which surrounded something which in the dim light they recognised to be a police-van. The vehicle rolled noiselessly along the macadamised road.

They were debating what this could mean when a second and similar group appeared, then a third, and then a fourth. Ten police vans passed in this manner, following each other very closely, and almost touching.

"Those are our colleagues!" exclaimed Aubry (du Nord).

In truth, the last batch of the Representatives, the prisoners of the Quai d'Orsay, the batch destined for Vincennes, was passing through the Faubourg. It was about seven o'clock in the morning. Some shops were being opened and were lighted inside, and a few passers-by came out of the houses.

Three carriages defiled one after the other, closed, guarded, dreary, dumb; no voice came out, no cry, no whisper. They were carrying off in the midst of swords, of sabres, and of lances, with the rapidity and fury of the whirlwind, something which kept silence; and that something which they were carrying off, and which maintained this sinister silence, was the broken Tribune, the Sovereignty of the Assemblies, the supreme initiative whence all civilisation is derived, it was the word which contains the future of the world, it was the speech of France!

A last carriage arrived, which by some chance had been delayed. It was about two or three hundred yards behind the principal convoy, and was only escorted by three Lancers. It was not a police-van, it was an omnibus, the only one in the convoy. Behind the conductor, who was a police agent, there could distinctly be seen the Representatives heaped up in the interior. It seemed easy to rescue them.

Cournet appealed to the passers-by: "Citizens," he cried, "these are your Representatives, who are being carried off! You have just seen them pass in the vans of convicts! Bonaparte arrests them contrary to every law. Let us rescue them! To arms!"

A knot formed of men in blouses and of workmen going to work. A shout came from the knot, "Long live the Republic!" and some men rushed towards the vehicle. The carriage and the Lancers broke into a gallop.

"To arms!" repeated Cournet.

"To arms!" repeated the men of the people.

There was a moment of impulse. Who knows what might have happened? It would have been a singular accident if the first barricade against the *Coup d'État* had been made with this omnibus, which, after having aided in crime, would thus have aided in the punishment. But at the moment when the people threw themselves on the vehicle they saw several of the Representative-prisoners which it contained sign to them with both hands to refrain. "Eh!" said a workman, "they do not wish it!"

A second repeated: "They do not wish for liberty!"

Another added: "They did not wish us to have it, they do not wish it for themselves."

All was said, and the omnibus was allowed to pass on. A moment afterwards the rear-guard of the escort came up and passed by at a sharp trot, and the group which surrounded Aubry (du Nord), Malardier, and Cournet dispersed.

The Café Roysin had just opened. It may be remembered that the large hall of this *café* had served for the meeting of a famous club in 1848. It was there, it may also be remembered, that the rendezvous had been settled.

The Café Roysin is entered by a passage opening out upon the street, a lobby of some yards in length is next crossed, and then comes a large hall, with high windows, and looking-glasses on the walls, containing in the centre several billiard-tables, some small marble-topped tables, chairs, and velvet-covered benches. It was this hall, badly arranged however for a meeting where we could have deliberated, which had been the hall of the Roysin Club. Cournet, Aubry, and Malardier installed themselves there. On entering they did not disguise who they were; they were welcomed, and shown an exit through the garden in case of necessity.

De Flotte had just joined them.

Eight o'clock was striking when the Representatives began to arrive. Bruckner, Maigne, and Brillier first, and then successively Charamaule, Cassall, Dulac, Bourzat, Madier de Montjau, and Baudin. Bourzat, on account of the mud, as was his custom, wore wooden shoes. Whoever thought Bourzat a peasant would be mistaken. He rather resembled a Benedictine monk. Bourzat, with his Southern imagination, his quick intelligence, keen, lettered, refined, possesses an encyclopædia in his head, and wooden shoes on his feet. Why not? He is Mind and People. The ex-Constituent Bastide came in with Madier de Montjau. Baudin shook the hands of all with warmth, but he did not speak. He was pensive. "What is the matter with you, Baudin?" asked Aubry (du Nord). "Are you mournful?" "I?" said Baudin, raising his head, "I have never been more happy."

Did he feel himself already chosen? When we are so near death, all radiant with glory, which smiles upon us through the gloom, perhaps we are conscious of it.

A certain number of men, strangers to the Assembly, all as determined as the Representatives themselves, accompanied them and surrounded them.

Cournet was the leader. Amongst them there were workmen, but no blouses. In order not to alarm the middle classes, the workmen had been requested, notably those employed by Derosne and Cail, to come in coats.

Baudin had with him a copy of the Proclamation which I had dictated to him on the previous day. Cournet unfolded it and read it. "Let us at once post it up in the Faubourg," said he. "The people must know that Louis Bonaparte is outlawed." A lithographic workman who was there offered to print it without delay. All the Representatives present signed it, and they added my name to their signatures. Aubry (du Nord) headed it with these words, "National Assembly." The workman carried off the Proclamation, and kept his word. Some hours afterwards Aubry (du Nord), and later on a friend of Cournet's, named Gay, met him in the Faubourg du Temple, paste-pot in hand, posting the Proclamation at every street corner, even next to the Maupas placard, which threatened the penalty of death to any one who should be found posting an appeal to arms. Groups read the two bills at the same time. We may mention an incident which ought to be noted, a sergeant of the line, in uniform, in red trousers, accompanied him and protected him. He was doubtless a soldier who had lately left the service.

The time fixed on the preceding evening for the general rendezvous was from nine to ten in the morning. This hour had been chosen so that there should be time to give notice to all the members of the Left; it was expedient to wait until the Representatives should arrive, so that the group should the more resemble an Assembly, and that its manifestations should have more authority on the Faubourg.

Several of the Representatives who had already arrived had no sash of office. Some were made hastily in a neighbouring house with strips of red, white, and blue calico, and were brought to them. Baudin and De Flotte were amongst those who girded on these improvised sashes.

Meanwhile it was not yet nine o'clock, when impatience already began to be manifested around them.*

Many shared this glorious impatience.

Baudin wished to wait.

"Do not anticipate the hour," said he; "let us allow our colleagues time to arrive."

But they murmured round Baudin, "No, begin, give the signal, go outside. The Faubourg only waits to see your sashes to rise. You are few in number, but they know that your friends will rejoin you. That is sufficient. Begin."

The result proved that this undue haste could only produce a failure. Meanwhile they considered that the first example which the Representatives of the People ought to set was personal courage. The spark must not be allowed to die out. To march the first, to march at the head, such was their duty. The semblance of any hesitation would have been in truth more disastrous than any degree of rashness.

Schœlcher is of an heroic nature, he has the grand impatience of danger.

"Let us go," he cried; "our friends will join us, let us go outside."

They had no arms.

"Let us disarm the post which is over there," said Schœlcher.

They left the Salle Roysin in order, two by two, arm in arm. Fifteen or twenty men of the people escorted them. They went before them, crying, "Long live the Republic! To arms!"

Some children preceded and followed them, shouting, "Long live the Mountain!"

The entrances of the closed shops were half opened. A few men appeared at the doors, a few women showed themselves at the windows. Knots of workmen going to their work watched them pass. They cried, "Long live our Representatives! Long live the Republic!"

Sympathy was everywhere, but insurrection nowhere. The procession gathered few adherents on the way.

A man who was leading a saddled horse joined them. They did not know this man, nor whence this horse came. It seemed as if the man offered his services to any one who wished to fly. Representative Dulac ordered this man to be off.

In this manner they reached the guard-house of the Rue de Montreuil. At their approach the sentry gave the alarm, and the soldiers came out of the guard-house in disorder.

Schœler calm, impassive, in ruffles and a white tie, clothed, as usual, in black, buttoned to the neck in his tight frock coat, with the intrepid and brotherly air of a Quaker, walked straight up to them.

"Comrades," he said to them, "we are the Representatives of the People, and come in the name of the People to demand your arms for the defence of the Constitution and of the Laws."

The post allowed itself to be disarmed. The sergeant alone made any show of resistance, but they said to him: "You are alone," and he yielded. The Representatives distributed the guns and the cartridges to the resolute band which surrounded them."

Some soldiers exclaimed: "Why do you take away our muskets? We would fight for you and with you!"

The Representatives consulted whether they should accept this offer. Schœlcher was inclined to do so. But one of them remarked that some Mobile Guards had made the same overtures to the insurgents of June, and had turned against the Insurrection the arms which the Insurrection had left them.

The muskets therefore were not restored.

The disarming having been accomplished, the muskets were counted; there were fifteen of them.

"We are a hundred and fifty," said Cournet, "we have not enough muskets."

"Well then," said Schœlcher, "where is there a post?"

"At the Lenoir Market."

"Let us disarm it."

With Schœlcher at their head and escorted by fifteen armed men the Representatives proceeded to the Lenoir Market. The post of the Lenoir Market allowed themselves to be disarmed even more willingly than the post in the Rue de Montreuil. The soldiers turned themselves round, so that the cartridges might be taken from their pouches.

The muskets were immediately loaded.

"Now," exclaimed De Flotte, "we have thirty guns, let us look for a street corner, and raise a barricade."

There were at that time about two hundred combatants.

They went up the Rue de Montreuil. After some fifty steps Schœlcher said: "Where are we going? We are turning our backs on the Bastille. We are turning our backs upon the conflict."

They returned towards the Faubourg.

They shouted: "To arms!" They were answered by "Long live our Representatives!" But only a few young men joined them. It was evident that the breeze of insurrection was not blowing.

"Never mind," said De Flotte, "let us begin the battle. Let us achieve the glory of being the first killed."

As they reached the point where the streets Ste. Marguerite and De Cotte open out and divide the Faubourg, a peasant's cart laden with dung entered the Rue Ste. Marguerite.

"Here," exclaimed De Flotte.

They stopped the dung cart, and overturned it in the middle of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

A milk woman came up.

They overturned the milk cart.

A baker was passing in his bread cart. He saw what was being done, attempted to escape, and urged his horse to a gallop. Two or three street Arabs—those children of Paris brave as lions and agile as cats—sped after the baker, ran past his horse, which was still galloping, stopped it, and brought back the cart to the barricade which had been begun.

They overturned the bread cart.

An omnibus came up on the road from the Bastille.

"Very well!" said the conductor. "I see what is going on."

He descended with a good grace, and told his passengers to get down, while the coachman unharnessed his horses and went away shaking his cloak.

They overturned the omnibus.

The four vehicles placed end to end barely barred the street of the Faubourg, which in this part is very wide. While putting them in line the men of the barricade said,

"Let us not injure the carts more than we can help."

This formed an indifferent barricade, very low, too short, and which left the pavements free on either side.

At this moment a staff officer passed by, followed by an orderly, saw the barricade, and fled at a gallop.

Schœlcher calmly inspected the overturned vehicles. When he reached the peasant's cart, which made a higher heap than the others, he said, "That is the only good one."

The barricade grew larger. They threw a few empty baskets upon it, which made it thicker and higher without strengthening it.

They were still working when a child came up to them, shouting, "The soldiers!"

In truth two companies arrived from the Bastille, at the double, through the Faubourg, told off in squads at short distances apart, and barring the whole of the street.

The doors and the windows were hastily closed.

During this time, at a corner of the barricade, Bastide impassive was gravely telling a story to Madier de Montjau. "Madier," said he, "nearly two hundred years ago the Prince de Condé, ready to give battle in this very Faubourg St. Antoine, where we now are, asked an officer who was accompanying him, 'Have you ever seen a battle lost?'—'No, sire.' 'Well, then, you will see one now.'—Madier, I tell you to-day,—you will speedily see a barricade taken."

In the mean while those who were armed had assumed their places for the conflict behind the barricade.

The critical moment drew nigh.

"Citizens," cried Schœlcher, "do not fire a shot. When the Army and the Faubourgs fight the blood of the People is shed on both sides. Let us speak to the soldiers first."

He mounted on one of the baskets which heightened the barricade. The other Representatives arranged themselves near him on the omnibus. Malardier and Dulac were on his right. Dulac said to him, "You scarcely know me, Citizen Schœlcher, but I love you. Let me have the charge of remaining by your side. I only belong to the second rank in the Assembly, but I want to be in the first rank of the battle."

At this moment some men in blouses, those whom the Second of December had enlisted, appeared at the corner of the Rue Ste. Marguerite, close to the barricade, and shouted, "Down with the 'Twenty-five francs!'"

Baudin, who had already selected his post for the combat, and who was standing on the barricade, looked fixedly at these men, and said to them:

"You shall see how one can die for 'twenty-five francs!'"

There was a noise in the street. Some few doors which had remained half opened were closed. The two attacking columns had arrived in sight of the barricade. Further on could be seen confusedly other lines of bayonets. They were those which had barred my passage.

Schœlcher, raising his arm with authority, signed to the Captain, who commanded the first squad, to halt.

The Captain made a negative sign with his sword. The whole of the Second of December was in these two gestures. The Law said, "Halt!" The Sabre answered, "No!"

The two companies continued to advance, but slowly and keeping at the same distance from each other.

Schœlcher came down from the barricade into the street. De Flotte, Dulac, Malardier, Brillier, Maigne, and Bruckner followed him.

Then was seen a grand spectacle.

Seven Representatives of the People, armed only with their sashes, that is to say, majestically clothed with Law and Right, advanced in the street beyond the barricade, and marched straight to the soldiers, who awaited them with their guns pointed at them.

The other Representatives who had remained at the barricade made their last preparations for resistance. The combatants maintained an intrepid bearing. The Naval Lieutenant Cournet towered above them all with his tall stature. Baudin, still standing on the overturned omnibus, leaned half over the barricade.

On seeing the Representatives approach the soldiers and their officers were for the moment bewildered. Meanwhile the Captain signed to the Representatives to stop.

They stopped, and Schœlcher said in an impressive voice:

"Soldiers! we are the Representatives of the Sovereign People, we are your Representatives, we are the Elect of Universal Suffrage. In the name of the Constitution, in the name of Universal Suffrage, in the name of the Republic, we, who are the National Assembly, we, who are the Law, order you to join us, we summon you to obey. We ourselves are your leaders. The Army belongs to the People, and the Representatives of the People are the Chiefs of the Army. Soldiers! Louis Bonaparte violates the Constitution, we have outlawed him. Obey us."

The officer who was in command, a captain named Petit, did not allow him to finish.

"Gentleman," he said, "I have my orders. I belong to the People. I am a Republican as you are, but I am only an instrument."

"You know the Constitution?" said Schœlcher.

"I only know my instructions."

"There is an instruction above all other instructions," continued Schœlcher, "obligatory upon the Soldier as upon the Citizen—the Law."

He turned again towards the soldiers to harangue them, but the captain cried out to him:

"Not another word! You shall not go on! If you add one word I shall give the order to fire."

"What does that matter to us?" said Schœlcher.

At this moment an officer arrived on horseback. It was the major of the regiment. He whispered for a moment to the captain.

"Gentlemen! Representatives!" continued the captain, waving his sword, "withdraw, or I shall fire."

"Fire!" shouted De Flotte.

The Representatives—strange and heroic copy of Fontenoy—took off their hats, and faced the muskets.

Schœlcher alone kept his hat on his head, and waited with his arms crossed.

"Fix bayonets," said the captain. And turning towards the squads, "Charge!"

"Vive la République!" cried out the Representatives.

The bayonets were lowered, the companies moved forward, the soldiers came on at the double upon the motionless Representatives.

It was a terrible and superb moment.

The seven Representatives saw the bayonets at their breasts without a word, without a gesture, without one step backwards. But the hesitation which was not in their soul was in the heart of the soldiers.

The soldiers felt distinctly that this was a double stain upon their uniform—the outrage upon the Representatives of the People, which was treason, and the slaughter of unarmed men,

* "There was also some misunderstanding respecting the appointed time. Some made a mistake, and thought it was nine o'clock. The first arrivals impatiently awaited their colleagues. They were, as we have said, some twelve or fifteen in number at half-past eight.—'Time is being lost,' exclaimed one of them who had hardly entered; 'let us gird on our sashes; let us show the Representatives to the People; let us join it in raising barricades.' We shall perhaps save the country, at all events we shall save the honour of our party. Come let us to the barricades!' This advice was immediately and unanimously acclaimed; one alone, Citizen Baudin, interposed the forcible objection, 'We are not sufficiently numerous to adopt such a resolution.' But he spiritedly joined in the general enthusiasm, and with a calm conscience, after having reserved the principle, he was not the last to gird on his sash".—SCHŒLCHER *Histoire des Crimes du 2nd Decembre*, p. 130—151.

which was cowardice. Now treason and cowardice are two epaulettes to which a general sometimes becomes reconciled, the soldier—never.

When the bayonets were so close to the Representatives that they touched their breasts, they turned aside of their own accord, and the soldiers by an unanimous movement passed between the Representatives without doing them any harm. Schœlcher alone had his coat pierced in two places, and in his opinion this was awkwardness instead of intention. One of the soldiers who faced him wished to push him away from the captain, and touched him with his bayonet. The point encountered the book of the addresses of the Representatives which Schœlcher had in pocket, and only pierced his clothing.

A soldier said to De Flotte, "Citizen, we do not wish to hurt you."

Nevertheless a soldier came up to Bruckner, and pointed his gun at him.

"Well," said Bruckner, "fire." The soldier, touched, lowered his arm, and shook Bruckner's hand.

It was singular that, notwithstanding the order given by the officers, the two companies successively came up to the Representatives, charged with the bayonet, and turned aside. Instructions may order, but instinct prevails; instructions may be crime, but instinct is honour. Major P—— said afterwards,

"They had told us that we should have to deal with brigands, we had to deal with heroes."

Meanwhile those on the barricade were growing uneasy, and seeing their colleagues surrounded, and wishing to succour them, they fired a musket shot. This unfortunate shot killed a soldier between De Flotte and Schœlcher.

The officer who commanded the second attacking squad passed close to Schœlcher as the poor soldier fell. Schœlcher pointed out the fallen man to the officer, and said to him, "Lieutenant, look!"

The officer answered by a gesture of despair,

"What would you have us do?"

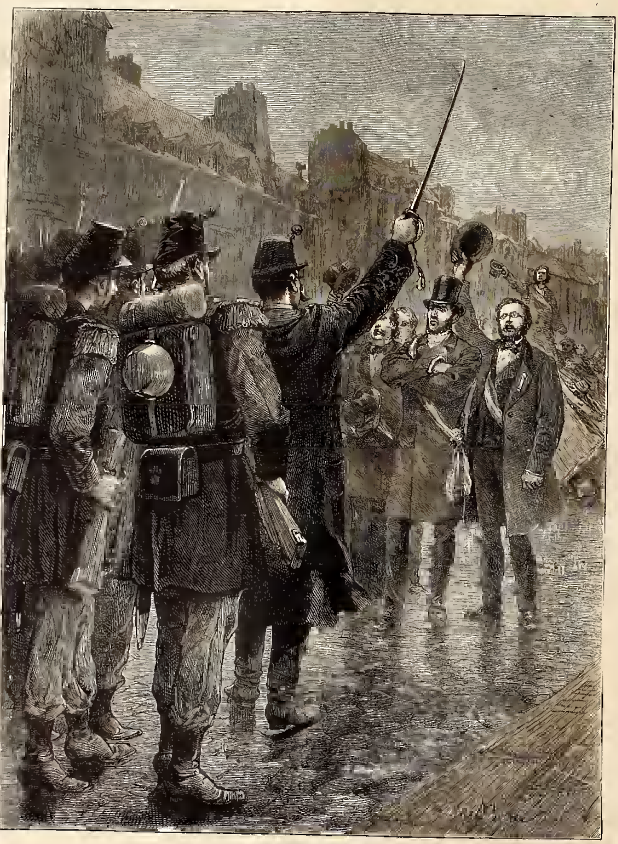
The two companies replied to the shot by a general volley, and rushed to the assault of the barricade, leaving behind them the seven Representatives astounded at being still alive.

The barricade replied by a volley, but it could not hold out. It was carried.

Baudin was killed.

He had remained standing in his position on the omnibus. Three balls reached him. One struck him in the right eye and penetrated into the brain. He fell. He never regained consciousness. Half-an-hour afterwards he was dead. His body was taken to the Ste. Marguerite Hospital.

Bourzat, who was close to Baudin, with Aubry (du Nord), had his coat pierced by a ball.



THE ST. ANTOINE BARRICADE

"Fix bayonets," said the captain. And turning towards the squads, "Charge!" "Vive la République!" cried out the Representatives.

We must again remark a curious incident,—the soldiers made no prisoner on this barricade. Those who defended it dispersed through the streets of the Faubourg, or took refuge in the neighbouring houses. Representative Maigne, pushed by some affrighted women behind a door, was shut in with one of the soldiers who had just taken the barricade. A moment afterwards the soldier and the Representative went out together. The Representatives could freely leave this first field of battle.

At this solemn moment of the struggle a last glimmer of Justice and of Right still flickered, and military honesty recoiled with a sort of dread anxiety before the outrage upon which they were entering. There is the intoxication of good, and there is an intoxication of evil: this intoxication later on drowned the conscience of the Army.

The French Army is not made to commit crimes. When the struggle became prolonged, and ferocious orders of the day had to be executed, the soldiers must have been maddened. They obeyed not coldly, which would have been monstrous, but with anger, and this History will invoke as their excuse; and with many, perhaps, despair was at the root of their anger.

The fallen soldier had remained on the ground. It was Schœlcher who raised him. A few women, weeping, but brave, came out of a house. Some soldiers came up. They carried him, Schœlcher holding his head, first to a fruiterer's shop, then to the Ste. Marguerite Hospital, where they had already taken Baudin.

He was a conscript. The ball had entered his side. Through his grey overcoat, buttoned to the collar, could be seen a hole stained with blood. His head had sunk on his shoulder, his pale countenance, encircled by the chin-strap of his shako, had no longer any expression, the blood oozed out of his mouth. He seemed barely eighteen years old. Already a soldier and still a boy. He was dead.

This poor soldier was the first victim of the *Coup d'État*, Baudin was the second.

Before being a Republican Baudin had been a tutor. He came from that intelligent and brave race of schoolmasters ever persecuted, who have fallen from the Guizot Law into the Falloux Law, and from the Falloux Law into the Dupanloup Law. The crime of the schoolmaster is to hold a book open; that suffices, the Church condemns him. There is now, in France, in each village, a lighted torch—the schoolmaster—and a mouth which blows upon it—the curé. The schoolmasters of France, who knew how to die of hunger for Truth and for Science, were worthy that one of their race should be killed for Liberty.

The first time that I saw Baudin was at the Assembly, on January 13, 1850. I wished to speak against the Law of Instruction. I had not put my name down; Baudin's name stood second. He offered me his turn. I accepted, and I was able to speak two days afterwards, on the 15th.

Baudin was one of the targets of Sieur Dupin, for calls to order and official annoyances. He shared this honour with the Representatives Miot and Valentin.

Baudin ascended the Tribune several times. His mode of speaking, outwardly hesitating, was energetic in the main. He sat on the crest of the Mountain. He had a firm spirit and timid manners. Thence there was in his constitution an indescribable embarrassment, mingled with decision. He was a man of middle height. His face ruddy and full, his broad chest, his wide shoulders announced the robust man, the labourer-schoolmaster, the peasant-thinker. In this he resembled Bourzat. Baudin leaned his head on his shoulder, listened with intelligence, and spoke with a gentle and grave voice. He had the melancholy air and the bitter smile of the doomed.

On the evening of the Second of December I had asked him, "How old are you?" He had answered me, "Not quite thirty-three years."

"And you?" said he.

"Forty-nine."

And he replied:

"To-day we are of the same age."

He thought in truth of that to-morrow which awaited us, and in which was hidden that "perhaps" which is the great leveller.

The first shots had been fired, a Representative had fallen, and the people did not rise! What bandage had they on their eyes, what weight had they on their hearts? Alas! the gloom which Louis Bonaparte had known how to cast over his crime, far from lifting, grew denser. For the first time in the sixty years that the Providential era of Revolutions had been open, Paris, the city of intelligence, seemed not to understand!

On leaving the barricade of the Rue Ste. Marguerite, De Flotte went to the Faubourg St. Marceau, Madier de Montjau went to Belleville, Charamaule and Maigne proceeded to the Boulevards. Schœlcher, Dulac, Malardier, and Brillier again went up the Faubourg St. Antoine by the side streets which the soldiers had not yet occupied. They shouted "Vive la République!" They harangued the people on the doorsteps—"Is it the Empire that you want?" exclaimed Schœlcher. They even went as far as to sing the "Marseillaise." People took off their hats as they passed, and shouted "Long live the Representatives!" But that was all.

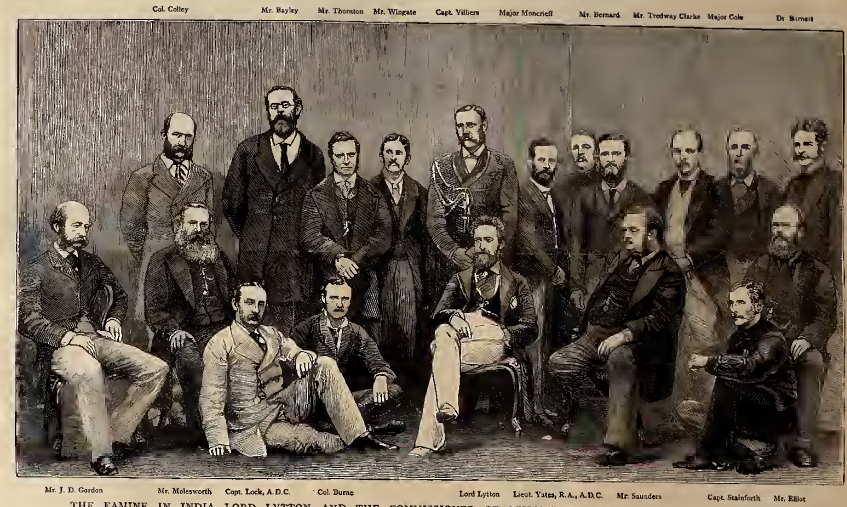
They were thirsty and weary. In the Rue de Reuilly a man came out of a door with a bottle in his hand, and offered them drink.

Sartin joined them on the way. In the Rue de Charonne they entered the meeting-place of the Association of Cabinet Makers, hoping to find there the Committee of the Association in session. There was no one there. But nothing discouraged them.

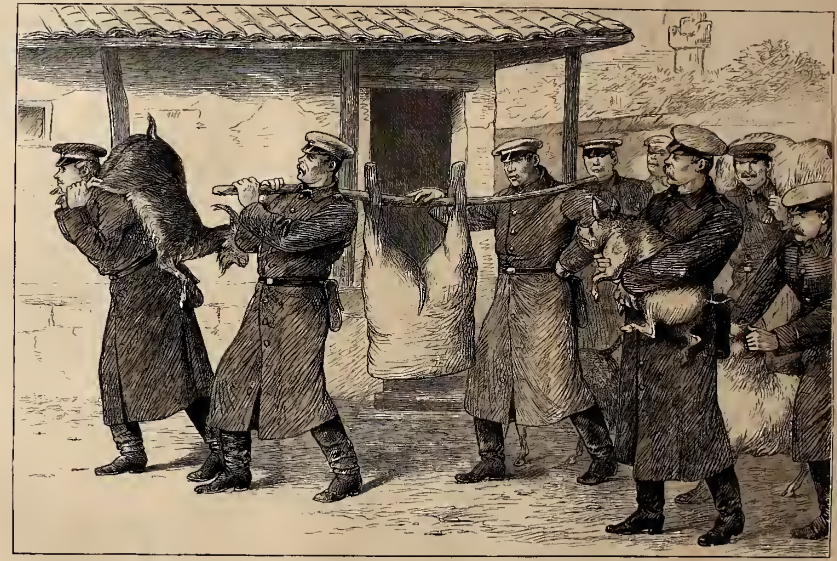
As they reached the Place de la Bastille, Dulac said to Schœlcher, "I will ask permission to leave you for an hour or two, for this reason: I am alone in Paris with my little daughter, who is seven years old. For the past week she has had scarlet fever. Yesterday, when the *Coup d'État* burst forth, she was at death's door. I have no one but this child in the world. I left her this morning to come with you, and she said to me, 'Papa, where are you going?' As I am not killed, I will go and see if she is not dead."

Two hours afterwards the child was still living, and we were holding a permanent sitting at No. 15, Rue Richelieu, Jules Favre, Carnot, Michel de Bourges, and myself, when Dulac entered, and said to us, "I have come to place myself at your disposal."

(To be continued)


Col. Colley
Mr. Bayley
Mr. Thornton
Mr. Wingate
Capt. Villiers
Major Moncrieff
Mr. Bernard
Mr. Tredway Clarke
Major Cole
Dr Barnett
Mr. J. D. Gordon
Mr. Molesworth
Capt. Lock, A.D.C.
Col. Burne
Lord Lytton
Lieut. Yates, R.A., A.D.C.
Mr. Saunders
Capt. Stainforth
Mr. Elliot

THE FAMINE IN INDIA—LORD LYTTON AND THE COMMISSIONER OF MYSORE HOLDING A COUNCIL AT BANGALORE



WITH THE RUSSIANS—OUTSIDE PLEVNA: THE LAND OF PLENTY, THE GUARDS DRAWING THEIR RATIONS

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The fortune of war has inclined to the Turks this week, and Suleiman Pasha reports an important victory over the Russians at Elena, which he occupied after a well-fought action, capturing a large number of prisoners and considerable quantities of arms and ammunition. As Elena is only twelve miles from Tirnova, Suleiman was expected to at once march upon this important strategical point, which, as far as can be gathered, has only been weakly garrisoned by the Russians. This success certainly does Suleiman Pasha great credit, as he completely deceived the Russians as to his real intentions by continued feints against the northern portion of the Czarevitch's army. If Tirnova falls the position of the Russian forces in the south will be seriously endangered, as a junction between the three armies of Suleiman, Reouf, and Mehemet Ali Pashas will be rendered probable, and Plevna may be relieved after all. On his side Mehemet Ali has been fighting hard on the Kamarli Heights on the southern side of the main ridge of the Balkans, where he has made a stubborn stand, after abandoning the important position of Orchanie, as well as Litakovo and Wrastschech. Driven fairly to bay, however, and able to entrench himself after the favourite manner of Ottoman commanders, Mehemet Ali has not only held his own, but on the 29th ult., and again on the 3rd inst., he inflicted a decided defeat upon the attacking army, and subsequently assuming the offensive, was reported on Thursday to be marching upon Wrastschech, whither the Russians had retreated. He is thought to have some 25,000 men under his command, but these are mainly composed of hastily levied, semi-drilled militia, who are little likely to prove any match for General Gourko's seasoned troops, amongst whom may be reckoned some regiments of the Imperial Guard, the flower of the Russian army. Moreover, several Cossacks have been seen in the neighbourhood of Sofia, so that there is some likelihood of a Russian force crossing the Balkans and taking both Reouf Pasha, at Shipka, and Mehemet Ali, at Kamarli in the rear, and thus opening the road for a formidable army to Sofia and Adrianople, unless the capture of Tirnova turn the tide of events. Suleiman Pasha's victory is all the more acceptable to the Turks, as it was evident that they were fast becoming hard pressed on every side. In Asia their most important fortress, Kars, has surrendered, Erzeroum is being actively besieged, while along the line in Europe the Russians were forcing them back step by step. Osman Pasha is still hopelessly surrounded at Plevna, while the Russo-Roumanian forces are energetically fighting their way westward, have captured Lom Palanka, and will speedily appear before Widdin, and effect a junction with Servia, which is now eager to join the fray.

The Servians, however, as yet have made no overt declaration of war, and their representative still remains at Constantinople remonstrating with the Porte against the "aggression" of the Turkish soldiers. It is said that the British Consul-General has remonstrated with the Servian Government as to its warlike preparations, and has even threatened that the guarantee of autonomy will be withdrawn. To this it is also rumoured that M. Ristics will vouchsafe no answer, while the date popularly fixed for the declaration of Servian independence and the issue of an order to cross the frontier is the 12th inst.—the *fête* of St. Andrew, the patron of the Principality. Montenegro is still actively prosecuting her little war on the Adriatic. But the only military news of importance is the bombardment of Fort Vodivica off Antivari by three Turkish men-of-war. There is considerable apprehension at Scutari, where the Mussulman merchants are removing their valuables to the Citadel.

At CONSTANTINOPLE there is naturally great excitement, owing to the calling-out of the reserves, and to the formation of the Civic Guard, in which all Christians from twenty to forty years of age are to be enrolled. The feeling against Mahmoud Damad continues, and ex-Sultan Murad is kept in close confinement—it being rumoured that his madness is only a story invented by Mahmoud and his seraglio intriguers. There is some chance of Chefket Pasha, the infamous hero of Batak, being at last brought to justice, as he is to be tried for abandoning Telis to the Russians. The Blockade question is still causing considerable difficulty. On the one hand, Mr. Layard demands the rigid enforcement of the blockade, while on the other, Count Conti, the Italian ambassador, urges the release of two Italian vessels which were seized in the Bosphorus, after having crossed the Black Sea without meeting a single cruiser. The recent Russian successes has again brought forward the rumour that if the Balkans are crossed Italy will at once occupy Dalmatia and Austria Bosnia.

FRANCE.——The political crisis is now fast assuming a very serious and alarming aspect. The Marshal's interview with the Presidents of the two Chambers, M. Grévy and the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, which had at first been regarded as a sign of conciliation, has resulted in nothing, while the majority of the Lower Chamber have refused to vote the Budget until the Marshal makes up his mind to take a parliamentary majority. Matters have been still further complicated by an interview between the Marshal and two deputies of the Left, MM. Lesseps and Duclerc, who without authority stated that the Left demanded a congress of the two Houses for revising the right of dissolving the Lower Chamber as now possessed by the Senate. The Marshal at once took this to be the official terms of the Left for a reconciliation, and thereupon issued an official Havas note declaring that he could accept no such proposal, nor allow to be impaired either the rights of the Executive Power or the prerogatives of the Senate. On this note becoming known on Tuesday the Left in both Chambers at once repudiated any connection with M. Duclerc's conditions; but the Budget Committee in the Lower House, feeling that the Marshal was predetermined upon a dissolution, at once announced to the House their intention not to pass the Budget until a Parliamentary Ministry should be installed in office; while M. Gambetta boldly declared that "the public purse will not be opened until the popular will be obeyed. We shall see whether it is the nation or a man who governs in France." On Wednesday, M. Gambetta, speaking at an electoral meeting in favour of Emile de Girardin's candidacy for the Ninth Arrondissement, called the situation the "political nightmare which threatens to strike at the vitality of our country." While urging resistance to the utmost, however, he recommended legality, and that no one should depart from the Constitution. M. Victor Hugo presided at the meeting and made a characteristic speech, declaring that France was struggling against Personal Power, which must be fought against and overcome—"No man, whoever he may be, must ever set himself above France."

The popular apprehension and excitement have not been allayed by the manner in which the Marshal secludes himself from all remonstrance. The commercial deputation which last week went to represent the bad state of trade to him was received by M. d'Harcourt, while the delegates of upwards of 2,000 Parisian trades, who visited the Elysée on Monday with a petition that the President would no longer hesitate to comply with the recent vote of the country was informed that the Marshal could not receive them, but that they must go to the Ministry of Commerce. This they declined to do, and retired to draw up the inevitable *procès verbal*, in which they reminded the Marshal that they were only the vanguard of an imposing demonstration—100,000 to-morrow, perhaps 1,000,000 the day after. This has terribly touched the pride of the Parisian *bourgeoisie*, who are very indignant at the Marshal's refusal. The Marshal, however, subsequently summoned to the Elysée the Presidents of the Paris Chamber and Tribunal of Commerce to consult with them upon the depression of trade, the extent of which can be judged from the fact that one Parisian house, which last year executed orders for nearly 80,000*l.*, this year has received only orders for little over a quarter that sum. The crisis, as usual, has been fertile in duels, which however have had no serious results except in one case, where M. Clovis Hughes, of the *Jeune République*, wounded M. Daymes, of the Bonapartist *Aigle*, fatally in the breast.

It would be as wearisome to recount all the details of the crisis —we have given the broad facts—as useless to repeat the innumerable rumours and surmises of its ultimate solution; but we may mention that the utmost uneasiness is manifest through France, and that the Marshal's conduct is universally blamed except by the Bonapartists, who it is said alone possess the key of the private entrance to the great "Wall of China" by which the Marshal is surrounded, and who are anxious to urge him on until he finds violent measures the only means by which he can solve the difficulty. That he will submit is thought most improbable, that he will resign equally so; while people can hardly bring themselves to believe that he will follow in the footsteps of his old master, Napoleon III., and repeat the crime of December, 1851. And yet one of these roads he must choose, for a continuance of the present crisis is impossible.

ITALY.——The Pope is now said to be hopelessly ill. Up to Tuesday visitors were still admitted to his room, and it was proposed to hold the Consistory earlier than appointed by conveying His Holiness to the reception room in a recumbent position on a wheeled bed, and bolstered with pillows. On Wednesday his hands and arms began to swell, his breathing became laborious, and it was thought in Rome that his end was rapidly approaching. It is said that the Pope has written an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, thanking her for her toleration in permitting the establishment of a Hierarchy in Scotland.—Parliament has been mainly occupied with social reform. Imprisonment for debt has been abolished, and women have been accorded the right of giving evidence in legal proceedings.

INDIA.——The expedition against the Jowakis is prospering, and on Saturday General Keyes captured the capital and principal stronghold, Jammoo, only four men being wounded on the British side, and the enemy losing forty-one men. The total British losses up to that morning were eleven wounded and nine killed. All the fortified towers have been destroyed in the Paiah Valley, but the houses, for the most part, have been spared. The terms of peace will be more stringent than at first expected, and the surrender of some of the chiefs will be demanded, the most important objects in contemplation being the destruction of the forts, the opening up of the country, the capture of some of the leaders of the recent marauding exhibition, and the surrender of all arms.

THE UNITED STATES.——The Annual Message of the President was read in Congress on Monday, the chief theme being the currency question. President Hayes is strongly in favour of a bi-metallic currency, but, above all, of paying bonds in gold—as to pay in coin of less value would involve a violation of public faith, which would work irreparable injury to the public credit. Civil Service reform was the next topic, the President taking the occasion to reaffirm his well-known views, the acceptance of the invitation to the Paris Exhibition was alluded to, and the President announced that the Extradition question with Great Britain was being amicably settled, that the Fishery award would soon be communicated to Congress, and that a treaty with Great Britain concerning trade-marks had been submitted to the Senate. An allusion to the non-recognition of the Diaz Government in Mexico and the Border disorders concluded the Message. —Mr. John Welsh, the new Ambassador to England, left for this country on the 1st inst.—The Senate, having concluded its electoral controversy, now consists of 39 Republicans, 36 Democrats, and 1 Independent. The Upper House, as a whole, continue to be somewhat unfriendly towards President Hayes, and has acted on very few of his nominations.

MISCELLANEOUS.——The Emperor of AUSTRIA has commuted the sentence of death upon Henry de Tourville, who now stands condemned to eighteen years' penal servitude.—GERMANY has announced her intention of contributing a further sum of 400,000*l.* towards the construction of the St. Gothard Railway. —In the TRANSKEI, the Colonial forces are still pursuing the Galekas, and Commander Griffiths reports the capture of 12,000 cattle. The war now is practically at an end.

THE COURT

THE Queen, the Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold have returned to the south for the winter. Before leaving Scotland Her Majesty gave a dance to the servants and gillies on the estate, at which the Queen and the Princess Beatrice were present, while on Sunday Her Majesty and the Princess attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating. In the evening Lord John Manners and the Rev. A. Campbell dined with the Queen, and next day Lord John Manners left the Castle. On Wednesday Her Majesty, with the Prince and Princess, left Balmoral and drove to Ballater, whence they came by special train to Windsor, arriving at the Castle to breakfast on Thursday morning.

The Princess of Wales' thirty-third birthday was duly kept on Saturday. Salutes were fired and bells were rung at Windsor and Sandringham, but at the latter place the usual tea to the women and children on the estate was deferred until Christmas, in consequence of the prevalence of scarlatina and whooping-cough in the neighbourhood. The Prince and Princess, however, gave a large ball on the previous evening, and on Saturday they, with their guests, went to the meet of the West Norfolk hounds at Anmer. The day was also kept as a holiday on board the *Britannia* at Dartmouth, and Princes Albert Victor and George made an excursion to the Start Lighthouse. On Monday the Sandringham party broke up, and the Prince went to Thetford for a few days' shooting with the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.

A house for the Duke of Connaught is being built at Bagshot Park, Surrey, on the site of an old residence of the Duke of Gloucester. It is to be in the Tudor style, and built of red brick and Portland stone.—Princess Louise visited last week the Victoria Hospital for Children, Gough House, Chelsea, of which she is patron.—The Duchess of Teck is indisposed.—The Empress of Austria is expected soon after Christmas at Cottesbrook Park, Northampton, and will bring her hunting train with her, while Her Majesty's sister, the ex-Queen of Naples, with the ex-King has already arrived at Towcester Park for the hunting season.—The Crown Prince of Hanover has been visiting Mr. C. Sykes, M.P., at Brantingham Thorpe for a few days' hunting with the Holderness hounds, and is now staying with the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford at Ragley Hall.—The Queen of Sweden is so much better in health from her stay at Heidelberg as to be able to take short rides on horseback.

CHURCH NEWS

THE CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE SOCIETY.——Last week the *Record* devoted a long article to a criticism of a little volume on "The Argument from Prophecy," written by the Rev. Brownlow Maitland, and issued under the auspices of this Society. The author, it seems, admits in his preface that "the tendency of modern critical research has been in the direction of reducing the proportions of the definitely predictive element, and raising doubts about the evidence of it generally, so as to make it less fitted than formerly to bear the weight of argument;" and he has the "boldness or audacity" to speak of the 26th chapter of Leviticus and the 28th of Deuteronomy as "rhetorical and minatory" rather than "predictive." The writer in the *Record* asks whether it is decent, right, or wise that such teaching should be circulated by the Society, and whether such concessions to "modern criticism" are not calculated to destroy rather than to strengthen the bulwarks of Divine Revelation and the evidences of Christianity. The author has since written to the *Record*, complaining that the reviewer has in his haste pelted his fellow-worker in defence of the truth with the missiles intended for their common opponents, and remarking that it is surely better to meet the impugners of prophetical inspiration on their own ground if, as he believes, they can be beaten there. The editor, however, thinks that Mr. Maitland's meaning has not been misrepresented, and remarks, "How will Bradlaugh laugh and his associates glory in such an admission."

THE RITUALISTS.——On Sunday last there was a renewal of the disgraceful disturbances at St. James's, Hatcham. The early morning "High Celebration," at which Mr. Tooth officiated, went off quietly, the congregation consisting mainly of the personal friends of the rector, who had been called together by private circular. At the eleven o'clock service the church, which had been restored to something like its appearance before Mr. Tooth's prosecution, was crowded by a mixed congregation; but, with the exception of some loud coughs and half-audible murmurs, order was preserved until the Rev. Malcolm MacColl had finished his sermon. When, however the clergy and choir in procession were passing into the vestry, cries of "Shame!" and "No Popery!" were raised, and a man named Evenden, who belongs to the "Protestant League," made a sudden dash at the chancel gates. This led to a general rush, and a free fight ensued in front of the communion rails, which was only stopped by the arrival of the police, who had to clear the building by force, Evenden being taken into custody. There was no service in the evening, but a large crowd assembled outside the church and sung rival hymns. Evenden has since been taken before the magistrate on a charge of "brawling" and wilfully damaging the chancel gate, and Mr. McClure, the President of the "Protestant League," has been summoned for having threatened to burn down the church rather than allow a continuance of "Popish mummeries."—Mr. Tooth has written a letter to some of the members of his old congregation who were contemplating presenting him with a testimonial, declining to accept it.—The Rev. C. Bodington, of Wolverhampton, last Sunday, announced from the pulpit that he had been in correspondence with the Bishop of his diocese (Lichfield), and that in future, on the second Sunday in each month, he would be prepared to conduct a plain Communion Service without music or altar-lights.—At St. Alban's, Holborn, the Rev. A. H. Stanton referred in his sermon to the threatened prosecution of Mr. Mackonochie by the Bishop of London, remarking that, with the beginning of the Christian year, they were entering upon a new prosecution.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.——Last Friday (St. Andrew's Day) was the day appointed for special prayer on behalf of Foreign Missions. The Rev. H. B. Bousfield, Bishop Designate of the Transvaal, preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, and Dean Stanley at Westminster Abbey, where also the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, of New College, Hampstead, delivered a lecture on "Missions." A special service was also held at St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, the preacher being Dr. Valpy French, Bishop Designate at Lahore. At Sheffield a special service was held in the parish church, and 500*l.* was dropped into the collecting box by an anonymous donor, who accompanied it with a slip of paper on which was written "Answers to prayer."

VARIOUS.——The Archbishop of York, speaking at Sheffield last week on Ritualism and the Public Worship Act, said that unless the clergy could be got to work together they would themselve disestablish the Church.—On Monday the Bishop of Manchester addressed a public meeting at Preston, held under the auspices of the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church. His lordship quoted statistics showing that much more had been spent on Church of England schools than on all other schools, and said that they were most unjustly charged with simply looking after their own proselytising ends, and practically obstructing the work of education.—The Nonconformists of Penzance have been discussing the Bishop of Truro's recent diocesan address, and have come to the conclusion that, although his lordship's words were not quoted *verbatim* by Mr. Bright, yet that it is impossible to interpret the whole spirit and purport of the Bishop's speech otherwise than as an exhortation to Churchmen to contend with, and, if possible, to suppress dissent.

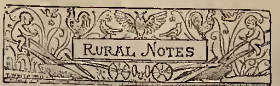
MUSIC

Her Majesty's Theatre.——There has been nothing new of any very essential importance since our last. We have had repetitions of various operas, a third performance of Signor Marchetti's *Ruy Blas* only strengthening the impression created by the first and second. *Der Freischütz*, however, which brought an audience that filled the theatre to the roof, gave a fresh impetus, bringing with it a revival of always pleasant memories. Weber's legendary opera—his masterpiece—is never unwelcome when adequately represented; and, though the general performance at Her Majesty's Theatre is by no means the best we can call to mind, there was quite enough of good in it to satisfy all but the most exacting connoisseurs. Madame Marie Rôze, while lacking physical power for some passages (such as the *allegro* which forms a climax to the well-known, and, in its way, incomparable *scena* of Act II.), was a more than acceptable Agatha. The clever lady showed a genuine feeling for that pensive character, and a thorough appreciation of the music by which Weber has immortalised it, more especially in those parts which call for tender and heart-felt sentiment—as for instance, the slow movement of the *scena* already mentioned and Agatha's expressive soliloquy on the eve of the expected Bridal ceremony. Each of these was charmingly sung. Madame Bauermeister, a natural and sprightly Anna, gives both her airs as well as could be desired, more particularly the "legend" of Act III., in which the viola *obbligato* accompaniment is so admirably played by Mr. Doyle. Signor Fancelli is hardly at his best in the character of Max, being at the most an indifferent actor, while the music does not lie conveniently for his voice. With Signor Foli (an evident favourite) as Caspar, and the subordinate parts more or less efficiently supported, it may readily be understood that in one important department the manager had done all within his means to provide his supporters with an adequate execution of one of the most popular operas ever written, though, at the same time, by no means an opera that in any circumstances can be absolutely fitted to the Italian mode of thought—a question, by the way, worth future discussion. We cannot honestly praise the efforts of the chorus in this performance of *Der Freischütz*; and, to name but a single example, we have never heard the famous "Huntsmen's Song"—a model in its way—delivered with so little spirit, or received with such provoking apathy. In earlier times, on the English, as well as the German stage, this used invariably to be a marked feature. The orchestra, under the direction of Signor Licalsi, was good, the magnificent overture being extremely well played. So, too, was the music in the scene of the "Incantation," which, according to custom, was made strange enough by means of its scenic accessories, the comparative inferiority of which made experienced playgoers look back with regret to the olden time. We have also had *Faust*, with two changes in the cast—Mdlle. Marimon taking Marguerite, in lieu of Mdlle. Caroline Salla; and Signor Runcio playing Faust, *vice* Signor Fancelli. Neither change was for the better; for though Mdlle. Marimon possesses more vocal fluency than Mdlle. Salla, the last-named lady is endowed with a dramatic sensibility to which the former can prefer no claim. Thus, while the "Jewel Song" (we refer particularly to this showy movement) was delivered with far greater ease and dexterity by Mdlle. Marimon, the innate charm, so engaging in the impersonation of Mdlle. Salla, is altogether wanting. There are but few artists who, like Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson, combine the two indispensable qualities for a perfect realisation, vocal and dramatic, of Gounod's heroine; and among them, for different reasons, neither Mdlle. Marimon nor Mdlle. Salla can be named. Meanwhile, sanguine amateurs are looking forward with anxiety to the *Forza del Destino*, as remodelled by its composer. That Signor Verdi's Russian opera wanted remodelling quite as much as M. Gounod's *Cinq Mars* is unquestionable. Let us hope that *La Forza del Destino* may have been remodelled to as good purpose as Beethoven's *Fidelio* and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. In that case we shall have a worthy addition to the extensive repertory of the greatest living Italian operatic composer.

Cherubini's "Water Carrier."——Dr. Hanslick, in one of his admirable ingenious contributions to the *Neue Freie Presse*, alluding to a revival of Cherubini's *Deux Journées* at Vienna, says that neither Italy, the land of Cherubini's birth, nor France, where *Les Deux Journées* was first produced, ever now gives this masterpiece of Florentine art, and therefore amateurs must go to Germany to hear it! Of course poor "unmusical" England, where the opera of Cherubini has been played over and over again, with marked success, by Mr. Carl Rosa's admirable company, is, as usual, left out in the cold. What, too, about the United States? Surely they may count for something.

London Ballad Concerts.——Nothing new was produced on Wednesday evening. Mr. Thurley Beale appeared, and delivered Diehl's "Jack's Yarn" with great vigour; while the Misses Allitsen sang several duets very sweetly. Mr. Sims Reeves is still indisposed. We attributed the words of Mr. Sullivan's song last week to the wrong Mr. Stewart, it seems. They are by Mr. W. J. Stewart, of the Inner Temple, barrister, who is still alive, and who is the author of various other songs which have been set to music.

Waifs.——Herr August Wilhelmj, the eminent violinist, is in London.—Mdlle. Anna de Belocca of Her Majesty's Theatre leaves London next week, her destination being Madrid. Mdlle. Mila Rodani has already left for Florence.—It is now believed that Madame Adelina Patti, in consequence of her great success at Milan, where she is re-engaged at the Scala for ten further representations, will pass the entire winter in Italy.—Verdi, as usual of recent years, will pass the winter at the Palazzo Doria, in Genoa.—Richard Wagner has won his action against a Viennese music publisher, *àpropos* of the new scena of the Venusberg in *Tannhäuser*. The Imperial Opera House can now give the work, thus remodelled, on its own terms.—The Teatro Rossini in Venice is put up for sale.—Wood's Theatre, in Chicago (U.S.), has been burnt to the ground.—Signor Sebira's opera, *Selvaggio*, so popular in Italy since its original production at Venice, has now found its way to Spain, being announced as in preparation at Barcelona.—In consequence of the Government "subvention" being reduced by 15,000 francs, the great theatre at Bordeaux has been obliged to close its doors. How is it that our English theatres can exist without Government subsidies?



RURAL NOTES

The Fat Stock Shows.——The general conclusion is that the show at Birmingham this year has not been equal to what it has seemed to be in previous years. There never has been an exhibition where a similar complaint has not been made. The complaints of the lack of "plums" is common; they are usually conspicuous by their absence on this particular occasion. The fact, however, stands out that animals that were considered not to be the charming creatures they were at one year old have turned out very well the next. A change of judges wonderfully effects the degrees of beauty in animals. There seems to have been little difference of opinion in the judges at Norfolk and at Birmingham in regard to Mr. Wortley's Hereford steer, which was champion at both places in its classes. The Herefords, however, do not come up to the Shorthorns, and the fat stock shows, so far as they have gone, prove that the blood of the "Teeswaters" is that which assimilates best with all other breeds under any climatic conditions. It was a Shorthorn that won the premier prize at Norfolk, and also at Oakham, and a Shorthorn gained first in its class and championship at Birmingham.

The Bucolic Holiday in the Metropolis.——Next week will be a jolly one for stock-feeders in London. They come from all points of the compass to witness the results of their own labours, and take lessons from the more successful work of others. But not alone do they come to view animals, but they come to rub each other up upon more general husbandry, "as iron sharpeneth iron." In addition to the treat they will have at the show this year, there is a meeting of the London Farmers' Club, where Mr. Mechi, the indefatigable Tiptree Hall farmer, will read a paper on the "Most Profitable System of Feeding Cattle;" the Council of the Central Chamber will hold a meeting next day, so also the Council of the Smithfield Club and the British Dairy Farmers' Association will have a discourse on "Dairy Cattle." On Wednesday there will be a Council Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, a meeting of the Dairymen's Benevolent Institution; a lecture at the Society of Arts by the greatest scientific wheat-grower in the world, Mr. J. B. Lawes, of Rothamsted, on "Freedom in the Growth and Sale of the Crops on the Farm," and on Thursday the half-yearly general meeting of the R.A.S.E. If such a bill of fare is not tempting we cannot tell what would be. The only fear is that there is just a little too much for the money to be thoroughly enjoyable.

Miscellaneous.——Mr. John Thornton has issued his quarterly circular, which is full of information about shorthorns. The highest prices obtained for the period, noted in *The Graphic* before, were respectively 4,100 and 4,300 guineas for Duchesses, a consignment by Mr. Cochrane from Canada. These golden eggs being sold cheaply at first in this country, have fortunately come back across the sea unaddled.—The average of thirty-two cattle at that sale at Bowness was 510*l*. each, but a higher price was obtained by Mr. Stafford, as mentioned in Mr. Thornton's circular, when an average of 532*l*. was realised for twenty-five head.—*On dit* in connection with Shorthorns, it is rumoured that Lord Dunmore has paid 10,000*l*. for a young cow and calf.—The agricultural almanacks are now in the heyday of harvesting the treasures of the year. Bulky and beautifully got up is *The Farmer and Gardeners' Almanack* which has been a deservedly successful claimant for public favour for many years.—A new Richmond in the field is the *Live Stock Journal Almanack*, which is produced after the fashion of the *Farmer Almanack*, and contains useful articles by various writers whose names are given.—The *Old Farmer's Almanack* still retains its place as a useful record of agricultural proceedings, and the *Agricultural Gazette Almanack* has also much valuable information for all tillers of the soil. Last but not least is *Morton's New Farmer's Almanack*, established by one whose agricultural lore is shown by his "Encyclopædia," which is the right hand companion of all intelligent farmers. It is understood that it has gone out of his supervision.—In a lecture delivered by Professor J. P. Sheldon before the Cirencester Chamber of Agriculture last week, he stated that "the total annual meat production of the United Kingdom is calculated at 60,000,000*l*., where at least it might be 80,000,000*l*. but for foreign diseases." We do not know whether this calculation be altogether correct or not, but there cannot be the slightest doubt that more cattle could be raised in this country were more capital put into land, and this will not be done until we have more security of tenure. Rinderpest is a deadly disease which science and energy, it is proved, can easily "stamp out;" but foot-and-mouth disease is not so readily dealt with, as the experience of numberless years proves. If not frequently fatal, it is at all times deteriorating, and flock-masters and dealers have in many instances themselves to thank for its continuance. It has broken out again in Yorkshire, apparently through carelessness.—It is a curious fact that while the average of our wheat land has decreased from 3,698,200 acres in 1869 to 3,125,000 acres in 1876, an average price of 55*s*. 3*d*. this year failed to attract foreign supplies so largely as in 1876, when the price was only 46*s*. 3*d*.—From the somewhat enigmatical utterances of the Prime Minister about the introduction of a Bill regulating the foreign cattle traffic, several agricultural papers are hopeful that it will be altogether put a stop to. We scarcely think it will.—The exportation of grain from the Black Sea has been prohibited.—Africa is now in a fair way of being civilised. The Agricultural Implement Manufacturers have got the thin edge of the wedge in. At Kalaha's Kraal, Malmesbury, there has been a competition of reaping machines, and Mr. Walter A. Wood's new reaper was adjudged first prize.

LEGAL

Criminal Appeal.——At the meeting of the Law Amendment Society on Monday Mr. Serjeant Cox read a paper on the advisability of instituting a Tribunal of Criminal Appeal. He said that it seemed monstrous that an appeal should lie from the verdict of a jury upon a question of property, and that there should be no analogous appeal in a case involving life and reputation. If, however, appeals were made a matter of right every person convicted would avail himself of it, and thus give rise to a great deal of cost and trouble, besides which the rehearings would conduce to a vast amount of perjury, false evidence being suborned to rebut the strong points against the accused. On the other hand, if the appeal was to be made permissive the application must naturally be made to the judge who tried the case, who would refuse it unless he was dissatisfied with the verdict. He considered that the only practical solution of the difficulty was to form a second tribunal, consisting of the Home Secretary and two Common Law Judges, one of them the judge who originally tried the case, and who would be fully acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and the other an independent judge, who would come fresh and unbiassed to its consideration; and this tribunal he would have sit in public and act, not as a Court for a new trial, but as a Court to review the proceedings of the Court below, with power either to revise, to reduce, or to increase the severity of the sentence.

An Irish Libel Case.——For more than a week the Dublin Court of Queen's Bench has been occupied in hearing a libel suit brought against Mr. John Sarsfield Casey, "the Galtee Boy," by Mr. Bridge, the agent of the Mitchelstown estates, who some months ago was shot at, and still carries four bullets in his body. The charge against Casey contained several counts, the most serious one relating to a letter which, it was alleged, contained an innuendo that it would be a venial offence to shoot Mr. Bridge. A number of the Mitchelstown tenants were called for the defence, and it was curious to note how disparagingly they all spoke of their holdings, to which, however, they cling with great tenacity. Chief Justice May summed up greatly in favour of the plaintiff, emphatically declaring the right of a landlord to have his lands revalued; but the jury returned a verdict for the defendant on two counts, and announced their inability to agree upon the others. This result was hailed with loud cheering, one of the most vehement applauders being a priest who was seated in the gallery. Mr. Butt, who was Casey's counsel, was loudly cheered, and Casey himself was carried shoulder high out of court by his triumphant friends.

Miscellaneous Items.——Vice-Chancellor Malins has been engaged for some days in hearing a case in which Mr. Whalley, M.P., is charged with having dealt in a fraudulent manner with some leases. On Wednesday the honourable gentleman stated on the question of adjournment that he was unwell, and that his doctor thought that the only means of saving his life was to go to Egypt or some other warm climate. The Vice-Chancellor replied that the best mode of recovering his health was to compromise this action as speedily as possible.—The proprietors of the *Portsmouth Times*, who were convicted at the assizes of having published a libel upon the Town Clerk, have obtained a rule for a new trial on the ground that the judge (Mr. Justice Lindley) had misdirected the jury that the defendants were criminally responsible for the publication although they had appointed a competent editor to conduct the newspaper, and the libel in question was inserted by him without their consent, knowledge, or authority. The decision in favour of the rule being made absolute was that of the majority, the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Lush being of that opinion, and Mr. Justice Mellor differing from them.—Sir Robert Menzies has recovered 21*l*. damages besides costs from the Highland Railway Company for an assault committed on him by some of their *employés*. Sir Robert had taken a "Saturday to Monday" ticket, which it was contended was not available on the intervening Sunday, and he was therefore forcibly ejected from the carriage in which he had taken his seat. Two summonses taken out by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company against persons for travelling with tickets on days subsequent to the date of issue have been dismissed by the Darwen magistrates, who characterised the prosecutions as "paltry."—The Midland Railway Company were the other day mulcted in damages to the tune of 2,300*l*. by a Methodist minister whose sight had been injured by an accident which occurred on their line; but a rule has since been obtained for a new trial unless the parties consent that the plaintiff's eyes shall be examined by a person who is above all suspicion, and that his opinion upon the question of blindness shall be conclusive.—Mr. Justice Grove, sitting in the Common Pleas Division, has granted a rule calling upon Mr. Froggatt (recently convicted with the detectives) to show cause why he should not be struck off the roll of Solicitors.—Three men and two women have been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the numerous burglaries that have recently been committed in South London. Two of the men are well known to the police, and at the lodgings of one of them has been found a quantity of stolen property and 83*l*. in money.—A cashier in the employ of Messrs. Cory Brothers, Cardiff, colliery proprietors, absconded last Saturday with 1,400*l*. with which he had been entrusted to pay the *employés*.—It is said that the three men who were wrongly convicted of an outrage on a woman at Blackburn, and who were released about a fortnight ago, have received letters from the Home Office offering to each a gratuity of 5*l*. 10*s*. We should like to know upon what basis this munificent "compensation" has been calculated.—One of the masons on strike from the New Law Courts has been sent to prison for three months for having deserted his wife and four children.—The man arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery of the Countess of Aberdeen's jewels has been discharged from custody. It seems that his false confession was made while he was drunk. We have not learned whether the police have yet obtained another "clue."

◆

M. Charles Lecocq has completed a fresh opera-comique, *Le Petit Duc*, for the Paris Renaissance, MM. Meilhac and Halévy being the librettists.

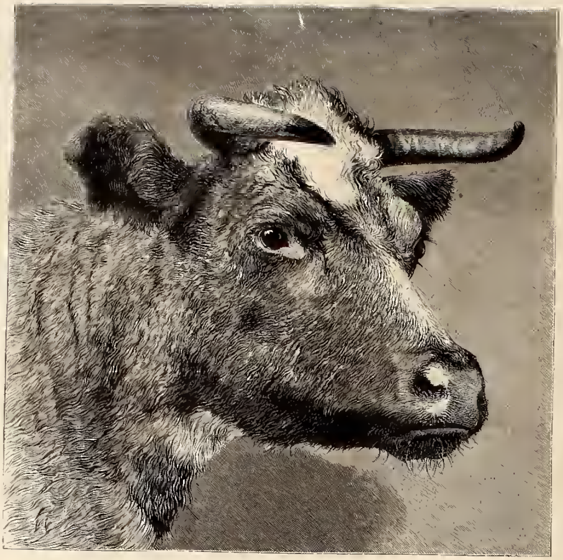
Experiments with the Telephone have been made between Aberdeen and Inverness with great success. Songs and choruses were distinctly transmitted and conversations well carried on at the distance of 108 miles.

The Darien Canal is attracting fresh attention in Paris, and Lieutenant Wyse, who made the preliminary survey last year has started afresh to complete his work. M. de Lesseps estimates the cost of the canal at 24,000,000*l*., and advocates a line starting from the river Tuyra, on the Pacific Coast, through a cutting to the Chucunaque river, thence up the valley of the Tiati, through a tunnel between eight and eight-and-a-half miles long, into the valleys of the Acanti and Tolo, reaching the Atlantic at Port Gandi.

African Exploration.——The French expedition to Equatorial Africa, composed of old African sharpshooters, under the command of a lieutenant of Turcos, Comte de Sémélé, starts on the 15th prox., and landing at the mouth of the Niger, will try to reach the Eastern Coast, while the King of the Belgians has sent out Captain Raymakers, of the Belgian Engineers, to work up from the West Coast at the Congo, towards the centre of Africa, in order to meet the Belgian Expedition, under Captain Crspal, which has begun operations from the Eastern Coast.

THE CHATHAM INSTITUTE

THIS excellent institution, for which our soldiers and sailors are mainly indebted to the munificence of Mr. J. M. Hamilton, of Hull, consists of a double house containing twenty-two apartments fitted up with every convenience. There are a library and reading room, a large saloon for meetings, entertainments, &c., a refreshment room (no intoxicating liquor being allowed), rooms for smoking, billiards and other games, and a night school and science classes, while on the upper floors are bed-chambers, and hot and cold baths. The history of the undertaking, which has cost 3,000*l.*, about 1,000*l.* of which has still to be collected, was narrated by the Rev. J. Burgess, Garrison Wesleyan Chaplain, on the occasion of the formal opening of the Home on the 23rd October last. He said that when he was first appointed to Chatham he was struck with the fact that though the soldiers were admirably provided for inside the barracks, there was absolutely no provision for them outside. He made up his mind to establish a home, and started on a lecturing mission for that purpose, but the subscriptions came in so slowly that he began almost to despair, when at last, after he had delivered a sermon at Hull, Mr. Hamilton came forward, exhibited great interest in the matter, visited Chatham, and almost immediately bought the houses which have now been fitted up as an Institution. The Home is to be open free to all soldiers and sailors, a subscription of fourpence per month being charged for the use of the library, baths, and billiard room, and civilians may become honorary members, and share in all the benefits of the institution by paying a yearly subscription of half-a-guinea. The management has been placed in the hands of Mr. Hilton, who was formerly a Colour Sergeant in the Royal Marines, and the undertaking promises to be a complete success. In the Library hangs a photographic portrait of the late daughter of Mr. Hamilton, Sarah Corthwaite, who died in Prussia last year at the early age of eighteen. The frame bears an inscription to the effect that it was as a memorial to this young lady that the Home was presented for the benefit of British soldiers and sailors.



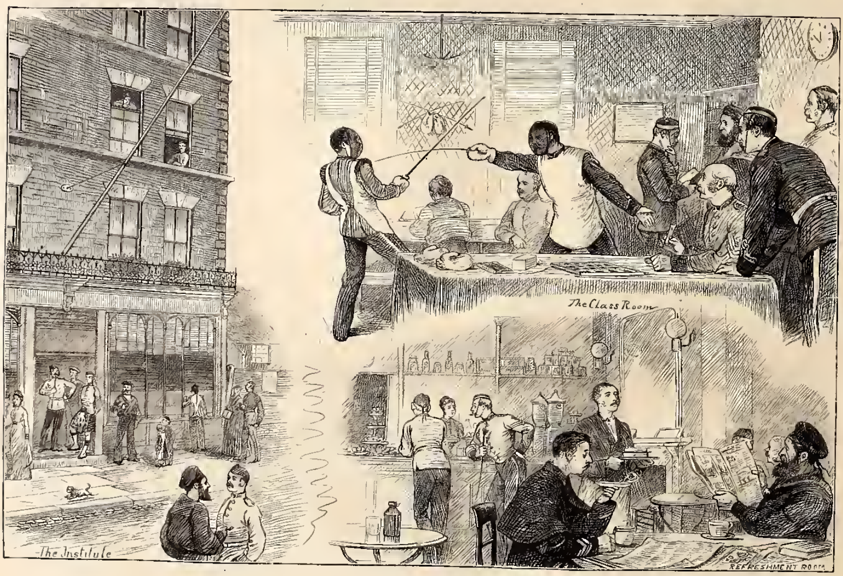
THE LATE "TENTH DUCHESS OF GENEVA"

PURCHASED BY THE EARL OF BECTIVE FOR 6,000 GUINEAS

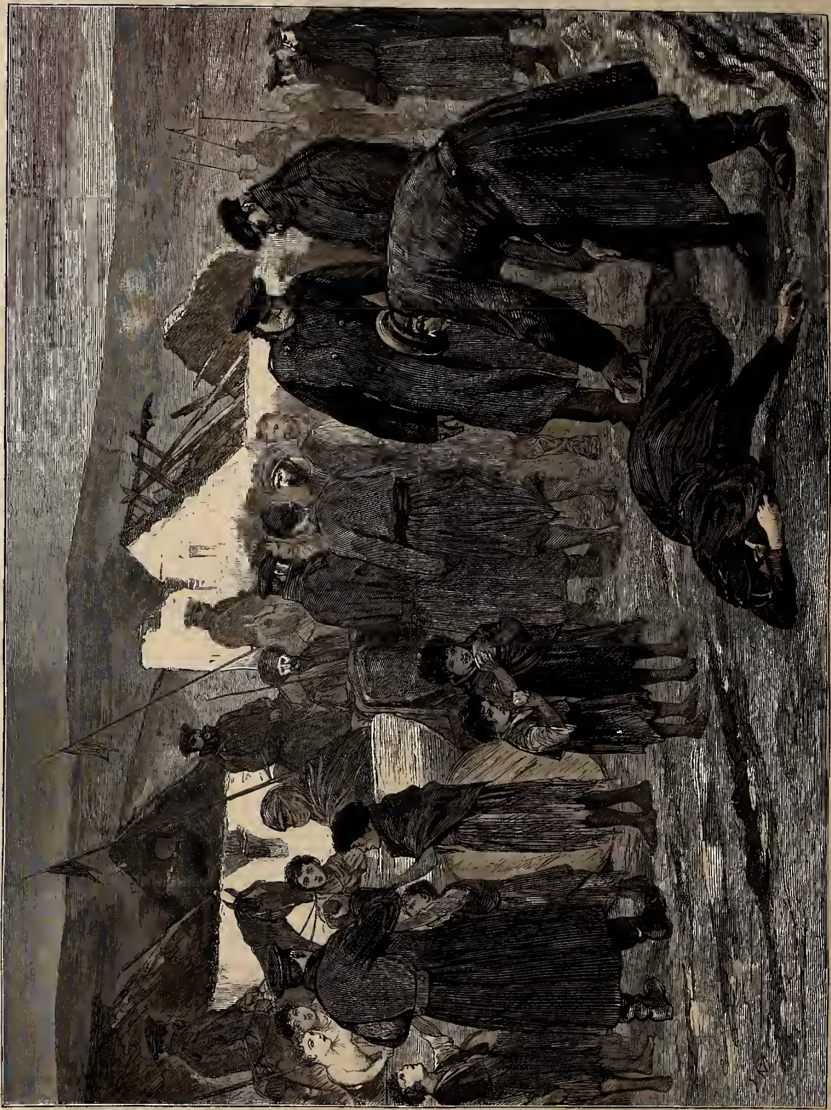
◆

A CELEBRATED SHORTHORN COW

THE personal and family history of the "Tenth Duchess of Geneva" is somewhat remarkable. Tradition ascribes the origin of the family to a breed of cattle possessed for centuries by the family of the Duke of Northumberland, but the actual records commence in the last century, when an ancestress of this cow passed into the possession of Mr. C. Colling, of Ketton, Durham, who was one of the founders of the shorthorn as a distinct and highly improved breed. In 1804 Mr. T. Bates, of Kirklevington, Yorkshire, purchased one of the "Duchess" cows, and recognising in her excellence and that of her male offspring the superiority of the family over the shorthorns he had



THE NEW SOLDIERS' AND SEAMEN'S HOME AT CHATHAM



WITH THE RUSSIANS—A PRESENT TO PLEVNA: THE RUSSIANS SENDING WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM VRACA INTO THE BESIEGED CITY previously owned, he determined to secure more of the sort; and at Mr. Collings' great sale in 1810, when forty-seven animals of both sexes and all ages, from eleven years downwards, made the then unprecedented average of 151*l.* 8*s.*, he gave 183 guineas for the two-year-old heifer "Young Duchess," afterwards called "First Duchess," a daughter of "Comet" (sold on the same occasion for 1,000 guineas), and grand-daughter of the cow he had first purchased. From that heifer, in the female line direct, sprang those "Duchesses" which have at different periods won the chief honours of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and for many years past have commanded the highest prices at public and private sales. Mr. Bates, while practising to a considerable extent the system of "in-and-in-breeding," crossed his "Duchesses" at different times with other approved shorthorn families, notably with those of Mr. Colling's Red Rose and Princess, thus combining what he considered three of the oldest and best shorthorn families in the kingdom. In 1853, at the Tortworth sale (after the death of Earl Ducie), "Sixty-sixth Duchess" was bought by Messrs. Pecar and Morris, of New York, for 735*l.* Her descendants, having changed owners in America, were finally dispersed by auction in 1873, when "Tenth Duchess of Geneva" was bought by Mr. Berwick for the Earl of Bective at 35,000 dollars (6,270*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*). She had bred in America the bulls "Third Duke of Oneida," "Sixth Duke of Oneida," and the heifer "Eighth Duchess of Oneida," bought also for Lord Bective, at the same sale, for 15,000 dollars (2,687*l.* 10*s.*). In this country she has produced the bull "Duke of Underley," and the heifers "Duchess of Underley" and "Duchess of Lancaster," all of which, with "Eighth Duchess of Oneida," are now in the herd at Underley Hall, Westmoreland. The "Tenth Duchess of Geneva" died in January last, and in the same month the Earl of Bective had the misfortune to lose his old bull "Second Duke of Tregunter."—Our engraving is taken from a sketch lent to us by Mr. Edwin Ward, F.Z.S., of Wigmore Street, who prepared the head as a trophy.

BIRTH.

On the 17th October, at Coconada, Madras Presidency, the wife of T. M. MAC LENNAN, of a daughter, still-born.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST OF MUSIC.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS."

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

Now Ready.

Polka, by Arban 2s. 6d. net.
Polka Mazurka. 1s. 6d. net.
Suite de Valse, by O. Metra. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Quadrilles, by Arban. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Quadrilles, by O. Metra. Solo and Duet. 2s. each net.
Brilliant Fantasia, by E. Moniot. 1s. 6d net.
Rondeau Valse, by H. Richards. 1s. 6d. net.
Chanson du Mousse, by B. Richards. 2s. net.
Valse Brillante, by B. Richards. 2s. net.

In the Press.

Complete Opera, piano solo, 2s. 6d net.
Vocal Score, English and French Words.
Selections of Airs, in two books, by Cramer. 1s. 6d. each.
Also arrangements by W. Kuhe.

N.B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.

CH. NEWSTEDT'S CARILLON, LOUIS XIV. Piano Solo, net, 1s 6d.; Piano Duet, by J. Rummell, net, 1s. 6d.; Small Band Parts, 1s 6d.; Full Orchestra, 2s. net.

L. GREGH.—LES BERGÈRES WATTEAU. Piano Solo, net, 1s. 6d.; Duet, by J. Rummell, net, 1s. 6d; Orchestra, 2s. net.

ARDITI'S L'INGÉNUE. Morceau a la GAVOTTE. 3s. Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success. Orchestra, 2s.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.

Berceuse. 3s. Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
La Princesse. 3s. (Gavotte) Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
Performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts.
Pres le Lac, Deuxième Meditation 3s.
Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.
Pavane Royale de Louis XIV. 3s.
Air de Ballet. New Simplified Edition by Arthur Grenville. 3s.
Thematic Lists of this favourite Composer's sent free on application.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—AUTREFOIS (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). This charming little morceau has already run through several editions, and seems likely to rival the ever popular "Danse Favorite" of the same composer. Post free 18 stamps.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—UN BIJOU PERDU. "M. Pascal is to be congratulated upon having rescued from oblivion this really exquisite little gem, the melody of which is so captivating that we venture to predict for it great popularity." As Piano Solo, now ready, 18 stamps.

SPRING SONG. By J. Leybach. ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN WORDS. "A perfect little gem, easy to sing and play." Compass D to F (in C). Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONGS by J. Leybach.

LIFE'S AUTUMN (in A) Compass E to G flat.
THE SIRENS (in F) Compass C to F.
BRIGHT STARS OF HEAVEN (in C). Compass D to F.
MAIDEN AND THE BIRDS (in B flat). Compass D to F.
Post free, 18 stamps each.

CATALOGUES GRATIS and POST FREE.
Shipping Orders on most favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Folio, price 7s. 6d each

THROUGH THE EYE TO THE MIND—THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOKS: a Series of Volumes illustrative of Natural History and of the Vegetable World, with Descriptive Letterpress.

"These volumes are among the most instructive picture books we have seen, and we know of none better calculated to rouse and gratify the appetite of the young for the knowledge of nature."—*Times.*

London. EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Tenth Edition, with Fifty-four Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 1: or, LESSONS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS. By ADAM WHITE, late Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Fifth Edition, with many new Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 2: or, LESSONS FROM THE VEGETABLE WORLD. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Herb of the Field," &c.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Third Edition, with Sixty Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No 3: LESSONS ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, or the Natural History of the Quadrupeds which characterise the Four Divisions of the Globe.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Second Edition, with Forty-eight Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No 4: SKETCHES FROM NATURE, or Pictures of Animal and Vegetable Life in all Lands.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Seventh Edition, with Thirty-six Oblong Coloured Illustrations, price 7s 6d

RECREATIVE ILLUSTRATION—THE NEW PICTURE BOOK; or, PICTORIAL LESSONS ON FORM, COMPARISON, AND NUMBER, for Children under Seven Years of Age. With Explanation by NICHOLAS BOHNY.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Map and Illustrations, price 6s.

THE HEROES OF YOUNG AMERICA. By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "A Peck of Troubles," "A Book About Boys," "A Book About Dominoes," &c., &c.

London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, price 6s.

ADVENTURES IN THE AIR: being Memorable Experiences of Great Aeronauts. From the French of M. DE FONVIELLE. Translated and edited by JOHN S. KELTIE.

London. EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

DANCING MADE EASY.—COULON'S HANDBOOK OF DANCING is the most complete treatise on the subject, containing full descriptions of all dances, new and old, illustrated by upwards of forty woodcuts. Price 1s.; post free, 13 stamps.—A. HAMMOND and CO. 5, Vigo Street, W. All new music half-price

Now ready, at all Booksellers and Libraries, with Illustrations from Original Sketches, demy 8vo, cloth, 14s.

UPPER EGYPT: A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT Of the Manners, Customs, Superstitions, and Occupations of the People of the Nile River, the Desert, and the Red Sea Coast, with Sketches of the Natural History and Geology. Translated from the German of C. B. KLUNZINGER, M.D.

"Another good book about the land of the Khedive."—*Graphic.*

"A new and welcome volume on Egypt. . . . The work is thoroughly interesting and valuable."—*World.*

London: BLACKIE and SON, Paternoster Buildings.

In One Volume, with 13 Portraits and 13 Views in Permanent Photography, 2 Maps, and other Illustrations, royal 4to, price 52s. 6d. cloth, or Large Paper, imperial 4to, price £5 5s cloth

THE HISTORY of the IMPERIAL ASSEMBLAGE at DELHI, held on Jan. 1, 1877, to celebrate the Assumption of the Title of Empress of India by H.M. Queen Victoria; including Historical Sketches of India and her Princes Past and Present. By J. TALBOYS WHEELER, Author of "History of India," "Geography of Herodotus," &c.

London: LONGMANS and CO.

NOW READY, THE FIFTH EDITION OF

TOWNSEND'S MANUAL of DATES. Entirely Re-modelled and Edited by FREDERICK MARTIN, Editor of "The Statesman's Year-Book." Price 18s., 1,100 pp.

FREDERICK WARNE and CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE THE SPLENDID CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY NUMBER OF

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. It contains an unparalleled list of attractions. Beautiful Steel Engravings, Christmas Stories, Poems, &c., and a host of other entertaining Christmas Novelties. Price 1s., or by post, 1s. 2d.—THE WILLMER & ROGERS NEWS CO., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet St., E.C., and all Booksellers

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW CHRISTMAS ALBUM contains no less than 18 new and beautiful songs (which cannot be obtained in any similar publication), published Saturday, Nov. 24. Words, music, choruses, and pianoforte accompaniments. Price 1s., post free 14 stamps, addressed MANAGER, Moore and Burgess Minstrels, St. James's Hall.—Wholesale of J. WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 35 stamps.

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed Specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

HAVE YOU READ "BRIEF?"

WHAT IS "BRIEF"?

"BRIEF" IS THE NEW PENNY WEEKLY PAPER.

BRIEF, the CHEAPEST and BEST FAMILY PAPER ever Published.

Every Saturday, One Penny. Yearly, post free, 6s. 6d.

BRIEF: an Epitome of Current News, Thought, and Criticism. Contains the Cream of all the Daily and Weekly Papers. The best Family Paper. One Penny Weekly.

WYMAN and SONS, 81, Great Queen Street, London, W.C

WELDON and CO.'S CHRISTMAS ANNUAL (Fourth Season). Now ready. Price 1s. Post free. Capitally Illustrated. PAN THE PILGRIM: a Vision of Judgment.

London: WELDON and CO., Wine Office Court, Fleet St.

RIMMEL'S Perfumed ALMANACS. "ARTS AND SCIENCES," richly illuminated, 6d. FAN ALMANAC, 6d. COMIC POCKET BOOK ALMANAC (Olympus), 1s. Sent on receipt of Stamps, 96, Strand; 128, Regent St.; 24, Cornhill

JUST PUBLISHED. — LYRICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN ENGLISH POETS. By JOHN BARNETT, being a Collection of Fifteen Songs for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass voices. Price 6s. net, cloth boards.—HUTCHINGS and ROMER, London.

THE WANDERERS' CLUB, Pall Mall. This Club having now reached 1,378 Members, there remain only 200 VACANCIES.

Annual Subscription: Town Members, 8 guineas; Country Members, 4 guineas; Members Abroad, 2 guineas. Present Entrance Fee, 10 guineas. Apply to the Secretary.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

The NEXT TERM will begin on Monday, January 28.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.— The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel

Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.—Messrs. HOGARTH have for SALE a Selection of ORIGINAL DRAWINGS and SKETCHES by the Old Masters of the different Schools from the revival of Art in the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth Century.

96, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 8d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane)

FOR ARMS and CREST SEND NAME and COUNTY to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Office, 44, High Holborn, W.C. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s 6d. Seals, Dies, &c. Illustrated Price Lists Post free

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

300 PIECES RICH

BLACK and COLORED VELVETS, plain and brocaded in all the new designs, prices, Black and Plain Colours, from 4s. 11d., Brocaded, from 12s. 9d. Patterns free.

NEW COLORED LYONS SILKS, in White, Cream, Ivory, Tilleul, Moonlight, Corail, Eau de Nil, &c., &c., specially prepared for BRIDAL AND EVENING WEAR, also every new shade of Bronze, Navy, Claret, Prune, &c., &c., at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., 4s. 4½d., and 5s. 3d. per yard, 150 Shades to select from. Patterns free on application to PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

BLACK SILKS OF STANDARD QUALITY.
Heavily dyed and showy makes at low prices should be avoided.

PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, having kept for the past 25 years Black Silks produced by Messrs. Bonnet, Ponson, Jaubert, and Tapissier, which are found upon careful examination to be the best and purest makes, invites special attention to these fine qualities, as being cheaper than at any former period, and at the same time recommended with more confidence for really hard wear than any other make of Silk; in proof of purity and excellence the highest awards were given at Philadelphia. Each quality guaranteed not to cut.

Prices, 4s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

BLACK AND COLOURED

SILK COSTUMES, made from the new Paris Models in eight different styles of the most approved designs, as shown in Engravings, prices, with bodice complete, Black, from 4½, Colours, from 5½ guineas.

Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN

MANTLES AND PALETOTS,
Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 35s. to 5 guineas.
Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas.
Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 5 to 10 guineas.
Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL

CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.
The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s 9d. to 5 guineas.
New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.
Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d to 42s.
Patterns and Engravings free from
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR

WINTER DRESSES, in every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour, From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.

CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool, This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN

WINTER COSTUMES.
Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas.
Specialities in Costumes suitable for Travelling, Promenade, and Indoor Wear, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas
Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas.
Illustrations and Patterns of Materials post free.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING

MADE BALL and Wedding Dresses. Now ready, several thousand charming Dresses in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d to 10 guineas. Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN.

THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black), profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train, 1 guinea, a substantial box included.

A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours, for 29s. 9d., with material for bodice.

Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

GASK and GASK'S DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP. SALE of the WHOLE of their IMMENSE STOCK at incomparably low prices.

OXFORD STREET and WELLS STREET.

SALE of MANTLES, COSTUMES, SILKS, MILLINERY, UNDERCLOTHING, &c., being the latest delivery of goods ordered early, at exceedingly low prices.—GASK and GASK.

SALE of DRESS FABRICS, LINENS, BLANKETS, CURTAINS, LONG CLOTHS, &c. The whole of the Stock remaining is now being cleared off at exceptional prices.—GASK and GASK.

SALE of HOSIERY, GLOVES, LACE GOODS, FRENCH and FANCY ARTICLES innumerable, suitable for presents, all now marked at the lowest sale prices.—GASK and GASK.

GASK and GASK'S DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP, and SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK at incomparably low prices. See above. 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered) BOYS' SUITS.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C

ÆGIDIUS.—A New ELASTIC OVER-SHIRT, as warm as wool, as soft as silk, 13s. 6d. each. Patterns of material and self-mensure free by post.—FORD and CO., 41 and 44, Poultry, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

VELVET CARPETS, &c.

EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862: DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS. REDUCTION OF PRICES.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 30 inches long, from 8 to 10 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 33 inches long, from 9 to 12 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 36 inches long, from 10 to 14 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 40 inches long, from 12 to 16 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 46 inches long, from 20 to 25 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 40 inches long, richly trimmed with real marten tails, 12 inches deep, 30 gs.; Real Sable, 10 inches deep, 40 gs.; Skunk, 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS can be sent on approval to any part of the United Kingdom by forwarding a reference in Town to

MESSRS. WAYRE, Manufacturing FURRIERS, 96, Oxford Street, and 335, Oxford Street (corner of Regent Circus). Established Half-a-Century.

THE CONNAUGHT.—"Messrs. Jay brought especially to our notice a new winter costume of their own design, which they have called 'The Connaught.' It consists of an ulster and skirt made of black serge cloth. The ulster is of a most graceful shape and cut; no trimming, except rows of machine stitching and a few black horn buttons, mars the simplicity of this ladylike costume, which is well suited for travelling or ordinary walking wear."—*The Queen* Newspaper, Nov. 24

BLACK SILKS. — Faithfully recommended to their Customers by Messrs. JAY. These silks are unweighted, pure in quality, and may be fully relied on to wear well.

Present price	3s. 9d.	Late	5s. 9d.
"	4s. 3d.	"	6s. 6d.
"	4s. 9d.	"	7s. 3d.
"	5s. 3d.	"	8s. 3d.
"	5s. 9d	"	9s. 6d.
"	6s. 9d.	"	10s. 3d.

ALL WOOL POPLIN COSTUMES, of the latest designs and fashion, 2½ guineas each, material for bodice included. "A remarkably cheap dress for this season of the year."

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

HEALTHY SKIN and GOOD COMPLEXION.

PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP, is the Best for the

TOILET, NURSERY, and SHAVING. Recommended in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*, edited by Mr.

ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., used by

THE ROYAL FAMILY, and Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

HOLY BAZIL.—PIESSE and LUBIN.—This is a most rare perfume distilled from the HOLY BAZIL FLOWER OF HINDU (*Ocymum sanctum*), so remarkable for its unique fragrance. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, and by their agents in all parts of the world.

COLD CREAM OF ROSES.—PIESSE and LUBIN prepare this exquisite COSMETIC with the greatest care, fresh daily, in jars, 1s.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—HOLY BAZIL.—Soap perfumed with HOLY BAZIL, 2s. 6d. HOLY BAZIL Sachet, 1s. 6d. HOLY BAZIL Scented Toilet Powder, 3s. HOLY BAZIL in all compounds, cosmetiques, hair dressings, pomades, &c.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, W. Price Lists free.

ROWLAND'S ODONTO. Has been proved, by its unparalleled success of seventy years, to be the best Dentifrice for procuring White and Sound Teeth, Healthy Gums, and Fragrant Breath, being perfectly free from all deleterious and acid compounds which give a temporary whiteness to the teeth, but ultimately ruin the enamel. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Price 2s. 9d per box.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and SCALPS, from 35s.

47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair Department for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Frizzy ditto, Chignons, Plaits, Coils, Coronets, Cache-peignes, and covered Stems in all shades of colour to suit the present fashion. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street.

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s 6d., 3s 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE

BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

GLENFIELD STARCH SEE THAT YOU GET IT, As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

BLACK SILKS! BLACK SILKS!
The Best Value, from
2s. 11d. to 5s. 6d.
Patterns free—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street.

EVENING, WEDDING, and USEFUL SILKS. The Best Value, from
1s. 11½d. to 4s. 11d.
Patterns free—BAKER and CRISP'S, Regent Street.

NOTICE.—1,000 ODD SILK DRESSES and REMNANTS at
Half-price
Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP.

1,000 BOXES ROYAL SILK MOLESKIN VELVETEENS in Black,
from 1s. 9½d.
All Colours, from 2s. 11d.—BAKER and CRISP.

INDIAN CASHMERES and FRENCH MERINOS.
500 Pieces From 1s 9d. to 2s. 11d. yard.
Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, Regent Street.

DRESSES! DRESSES! DRESSES!
Serges, Viennas, Saxony Flannels,
Camel Hair Cloths, Snowflakes,
and 100 other new Winter Materials, from
6d. to 2s 6d. yard.—BAKER and CRISP.—Patterns free.

EVENING DRESSES. EVENING DRESSES.
The New Grenadines and other light Fabrics,
from 6s. 9d. full dress. Patterns free.

COSTUMES. COSTUMES. COS-TUMES. New Engravings free.
Cashmeres, Serges, Velveteens, Vicuna, Snowflake, and every other Fabric, from 29s. 6d. Patterns free.
BAKER and CRISP.

BAKER and CRISP'S PALETOTS, ULSTERS, &c.—Patterns and Engravings free.
The Jehu (last Novelty), and 1,000 others, from 10s. 9d. to 100s.—BAKER and CRISP.

NOTICE.—ODDS and ENDS.— WINTER BUNDLES of 50 yards of Best DRESS FABRICS, for 35s. 6d. and 45s. 6d. each. Send for P.O.O. to BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent Street, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S
COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING
WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET,
Is the Cheapest and the Largest
Warehouse of the kind
in London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
In the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
In the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE
OF SEVERAL THOUSAND PIECES BY
PETER ROBINSON of Regent Street
OF THE BEST WEARING MAKES ONLY,
and highly recommended

Bonnet and Cie	at 5s. 0d.
Jaubert	at 4s. 0d.
Ponsons	at 5s. 3d.
Degoves	at 4s. 9d.

The above are from 2s. to 3s. per yard
under last year's prices.
The EMPRESS CACHEMIRE, at 6s.
Also Excellent Value at
2s. 6d., 3s 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., and 4s. 11d.
For Patterns address to
PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 262, Regent Street.

BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS.
Exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s 9d., 10s 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in Lyons Velvet, at 10s. 9d.
Black Silk Trimming Velvets.
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s 9d.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.
Nos. 256 to 262.

FOR SIX GUINEAS.
A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.
with Velvet Garniture,
Exquisitely cut and fashioned.
Copies of expensive Paris Models.
Photos free.
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT.
For 2½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT.
At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

FOR TWO GUINEAS, and up to Seven,
Costumes in New Black Materials,
in various fashionable Styles,
At PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea.
Black Brussels Net, at 29s. 6d.
Tulle (condition keeping), 50s.
Grenadine, 52s 6d.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed.
Illustrations free.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialite,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
3½ and 4½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9½ guineas.
36 inches long for 11 guineas.
39 inches long for 13 guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
it is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET

FOR CHILDREN.
DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.
IS THE BEST.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. per bushel; households for bread, 9s. 4d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 8s. 8d; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, maize, and barley meal, 5s 8d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; buckwheat, 5s per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d. per bushel; ground pollard, 1s 8d; pease, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s per peck; meal biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for Invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG

FOR BLANC-MANGE, PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS,
CHILDREN'S AND INVALIDS' DIET,
AND ALL THE USES OF ARROWROOT,
BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR
UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL
PRIZE MEDAL.
FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.
Of great value to Invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL
awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted
Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.
The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

JOHNSTON'S (THE OLD HOUSE)
CORN FLOUR IS THE BEST.
"Is decidedly superior."—*Lancet.*
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL, in packets, with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.
VICHY.
Property of the French Government.
CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.
HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.
GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.
HOPITAL—For Stomach complaints, &c.
VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.
CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.
Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD LIVER OIL (Registered).
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.
"The natural nauseous taste of the Oil is disguised with considerable art. Children take it with avidity."—See *Lancet, British Medical Journal, Sanitary Record, Medical Times, Medical Press, Medical Record,* &c.
Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists, and Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited), Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing, and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d.
E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—Mr. Williamson, 9, South Street, Scarborough, writes:—"I have seen their beneficial effect for years in cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, &c." 1s. 1½d.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CON-STIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.
The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

TOOTH-ACHE.
INSTANT CURE.
FORMS A STOPPING.
SAVES THE TOOTH.
J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes:—"I consider Hunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief."
Of all chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per packet.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND, HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient Medicine, without Mercury.
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 10, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO, 82, Southwark St., London.

NO WORM BREEDERS, FILTH COLLECTORS.—DOMESTIC FILTERS, self-filling, self-cleansing, 4 sizes, from 35s. 6d Prospectus. Gas, healthier, whiter light; cost saved in trouble, 25 to 30 per cent. consumption.—J. LISTER, 5, Woodland Hill, Norwood, E.C.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (or NORTH LONDON) HOSPITAL.
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR AID.

Ordinary Annual Expenditure over	£13,000
Reliable Income from Dividends, Annual Subscriptions, &c.	7,600
Deficit	£5,400

The total amount of RELIEF AFFORDED TO SICK CASES FROM JANUARY 1 TO OCTOBER 31 THIS YEAR has been as follows:—In-Patients, 1,687. Out-Patients, 4,762. Casualties, 5,106. Ophthalmic Cases, 1,184. Cases of Diseases of the Skin, 655. Cases of Childbirth attended at the patients' own habitations, 1,237. Total, 14,721.
The Committee most earnestly appeal to the benevolent public for pecuniary assistance to enable them to PAY OFF the above liability of the past year. SUBSCRIPTIONS received by Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, or at the Hospital.
NEWTON H. NIXON, Secretary

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, Gray's Inn Road.
Established 1864.
PHYSICIAN—Dr BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.
Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

MUNICIPAL COLLEGE OF BOU-LOGNE-SUR-MER, under the direct supervision of the MUNICIPAL COUNCIL. Founded in 1839. It offers to Families the following advantages:—A literary and scientific education or a superior commercial education. The pupils are examined quarterly by Inspectors of the French University, and prepared for the Ecoles Polytechnic, St. Cyr, Navy, &c. Prospectuses and particulars on application to M. BARET, Head-Master, or to M. DUTERTRE, House Steward, The College, Boulogne-sur-Mer, or HENRY JOHNSON, Esq., Merchant, 67, Lower Thames Street, London, E.C.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 191, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867 A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43, Royal Exchange, London. Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
Mansion House Buildings, City, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S TABLE CUTLERY.—BEST QUALITY DOUBLE SHEAR STEEL.

	Table	Dessert	Carver
Ivory, per doz.	15s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
Ivory, balance, per doz.	19s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
Ivory, balance, per doz.	22s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	7s. 6d.
Ivory, stout, per doz.	32s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	9s. 6d.
4 inch fine Ivory, per doz.	34s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	10s. 6d.

Oak Boxes always kept ready in stock.
Illustrated catalogues post free.

MAPPIN and WEBB,
MANUFACTURERS,
76, 77, and 78, Oxford Street, West End, London.
The Highest Quality at Lowest Prices.

DEANE'S TABLE CUTLERY, celebrated for more than 150 years, remains unrivalled for quality and cheapness. The stock is extensive and complete, affording a choice suited to every purchaser.

Ivory Handles.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Table Knives, doz.	16 0	19 0	22 0	25 0	32 0	35 0	40 0
Dessert ditto ,,	14 0	16 0	19 0	21 0	27 0	30 0	34 0
Carvers, pair	6 0	6 6	7 0	8 0	9 0	10 6	13 0

DEANE'S FENDERS & FIREIRONS.
DEANE and CO.'s Show Rooms for these goods contain a large, cheap, and choice variety of patterns.

Fenders, Drawing Room	£2 5	£3 3	£6 6	£11 11	£15 0
Fire Irons ditto	1 5	1 15	2 2	4 10	5 10
Fenders, Dining Room	0 17	1 4	1 10	2 5	4 4
Fire Irons ditto	0 10	0 15	1 1	1 10	2 5

Bed Room Fenders, 3s. to 18s.; Fire Irons, 3s. to 12s.
Deane and Co.'s Catalogue, with furnishing Estimates post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE.

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNERWARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

GARDNERS' NEW DINNER SER-VICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.
WALL LIGHTS AND LUSTRES.
CHANDELIERS IN BRONZE AND ORMOLU
KEROSENE AND OTHER LAMPS
FOR INDIA AND HOME USE.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS
AND NEWEST DESIGNS.
ORNAMENTAL GLASS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN.
BIRMINGHAM: Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad St.
LONDON: Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.

69, LUDGATE HILL.
TRELOAR'S—KAMPTULICON.
TRELOAR'S—COCOA NUT MATS.
TRELOAR'S—TURKEY CARPETS.
TRELOAR'S—ORIENTAL HEARTH RUGS
69, LUDGATE HILL.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF** WHISKY." UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

CHRISTMAS CASES, One Guinea containing 3 Bottles of Port, 3 Sherry, 1 Gin, 1 Rum 1 Whiskey, 1 Brandy, 1 lb. Tea. All reputed quart bottles warranted pure and genuine. Sent bottles, case, and carriage free, to any Railway Station in England, by the VICTORIA WINE CO., 12, Mark Lane. P.O.O. to W. W. Hughes.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

HEDGES and Butler, 155, Regent Street, London, and 30 and 74, King's Road, Brighton, invite attention to their
CLARET, at 14s., 18s., 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., to 84s.
SHERRY, at 20s., 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., to 60s.
CHAMPAGNE, at 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., 66s., to 78s.
OLD PORT, at 24s., 30s., 36s., 42s., 48s., 60s., to 96s.
Fine old Pale Brandy, 48s., 60s., 72s., 84s.

BENHAM and SONS,
WIGMORE STREET,
LONDON, W

BENHAM and SONS'
VENTILATING GLOBE LIGHTS.
The following are some of the advantages of this mode of lighting:—
1. It carries off all the heat and foul air from the burner.
2. It also ventilates the apartment by removing the heated and vitiated air.
3. It introduces a constant supply of external fresh air
4. The flame is powerful, steady, and cannot be affected by draughts.
5. No smoke escaping, the ceiling is not blackened

BENHAM and SONS'
SHOW ROOMS FOR CHIMNEY-PIECES

BENHAM and SONS'
SHOW-ROOMS FOR FENDERS

BENHAM and SONS'
STOVES FOR DRAWING-ROOMS.

BENHAM and SONS'
STOVES FOR DINING-ROOMS.

BENHAM and SONS'
STOVES FOR LIBRARIES.

BENHAM and SONS'
STOVES FOR ENTRANCE HALLS.

BENHAM and SONS'
STOVES FOR BEDROOMS.

BENHAM and SONS'
DOG STOVES AND DOGS.

BENHAM and SONS'
CHINA TILE STOVES.

BENHAM and SONS'
TILE HEARTHS.

BENHAM and SONS'
"COUNTRY PARSON" GRATES are recommended by Mr. Mechi and "another country parson."

BENHAM and SONS'
GERMAN PORCELAIN STOVE may be seen in operation. Keeps alight for twelve hours. Consumes only 14lb. coal in twenty-four hours.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street, W.

BENHAM and SONS'
PATENT COAL ECONOMISING GRATES. This Grate in its construction is exactly the reverse of an ordinary Register Stove; instead of being recessed in the mantel, all the heating surface stands out prominently in the room.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street, W.

BENHAM and SONS'
PATENT SLOW COMBUSTION GRATES keep alight for several hours, and save more than half the fuel.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street

BENHAM and SONS'
COOKING APPARATUS.—For cooking purposes, Benham and Sons have various patented arrangements adapted to the various requirements of hotels, club houses, hospitals, asylums, prisons, workhouses, schools, colleges.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS'
KITCHEN RANGES.

BENHAM and SONS'
COOKING APPARATUS.

BENHAM and SONS'
LAUNDRY APPARATUS.

BENHAM and SONS'
HEATING APPARATUS.

BENHAM and SONS'
HOT-WATER APPARATUS.

BENHAM and SONS'
STEAM-ENGINES.

BENHAM and SONS'
LAUNDRY DRYING CLOSETS.

BENHAM and SONS are also prepared to undertake ENGINEERS' WORK of every description for Asylums, Workhouses, and other large establishments, comprising the following, viz.: Steam Engines and Boilers; Heating Apparatus, by means of hot water, hot air, or steam; Hot and Cold Water Tanks and Services, Pumps, &c.; Baths, Lavatories, &c.; Laundries, Washhouses, and Drying Closets; Gas-works and Gas-fittings; Hoists (or Lifts) for dinners; Coals, &c.—Wigmore Street, London, W. Factory, 66, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS'
LIFTS (or HOISTS), to work by Hand or Steam, or Hydraulic Power.—Wigmore Street, W.

BENHAM and SONS'
GAS-WORKS, GAS-FITTINGS, and GAS-COOKING APPARATUS.—50, 52, and 54, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS'
PATENT VENTILATING KITCHENER. It requires no brickwork to fix it. It roasts, bakes, boils, and steams with one fire, and supplies a bath if required.—50, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS'
PATENT COAL CELLARETTE or "Londonderry," is specially adapted for use in clubs, banking-houses, hotels, railway stations, Government offices, hospitals, steampackets, noblemen's mansions, entrance halls, &c. One Londonderry placed in a corridor or landing will supply fuel for a whole suite of rooms.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS'
PLATED TEA SERVICES from £4.

BENHAM and SONS'
PLATED DISH-COVERS, on Nickel, from £9 per Set.

BENHAM and SONS'
PLATED DESSERT KNIVES and FORKS.

BENHAM and SONS'
PLATED FISH KNIVES and FORKS

BENHAM and SONS'
PLATED TEA-URNS, on Nickel, from £6 18s.

BENHAM and SONS'
PLATED TEA-KETTLES, on Nickel, from £4.

BENHAM and SONS'
PLATED BISCUIT BOXES, from 25s.

BENHAM and SONS'
PLATED TRAYS and WAITERS, from 30s.

BENHAM and SONS'
BRONZE TEA-URNS, from 50s.

BENHAM and SONS'
BRONZE TEA-KETTLES, from 45s.

BENHAM and SONS'
BATHS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BENHAM and SONS,
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.; and at 3, Mansfield Chambers, St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, containing the following Popular Dance Music:

Trial by Jury Lancers	Charles D'Albert.
Constantinople Quadrille	Charles D'Albert.
Die Fledermaus Waltz	Johann Strauss.
Les Lointains Waltz	Emile Waldteufel.
Maiden's Dream Waltz	Edward Hoffmann.
The Schomberg Galop	Charles D'Albert.
Floretta Polka	Charles D'Albert.
Pizzicato Polka	J. and J. Strauss.
Forget-me-not Galop	A. Hecker.

And a New Quadrille,
MOLLIE DARLING, by CHARLES D'ALBERT.
Price One Shilling; post free, 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CLEOPATRA GALOP. By Charles D'ALBERT, just published. "A splendid galop." Beautifully illustrated, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	Net.
DISTANT SHORE WALTZ, on Arthur Sullivan's New Song	2 0
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite Composer"	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0

The above, arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.
N B A Complete List of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

A NEW CHRISTMAS SONG,

THE KING OF OUR SAXON YULE. By W. F. TAYLOR. A jovial song for Baritone or Bass Voice, with chorus *ad lib* Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SPECIALITIES in PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S STUDENT'S PIANOFORTE. Compass 5 Octaves, 15 gs., or £1 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SCHOOL PIANINOS. From Canadian Walnut, 20 gs., or 2 gs. per qr. on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S YACHT PIANINOS, 30 gs., or £3 per quarter on the 3 years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR PIANINO, 35 gs., or £3 10s per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MODEL PIANETTE, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH MODEL, 40 gs., or £4 per quarter on the 3 years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COLONIAL MODEL, 45 gs., or £4 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S FOREIGN MODEL, 50 gs., or £5 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH OBLIQUE, 55 gs., or £5 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S OBLIQUE GRAND, 70 gs., or £7 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUE, 90 gs., or £9 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MIGNON IRON GRAND, 80 gs., or £8 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR IRON GRAND, 110 guineas, or £11 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

UPWARDS of ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES on VIEW.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL PIANOFORTE DEALERS throughout the United Kingdom.

SHOW-ROOMS, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

STEAM FACTORY, CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.

DANCE MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO. Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps. Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d. each.

No 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe.
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No 3.
SIX WALTZES BY JOSEPH GUNG'L.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Grafenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schönster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No 4

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tour du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancee Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

CONTENTS OF NO. 5.

Amoretten Tänze Waltzes, duet	Gung'l.
Soldaten Lieder Waltzes, duet	Gung'l.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical PianoFORTE SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

MUSICAL LIBRARY SERIES. Edited and carefully fingered, with Metronome marks by CHARLES HALLÉ.
58 Numbers now ready.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉS New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.
Carefully fingered and revised with Metronome marks.
For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester

THE MUSICAL TIMES. Price 3d. The Largest and Best Musical Journal (64 Pages).

THE MUSICAL TIMES for December contains:—Holiday Music, by H. C. Lunn; The Great Composers, Sketched by Themselves; Mozart, by J. Bennett (continued); History of Music Printing, by Dr. Chrysander (concluded); Borrowed Plumes; Newcastle Concerts; Glasgow Choral Union; Edinburgh Choral Union; Monday Popular, Crystal Palace, and other Concerts; Her Majesty's Opera; Opera-Comique; Reviews; Foreign and Country News; Part Song, "In Memoriam Therese Titiens," by J. L. Roeckel; and Christmas Carol, "Hollyberries," by W. J. Westbrook. Postage free 4d. Annual subscription 4s., including postage.

THE MUSICAL TIMES for December contains Part Song, "In Memoriam, Therese Titiens," by J. L. Roeckel, and Christmas Carol, "Hollyberries," by W. J. Westbrook. Music separately, 1½d.

NEW SONG BY JOSEPH BARNBY.

ELIZABETH'S SONG, from "The Saint's Tragedy," by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Set to Music by JOSEPH BARNBY. 4s.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC Primers. Edited by Dr. STAINER. The following are now ready:—

Third Edition.

THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By ERNST PAUER. Price 2s.

Second Edition.

THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. STAINER. Price 2s.

Second Edition.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. Price 1s.

Second Edition.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE BEAUTIFUL IN MUSIC. By ERNST PAUER. Price 1s. (Novello, Ewer, and Co.'s Music Primers.)

Ready on December 15.

HARMONY PRIMER. By Dr. Stainer.

SIXTY HARMONIUM VOLUNTARIES. Arranged by J. W. ELLIOTT. 1s.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.—Arranged for the Pianoforte by BERTHOLD TOURS. Folio size, 5s.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.—Arranged for the Pianoforte by BERTHOLD TOURS Folio size, 5s.
All the above Works may be had of the Musicsellers in the Town, or direct from NOVELLO, EWER, and CO., 1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

MUSICAL PRESENTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.—High-class Music for Amateurs, Students, and others.—To be had, gratis and post free, a LIST of 400 CLASSICAL WORKS, bound, at greatly reduced prices.—Published only by ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

MUSIC.—Just issued, gratis and postage free, a CATALOGUE of more than 500 popular publications for the Pianoforte, by BRINLEY RICHARDS and GEORGE FREDERICK WEST.—Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO.

CONCERTS, PENNY READINGS, &c.—POPULAR SONGS, Vocal Duets, Trios, and Quartets (Part Songs), selected from Messrs ROBERT COCKS and CO.'s Catalogue. This list may be had gratis and post free.

A FRAGMENT from MENDELSSOHN Arranged for the Pianoforte by C. A. CASPAR. The same as a Piano Duet. 4s. each; post free at half-price.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

A SINGING QUADRILLE, Composed for the Pianoforte by COTSFORD DICK (Illustrated Title). "Capital fun for all ages."—*The Graphic.* "Includes every imaginary nursery favourite song. Their reproduction in this now fashionable dance will delight both the old and young."—Vide *Edinburgh Courant.* Also, by the same Composer, the LOOK-OUT QUADRILLE, for Piano (Illustrated Title). 4s. each. Post free at half-price.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE CUCKOO'S CONCERT. New Song. Written expressly for the publishers by the Author of "Silver Threads among the Gold." A capital song for young people. Post free for 18 stamps. Also, by the same composer, "Chimes at Sea;" same price.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

A LIST OF 500 ONE SHILLING PIECES for the PIANOFORTE, arranged and fingered by André, Bellak, John Bishop, W. H. Callcott, Czerny, Gerville, Mattini, Muller, Oetten, Brinley Richards, W. Smallwood, Michael Watson, George Frederick West, &c. Also, a Series of 1s. Duets for the Piano. This valuable List may be had, gratis, post free, on application to the Publishers.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street. Order everywhere.

STOLEN KISSES WALTZ. By Hans WALDENFELDT. Free, 2s. Played nightly at the Globe with immense success "A decided hit."
OSMAN PASHA MARCH. By ADOLPH MEYER. Free, 2s. "A bold, inspiriting melody—the time well marked."
London: WOOD and CO., 3, Great Marlborough Street.

ROBERT STANLEY'S NEW SONGS.
DEAR LITTLE FLOWERS.
WHEN LOVE'S GLOW HATH GONE BY.
EASTING.
Price 2s. each net.
J. B CRAMER and CO., 201, Regent Street.

Price 1s. each Book; by post, 14 stamps.

BATH'S "MUSICAL MUSEUM" for THE HARMONIUM.

BOOK I., containing twenty-six Sacred Melodies, selected and arranged by W. Layland.

BOOK II., containing eighteen Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by A. S. Holloway.

BOOK III., containing twenty Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by Dr. Spark.

BOOK IV., selected and arranged by Michael Watson, is as cheap a shillingsworth as can be met with in the musical world. It contains twenty-two pieces for that instrument, including a popular "Volkslied," by Mendelssohn, a "Rondo," by Dussek, a "Bouree" and Gavotte, by Bach—in fact, most of our great ancient and modern composers have contributed a share to this excellent little work.—Vide *Graphic*, Oct. 27.

BOOK V., containing eighteen Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by J. F. Webster.

J. BATH, 40, Great Marlborough Street, W.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Cooperative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20 —GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

STEPHEN ADAMS'S TWO NEW SONGS.

YOUTH AND AGE. The words by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. The music by the composer of "Nancy Lee." Sung by Mr. Maybrick at the Ballad Concerts.

THE TAR'S FAREWELL. The words by F. C. BURNAND. The music by the composer of "Nancy Lee." Sung by Mr. Santley at the Ballad Concerts. Price 2s each net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS in MUSIC, all handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges.
THE ILLUSTRATED SONGS OF SCOTLAND (190 songs with twelve full-page Illustrations) 10s 6d
BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS. Edited by W. Dorrell 10s 6d.
MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. 4s.
SCHUMANN'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM. 4s
CHOPIN'S WALTZES, NOCTURNES, and MAZURKAS. 4s
STRAUSS' WALTZ ALBUM (18 sets). 4s.
THE ROYAL SONG BOOKS.
RUBINSTEIN'S 50 SONGS. 4s.
RUBINSTEIN'S 18 VOCAL DUETS. 4s.
BEETHOVEN'S 76 SONGS. 4s.
MENDELSSOHN'S 60 Songs. 4s.
SCHUMANN'S 75 SONGS 4s.
THE SONGS OF GERMANY. 4s.
The above have all German and English words.
THE SONGS OF ENGLAND. 4s
THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND. 4s.
THE SONGS OF IRELAND. 4s.
THE SONGS OF WALES 4s.
The above form a complete collection of National Songs
SACRED SONGS, ANCIENT and MODERN. 4s.
HUMOROUS SONGS. 4s.
CHOICE DUETS FOR LADIES' VOICES. 4s.
All the 4s volumes can be had in paper covers, 2s. 6d. each.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

BOOSEY and CO.'S PIANOFORTE ROOMS.
GRAND and UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES,
by all the great makers, both English and Foreign,
for SALE or HIRE,
(subject to the largest discount obtainable in London.
Pianettes, from £20. Short Grands, from £40.
Sole Address, 295, Regent Street.

PRATTEN' PERFECTED FLUTES, Cylinder and Cone, commencing at 4 gs The Siccama Flute and the Boehm Old and New System of Fingering. Particulars of all these Instruments upon application to the Manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.
THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.
The above instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co. at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

NEW WALTZES by OTTO MULLER —Composer of the famous Geliebt und Verloren (Loved and Lost). In making the present announcement DUFF and STEWART beg to point to the unprecedented success, and (for the few months it has been published) unparalleled sale of Geliebt und Verloren, and they now have great pleasure in submitting for public approval Otto Muller's Two New Sets of Waltzes,
ZART UND TREU (Tender and True), and
VERLOBT (Betrothed).
Post free 2s. each.—DUFF and STEWART, 157, Oxford St.

A PRETTY PRESENT for CHILDREN —WATCHING FOR PA. Juvenile Quadrille on popular melodies sung by Christy's Minstrels (beautifully illustrated), arranged without octaves and fingered throughout by JULES ROCHARD. Post free 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 157, Oxford Street.

NEW and POPULAR WALTZES, performed at Arditi's Concert, Covent Garden Theatre.
Loved and Lost. Otto Muller. | The Last Kiss. Otto Muller.
Reve d'Amour. G. Lamothe. | Fontainebleau. G. Lamothe.
Juliette. G. Lamothe.
Post free 2s. each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford St., and all Musicsellers.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 22, Ludgate Hill, London, E C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.
BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.
A GREAT SECRET. Words by F E Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*
Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Guitars, Zithers, Banjoes, Accordions, Flutinas, Cornets, Saxhorns, Drums, Fifes, and Musical Instruments of every description. Largest assortment in the kingdom at BUTLER'S MANUFACTORY, 29, Haymarket, London.—Illustrated catalogue, 50 pages, post free.

MUSICAL BOXES, by Nicole Freres. —KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., direct importers, have the largest Stock of really fine BOXES in Europe, £3 to £300. The new rooms devoted to the display of these instruments are now ready. Self-acting and Barrel Pianoforte, 18 to 1,200 gs.

FLUTES.—NEW MODEL, for beauty of tone unsurpassed, four guineas and seven guineas; Rudall's Prize-medal Flutes, new and second-hand. A great variety of second-hand Flutes, one guinea to 25 guineas, at KEITH, PROWSE, and CO.'s Manufactory, 48, Cheapside.

BANJOES.—CHEAPSIDE MODEL is best Covered back, machine head, &c., five guineas; including light case, £6. Other models one to twelve guineas. Self-instructing book, with airs, songs, &c., 6s. net.—KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., Manufacturers, 48, Cheapside.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE" CIGARETTES
Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'THREE CASTLES.'"—Vide "The Virginians." Sold only in Packets, protected by the Name and Trade Mark of
W. D. and H. O. WILLS.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER's "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."
In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

NOTICE.—BLANKETS FOR CHARITIES.—OETZMANN and CO. are now offering a large stock of stout heavy Blankets, all wool, suitable for charities, large institutions, &c, also Quilts and Flannels; these goods having been bought for cash during the late depression, the prices will be found much below actual value. Reduced price list post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free

DINING-ROOM SUITES. — OETZMANN and CO.—Handsome Mahogany Dining-Room Suite, consisting of a Couch, Six Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, well upholstered in best leather, price 20 guineas; Superior ditto in Oak or Spanish Mahogany, with handsome Lounge, Six Stuffed Back Chairs, and Two Easy Chairs, upholstered in best leather, and finished in a superior manner, price 28 guineas; Handsome Early English and Mediæval Dining-room Suites, in Oak, consisting of a large Divan Lounge, Six Chairs, and Two Noble Easy Chairs, upholstered in best leather and finished in the best possible manner, price 35 gs.

THE SANDRINGHAM EASY CHAIR, full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable for any room, price 25s.; lady's ditto, smaller size, 21s. Also the Sandringham Couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable, price 2 guineas. Every one about to furnish should see these marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and despatched same day on receipt of order per post.
OETZMANN and CO.

THE "NONPAREIL" Bedroom Suite, complete, 6½ guineas, superior to any hitherto produced at the price, is enamelled imitation of Amboyna, Satinwood, or any other handsome Woods—also enamelled in Drab or White ground, decorated with fine lines—any colour. Ditto, but having a larger Wardrobe with Silvered Plate Glass in door, and a marble top to washstand complete, 9 guineas.
OETZMANN and CO.

CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.
CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.
CARPETS. FLOORCLOTH.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s 6d. A large stock of real Turkey carpets at reduced prices.—OETZMANN and CO.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.—A quantity of ready-made carpets will be cleared out a bargain. Quotations forwarded per post upon receiving size and description required. Large size Hearthrugs, 4s. 9d each; super ditto, 8s. 11d.; Axminster ditto, 12s. 9d.; best Axminster ditto, 15s. 6d.—usual price, 21s.; stout Floor Cloth at 9d. per yard; Patent Linoleum Floor Cloth and Stair Cloth, from 1s. 9d per yard; Hemp Dutch Carpet, yard wide, 8d. per yard; large Kitchen Hearth Rug, 3s. 9d.; Sheepskin Hearthrugs, from 15s. 9d. upwards; ditto mats, from 2s.
OETZMANN and CO

CHEAP CARPET COVERS FOR WINTER.—OETZMANN and CO.—Stout Linen Damask Crumb Cloths, Brown or Slate, 2 yards by 2 yards, 4s. 9d.; 2 by 3, 6s. 9d.; 2½ by 3, 8s. 9d.; 3½ by 3, 13s. 6d.; other sizes equally cheap. Stout Plaid Scotch Drugget, bound all round, 2¾ yards by 2 yards, 10s. 9d.; 3 by 2¾, 15s 9d.; 4 by 3, 22s. 6d. Stout Felt Carpets, with borders, 8 ft. by 6 ft., 12s; 8 feet by 7 ft. 6 in., 15s.; 10 ft. 6 in. by 8 ft., 21s.; 12 ft. by 10 ft. 6 in., 31s. 6d.—OETZMANN and CO.

CURTAIN DEPARTMENT.— Handsome Damask and Rep Curtains, from 25s per pair, the largest, cheapest, and best assortment in London; Cretonne ditto, from 15s. per pair; Madrid stripe ditto, all wool, 15s. per pair; Muslin and Lace Curtains, elegant designs, 3 yards long by 40 and 52 inches wide, 4s. 11d. per pair, worth 7s. 6d.; very handsome ditto, 4 yards long by 52 to 64 inches wide, 10s. 6d., worth 16s 9d.; magnificent Guipure Lace Curtains, 4 yards long by 60 inches wide, 14s 9d per pair.
OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN & CO.'S WARRANTED TABLE CUTLERY.—Finest steel blades and fast handles. Each blade is stamped with name of the Firm, and guaranteed.

Order No.		Table Knives pt. doz.	Dessert Knives per doz.	Carvers per pair	Steels each.
11	3½ in. ivory handles	14 6	11 0	4 9	3 0
12	3½ in. fine ivory handles	18 6	14 6	5 9	3 6
13	4 in. ivory handles	25 0	20 0	7 6	3 9
14	3¾ in. fine ivory handles	28 0	22 0	8 9	4 6
15	4 in. fine ivory handles	31 6	25 6	9 6	4 9
16	4 in. fine ivory handles	35 0	27 6	10 6	5 6
17	Finest African ivory handles	35 0	27 6	10 6	6 0
18	Ditto ditto	42 0	32 0	13 9	6 9

Game or Poultry Carvers same price as meat carvers. Note in ordering per post, the Order Number will be sufficient to denote the quality required.

CLEOPATRA TOILET SERVICE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGN, a beautiful Grecian shape, meets the great desideratum of art manufactures—viz., the shape best adapted for purposes of use required, combined with the most artistic design and decoration. Prices from 10s. 6d. per set. Descriptive Price List post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, USEFUL AND ARTISTIC.—Intending Purchaser should inspect Oetzmann and Co.'s VAST DISPLAY of elegant Vases, Lustres, Figures, Clocks, Bronzes, Pictures, Cut Glass Decanters, Wines, &c., Electro-Silver Plate, Table Cutlery, and a large variety of other useful and ornamental articles suitable for Presents. Descriptive Catalogue post free. Orders per post receive prompt and faithful attention.
OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—DECEMBER 8, 1877.

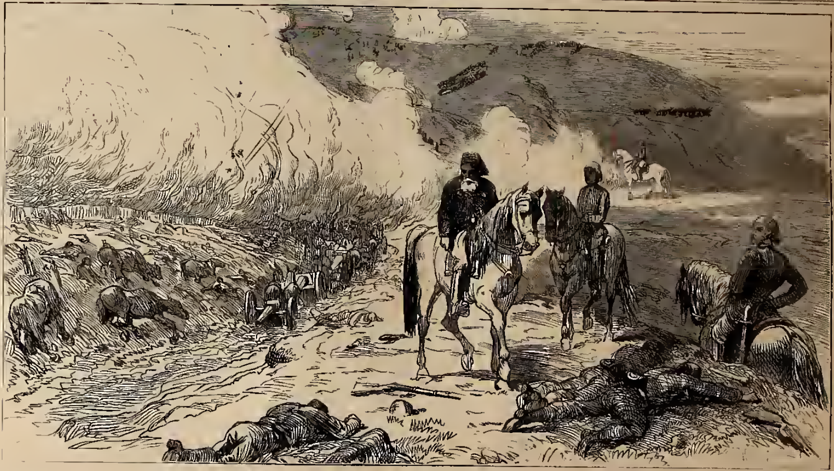
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

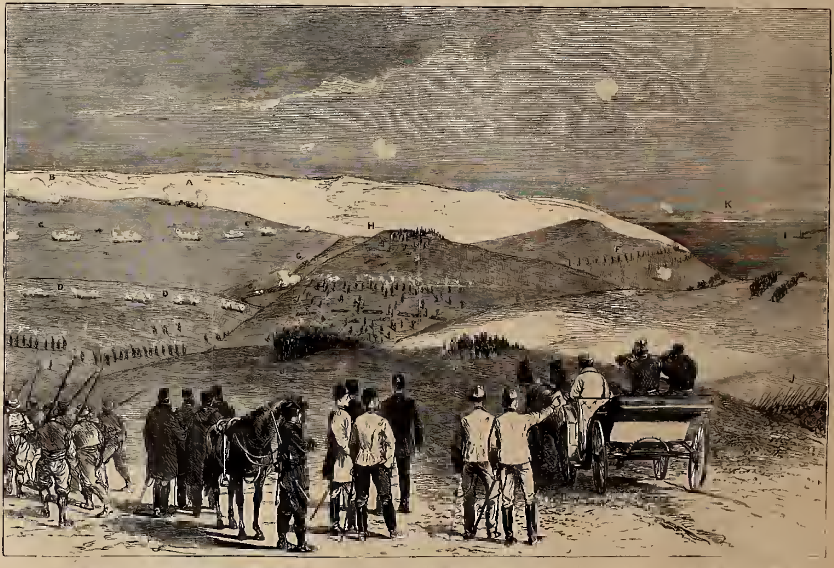
VOL. XVI.—NO. 420
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



PURSUING THE RUSSIANS OVER THE HEIGHTS: AHMET KAISERLI PASHA ON THE FIELD AFTER THE BATTLE



a, b. Russian Batteries.—*c.* Second Line of Russian Entrenchments.—*d.* First Line of Russian Entrenchments.—*e.* Chains of Russian Entrenchments, staunchly defended until the Death of the Commanding Officer.—*f.* Turkish Column advancing in Skirmishing Order towards the Village of Pyrgos.—*g.* Pyrgos Road.—*h.* Village of Pyrgos.—*i.* Russian Steamer Reconnoitring on the Danube.—*j.* Turkish and Egyptian Reserves.—*k.* Roumanian Villages and Russian Battery.

TAKING OF THE VILLAGE OF PYRGOS

WITH THE TURKS—THE ATTACK ON PYRGOS

Topics of the Week

The Fall of Plevna.——Since Plevna fell the English journals have been urgently counselling the Porte to put an end to the conflict in which it has sustained so many disasters. If the Czar were to offer fair terms it is probable they would be accepted, for the flower of the Turkish army has been destroyed, and the forces which remain confront sanguine and united enemies who have not failed to profit by the bitter experiences of the earlier part of the campaign. As yet, however, no one knows the conditions on which the Russian Government will insist. It began the war nominally for no other purpose than to secure good administration for the Christian populations. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Freeman appear still to believe in its sincerity, but we should think that by this time few observers share their credulity. The most despotic Government in Europe can hardly be supposed to have a very violent enthusiasm for freedom; nor is it easy to believe, in view of its own excesses, that its humanity is of a very exalted quality. It meant all along, under the guise of high-sounding professions, to secure as many selfish advantages as it could manage to grasp; and if the popular party which complains that the war is ruining the country does not gain the upper hand, it is almost certain that the terms offered to Turkey will be such as only a State reduced to the utmost straits could ever be induced to accept. It is easy for Englishmen to tell the Sultan what he ought to do, but the difficulties by which he is confronted are enormous. His Mohammedan subjects are intensely, and with good reason, irritated at the manner in which the war has been conducted; and if he were inclined to accept what they would consider a dishonourable peace, it is possible that he himself would be the first victim of their fury. The war has never yet quite assumed the character of a religious struggle, but it is always in the power of the Sultan to appeal to the faithful to defend their creed, and it remains to be seen whether he will have recourse to this last weapon. The result, we believe, would be the same, for nothing but the intervention of one or more of the great Powers could now stop the victorious career of Russia; but the bloodshed would be fearful. The worst anticipations of those who resisted to the utmost the outbreak of war would be realised. The bare possibility of such a prospect ought to give serious matter for thought to the reckless enthusiasts who did everything they could to encourage Russia to enter upon one of the most disastrous and unjust of modern wars.

Foreign Imitations of the British Constitution.——In a noteworthy essay, entitled "The Ninety Years' Agony of France," in this month's *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Goldwin Smith makes some observations which are especially applicable to the existing crisis in France, and which also afford a useful lesson to ourselves at a time when some amongst us are planning a fresh alteration of our own political machinery. The numerous crises and revolutions which France has had to endure since 1789 are, in Mr. Smith's opinion, attributable to the blind admiration displayed by the Constitution-makers of that era for the English form of Government. They saw in this country, as they believed, the sovereign power carefully divided among three forces, King, Lords, and Commons, and to this threefold division they attributed that happy combination of freedom and order for which England stood unrivalled among the nations of Europe. Mr. Smith maintains that this apparent balance of political forces is a delusion, and that the sovereign power in a nation is indivisible. As the old proverb avers that if two ride on horseback one must ride behind, so in a nation the real ultimate authority rests, either in a monarch whom the nation obeys, or in a representative body chosen by the nation. From 1641 to 1688 a period of transition ensued, during which successive kings and successive Parliaments were fighting for supremacy; since the Revolution the House of Commons has been practically master, and at present the Monarch and the Lords retain only the shadow of authority. Neither of them dares to oppose the clearly-expressed will of the people. The corollary which Mr. Smith draws from this theory is that under a Republic, a Senate, which is usually intended as a drag on the political coach, is useless, and that a President is both useless and dangerous. In the United States, the law-abiding character of the people, and the removability of the Chief of the State at regular intervals, has hitherto averted serious mischief, though the Presidential elections are the cause of much unnecessary strife and bitterness. But in France, a country where men's heads are hotter, and where opinions are pushed to the extremest point, the illusive character of the imagined balance of Sovereignty is most plainly discernible; and if at the present time President and Senate could be made to vanish, and the country were governed, like Switzerland, by an Executive Council regularly elected by the Legislature, most of the existing anxieties would vanish also. Mr. Smith's essay deserves careful study from all those who desire to see a fair trial accorded to republican institutions.

Mr. Bright on India.——Mr. Bright's great speech on India ought to have a good effect on public opinion, for it brought out clearly the terrible need which now exists in that country, and its tone was generous and dignified. Englishmen are accustomed to pride themselves on all they have done for their immense dependency, but it may be doubted whether many natives would be found to agree with their sanguine representations. At any rate, we have to face the disagreeable fact that at this moment the country is vastly overtaxed, and that, nevertheless, there is an annual deficiency in the revenue. Mr. Bright partly blames for this state of things the undue development of the railway system. But how can we expect to make the most of the vast commercial resources of India if we do not provide adequate means of conveyance? Besides, the railways are of incalculable service in such periods as that through which Madras has just been passing. Irrigation works are the panacea indicated by Mr. Bright, but he failed to suggest any means by which the necessary funds are to be raised. England, herself overtaxed, can hardly be expected to make a present of the money to India, and so long as the existing system of government is maintained there the amount certainly cannot be raised from the natives. There is but one way, we believe, of relieving the pressure and creating a surplus, and that is the most rigid economy on the part of the administration. The salaries and pensions of necessary officers, civil and military, cannot be reduced, but there are undoubtedly many posts which might be altogether abolished, and it is questionable whether there is any necessity for so large an army as is now maintained. Mr. Bright argued that India ought to be cut up into a number of small Presidencies, but he must have forgotten that that would be to add enormously to the expense of administration. Many who have studied India are of opinion that an exactly contrary policy ought to be pursued; that, for the sake of cheapness and efficiency, we ought still further to centralise authority. Whatever may be the ultimate view on this question, it is certain that means of relieving the overburdened population must sooner or later be discovered; otherwise we may suddenly find ourselves in the midst of perplexities hardly less formidable than a Russian invasion.

The Wreck of the "European."——In the long catalogue of shipping disasters this wreck deserves a prominent place, because, although some of the conditions were of extreme peril, not a single life was lost. The night was pitch dark, and the vessel was, as it were, stabbed to the heart by the sharp rocks on which she struck, so that within a few minutes comparatively after the collision she sank immediately. On the other hand, the sea was smooth, the boats were in good order and easily accessible, the passengers were few in number, and excellent discipline was maintained. Hence all reached land in safety. We need not here discuss how it chanced that the *European* was so near to the fatal rocks which encircle Usbant—that point will doubtless be carefully investigated hereafter; but it is worth noting that if any of the favourable conditions above named had been absent, a terrible slaughter would have been the almost certain consequence of the wreck. A rough sea, a crowded emigrant-ship, unseaworthy boats—all or any of these contingencies would have rendered it impossible to save more than a fraction of lives from a vessel which foundered so rapidly. The provision of boats is an especially weak point on board crowded ships. There are rarely enough of them, and they are rarely stowed and fitted so as to be instantly available. Is it beyond the resources of modern science, which is so fertile in inventions for the destruction of life—to provide some wholesale substitute for boats? Would it be impossible to build ships in such a way that by the withdrawal of a certain number of bolts, or by the application of a few carpenters' saws, the whole of the deck might be detached bodily from the lower part of the vessel, and, by the removal of the masts, converted into a roomy and practicable raft? We throw out the suggestion in the crudest possible manner, and probably it has often been thought of before, but we should like to know if it is utterly chimerical. Such an apparatus would, of course, do nothing to save the cargo, but, after all, human life is somewhat more precious than merchandise.

The Conflict in France.——When our last number appeared it seemed as if France had seen the worst of the conflict in which she has been so long engaged. Marshal MacMahon had summoned M. Dufaure; and friends of the Republic were congratulating themselves that at last it was firmly established, and all the stronger for the trials through which it had passed. A few hours, however, sufficed to prove that the Marshal was not in earnest in his professed desire for peace. There is every evidence that he entered upon negotiations with M. Dufaure for no other reason than to find an opportunity for putting his opponents in the wrong. At all events, after giving the veteran statesman full liberty to form a Cabinet, he suddenly announced that the holders of three of the most important portfolios must be appointed by himself: a condition which, of course, made conciliation impossible. He ultimately announced to the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier that he would have no more of compromise, and was resolved to pursue his own policy to the end. Since then all sorts of rumours have been going about; but fortunately it seems tolerably clear that he will not obtain a majority in the Senate in favour of dissolution. The Constitutionalists do not like the Republic; but they are honourable men, and see that after the decisive expression of the national feeling in the last general election there can be no real reason for a fresh appeal to the country, and that if it were made it would be attended by most serious perils. A few observers pretend to believe that the Marshal will attempt a *plébiscite*; but this would involve the illegal levying of taxes, and in the present temper of the army he could not hope to succeed in so high-handed a policy. Besides, whether he himself is aware of the fact or not, his advisers know very well that a *plébiscite* could only result in his overthrow. If the Constitutional Senators are firm, he will have to deal with the Chambers alone; and in that case, although he may hold out for some time, he will ultimately have to face the old alternative by which M. Gambetta so vexed and wounded him. The immediate danger is that the Mephistopheles of contemporary French politics, the Duc de Broglie, will once more rise to power, and encourage him in his mad obstinacy.

Early Closing.——The annual report of the Early Closing Association, which has just been issued, is well worthy of being read, as its operations are chiefly intended to benefit a class of industrial workers who, in the matter of prolonged hours of labour, have little power to help themselves. Certain artisans, whose employment is of a kind which is not readily learnt, or—what is perhaps nearer the truth—is popularly supposed to be difficult of attainment, are able to exercise a strong pressure on their employers regarding both time and wages. Clerks, shopmen, shopwomen, and sempstresses possess no such happy monopoly, they know too well how easily their places can be filled up, and how much they are at the mercy of their employers. Hence attempts to ameliorate their condition must come, for the most part, from without. In spite of the prophecies of *laissez faire* politicians, much good has already resulted from Government interference with individual freedom. Women and young children are no longer so shamefully overworked as they used to be, the sleeping accommodation provided for drapers' assistants and others who board and lodge with their employers has been improved, and when Mr. Cross's Bill (which was postponed last Session) for consolidating the Factory Acts becomes law, further advantages may be expected. But it should be borne in mind that none of these legislative measures, either contemplated or in actual existence, affect the people who serve in shops as regards their hours of labour. Thus it comes to pass that while the woman in the workroom at the back of the shop leaves at eight P.M., her sister-worker behind the counter is often kept there till nearly midnight. Here the benefit of the Early Closing movement comes in. At present it is purely voluntary, and needs the hearty co-operation of employers and of the public. The difficulty is not so great with those shops which are patronised by the wealthy, as the bulk of their business is over early in the evening. With establishments of a humbler rank, on the other hand, the busiest time begins about six or seven P.M., when the wives and daughters of clerks and artisans, many of whom have themselves been closely occupied all day, sally forth to inspect the shop-windows and make their purchases. If all retail shops were closed by Act of Parliament at six P.M., no doubt people would manage to do their shopping earlier, but society is not at present prepared for such a trenchant remedy as this, which would deprive women of the humbler classes of one of their chief pleasures. Could not more be done, at any rate in the larger shops, in the way of letting the assistants go out successively for recreation during the daytime, when business is comparatively slack? We shall endeavour to return to this subject hereafter.

Mr. Hardy in Scotland.——In addressing his Scotch friends Mr. Hardy was nervously anxious to dissociate his visit from that recently made to the north by Lord Hartington. He could scarcely, however, avoid reference to the utterances of the leader of the Liberal party; and impartial critics will admit that he did not always come off second best. Lord Hartington made much of the fact that the present Government has aimed mainly at relieving particular classes; but Mr. Hardy very fairly answered that that is a perfecly legitimate object, so long as the relief of a class does not mean injury to the nation. He was able to point to several measures, notably the chief of those with which the name of Mr. Cross is connected, which, by helping classes, have been of essential service to the whole community. In dealing with the question of the Church, also, Mr. Hardy was probably more in accord with popular sentiment than his opponent, for the Scotch, as a people, are very far from wishing to see the Kirk disestablished. At the same time, he must have felt that in Scotland his general political tendencies were not those of the mass of the nation. Mr. Hardy is not one of those modern Conservatives who are separated from moderate Liberals by so fine a line that it is almost imperceptible. He is a genuine Tory of the old school, opposed to innovation of all kinds, ready to give and receive the hard blows that used to be dealt in times when political discussion was fierce and bitter. Toryism of this kind still flourishes in some parts of England, but in Scotland it has long been extinct. The mass of the people, indeed, are so thoroughly Liberal on all great questions that it is incredible that the Conservatives should ever make much way among them. Perhaps the influence of the Presbyterian Churches, which are thoroughly democratic in constitution and spirit, has something to do with this state of things, but however we explain the facts, they are themselves beyond question. The less the Tories expect from Scotland, therefore, the better for their own peace of mind.

LIGHT SOVEREIGNS.——The man has been acquitted who was tried the other day for endeavouring to pass sovereigns which were considerably lighter than they ought to have become from natural wear and tear, but the ground of his acquittal shows that the law regarding such offences is in rather a defective condition. The uttering of counterfeit money is an offence much more easy of detection, because such coins are rarely so skilfully made as to escape discovery from tradesmen and others who are used to perpetual scrutiny of the money submitted to them. But a sovereign-sweater, if not so foolishly greedy as to abstract an unduly large percentage of the precious metal, might long flourish undiscovered, and even if he chanced to encounter a complaint, could either proffer a coin of standard weight or offer to pay the difference in cash. In the old days sovereigns (or guineas) used to be "sweated" by shaking them up and down in a leathern bag, but no doubt science has now devised more ingenious means of accomplishing this nefarious end. The Mint authorities would do well to investigate the subject, which they could easily manage by weighing a number of light sovereigns, and comparing their departure from the standard with the dates. Even with legitimate wear and tear, our gold coinage is an expensive luxury; but if "sweating" is a widespread offence, it might be worth considering whether some modification of the one pound notes—which are so dear to our Scotch and Irish brethren—might not be introduced with advantage to the public purse.

NOTICE.——*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 564 and 573.*

AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—On BOXING NIGHT, PUSS IN BOOTS. Mdlle. Cavalazzi and Ballet of 300. Prices and Day Performances as usual. Booking by Mr. E. Hall. No Fees.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE on MONDAY, Dec. 17, and following Evenings, in ARTFUL CARDS, TRYING A MAGISTRATE, BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS.—Acting Manager, Mr. E. CLIFTON.

GLOBE THEATRE.—MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY.—TO-DAY, Saturday, Dec. 15, at 2.30, JO. Miss Jennie Lee and Company.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—Monday, Dec. 17, the Annual Benefit of Mrs S Lane. SMILES, TEARS, AND FROWNS OF LIFE. Followed by MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENT. Pollie Randall, Mrs. and Miss Brian, G. H. Macdermott, Fred Foster, and Ballet by Lupino Troupe. Concluding with MAN'S TALISMAN. Boxing Day, at 12, and in the Evening, the Grand Christmas Pantomime.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY,
at THREE and EIGHT.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No Fees.
Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performances, and at 7.15 for the Evening do.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN.—NOTICE.—These celebrated SUPPER ROOMS are now open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS, specially trained by and under the direction of Mr. F. Jonghmans, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES. Proprietor, J. B. AMOR.

RIPON HOUSE, 1, WOBURN PLACE, RUSSELL SQUARE.—Mr. HENRI BEAUMONT (pupil of Mr. Charles Sleigh), begs to announce that TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY, Dec. 15), he will give a Selection of Poetic and Dramatic Readings in the Theatre of the School of Dramatic Art (as above). Commence at 8 p.m. Tickets, 1s., 2s., and 5s.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East. Ten till five. Admission 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The TWELFTH WINTER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from 10 till 6. Admission, 6d. Catalogue, 6d.
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is NOW OPEN, at Thomas McLean's Gallery, No. 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—On FRIDAY, December 21st, and following days, CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued by certain Trains from PADDINGTON, Victoria, Battersea, Chelsea, West Brompton, Kensington (Addison Road), Uxbridge Road, and Westbourne Park, to BARNSTAPLE, Ilfracombe, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Weymouth, Yeovil, Wells, Highbridge, Bath, Bristol, Taunton, Falmouth, &c., also to stations in the Yeovil and Weymouth districts, and (with a few exceptions) to stations west of Bristol to Penzance inclusive, and *vice versa*, available to return up to and including Saturday, Dec. 29. These Tickets can be obtained at the Stations, and at the Company's Receiving Offices, 245, Holborn; 30, Charing Cross; 5, Arthur Street, London Bridge; 82, Queen Victoria Street; 43 and 44, Crutchedfriars; 4, Cheapside; and 351, Oxford Street.

On SATURDAY and MONDAY, December 22nd and 24th, the 5 p.m. FAST TRAIN from PADDINGTON to PLYMOUTH will be CONTINUED to FALMOUTH and PENZANCE, calling at all stations below Plymouth except Burngullow.

On the same day extra carriages will be attached to the 9 p.m. Limited Mail Train from Paddington, and First and Second-class passengers can obtain Tickets for Gloucester, Cheltenham, Bristol, and stations beyond, for these Trains, on and after Friday, December 21st.

Also, on the same days, a SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st, 2nd, 3rd class) will leave PADDINGTON at 10 p.m., for OXFORD, EXETER, and PLYMOUTH, calling at Reading, Didcot, Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Bridgwater, Taunton, Dawlish, Teignmouth, Newton, Totnes, and Kingsbridge Road. The cheap third-class return tickets to Exeter, Plymouth, &c., will be available by these trains.

With a few exceptions the Trains on Christmas Day will run as on Sundays. For further particulars see special bills.

Paddington Terminus. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.

Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.

The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—Engagement for Six Nights only, commencing MONDAY, December 17, of the Eminent Tragedian, Mr. HENRY IRVING, will appear in a Round of his Popular Characters. In active preparation, and will be produced on MONDAY, Dec 24, a Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, by F. W. Green, entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom. £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia, Ceylon, China } *Via* Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. { India, Japan, New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD, 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher

NOW READY.

"THE GRAPHIC"

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,
WHICH IS OF EXCEPTIONAL INTEREST.

AN entire novelty has been introduced this year, as a large number of the Engravings have been printed in colours, besides the Presentation Coloured Plate usually issued.

IN addition to this Plate one of the Sheets is also printed in Colours, illustrating a Tale called "THE ANIMATED PORTRAIT," so that with this Number there are

NINE PAGES OF COLOURED ENGRAVINGS, besides many others of seasonable interest, printed in Black and White. The following is a List of the Illustrations:

COLOURED PLATES.

ONCE UPON A TIME.
(PRESENTATION PLATE).

THE CALICO BALL AT GROBY CASTLE (Double-page).
"The dresses had been very carefully designed, and they attracted a great deal of attention, as they afforded a pretty complete panorama of costume from the Middle Ages up to a recent date."

THE CARICATURE.

LADY MILDRED AND HER LOVER.

LILIAN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
"It was a pretty sight to see her arrive, her face grave with excess of joy, and her little arms laden with gifts."

CUPBOARD LOVE.
"Hilda had coaxed several of the deer from the park into the hall to eat these dainties from her hand."

A COTTAGER'S CHRISTMAS HAMPER.
"None received her more gladly than old Mrs. Boscobel, who delighted in a visit from the great folks at the Castle."

A CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

BLACK AND WHITE ENGRAVINGS.

ANCESTOR RALPH.

THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

BLISSON'S LAST ROUND. Six Illustrations.

THE BARLEY MOW. Ten Illustrations.

A HORRIBLE TALE (Double-Page).

THE TALES are by Mrs. OLIPHANT, ARTHUR LOCKER, T. W. SPEIGHT, and JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, post free, 1s. 2½d.

OFFICE: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Our Illustrations

THE WAR IN THE EAST

SILISTRIA

SILISTRIA is one of the strongest and best fortified positions on the Turkish side of the Danube, and has already distinguished itself in three sieges by the Russians—the last being during the Crimean War in 1854. Notwithstanding all the efforts of Prince Paskiewitch and 30,000 men, its commandant, Mussa Pasha, not only bravely held his own, but finally compelled the enemy to raise the siege and retreat across the river, an event commemorated by the monument shown in one of our illustrations. To turn to the town itself, the houses, as usual in Turkey, are built of wood, the streets being mean and narrow. There is a population of some 20,000, who maintain themselves by an extensive trade in wood and cattle with Austria. During the present campaign the Russians have always kept a careful eye upon Silistria, as it would afford a splendid position for forming a permanent pontoon bridge. As yet, however, they have been unable even to besiege it, and the town has been the headquarters of Circassian raiders, who embark thence for cattle lifting expeditions in Roumanian territory; and moreover, as may be seen in another illustration, the Turks at the time our sketches were taken were beginning to construct a pontoon bridge to one of the numerous islands which here stud the river. The mysterious-looking craft to the left are mills, worked, like those on the Rhine, by the force of the current.

THE BRITISH FLEET AT BESIKA BAY—OFFICERS' SPORTS

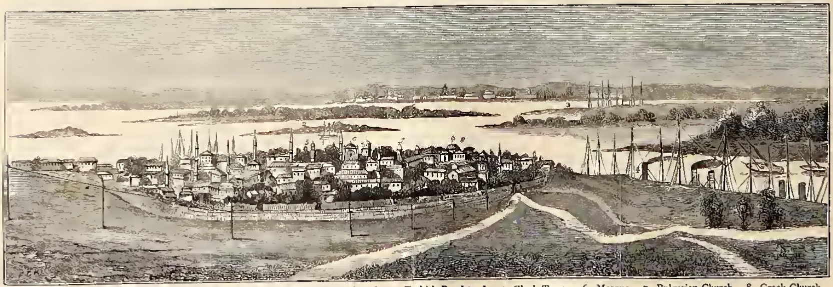
"EVEN in Besika Bay," writes the officer to whom we are indebted for this sketch, "the officers of the fleet find means of passing the time pleasantly, and my sketch illustrates a scene during the first meet of the "Mediterranean Fleet Beagles," when a buffalo cow, disturbed by the never-before-heard cries of a pack, fled before them, tail on end, while at the same time a shepherd's dog (one of a truculent race, as all travellers in the Levant know) left the flock consigned to his care and ran off at full speed, nor did he stop until he had ascended a steep rise in the ground, from which he could get a comparatively safe look about him. The beagles, consisting of nine couples, arrived in H.M.S. *Wye* in excellent condition; there were originally ten couples, but one dog died on board H.M.S. *Tamar* on the way out to Malta; and the other was accidentally run over at the latter place while out for exercise."

WITH THE TURKS—THE ATTACK ON PYRGOS

SULEIMAN PASHA, both in the Shipka Pass and more recently on the Lom, has evidently proved himself a "fighting" general, and our sketches portray one of the bold dashes of the northern portion of his army with which he misled the Czarewitch and his generals into thinking that his main object was to force a passage northwards, so that they left Elena and the more southern positions comparatively unguarded. Although skirmishing had been continually going on in the neighbourhood of Pyrgos, the chief battle took place on the 19th ult., when Salem Pasha, with six battalions, set forth on a reconnoitring expedition, drove the Russians from their foremost positions on the Yantra, carried the Russian fortifications on the Matchka heights, and the crest of the hill commanding Pyrgos, and set on fire the unfortunate town, which was thus reduced to ashes. Having accomplished this, and having pursued the Russians for some two hours, the Turks retired, and according to the Russian accounts were driven back to their former positions. During the battle, our artist writes, a Russian monitor left her moorings on the Roumanian side, and fired a few badly-aimed shots, which, however, had no effect whatever. Our sketch on page 556 was taken on the heights overlooking Pyrgos, and depicts the scene after the battle. In the distance Pyrgos may be seen in flames, and the Turks pursuing the Russian troops, while in the foreground is Admiral Ahmet Kaiserli Pasha—a worthy old veteran of some ninety years—who, having conducted the attack, is now riding over the field of battle inspecting the number of dead and wounded.—One of our two small sketches represents a sentinel of the advanced posts keeping watch in a little fort which he himself has constructed; while another depicts an incidant our artist saw on the road to Pyrgos. A soldier had just finished burying with his bayonet a comrade who had fallen beside him. The survivor then knelt down, repeated a short prayer, and resuming his arms, set off at the double to rejoin his regiment.

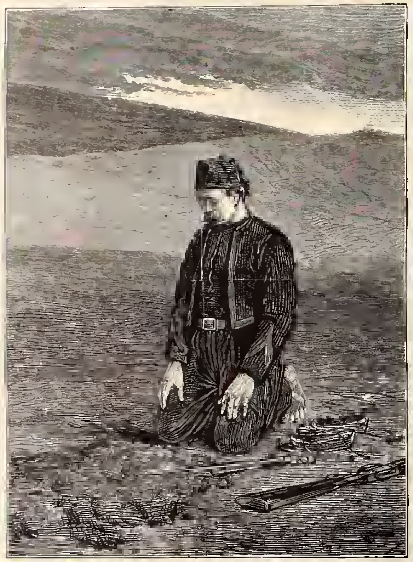
WITH THE RUSSIANS IN THE BALKANS—"ABOVE THE CLOUDS"

THESE two sketches depict a strategic movement of General Rauch, by which he was enabled to turn Mehemet Ali and the Turkish left flank position at the rear of the Pravca Pass in the Etropol Balkans, while General Gourko pounded away in front. For two whole days General Rauch had a terrible march across the mountains, the paths being so steep that the men had to drag the artillery up the mountains themselves on foot, and so narrow that one wheel frequently overlapped the precipice, and the carriages had to be kept from falling over by ropes being passed round the wheels. However, on the 23rd ult. General Rauch attained the desired heights, and speedily put the surprised Turks to flight down the mountain side, the pursuit being continued until a thick fog, which always pervades these valleys at night, put an end to further operations. From these positions the Turks retreated upon Orchanie, and subsequently to their present stronghold in the Somarli Pass. Our sketch was taken during the rising of the fog, when the whole scene, as may be imagined, presented a most singular aspect when viewed from above. The correspondent of the *Daily News* thus describes the scene:—"We were now on an island in a great grey sea, for the clouds had gathered in on all sides, hiding completely the earth below, and even the adjacent peaks. A faint streak of yellow still lingered in the western horizon, and all about us rose out of the rolling sea of mist the sharp purple peaks like islands in the frozen Arctic Sea. The soldiers lighted their camp-fires among the bushes, and we were all prepared to bivouac there. Perfect quiet reigned. The moon shone grandly out of the clouds, and lighted up the weirdly impressive landscape. On came great rolling waves of mist, appearing solid as snow in the cold moonlight. Around us were the forms of horses picketed in the undergrowth, groups of soldiers gathered about the fires, solitary sentinels motionless at their posts. It was a picturesque scene to be long remembered."—Our other sketch shows the relative positions of General Gourko and the Turks on the 23rd inst. On

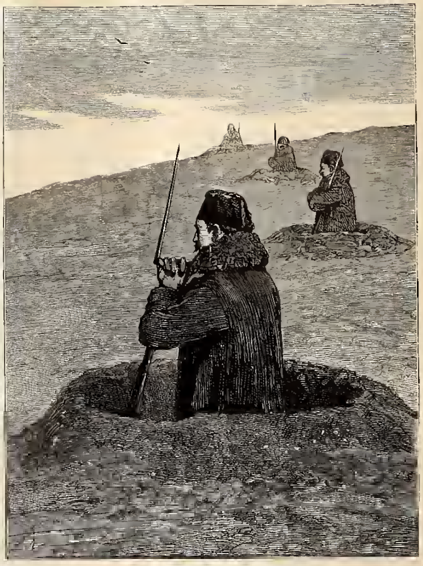


1. Nalârasche, Roumanian Town.—2. Turkish Batteries.—3. Roumanian Roadstead.—4. Turkish Roadstead.—5. Clock Tower.—6. Mosque.—7. Bulgarian Church.—8. Greek Church.

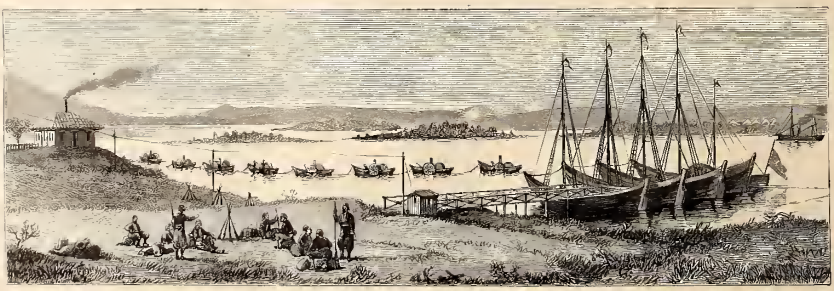
GENERAL VIEW OF SILISTRIA



TURKISH SOLDIER PRAYING BY THE GRAVE OF A COMRADE WHOM HE HAS JUST INTERRED

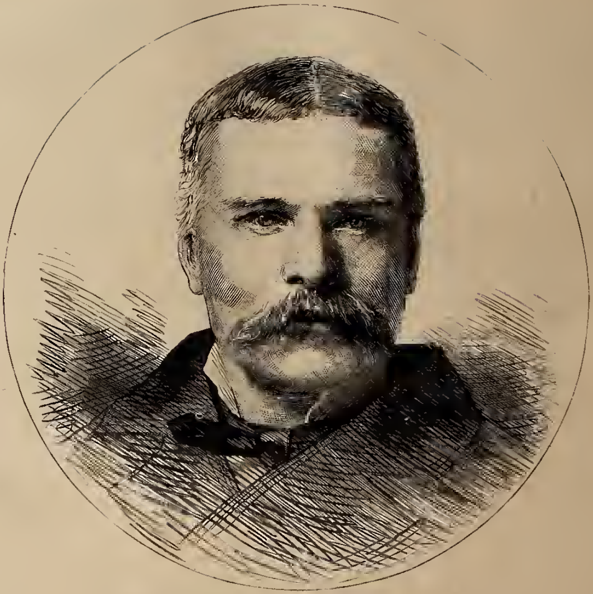


SENTINELS IN THE ADVANCED POSTS

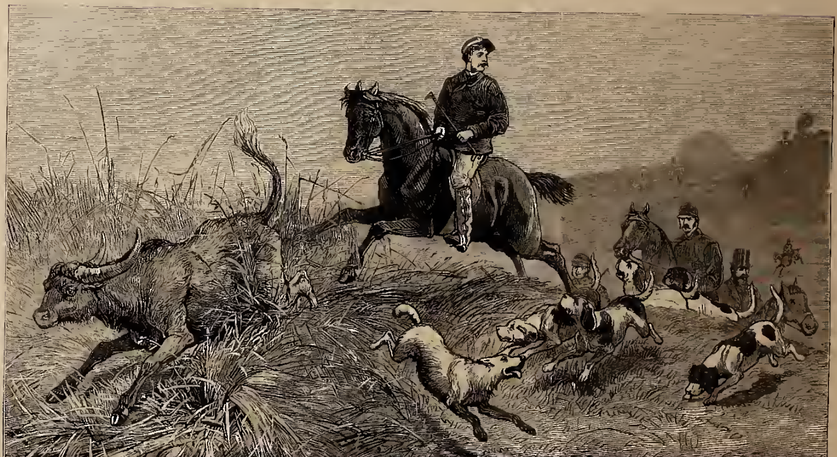


SILISTRIA—BEGINNING OF A PONTOON BRIDGE

WITH THE TURKS



ARCHIBALD FORBES
THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "DAILY NEWS" WITH THE RUSSIANS



THE BRITISH FLEET IN BESIKA BAY—OFFICERS HUNTING WITH BEAGLES the left may be seen the peak over which General Rauch and his men appeared, and turned the Turkish position.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES

The name of Mr. Forbes, as the special war correspondent of the *Daily News*, is now pretty well known all over the civilised world; nor need we enter here into any lengthened description of his services, as we have already engraved his portrait during the Franco-German war (No. 63, Feb. 11th, 1871), together with those of Dr. W. H. Russell, of *The Times*, and of Mr. G. T. Robinson, of the *Manchester Guardian*, who was shut up in Metz during the investment. In those days Mr. Forbes wore a full flowing beard, which now he has discarded, wearing no hair on his face except a moustache. Mr. Forbes was born in 1839 at Boharm, Aberdeenshire, of which parish his father was for thirty-eight years minister. He was educated at the parish school of Boharm and at King's College, Aberdeen, after which he was induced, by a spirit of adventure, to enlist in the army as a private soldier, and he remained about six years in the service, thereby unwittingly gaining valuable experience for his subsequent duties as a war correspondent. He soon showed that he could wield the pen as well as the musket, he wrote essays on military topics in the *Cornhill* and in *St. Paul's*, he became editor and part proprietor of the *London Scotsman*, and joined the *Daily News* when the siege of Metz began. He was the first Englishman who rode into Paris after the German siege. As correspondent of the same journal he visited Spain during the Carlist war, and India during the Bengal famine, while his letters since the commencement of the Turko-Russian war have attracted especial attention. Being prostrated by illness while on duty in the Russian lines before Plevna, he recently returned home to recruit his health. While here he wrote an article on "Russians, Turks, Bulgarians," in the *Nineteenth Century*, which, on account of the unfavourable account given of the latter nationality, drew forth replies from Mr. M'Coll, Mr. Freeman, the historian, and that eminent but irrepressible letter-writer, Mr. Gladstone. During his brief holiday, also, Mr. Forbes received the compliment of a dinner from his brother journalists. Mr. Forbes set off once more for the seat of war on Thursday, the 6th inst., in company with our artist, Mr. Villiers, towards whom he has, ever since their first meeting, shown the most unvarying and assiduous kindness. They would probably arrive just in time to witness the many interesting incidents resulting from the fall of Plevna.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

THE FORTHCOMING PARIS EXHIBITION

The two buildings of the Paris Exhibition, which is to be opened in April next, are now rapidly approaching completion. They are being erected on the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro, that on the first-named site being a temporary structure intended for the main exhibition, whilst the other is to be a permanent one. The area of the former is about 500,000 square yards, extending from the Avenue de Lamotte-Picquet to the Quai d'Orsay in the one direction, and from the Avenue de la Bourdonnaye to the Avenue de Suffren in the other. The building is of rectilinear form, 2,315 feet in length by 1,145 feet in width. The end vestibules, the fronts of which will form the principle façades, are flanked with lofty domed towers, the line being also broken by a central dome. These vestibules are connected by a number of longitudinal halls with open space between, and two transverse galleries intersect these buildings, dividing them into three portions. The floors of these various buildings is considerably above the natural level of the Champ de Mars for part of their length, as the ground slopes down towards the Seine; and the superstructure is principally of iron and glass; the roofs, however, are of timber, which is laid on in three thicknesses, over which zinc roofing plates are laid. The central space is occupied by the picture-galleries, the walls of which are of stone. Each group is divided into four sections, separated by transverse galleries, and terminates with a small vestibule surmounted by three domes. The area between these picture-galleries will be allotted to the City of Paris for various municipal exhibits, and will be occupied by small pavilions surrounded by gardens.

The palace on the other side of the river, though not so large, is of greater architectural pretensions than the one on the Champ de Mars. The site is a splendid one; the summit of the Trocadéro towering 100 feet above the level of the Quai de Billy, and overlooking not only the whole of the Exhibition, but also the greater part of the city itself. The Palace consists of a large central hall, similar in its purposes to our Albert Hall, which will contain a theatre capable of seating 7,000 persons; and from this hall will spread eastward and westward two wings, forming a semi-ellipse, each being struck from four different radii. These wings terminate in square dome-roofed towers, and contain a covered gallery forty-two feet in width, and in front an open promenade twelve feet wide, the roof of which is supported by stone columns elaborately carved. A similar terrace, but with more lofty columns, surrounds the central hall on its Trocadéro front, and from its base down the middle of the magnificent garden flows a wide cascade, which after breaking over eleven falls, disappears in a basin in the centre of the grounds. The chief entrance to the building is on the Place du Trocadéro, and consists of a large vestibule extending on both sides into spacious antechambers, which partially enclose the hall itself, and lead into the two wings.

The two buildings are separated by the Seine, but will be connected by the Pont de Jena, which will be widened to accommodate the immense flow of traffic which the circulation of visitors from one part of the Exhibition to the other will create. As the connecting roadway will also intersect the Quai d'Orsay on one side of the river, and the Quai de Billy on the other, subways are being constructed along each of these thoroughfares, in order that no public inconvenience may be caused by their stoppage.

The difficulty of making foundations in the Trocadéro, which was found to be perfectly riddled with abandoned quarries, has greatly increased the cost of erection. The men employed upon the work are well cared for, a medical staff having been organised for their benefit, and any workman injured by an accident, not only has surgical treatment gratis, but draws half-pay until he is well. If completely disabled he has half-pay for a year, while should the accident be fatal his widow may claim an indemnity of 24*l*.

BURNING OF THE OLD PARISH CHURCH, LAMERTON

The fire by which this fine old building was destroyed on Monday, November 19, is supposed to have originated from a small lamp usually kept in the organ to preserve it from damp, but soon after the alarm was given the flames had spread to the woodwork in the roof. In less than three-quarters of an hour the church was an immense furnace, the flames of which were seen for miles around, those issuing from the tower showing a blue colour when they came in contact with the bells, which were melted away. A fruitless attempt was made to check the flames by pouring buckets of water through the broken windows, and before the engine could arrive from Tavistock, a distance of three miles, the roof had fallen in, four arches of the north aisle and the massive pillars from which they sprang had fallen against the north wall, and nothing remained but the walls, the arches of the south aisle, and the tower.

The church and organ had been insured for 2,200*l*., the damages are estimated at 8,000*l*. It had been recently restored at the cost of 1,400*l*., and reopened on the 20th of July, 1876. The Vicar, the Rev. H. J. Phillpotts, and his parishioners, were justly proud of the beautiful church, with its old font of Roborough porphyry, its clustered granite columns, and family monuments, some of which dated back to 1588. The fine oaken roof had been opened out and renovated, the East windows contained valuable fragments of ancient glass, and a handsome West window, by Morris, had been presented only a few months ago. Subscriptions are already being raised and plans formed for the rebuilding of the church as nearly as possible in its former style.

An *impromptu* service was held within the ruined building, on the Sunday after the fire, and was attended by a large congregation gathered from the neighbouring villages joining heartily in the Psalms and hymns. Numbers who could find no place within the walls crowded around the windows and listened to a short and impressive address by the vicar.

A Restoration Fund has already been started by the Rev. H. J. Phillpots, by whom contributions will be thankfully received. His address is Lamerton Vicarage, near Tavistock.

THE "AVALANCHE" MEMORIAL CHURCH

It is in contemplation by the friends of those lost in the ill-fated ship *Avalanche*, which foundered in September last, after having been in collision with the *Forest*, to build in Portland a small memorial church "In Memoriam" of Capt. Williams and the passengers and crew of his vessel. It is felt that this will give, as nearly as may be, a sacred character to the resting place of those who lie beneath the waves opposite to the proposed church. A mortuary side-chapel will be attached for the reception of a monument upon which will be inscribed a record of the fatal occurrence, with the names of Capt. Williams, his passengers, and crew. The Captain of the *Avalanche* was very popular and much respected in New Zealand, whither he had made several voyages; numbers of those who have been passengers with him will no doubt—as this memorial is to be built by public subscriptions—gladly help to raise it in his memory as a recognition of the courtesy and kindness they have received from him. Subscriptions may be sent to the Rev. J. A. Beazor, Rector of Portland.

THE ISLINGTON CATTLE SHOW

The eightieth annual show of the Smithfield Club seems to have been as great a success as any of its predecessors, for although the number of animals exhibited was not so large as that of last year, the quality of the exhibits is acknowledged to have been superior. On Monday, while the judges were busy at work the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Crown Prince of Hanover, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, the Marquis of Huntly, Lord Chesham, and Sir G. Wombwell, paid a visit to the Show.

Her Majesty the Queen had ten entries, and took a first prize with a Hereford steer, bred on the Flemish farm at Windsor, and the Prince of Wales, who exhibited in the Devon, Shorthorn, Sheep, and Pig classes, won the first and second prizes, and the cup in the Devons, as well as being "highly commended," but was beaten for the Champion Prize by Mr. Catchpole, of Ipswich, with a shorthorn heifer. The Champion Prize for sheep went to Mr. John Pears for a fine pen of Lincoln ewes. Amongst the implement exhibits are several novelties, notably the combined reaper and binder, which won the medal at the recent Liverpool Show. The Show has been crowded with visitors on every day during the week, the number who attended on the opening day being far above the average of previous years.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A new Story, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 565.

"IN WINTER TIME"

M. Tissot, although by birth a stranger to this country, resembles the late Charles Dickens in his fondness for the shores of our metropolitan river, the Thames. Not the upper reaches of the Thames, be it observed, where there are trim villas, and noble horse-chestnut trees dipping their boughs into the stream, and little green islands, and Corporation swans, and patient anglers in punts; nor yet the lower reaches, where the salt water commingles with the fresh, and where the flat marshy shores are scarcely visible from the centre of the water-way; but Old Father Thames as he is when flowing between the walls of our great Babylon. Dickens in his night-scenes loves to contrast the dark silent river with the gay gas-lighted streets, and is never tired of depicting crumbling wharves and dilapidated barges; while M. Tissot introduces us to those picturesque bow-windowed taverns overhanging the river, from whence we may look out upon a tangled forest of masts. Young ladies are always introduced in these pictures; but, as a rule, they are scarcely so good-looking as we, judging by the average standard of our countrywomen, think they ought to be. Here, however, in the single figure represented in our engraving, the artist has drawn a face which will be pronounced by most connoisseurs of female beauty to be of a decidedly attractive character.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

Victor Hugo's new work is continued on page 570.

◆

Nottingham Castle.——The Town Council of Nottingham have become the owners for 500 years of Nottingham Castle, and are expending a large sum of money in restoring it and adapting it as a permanent Midland Counties Art Museum. When the works are finished, Nottingham will have the finest art galleries of any town in the kingdom, London excepted. The Prince and Princess of Wales has promised formally to open the galleries to the public in the month of June, 1878.

Polar Exploration.——Commander Cheyne, R.N., delivered a lecture at the Birkbeck Institution on Wednesday evening. His Excellency the Danish Ambassador was present and the hall was crowded. A letter from Lieutenant Witti, of the I. R. Austrian Navy, to Commander Cheyne, on Polar Exploration, was read, together with the reply thereto. The proposed plan of a British expedition for Polar discovery was explained, the route and method of employing balloons was clearly shown. The lecture and entertainment proved a perfect success; the views and lecture alike evoking unanimous expressions of satisfaction.

HOME.

Political Affairs.——The inaugural banquet of the Scottish Conservative Club was held in Edinburgh on Tuesday under the presidency of the Earl of Galloway. Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who was the chief speaker, said that the Liberals had insulted the Conservatives, and had taken a great liberty with the name of Lord Beaconsfield, who had never shown any desire for either the acquisition or the pretension of power. After defending the action of the Government in respect of local rates and education, and remarking that Lord Hartington had invited the Scotch people to embark in a political South Sea Bubble, he passed to the Eastern Question, referred to the fall of Plevna, and the bravery of its defenders, and said that Her Majesty's Government looked forward with anxiety to an opportunity of bringing the contest to a conclusion by intervention. On Wednesday Mr. Hardy, replying to an address from the Conservative working men of the city, denied that the Conservatives had their supporters among the aristocracy, or that the Government legislated for classes in any other sense than that of making all classes politically equal. With regard to the War, we had no right to shed the blood of other people in order to enforce the kind of rule we thought to be the best. All we had to do was to stand up for British interests. He could not suppose that anything like a useful peace could be made without the intervention of England.—Speaking at Manchester on Tuesday, Mr. John Bright warmly supported an extensive scheme of canals and irrigation works in India, and urged that by an expenditure of 25 or 30 millions in that direction both India and England would be blessed at the same time. It was monstrous to suppose that half-a-dozen officials at Calcutta could govern a conquered people numbering 250 millions, comprising twenty nations and speaking twenty languages. He thought that the country should be divided into five or six separate Presidencies, each with its own Council and Governor. That would prepare the people to govern themselves, which was a contingency that we ought to look forward to, and which would perhaps occur sooner than we expected. We might make amends for the past wrong and mistakes by giving the people of India that good government and freedom to which all God's children were entitled.—At a meeting of the Birmingham National Federation of Liberal Associations, on Tuesday, it was reported that Bolton, Ryde, Reading, and Burnley had joined. Resolutions were passed condemning proportionate representation as opposed to the true principles of representative Government. It was also decided to issue a series of political pamphlets by members of the Federation, and to hold the annual meeting at Leeds next Easter.—Sir S. Northcote was last week entertained at Exeter by a number of Devonshire noblemen and gentlemen, the gathering being attended by about 700 leading men of the county, of both sides in politics. The Earl of Devon presided, and Sir S. Northcote, responding to the toast of the evening, spoke at some length of the constitution of the House of Commons, and said that he believed its future would be as great as its past had been.—Mr. Newdegate, M.P., addressing a Conservative gathering at Rugby last week, expressed a hope that the Government would firmly resist all further steps in the direction of democracy, and that the Ballot Act would not be renewed on its expiration in 1880.—Mr. Jacob Bright has resigned the care of the Women's Disabilities Bill on account of ill-health, and Mr. Leonard Courtney has consented to take charge of it.—Mr. O'Connor Power and Mr. Parnell addressed a meeting at Castlebar on Saturday last. Mr. Parnell said that the policy of England had always been consistently selfish. She had never been disposed to regard any interests but her own, and some force was always required to make her do justice to others. Mr. Power complained that English members of Parliament could understand and appreciate the advantages of Home Rule to every people except the Irish. They would visit the East to ascertain the grievances of the half-civilised subjects of Turkey, but how many English politicians had come to Ireland to study the condition of the Irish people?"—There is a Parliamentary vacancy at Greenock consequent on the resignation of Mr. Grieve, M.P.; but as yet neither party seem to have fixed upon a candidate.—Mr. Welsh, the new American Minister, arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday, where he was presented with addresses of welcome, and entertained by the Mayor. On Wednesday he reached London, and presented himself at the Court of St. James's.—Midhat Pasha has written to the *Daily Telegraph* contradicting the statement recently made by Mr. Gladstone that he had first bribed a man to commit murder, and afterwards hung him without legal trial. He remarks that "it is very sad to see a man so remarkable as Mr. Gladstone allowing himself to be carried away by passion to such an extent that he no longer knows what means to employ to combat my country, gives way to personal attacks, and does not seem able to choose a more dignified position to justify his unjust recriminations."

Miscellaneous.——The annual distribution of premiums to the students of the Royal Academy was made on Monday by Sir Francis Grant, who in a brief but excellent speech pointed out the importance of obtaining truth in art, as well as refinement in taste.—Temple Bar is to be removed at once. On Wednesday the erection of the scaffolding was commenced. The work itself will not interfere with the traffic, but unless more police are employed the crowd of gaping idlers will.—Lord Northbrook, speaking last week at the prize distribution of the Birkbeck Institute, said that although it had lately been the fashion to decry the system of competitive examinations, its results so far had been entirely satisfactory. Dr. Schliemann recomrecommended the study of modern Greek (a language which he had himself acquired in six months), and said that when they had mastered that, they could learn Latin "in no time."—A letter from the manager of the "Dogs' Home" at Battersea ought to have a reassuring effect upon those nervous persons who have been affected by the hydrophobia-phobia which has prevailed of late. He states that 1,500 dogs per month pass through the premises, and that though bites are of daily occurrence, and in some instances severe, no single case of hydrophobia has occurred there for seventeen years. Mr. Pavitt, the head keeper, has been bitten hundreds of times and is still alive and sane.—During a sham fight on Clapham Common on Saturday, a soldier belonging to the Scots Guards was shot in the arm with a ball-cartridge. How the deadly missile came to be served out with blank cartridges is not known, and will be the subject of searching investigation.—Kindly-disposed ladies—and we should be loth to believe that any ladies are not kindly disposed—cannot do better than join the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, a meeting in connection with which was held on Tuesday at the Society of Arts' Rooms. The work of the Society consists in watching over the welfare of young pauper girls after they have left the poor-house and been placed in domestic or other service. The responsibility of the relieving officer ceases when they leave their first situation, the very time when advice, guidance, and supervision is most needed by them, and it is at that period that the members of this excellent Association take the friendless ones in hand. It is pre-eminently women's work.

◆

WINTER EXHIBITIONS OF THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY AND INSTITUTE

I.

Both of these Exhibitions are of exceptional interest. They both contain a larger proportion than we have been used to see of those "sketches and studies" to which it was originally intended that the Winter Exhibitions should be in the main, if not entirely, confined. Unless this was done, it was felt that the result of opening the Galleries in the winter might be two weak Exhibitions of the same kind every year instead of one strong one. And such has been the result hitherto. Perhaps this has forced itself on the consideration of the governing bodies of both associations, so that we may hope, henceforth, for a more determined adherence to the original intention. To maintain a distinction between "studies" and "drawings" in water-colour is, however, difficult, for obvious reasons. Many if not most of our painters in water-colour really make their drawings out of doors. The "study," it is true, even in these cases undergoes more or less of working up in the studio before it is classed as a drawing. But this is, chiefly, in the way of finish, and giving force, as it is supposed, to certain points, in which the study may seem weak. Too often what is thus gained in seeming pictorial effect is lost in the freshness and spirit of the open air work. The number of members of either Society or Institute, who can really make a well considered "drawing" in which shall be brought to bear not particular studies only, but the accumulated experience of years of study, combined with exceptional powers of invention and imagination, is, and always must be, small. Failing the power to do this, less capable men, in what they call their finished work, fall back on the conventional recipes for picture-making, and the result, in which the freshness of Nature is wanting, and there is no vivifying breath of invention to supply its place, naturally fails to interest. In these days nothing in popular estimation will atone for lack of life and reality. Not that the number of those who can appreciate real imaginative invention or creation in landscape Art is smaller nowadays than it was in the past, but that these were always few.

In the Society's Winter Exhibition this year we find the old members in their usual "form," with much interesting work from the recent Associates, whom the Society admits so charily.

Sir John Gilbert's three drawings are all good examples of his characteristic qualities. Many will prefer his water-colour drawing of the "Reception of the fallen and dying Wolsey at Leicester Abbey," to his Academy oil picture of the same incident. "The Route" and the "Landscape," without figures, are good examples of the artist's somewhat rich, if sombre treatment, of rolling country, gnarled oaken-wood and copse, and deep-toned distance, and, where figures are introduced, of groups, always picturesque and spirited, and admirably calculated to enhance the effect of the landscape. Frederick Tayler is another veteran member of the Society, of whom it is safe to prophesy that he will please as long as he can paint, especially in those stirring and animated old-world hunting and hawking pictures of which his "Full Cry," in this Exhibition,—a stag-hunt in the Park of Haddon Hall,—is an unusually good example. F. Tayler is a true "creator" within his limits. George Fripp confines himself absolutely to landscape. It is very rare to find any figures at all in his drawings. But refined tastes of the more sober order will be quite satisfied with such perfectly understood treatment of mountain form as we find here, in his "Glen Sligachan," or the homely harmony and refreshing repose of his "Cornish Cottages" and his Thames hay-fields and willow-bordered river. George Dodgson, on the other hand, though many of his drawings of Yorkshire sea-cliffs, boulder-strewn becks, and heathery moorlands have no figure-element in them, thoroughly understands the use of figures, as he shows in such a picture as his larger one, here, of Knole—in which the gipsy group boiling their kettle in the foreground enhance the delightfulness of the green spring shade in which they have hung their kettle—or failing figures, of the suggestion of human labour, as by the felled trunks of his smaller woodland drawing here, also from Knole. E. Duncan, too, is thoroughly master of the right employment of figures in landscape, though in his drawings in the present Exhibition figures are not brought much into play. His "Chatham," however, one of the best, derives its effect as much from what it suggests of man's work as Nature's. C. Davidson's work by sea-shore, park and field, heath and weald, is as honest and unpretending as ever. J. D. Watson, the master *par excellence* of combined landscape and figure, besides some deep-toned riverside studies, with strongly contrasted effects of sunlight and shadow, sends a finished water-colour study for his oil-picture of a jester snowballing and snowbelled, among a bevy of laughing Christmas maidens. Naftel and Jackson, though both have had to struggle against certain infelicitous peculiarities of colour, are gradually taking the high place in the Society to which their powers and determined industry fairly entitle them. In the "Llan-y-Finan" and the "Torc Torrent at Killarney" to name two only of the many excellent examples of Naftel in this Exhibition, we are struck by the range of observation and the power of treating with the same mastery subjects as widely various as subjects can well be. In Jackson's "Atlantic Coast" there is a natural gloom which deprives his rather lurid under-colour of that oppressive effect which I am always sensible of in his sunnier and serener subjects, such as the Thames locks and weirs, of which we have more than one example here, and which the painter has always especially loved.

Alfred Hunt is one of the few water-colour painters whose pictures are something quite distinct from his "studies," though there can be no more reverent and loyal student of Nature. He has never exhibited two more beautiful little drawings than his views of "Whitby" on the screens, which probably served as the foundation of the two noble oil-pictures exhibited in the rooms of the Fine Arts Society two years ago. Samuel Palmer is we believe, the very oldest member of the Society who has always been faithful to his own creative power, and has never given in to the "realism" of the time in any, even the slightest, degree. His three small drawings here, one in sepia, are charming examples of his boldly imaginative dealing with the facts of Nature. F. Powell's three small drawings are so full of charm that one can only regret there are not more of them. G. P. Boyce's drawing of "Edward the Confessor's Shrine in Westminster Abbey" is a most masculine, if dryish, piece of work. He has just been elected a member of the Society, and no Associate more deserves the honour. The sobriety, strength, and individual character reflected in his work are as distinctive as delightful. H. S. Marks, A.R.A., as a landscape painter has the same strength and sobriety, though without the same marked individuality. His "Walberswick" is truth itself. His fat friar lovingly contemplating the conventual pigs in the beech wood just about Martinmas is full of quiet humour.

Tom Taylor

THEATRES

The *Grasshopper* at the Gaiety is an adaptation of MM. Meilhac and Halévy's *La Cigale*, which was brought out at the Théatre des Variétés in Paris this autumn, and is still very popular at that theatre. It is a piece which does not depend for its success in the slightest degree upon novelty of story or incidents; rather might it be said that the authors have exhibited an ostentatious disregard for originality of this kind in their proud confidence of being able to amuse by witty dialogue and clever combinations of absurd adventures. The theme of the piece is simply that of a travelling circus girl, who, being claimed as the stolen child of rich parents, greatly shocks her newly found relations and their friends by her incurable habit of reverting to the slang expressions and the ingenious contortions of her strolling career. This, as will be observed, is in essentials the subject of Donizetti's *La Fille du Regiment* and partly of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. The romantic drama entitled *Preciosa*, which Weber enriched with some pieces of music, is based on the same fable; which it may be observed is also the subject of Middleton and Rowley's old comedy, *The Spanish Gipsy*, those authors again being indebted for their plot to a tale by Cervantes, entitled *La Gitanilla*. It is needless to say that the French authors have engrafted on this thread of story a great many drolleries; and *La Cigale*, thanks partly to these qualities, and partly to the acting of Madame Chaumont, M. Dupuis, and other excellent performers, has unquestionably afforded great amusement to French audiences. Mr. Hollingshead having duly acquired the English rights of the French authors in accordance with the recently improved state of international copyright law, has translated this piece pretty closely save and except some compression, and the occasional retrenchment of jokes and allusions too essentially Parisian to be understood when not spoken by M. Dupuis before a Parisian audience. He has also removed the scene in accordance with our custom to English ground, and by changing the names to English names has endeavoured to convert *La Cigale* into an English piece. As it stands there is little to remind one very much of a foreign origin. The story, as we have shown, is of a somewhat cosmopolitan character; in its present form it represents little that corresponds to real life anywhere, and therefore may as well be English as French. Any way it makes in English an entertaining piece, and enables Miss Farren not only to exhibit as the "grasshopper" her unfailing spirit and vivacity, but to vary these qualities by occasional suggestions of tenderness which are essential to the effect of the part. Some jokes at the expense of the supposed heresies of modern English art, which reflect the original author's skits upon "the *impressionistes*," failed to be generally understood, though the joke about the picture of sky and sea, which being turned topsy-turvey did very well for a sandy desert under the deep blue heavens, was perfectly intelligible, and caused much laughter. The rather personal attack on Mr. Whistler which the adapter has introduced, and the caricatures of pictures by Gainsborough, Leighton, Millais, Miss Thompson, Signor Pellegrini, and Mr. Gordon Thomson, do not fulfil any very definite object, and their point is, we are afraid, not readily apprehended; but, as the caricatures are droll in themselves, they aroused much laughter. Mr. Terry in the English version of Dupuis's part is an entertaining if somewhat inconceivable representation of an artist of the present day; and Mr. Maclean, Mrs. Leigh, Mr. Royce, Mr. Farnes, Miss Marion West, and Mr. Soutar, may be said like the Prisoner of Chillon and his companions to have "each done well in his degree." The comedy precedes Mr. Byron's new burlesque of *Little Doctor Faust*, and altogether the Gaiety Theatre has not often had a more attractive programme. The Gaiety Theatre is to produce a pantomime at Christmas which, however, will not interfere with the ordinary evening programme, as it will be given only at daily morning performances throughout the holidays. The subject is the old nursery tale of Valentine and Orson.

Mr. J. L. Toole will make his first appearance in London this season at the Globe Theatre on Monday next.

Britannia Theatre, Hoxton.——Mrs. S. Lane has issued an attractive programme for her annual benefit, which is announced for Monday, Dec. 17. In addition to the numerous *corps dramatique*, Miss Marie Henderson, Miss Pollie Randall, Mr. Fred Foster, Mr. G. H. Macdermott, and the Lupino Troupe have kindly consented to appear. The performance will commence with *The Smiles, Tears, and Frowns of Life*, in which Miss M. Henderson and Mrs. S. Lane will appear, followed by the ballet of *Robinson Crusoe*, by the Lupinos, the Britannia Festival, a miscellaneous concert, and a new poetic drama, written expressly by Mr. E. Newbound.

◆

The Erection of Temple Bar on the Thames Embankment as a waterside gate to the Temple Gardens has been suggested, as the Bar would not only look well, but would thus retain its old associations with the Temple.

Founder's Day, Charterhouse.——Although the school has been for some years removed to Godalming, where it flourishes exceedingly, that portion of Thomas Sutton's foundation which accommodates the "Poor Brothers" still remains, as many of our readers are aware, in London; and here the annual festival of Old Carthusians, which has been held without intermission for more than 200 years, took place on Wednesday, the 12th inst. After a special service in the chapel, an appropriate sermon being preached by Canon Boyle, the company, to the number of about 150, assembled in the fine old monastic hall, which was subsequently the palace of the Dukes of Norfolk, where an excellent dinner was served. We may observe, by the way, that the "old boys" of few schools possess the privilege of holding their annual meetings in so ancient and interesting a chamber. The dinner passed off in the most enjoyable manner, and the various toasts were respectively proposed and responded to by the Master (the Rev. G. Currey), Mr. J. R. Kenyon, Q.C., Major Battiscombe, the Head Master (the Rev. J. Haig Brown), Canon Boyle, Rev. E. Palmer, Rev. F. Poynder, and Messrs. Webster, T. Collins, Arthur Locker, and J. P. Cobbold, M.P.

Scraps

Titian's Quatercentenary is to be kept in January a Berlin, by an exhibition of copies, drawings, and prints of the Venetian's pictures.

Roman Catholic Communities, looking forward to evil days for the faith, are seeking means of self-support, and a Florence convent has established a large factory for the making of *poudre de riz*.

Shakespearian Representations are quite the fashion in Berlin this winter, and the historical plays are being given with enormous success at the Royal Theatre. The hundredth anniversary of the production of *Hamlet*, in Germany, will be kept on Monday by a gala performance of the tragedy.

A Genuine Yellow Fog prevailed in Paris one day last week, much to the astonishment of the Parisians, and gave rise to all sorts of curious incidents. Many persons believed themselves in London, and attempted to talk English, people in debt ventured into streets through which they dared not venture in daylight, tapped at their creditors' windows, and, owing to the darkness, contracted some fresh accounts, while the general impression was that the sun had imitated the Republicans, and refused to vote the budget of supply.

The Companion Obelisk to Cleopatra's Needle, promised to the Americans, is not looked on with much favour across the Atlantic. With the example of our failure in the matter of transport before their eyes, the Americans are unwilling to spend either labour or money on the monument, and an irreverent New York correspondent suggests that the New Yorkers have the makings of a pyramid at home without sending to Egypt. There is an old reservoir close to Fifth Avenue which would answer admirably if it were carried up 200 feet to a point, and adorned with a few mummies from the museum.

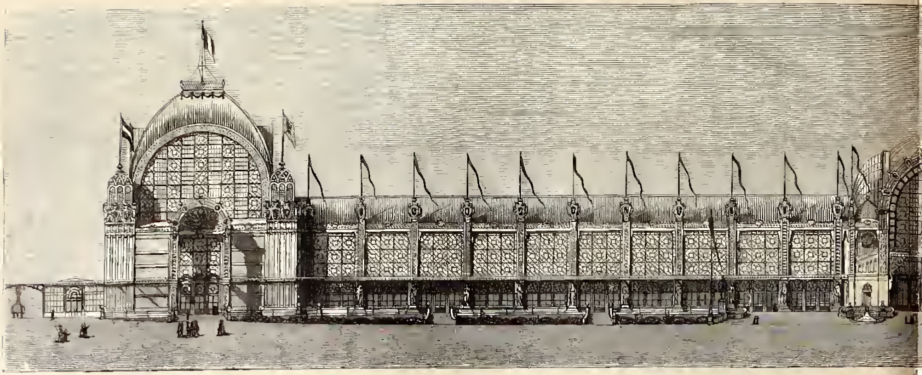
Kelly's Post Office London Directory.——"Good wine needs no bush," nor is it necessary for us to praise this invaluable Directory, which, for accuracy and fulness of matter comprised within comparatively moderate limits, stands unrivalled among publications of this character. The volume for 1878, which has just reached us, is the seventy-ninth of the annual series, it contains no novel features, but the whole has been, as usual, corrected down to the latest date, as an example of which we may instance the re-numbering of Gresham Street, which was commenced about the 30th October last, and which is duly noted throughout the book wherever Gresham Street is mentioned

M. Victor Hugo has been so delighted with Madlle. Sarah Bernhardt's performance of the heroine in *Hernani*, according to the Paris *Figaro*, that he sent her an autograph letter, offering her the most precious tribute he could present, the tear she had caused him to shed. The said tear, however, did not accompany the letter, much to the actress's regret, but next day appeared a velvet casket containing the tear on a satin cushion. Madlle. Bernhardt intends to set the gift, which though not large is of the finest water, in a ring or bracelet, and in return is painting a picture of Blanche, in the *Roi s'Amuse*, for the coming Salon, Blanche being represented as lying dead on her bier with the jester kneeling by her side.

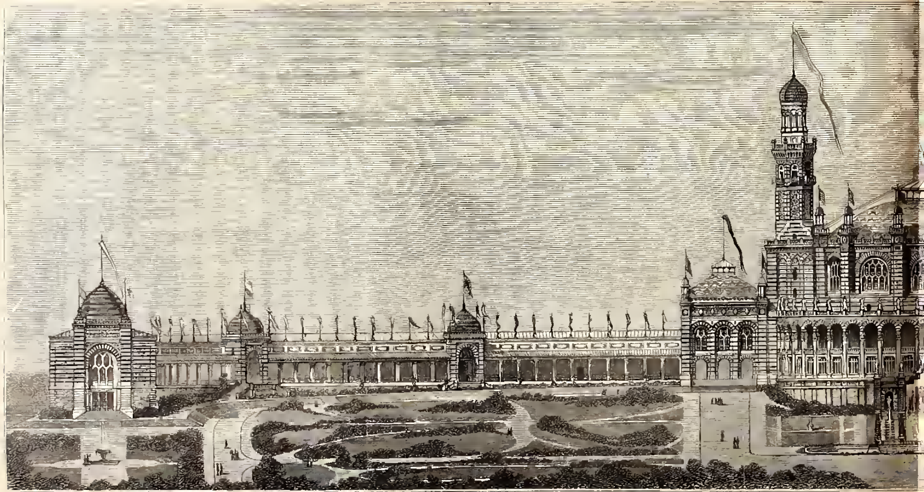
London Mortality decreased last week, and 1,547 deaths were registered against 1,579 during the previous seven days, a decline of 32, being 222 below the average, and at the rate of 22·8 per 1,000. There were 25 deaths from small-pox (a decline of 6), 76 from measles (a decrease of 5), 46 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 6), 5 from diphtheria, 36 from whooping-cough (an increase of 9), 27 from different forms of fever (a decline of 9), and 19 from diarrhœa (an increase of 3). Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 397, a decline of 20, and were 89 below the average. There were 2,435 births registered, exceeding the average by 71. The mean temperature of the week was 43·4 deg., or 1·7 deg. above the average. The registered sunshine was only 4·5 hours out of 55·9 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

The Dog Show at the Alexandra Palace, which has been held this week under the auspices of the Kennel Club, has been a fair average show, specially noticeable for the fine specimens of bulldogs and bloodhounds, mastiffs and St. Bernards exhibited. There was also a good show of Irish setters, and foxhounds, but there was a somewhat small class of bull-terriers, while the toys were few and poor, except perhaps in the Pug Class, where some really handsome specimens were shown. The foreign dogs, also, were not largely represented, but the class was curious, and included two Japanese terriers, little miseries which look like shorn Italian greyhounds, one Chinese dog, a fine curly-haired fellow, a fine German boar-hound, and a couple of Danish mastiffs. The Dandie Dinmonts and the fashionable Dachshunds are also worth a special mention.

Women's Education Union.——We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the claims of the National Union for Improving the Education of Women of all Classes, which were strongly advocated a little while ago by Mrs. William Grey in letters to *The Times* and *Daily News*. The Union, which was founded in 1871 under the Presidency of H.R.H. Princess Louise, and which has during its six years of life done a large amount of valuable work, including the establishment of the Girls' Public Day School Company (Limited), and the Teachers' Training and Registration Society, has been lately so much eclipsed by its own children, now working as independent bodies, that it is in danger of collapsing from want of efficient support. Yet what large and useful functions the Union is still performing may be seen from the following enumeration of the work in hand, viz.: The establishment of a Working Women's College in the South-west of London; the award of Scholarships, to enable promising young women to pursue their studies at a place of advanced instruction; the Students' Library, for lending books at a small annual subscription to young women preparing for the University and other examinations; A Teachers' Education Loan Fund—for granting loans to teachers to enable them to pay education fees; the publication of the "Journal of the Women's Education Union," to give information respecting the education of girls and women in all parts of the world. To carry out this work effectually a large additional number of subscribers is needed; for the subscription for membership (10*s.* 6*d.*), which includes the journal, is so low, that an adequate income can be raised only by numbers. The Working Women's College, especially, though it will be organised with a view to becoming self-supporting, will have to be worked at a loss for some time. We refer our readers for further information concerning the work of the Union to the Secretary, Miss Louisa Brough, 112, Brompton Road, to whom all subscriptions and donations should be addressed.

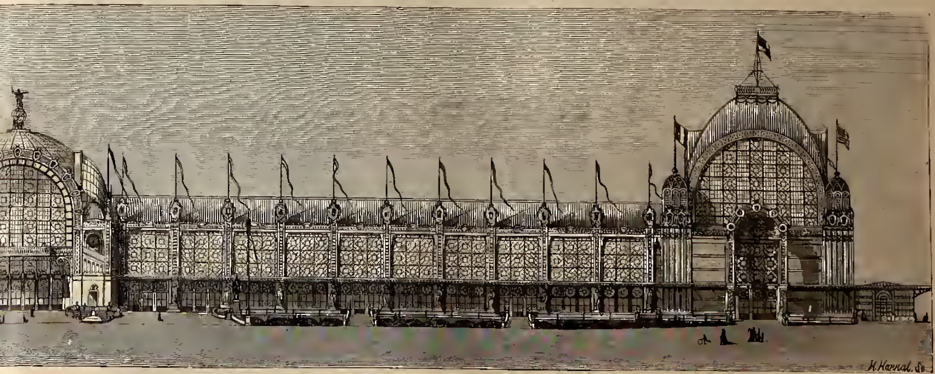


THE PRINCIPAL FACADE OF THE

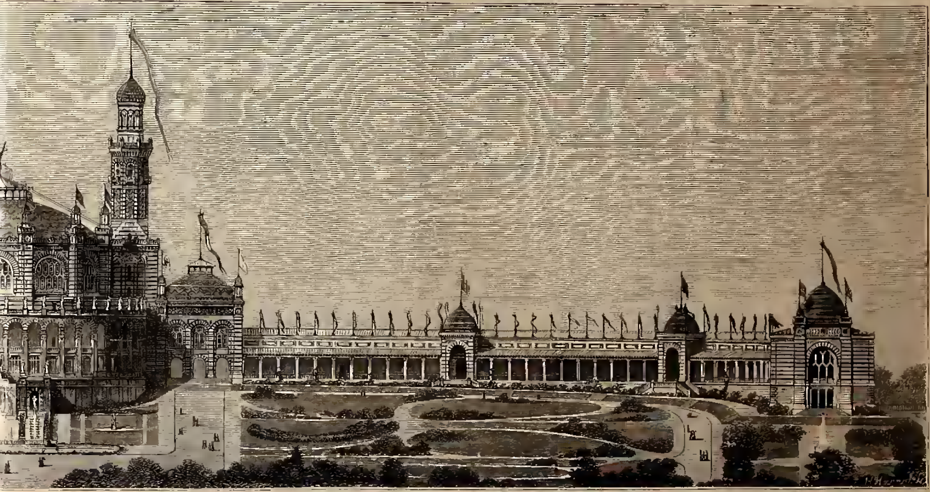


THE BUILDING

THE FORTHCOMING



UILDING ON THE CHAMP DE MARS



N THE TROCADÉRO

PARIS EXHIBITION

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——After a heroic resistance of five months Plevna and its brave commander, Osman Pasha, have surrendered. For a long time past it has been manifest that the Turks have been terribly hard pressed for stores and food; and it appears that on Monday Osman Pasha determined to make one great final effort to break through the circle of steel with which the Russians had surrounded him, and force his passage either to Widdin or the Balkans. Thus in the early morning he attacked the Russians under General Daniloff on the left bank of the Vid, between Etrepol and Dolni Dubnik, and for some hours the Turks fought with most desperate energy. At one time the sortie seemed likely to succeed, as they succeeded in penetrating the line of entrenchments and batteries, but the Russian grenadiers held firm, and Osman Pasha, himself wounded, attempted to re-enter Plevna. Here, however, he was confronted by a Russo-Roumanian force from Gravitza, which having noticed the absence of the usually active garrison from that side had boldly advanced, and with comparatively little trouble had succeeded in seizing the town and its eastward defences. Thus taken between two fires Osman Pasha had no further choice, and he surrendered unconditionally to General Granetsky. By three o'clock in the afternoon Plevna was in complete possession of the allied troops, and the Grand Duke Nicholas celebrated the victory by sleeping in the town, which has cost him many thousands of men and five months of precious time to reduce to submission. The exact number of prisoners has not yet been ascertained, but Osman Pasha is calculated to have had from 30,000 to 40,000 men remaining. No provisions whatever were found in Plevna, the inhabitants having barely sufficient sustenance to last them through the day. Osman Pasha has been treated with every courtesy by the Russians, and the Czar has sent for his use his own carriage—a mark of respect only due to a brave general who in a few weeks turned an open town into an impregnable fortress, and for nearly half a year has held at bay a vastly superior force composed of the flower of the Russian army, and generaled with the best leaders Russia could supply, and who has finally only yielded to that invincible conqueror Famine.

Of course there have been great rejoicings at Bucharest and St. Petersburg, but amid all these there has sounded an official announcement that the capture of Plevna will not prevent hostilities being continued, "even though preliminary negotiations for peace should be commenced." As it is calculated that the capitulation of Plevna will set free nearly 80,000 men it is probable that a march southwards will at once take place upon the positions of Suleiman, Reouf, and Mehemet Ali Pashas. With regard to the first-named, he has been unable to follow up the advantage he gained last week by the capture of Elena, and although Kesrova and some unimportant positions nearer Tirnova have been carried Russian reinforcements were rapidly brought up, and have thwarted the Turkish general's designs upon the old Bulgarian capital. As for Mehemet Ali, there has been some more sharp fighting in the Somarli, where the Turks appear to be maintaining their position. At this critical moment, however, the Turkish home authorities have suddenly once more superseded Mehemet Ali, who has accordingly been recalled to Constantinople, being replaced by Chakir Pasha. The Minister of War, Mustafa Pasha, has also been changed, Reouf Pasha being the new Seraskier. Truly the Turks seem adepts at changing horses while crossing a stream.

At CONSTANTINOPLE the fall of Plevna was announced on Tuesday, and up to the time we are writing no popular manifestation has been recorded. Throughout Europe, however, this capitulation is looked upon as the beginning of the end, and numerous rumours respecting peace negotiations are in circulation. Still, all resistance has not yet been overcome—the armies of the Lom and the Balkans are as yet intact, and such fortresses as Rustchuk, Silistria, Rasgrad, and Schumla, in the Quadrilateral, will have to be reduced before the Russians can claim complete possession of Bulgaria. In the mean time the Czar will now take a brief holiday, and return for a time to St. Petersburg.

SERVIA, encouraged by the Russian success, is more than ever anxious to recommence hostilities, while GREECE—probably fearing to be left out in the cold in the division of the spoil—is announced to be likely to take the field simultaneously with Servia. Plucky little MONTENEGRO is still continuing her warfare in the west, and Prince Nikita has had a narrow escape from death, the house in which he was residing at Antivari having been undermined and blown into the air, the Prince being fortunately out at the time. In ASIA there is no change in the situation, Mukhtar is still at Erzeroum, and typhus is reported to be raging in the Russian army. It is now positively asserted that the fall of Kars was brought about by the treachery of a Turkish artillery colonel, Hussein Bey.

FRANCE.——The crisis has continued throughout the week, and has increased in intensity every day. At the close of last week Marshal MacMahon apparently resigned himself to circumstances, sent for M. Dufaure, and unreservedly commissioned him to form a Parliamentary Ministry. Subsequently, however, he intimated that he must retain the right of nominating three Ministers—those of War, Foreign Affairs, and Marine. As such an arrangement was not only unconstitutional, but had been the cause of great difficulties in a previous Cabinet, where, from the fact of the members entertaining diametrically opposite political opinions, harmony had been impossible, M. Dufaure declined to form a Cabinet unless the appointment of the complete Cabinet rested with him. The Marshal then abruptly broke off all negotiations, and a semi-official note announced that M. Batbie had been summoned to the Elysée to form a Cabinet, which it was understood would be not merely a *Ministère du Combat*, but one of dissolution. However, even the Conservatives began now to take alarm at the Marshal's conduct; no one could be found willing to enter the Cabinet; Bonapartists again began to show signs of hesitation in thus overriding Universal Suffrage; the Legitimist journals, inspired it is said by the Comte de Chambord, began to turn round, and ask whither the Marshal wished to lead France; while the Constitutionalists, at a meeting on Sunday, plainly told M. Bathie that he must not rely upon them to vote a second dissolution. This little body of Senators, who hold the destinies of France in their hands, have moreover been exceedingly angered with the Marshal for his very cavalier-like treatment of the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, who visited the Marshal on Monday in order to make a last effort in favour of a peaceful solution. The Marshal did not even ask the President of the Senate to sit down, and bluntly told him that henceforward he would have "neither conciliation nor compromise." The Duke withdrew deeply hurt, after saying a few plain words to the Marshal, regretting the "terrible responsibilities" he was bringing upon himself.

On Wednesday, however, matters looked a little brighter, as the Marshal not only received a deputation of Senators who came to present addresses from the manufacturers of Eastern France, but even voluntarily vouchsafed some civil declarations to the effect that he was not actuated by personal ambition, that he was not a man of any party, that he held neither for the Comte de Chambord, the Comte de Paris, nor the Prince Imperial, and that he would maintain the existing Republican institutions until 1880, "if," he added sadly, "I am still here." The Senators urged the Marshal to put an end to the crisis, saying, "You alone can do it," but the Marshal would make no promises, and dismissed them with the assurance that he was "animated by the best intentions, and will do nothing but what his conscience and the interests of the country dictate."

In Paris the utmost uneasiness is felt, being increased by the various rumours which are almost hourly circulated. Nevertheless social life is unaffected, and the theatres are in the full swing of their autumnal activity. At the Théâtre Italiens Signor Salvini has been playing Hamlet and Othello. At the Bouffes Parisiens a new comic opera, *L'Etoile*, has been produced with great success, the music by M. Chabrier. At the Ambigu there is a new six-act drama, *Une Cause Célèbre*, by MM. Ennery and Cormon, a dramatised version of the case of a noted murderer brought to justice through the the testimony of his six-year-old son. George Sand's *François le Champi* has been revived at the Odéon; while a new opera, *Zilia*, by M. G. Villate, the libretto founded on the Venetian Council of Ten, and written by M. Themistocles Solera, has been brought out at the Théâtre Italiens. M. Villate is a young composer, this is his first work, and he has manifestly placed Sig. Verdi's music before him as his ideal.—On Monday M. Victor Hugo gave a grand dramatic and literary dinner.

ITALY.——The Pope is said to be slightly better, although in a very hopeless condition, "oscillating between improvement and prostration." He still receives visits from certain cardinals, and has been presented by Cardinal Defalloux with an armchair bed on wheels, on which he is able to recline comfortably, and which can be moved at will by the occupant. The Consistory will still be held on Monday, the Pope being present in his chair-bed.—The Antonelli will case is now in course of trial before the Civil Tribunal at Rome.—The well-known Carlist General, Lizarraga, has died at Rome.

SPAIN.——King Alphonso has now officially communicated to his Ministry his intention of marrying the Princess Mercédes, daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, and the Grand Chamberlain of the Court has been despatched to the Duke, with the formal demand for the Princess's hand, while application has been made to the Vatican for the usual Papal dispensation necessary for the marriage of cousins. All popular opposition to the match has now ceased, and the wedding will take place about the 23rd of January.

INDIA.——The Jowaki expedition continues to be successful, and our forces having captured Jummoo and destroyed all the fortified places of the neighbourhood, have returned to their former positions without a single casualty. Great depression is said to exist among the Jowakis, who find no sympathy amongst the neighbouring tribes, who remain quiet. Another little war is threatened, this time on the North-Eastern frontier, where Angami Nagas, the most powerful of all the Nagas, are becoming troublesome, and the Government has determined to send an expedition again to them.

A little difficulty has arisen with Sir Salar Jung, owing to the Government having compelled the Nizam's Minister to dismiss his private Secretary, Mr. Oliphant, who is stated to have been a "bad adviser" to Sir Salar Jung, and to have taken part in "controversies embarrassing to the British Government."

UNITED STATES.——Internal political troubles of little interest to foreign nations still continue to prevail, the greatest controversy being the "silver" question, there being a widespread agitation to pay the interest on the National Debt in silver, directly contrary to the opinions expressed in President Hayes' recent message.

THE COURT

THE Queen is now at Windsor Castle, where Her Majesty has been receiving a number of visitors. At the end of last week the Queen gave audience to Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Cross, and received the Bishop of Sodor and Man, who did homage on his appointment. On Saturday Princess Christian lunched with Her Majesty, while the Princess Beatrice came up to town, was present at the Saturday Popular Concert at St. James' Hall, and after calling on the Duchess of Cambridge returned to Windsor. Mr. Hardy joined the Royal party at dinner, and had audience of the Queen. Next day Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice attended morning Service in the private chapel, and Princess Christian visited the Queen. The Princess Louise, the Crown Prince of Hanover, and the Marquis of Lorne arrived on Monday, and in the evening Her Majesty gave a dinner party, including, amongst others, Prince and Princess Christian, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, the Prince of Hanover, Lord Lorne, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Baron Halkett. Next day the Queen's guests left the Castle, and Her Majesty came up to town to see the Duchess of Cambridge afterwards returning to Windsor. On Wednesday Her Majesty held a Council, and gave audience to the Chinese Ambassador and the Ministers of Salvador and the Hawaiian Islands, who presented their credentials.—Later in the afternoon Mr. Bryan Robinson, late Judge of the Supreme Court, Newfoundland; Mr. James Bain, late Provost of Glasgow; and Mr. Andrew Barclay Walker, late Mayor of Liverpool, were knighted by Her Majesty.—Her Majesty has sent an autograph letter of congratulation to Canon Beadon, of North Stoneham, Southampton, who celebrated his one-hundredth birthday last Wednesday.

The Prince of Wales concluded his visit to the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh at the end of last week, and came up to town, and on Saturday presided at a meeting of his Council. On Monday morning the Prince with the Crown Prince of Hanover visited the Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, where he has nine entries, and afterwards left town for a few days' shooting at Eastwell Park, the Duke of Edinburgh's residence near Tunbridge. He would return on Thursday or yesterday (Friday), and was expected to visit the Queen at Windsor. The Princess and her daughters remain at Sandringham.—The Prince of Wales goes to Cambridge on the 21st prox. to unveil the statue of the Prince Consort at the Fitzwilliam Museum.—Presents of game have been sent by the Prince to several of the London hospitals.

The Princess Louise and her husband visited the South Kensington Museum last week, to see Dr. Schliemann's arrangement of his Trojan collection.—Prince Leopold bore the journey to town very well.—The Empress of Austria leaves for England on the 28th inst. She will be accompanied by her only son, the Crown Prince Rodolph, who will make a tour in Scotland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, returning to England to fetch his mother in March.

The marriage of King Alphonso of Spain and his cousin Mercédes is mentioned elsewhere. The Princess's wedding dress will be of white satin, quilted with pearls, a white raised velvet train, edged with silver, while her head will be adorned with diamonds and a lace mantilla.—Princess Charlotte of Prussia, eldest daughter of the Imperial Prince, is also preparing her trousseau, which is to be made entirely in Germany. Prussian Princesses have a dowry of 30,000*l.*, half of which is spent on their trousseau and establishment.

CHURCH NEWS

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.——Dr. Jackson has issued a circular to the clergy of the diocese, asking them to aid this fund by having collections in their churches on the first Sunday in June next. He says that though the densely populated districts of London which were most prominently in view when the fund was established, have been for the most part, provided sufficiently with churches, and partially at least with clergy; in the northern and western suburbs whole districts are being rapidly covered with houses, inhabited to a great extent by the labouring class, where no provision for public worship and pastoral superintendence yet exists. He thinks that it may safely be said that twenty new churches with a staff of clergy are needed for neighbourhoods of this description.

THE HATCHAM RIOTS.——There were fresh disturbances at St. James's, Hatcham, last Sunday. The chief cause of hostility against the present vicar is the restoration of the candlesticks and altar decorations which gave offence in Mr. Tooth's time. The "early celebration" passed off quietly, but after the eleven o'clock service, a body of people endeavoured to force their way into the church, which was already crowded; and a general scrimmage was the result. A special force of 200 police were on duty in the vicinity, and these soon cleared the building. No arrests were made. The churchwardens complain that the ordinary congregation were excluded from the church by a number of strangers, who "packed" the building as soon as the doors were opened. Evenden and McClure have each been fined 40*s.* for taking part in the disturbances on the previous Sunday. The magistrate said that he was desirous that oil should be thrown over the troubled waters, and suggested that a conference should take place between the Rev. Mr. McColl and others, as to the kind of service to be conducted, so as not to cause dissatisfaction.

VARIOUS.——On Sunday week, the Rev. C. J. Fuller, vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Primrose Hill, stated in the course of his sermon that some gentlemen in the parish had been the cause of the Bishop ordering him to conduct the Holy Communion in a very different manner to what he was in the habit of doing. He and twelve of the principal supporters of the church had held a meeting, and he had resolved to obey his Bishop. By so so doing he would have to officiate without the vestments, and the communicants would have to take the pure blood of Christ, as he had to discontinue using the mixed chalice. One thing he would promise them, however, that he would preach the Holy Catholic doctrines stronger than ever, for although he was prohibited from teaching them with outward signs he had still the liberty of the pulpit, which he would not fail to avail himself of.—At an Anti-Confessional meeting, held in the Brighton Pavilion, on Tuesday, the chairman announced that he and another gentleman had that day received anonymous letters, in which, beneath a rough sketch of a skull and crossbones, they were warned "on their lives" to abstain from speaking. Resolutions were passed condemning auricular confession as opposed to the Word of God, to the practice of the primitive Church, and the doctrines of the Church of England, and destructive of domestic peace, social virtue, and the best interests of morality.—On Monday night at a meeting at Mile End, convened by the Liberation Society, the Church people attended in large numbers, and taking advantage of a short delay on the part of the advertised chairman, elected one of their own body to preside. The lecturer, Mr. Kearly, being continually interrupted, at last proposed that this chairman should be removed, and that the Rev. T. W. Atkinson, the advertised chairman, should take his place. This was carried, but the chairman stuck to his seat, and an attempt to force him from it led to a free fight, which was stopped by the police, who cleared the room.—Here is a fine specimen of the "retort courteous" culled from the *Rock*: "The churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Lothbury, have returned to the Church Association—with 'their compliments' and an amiable wish 'that the association was bankrupt'—the sheets of the anti-confessional 'Memorial' to the Queen which had been sent to them from Buckingham Street. Only one name was found appended to the document, and this proved to be none other than that of 'The Devil' himself! Now this is by no means a solitary instance of this eminent personage having affixed his signature to the Memorial while sheets of the same were lying in Ritualistic hands! This curious fact cannot but suggest unpleasant reflections as to the sort of society one would be likely to meet in Ritualistic circles."

MUSIC

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.——Though two extra representations are announced for Monday and Tuesday next—the last being what is termed "a combined performance" (something like the once celebrated "Long Thursdays" when the late Benjamin Lumley was director of Her Majesty's Theatre)—Mr. Mapleson's winter operatic season virtually terminates this evening with a repetition of *Il Flauto Magico*. There is nothing to add to what has been already said with regard to the brief series of performances—welcome because of their unanticipated occurrence—except that the list of operas previausly given has been enriched by *Don Giovanni*, the lyrico-dramatic *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart. The cast of this great work was, all circumstances taken into considemtian, more than creditable. The executian of the music, fram the overture—which, remembering what use of it is made in the final scene, may be loaked upon as a striking illustmtion of Campell's aft-quoted line—

> Coming events cast their shadows before—

was, under the vigilant direction af Signor Licalsi, for the most part all that could be wished. To expect a Doa Giovanni nowadays presenting the *beau-ideal* of Da Ponte's inimitable creation would be Utopian. The best Dan Giovanni since Tamburini is the Frenchaian, M. Faure—that is, when M. Faure sings it in his own language, he being an actor as well as a vocalist. We must confess, at the same time, that Signor Del Puente surprised us by his general partrayal of a chamcter sa exacting in every sense. This gentleman, or we are greatly mistaken, has the wherewithal to hecame a lyric artist of the first rank. The Donna Anna was Madame Marie Rôze, who both acted and sung with the highest intelligence, and who, were she gifted with the physical means, of such material significance in this arduous part, wauld leave nothing to desire. Mdlle. Anna de Belacca is a piquant and captivating Zerlina, possessed, mareover, of a voice which, with the help of assiduaus study, would enable her to give both the airs which Mozart has awarded to Zerlina in the original keys—just, in short, as Mozart conceived them. Signor Bettini's Dan Ottavio is what it has always been—a smooth commonplace; though it must be admitted that he sings the occasionally omitted air, "Dalla sua pace," with great taste and uniform correctness. His "Il mio tesoro," natwithstanding the fact that it won him a dauble call, pleased us less. Mdlle. Valleria, as Donna Elvira, displayed that musical knowledge and artistic perception for which she is invariably noted; Signor Monari Rocca was, though decidedly overweighted, a more or less acceptable Leporello; Signor Zoboli an admirable Masetto (a character too often ridiculausly averacted); and Signor Brocolini a Commendatore fully conscious of the importance of the music assigned to that important personage—as was specially shown in the last scene, not only the finest Mozart ever composed, but the finest in the whole range af lyric drama. As we have yet a few abservations to make upon the series of operatic performances which come to an end on Tuesday, with the varied pragramme above referred to—the accasion being "for the benefit" of Mr. Mapleson, far whose "benefit," in case of their being remunerative, one might imagine that every perfarmance was held—no more need be written at present. Enaugh that what the director of Her Majesty's Theatre has done has been a real gift-offering to the lavers of Italian apera at this time of year.

London Ballad Concerts.——At this, the last concert before Christmas, Mr. Sims Reeves reappeared, and sang three of his most favaurite pieces, namely, Blumenthal's "Requital," "Came into the Garden, Maud," and "My Pretty Jane." He was rapturously received, but steadfastly declined all encores. Mr. Santley in "The Bellringer" and Mr. Maybrick in "The Village Blacksmith" were admirable. Miss Orridge was very pleasing in Smart's "Lady of the Lea," and Miss Beata Francis sang two songs very nicely, namely, "The Scented Vine" and "Kirtle Red." Kucken's "Young Musicians" is one af the very best things in the London Vocal Union's *répertoire*, and we hope they will favour us with it again when the New Year begins.

Waifs.——Madle. Marie Rôze leaves for the United States on the 20th inst. That she will meet American appreciatars of her distinguished talent is beyand question.—It is pleasant to find that the Parisian journals are beginning to talk a little about the long-neglected Méhul, ane of the real glories of French art, a Gluck in his way, and author of many operas which might be revived with signal advantage. What the grand ald Florentine, Cherubini, thought of Méhul may be gathered from the language in which he dedicates to his French canfederate and worthy rival the superb opera, *Medée*. Méhul, with Boieldieu and Auber, farm the genuine triumvirate of French dmmatic composers.—The performance af Professar Macfarren's *Joseph*, at the Royal Albert Hall, an Tuesday evening, fully bore out the impression created on the occasion of its first production at the Leeds Festival, not long since. We find no reason to modify in any sense our opinion af the oratorio, a work of which every one who cares for the progress of genuine music in England has reason to feel proud. Although the general performance was certainly not comparable to that at Leeds (in the choral parts especially), it was on the whole highly creditable to Mr. Joseph Barnby, the conductor, and those under his control. The leading singers, but for the substitution of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington for Mdlle. Albani, were the same as at Leeds, viz.: Madame Patey, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Foli, and Santley, Mrs. Osgood representing the character of Benjamin, and taking part, here and there, in the "dialogue music." The oratorio was received with marked favour, the composer being called to the platform and enthusiastically applauded at the end.—Mr. Carl Rosa's Operatic Company have been playing this week at Bolton. Owing to the destruction by fire of the Worcester Theatre, their ante-Christmas season is shortened by a week.—Madame Trebelli Bettini, having amicably settled her differences with Mr. Mapleson, will take part, on Monday, in the performance of Flotow's *Martha*, at Her Majesty's Theatre.—The Crystal Palace operatic representations have begun again very successfully, with a clever English version, by Mr. Grist, of Cimarosa's once famous opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (our own *Clandestine Marriage*), the chief singers in which are Mesdames Cave Ashton and Alice Barth, Miss Florence St. John, Messrs. George Fox, Richard Temple, and Bernard Lane. The orchestra, as usual, is that of the Palace, conducted, of course, by Mr. August Manns.

SPORTING

The Turf.——Now is the "winter of our discontent;" but though Croydon and Sandown are over, the Bromley authorities provided on Tuesday and Wednesday some capital cross-country sport, which was well patronised by owners of horses and the general public, the Cattle Show visitors to the metropolis showing in great force. Many fair-class horses put in an appearance, Catinka taking the Maiden Hurdle Race, Lord Colney the Railway Steeple Chase, Bristol the Hunters' Hurdle Race, and King Sweep, who has run very unluckily for some weeks, the Selling Hurdle Race in a respectable field of fourteen. On the second day King Sweep scored another victory in the Bickley Hurdle Race, and old Industrious took the Beckenham Hurdle Handicap, while Swift beat eleven opponents in the Selling Hurdle Handicap.—Times have indeed changed from what they were twenty years ago. At the present moment nat a single professional book is open on the Derby, an amateur it is said being the only representative of "all-round" Derby betting.

Aquatics.——The Trial Eights at both Universities have been rowed. At Oxfard—or rather at Moulsford, where the race came off—Ellison's crew after a splendid contest won by six feet; and on the piece of water below Ely, where the Cambridge men row their trial, Bird's crew were victariaus by a length and a half. It is of course very difficult to compare the relative merits af the two winning crews, nor indeed is there any great necessity for endeavouring so to do. There seems however to be an impression that Cambridge has the best raw material to select from for the Putney race next spring. It is also impossible to speak with any certainty just now as to the number of "Old Blues" likely to be in either of the Putney crews.—An attempt has made, or rather is still being made, to bring Boyd and Nicholson together, and the chief difficulty in arranging it seems to be the question whether the former shall give the latter five seconds at the start or finish. We hardly think matches which pretend to be first-class ones shauld have this element of "giving and taking" in them at all.

Coursing.——The seasan, as far as it has gone, has been a mast successful ane, no interference fram the coursers' special enemies, frost and snow, having yet been experienced. The old dogs, as a rule, seem well up to the mark, and the youngsters are decidedly superior to their predecessors of seveml seasons, at least so think good judges.—Mr. Marley's Little Jack beat Mr. Hendersan's On Guard far the Ravensworth Cup at the North of England Club (Eslington) Meeting, where good caursing is invariably the order of the day; and Mr. Morris's Lizzie Parram toak the Eslington Stakes, running her courses brilliantly thraughaut.—The Stoneham Park and Pulborough Meetings were also very good, the veteran judge, Mr. Warwick, at the latter performing his arduous duties to the satisfaction of all concerned.—The Waterloo Cup is now the only medium for investment generally open to the public; and for this the nominations of Messrs. Briggs, the owner of last year's runner up, Hornby, and Darlinson, are in most request. Not a few would give a very considerable sum to know for whom last year's winner, Coomassie, will run, but the secret is as yet well kept.

Football.——The ball has been kept moving with great spirit during the last few days.—At Upton Park, Essex and Surrey, two leading football counties, have played their annual match under Association rules, the representatives of the land of calves and agues being successful by four goals to three after a well-contested game.—At Eton the "Collegers" have played Cambridge a "field" game, which resulted after a very fast match in favour af the Etonians by one goal to the Cantabs *nil*. The Eton boys, both Collegers and Oppidans, are in very good farm this season.—The Association Cup has now entered an the second round, the results being the victories of Cambridge over Maidenhead by four goals ta two, of the Royal Engineers over the Pilgrims by six ta none, and of Upton Park over Reading by a goal, the only one got in the game.—On Wednesday, in a Rugby Unian game at the Oval, Oxford defeated Cambridge.

Angling.——Anglers generally, and Thames anglers in particular, will be glad to hear that a very influential meeting of nearly 120 gentlemen has been held in Reading for the purpose of forming an Associatian for protecting and improving the angling between Mapledurham, and Sonning, and in the Lower Kennet and tributaries. There is hardly a finer stretch of water on the Thames for angling purpases than that just mentioned, and though much poached it still holds some very fine fish af all kinds. Every inch of the Thames should be protected by lacal Associatians, which canduce to the sport of the legitimate anglers af the working classes as well as to that of their richer brethren.

LEGAL

The Detective Case.——The law advisers af the Crawn have decided not to proceed with the remaining counts of the indictment against Inspector Clarke, and a *nolle prosequi* has accordingly been entered in the case. The statement that Meiklejohn had since his conviction written to the Treasury incriminating some other police officers is now said to be devoid of foundation. No other indictment will be preferred against him.—Last week a woman named Lena Chester was charged with having attempted to bribe one of the gaolers of the Mansion House Justice Room by offering him 500*l.* to procure the release of Frederick Dimsdale, a solicitor, who is in custody on remand, with three others, on a charge of obtaining money by means of fictitious leases. The gaoler at first accepted half-a-sovereign from the woman; but, thinking that it was a scheme to test his integrity, he got a detective to conceal himself beneath a table at the next interview, and after the offer of 500*l.* had been made the officer showed himself and took the woman into custody. The case is only part heard, and the accused is at liberty on bail.

Miscellaneous Items.——The result of the Michelstown trial has produced great rejoicings in the south of Ireland. Bonfires were lighted on the hills, and Mr. Casey had a grand reception on his arrival home from Dublin.—The two men Hibbert and Martin, who were suspected of being concerned in the robbery of Foreign Bonds from the mail train fram Calais to Paris, but who were discharged for lack of jurisdiction, were taken before Sir J. Ingham under the Extradition Acts, Hibbert being claimed by the French Government and Martin by the Austrian, for robberies in those countries of which they had been convicted *en contumace*. It turned out, however, that Hibbert was the man "wanted" in both countries, "Charles Martin" having been one of his numerous aliases; Hibbert was therefore handed over to the French authorities, who, when they have done with him, will probably pass him on to Austria, and Martin was discharged, the magistrate declining to entertain his application for "recompense" for his long detention in custody.—The *Daily Telegraph* has lately devoted some space to letters complaining of the manner in which Mr. Commissioner Kerr deals with cases at the Old Bailey Sessions. One of the allegations was that a prisoner accused of felony was discharged because of the temporary absence of the prosecutor when the case was called on, and that the prosecutor was fined £40 for his absence. On Monday the learned Commissioner requested the Clerk of Arraigns to search the records for any such case, and on Tuesday it was announced that no prosecutor had been mulcted as described, but that a prisoner had been discharged without prosecution. His lordship then explained the circumstances which led him to adopt the course he did, and expressed a hope that he should not again be called upon for a similar explanation. The *Daily Telegraph* has, however, returned to the charge with a number of fresh letters and a trenchant leading article, in which it is alleged that in each of the cases alluded to, "a dangerous criminal has been let loose upon society from no other motive than caprice." In another Court Serjeant Cox has been found fault with by Mr. Montagu Williams far having sentenced a client af his who was convicted of receiving stolen goods, but recommended to mercy by the jury, to three months' hard labour. The case has been referred to the Home Secretary.—The manager of the "Novelty Theatre Company" has been fined £20 for neglecting to furnish a list of the shareholders to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, an omission which had rendered him liable to a penalty of over 1,000*l.*—The Court of Criminal Appeal will soon be called upon to decide whether a man can commit forgery by signing his own name. The case in which the point arose is that of a man who, an having an executian put into his hause, declared that he had sold his furniture, and produced a receipt for the maney signed by himself.—Some af the rising generation display great precocity in crime. At Maidstone, two brothers, aged respectively eleven and thirteen, have been convicted of stealing rabbits, and sent to a reformatary at Shrewsbury; two other lads have been committed for trial for robbing their employers; and at Croydan four yauths, all under fourteen years old, have been sent to a reformatory for having stolen two bottles of whiskey from a grocer's cart. In reply to the magistmtes, they said that the liquor was nice, and did not make them drunk.—Another prosecutian under the Seeds Adulteration Act took place the other day in Southwark, the defendant being charged with selling "dyed" clover seed. The defence was that the process only improved the appearance of the seed, and did not simulate that of a different kind, and the magistmte expressed his regret that the Act was so worded that he felt bound to dismiss the summans.—The Canrt of Appeal has decided that na compensation is recovemble from an auctioneer who sells pigs which turn out to be affected with typhoid fever, as he is protected by the formal "no warranty" clause which is usually inserted in all sale catalogues.—It would seem that the penny dinners for which Glasgow is so famous are sometimes nasty as well as cheap. Last week a girl employed at an eating-house quarrelled with her employer because he insisted upon selling some soup which, amaugst other ingredients, contained a dead rat and a quantity of rotten cabbage. She was given into custody for "creating a disturbance," and fined 10*s.* or ten days' imprisonment.—The other day a waman, after being sentenced ta eighteen manths' hard labour for theft, coolly asked the judge to lend her half-a-sovereign to take her home after the expiratian of her sentence.—A young man is in custody on a charge of having stolen a meerschaum pipe, which was valued by tha owner at 15*l.* on accaunt of its having once been smoked by Frederick the Great.

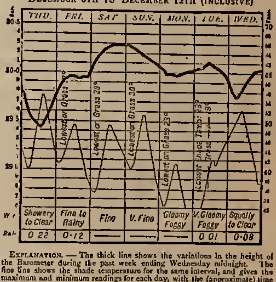
◆

A Quaint Reproduction of the Manners of the Thirteenth Century is to be given by a play, the *Bonhomme Misère*, to be braught out this week at the Paris Odéon. The play has been founded on an old legend, and the principal characters will be St. Peter, St. Paul, Misery, represented by an old beggar, and Death in the character af a young girl in white, crowned with myrtle, while the piece is to be got up after the paintings in mediæval missals, the scene taking place in a sort of Gathic reliquary or triptych, the wings af which will shut up after each act.

◆

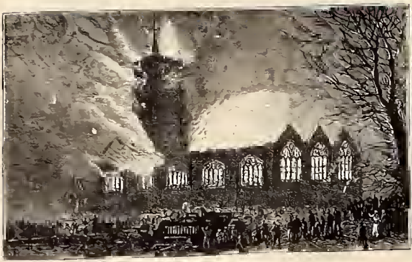
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

December 6th to December 12th (inclusive)

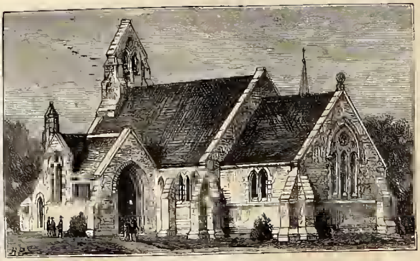


Explanation. — The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

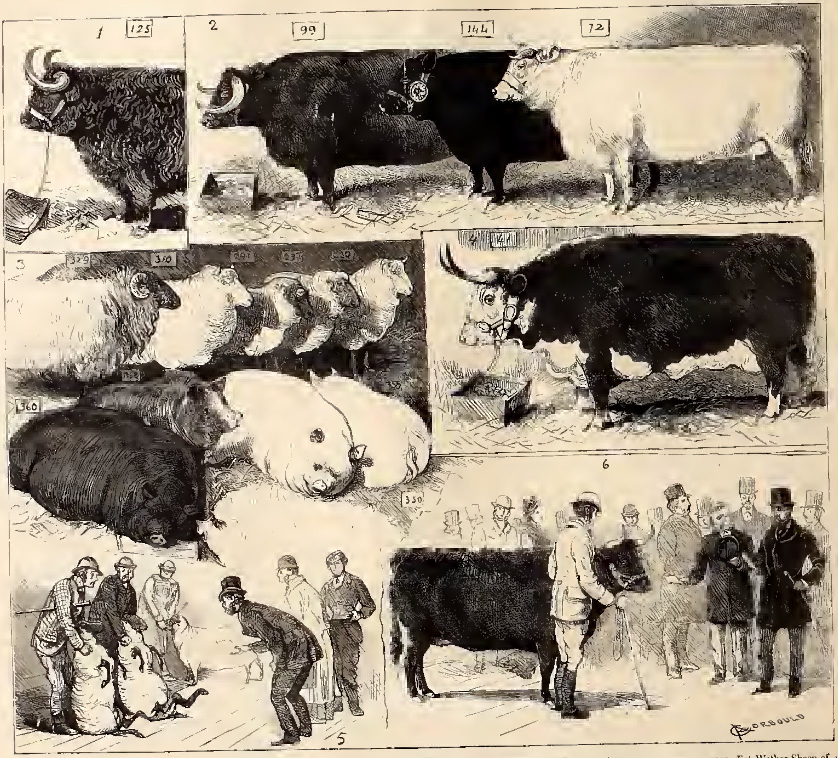
Remarks.— -The weather during this period has again been very unsettled. Several areas of low pressure have skirted our western and northern coasts, and their effects have been felt to some extent in all parts of the country. The first one appeared on Thursday morning, the 6th instant, and caused the rapid fall in the barometer shown at the beginning of the curve; but as it passed off during the day the mercury again rose and continued to do so, though not quite continuously, until Saturday evening, the 8th instant. A fall then set in, which continued gradually until Monday afternoon, the 10th instant, when the barometer rose slightly for a few hours, but on Tuesday, the 11th instant, another fall commenced. The winds have been south-westerly or westerly during the whole week, and for the most part moderate in force; but the depression which advanced over Scotland from the Atlantic on Tuesday night, the 11th instant, was more serious than its predecessors, and caused hard gales in the west and north, and a fresh gale even as far south as London. The weather was fine on Saturday, the 8th instant, and has cleared up in the rear of Tuesday's disturbance, but with these exceptions, cloud, rain, and sometimes fog have been general. Temperature has been on the whole a few degrees lower than in the previous week, and the nights have been very cold. The lowest temperature recorded was on Monday night, the 10th instant, when the thermometer fell to 28° in the shade, and 19° on the grass. Although the barometer was on Wednesday rising, and fine weather prevailed, the condition was very unsettled, and likely to become unfavourable again. The barometer was highest (30·28 inches) on Saturday, the 8th instant; lowest (29·45 inches) on Thursday afternoon, the 6th instant; range, 0·83 inches. Temperature, in the shade, was highest (55°) on Thursday, the 6th instant; lowest (28°) on Tuesday morning, the 11th instant, when 19° was recorded on the grass; range, 27°. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·43 inches, on four days; greatest fall, 0·22 inches, on Thursday, the 6th instant. The barometer began to fall again on the night of Wednesday, the 12th instant, and the wind was backing towards south-west.



BURNING OF THE OLD PARISH CHURCH OF LAMERTON



PROPOSED MEMORIAL CHURCH AT PORTLAND TO THE CREW AND PASSENGERS LOST IN THE "AVALANCHE," SEPT. 11



(1). 125, 1st Prize, Scotch Highland Breed.—(2). 99, 144, 72, Sussex Steers, Scotch Polled Heifers or Cows, Shorthorned Heifers.—(3). 329, 310, 291, 297, 220, Fat Wether Sheep of any Speckledfaced Mountain Breed, Fat Wether Sheep of Cheviot Breed, Fat Wether Sheep of Shropshire Breed, Fat Wether Sheep of Oxfordshire Breed, Fat Ewes of Kentish or Romney Marsh Breed; 360, 364, 355, 350, Pigs of any Black Breed, Berkshire, of any White Breed, White Long Hair Breed.—(4). 41, Hereford.—5. The Anxious Moment. Which is it to be?—(6). Mr. Sidney showing the Prince of Wales his Prize Taker,

THE CATTLE SHOW—LEAVES FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LEONARD CONTINUES HIS STORY

LEONARD stopped for a moment. The Captain's eyes were kindling with the light of battle, Celia's with the light of admiration.

"It did not take long to do. It takes no time to tell. The whole thing was a happy accident; but it was the one fortunate moment of my life. Our men, watching from the trenches, cheered again; a rush was made, and that rifle-pit never went back to the Russians."

"They ought to have given you the Victoria Cross, Leonard," I cried.

"No, no," he replied, "that was given for braver actions than mine. Captain Bouchier got it for taking the "Ovens," a rifle-pit which could hold a couple of hundred; such gallant fellows as Private Beckle, of the 41st, who stood over the body of his wounded Colonel against a dozen of the enemy—those are the things that make a man V.C. As for me, I was more than rewarded, as you shall hear.

"When we came off trench duty, and were marched to our own quarters, I was sent for by the Colonel. You may judge what I felt when he told me, after speaking of the affair in the kindest manner, that he should take care it was properly reported. He was better than his word, because the next day he ordered me to attend in the morning at Lord Raglan's head-quarters. I went up in trembling, but I had no occasion to fear. All the Generals were there, for a Council was to be held that day. General Burgoyne, when I was called in, very kindly explained to the Chief the importance of this rifle pit, and how its occupation by our men would facilitate matters in our advanced approaches towards the Redan, and then he told Marshal Pelissier and Omar Pasha in French, and in the handsomest terms, what I had done. Lord Raglan spoke a few words to my Colonel, and then he said, in his quiet, steady way, what I shall never forget.

"'Sergeant Coplestone, you have done a gallant action, and I hear a good report of you. I shall recommend you to the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief for promotion. I am sure you will not disgrace Her Majesty's Commission.'

"I could not speak—indeed, it was not for me to speak. I saluted, and retired. Those words of the gallant old chief—and that scene—I can never forget."

"Tell us," said Celia, "what he was like, Lord Raglan?"

"He was a grand old man," said Leonard, "with a grave face, squarely cut about the chin, overhanging brows, deep-set eyes, and wavy white hair gone off at the temples, his nose was aquiline, and the expression of his face was one of great beauty. Every one trusted him, the French and Turks as much as the English. He had left one arm in the Peninsular War thirty years before, and he was about sixty-nine years of age. He was never so happy, his staff used to say, as when he was under fire, and yet he was careful of his soldiers' lives. What killed him was disappointment at his failure of the 18th June. He wanted to wipe out the memory of Waterloo from the minds of French and English by a victory as brilliantly attained by both armies side by side on the anniversary of that battle. It was a muddle and a mess. What was to be the grand success of the campaign proved the most serious reverse that the allied armies experienced in the Crimea. Out of five general officers commanding columns four were killed or mortally wounded, and out of our small force fifteen hundred gallant fellows were killed in that terrible day. Death was very busy with us just then. General Estcourt, Adjutant-General, a splendid man, and worthy companion in arms with Lord Raglan, died a week later. Captain Lyons, the son of Sir Edmund, died about the same day; on Thursday, the 28th, the Chief himself expired; and Colonel Vico, the French *Aide-de-Camp*, attached to the English Headquarters, died also after this event, showing the depressing influence of even a temporary defeat on the best of men. Even one of the interpreters sickened and sunk. It was a sort of murrain among those at Headquarters.

"Well," Leonard went on after a pause. "That is all newspaper news. What the papers could not tell you was the grief of both armies and the profound sensation caused by Lord Raglan's death. There may have been better generals in the history of England's wars, but there never was one more loved and trusted. His life was perfectly simple, his headquarters contained nothing but camp furniture, a table on trestles, a red tablecloth, camp chairs, and no carpets, he was up at all hours, and he was without fear.

"Of the other generals I think Pelissier was the best. He was a little dumpy man, with a thick neck, and he was a little too fond of hurling his men at the enemy, but he did fight, and fought well. They made him Duke of Malakoff afterwards, which is as if we were to make a man Duke of Jones."

"Why?"

"Because the Malakoff was named after a man who had once kept a tavern on the spot. Malakoff was a purser in the Russian Navy, and being kicked out of the service for drinking, swindling, and smuggling,—this last he did in smuggling ship's stores—came ashore and started a drink shop outside Sebastopol, where he could combine profit with the pursuit of his favourite occupation. And as his drink was cheaper than could be got anywhere else, for he had the advantage of his old smuggling experiences in the laying in of his stores, the place became a favourite resort of the Russian sailors when they came ashore to get drunk. After a while the stony hill with Malakoff's shebeen upon it, became Malakoff's Redoubt. Sturdy Pelissier, however, did not look much like a Duke, as we picture dukes. When Soyer the cook came out, he was so like the General that we used to ask which was the cook and which was the General. Only Soyer wore more gold lace, and distinguished himself that way.

"My commission came out before the death of Lord Raglan. You may fancy what a trial it was to me, on that day, not to be able to write home, and tell you all about it. I did write, however; I wrote a full history of all I had done, with a note inside that it was to be sent to you, Captain, in case I fell. My brother officers gave me a hearty welcome, and we had a big dinner—as big as the materials at our disposal allowed, the day I joined—so to speak. I have been to many a better feast since, but none at which I was so entirely happy. I remember that the things to eat were scanty, as often happened in the year 1855—but I was eating what there was among gentlemen, with Her Majesty's commission in my pocket. We had no candlesticks fit to show on a mess table, but a dozen bayonets, with candles in them, stuck in the table, made a brilliant illumination."

Leonard paused again.

"The dinner was the last that some of us were to take together. On the 18th of June came our Repulse at the Redan, when we lost half-a-dozen from our mess.

"As soon as quiet days came I took an opportunity of telling the Colonel my little history—how I was ignorant of my parentage, how I was a gutter child, wandering about the streets, living on the charity of a kind and good woman, herself poor, and how the Captain picked me up, educated me—and allowed me to go out into the world to seek my fortune; how I was to get home after five years, if I could, to report myself, and how my dream had been to go home, somehow, as a gentleman."

"Always the best of old Captains," said Celia, patting the old man's cheek.

"Nonsense, my dear," said the Captain. "Best of boys, you mean. Go on, Leonard."

"The Colonel will call on you to-morrow, sir. You will remember that he has been my constant and most steady friend and adviser throughout."

"Ay—ay," said the Captain. "I shall find something to say to him. Go on."

"Of all the fifty fellows that made up our mess when I got the colours there are not a dozen left now. The winters, the trench work, the nightwork, and its after effects, killed those whom the Russian bullets spared. They fell around me, and I passed through it unharmed; we were in almost everything, and I think every man in the regiment did his duty, sir, as well as any of your old sea captains."

"I doubt it not," said the Captain, "we belong to a fighting people."

"And so we finished that war and came home again. I was a Lieutenant, when we landed at this very port and marched up the street, colours flying, amid the cheers of the people. I looked out for you again, sir, and for you, Celia and Laddy, but could not see any of you in the crowd. It was very hard not to call and tell you of my fortune, harder still not to ask for news of you, but only three years of the five were passed, and I had my promise to keep. We went to Chobham, and from there, after six months' rest, were ordered out to India.

"We will talk about the Mutiny another time. I got my company, as I had got my step, six months' later, by death vacancies. The same good fortune followed me in India as in the Crimea. The sun did not strike me as it struck some of ours. I caught no fever or cholera which killed some, and I got through the fighting without a scratch; and the only thing that troubled me towards the end was the fear that I might not get home in time. We had a long and tedious passage, but we arrived at last, and I have kept my promise and my appointment, Celia."

After the first surprise the Captain took the stories of the fighting with unconcern. In the matter of battles he was a fatalist, like all men who have been in action. Every bullet has its billet; there is a time for every man; skulkers always get the worst of it—these were the simple axioms of his nautical creed. That Leonard should have gained a commission was to him so surprising an event as to swallow up all minor things. That he should have borne himself bravely was only what he expected, and that he should have been spared to return was the special act of Providence in return for many prayers for which he had given thanks already.

But to Celia—

'Twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

Leonard was no longer her old friend, her playmate, the boy to whom she had looked as a girl for protection, help, and guidance; he was now a man who had looked in the face of Death and quailed not. For the first time she talked with one who had fought in the way which had, so to speak, surrounded her later years.

She took the medals again, when Leonard completed his tale, and kissed them reverently with glittering eyes before she gave them back to him.

"Leonard," she said, "when Laddy and I used to wonder where you were, and what you were doing, we never thought of this."

"And when we worked ourselves up into rages about the poor army starving in the cold of the Crimea, Cis," I said, "we never thought that Leonard was among them."

"We were all blind bats," said the Captain, "not to guess where he would go and what he would become. The only true profession for a gentleman is the profession of arms. There's no opening for volunteers in the navy, as there used to be, more's the pity. Cloudesley Shovel got on in that way, and in the good old times, Leonard, you might have risen to be a First Lieutenant by this."

"Are you not satisfied, sir?" asked Leonard, with a smile.

"Satisfied, my boy! Celia, my dear, tell him for me what we think."

Celia blushed very prettily.

"We are so proud and happy, Leonard," she said, "that we hardly know what we are saying. In all our talks about you we never hoped that you would be able to tell such a tale as this."

"Never," I repeated.

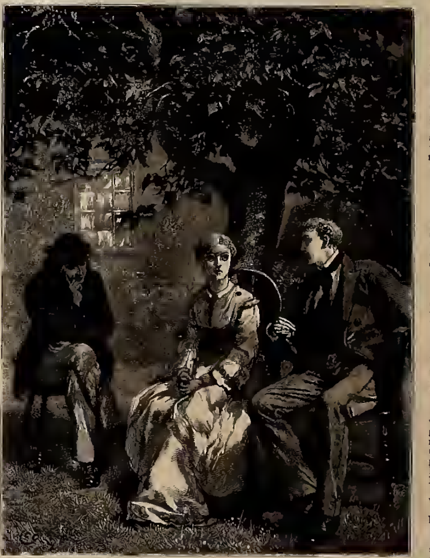
"We knew, did we not, Captain, that Leonard would bear himself bravely?"

"Ay, ay," said the Captain, laying his hand on Leonard's shoulder, "that we knew all along. We know sneaks and skulkers when we see them. Malingerers carry the truth in their faces, and by the same rule we know whom we can trust. Leonard and Laddy belong to them."

It was very good of the old fellow to say a word for me. Not that I wanted it, but it showed that he was anxious that I should not feel left out in the cold.

"Go on, Celia, my pretty," said the Captain; "is there any more to say?"

"No, sir," Celia replied. "Only—only——" And here her voice broke down, and her eyes filled with tears. "Only to thank God, Leonard, again and again, and all our lives, for keeping you safe through all these dangers, and for bringing you



We took our chairs out into the garden and sat, under the old mulberry tree, facing the milldam lake, and talked back to the Captain and to Laddy—and to Mrs. Jeram—and to me."

"Amen," said the Captain, "that's very well put, Celia, my dear, and if you were to stay here altogether—and I wish you would—I should promote you to be chaplain. And now, Mrs. Jeram, you and I had better go off to bed, and leave these young people to talk as long as they will. It's past twelve o'clock, ma'am. Kiss me, pretty. Laddy, we've got something to talk about now, you and I, in winter evenings. Leonard, my son, good night." He rested his hand on Leonard's head. "I am so glad, my lad; I am so glad."

They went away, and we three were left alone.

It was a night of full moon, without a cloud in the sky. We took our chairs into the garden and sat, under the old mulberry tree, facing the milldam lake, and talked.

We talked all the brief night, while the bright moon hid the stars, and we could only faintly distinguish Charles's Wain slowly moving round the Polar light, until the moon herself was paled by the grey of the early morning, and even long after the sun had lifted his head above the sky, and was pouring upon the sheet of water, making the little island redoubt upon it stand out clear cut against the sky, with a foreground of deep black shade.

What had we to talk about? Our hearts burned within us, even like those of the Disciples at Emmaus. We three who had grown up together and loved each other,—we were met again, and all in early man and womanhood, and we loved each other still. I, with my jealous eye, watched Celia, and could see the sweet shy look that told me, what indeed I knew before, how only a word was wanted to flash a spark into a flame, how but a touch was needed before a maiden would yield. I saw, too, Leonard's eyes stealing every moment to rest upon her sweet face. It was with a natural pang that I saw this. Nobody knew better than I that Celia could be nothing to me but my dear sister, my true and most trusted friend. I had battled with my passion, and it was dead. Now, I was ashamed of it. Who but Leonard was worthy of that sweet girl? She had no fault, nor has she any still, in my eyes. She is altogether incomparable. And who but Leonard, our hero, our Perseus, was fit to claim her for his own, love her, marry her, and keep her safe in his arms? Did I, sometimes, have thoughts, angry thoughts, of what might have been? Perhaps, we are but human; but on the whole I had learned by that time to look on Celia as my sister.

From time to time Leonard asked us about ourselves. We fenced with his question. It was not the season to parade Celia's troubles, or mine. We were there to listen to his story, to be gladdened by his successes. What good to be talking of ourselves when every moment seemed sacred to his welcome home? The broad daylight found us still talking. Celia's eyes were brighter, her cheek a little paler. Leonard was handsomer, I think, by day than he had seemed by the light of our modest pair of candles. I went to the larder, and found there a whole chicken, with the Captain's second bottle of champagne, and we had a late supper, or an early breakfast, at four, with no one to look at us but the sparrows, who peeped over the housetops and chirped to each other that there would be a most unusual and festive chance in the way of crumbs as soon as the foolish humans should go to bed.

We should have sat till breakfast time but that Leonard looked at his watch and sprang to his feet.

"Cis," he cried, quite in his old tones, "do you know what time it is? Half-past five. You must go to bed, if only for a couple of hours. Good night—till nine o'clock." He held her hand in his. "And—and—look in your glass when you go to your room—and think if I could have expected our little Cis to grow into—what you see there."

She shook her head, but did not answer, only holding out her hand timidly. But she was not displeased.

Then she ran away and left us.

"Laddy, old boy," said Leonard, "one doesn't come home to be made much of every day. I can't sleep if I go to bed. What are we to do?"

"Let us go out to the Castle and bathe, and be back by eight when the Captain gets up."

"We will, Laddy. How splendid the dear old Captain is looking! Is there anybody like him in the world, I wonder? And Celia——" Here he stopped. "You remember what I told you, Laddy, when I went away? Well, I have never forgotten it, and I mean it more than ever."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FRIENDLY CHAT

"How fresh it is! And how jolly to be back in the old place!" Leonard cried, as we walked out into the silent streets.

Half-past five. The best part of the summer day. There was no one stirring yet, save here and there an early housemaid brushing away the morning dew upon the doorstep. Our feet echoed on the pavement with a clatter from wall to wall as if of many hundred feet, and when we spoke it was as if our voices were too loud as they reverberated along the houses. All just as it had been of old so many times when we two boys had run along the streets at six for a swim in the sea before school. Nothing changed save that the boy who used to run and jump, shouting in the overflow of strength and spirits, rejoicing in the breath of life, was become the splendid fellow who strode at my side. Of course I was just the same. A sleeping city and two boys going out to bathe. Nothing changed. The town asleep, and my brain filled with all sorts of weird fancies. I have read of deserted and ruined cities in the far east Syrian plains, on the edge of the great and terrible wilderness where the lion of prophecy roams round the heaps of Kouyounjik. Some of these cities still stand, with their rooms and their staircases perfect as when the terrified inhabitants fled before some conquering Shalmaneser who came from the mysterious East destroying as he went. Now there is not a single soul left to mourn over the greatness of the past. You may hear the cry of the lizard, the shrill voice of the *cigale*; your feet echo as you stride along the silent footway, and you speak in a whisper, for this is an image of Death the conqueror. As I go along with Leonard I somehow think of these old ruins. There is no connection between a ruined Syrian city and a sleeping modern town, except the stillness which smites the soul as you pass along deserted pavements between houses closed and barred, which might be houses bereft of their inhabitants, soulless, empty, haunted. Within, the children lying asleep; the little faces flushed with sleep, and the little limbs tossed carelessly upon the sheets, the wondering eyes just about to waken for the glories and fresh joys of another day. Within, the young men and the maidens, the old men and the ancient dames, each wrapped in the solemn loneliness of sleep, when spirits even of lovers dwell apart while the busy fingers of the restless Fates are weaving the many-coloured web and weft of life's short story. What stories behind those shutters! What dreams in those white-blinded rooms! What babble of infant voices to welcome the new-born day!

"What are you thinking of, Laddy? Dreamer, your eyes are always far away. This is just what we used to do years ago. Up at six and out across the common for a bathe! And you always dreaming! Look! there is the early bird. Good morning, Molly. Fine morning for door-steps—good for the complexion."

"Get along o' your nonsense," said Molly, not displeased.

"She's quite right; you are an officer now, Leonard, and it can't be allowed any more."

"Where is your mop, Molly?" he went on, with his light, boyish laugh.

"Mops have gone out," I replied; "so have pattens."

"Have they, really? Not the dear old mop that they used to trundle up and down their arms? I'm sorry for it, Laddy. The domestic mop used to be as good a weapon for the defence of housemaidenhood as any. And in a seaport town, too. Many is the time I have seen a too demonstrative Jack discomfited by a timely dab in the face from a dripping mop. Slaps and scratches are poor things compared with a dollop of wet mop. Even a Billingsgate broadside cannot be so effective. Something might be done, I dare say, with a garden hose, but, after all, nothing like a mop and a bucket. And even pattens gone, too,—the tinkling patten. I wonder no lovesick poet ever celebrated the musical clatter on the stones of the housemaid's pattens. These are the losses of civilisation, Laddy."

We passed through the gate, our heels clanking across the iron drawbridge. Beyond the bridge, and between the walls and the advanced works, was the guard house, where stood a sentry, who saluted us with as much astonishment as discipline would allow, expressed upon a not remarkably mobile set of features. Why should an officer, who was not obliged to stand at a sentry box during the small hours, be up and out so early? What good, in such a case, of being an officer at all?

And then we passed the awkward squad on their way to goose-step drill. They saluted, too, as we passed. The salute of those days was a thing of ceremony—extension of right arm, doubling of right elbow, hand square to the forehead, return double, drop of right arm. The Marines did it best, regulating the motions from a slovenly and irregular movement of the arm for a middy or a mate to a precise and clearly directed six-fold ceremonial, ending with a resonant slap of the right leg, for superior rank. They knew, the Marines, how to signify respect to rank. Any popular officer, particularly if he was also an Admiral, was saluted as he went down the street with a regular Kentish fire of open-handed slaps of right legs. That also is a thing of the past.

"I was like those honest fellows once," said our young Captain, gravely. "One of the awkward squad; sentry in the barracks; one of the rank and file; standing up to be drilled and ordered. Well; it's not a bad thing for a man."

"And the officers of the regiment, Leonard;—did that make any difference?"

"I became at once one of themselves—a brother officer. What else could their treatment be? I asked the Colonel, as a personal favour, to tell them who I was. Every regiment has its 'rankers'—every ranker has his story. I should be a snob if I were ashamed of having risen."

We crossed the broad common, where all the old furze had by this time been cut down and cleared away to make room for military evolutions; and we came to the castle standing upon the edge of the sea. There was not a soul upon the beach, not even our old friend the cursing coastguard; we sat down under the slope of stone, for it was now low tide, and made ready for a dip.

"There go the last fumes of last night's long talk. Sitting up all night, even with Celia, *does* fog the brain a bit." Thus Leonard, coming out of the water all glorious like Apollo. I suppose it is because I am so unshapely that I think so much of beauty of form. Then we dressed, and Leonard took out a cigar-case, to my astonishment, for somehow I had never thought of him in connection with tobacco—heroes of imagination neither smoke nor drink wine, as we all know—and then lying back on the shingle, he began to talk lazily.

"I am rather tired of telling about myself, Laddy; it is your turn now."

Of course I knew it was coming, sooner or later.

"You do not expect to hear much about me," I said. "I am organist at St. Faith's; that is my official position, and it brings me in six-and-twenty pounds a year. For ten shillings a week I hear three services on Sunday and two in the week."

"Poor old boy!" said Leonard. "Can't something better be got?"

"I rather like the church work. Then I give lessons in music and singing, and out of them I make about two hundred a year more."

"I see. But the house does not seem much improved by this enormous accession of wealth."

"No. The fact is, Leonard, that the Captain takes all the money, and I never ask what he does with it. If I made a thousand a year I am certain that extravagant old man would absorb it all."

"Ah! The crafty old Captain! Do you think he invests it in Russian stock or Turkish bonds?"

"No. I think he gives it away. Where does he go when every morning he disappears for three hours? Answer me that, Captain Leonard."

"He always did it and he always will. He is an incorrigible old mystery."

"In the afternoon he stays at home, unless it is half-holiday, when he goes out on the common to see the boys play, and talk to them with his hands behind his back. To be sure he knows every boy in the town."

Leonard laughed.

"I remember an incident or two—years ago—when we were children in the house. There was a woman—she had black hair, I know—and she used to come in the evening and ask for money. I suppose, from my personal experience, that she was drunk one night when she came, and went on—I forget what about—like another Jezebel. She wanted money, and the Captain was so upset by her inconsiderate conduct that he—behaved as the Captain always does."

"What was that?"

"Went to the Sailing Directions. Remembered that every sinner had to be forgiven at least seventy times seven, and so added one more to her score, which I should say must have already reached a pretty high total. He gives his money all away, Laddy, and if I were you I would not work too hard, because he will only give yours away too. The kind old man! What else have you to tell us about yourself?"

"I've been taking care of Cis," I said, evading the difficulty.

"So I saw last night. Good care, Laddy. There never was a better brother than you."

But he did not know all; and I could not tell him how near I had been, once, to betraying his trust.

"Cis—Celia—Oh! Laddy!" He threw away the cigar and started to his feet, gazing out to sea. "Did Heaven ever make a sweeter girl? Did you watch her face last night? And her eyes, how they softened and brightened!"

"Am I blind, Leonard?"

"Did you see how she lit up with pity and sympathy? Laddy, I must win that girl or I shall not care what happens.

"I have never ceased thinking of her," he went on; "never since I left you five years ago. To be sure, when I was a private soldier, or even a non-commissioned officer, it seemed too absurd to think of her, but when my promotion came then the old thoughts revived. All through the war I thought of her. In those dreadful nights when we sat and slept in the trenches, knee-deep in trampled mud and melting snow, I used to let my thoughts wander back to this old place. Always in Celia's Arbour, lying beneath the elms; play-acting beside the gun; running up and down the slopes with little Cis, wondering what she was like. You with her too, of course, with your great dreamy eyes and trusty face—Laddy and Cis. I suppose it was sentimental, all of it; but I am different from most men. There is no family life for you and me to look back on except that. In those days—I am not boasting—I had no fear, because it seemed as if every day brought me nearer to her, and higher up the ladder. In case of death I had a letter written to the Captain, enclosing one for you and one for Celia, telling you all about it. But I did not die. Then I had to come home and be near you, within a hundred miles, and yet not go to see you; that was very hard. When India came I lost my old fearlessness, and began to be anxious. It was want of faith, I suppose. At all events I escaped, and came out of the whole racket unwounded. Laddy, I should be worse than an infidel," he added, solemnly, "if I did not see in my five years of fortune the protection of the Lord."

"We pray—we who stay at home—for the safety of those who go abroad; and perhaps our prayers are sometimes granted. Is that sentiment, too?" I asked.

He was silent for a little space; then he shook himself as one who would change the current of his thoughts.

"Let us get back, old boy; the Captain will be up by this time. And now tell me more about yourself; there must be more to tell than that you have become a musician. Haven't you fallen in love, Laddy?"

"Fallen in love! Who is there to fall in love with a man like me? Look at my shadow, Leonard."

It was a gruesome-looking shadow, with high back and head thrust forward. I think that if Peter Schlemihl had been hump-backed he would have made an easier bargain for the rolling up and putting away of his shadow. A small annuity, paid quarterly, would have been considered ample on the part of the purchaser. And as for awkward questions—well—there are secrets in every family, and it would soon be understood that the absence of shadow must not be remarked upon. I only know that my own was a constant shame and humiliation to me. Unless I walked with my face to the sun there was no getting out of the deformity.

"Bah! You and your shadow. Laddy, look in the glass. You have eyes that would steal away the heart of Penelope, and a musical voice, and you are a genius."

"Nonsense. I am only a plain musician, and as for falling in love, have I not been every day with Celia? How could I fall in love with any other girl when I had known her?"

"That is true," he said reflectively. "That is quite true. Who could? She is altogether sweet and lovely. After dreaming of her every day for five years I am afraid of her. And you have been with her, actually with her, for five years."

I think he guessed my secret, for he laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder.

"Cis and I are brother and sister," I said; "that you know very well. But you are right to be afraid of her. Men ought to be afraid of such a girl. Only the priest, you know," I added, following up a little train of allegory that arose in my mind, "can touch the Ark of the Lord."

"You mean——"

"I mean that a man ought to be holy before he ventures upon holy ground."

"Yes; you are a Puritan, Laddy, but you are quite right. I have been saying to myself ever since she left us, 'She is only a woman after all.' And yet that does not seem to bring her any closer to me. It would bring all other women closer—but not Celia."

"She is only a woman to two men, Leonard, and to those two a woman of flesh and blood, with all sorts of hopes and fancies. One of these is myself, her brother, and the other—will be the man she loves. But there is a great trouble, and you ought to learn what it is."

I told him, in as few words as I could manage, part of the story. It seemed a breach of trust to tell him what I *knew*—though Celia only feared it—that this German had a hold upon Mr. Tyrrell which he threatened to use; but I was obliged to let him understand that Mr. Tyrrell wished her to accept the man, and I told how Celia suffered from the assiduity with which he followed her about, went to church with her, was everywhere seen with her, and how he hoped gradually to overcome, by quiet perseverance, the dislike which she, as well as her friends, would at first show to the marriage.

"He has not yet pressed for a reply," I concluded. "But he will very soon now."

"Why now?" I omit the remarks (which were un-Christian) made by Leonard during my narrative.

"Because you have come home. Because he will find out that Celia sat up all night with us talking. Because he will see her looking happier and brighter, and will suspect the cause."

"The cause, Laddy? Do you mean——"

"I mean nothing but that Celia is glad to see you back again, and if you expected anything less you must be very forgetful of little Cis Tyrrell. If you expected anything more, Leonard—why—perhaps you had better speak to her yourself."

"I remember Herr Räumer," Leonard went on. "He was always hanging about the streets with his blue spectacles and his big white moustache. I remember him almost as early as I remember anything. They used to say he was an exile from Germany for Republican opinions. During that year I spent learning French and Russian in the Polish Barracks he took an opportunity of speaking to me, was very friendly once or twice, and took a great interest in the Poles. I remember he wanted to know what they talked about. I wonder if he is a Russian spy?"

"Nonsense, Leonard. He dislikes the Russians."

"Does he? My dear Laddy, you know nothing about the country whose people are so pleasant, and whose government is so detestable. Russian spies are everywhere. The Russian Secret Service is like a great net spread over the whole world; they are the Jesuits of politics. Herr Räumer may not be one of the black gang, but he may be; and if he isn't, I should like to find out what keeps a German in this place, where we have got a great dockyard, and where improvements and new inventions are always being tried and talked of, where there are several regiments, half our fleet, and a lot of Poles. Do you think it is love of the town?"

"I suppose he is used to it," I said.

"What kind of man is he?"

"He is a cynic. He professes to live for his own enjoyment, and nothing else. Says the rest is humbug. I have never heard him say a generous thing, or acknowledge a generous motive. Yet he talks well, and one likes to be with him."

"I shall call upon him," said Leonard. "As for his own enjoyment and the selfish theory of philosophy, a good many Germans affect that kind of thing. They think it is philosophical and intellectual, and above their fellow creatures, to be wrapped in a cloak of pure selfishness. Well, Laddy, unless Celia wishes it——"

"She does not wish it."

"She shall not throw herself away upon this man. Great Heavens! my beautiful Celia," he said, "my beautiful Celia, to be thrown to an old——" He checked himself. "No use getting angry. But if there is no other way of stopping it, we'll carry her off, Laddy, you and I together, and stand the racket afterwards. I can't very well call him out and shoot him. I don't mean that I see at present how it is to be prevented, but we will find out."

"Perseus," I said, "had to borrow of other people two or three little things to help him when he went on that expedition of his. You had better take the Captain, as well as myself, into your confidence. Here we are at home, and there is the jolly old Captain at the door, beaming on us like the morning sun."

"Come in, boys," he shouted, "come in to breakfast. Celia is ready, and so am I. Ho! Ho! I am so glad, Leonard. I am so glad."

(To be continued)

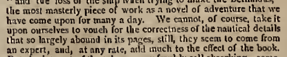
*LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT**

Whether it be due to accident or design, there is no doubt that the volume here given to us appears just at the right moment, embracing as it does that period of the Prince Consort's life from the beginning of 1854 to the close of 1856, when as now the Eastern Question in its various aspects was the subject foremost in the thoughts of all men. The Prince's papers on the Eastern Question, placed by Her Majesty at Mr. Martin's disposal, fill no less than fifty folio volumes, and we can feel nothing but gratitude to the biographer for the copious selections from those documents, which enable us on matters of such vital importance to the interests of this country to learn the opinions of one to whom its welfare and honour were so precious—of one, moreover, as Mr. Martin justly says, "whose political sagacity was leant upon by some of the greatest and most experienced statesmen of his age." It is impossible to rise from the study of this volume without feelings of even enhanced respect and admiration for the illustrious and high-minded Prince, who shows himself to us, in the letters and memoranda which fill so many of its pages, a statesman of the very highest order, brave, wise, and clear-sighted, wholly free from the influence of passion or prejudice, but none the less resolute for his habitual calm. He shows himself, also, conspicuously an *English* statesman, one with whom "British interests" always stood first; and it is the more important to note this fact on account of the groundless and absurd rumours which, as some of us may remember, were current during the Crimean campaigns, that Prince Albert's sympathies with the Court of Berlin, then completely under Russian influences, led him to be indifferent, if not absolutely hostile, to our success in the war. It is with reference to this "monstrous aberration" of the public judgment that the Prince writes, in a memorandum here published, "I must rest mainly upon a good conscience, and the belief that, during the fifteen years of my connection with this country, I had not given a human soul the means of imputing to me the want of sincerity or patriotism." It was not sympathy with Turkey that caused the Prince to be an advocate for the war of 1854; he regarded it as necessary "for the vindication of the public law of Europe," and as a check to the restless ambition of Russia. "The overthrow of Turkey by Russia," he wrote at the time to Baron Stockmar, "no English statesman could view with equanimity; public opinion would have flung him to the winds like chaff." His own carefully-considered view of Russian policy would seem to have agreed with that expressed in the House of Lords by the late Lord Derby in 1854:—"For the last 150 years it has been a policy of gradual aggression—not a policy of conquest, but of aggression. It has never proceeded by storm, but by sap and mine." "Whether the Turkish Empire as such will be able to maintain its existence or not," writes the Prince in a memorandum of 8th March, 1854, "is not the question; and it would be useless to seek to determine this question by anticipation. But it is quite certain that, if Europe maintains a united front against Russia, this solution must be in accordance with European interests, because it makes the realisation of the schemes of Russia impossible." But it is impossible for us, in the few lines at our disposal, to do justice to the clear-sightedness and soundness of judgment displayed by the Prince at every crisis of the contest, from its beginning to its close.

The Prince Consort's account of the impression produced upon him by the Emperor Louis Napoleon, upon first making his acquaintance when visiting him at his request at the Camp at Boulogne in the summer of 1854, is highly interesting, and shows sometimes an insight almost prophetical in character. "The Emperor," he says, "appeared quiet and indolent from constitution, not easily excited, but gay and humorous when at his ease." He was struck by Louis Napoleon's frankness and evident sincerity of speech, and writes that "he is decidedly benevolent, and anxious for the good of his people; but has, like all rulers before him, a bad opinion of their political capacity." And then, as if with a prevision of the disasters under which the Second Empire was finally to sink, the Prince adds: "He will be exposed to one danger in his attempt at governing solely by himself, which has befallen almost every absolute monarch—that he will be crushed under the weight of a mass of unimportant details of business, whilst the real direction of affairs may be filched from him by his irresponsible Ministers." We hear much more concerning both the Emperor and the Empress Eugénie in an account we have here of their visit to Windsor from the pages of Her Majesty's private diary. The Emperor is spoken of as "very quiet and amiable, and easy to get on with . . . full of tact"—"*il ne fait pas des phrases.*" And after her visit to him in Paris her Majesty writes: "I know few people whom I have felt involuntarily more inclined to confide in and speak unreservedly to—I should not fear saying anything to him. I felt—I do not know how to express it—safe with him." The Empress is characterised in the same pages as "full of courage and spirit, and yet so gentle, with such innocence and *enjouement* that the *ensemble* is most charming." And again, "Her manner is the most perfect that I have ever seen—so gentle, and graceful, and kind, the courtesy so charming, and so modest and retiring withal." We should like to dwell on the deep sympathy of the Queen and the Prince with the triumphs and sufferings of the troops in the Crimea, on the Prince's valuable services in the cause of army organisation and reform, and on many other topics of interest we are continually coming upon in the volume; but we have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude by saying that it throws a light upon an eventful—and we may add instructive—period of our history which probably could not have been obtained in its fulness from any less exalted source.

---

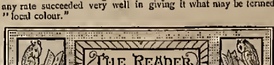
* "The Life of H.R.H. the Prince Consort." By Theodore Martin (Vol. III.: Smith and Elder).



"The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor'" (3 vols.: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.).—We can have no hesitation in pronouncing this narrative of "the mutiny of the crew" of the *Grosvenor*, "and the loss of the ship when trying to make the Bermudas," the most masterly piece of work as a novel of adventure that we have come upon for many a day. We cannot, of course, take it upon ourselves to vouch for the correctness of the nautical details that so largely abound in its pages, still, they seem to come from an expert, and, at any rate, add much to the effect of the book. But the interest of the tale we may frankly call absorbing—sometimes almost uncomfortably so—and it is admirably sustained from first to last. The mutiny of the crew of the *Grosvenor*—who seem to have been well-intentioned and tractable enough, had they been fairly dealt with—is due to their villanous treatment in the matter of food. The ship is provisioned with pork and biscuit bought cheap at a dockyard sale of rotten stores by order of the Admiralty, and the captain, a harsh and violent man, to advance his own interests with the owners, has undertaken that the men shall put up with this nauseating fare until the vessel reaches Valparaiso. But when the crew, driven at last to madness by semi-starvation and incessant bullying, have risen in mutiny in the Mid-Atlantic and killed the captain and chief mate, the consciousness of their guilt changes them into a set of desperadoes, ready for any farther crime that may secure them from the penalties they know they have already incurred. They spare Edward Royle, the second mate, who tells the story, not so much because he has always stood their friend as far as his duty permitted, as because they know he is the only man on board capable of navigating the ship; and he consents to take the command with which they propose to invest him chiefly for the sake of the helpless passengers who are dependent solely on his protection, the old gentleman and his daughter, whom, almost in defiance of the captain, he has rescued from a water-logged wreck, only a few hours before the mutiny. Here the sagacious reader will see are all the elements for a most stirring tale; and we do not think they could have been more deftly and effectively handled than they are by the author. The devices to which Royle and the faithful boatswain—a very fine character—aided by Mary Robertson, who turns out a perfect heroine, though always gentle and womanly, resort to save their lives from the murderous scheme of the crew, the final hand-to-hand fight with the mutineers, and the furious storm through which the gallant ship, though manned only by four hands, one of them nearly helpless through clumsiness and terror, rides triumphantly till she at last springs a leak, are all told with marvellous force and spirit; and yet in a matter-of-fact and simple way that serves all the better to bring out the real horrors of the scenes through which we pass. The love that springs up between Mary and her young protector makes a very pretty and natural bit of romance, and is treated just as it should have been. The author's turn for descriptions of sea-scenery in storm or calm we could only do justice to by quotations for which we have not room, so can only give a hearty recommendation to readers to make acquaintance with them and the rest of this truly excellent story for themselves.

"Heir to Two Fortunes," by the author of "The Life of the Moselle" (3 vols.: Remington and Co.).—There is a good deal of amusement to be found here and there in this story; but it is rambling, made up out of episodes with little or no connection with each other, and altogether innocent of plot. We are introduced to the hero in early boyhood, and follow him to maturity; taking leave of him at the instant when he unexpectedly becomes the possessor of a fortune of 100,000*l.*, having just before lost by sudden death the girl whose love made life in his eyes worth living. The tragic catastrophe is simply "sprung upon" us at the last moment, and is jarringly out of keeping with the tone of the rest of the book. The best chapters in it, we think, are those that relate the boyish exploits and school troubles of little Seton Herold and his trusty friend and ally, Gus Tarleton. But the complicated law-suit which Seton, unfortunately for himself, is led to engage in, is by no means badly told, and gives occasion for some humorous sketches of members of the legal profession. The book, though of no special importance, is far from being a failure in its way, and, but for the glaring artistic blunder—we might almost say outrage—of its *finale*, we might perhaps have thought better of it than we do.

"Jaspar Deane, Wood-Carver of St. Paul's," by John Saunders, author of "Israel Mort, Overman," &c. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)—This is a story of youthful genius struggling with adversity, and finally triumphing over all the obstacles that have barred the road to recognition and success, pretty enough after a fashion, but not at all the kind of work we are accustomed to have from Mr. Saunders. It gives one the impression of having been written in moments of relaxation from graver labours. The story is one of the days of Sir Christopher Wren and the rebuilding of St. Paul's, and Mr. Saunders has at any rate succeeded very well in giving it what may be termed "local colour."



"Venise," par Ch. Yriarte (Rothschild, Paris; Dulau and Co., London).—It is only in "the fitness of things" that the city of Maitre Jenson and the Aldi should receive the honour of so sumptuous a *chef d'œuvre* of typography and engraving as this, of which we have now to acknowledge the second and concluding volume. Having disposed in his earlier chapters of the history and architecture of the Queen of the Adriatic, M. Yriarte now describes art, industry, and life in Venice as they were in the zenith of her greatness, or as they may even yet be seen in forms which have survived the slow decline of the last three centuries. Her school of painting, her famous printers, her workers in glass, in lace, in medals, the costumes of her ancient merchant princes and her fair dames of *grand* or *demi-monde*, the scenes that were or are to be encountered by her canals and lagoons, form subjects of successive chapters, each in its kind a compact and richly illustrated monograph. M. Yriarte's text, though aiming rather at popular description than minute research, is throughout the work of a master of his subject. More especially does it set clearly before the reader that union of the Oriental with the Latin genius which gives to all Venetian art its distinctive character—the charm that fully satisfies the sense while failing, as a rule, to touch the deeper springs of the intellect or emotions. The illustrations, however, are the great attraction of the work, and of these it is difficult to speak too favourably; whether we turn to the excellent engravings of the great works of Titian and Veronese to the drawings of the dainty glass-work of Murano, of the old "Venice point" for which even Titian did not disdain to trace a pattern, of the type, the binding, the decorated borders that issued from the hands of Aldus or the De Gregoris, or to the views of grand processions of the Doges, of old and modern scenes by moonlight on the Lido or at the close of the performances at the Fenice. Few even among our best illustrated books maintain the same high level so successfully throughout.

"The Voyage of the *Challenger*: the Atlantic," by Sir Wyville Thomson (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), or "the general results of the first and fourth years (1873 and 1876) of the exploring voyage of H.M.S. *Challenger*," may seem a little formidable to the general reader. To the scientific, and more especially to those whose favourite field of observation lies among the *fauna* of the lower deeps and oozy floor of the great ocean, its accurate descriptions and really admirable drawings of the new sponges, corals, *foraminiferæ*, &c., which the trawl-net was constantly bringing to the surface would alone make it a most delightful study. It is only, as will be seen, with the Atlantic cruises of the *Challenger* that Sir W. Thomson deals at present—with the outward voyages in zig-zag, from Teneriffe to the West Indian seas and the line of the Gulf Stream, from the Bermudas back to the Azores, from the Azores to Brazil, and across once more to Tristan d'Acunha and the Cape, and with the return cruise in 1876 from the Falklands by Ascension Isle for home. Our knowledge of the ocean world has been vastly modified since first—scarcely ten years ago—expeditions like that of the *Challenger* were set on foot. We have learned to regard its silent depths as the homes of countless living things akin in form to the creatures of previous geological epochs, its lonely islets as the last-known *habitats* of botanical species of an earlier era; to recognise in the great Atlantic or the still vaster North Pacific not independent oceans, but "tongues of water" projected forth from the great Southern water-hemisphere; to classify their inmates according to the depths at which they live, or the warmth or coldness of the *strata* they inhabit. Not the least interesting chapter indeed of Sir Wyville Thomson's volume is that which describes the delicate instruments by which such knowledge has been made possible; while next in attraction for less ardent students must rank the occasional good descriptions of places touched at on the way—of the Falkland Islands with their curious "stone rivers," of Ascension Isle, or, best of all, of the highly curious Bermuda group. We should add that though the *fauna* of the sea are decidedly the specialty of the work, for those who love to work their way through diagrams of depths and temperatures and isotherms, there are enough of these as well to give a very complete idea of the Atlantic strata between 40° N. and 40° S.

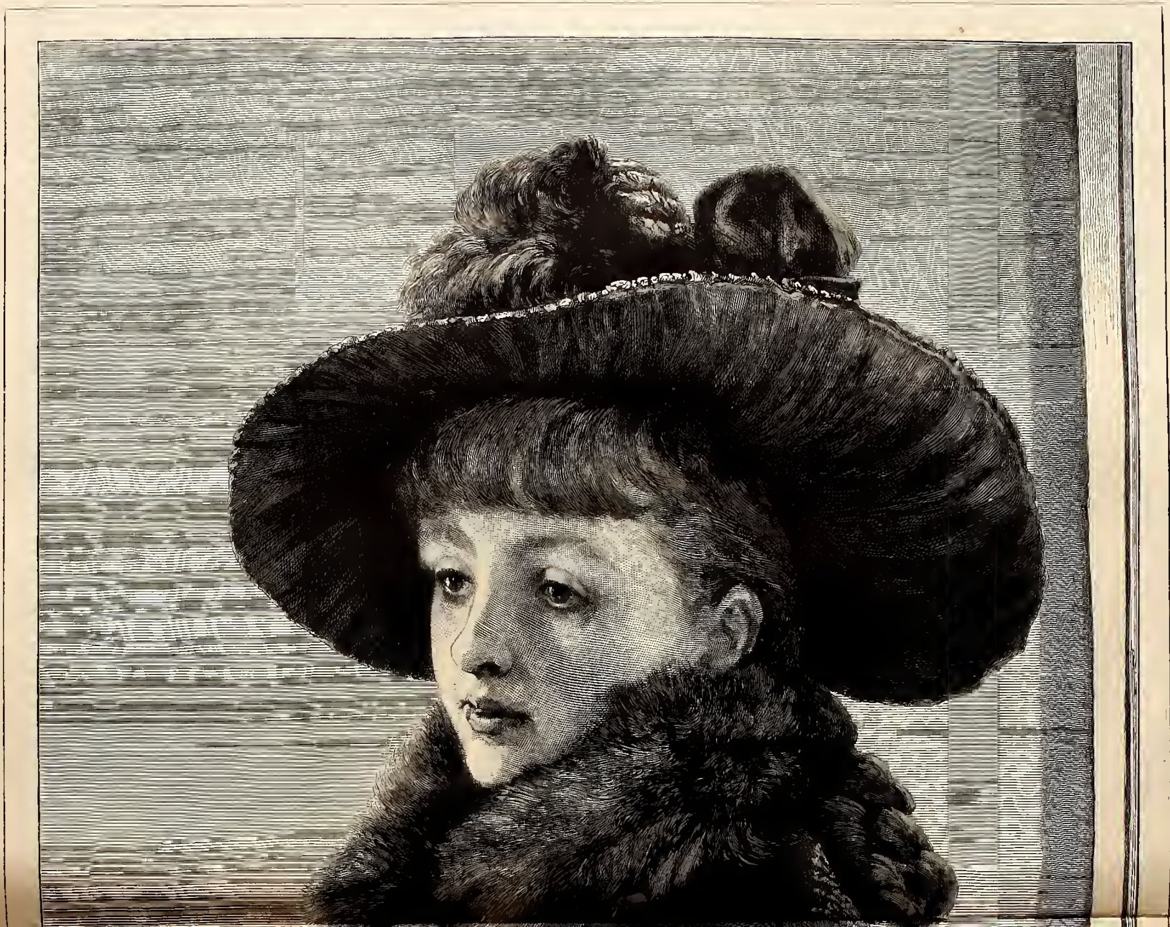
For a more complete treatise on the last-mentioned subject—a general survey of depths, and temperatures, and ocean currents, and of all that as yet is known or guessed about their causes and effects—we may turn to an essay by another member of the *Challenger* staff, the "Thalassa" of Mr. J. J. Wild (Marcus Ward and Co.). Based mainly on the *Challenger* explorations, yet taking due account as well of the kindred work of German, Norwegian, and U.S. surveying parties in the last few years, "Thalassa" gives us,.in a series of coloured diagrams, the contour, temperature, and currents of the great ocean basins of the world, with the various theories to which their examination seems to lead—theories which may even modify to some extent the favourite doctrines of the geologist. Readers who love to mount from careful registers of actual observations to speculations quaint and fascinating as to the formation of new lands, and the drying up of ancient seas in obedience to the tendency of the Northern Hemisphere to become all land and the Southern Hemisphere all ocean, or who would learn what little things, where winds and currents are concerned, can arrest the working of general laws, will be slow to weary of this pretty volume.

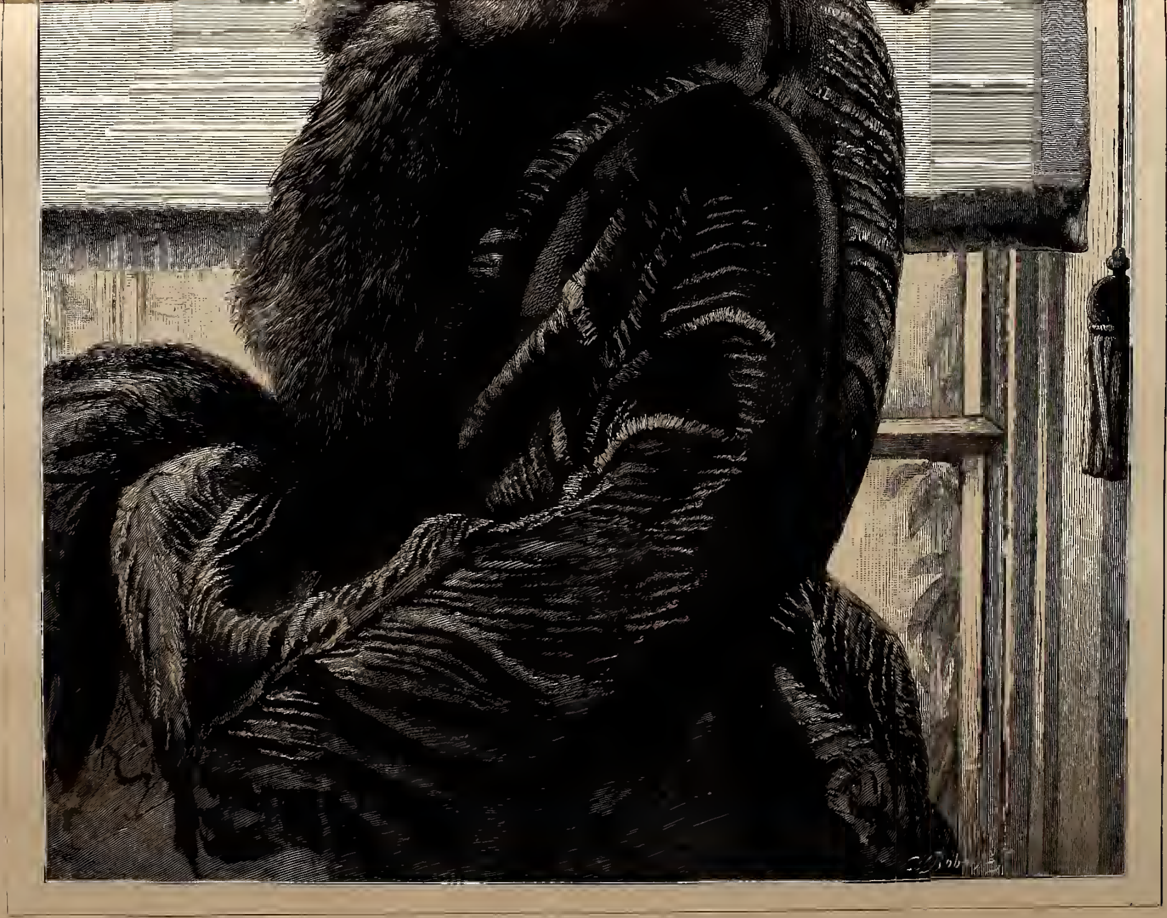
A new edition—the fifth—of Mr. C. Dudley Warner's "In the Levant" (Sampson Low and Co.), that liveliest of Yankee books about Palestine, Cyprus, Greece, and Constantinople, scarcely needs a word of introduction. Better accounts of ruins and holy places might easily be named. Few even approach its humorously faithful pictures of the strange folk who inhabit Eastern lands and the mixed crowd who go Eastwards to see them. If a book's *raison d'être* is to amuse, Mr. Warner's ought to live through many more editions.

"Selections," as a rule, are dreary things; but "Selections from the Writings of 'The Author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family,'" by a Friend (Dalby, Isbister, and Co.), have some pretence to be admitted as exceptions. Neatly classified, and not too "scrappy," they are good examples of the author's skill in reproducing for her readers' benefit the events and characters of other days, no less than of the tender sympathy and spiritual insight she can bring to bear on points of human duty, difficulty, and hope. The volume is quite worth dipping into for itself. It will perhaps still more fulfil its end by inducing many to refer to the works from which it takes its extracts.

A new edition, after many years, of "The Poetical Works of Thomas Cooper" (Hodder and Stoughton)—amended slightly in parts where the language of the ex-Chartist prisoner and sceptic jarred on the ears of the present lecturer on Christian evidences—will be not unwelcome, whether for its own intrinsic merits or as the work of a self-taught man and political prisoner in days when "the wrongs of the poor" and "the tyranny of the rich" were something more than phrases to round a sentence. For vigour of fancy and power of expression the "Purgatory of Suicides" has better claims to live than most of the second-class poetry of the age.

We feel some distrust of a critic who is always on his knees, and Mr. G. Barnett Smith, author of "Shelley: a Critical Biography" (D. Douglas, Edinburgh), between ecstatic admiration for Shelley as he was, an overwhelming sense of what he might





"IN WINTER TIME"

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. TISSOT, EXHIBITED AT THE GROSVENOR GALLERY have been had he lived, and a general horror of all who crossed his idol's path, hardly ever seems to rise from this posture of humility. Nor does his volume give us much that is very new either in the way of criticism or facts. The latter, it is true, are not badly put, and the former shows a just appreciation of the poems in which Shelley put forth his highest power. But on neither does Mr. Smith throw any very striking light, while the general atmosphere of eulogy is simply stifling.

Those who think précis-writing comes by nature should consult Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's "Précis-Book" (Crosby Lockwood and Co.), a graduated series of exercises in précis-making, from the short abstract of the simple official letter to the careful analysis of some long and involved extract of poetry or prose. Invaluable to the student who is training for competitive examinations, "The Précis-Book" will be of use to all who seek a short, if toilsome road, to brevity and clearness of expression.

"A Dictionary of English Literature," by W. Davenport Adams (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is a book of reference of a most agreeable, and in many respects a novel class. It contains names of authors and their works, titles of poems, plays, novels, &c., familiar phrases and quotations in order of the "first striking word," famous characters in poetry and fiction, lists of *noms de plume* and special articles on the novel, the sonnet, the drama, &c., all ranged in alphabetical order, and varying from the dry reference to the pleasantly written critique. If fault there be it is that some names and subjects seem unduly favoured, that Swinburne, for instance, gets two columns, and Browning twenty lines, and that space which might be better filled is sometimes taken up with minute descriptions of unimportant characters in contemporary works of fiction. Thus under "Barnaby" we have ten lines for "B. Rudge," and five for Mrs. Trollope's Widow Barnaby, and none for "Drunken Barnabee" and his "Itinerary," the only one, after all, of the three for which the ordinary reader might require a reference.

From Messrs. De la Rue and Co. we have received specimen copies of their new publications for Christmas, comprising diaries, calendars of various kinds, and Christmas Cards. All these productions are distinguished for the solid workmanship as well as elegance for which this firm is justly celebrated.

From Messrs. Letts, Son, and Co. we have received a number of diaries of all shapes and sizes suitable both for business and for domestic purposes; from Messrs. Bemrose and Sons we have specimens of date calendars; from Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. we have received a most choice collection of beautiful Christmas cards, and a series of ornamental placards (for placing on walls), bearing suitable inscriptions and texts for Christmas and the New Year; from Messrs. A. Ackermann and Co. we have specimens of Prang's American Christmas cards. We have also to acknowledge Whitaker's *Almanac*, a wonderful shillingsworth; and an old friend, *Punch's Pocket Book*, containing its usual agreeable mixture of gravity and gaiety.

Mr. Thorburn, of 22, Paternoster Row, sends us a packet of invitation notepaper and envelopes embellished with an artistic group of young people dancing, from a design by his father, Mr. Robert Thorburn, A.R.A.

◆

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

V.

"THE HISTORY OF THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLAGE AT DELHI" (Longmans).—Mr. Talboys Wheeler has put together a gorgeous volume of photographic portraits, coloured pictures, maps, and plans, accompanied by historical sketches of India and her princes, both past and present. The volume does not claim to be an official narrative of the great event which took place last New Year's Day; but it is a fitting memorial of what in later times may come to be regarded even more than it is in the present day, as one of the most important historical events in the history of India during the present century.

"Examples of Contemporary Art" (Chatto and Windus) is a selection of etchings from representative works by living English and foreign artists, culled from the pages of "L'Art." They are splendid specimens of the etcher's art, from the delicious rendering of Burne-Jones's "Beguiling of Merlin," from the Grosvenor Gallery, to the powerful "Moors Playing with a Vulture," by Fortuny, the engraving of which was exhibited in the last Salon. The volume is edited with critical notes by Mr. J. Comyns Carr.

Mr. E. W. Cooke, R.A., has published, through Mr. Murray, a second series of "Leaves from my Sketch-Book," the subjects of this volume being chiefly Venetian and Egyptian views. They are full of delicate grace and beauty, and, though slight, are very suggestive, some of the Nile views more particularly so.

"The Bird World" (Nelson and Sons) is a beautifully got-up volume, with charming illustrations from the graceful pencil of M. Giacomelli. There are few artists of the present day whose sketches of bird-life are so true, and yet so delicate and artistic, as those of M. Giacomelli, but we prefer his studies of the smaller birds to those of the larger species, and think he is more successful in scenes of love and peace than he is in depicting strife and war.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have published a charming edition of Thomas-a-Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," illustrated by etchings and miniature head and tail pieces and initials. The work is beautifully printed, and should for a long time rank as by far the most sumptuous edition of this world-renowned book of devotion.

Messrs. Longmans issue a fourth and revised edition of Mr. Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste in Furniture and Upholstery." This volume, with its characteristic binding and carefully-executed wood-cuts, will commend itself to a large circle of readers at a time when the rage for art-furniture is so rampant. The minutest details of the requirements of a house, from the door-knocker to a preserve-jar, are faithfully described and illustrated.

"Floral Designs for the Table," by John Perkins (Wyman and Sons), is another proof, if proof were wanted, of the rapid spread of art, especially in its application to the comforts and elegancies of the home. Mr. Perkins, in his capacity as Lord Henniker's head-gardener for the last twenty-nine years, has evidently acquired not only a sincere love for the objects of his care, but also an artistic appreciation of their special adaptability to the decoration of the dinner-table. The twenty-four coloured designs here given are as striking for their beauty as for their utility, and will no doubt furnish many a useful hint to those who are desirous of enlivening the too often dull and uninviting appearance of the English dinner-table.

"North Italian Folk," by Mrs. Comyns Carr (Chatto and Windus), is an interesting volume of sketches of town and country life in the Riviera and the Appenines. The graphic sketches of Mrs. Carr are admirably illustrated by a series of character drawings by Mr. R. Caldecott, whose pencil we should be glad to see more frequently employed in book illustration.

"The Country of the Moors," by Edward Rae (John Murray), is an attractive record of a solitary journey in a land but little known, and though Mr. Rae does not claim to convey much original or novel information, his sketch of the existing state of the comparatively few remaining types of the race which shed the light of civilisation on the dark ages of Europe, will form a valuable contribution to the modern traveller's library, and will repay a careful study and perusal.

"Children's Toys" (Kegan Paul and Co.), is an ingenious attempt to convey elementary lessons in general knowledge by familiar objects more usually devoted to amusement than instruction. The style is a little preachy, and apt to be too scientific, but the effort is a praiseworthy one and deserving of encouragement.

Mr. H. C. Barkley, whose works on the Danube and Bulgaria have been recently published, has adventured upon a new theme in "My Boyhood: a Story for Boys" (John Murray). The result is a capital book, the natural history sketches in which are both graphic and amusing.

Messrs. Routledge publish an edition of Keble's "Christian Year," the speciality of which is a series of floral illustrations delicately printed in colours by Edmund Evans. This firm are amongst the most prolific of purveyors for the juveniles, and amongst their productions this season may be mentioned, "Leila, or the Island in England and at Home," by Miss Fraser-Tytler, a fascinating story for girls; "The Boys of Westonbury," a graphic *exposé* of the monitorial system by H. C. Adams; "Rosabella, a Doll's Christmas Story," by Auntie Bee, with clever illustrations by D. J. White; "The Holiday Album for Children," which is also divided into separate albums for boys and girls, and which gives a picture and a short story on alternate pages; "Narrative Poetry for the Young," beautifully illustrated by the Brothers Dalziel; "The Original Robinson Crusoe," a biography of Alexander Selkirk, by H. C. Adams; "A Story of a Wooden Horse," with drawings by Emile Bayard, a humorous story translated from the French; a neat edition of the Misses Taylor's "Hymns for Infant Minds;" a short story called "Sybil Grey," by Mrs. Perring; and a series of picture-books lavishly illustrated by Walter Crane, Harrison Weir, W. McConnell, and other artists, which will lose none of their attractions from the fact that they have pictures and text alike formed portions of "Little Wide Awake." Their titles sufficiently indicate their contents—"Mother Goose's Jingles," "Mother Goose's Melodies," "Little Rosy Cheeks' Story Book," "Little Curly Pate's Story Book," and "Little Blue Bell's Picture Book"—the last being again sub-divided by the art in which modern publishers have become so ingenious, that of making the same work do duty in various forms into "Little Primrose's Picture Book" and "Little Forget Me Not's Picture Book." "Hookeybeak the Raven" and "One Hundred Picture Fables" are two marvellously cheap, well illustrated volumes, the former from comical drawings by Wilhelm Busch, the latter by one hundred very pretty drawings by Otto Speckter. "Lily's Drawing-Room Book," by Mrs. Sale Barker, is a bright little volume full of taking pictures, illustrative of country and animal life.

Messrs. Frederick Warne and Co., who are also celebrated for the character and multitude of their juvenile works, have produced an original series of dainty volumes for very young children, printed in large bold type, and with appropriate illustration. The text is evidently of American origin, and is as interesting as our American cousins always make their books for the young, a department of literature for which they seem to have a special faculty. The series is called "The Nightcap Series." These are "Big Nightcaps, Little Nightcaps, Old Nightcaps, Fairy Nightcaps, Baby Nightcaps, and Nightcaps for Tiny Tots."—A new edition of "The Swiss Family Robinson," with an original and unabridged translation from the German edition is beautifully illustrated with drawings of most of the animals mentioned in the work.—"Elsie in Dreamland," a somewhat risky imitation of "Alice in Wonderland," by F. E. Weatherly, M.A., with illustrations by H. Cross, is by no means a plagiarism of that work, but possesses a good deal of original merit, and the author is ably seconded in his efforts to be funny by the thoroughly comic sketches of the artist.

Two stories by Mrs. Prentiss, "The Three Magic Wands," and "Six Little Princesses," are full of quaint ideas simply but powerfully wrought out by the talented author of "Stepping Heavenward."—"Margaret Woodward, or Summerleigh Manor," is a capital girl's book, and "The Young Woman's Book," edited by Mrs. Valentine, is a miniature encyclopædia of everything pertaining to everyday life, and gives counsel, suggestion, and advice on subjects as wide apart as killing beetles and avoiding scandal. The practical chapters on cleaning, cooking, washing, dress, and health, are full of valuable and interesting details.

Messrs. Daldy, Isbister, and Co., have republished "Lady Verney's Sketches from Nature with Pen and Pencil," which have been appearing in the pages of *Good Words*. The authoress has evidently a great affection for animals, and her sketches are written with considerable feeling, and are well calculated to inculcate habits of kindness and consideration, such as Mr. Bright desires to see extended to the lower creation. The same publishers issue a further volume illustrative of the same principles, but adapted for younger readers, under the title of "Story after Story of Land and Sea, Man and Beast," by the author of "Cheerful Sundays."

Chatterbox, *The Prize* (Wells Gardner), *The Daisy* (Warne). The two former are the annual volumes of well-known serials, of which it will be sufficient to say they fully maintain the claim to the popularity they so worthily possess, and the latter is a series of coloured pictures, the printing of which might be better.

(Continued on page 574)

◆

The History of a Crime:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

II.

THE SECOND DAY—THE STRUGGLE

IV.

THE WORKMEN'S SOCIETIES ASK US FOR THE ORDER TO FIGHT

IN presence of the fact of the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine so heroically constructed by the Representatives, so sadly neglected by the populace, the last illusions, even mine, should have been dispersed. Baudin killed, the Faubourg cold. Such things spoke aloud. It was a supreme, manifest, absolute demonstration of that fact, the inaction of the people, to which I could not resign myself—a deplorable inaction, if they understood, a self-treason, if they did not understand, a fatal neutrality in every case, a calamity of which all the responsibility, we repeat, recoiled not upon the people but upon those who in June, 1848, after having promised them amnesty, had refused it, and who had unhinged the great soul of the people of Paris by breaking faith with them. What the Constituent Assembly had sown the Legislative Assembly harvested. We, innocent of the fault, had to submit to the consequence.

The spark which we had seen flash for an instant through the crowd—Michel de Bourges from the height of Bonvalet's balcony, myself from the Boulevard du Temple—this spark seemed extinguished. Maigne firstly, then Brillier, then Bruckner, later on Charamaule, Malier de Montjau, Bastide, and Dulac came to report to us what had passed at the barricade of St. Antoine, the motives which had decided the Representatives present not to await the hour appointed for the rendezvous, and Baudin's death. The report which I made myself of what I had seen, and which Cassal and Alexander Rey completed by adding new circumstances, enabled us to ascertain the situation. The Committee could no longer hesitate; I myself renounced the hopes which I had based upon a grand manifestation, upon a powerful reply to the *Coup d'État*, upon a sort of pitched battle waged by the guardians of the Republic against the banditti of the Elysée. The Faubourgs failed us; we possessed the lever—Right, but the mass to be raised, the People, we did not possess. There was nothing more to hope for, as those two great orators, Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre, with their keen political perception, had declared from the first, save a slow long struggle, avoiding decisive engagements, changing quarters, keeping Paris on the alert, saying to each, It is not at an end; leaving time for the Departments to prepare their resistance, wearying the troops out, and in which struggle the Parisian people, who do not long smell powder with impunity, would perhaps ultimately take fire. Barricades raised everywhere, barely defended, remade immediately, melting away and multiplying themselves at the same time, such was the strategy indicated by the situation. The Committee adopted it, and sent orders in every direction to this effect. At that moment we were sitting at No. 15, Rue Richelieu, at the house of our colleague, Grévy, who had been arrested in the Tenth Arrondissement on the preceding day, and who was at Mazas. His brother had offered us his house for our deliberations. The Representatives, our natural emissaries, flocked around us, and scattered themselves throughout Paris, with our instructions to organise resistance at every point. They were the arms and the Committee was the soul. A certain number of ex Constituents, intrepid men, Garnier-Pagès, Marie, Martin (de Strasbourg), Senart, formerly President of the Constituent Assembly, Bastide, Laissac, Landrin, had joined the Representatives on the preceding day. They established, therefore, in all the districts where it was possible Committees of Permanence in connection with us, the Central Committee, and composed either of Representatives or of faithful citizens. For our watchword we chose "Baudin."

Towards noon the centre of Paris began to grow agitated.

Our appeal to arms was first seen placarded on the Place de la Bourse and the Rue Montmartre. Groups pressed round to read it, and battled with the police, who endeavoured to tear down the bills. Other lithographic placards contained in two parallel columns the decree of deposition drawn up by the Right at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement, and the decree of outlawry voted by the Left. There were distributed, printed on grey paper in large type, the judgment of the High Court of Justice, declaring Louis Bonaparte attainted with the crime of High Treason, and signed "Hardouin" (President), "Delapalme," "Moreau" (of the Seine), "Cauchy," "Bataille" (Judges). This last name was thus mis-spelt by mistake, it should read "Pataille."

At that moment people generally believed, and we ourselves believed, in this judgment, which, as we have seen, was not the genuine judgment.

At the same time they posted in the populous quarters, at the corner of every street, two Proclamations. The first ran thus:—

"TO THE PEOPLE.

"ARTICLE III.* The Constitution is confided to the keeping and to the patriotism of French citizens. LOUIS NAPOLÉON is outlawed.

"The State of Siege is abolished.

"Universal Suffrage is re-established.

"Long live the Republic.

"TO ARMS!

"For the United Mountain,

"The Delegate, VICTOR HUGO."

The second ran thus:—

"INHABITANTS OF PARIS.

"The National Guards and the People of the Departments are marching on Paris to aid you in seizing the TRAITOR, Louis Napoléon BONAPARTE.

"For the Representatives of the People,

"VICTOR HUGO, President.

"SCHŒLCHER, Secretary."

This last placard, printed on little squares of paper, was distributed abroad, says an historian of the *Coup d'État*, by thousands of copies.

For their part, the criminals installed in the Government offices replied by threats: the great white placards, that is to say the official bills, were largely multiplied. On one could be read:—

"WE, PREFECT OF THE POLICE,

"Decree as follows:

"ARTICLE I. All meetings are rigorously prohibited. They will be immediately dispersed by force.

"ARTICLE II. All seditious shouts, all reading in public, all posting of political documents not emanating from a regularly instituted authority, are equally prohibited.

"ARTICLE III. The Agents of the Public Police will enforce the execution of the present decree.

"Given at the Prefecture of Police, December 3, 1851.

"DE MAUPAS, Prefect of Police.

"Seen and approved,

"DE MORNY, Minister of the Interior."

---

* A typographical error—it should read "Article LXVIII." On the subject of this placard the Author of this book received the following letter. It does honour to those who wrote it:—

"CITIZEN VICTOR HUGO,—We know that you have made an appeal to arms. We have not been able to obtain it. We replace it by these bills which we sign with your name. You will not disown us. When France is in danger your name belongs to all; your name is a Public Power.

"FELIX BONY."
"DABAT.

On another could be read :—

"THE MINISTER OF WAR
"By virtue of the Law on the State of Siege,
"Decrees :
"Every person taken constructing or defending a barricade, or carrying arms, WILL BE SHOT
"General of Division
"Minister of War
"DE ST. ARNAUD"

We reproduce this Proclamation exactly, even to the punctuation. The words "To be Shot" were in capital letters in the placards signed "De St. Arnaud."

The Boulevards were thronged with an excited crowd. The agitation increasing in the centre reached three Arrondissements, the 6th, 7th, and the 12th. The district of the schools began to be disorderly. The Students of Law and of Medicine cheered De Flotte on the Place de Panthéon. Madier de Montjau, ardent and eloquent, went through and aroused Belleville. The troops, increased every moment, took possession of all the strategical points of Paris.

At one o'clock a young man was brought into us by the legal advisers of the Workmen's Societies, the ex-Constituent Leblond, at whose house the Committee had deliberated that morning. We were sitting in permanence, Carnot, Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself. This young man, who had an earnest mode of speaking and an intelligent countenance, was named King. He had been sent to us by the Committee of the Workmen's Society, from whom he was delegated. "The Workmen's Societies," he said to us, "place themselves at the disposal of the Committee of Legal Insurrection appointed by the Left. They can throw into the struggle five or six thousand resolute men. They will manufacture powder ; as for guns, they will be found." The Workmen's Society requested from us an order to fight signed by us. Jules Favre took a pen and wrote:

"The undersigned Representatives authorise Citizen King and his friends to defend with them, and with arms in their hands, Universal Suffrage, the Republic, the Laws."

He dated it, and we all four signed it.

"That is enough," said the delegate to us, "you will hear of us."

Two hours afterwards it was reported to us that the conflict had begun. They were fighting in the Rue Aumaire.

V.

BAUDIN'S CORPSE

WITH regard to the Faubourg St. Antoine, we had, as I said. lost nearly all hope, but the men of the *Coup d'État* had not lost all uneasiness. Since the attempts at rising and the barricades of the morning a rigorous supervision had been organised. Any one who entered the Faubourg ran the risk of being examined, followed, and, upon the slightest suspicion, arrested. The supervision was nevertheless sometimes at fault. About two o'clock a short man, with an earnest and attentive air, crossed the Faubourg. A *sergent de ville* and a police agent in plain clothes barred his passage. "Who are you?" "You see: a passenger." "Where are you going?" "Over there, close by, to Bartholomé's, the overseer of the sugar manufactory."—They searched him. He himself opened his pocket-book ; the police agents turned out the pockets of his waistcoat and unbuttoned his shirt over his breast ; finally the *sergent de ville* said, gruffly, "Yet I seem to have seen you here before this morning. Be off!" It was the Representative Gindrier. If they had not stopped at the pockets of his waistcoat—and if they had searched his great coat they would have found his sash there—Gindrier would have been shot.

Not to allow themselves to be arrested, to keep their freedom for the combat—such was the watchword of the members of the Left. That is why we had our sashes upon us, but not outwardly visible.

Gindrier had had no food that day ; he thought he would go home, and returned to the new district of the Havre Railway Station, where he resided. In the Rue de Calais, which is a lonely street running from the Rue Blanche to the Rue de Clichy, a *fiacre* passed him. Gindrier heard his name called out. He turned round, and saw two persons in a *fiacre*, relations of Baudin, and a man whom he did not know. One of the relations of Baudin, Madame L——, said to him, "Baudin is wounded !" She added : "They have taken him to the St. Antoine Hospital. We are going to fetch him. Come with us." Gindrier got into the *fiacre*.

The stranger, however, was an emissary of the Commissary of Police of the Rue Marguerite St. Antoine. He had been charged by the Commissary of Police to go to Baudin's house, No. 88, Rue de Clichy, to inform the family. Having only found the women at home he had confined himself to telling them that Representative Baudin was wounded. He offered to accompany them, and went with them in the *fiacre*. They had uttered the name of Gindrier before him. This might have been imprudent. They spoke to him ; he declared that he would not betray the Representative, and it was settled that before the Commissary of Police Gindrier should assume to be a relation, and be called Baudin.

The poor women still hoped. Perhaps the wound was serious, but Baudin was young, and had a good constitution. "They will save him," said they. Gindrier was silent. At the office of the Commissary of Police the truth was revealed.—"How is he?" asked Madame L—— on entering.—"Why?" said the Commissary, "he is dead."—"What do you mean! Dead?—"Yes ; killed on the spot."

This was a painful moment. The despair of these two women who had been so abruptly struck to the heart burst forth in sobs. "Ah, infamous Bonaparte!" cried Madame L——. "He has killed Baudin. Well, then, I will kill him. I will be the Charlotte Corday of this Marat."

Gindrier claimed the body of Baudin. The Commissary of Police only consented to restore it to the family on exacting a promise that they would bury it at once, and without any ostentation, and that they would not exhibit it to the people. "You understand," he said, "that the sight of a Representative killed and bleeding might raise Paris." The *Coup d'État* made corpses, but did not wish that they should be utilised.

On these conditions the Commissary of Police gave Gindrier two men and a safe conduct to fetch the body of Baudin from the hospital where he had been carried.

Meanwhile Baudin's brother, a young man of four-and-twenty, a medical student, came up. This young man has since been arrested and imprisoned. His crime is his brother. Let us continue. They proceeded to the Hospital. At the sight of the safe conduct the director ushered Gindrier and young Baudin into the parlour. There were three pallets there covered with white sheets, under which could be traced the motionless forms of three human bodies. The one which occupied the centre bed was Baudin. On his right lay the young soldier killed a minute before him by the side of Schœlcher, and on the left an old woman who had been struck down by a spent ball in the Rue de Cotte, and whom the executioners of the *Coup d'État* had gathered up later on ; in the first moment one cannot find out all one's riches.

The three corpses were naked under their winding sheets.

They had left to Baudin alone his shirt and his flannel vest. They had found on him seven francs, his gold watch and chain, his Representative's medal, and a gold pencil-case which he had used in the Rue de Popincourt, after having passed me the other pencil, which I still preserve. Gindrier and young Baudin, bareheaded, approached the centre bed. They raised the shroud, and Baudin's dead face became visible. He was calm, and seemed asleep. No feature appeared contracted. A livid tint began to mottle his face.

They drew up an official report. It is customary. It is not sufficient to kill people. An official report must also be drawn up. Young Baudin had to sign it, upon which, on the demand of the Commissary of Police, they "made over" to him the body of his brother. During these signatures, Gindrier, in the courtyard of the hospital, attempted, if not to console, at least to calm the two despairing women.

Suddenly a man who had entered the courtyard, and who had attentively watched him for some moments, came abruptly up to him :

"What are you doing there?"

"What is that to you?" said Gindrier.

"You have came to fetch Baudin's body?"

"Yes."

"Is this your carriage?"

"Yes."

"Get in at once, and pull down the blinds."

"What do you mean?"

"You are the Representative Gindrier. I know you. You were this morning on the barricade. If any other than myself should see you, you are lost."

Gindrier followed his advice and got into the *fiacre*. While getting in he asked the man :

"Do you belong to the police?"

The man did not answer. A moment after he came and said in a low voice, near the door of the *fiacre* in which Gindrier was enclosed :

"Yes, I eat the bread, but I do not do the work."

The two men sent by the Commissary of Police took Baudin on his wooden bed and carried him to the *fiacre*. They placed him at the bottom of the *fiacre* with his face covered, and enveloped from head to foot in a shroud. A workman who was there lent his cloak, which was thrown over the corpse in order not to attract the notice of passers-by. Madame L—— took her place by the side of the body, Gindrier opposite, young Baudin next to Gindrier. A *fiacre* followed, in which were the other relative of Baudin and a medical student named Dutèche.

They set off. During the journey the head of the corpse, shaken by the carriage, rolled from shoulder to shoulder ; the blood began to flow from the wound and appeared in large red patches through the white sheet. Gindrier, with his arms stretched out and his hand placed on its breast, prevented it from falling forwards ; Madame L—— held it up by the side.

They had told the coachman to drive slowly ; the journey lasted more than an hour.

When they reached No. 88, Rue de Clichy, the bringing out of the body attracted a curious crowd before the door. The neighbours flocked thither. Baudin's brother, assisted by Gindrier and Dutèche, carried up the corpse to the fourth floor, where Baudin resided. It was a new house, and he had only lived there a few months.

They carried him into his room, which was in order, and just as he had left it on the morning of the Second. The bed, on which he had not slept the preceding night, had not been disturbed. A book which he had been reading had remained on the table, open at the page where he had left off. They unrolled the shroud, and Gindrier cut off his shirt and his flannel vest with a pair of scissors. They washed the body. The ball had entered through the corner of the arch of the right eye, and had gone out at the back of the head. The wound of the eye had not bled. A sort of swelling had formed there ; the blood had flowed copiously through the hole at the back of the head. They put clean linen on him, and clean sheets on the bed, and laid him down with his head on the pillow, and his face uncovered. The women were weeping in the next room.

Gindrier had already rendered the same service to the ex-Constituent James Demontry. In 1850 James Demontry died in exile at Cologne. Gindrier started for Cologne, went to the cemetery, and had James Demontry exhumed. He had the heart extracted, embalmed it, and enclosed it in a silver vase, which he took to Paris. The party of the Mountain delegated him, with Chollet and Joigneux, to convey this heart to Dijon, Demontry's native place, and to give him a solemn funeral. This funeral was prohibited by an order of Louis Bonaparte, then President of the Republic. The burial of brave and faithful men was unpleasing to Louis Bonaparte—not so their death.

When Baudin had been laid out on the bed, the women came in, and all this family, seated round the corpse, wept. Gindrier, whom other duties called elsewhere, went down with Dutèche. A crowd had formed before the door.

A man in a blouse, with his hat on his head, mounted on a kerbstone, was speechifying and glorifying the *Coup d'État*, Universal Suffrage re-established, the Law of the 31st May abolished, the "Twenty-five francs" suppressed ; Louis Bonaparte has done well, &c.—Gindrier, standing on the threshold of the door, raised his voice : "Citizens! above lies Baudin, a Representative of the People, killed while defending the People! Baudin, the Representative of you all, mark that well! You are before his house ; he is there bleeding on his bed, and here is a man who dares in this place to applaud his assassin! Citizens! shall I tell you the name of this man? He is called the Police! Shame and infamy to traitors and to cowards! Respect to the corpse of him who has died for you!"

And pushing aside the crowd Gindrier took the man who had been speaking by the collar, and knocking his hat on to the ground with the back of his hand, he cried, "Hats off!"

VI.

THE DECREES OF THE REPRESENTATIVES WHO REMAINED FREE

THE text of the judgment which was believed to have been drawn up by the High Court of Justice had been brought to us by the ex-Constituent Martin (of Strasbourg), a lawyer at the Court of Cassation. At the same time we learned what was happening in the Rue Aumaire. The battle was beginning, it was important to sustain it, and to feed it ; it was important ever to place the legal resistance by the side of the armed resistance. The members who had met together on the preceding day at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement had decreed the deposition of Louis Bonaparte ; but this decree, drawn up by a meeting almost exclusively composed of the unpopular members of the majority, might have no effect on the masses ; it was necessary that the Left should take it up, should adopt it, should imprint upon it a more energetic and more revolutionary accent, and also take possession of the judgment of the High Court, which was believed to be genuine, to lend assistance to this judgment, and put it into execution.

In our appeal to arms we had outlawed Louis Bonaparte. The decree of deposition taken up and counter-signed by us added weight to this outlawry, and completed the revolutionary act by the legal act.

The Committee of Resistance called together the Republican Representatives.

The apartments of M. Grévy, where we had been sitting, being too small, we appointed for our meeting-place No. 10, Rue des Moulins, although warned that the police had already made a raid upon this house. But we had no choice ; in time of Revolution prudence is impossible, and it is speedily seen that it is useless. Confidence, always confidence ; such is the law of those grand actions which at times determine great events. The perpetual improvisation of means, of policy, of expedients, of resources, nothing step by step, everything on the impulse of the moment, the ground never sounded, all risks taken as a whole, the good with the bad, everything chanced on all sides at the same time, the hour, the place, the opportunity, friends, family, liberty, fortune, life,—such is the revolutionary conflict.

Towards three o'clock about sixty Representatives were meeting at No. 10, Rue des Moulins, in the large drawing-room, out of which opened a little room where the Committee of Resistance was in session.

It was a gloomy December day, and darkness seemed already to have almost set in. The publisher Hetzel, who might also be called the poet Hetzel, is of a noble mind and of great courage. He has, as is known, shown unusual political qualities as Secretary-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under Bastide ; he came to offer himself to us, as the brave and patriotic Hingray had already done in the morning. Hetzel knew that we needed a printing-office above everything ; we had not the faculty of speech, and Louis Bonaparte spoke alone. Hetzel had found a printer who had said to him : "*Force me, put a pistol to my throat, and I will print whatever you wish.*" It was only a question, therefore, of getting a few friends together, of seizing this printing-office by main force, of barricading it, and, if necessary, of sustaining a siege, while our Proclamations and our decrees were being printed. Hetzel offered this to us. One incident of his arrival at our meeting-place deserves to be noted. As he drew near the doorway he saw in the twilight of this dreary December day a man standing motionless at a short distance, and who seemed to be lying in wait. He went up to this man, and recognised M. Yon, the former Commissary of Police of the Assembly.

"What are you doing there?" said Hetzel abruptly. "Are you there to arrest us? In that case, here is what I have got for you," and he took out two pistols from his pocket.

M. Yon answered, smiling :

"I am in truth watching, not against you, but for you ; I am guarding you."

M. Yon, aware of our meeting at Landrin's house, and fearing that we should be arrested, was, of his own accord, acting as police for us.

Hetzel had already revealed his scheme to Representative Labrousse, who was to accompany him and give him the moral support of the Assembly in his perilous expedition. A first rendezvous which had been agreed upon between them at the Café Cardinal having failed, Labrousse had left with the owner of the *café* for Hetzel a note couched in these terms :—

"Madame Elizabeth awaits M. Hetzel at No. 10, Rue des Moulins."

In accordance with this notice Hetzel had come.

We accepted Hetzel's offer, and it was agreed that at nightfall Representative Versigny, who performed the duties of Secretary to the Committee, should take him our decrees, our Proclamations, such items of news as may have reached us, and all that we should judge proper to publish. It was settled that Hetzel should await Versigny on the pavement at the end of the Rue de Richelieu which runs alongside the Café Cardinal.

Meanwhile Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself had drawn up a final decree, which was to combine the deposition voted by the Right with the outlawry voted by us. We came back into the large room to read it to the assembled Representatives, and for them to sign it.

At this moment the door opened, and Emile de Girardin appeared. We had not seen him since the previous evening.

Emile de Girardin—after dispersing from around him that mist which envelopes every combatant in party warfare, and which at a distance changes or obscures the appearance of a man—Emile de Girardin is an extraordinary thinker, an accurate writer, energetic, logical, skilful, hearty ; a journalist in whom, as in all great journalists, can be seen the statesman. We owe to Emile de Girardin this great work of progress, the cheap Press. Emile de Girardin has this great gift, a clear-headed stubbornness. Emile de Girardin is a public watchman ; his journal is his sentry box ; he waits, he watches, he spies out, he enlightens, he lies in wait, he cries "Who goes there?" at the slightest alarm, he fires volleys with his pen. He is ready for every form of combat, a sentinel to-day, a general to-morrow. Like all earnest minds he understands, he sees, he recognises, he handles, so to speak, the great and magnificent identity embraced under these three words, "Revolution, Progress, Liberty :" he wishes for the Revolution, but above all through Progress ; he wishes for Progress, but solely through Liberty. One can, and according to our opinion sometimes rightly, differ from him as to the road to be taken, as to the attitude to be assumed, and the position to be maintained, but no one can deny his courage, which he has proved in every form, nor reject his object, which is the moral and physical amelioration of the lot of all. Emile de Girardin is more Democratic than Republican, more Socialist than Democratic ; on the day when these three ideas, Democracy, Republicanism, Socialism, that is to say, the principle, the form, and the application, are balanced in his mind the oscillations which still exist in him will cease. He has already Power, he will have Stability.

In the course of this sitting, as we shall see, I did not always agree with Emile de Girardin. All the more reason that I should record here how greatly I appreciate the mind formed of slight and of courage. Emile de Girardin, whatever his failing may be, is one of those men who do honour to the Press of to-day; he unites in the highest degree the dexterity of the combatant with the serenity of the thinker.

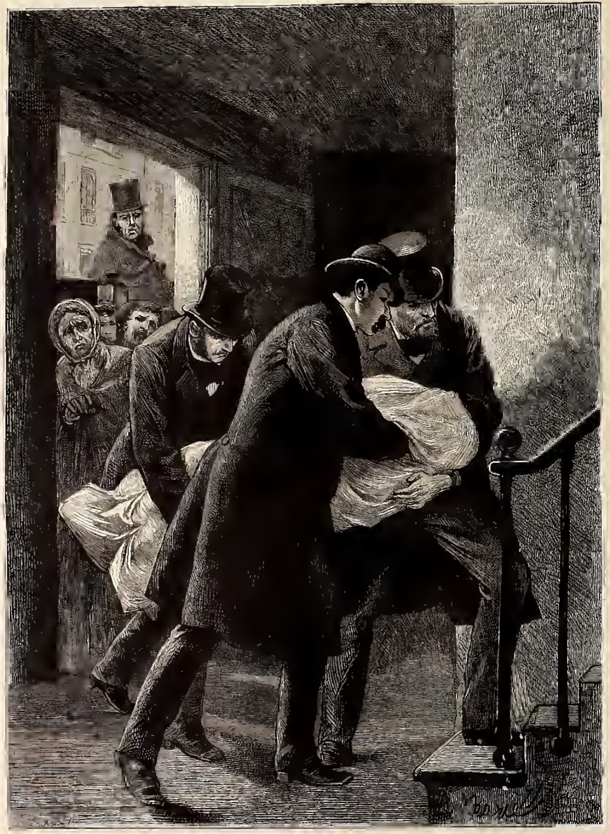
I went up to him, and I asked him :—

"Have you any workmen of the *Presse* still remaining?"

He answered me :—"Our presses are under seal, and guarded by the *gendarmerie mobile*, but I have five or six willing workmen, they can produce a few placards with the brush."

"Well then," said I, "print our decrees and our Proclamation." "I will print anything," answered he, "as long as it is not an appeal to arms."

He added, addressing himself to me :—



BAUDIN'S CORPSE

The neighbours flocked thither. Baudin's brother, assisted by Gindrier and Dutèche, carried the corpse up to the fourth floor, where Baudin resided

"I know your Proclamation. It is a war cry, I cannot print that."

They remonstrated at this. He then declared that he for his part made Proclamations, but in a different sense from ours. That according to him Louis Bonaparte should not be combatted by force of arms, but by creating a vacuum. By an armed conflict he would be the conqueror, by a vacuum he would be conquered. He urged us to aid him in isolating the "deposed of the Second of December." "Let us bring about a vacuum around him!" cried Emile de Girardin, "let us proclaim an universal strike. Let the merchant cease to sell, let the consumer cease from buying, let the workman cease from working, let the butcher cease from killing, let the baker cease from baking, let everything keep holiday, even to the National Printing Office, so that Louis Bonaparte may not find a compositor to compose the *Moniteur*, not a pressman to machine it, not a bill-sticker to placard it! Isolation, solitude, a void space round this man! Let the nation withdraw from him. Every power from which the nation withdraws falls like a tree from which the roots are divided. Louis Bonaparte abandoned by all in his crime will vanish away. By simply folding our arms as we stand around him he will fall. On the other hand, fire on him and you will consolidate him. The army is intoxicated, the people are dazed and do not interfere, the middle classes are afraid of the President, of the people, of you, of every one! No victory is possible. You will go straight before you, like brave men, you risk your heads, very good; you will carry with you two or three thousand daring men, whose blood mingled with yours already flows. It is heroic, I grant you. It is not politic. As for me, I will not print an appeal to arms, and I reject the combat. Let us organise a universal strike."

This point of view was haughty and superb, but unfortunately I felt it to be unattainable. Two aspects of the truth seized Girardin, the logical side and the practical side. Here, in my opinion, the practical side was wanting.

Michel de Bourges answered him. Michel de Bourges with his sound logic and quick reasoning put his finger on what was for us the immediate question; the crime of Louis Bonaparte, the necessity to rise up erect before this crime. It was rather a conversation than a debate, but Michel de Bourges and Jules Favre, who spoke next, raised it to the highest eloquence. Jules Favre, worthy to understand the powerful mind of Girardin, would willingly have adopted this idea, if it had seemed practicable, of the universal strike, of the void around the man; he found it great, but impossible. A nation does not pull up short. Even when struck to the heart, it still moves on. Social movement, which is the animal life of society, survives all political movement. Whatever Emile de Girardin might hope, there would always be a butcher who would kill, a baker who would bake, men must eat! "To make universal labour fold its arms is a chimera!" said Jules Favre, "a dream! The People fight for three days, for four days, for a week; society will not wait indefinitely." As to the situation, it was doubtless terrible, it was doubtless tragical, and blood flowed, but who had brought about this situation? Louis Bonaparte. For ourselves, we would accept it, such as it was, and nothing more.

Emile de Girardin, steadfast, logical, absolute in his idea, persisted. Some might be shaken. Arguments, which were so abundant in this vigorous and inexhaustible mind, crowded upon him. As for me, I saw Duty before me like a torch.

I interrupted him. I cried out: "It is too late to deliberate what we are to do. We have not got to do it. It is done. The gauntlet of the *Coup d'État* is thrown down, the Left takes it up. The matter is as simple as this. The outrage of the Second December is an infamous, insolent, unprecedented defiance to Democracy, to Civilisation, to Liberty, to the People, to France. I repeat that we have taken up this gauntlet, we are the Law, but the living Law which at need can arm itself and fight. A gun in our hands is a protest. I do not know whether we shall conquer, but it is our duty to protest. To protest first in Parliament; when Parliament is closed, to protest in the street; when the street is closed, to protest in exile; when exile is fulfilled, to protest in the tomb. Such is our part, our office, our mission. The authority of the Representatives is elastic; the People bestow it, events extend it."

While we were deliberating, our colleague, Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, came in. He listened. He spoke. He energetically blamed, in a tone of sincere and generous indignation, his cousin's crime, but he declared that in his opinion a written protest would suffice. A protest of the Representatives, a protest of the Council of State, a protest of the Magistracy, a protest of the Press, that this protest would be unanimous and would enlighten France, but that no other form of resistance would obtain unanimity. That as for himself, having always considered the Constitution worthless, having contended against it from the first in the Constituent Assembly, he would not defend it at the last, he assuredly would not give one drop of blood for it. That the Constitution was dead, but that the Republic was living, and that we must save, not the Constitution, a corpse, but the Republic, the principle!

Remonstrances burst forth. Bancel, young, glowing, eloquent, impetuous, overflowing with self-confidence, cried out that we ought not to look at the shortcomings of the Constitution, but the enormity of the crime which had been committed, the flagrant treason, the violated oath; he declared that we might have voted against the Constitution in the Constituent Assembly, and yet defend it to-day in the presence of an usurper; that this was logical, and that many amongst us were in this position. He cited me as an example. Victor Hugo, said he, is a proof of this. He concluded thus: "You have been present at the construction of a vessel, you have considered it badly built, you have given advice which has not been listened to. Nevertheless, you have been obliged to embark on board this vessel, your children and your brothers are there with you, your mother is on board. A pirate ranges up, axe in one hand to scuttle the vessel, a torch in the other to fire it. The crew are resolved to defend themselves and run to arms. Would you say to this crew: 'For my part I consider this vessel badly built, and I will let it be destroyed?'"

"In such a case," added Edgar Quinet, "whoever is not on the side of the vessel is on the side of the pirates."

They shouted on all sides, "The decree! Read the decree!"

I was standing leaning against the fireplace. Napoleon Bonaparte came up to me, and whispered in my ear,

"You are undertaking," said he, "a battle which is lost beforehand."

I answered him, "I do not look at success, I look at duty."

He replied, "You are a politician, consequently you ought to look forward to success. I repeat, before you go any further, that the battle is lost beforehand."

I resumed, "If we enter upon the conflict the battle is lost. You say so, I believe it; but if we do not enter upon it honour is lost. I would rather lose the battle than honour."

He remained silent for a moment, then he took my hand.

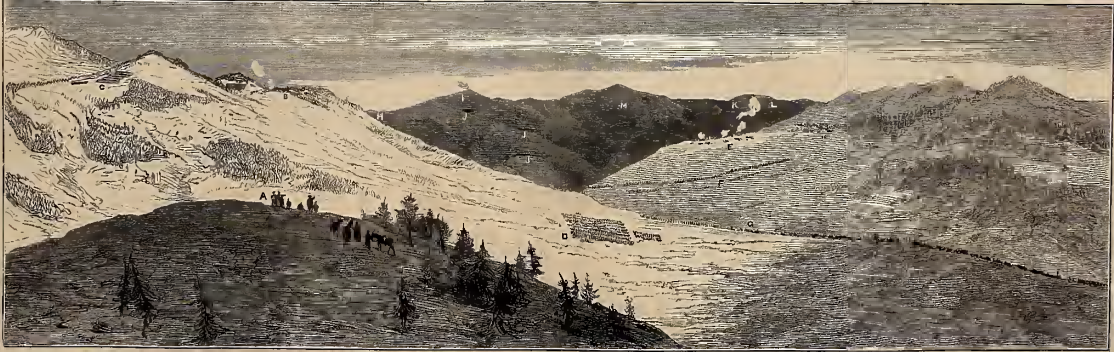
"Be it so," continued he, "but listen to me. You run, you yourself personally, great danger. Of all the men in the Assembly you are the one whom the President hates the most. You have from the height of the Tribune nicknamed him, 'Napoleon the Little.' You understand that will never be forgotten. Besides, it was you who dictated the appeal to arms, and that is known. If you are taken, you are lost. You will be shot on the spot, or, at least, transported. Have you a safe place where you can sleep to-night?"

I had not as yet thought of this. "In truth, no," answered I.

He continued, "Well, then, come to my house. There is perhaps only one house in Paris where you would be in safety. That is mine. They will not come to look for you there. Come, day or night, at what hour you please, I will await you, and I will open the door to you myself. I live at No. 5, Rue d'Alger."

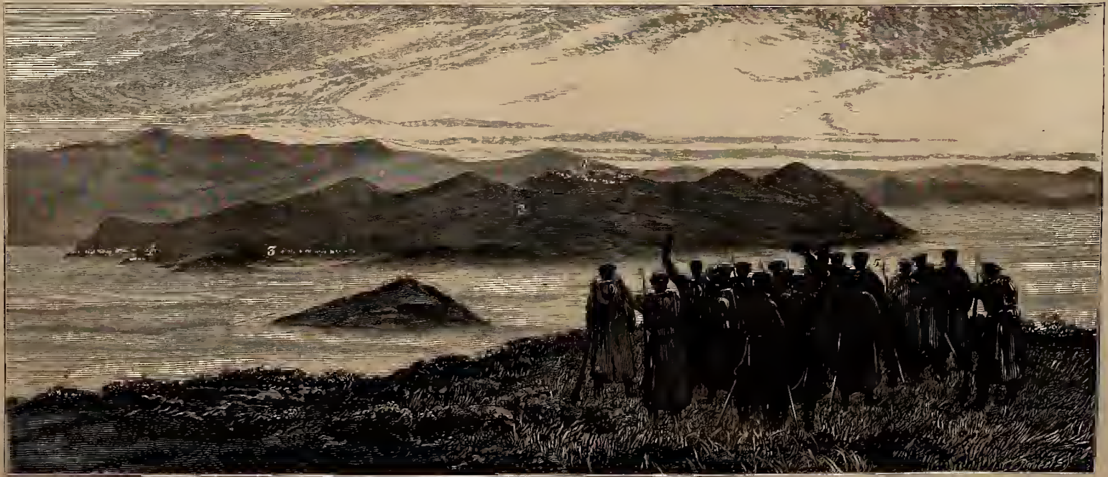
I thanked him. It was a noble and cordial offer. I was touched by it. I did not make use of it, but I have not forgotten it.

(To be continued)



A. General Gourko and Staff.—B. Russian Battery.—C. Russians.—D. Russian Reserves.—E. Russian Battery.—F. Russians.—G. Chaussée, with Troops and Caissons.—H. Turkish Earthworks.—I. Turkish Battery at Work.—J. Turkish Redoubt.—K. Turkish Reserves.—L. Peak over which General Rauch's Men Charged.

PRAVCA PASS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF GENERAL GOURKO AND THE TURKS DURING THE RUSSIAN ATTACK ON NOV. 23



1. Rauch's Troops.—2. Turks Flying from their Positions.—3, 4. Rifle Pits at Work.—5. Cossacks Watching the Battle.

GENERAL RAUCH'S ATTACK ON PRAVCA: "ABOVE THE CLOUDS"—WATCHING THE ASSAULT

WITH THE RUSSIANS AND GENERAL GOURKO IN THE BALKANS

(Continued from page 570)

"The Kitchen and Market Garden" (Macmillan), is a handy volume of a thoroughly practical nature by contributors to the *Garden*. The publication in a concise form of the information necessary for the carrying out of every kind of market and kitchen garden cultivation in the best manner known to the most celebrated adepts of the time cannot fail to be of service to all who are interested in horticulture.

"The Legend of St. Christopher, and other Poems," by Mary E. Shipley (William Poole), is a little volume of devotional and other verses which, if not of the highest order, are still above the average.

From Messrs. De la Rue and Co. we have received specimen copies of their new publications for Christmas, comprising diaries, calendars of various kinds, and Christmas Cards. All these productions are distinguished for the solid workmanship as well as elegance for which this firm is justly celebrated.

From Messrs. Letts, Son, and Co. we have received a number of diaries of all shapes and sizes suitable both for business and for domestic purposes; from Messrs. Bemrose and Sons we have specimens of date calendars; from Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. we have received a most choice collection of beautiful Christmas cards, and a series of ornamental placards (for placing on walls), bearing suitable inscriptions and texts for Christmas and the New Year; from Messrs. Ackermann and Co. we have specimens of Prang's American Christmas cards. We have also to acknowledge Whitaker's *Almanac*, a wonderful shillingsworth; and an old friend, *Punch's Pocket Book*, containing its usual agreeable mixture of gravity and gaiety.

The Fine Art Publishing Company send us a series of prize hand-painted Christmas and New Year's Cards, which are delicately and tastefully done, but which we cannot say compare too favourably with the many excellent specimens with which the art of chromo-printing has of late years rendered us familiar.

Mr. Thorburn, of 22, Paternoster Row, sends us a packet of invitation notepaper and envelopes embellished with an artistic group of young people dancing, from a design by his father, Mr. Robert Thorburn, A.R.A.

BIRTH.

On the 20th ult., at 47, Harrington Street, N.W., the wife of Mr. John Burnell of a son.

DEATHS.

On the 8th inst., at his residence, Bryantwood Road, Highbury, James Mansfield, aged 71, after a short, but painfully severe, illness.

On the 10th inst., at Muswell Hill, Richard Clay, Esq., of the firm of Messrs. R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor, in his 89th year.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS."
LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.
OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.
Now Ready.
Polka, by Arban. 1s. 6d. net.
Polka Mazurka. 1s. 6d. net.
Suite de Valse, by O. Metra. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Quadrilles, by Arban. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Quadrilles, by O. Metra. Solo and Duet. 2s. each net.
Brilliant Fantasia, by E. Moniot. 1s. 6d. net.
Rondeau Valse, by B. Richards. 1s. 6d. net.
Chanson du Mousse, by B. Richards. 2s. net.
Valse Brillante, by B. Richards. 2s. net.
In the Press.
Complete Opera, piano solo, 2s. 6d. net.
Vocal Score, English and French Words.
Selections of Airs, in two books, by Cramer. 1s. 6d. each.
Fantasia, by W. Kohe. 2s. net.
Paraphrase, by W. Kohe. 2s. net.
N.B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.

CH. NEWSTEDT'S CARILLON, LOUIS XIV. Piano Solo, net, 1s. 6d.; Piano Duet, by J. Rummell, net, 1s. 6d.; Small Band Parts, 1s. 6d.; Full Orchestra, 2s. net.

L. GREGH.—LES BERGÈRES WATTEAU. Piano Solo, net, 1s. 6d.; Duet, by J. Rummell, net, 1s. 6d; Orchestra, 2s. net.

ARDITI'S L'INGÉNUE. Morceau a la GAVOTTE. 3s. Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success. Orchestra, 2s.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.
Berceuse. 3s. Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
La Princesse. 3s. (Gavotte). Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
Performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts.
Près le Lac, Deuxième Meditation. 3s.
Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.
Pavane Royale de Louis XIV. 3s.
Air de Ballet. New Simplified Edition by Arthur Grenville. 3s.
Thematic Lists of this favourite Composer's sent free on application.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—AUTREFOIS (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). This charming little morceau has already run through several editions, and seems likely to rival the ever popular "Danse Favorite" of the same composer. Post free 18 stamps.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—UN BIJOU PERDU. "M. Pascal is to be congratulated upon having rescued from oblivion this really exquisite little gem, the melody of which is so captivating that we venture to predict for it great popularity." As Piano Solo, now ready, 18 stamps.

SPRING SONG. By J. Leybach.
ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN WORDS.
"A perfect little gem, easy to sing and play."
Compass D to F (in C). Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONGS by J. Leybach.
LIFE'S AUTUMN (in A). Compass E to G flat.
THE SIRENS (in F). Compass C to F.
BRIGHT STARS OF HEAVEN (in C). Compass D to F.
MAIDEN AND THE BIRDS (in B flat). Compass D to F.
Post free, 18 stamps each.

CATALOGUES GRATIS and POST FREE.
Shipping Orders on most favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

HY. KLEIN'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.
THE WINIFRED WALTZ. 2s. net.
ELECTRICITY VALSE. 2s. net.
LIEB GRETCHEN (Daisy Dear) WALTZ 2s. net.
IDA GALOP. 1s. 6d. net.
Post free of all Musicsellers and the Publishers, H. SMALL and CO., 2, Darville Road, Rectory Road, N.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.—Messrs. HOGARTH have for SALE a Selection of ORIGINAL DRAWINGS and SKETCHES by the Old Masters of the different Schools from the revival of Art in the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth Century.
96, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

NOW READY, THE FIFTH EDITION OF
TOWNSEND'S MANUAL of DATES.
Entirely Re-modelled and Edited by Frederick Martin, Editor of "The Statesman's Year-Book." Price 18s., 1,100 pp.
FREDERICK WARNE and CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

THE JANUARY NUMBER OF
THE ARGOSY,
Published December 20th,
will contain the Opening Chapters of
POMEROY ABBEY,
A Serial Story by Mrs. Henry Wood,
Author of "East Lynne."
Chap. I. Joan Pomeroy.—Chap. II. At the White House.—Chap. III. The Keeper's Daughter.
Illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards.
"The best and cheapest of our magazines."—*Standard.*
Sixpence Monthly.
RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, 8, New Burlington St., W.

DANCING MADE EASY.-COULON'S HANDBOOK OF DANCING is the most complete treatise on the subject, containing full descriptions of all dances, new and old, illustrated by upwards of forty woodcuts. Price 1s.; post free, 13 stamps.—A. HAMMOND and CO. 5, Vigo Street, W. All new music half-price.

24th Edition, 8vo, cloth, pp. 1,102; price 16s.
HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. Laurie, M.D. Completely re-arranged and revised, by R. S. Gutteridge, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eyes and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 29th Edition, price 5s.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

Folio, price 7s. 6d. each
THROUGH THE EYE TO THE MIND—THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOKS: a Series of Volumes Illustrative of Natural History and of the Vegetable World, with Descriptive Letterpress.
"These volumes are among the most instructive picture books we have seen, and we know of none better calculated to excite and gratify the appetite of the young for the knowledge of nature."—*Times.*
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Tenth Edition, with Fifty-four Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 1: or, LESSONS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS. By Adam White, late Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Fifth Edition, with many new Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 2: or, LESSONS FROM THE VEGETABLE WORLD. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Herb of the Field," &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Third Edition, with Sixty Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 3: LESSONS ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, or the Natural History of the Quadrupeds which characterise the Four Divisions of the Globe.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Second Edition, with Forty-eight Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 4: SKETCHES FROM NATURE, or Pictures of Animal and Vegetable Life in all Lands.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Seventh Edition, with Thirty-six Oblong Coloured Illustrations, price 7s. 6d.
RECREATIVE ILLUSTRATION— THE NEW PICTURE BOOK; or, PICTORIAL LESSONS ON FORM, COMPARISON, AND NUMBER, for Children under Seven Years of Age. With Explanation by Nicholas Bohny.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Map and Illustrations, price 6s.
THE HEROES OF YOUNG AMERICA. By Ascott R. Hope, Author of "A Peck of Troubles," "A Book About Boys," "A Book About Dominoes," &c., &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, price 6s.
ADVENTURES IN THE AIR: being Memorable Experiences of Great Aeronauts. From the French of M. De Fonvielle. Translated and edited by John S. Keltie.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

ATLASES.—All the best Atlases by Keith Johnston, Dr. Wm. Smith, The Useful Knowledge Society, Sprüner, Stieler, Black, Philip, &c., in bindings suitable for presentation, from £1 to £6 6s., subject to a large discount for cash.
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

STATIONERY.—"Stanford's Treasury Note," 4s. per ream, "Whatman's, Turkey Mill," Repp, and all the Ordinary and Special qualities of Note Paper, with corresponding Envelopes in Stock. Samples and prices on application. Card plates, dies, book plates, &c., &c., Engraved in the best manner.
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

DIARIES AND OTHER ANNUALS, 1878.—Letts', Pettitt's, De La Rue's, Marcus Ward's, Harwood's, Goldsmith's, Whitaker's, and other Diaries, Pocket Books, and Almanacs; Peerages, Court Guides, Foreign and Colonial Office List, Parliamentary and Clerical Directories, &c., &c., supplied on the day of publication, at a large discount for cash.
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready at all the Libraries, in 3 vols.
DORIS BARUGH. By Mrs. Macquoid,
Author of "Patty," "Diane," &c.
UNDER THE WILL. By Mary Cecil Hay.
THE VILLAGE COMEDY. By Mortimer and Frances Collins.
THE SQUIRE'S COURTSHIP. By Mrs. M. Daniel.
A JEWEL OF A GIRL. By the Author of "Queenie," &c.
CHEAP EDITION of PHŒBE, JUNIOR. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol. 5s. bound and illustrated.
HURST and BLACKETT, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 32 stamps.
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed Specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES, upon the Principles of Stœchiological Medicine, by
John Francis Churchill, M.D.,
With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stœchiological Inhalants. And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Heslop, Sterling, Bird, Santa Maria, Gomez, Maettre, Parigot, Reinvillier, Galvez, Leriverend, Denobele, Feldman, Pfeiffer, Vintras, Bougard, Titifahy, Lansi, Fabbri, Panegrotsi, Cerati, Gnaldi, Todini, Ascenti, Regnoli, Valentini, Casati, Blasi, Borromeo, Fiorelli, and Fedeli.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 21s.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MIN- STRELS' NEW CHRISTMAS ALBUM contains no less than 18 new and beautiful songs (which cannot be obtained in any similar publication), published Saturday, Nov. 24. Words, music, choruses, and pianoforte accompaniments. Price 1s., post free 14 stamps, addressed MANAGER, Moore and Burgess Minstrels, St. James's Hall.—Wholesale of J. WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's Cards. 100 post free for 4s. 6d., 1 dozen as sample, post free, 7d. CHRISTMAS ANNUALS, published at 1s. each. Six post free for 2s. 6d., sample copy, post free, 6d. PIANOFORTE MUSIC, One Pound's worth for 3s. 6d. 1 Song, Pianoforte Piece, or Dance Music, as sample, with complete catalogue, post free, 6d.
ROBINSON, Wholesale Stationer, &c., Romford.

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.—A large variety of BOOKS, CARDS, PICTURES, &c., may now be seen at the London Depositories of THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, No. 77, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields; No. 48, Piccadilly (next door to Burlington House); No. 4, Royal Exchange (south side).

PHOTOGRAPHS and VIGNETTES beautifully coloured for 2s.
Mrs. RUSSELL, 30, Seafield, West Brighton.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

MAPPIN and WEBB, Manufacturers,

76, 77, and 78, OXFORD, STREET, WEST END.

MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY.

THE HIGHEST QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICES.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S PRESENTS.

PRESENTS—SPOONS and FORKS.

PRESENTS—TABLE KNIVES.

PRESENTS—NOVELTIES.

PRESENTS—ORNAMENTALS.

PRESENTS—USEFUL.

PRESENTS—IMMENSE ASSORTMENTS.

ELECTRO SILVER.—STERLING SILVER.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

MAPPIN and WEBB, MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY.

76, 77, and 78, OXFORD STREET, WEST END.

WATCHES and JEWELLERY, Good and Cheap.
KIBBLE, 22, Gracechurch Street.
Gold Watches, from 45s. Silver, from 21s.
Aluminium, 21s. Keyless ditto, 42s.
The Fashionable Silver Jewellery.
Whitby Jet Mourning Ornaments.
Christmas Presents in great variety.

THE "CLEOPATRA LOCKET."
(REGISTERED.)
CHRISTMAS NOVELTY.
Very fashionable; solid silver; a real work of art. The celebrated Obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, is represented standing boldly out in high relief, the sculptured hieroglyphics being clearly shown. Price, with Open Face, 7s. each, or, with Double Case, taking Two Portraits, 10s. 6d. each. Sent free by registered post to any part of the United Kingdom.
WARRINGTON and CO. (Proprietors of the Registered Design), 9, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

CHUBB'S FIRE AND THIEF- RESISTING SAFES, steel-plated, and with their patent diagonal bolts, are the most secure. Chubb's Patent Latches and Locks for all purposes. Cash and Deed Boxes. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria St., St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

DEANE and CO.'S London Kitcheners.— DEANE and CO. manufacture, supply, and fix complete Cooking Apparatus, Kitcheners, Ranges, Hot Water Circulation, Bath Fittings, &c. Estimates free.

London Patt'n Close Fire.		London Patt'n Open Fire.		Flavel's Kitcheners.		Cheap Kitcheners.	
4 ft.	£13 10	4 ft. 6	£16 10	3 ft. 6	£10 0	3 ft.	£3 0
4 ft. 6	16 10	5 ft.	£20 0	4 ft.	£12 0	3 ft. 6	£6 0
5 ft.	19 10	5 ft. 6	£24 0	4 ft. 6	£13 10	4 ft.	£10 5

GAS CHANDELIERS and FITTINGS.
The mansion, the villa, or cottage fitted throughout.

	Two Light	Three Lights	Five Lights
	£ s. d. £ s. d.	£ s. £ s.	£ s. £ s.
Ormolu	0 18 6 to 2 0 0	2 10 to 6 6	4 10 to 10 10
Bronze	0 17 0 to 1 18 0	1 14 to 7 15	4 4 to 12 12
Crystal		2 15 to 9 9	6 6 to 15 0

Manufactory and Workshops, No. 1, Jacob Street, Dockhead.
Deane and Co.'s complete Illustrated Catalogue post free.
DEANE and CO., 46, King William Street, London Bridge.

MORTLOCK'S POTTERY

MINTON'S CHINA GALLERIES.

DINNER SERVICES.

BREAKFAST SERVICES.

TEA SERVICES.

TOILET SERVICES.

ENGRAVED AND PLAIN GLASS.

SOLE ADDRESSES: 202, 203, 204, OXFORD STREET; and 30, 31, and 32, ORCHARD STREET, LONDON.

DEEP BLUE DINNER SERVICES can be obtained at GARDNER'S, 453 and 454, West Strand, from £3 13s. 6d. The set for 12 persons complete. A few of the leading patterns are detailed:

	£	s.	d.
The Glengariff	£3	13	6
The Eccles	3	13	6
The Laurel	3	13	6
The Bramble	4	4	0
The Mudras	5	5	0

Photographs post free.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SER- VICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNERS, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

MORGAN'S LIBRARY INDICATOR AND REGISTER.
(Adopted by the Birmingham Free Library).
NO BOOK-KEEPING—NO BOOKS LOST—
NO TIME LOST.
Apply for Prospectus and Model to
WILLIAM MORGAN, 21, Cannon Street, Birmingham.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
JAMES SHOOLBRED and CO. beg to announce that
TOTTENHAM HOUSE
will be closed from 2 o'clock on Saturday, the 22nd December, until half-past 8 a.m. Thursday Morning, the 27th December.
Arrangements will be made by which all mourning and other special orders will be attended to, so as to cause as little inconvenience to their customers as possible.
Tottenham Court Road,
Dec. 21, 1877.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS.
REDUCTION OF PRICES.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
30 inches long,
from 8 to 10 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long,
from 9 to 12 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
36 inches long,
from 10 to 14 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
40 inches long,
from 12 to 16 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
46 inches long,
from 20 to 25 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 40 inches long, richly trimmed with real marten tails, 12 inches deep, 20 gs.; Real Sable, 10 inches deep, 40 gs.; Skunk, 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS can be sent on approval to any part of the United Kingdom by forwarding a reference in Town to

MESSRS. WAYRE, Manufacturing FURRIERS, 96, Oxford Street, and 332, Oxford Street (corner of Regent Circus). Established Half-a-Century.

GASK and GASK'S DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP.
SALE of the WHOLE of their IMMENSE STOCK at incomparably low prices.
OXFORD STREET and WELLS STREET.

SALE of MANTLES, COSTUMES, SILKS, MILLINERY, UNDERCLOTHING, &c., being the latest delivery of goods ordered early, at exceedingly low prices.—GASK and GASK.

SALE of DRESS FABRICS, LINENS, BLANKETS, CURTAINS, LONG CLOTHS, &c. The whole of the Stock remaining is now being cleared off at exceptional prices.—GASK and GASK.

SALE of HOSIERY, GLOVES, LACE GOODS, FRENCH and FANCY ARTICLES innumerable, suitable for presents, all now marked at the lowest sale prices.—GASK and GASK.

GASK and GASK'S DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP, and SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK at incomparably low prices. See above. 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)

BOYS' SUITS.

SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

ÆGIDIUS.—A New ELASTIC OVER- SHIRT, as warm as wool, as soft as silk. 13s. 6d. each. Patterns of material and self-measure free by post.—FORD and CO., 42 and 44, Poultry, London.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO, 82, Southwark St., London.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD LIVER OIL (Registered).
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.
"The natural nauseous taste of the Oil is disguised with considerable art. Children take it with avidity."—See *Lancet, British Medical Journal, Sanitary Record, Medical Times, Medical Press, Medical Record,* &c.
Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists, and Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited), Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

CURES by DR. LOCOCK'S Pulmonic WAFERS.—"Coughs, colds, consumption, asthma, and bronchial affections are quickly and surely removed by them."—From Mr. Morris, 187, West Derby Rd., Liverpool. 1s. 1½d.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER
Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

PETER ROBINSON'S COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET, Is the Cheapest and the Largest Warehouse of the kind in London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS, REGENT STREET. For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE, In the New Style (Princess Polonaise and Skirt), Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING. **"ON RECEIPT of LETTER** or TELEGRAM," MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge. PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS. DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery, and all made-up articles, In the most appropriate and best styles, at the lowest possible cost. Dressmaking and Millinery, by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON, upon the most advantageous terms, to Families. The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS. AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE OF SEVERAL THOUSAND PIECES BY **PETER ROBINSON of Regent Street** OF THE BEST WEARING MAKES ONLY, and highly recommended

Bonnet and Cie	at 5s. 0d.
Jaubert	at 4s. 0d.
Ponsons	at 5s. 3d.
Degoves	at 4s. 9d.

The above are from 2s. to 3s. per yard under last year's prices. The EMPRESS CACHEMIRE, at 6s. Also Excellent Value at 2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., and 4s. 11d. For Patterns address to PETER ROBINSON, 256 to 262, Regent Street.

BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS. Exceedingly good qualities, at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d. A Special Bargain in Lyons Velvet, at 10s. 9d. Black Silk Trimming Velvets, at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d. At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET, Nos. 256 to 262.

FOR SIX GUINEAS. **A BLACK SILK COSTUME** made of RICH LYONS SILK, with Velvet Garniture, Exquisitely cut and fashioned. Copies of expensive Paris Models. Photos free. PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT. For 2½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT, At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

FOR TWO GUINEAS, and up to Seven, Costumes in New Black Materials, in various fashionable Styles, At PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea. Black Brussels Net, at 29s. 6d. Tulle (condition keeping), 50s. Grenadine, 55s. 6d. New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed. Illustrations free.

THE NEW CRAPE. The Pure Silk Gordian Crape, for Widows and Families. Its advantages are—that it is made of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon nor spot with rain. It is a richer black, free from dross, and the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape. The wear of every yard is guaranteed. The Gordian Crape is a Specialité, only to be obtained at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET, The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262. Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d. Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS at SUMMER PRICES. Good useful Cloaks at 3½ and 4½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS, 33 inches long for 9½ guineas. 36 inches long for 11 guineas. 39 inches long for 13 guineas. at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the above advertisement, it is important that letters should be clearly addressed to 256 to 262, REGENT STREET.

HOLY BAZIL.—PIESSE and LUBIN.—This is a most rare perfume distilled from the HOLY BAZIL FLOWER OF HINDU (*Ocymum sanctum*), so remarkable for its unique fragrance. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, and by their agents in all parts of the world.

COLD CREAM OF ROSES.—PIESSE and LUBIN prepare this exquisite COSMETIC with the greatest care, fresh daily, in jars, 1s.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—HOLY BAZIL.—Soap perfumed with HOLY BAZIL, 2s 6d. HOLY BAZIL Sachet, 1s. 6d. HOLY BAZIL Scented Toilet Powder, 2s. HOLY BAZIL in all compounds, cosmetiques, hair dressings, pomades, &c.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, W. Price Lists free.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.—The most appropriate at this festive period are ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, an improver and beautifier of the hair beyond all precedent; ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, for imparting a radiant bloom to the complexion; ROWLAND'S ODONTO for giving a pearl-like whiteness to the teeth, and fragrance to the breath. Sold by all chemists and perfumers.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—A neat Perfume Case, registered by E. RIMMEL, of 96, Strand, London, on sale (price 1s.), at the principal Perfumery Stores.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE **BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE** OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157B, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR **GLENFIELD STARCH** SEE THAT YOU GET IT, As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877. **PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.**

300 PIECES RICH **BLACK and COLOURED VELVETS,** plain and brocaded in all the new designs, prices, Black and Plain Colours, from 4s. 11d., Brocaded, from 12s. 9d. Patterns free.

NEW COLOURED LYONS SILKS, in White, Cream, Ivory, Tilleul, Moonlight, Coral, Eau de Nil, &c., &c., specially prepared for BRIDAL AND EVENING WEAR, also every new shade of Bronze, Navy, Claret, Prune, &c., &c., at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., 4s. 4½d., and 5s. 3d. per yard. 250 Shades to select from. Patterns free on application to PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

BLACK SILKS OF STANDARD QUALITY. Heavily dyed and showy makes at low prices should be avoided. **PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,** having kept for the past 25 years Black Silks produced by Messrs. Bonnet, Ponson, Jaubert, and Tapissier, which are found upon careful examination to be the best and purest makes, invites special attention to these fine qualities, as being cheaper than at any former period, and at the same time recommended with more confidence for really hard wear than any other make of Silk; in proof of purity and excellence the highest awards were given at Philadelphia. Each quality guaranteed not to cut. Prices, 4s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free. PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

SPECIAL—BLACK SILKS. 160 PIECES. **BLACK GROS GRAINS** (fine make), at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. per yard, guaranteed not to cut. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, London.

BLACK AND COLOURED **SILK COSTUMES,** made from the new Paris Models in eight different styles of the most approved designs, as shown in Engravings, prices, with bodice complete, Black, from 4½, Colours, from 5½ guineas. Patterns of the Silk and Fashion Plates post free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

THE LATEST PRODUCTION IN **MANTLES AND PALETOTS,** Cashmere Circulars, lined Fur, 35s. to 5 guineas. Cashmere Paletots, lined Fur, 3½ to 10 guineas. Silk Circulars, lined Fur, 5 to 10 guineas. Silk Paletots, lined Fur, 6 to 15 guineas.

THE NEW DIAGONAL **CLOTH PALETOTS, 2 to 5 guineas.** The New Beaver Cloth Paletots, 28s. 9d. to 5 guineas. New Ulster Mantles, 17s. 6d. to 52s. 6d. Waterproof Mantles and Ulsters, 17s. 6d. to 42s. Patterns and Engravings free from PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, London, W.

A LARGE COLLECTION OF NOVELTIES FOR **WINTER DRESSES,** In every variety of Fabric and Shade of Colour, From 12s. 6d. to 42s. the Full Dress. Patterns free.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON. **CASHMERE MERINOES,** all wool, This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 2d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

EVERY NEW SHADE FOR **BALL AND EVENING DRESSES,** in Gauzes, Diamond Lustres, Fine Cashmeres, Japanese Silks, Lisse Muslins, and other thin fabrics, from 9s. 6d. to 23s. 6d. the Dress. The highest quality Japanese Silks at 1s. 11½d. per yard. Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN **WINTER COSTUMES.** Cashmere and Silk Costumes, 4 guineas. Specialities in Costumes suitable for Travelling, Promenade, and Indoor Wear, 38s. 6d. to 7 guineas. Rich Velvet-Velveteen Costumes, 3½ to 7 guineas. Illustrations and Patterns of Materials post free.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING **MADE BALL and Wedding Dresses.** Now ready, several thousand charming Dresses in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas. Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN. **THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black),** profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train, 1 guinea, a substantial box included. A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours, for 28s. 9d., with material for bodice. Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

FOR CHILDREN.

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.

IS THE BEST.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. per bushel; households for bread, 9s. 4d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 8s. 8d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, maize, and barley meal, 5s. 8d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d. per bushel; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

THE CHRISTMAS HAMPER for 10s. 6d. contains 1 Good Hen Turkey, 1 lb. of Cambridge Sausages, and 1 lb. of Devonshire Butter. Basket included. P.O. Orders pre-paid to GILSON'S Old Established Devonshire House, 4, Lyall Place, Eaton Place, S.W.

COCK'S READING SAUCE Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c. It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence. CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

WEIGH YOUR CANDLES. Many Foreign Light-Weights are about. All the Candles of PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited) are intended to be the exact weight without the wrapper. Try their GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE, burning brilliantly but slowly and of the transparency of the finest Spermaceti. Try also their NEW PATENT NIGHT LIGHTS made without the paper case. Order of your own dealer.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY. Polished Brass Writing Sets of special designs. Sets for the Writing Table and Boudoir, 21s. to £10.

Envelope Cases,	21s. to £5	Jewel Cases,	21s. to £5
Inkstands,	5s. to £5	Glove Boxes,	10s. 6d. to £2
Despatch Boxes,	21s. to £6	Handkerchief Boxes,	10s. to £2
Writing Cases,	10s. 6d. to £5	Caskets,	15s. to £5
Candlesticks (pair),	12s. to £3	Flower Vases,	21s. to £5
Candelabra,	42s. to £5	Jardinières (pair),	42s. to £5
Work Boxes,	15s. to £5	Card Trays,	21s. to £5

Rodrigues' Ladies' Dressing Case, silver-fitted, £10 10s. And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese and Parisian NOVELTIES, for PRESENTS, from 5s. to £5.

RODRIGUES' DRESSING BAGS for TRAVELLING, with silver and plated fittings, from £3 3s. to £50; Hand Bags, Waist Bags, Carriage Bags, and Bags of all kinds, at very moderate prices.—42, Piccadilly.

PORTRAIT Albums at Rodrigues', with patent leather guards, interleaved for vignette and cabinet portraits, from 10s. 6d. to £5. Rodrigues' New Easel Album. Regimental and Presentation Albums.—42, Piccadilly.

RODRIGUES' Monograms, Crests, and ADDRESSES designed, and STEEL DIES engraved as gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour relief, and brilliantly illuminated in gold, silver, bronze, and colours to the highest style of art.—42, Piccadilly.

BALL PROGRAMMES at Rodrigues'.—All the new patterns of the season arranged, printed, and stamped in the latest fashion. BILLS OF FARE, GUEST CARDS, and INVITATIONS.—42, Piccadilly.

VISITING CARDS, at H. Rodrigues'. A card plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superfine cards printed for 4s. 6d. BOOK PLATES designed and engraved in Modern and Mediæval Styles at RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

FOR ARMS and CREST SEND NAME and COUNTY to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Office, 44, High Holborn, W.C. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, &c. Illustrated Price Lists Post free.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (or NORTH LONDON) HOSPITAL. SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR AID.

Ordinary Annual Expenditure over	£13,000
Reliable Income from Dividends, Annual Subscriptions, &c.	7,600
Deficit	£5,400

The total amount of RELIEF AFFORDED TO NEW CASES FROM JANUARY 1 TO OCTOBER 31 THIS YEAR has been as follows:—In-Patients, 1,687. Out-Patients, 4,762. Casualties, 5,106. Ophthalmic Cases, 1,164. Cases of Diseases of the Skin, 655. Cases of Childbirth attended at the patients' own habitations, 1,237. Total, 14,721.

The Committee most earnestly appeal to the benevolent public for pecuniary assistance to enable them to PAY OFF the above liability of the past year. SUBSCRIPTIONS received by Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, or at the Hospital.

NEWTON H. NIXON, Secretary.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, Gray's Inn Road. Established 1864. PHYSICIAN—Dr. BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W. Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, BROAD SANCTUARY, S.W.—The HOUSE COMMITTEE earnestly solicit aid in liquidation of a balance of about £7,000 still due on a total estimated cost of £15,000 for the thorough repair and structural improvement for sanitary purposes of the Hospital. Also donations and annual subscriptions for its current maintenance.

F. PLEYDELL BOUVERIE, Treasurer.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from various diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

MALVERN COLLEGE. The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS and SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on December 20th and 21st.

ACCIDENTS by FLOOD and FIELD.—Accidents of all kinds may be provided against by a Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY. Hon. A. KINNAIRD, M.P., Chairman. Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000. £1,120,000 has been paid as compensation. No. 64, Cornhill, London. WILLIAM J. VIAN, Sec.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.—The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel. Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

STATHAM'S PRESENTS for YOUTH. Endless Amusement for Holidays and Evenings. Illust. Catalogue, Polytechnic Amusements, Scientific Apparatus, Mechanical Models, Toys, Games. 3 stamps. W. E. STATHAM, 111½, Strand, London.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

THE WIZARD'S BOX of MAGIC. Instructions and Apparatus for performing Ten Capital Conjuring Tricks. Sufficient for one hour's amusement. Post free, 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH.—A new Parlour Pastime, 50,000 Comical Transformations of Wit and Humour. Post free for 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

THE LOVE CHASE.—The Merriest Game out for any number of Players. 24 Engravings. Post free for 14 stamps. Catalogue, 1 stamp. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

Established in Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-Nine. **BRIDES AND BRIDESMAIDS are** invited to inspect, at CAPPER, SON, and CO.'S Warehouses, the various qualities and designs in Underclothing, Silks, Fancy Dress Materials, Costumes, Millinery, Mantles, Sheetings, Towellings, Table Linen, Blankets, Quilts, and all similar requisites for personal as well as for household use.

These articles are all made up on the premises, and Ladies can select at the counters their Silks, Linens, Laces, Madeira Works, Longcloths, and other fabrics, before they are sent to the various work-rooms.

Lists, with prices, On application to CAPPER, SON, and CO., Gracechurch Street and Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

CHRISTMAS HAMPERS, (WITH PRESENTS), FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR. MESSRS. BENTLEY, KEMP, and CO. make Christmas Hampers their speciality, offering the best value in rare old Wines and Spirits. Their Guinea Hamper is as well worth 21s. in the wholesale trade as one sovereign is worth another; and, with the view of securing future patronage, Bentley, Kemp, and Co. solicit the favour of your order for one or more of the following Christmas Hampers. The Wines have been carefully selected, and the Spirits are considered to be of the purest and best quality in the market, are well matured, from the most eminent distilleries in the world.

THE GUINEA HAMPER FOR £1.

CHRISTMAS GUINEA HAMPERS, Nos. 1 or 2, will be sent carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of post office order value £1.

THE GUINEA HAMPER, No. 1, contains a bottle each of Moet and Chandon's Champagne, Port Wine (five years in bottle), fine Pale Sherry, Martell's Single Star Brandy, St. Julien Claret, Kinahan's L.L. Whiskey, and Old Tom.

THE GUINEA HAMPER, No. 2, contains a bottle each of Perrier Jouet's Champagne, Port Wine (five years in bottle), Old Sherry Gold, Martell's Single Star Brandy, Loins Highland Whiskey, Wedderburn's Pure Rum, and Chablis.

With each Guinea Hamper the usual miniature Cigar Box, containing twelve Havanna Cigars (Le Figaro) is presented.

THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE HAMPER, No. 3, will be sent carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom, on receipt of post office order value £2.

THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE HAMPER, No. 3, contains a bottle each of Moet and Chandon's White Dry Sillery Champagne, Roderer's Champagne, Fine Old Tawny Port, Amontillado Sherry, Sparkling Hock, Chateau Margaux, Hennessy's Brandy, Dunville's V.R. Irish Whisky, Glenlivet Old Scotch Whisky, Wedderburn's Rum, Old Tom, Still Hock. With each double Christmas Hamper is PRESENTED A SMALL CASKET, containing samples of three choice liqueurs in cut glass, models of ordinary decanters. A perfect little gem worthy of a place in the homes of all. The Liqueurs we guarantee to be of the very highest quality and of exquisite flavours.

Hampers to be returned within 3 months, or will be charged for. Carriage paid on all Orders of £1 and upwards to any part of the United Kingdom, and no charge is made for bottles. All orders for the Guinea Hampers must be accompanied with a Post Office Order, value £1, orders for Christmas Double Hampers with a Post Office Order, value £2, payable in favour of JAMES BENTLEY. When ordering Guinea Hampers, please mention whether you require Hamper No. 1 or No. 2, if no preference is given No. 1 will be sent. Address all letters and other communications, BENTLEY, KEMP, and CO., 325 Broad Street, Birmingham.

CHRISTMAS CASES, One Guinea containing 3 Bottles of Port, 3 Sherry, 1 Gin, 2 Rum, 2 Whiskey, 1 Brandy, 1 lb. Tea. All reputed quart bottles warranted pure and genuine. Sent bottles, case, and carriage free, to any Railway Station in England, by the VICTORIA WINE CO., 12, Mark Lane. P.O.O. to W. W. HUGHES.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."** UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY." Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS. 1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says.—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

WILLS' "BRISTOL MIXTURE" MILD AND FRAGRANT. WILLS' "SMOKING MIXTURE." A CHOICE COMBINATION OF "FIRST GROWTHS." Sold everywhere in One, Two, and Four Ounce Packets, protected by our Name and Trade Mark, W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.

VICHY. Property of the French Government.

CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.

HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.

GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.

HOPITAL—For Stomach complaints, &c.

VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.

CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants. Price One Shilling per Bottle.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud & Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and SCALPS, from 35s. 47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair Department for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Frizzy ditto, Chignons, Plaits, Coils, Coronets, Cachepeignes, and covered Stems in all shades of colour to suit the present fashion. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street.

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

GREY HAIR RESTORED to its Original Colour in one week by the use of CHARLES BOND'S HAIR RENOVATOR. The quickest, safest, and cheapest Hair Colour Restorer extant. Large Bottles, 5s 6d. each; carriage free for six extra stamps.—CHARLES BOND, 239, Oxford Street (opposite Marble Arch), W.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children. The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says "*It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*" Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists. Wholesale, 82, Southwark Street, London.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, containing the following Popular Dance Music:

Trial by Jury Lancers	Charles D'Albert.
Constantinople Quadrille	Charles D'Albert.
Die Fledermaus Waltz	Johann Strauss.
Les Lointains Waltz	Emile Waldteufel.
Maiden's Dream Waltz	Edward Hoffmann.
The Schomberg Galop	Charles D'Albert.
Floretta Polka	Charles D'Albert.
Pizzicato Polka	J. and J. Strauss.
Forget-me-not Galop	A. Hecker.

And a New Quadrille,
MOLLIE DARLING, by CHARLES D'ALBERT.
Price One Shilling; post free, 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

DISTANT SHORE WALTZ. By CHARLES D'ALBERT. New Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's Song. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CLEOPATRA GALOP. By Charles D'ALBERT, Just published. "A splendid galop." Beautifully illustrated, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s. 6d. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	Net.
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite Composer."	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0

The above, arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s each.
N.B. A Complete List of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

A NEW CHRISTMAS SONG,

THE KING OF OUR SAXON YULE. By W. F TAYLOR. A jovial song for Baritone or Bass Voice, with chorus *ad lib.* Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SPECIALITIES in PIANOFORTES

CHAPPELL and CO.'S STUDENT'S PIANOFORTE. Compass 5 Octaves, 15 gs., or £1 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SCHOOL PIANINOS. From Canadian Walnut, 20 gs., or 2 gs. per qr. on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S YACHT PIANINOS, 30 gs., or £3 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR PIANINO, 35 gs., or £3 10s per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MODEL PIANETTE, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH MODEL, 40 gs., or £4 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COLONIAL MODEL, 45 gs., or £4 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S FOREIGN MODEL, 50 gs., or £5 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH OBLIQUE, 55 gs., or £5 10s per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S OBLIQUE GRAND, 70 gs., or £7 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUE, 90 gs., or £9 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MIGNON IRON GRAND, 80 gs., or £8 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR IRON GRAND, 110 guineas, or £11 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

UPWARDS of ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES on VIEW.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL PIANOFORTE DEALERS throughout the United Kingdom.

SHOW-ROOMS, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

STEAM FACTORY, CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.

DANCE MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO. Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps. Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d each.

No. 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand

CONTENTS OF No. 3.
SIX WALTZES BY JOSEPH GUNG'L.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Gräfenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jongherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schönster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tour du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancée Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

CONTENTS OF NO. 5.

Amoretten Tänze Waltzes, duet	Gung'l.
Soldaten Lieder Waltzes, duet	Gung'l.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

NEW MUSIC by Mary Travers (post free)

Faithful	1s. 6d. net.
It Was Nothing But a Rose, E flat, F, A flat	2s od. net.
Wishing, E flat, F	1s. 6d. net.
Coquette, Morceau de Salon	1s. 6d. net.
Impromptu (in D)	2s. od. net.
Original Air, with Variations (in A)	1s. 6d. net.

ASHBEE and HOLLOWAY, 23, Spring St., Hyde Park, W.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Guitars, Zithers, Banjoes, Accordions, Flutinas, Cornets, Saxhorns, Drums, Fifes, and Musical Instruments of every description. Largest assortment in the kingdom at BUTLER'S MANUFACTORY, 29, Haymarket, London.—Illustrated catalogue, 50 pages, post free.

THE MUSICAL TIMES. Price 3d. The Largest and Best Musical Journal (64 Pages).

THE MUSICAL TIMES for December contains:—Holiday Music, by H. C. Lunn; The Great Composers, Sketched by Themselves; Mozart, by J. Bennett (continued); History of Music Printing, by Dr. Chrysander (concluded); Borrowed Plumes; Newcastle Concerts; Glasgow Choral Union; Edinburgh Choral Union; Monday Popular, Crystal Palace, and other Concerts; Her Majesty's Opera; Opera-Comique; Reviews; Foreign and Country News; Part Song, "In Memoriam Therese Titiens," by J. L. Roeckel; and Christmas Carol, "Hollyberries," by W. J. Westbrook. Postage free 4d. Annual subscription 4s., including postage.

THE MUSICAL TIMES for December contains Part Song, "In Memoriam, Therese Titiens," by J. L. Roeckel, and Christmas Carol, "Hollyberries," by W. J. Westbrook. Music separately, 1½d.

NEW SONG BY JOSEPH BARNBY.

ELIZABETH'S SONG, from "The Saint's Tragedy," by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Set to Music by JOSEPH BARNBY. 4s.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC Primers. Edited by Dr. STAINER. The following are now ready:—

Third Edition.

THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By ERNST PAUER. Price 2s.

Second Edition

THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. STAINER. Price 2s.

Second Edition.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. Price 1s.

Second Edition.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE BEAUTIFUL IN MUSIC. By ERNST PAUER. Price 1s. (Novello, Ewer, and Co's Music Primers.)

Ready on December 15.

HARMONY PRIMER. By Dr. Stainer.

SIXTY HARMONIUM VOLUNTARIES. Arranged by J. W. ELLIOTT. 1s

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.—Arranged for the Pianoforte by BERTHOLD TOURS. Folio size, 5s.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.—Arranged for the Pianoforte by BERTHOLD TOURS. Folio size, 5s. All the above Works may be had of the Musicsellers in the Town, or direct from NOVELLO, EWER, and CO., 1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

FOR UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN (Handel). Transcribed for the Pianoforte by GEORGE FREDERICK WEST (No. 29 of his Gems selected from the Great Masters, 4th Series). 3s., post free at half-price.—London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., of whom may be had gratis and post free a Catalogue of all Mr. West's Pianoforte Works.

HALF-HOURS with the ORATORIOS and other SACRED COMPOSITIONS. Arranged for the Pianoforte by GEORGE FREDERICK WEST, in six books. "Mr. West presents us with no less than 37 little sacred gems, selected from the sacred writings of Haydn, Spohr, Handel, Dr Arne, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Mozart, Cherubini, Mehul, and Naumann, and arranged easily for a solo pianist. These pieces are equally suitable for the harmonium or American organ."—Vide *Sunday Times.* Beautifully illustrated. Each book post free for 24 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

THE LIFEBOAT. New Song. Written by A. M. LIMPUS. Music by HENRY F. LIMPUS 3s., post free at half-price.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street. Order everywhere.

GAVOTTE in B flat (HANDEL), from his Overture to *Otho.* Arranged for the Pianoforte by GEORGE FREDERICK WEST. 4s., post free at half-price.
London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

MAYDAY (MULLER). Arranged for the Pianoforte by FREDERICK LEMOINE. 4s., post free at half-price.—London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street. Order everywhere.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS for the PIANOFORTE. 1,154th Edition.—Sixty-eight pages, 4s.; post free 28 stamps. The number of editions this work has passed through sufficiently guarantees its well-deserved and world-wide popularity. Appendix to the same work, by George Frederick West, 5s.; post free, 30 stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS and CO.

NEW DANCE MUSIC FOR THE PIANOFORTE. By COTSFORD DICK. "The Singing Quadrille," "The Look-out Quadrille," 4s each. "L'Eclair Galop," 3s (all with illustrated titles). Also his "Contre Danse," 3s. All post free at half-price.—London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street. Order everywhere.

NEW WALTZES by OTTO MULLER—Composer of the famous Geliebt und Verloren (Loved and Lost). In making the present announcement DUFF and STEWART beg to point to the unprecedented success, and (for the few months it has been published) unparalleled sale of Geliebt und Verloren, and they now have great pleasure in submitting for public approval Otto Muller's Two New Sets of Waltzes,
ZART UND TREU (Tender and True), and
VERLOBT (Betrothed).
Post free 2s. each.—DUFF and STEWART, 157, Oxford St.

A PRETTY PRESENT for CHILDREN—WATCHING FOR PA. Juvenile Quadrille on popular melodies sung by Christy's Minstrels (beautifully illustrated), arranged without octaves and fingered throughout by JULES ROCHARD. Post free 2s.
DUFF and STEWART, 157, Oxford Street.

LOUISA GRAY'S NEW SONGS.

Under the Lamplight. 4s. | My Highland Home. 3s.
Home of My Childhood 3s. | Jenny's Wedding. 3s.
Jeanette. 3s. | My Little Sister. 3s.

Half-price.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

BERTHOLD TOURS' NEW SONGS.

Stay, Sweet Swallow | The Miner.
Love and Time. | Only Love Can Tell.
One Love Alone. | The Charms that I Sing

Post free 2s. each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford St.,

ROBERT STANLEY'S NEW SONGS.
DEAR LITTLE FLOWERS.
WHEN LOVE'S GLOW HATH GONE BY.
EASTING.
Price 2s each net
J. B. CRAMER and CO., 201, Regent Street.

STOLEN KISSES WALTZ. By Hans WALDENFELDT. Free, 2s. Played nightly at the Globe with immense success. "A decided hit."
OSMAN PASHA MARCH. By ADOLPH MEYER. Free, 2s. "A bold, inspiriting melody—the time well marked."
London: WOOD and CO., 3, Great Marlborough Street.

MUSICAL FUN FOR CHRISTMAS

HOLIDAY SYMPHONY. By Ed. MARLOIS. For Seven Toy Instruments (Violin and Cello ad. lib.), and Piano Solo or Duet. Price complete, Solo, 2s. 6d. net. Duet, 4s. net Sent post free.
W. CZERNY, 349, Oxford Street, W.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867. BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire: 40, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

BOOSEY and CO.'S NEW SONGS.

THE TAR'S FAREWELL. The words by F. C. BURNAND. The music by the composer of "Nancy Lee." Sung by Mr. Santley at the Ballad Concerts. Price 2s. net.

THE BETTER LAND. By F. H. COWEN. Sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling at the Ballad Concerts. 2s net.

AT LAST. By F. H. Cowen. Sung by Miss Anna Williams throughout Madame Trebelli's provincial tournée, and encored every night. "'At Last' was a brilliant triumph both for the composer and singer, the song being re-demanded with an enthusiasm which would brook no denial."—*Manchester Examiner.* Price 2s. net.

HAMILTON AIDÉ'S NEW SONG, COME AGAIN. New Ballad by the Composer of "Remember or Forget. Price 2s. net.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG, WHEN THOU ART NEAR. Sung by Edward Lloyd. Price 2s. net.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street.

BOOSEY and CO.'S PIANOFORTE ROOMS.
GRAND and UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES,
by all the great makers, both English and Foreign,
for SALE or HIRE,
subject to the largest discount obtainable in London.
Pianettes, from £20. Short Grands, from £40.
Sole Address, 295, Regent Street.

GEO. WOODS and CO.'S AMERICAN ORGANS.
BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street,
Sole Agents for the United Kingdom.
Pipe, Reed, and Pedal Organs, from £17 to £200.
Illustrated price lists post free.

PRATTEN's PERFECTED FLUTES, Cylinder and Cone, commencing at 4 gs. The Siccama Flute and the Boehm Old and New System of Fingering. Particulars of all these Instruments upon application to the Manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, W.

BOOSEY and CO.'S BRASS INSTRUMENTS FOR AMATEURS.
THE DISTIN CORNET, from £3 10s.
THE DISTIN CELEBRATED LIGHT VALVE CORNETS, 7 and 9 guineas, are the best Cornets manufactured.
THE DISTIN MINIATURE CORNET-A-PISTONS, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN BALLAD HORN in C, 9 guineas.
THE DISTIN DRAG AND POST HORNS AND BAND INSTRUMENTS at all prices.
THE DISTIN MONTHLY BRASS BAND JOURNAL, 10s. 6d. per annum.
The above Instruments were exhibited by Boosey and Co at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and were awarded a Prize Medal "For power and good quality of tone, fine workmanship." Estimates for Bands of all sizes, also illustrations and prices, to be had of the sole manufacturers, BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.
A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*
Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row

Price 1s. each Book; by post, 14 stamps.

BATH'S "MUSICAL MUSEUM" for THE HARMONIUM.

BOOK I., containing twenty-six Sacred Melodies, selected and arranged by W. Layland.

BOOK II., containing eighteen Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by A. S. Holloway.

BOOK III., containing twenty Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by Dr. Spark.

BOOK IV., selected and arranged by Michael Watson, is as cheap a shillingsworth as can be met with in the musical world. It contains twenty-two pieces for that instrument, including a popular "Volkslied," by Mendelssohn, a "Rondo," by Dussek, a "Bourée" and Gavotte, by Bach—in fact, most of our great ancient and modern composers have contributed a share to this excellent little work.—Vide *Graphic,* Oct. 27.

BOOK V., containing eighteen Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by J. E. Webster.
J. BATH, 40, Great Marlborough Street, W.

JUST PUBLISHED. — LYRICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN ENGLISH POETS. By JOHN BARNETT, being a Collection of Fifteen Songs for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass voices Price 6s. net, cloth boards.—HUTCHINGS and ROMER, London.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 56, Cheapside, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical PianoFORTE SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

SWING WALTZ. By C. Danzi.
Illustrated Title. Price 4s.
LAWN TENNIS SCHOTTISCHE.
By T. CAMPBELL. Illustrated Title. Price 3s.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

MUSICAL BOXES, by Nicole Freres.—KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., direct importers, have the largest Stock of really fine BOXES in Europe, £3 to £300. The new rooms devoted to the display of these instruments are now ready. Self-acting and Barrel Pianoforte, 18 to 1,200 gs.

FLUTES.—NEW MODEL, for beauty of tone unsurpassed, four guineas and seven guineas; Rudall's Prize-medal Flutes, new and second-hand. A great variety of second-hand Flutes, one guinea to 25 guineas, at KEITH, PROWSE, and CO.'s Manufactory, 48, Cheapside.

BANJOES.—CHEAPSIDE MODEL is best. Covered back, machine head, &c., five guineas; including light case, £6. Other models one to twelve guineas. Self-instructing book, with airs, songs, &c., 6s. net.—KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., Manufacturers, 48, Cheapside.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Co-operative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20—GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER's "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."
In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CURTAINS.—OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received all their new designs in CURTAINS and CURTAIN MATERIALS, British and Foreign, of every description; some of the designs are very artistic. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free

READY MONEY versus CREDIT or BOOKING.—Messrs. OETZMANN and CO.'s business is conducted on the co-operative system of small profits and cash payments, with the extra advantages of centralised management and personal proprietary supervision, the public receiving all the benefit of the co-operative system without its inherent trouble and annoyances, and the prices will be found lower than those charged at Co-operative Stores. This system offers great advantages to those in a position to pay ready money.—OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.
OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas. Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards.—OETZMANN and CO.,

OETZMANN and CO.'S PATENT MATTRESS, the COMPENDIUM, requires no other mattress, palliasse, or bed to be used with it, and is at once the healthiest, softest, most economical, and complete bed extant. Descriptive catalogue post free.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW BLINDS and SCREENS.—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

PAPER-HANGINGS. — OETZMANN and CO.—PAPER HANGINGS at WHOLESALE PRICES.—A great reduction in price. All the new patterns are now on view at the Show Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

LINOLEUM.—OETZMANN and CO.—LINOLEUM.—Warm, soft, carpet-like in appearance, and very durable. ALL the NEW PRIZE DESIGNS are NOW in STOCK. A visit of inspection solicited. Prices below those usually charged for this favourite floor covering. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d. A large stock of real Turkey carpets at reduced prices.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

LINEN DEPARTMENT.—Fine white Linen Damask Table Cloths, 2 yards long, 3s. 11d.; 2½ yards long by 2 yards wide, 5s. 11d.; 3 yards by 2½ yards, 8s. 11d.; 3½ yards by 2½ yards, 12s. 6d; 4 yards by 2½ yards, 15s; Breakfast Cloths, from 1s. 11d.; strong Linen Kitchen Table Cloths, 1s. 11d. each; stout Huckaback, from 4½d. per yard; Glass Cloths, 4½d. per yard; stout White Calico Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. per yard; 88 inches ditto, 1s. 6d. per yard; white Linen Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. 11d.; 86 inches ditto, 2s. 6d. per yard; superfine quality ditto, 88 inches wide, 2s. 11d. per yard. Horrocks's Long Cloths and Sheetings at the Manufacturer's wholesale prices. Ladies should write for patterns, and compare price and quality.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE PORTLAND COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the Season, new shape, much admired, handsomely japanned and gold relieved, has bowl castors, opal handle, handscoop, and strong loose lining—a great convenience and saving in the wear. Price complete only 10s. 6d.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT.—Ironstone China Dinner Services—various neat and elegant designs, from 15s. 9d. the set; handsome ditto at 25s. and 35s per set; a large assortment of superb patterns for selection; dessert services complete, 17 pieces, 13s. 9d; best French China ditto, 18 pieces, very chaste, with burnished gold edges, 18s. 9d.; China Tea Services, complete, 28 pieces, 5s 9d.; elegant ditto, burnished gold and enamelled, 15s. 9d.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand both in the Parish of St Clement Danes, Middlesex.—DECEMBER 15, 1877

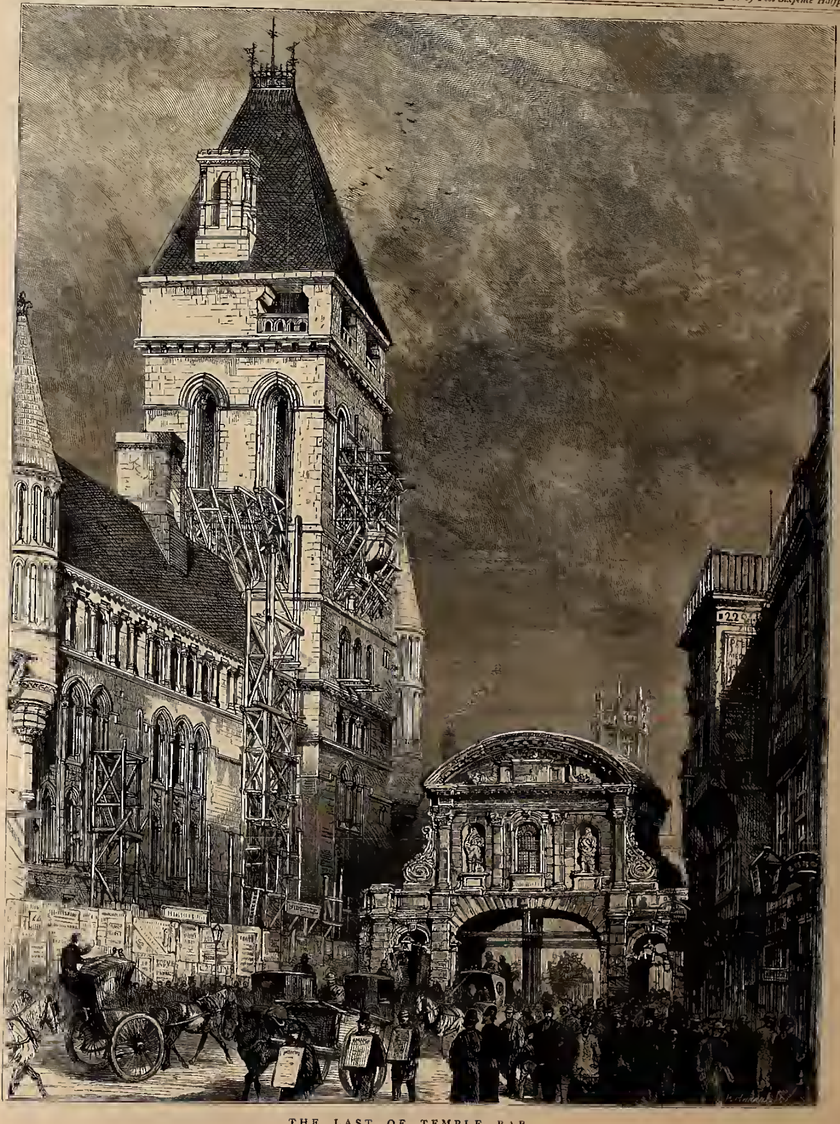
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 421
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



THE LAST OF TEMPLE BAR
ERECTED 1672—DEMOLISHED 1877

Topics of the Week

The Summoning of Parliament.——The action of the Government in summoning Parliament a little earlier than usual has been very generally approved. There can be no doubt that we are approaching a time of serious peril for the English nation. No one yet knows what are the terms of peace on which Russia means to insist. If true to her word, she would ask no more than that the Christian subjects of the Porte should be placed under a system of just rule; but even her admirers are forced to admit that it is at least possible she may ask a great deal more. She may demand that the Turkish fleet shall be given up to her, or that the Straits shall be opened, and opened only to her own ships of war; or her claims may be even more extravagant. In any case it is highly desirable that England should be prepared for the worst, and make up her mind in time as to the course she means to adopt should the worst be realised. In no way can the real opinion of the country be more directly discovered than by the meeting of the only body by which it authoritatively expresses its will. It will not be surprising if a small section of both Houses proclaims itself in favour of absolute non-intervention; but the vast majority will certainly not approve this policy. All parties are sincerely anxious that there should be peace; and the country would intensely dislike even to seem to fight for a State which has fallen so far short of its obligations as the Porte. But it is not the less a fact that we have interests of the most vital importance in the East; and everything indicates that if they are really endangered they will be vigorously defended. We can only hope that Russia will not seek to imperil them. There is reason to believe that she would not venture to do so if she were convinced that England has a decided policy, and intends to abide by it. But of late there have been so many discordant voices that she may be excused for not understanding our genuine purpose. Parliament will probably soon put an end to all doubts. Last Session there was practical unanimity as to the duty of the nation, and it will be strange if this state of things has been disturbed by the events which have since occurred.

An International Exhibition at the Antipodes——Fired by the example of other metropolitan cities in Europe and America, Melbourne now proposes in 1879 to hold an International Show, or World's Fair, as the Americans more vernacularly style it. We hope Sydney is not jealous. She is the eldest sister of the Australasian family group, but Melbourne exceeds her in wealth and population, and altogether, though inferior in situation, more thoroughly deserves to be regarded as the representative metropolis of the great Island-Continent. The progress of these Australian settlements has been really marvellous, when we remember that before the survey of Captain Cook (whose daughter died not many years ago), Australia was literally a *terra incognita*. But the chief progress has been within the last five-and-twenty years, since gold was discovered; and it makes us rub our eyes with astonishment to recollect that Melbourne, who now proposes to put herself on a par with London, Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia, was in 1851 a little wool-exporting town of twenty thousand people, with a post-office like that of a country village, a single letter box sufficing for all the correspondence of the inhabitants. We admit that a year later, when the gold-fever was raging, there used to be a considerable jam around the said post-office window, still we cannot help contrasting the prosperous present with the humble past. But we have as yet left the most important point in the Australasian Exhibition programme unnoticed. It is this. Will H.R.H. the Prince of Wales consent to go and open the Show? Victorians are eagerly awaiting a reply to this momentous question.

Peace in France.——No event of our time has caused more general satisfaction throughout Europe than the sudden submission of Marshal MacMahon to the will of France. There was for a time real danger of civil war; and it was with a feeling of profound relief that the world received the announcement that the peril had been averted. A great many rumours have since been going about as to the reason why the Marshal yielded. According to one account, he sounded the leaders of the army as to the support he might hope to receive if he attempted a *coup d'état*; another theory is that a significant and startling hint was sent to him from Germany. It is, however, more probable that he simply became aware of the danger to which his obstinacy was exposing France, and that he shrank from running any further risks. This is the view generally accepted by the French themselves, and when we remember how carefully he was long prevented from learning the real drift of public opinion it is by far the most likely supposition. In that case he will continue to be regarded as an honest soldier, although one who has easily allowed himself to be misled, and whose very simplicity makes it necessary that he should be carefully watched. The Republicans were at first afraid of some hidden plot; but they were reassured by the unmistakeable terms of the Message read by the new Ministry, and M. Gambetta seems to have set off for the enjoyment of his Christmas holidays with a perfectly easy mind. If his followers are moderate, the Republic will be all the stronger for the trials through which it has passed; but everything depends upon their self-control. Any extravagance on their part would inevitably lead to the resignation of M. Dufaure, and then the Duc de Broglie would be sure to make his influence once more felt. The Bonapartists are doing their utmost to stir up strife among the victorious party, but under the guidance of M. Gambetta the Left may be trusted to meet their intrigues in a proper spirit. He is thoroughly persuaded of the necessity of moderation, and he is not likely to forfeit the confidence which he has gained by his skill in conducting the Chamber through its recent troubles.

Money Orders and Registered Letters.——Few entries in the gloomy calendar of crime which is unfolded month after month are sadder than those which relate to defaulting letter-carriers and sorters, who, if convicted, are invariably sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Compared with the punishments inflicted on habitual wife-beaters, or on persons convicted for the first time of other than Post Office thefts, this penalty seems terribly severe; but it is, we presume, rendered necessary by the fact that postmen are exposed to exceptional temptation. For years past the Post Office authorities have endeavoured to discourage the transmission of coin and other valuables in letters, but hitherto without much avail, a large portion of the public being utterly stupid and inconsiderate. Lord John Manners is now about to try another tack. By doubling the fee hitherto payable, he proposes to lessen the demand for money orders, which are a troublesome and unprofitable branch of Post Office business, while by lowering the registration fee he hopes to induce the public to send through the Post Office an increased number of letters containing coin and other valuables. Hitherto, many such packages have been sent, as it were, clandestinely; they have acted as a terrible temptation to dishonestly-inclined postmen, and so their contents have often been tampered with. As such enclosures will in future be placed in special envelopes supplied by the Post Office, the temptation under the new system will be reduced to a minimum; and as the registration fee is very moderate, as the Post Office authorities offer to recoup any loss not exceeding forty shillings, provided their regulations are complied with, and as the bother of obtaining and cashing money orders will be avoided, it is to be hoped that the public will heartily second the Postmaster-General's arrangement. For very small sums, however, postage stamps will, no doubt, still continue to be sent in unregistered letters, as people will decline to incur the expense of a twopenny registration fee for the sake of sending sixpence or a shilling; but since postage stamps are thus practically used as miniature bank-notes, it seems a pity that we do not abandon our prejudices in favour of a currency exclusively metallic—which is an expensive luxury—and, like many other countries, issue paper money for sums under five pounds and as low as sixpence.

The Action of Servia.——England has good reason to complain of the course Servia has just seen right to pursue. It was because of her intervention that the petty State was let off so easily after its vain attempt to upset the Porte; and the British Government begged that favourable terms of peace might be granted, on the express understanding that the Servians would not again make themselves troublesome. They have no ground whatever for proclaiming war, and there is something incredibly mean in their waiting till they could intervene without much danger of a second series of disasters. A number of persons in this country so loathe Turkey that they approve of almost anything that adds to her difficulties. But they surely do not realise what war may mean for the unhappy peasantry of Servia. These poor people suffered incredible hardships during the last enterprise into which they were rashly hurried; and what they want above all things is to be allowed peacefully to recover from their misfortunes. Now they are driven once more into scenes of violence and bloodshed, for no other reason than that a few ambitious men think there is a chance of picking up some good things in the midst of the general confusion. Englishmen would be as ready to admire a chivalrous spirit now as at any previous period in their history; but to call the conduct of the Servian rulers chivalrous is grossly to misapply language. To be defined truly, it must be spoken of in much less flattering language.

Free Libraries.——We have often had occasion before now to remark that London, in respect to many improvements, is far behind certain provincial towns. The cause of this is the vastness of London. It is so big that it has no corporate conscience. The municipal spirit —which implies a combination of individuals for the benefit of the community at large—scarcely exists beyond the frontiers of the ancient "City." Let us take Islington as an example,—"Merry Islington," as it used to be styled, but no more merry at present than any other metropolitan suburb, except on the bit of pavement between the Agricultural Hall and the "Angel," where, at any rate during the Cattle Show week, it is apt to be more merry than wise. Now Islington, judging from its wealth and population, would, if removed into the country, be a provincial city of the first magnitude, yet so dwarfed is it by its position in the great metropolitan ocean of bricks and mortar, that it has apparently little more municipal spirit than some sequestered hamlet where the parson and the squire manage everything. We gather this from the report of a public meeting held at Myddleton Hall, where Sir Andrew Lusk and other gentlemen made sensible speeches in favour of establishing free libraries in the parish, but met with strong opposition, and that chiefly from vestrymen, who from their position may be supposed officially to represent the feelings of their fellow Islingtonians. Why, said these spokesmen, should books be provided at the public expense any more than dinners? We can but reply that the two cases are very dissimilar. If we give a man a dinner when he is able to earn one, we run the risk of making him a pauper; but no such result follows from giving him the run of a free picture-gallery, or access to a free collection of books. We have, however, no patience with these malcontents when we think of the excellent public institutions which a city as big and as rich as Islington might have if the inhabitants possessed any genuine public spirit. As for expense, we engage to say that in one night there is as much money taken over the counters of the Islington taverns, from the "Angel" in the south to the "Whittington and Cat" in the north, as would support an excellent free library for a twelvemonth.

The Waits.——We should be sorry to say anything against the bands of young people who, at proper hours, herald the approach of Christmas by appropriate music. In these days it would be a pity to give up the few customs which still remind us of less prosaic times; and of late years most people have remarked an improvement in the singing and playing of the "waits." We do, however, most decidedly object to these persons carrying on their performances at two or three in the morning. They may not have been doing this all over London; but they have certainly been doing it in certain districts, and we fear the feelings the culprits have excited have not been of the benevolent sort supposed to befit the season. An overworked man, rendered nervous by the labours of the day, at last falls asleep. Suddenly he is awakened by a brass band blowing away about a mile off. Conceive the impotent rage with which he denounces his tormentors! He may congratulate himself if his night's rest is not completely ruined, for they slowly approach until they are just under his windows, and then as slowly move off in an opposite direction. The case of the overworked man is bad enough; but the suffering inflicted on invalids is far more serious. In a vast city like London there are, of course, many inevitable nuisances which must be quietly accepted; but this particular nuisance is by no means inevitable, and we venture to say that except England there is not a country in Europe in which it would be tolerated. If a householder chooses, he may order the "waits" away from his door as he may order away organ grinders. But so disagreeable a duty ought surely to be taken off his hands by the police.

Longevity.——A well-known anecdote tells us that when Lord Mansfield, the celebrated judge, had a very aged witness before him, it was his custom minutely to inquire into his or her habits of life, and he invariably found that whether their occupations were sedentary or active, whether they were drunken or sober, such old people were always early risers. As judges on circuit, when trying right-of-way cases, are frequently brought in contact with "the oldest inhabitant" of the neighbourhood, this evidence is valuable. and it is borne out by the experience of the centenarian, Canon Beadon, who, being asked for the secret of his long life and robust health, replied, "Never be out of bed after ten o'clock at night, nor be in bed after seven in the morning; never do any brain-work after dinner, and never wear a great coat." It is far easier, as most of us are aware, to praise early rising than to practise it, but it would not be so difficult of attainment if we went to bed at a reasonable hour. This achievement, however, is undoubtedly harder now than it was a hundred years ago. Modern discoveries have removed or alleviated those perils and dangers of the hours of darkness which to our ancestors were real causes of apprehension. To the inhabitants of towns, especially, with well-guarded and well-lighted streets, night and day are much alike, and hence they sit up late and rise late to the detriment of their health. Late hours of business, too, have been encouraged by the modern habit of suburban residence, and recently it was proposed, as a boon to bank-clerks, that those establishments should open an hour later than at present. We confess that we should prefer to see a change in the opposite direction, and that work should begin two hours earlier. It would, of course, be rather a "pull" during the winter months to arrive at the office at eight instead of ten, but then on the other hand, during the long days, it would be very pleasant to leave the office at four instead of six. The leaders of society might, if they pleased, inaugurate such a change (indeed, Her Majesty sets an admirable example in this respect), but we fear that the bulk of them are too fond of morning slumbers to do so. In conclusion, we do not incline to agree with Canon Beadon's anti-great-coat theory. If it be right to wear warmer clothing in winter than in summer—and Nature makes this provision for her furred and feathered children—it can scarcely be wrong to put on an extra wrap when going from a warm room to a cold road.

NOTICE.——*The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 588 and 597.*

AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—On BOXING NIGHT, PUSS IN BOOTS. Mdlle. Cavalazzi and Ballet of 300. Prices and Day Performances as usual. Booking by Mr. E. Hall. No Fees.

TURN OF THE TIDE. By F. C. Burnand. EVERY EVENING at 8, preceded at 7 by A ROUGH DIAMOND. The most powerful company in London. Box Office Hours 11 to 5. No Booking Fees. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s.—ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

MESSRS. JOHN SANGER AND SON'S
GRAND CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARNIVAL.
ROYAL AGRICULTURAL GREAT HALL, ISLINGTON
Commencing BOXING DAY, Dec. 26, 1877, at Two o'clock.
The most Powerful Attraction ever submitted to the Public, Four Complete Entertainments in One.

Flat Racing, Hurdle Racing, Steeple Chasing, Pony Racing, Roman Racing, Roman Chariot Racing, Camel, Dromedary, and Elephant Racing. Three complete Circus Companies. Mons. Cannoruia and 10 Elephants, the Wonders from the East. Great Display of Fireworks, and the Grand Military Spectacle, entitled THE BOMBARDMENT AND FALL OF PLEVNA, in which Two Thousand Men and Horses, Camels, Oxen, Goats, &c., will take part. Seating Accommodation for Twenty Thousand People. Two Performances daily. Every Afternoon at Two; every Evening at Seven. Reserved Seats (select), 3s.; First-class, 2s.; Second-class, 1s.; and the Great Galleries, 6d.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE,
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD.

This commodious and elegant Theatre, the only establishment of its kind in the United Kingdom where the Circus, Hippodrome, and Hippodramatic Performances are given, once the home and pride of the great Astley and Ducrow, and the ambition of every large Equestrian Director of Europe and America, duly Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, having been gorgeously redecorated, and now possessing all the modern improvements of the most recently erected Theatres in England, both as regards the comfort of the audience and stage requirements, will reopen on Boxing Day, December 26th, 1877, at Two o'clock, with a carefully-selected Burlesque, Pantomime, and Equestrian Company. Production on a scale of splendour of the Grand Christmas Double Pantomime, written by W. M. Akhurst, Esq., entitled WHITTINGTON AND HIS WONDERFUL CAT; OR, HARLEQUIN JOHNNY GILPIN AND HIS RIDE TO EDMONTON. The Pantomime of 1877-8 will (notwithstanding the liberality of the proprietors in their previous productions) by far eclipse any attempt that has been made in this Elegant Theatre. The twelve magnificent Scenes executed by those eminent Artists Messrs. Hayes and Caney. Properties by Mr. John Rogers and assistants; the gorgeous Costumes by Mrs Bovey and assistants; the brilliant Music composed by Giorgi. High-class Vocalists, Comedian Dancers, Double Harlequinade, and the Triple Circus Company. Two Performances Daily, every Afternoon at 2 and evening at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 4. Prices:—Private Boxes from £1 11s. 6d. to £3 3s.; Balcony Stalls, 4s.; Orchestra Stalls, 2s. 6d.; Boxes and Pit Stalls, 2s.; Amphitheatre, 1s. 6d.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES.
On BOXING DAY, WEDNESDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 26,
THE WORLD FAMED
MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL SERIES
OF HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES
will commence in the
ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL,
Regent Street and Piccadilly,
which will be specially fitted up for these performances.
THE HOLIDAY PROGRAMME
will as usual
BE THE RICHEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE
amidst the entire round of Metropolitan Amusements.
FORTY ARTISTS OF KNOWN EMINENCE
will take part in the
HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.
FIVE THOUSAND SEATS
IN THE MOST LUXURIOUS
HALL IN EUROPE.
PERFORMANCES WILL BE GIVEN
EVERY DAY AT THREE, EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT,
UNTIL SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1878.

Prices of Admission—Great Area and Gallery (2,000 places), 1s.; Balcony, 2s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Fauteuils, 5s. Children under Twelve Half-price to Stalls and Balcony only. No fees. No charge for programmes. Tickets and places for any day or evening up to Jan. 12 may be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, without extra charge.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS
1877-78.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES
will commence on
BOXING DAY, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26,
WHEN A NEW AND MOST DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT
WILL BE PRESENTED,
in which the entire strength of this great company will be engaged.
PERFORMANCES WILL BE GIVEN
EVERY DAY AT THREE, and
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT,
from BOXING DAY, December 26, to SATURDAY, January 12, inclusive
FIVE THOUSAND SEATS.
Doors open every day at 2, every night at 7.
Places may be booked for any performance of the series without extra charge at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL SERIES OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S
HOLIDAY PERFORMANCES.
EVERY DAY AT THREE.
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
COMMENCING BOXING DAY.
FIVE THOUSAND SEATS

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
HOLIDAY FESTIVAL PERFORMANCES AT
ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL.
EVERY DAY AT THREE.
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT
Omnibuses run direct to the doors of St. James's Hall from every Railway Station in London. Every West End Omnibus will also convey Visitors from all parts of London to the Doors of the Hall.

THE CANTERBURY.
The Brothers Kulper (Acrobats). Young and Dean (Negro Delineators).
Fred Albert (Comedian).
Miss Agnes Milnes, Miss Marie Rodan, Mr. Charles Butler, Carlo D'Angelis,
Neale Campbell, Fred Coyne (Comedian).
Romah (Flying Trapezist). Benedetti (The Sword Swallower).
"Martha" (Selection from).
"PLEVNA,"
Panorama and Diorama.
F. Wilson (Comic). Wainratta (Invisible Wire Walker).
Colmar (Acrobat).
COMIC BALLET.

THE CANTERBURY.—Licensed to F. VILLIERS.
"PLEVNA."
This entertainment consists of a Panorama of the Seat of War from Constantinople to the scenes of the latest interest, with a Diorama of Plevna and the victory by Osman Pasha in September last. The views and costumes from Sketches taken by Mr. F. Villiers, the Special Correspondent and Artist, who visited every town and city given in the Panorama, and was an eyewitness of the celebrated battle when the Turkish forces gained so brilliant a success. The sketches and particulars of the whole are presented to the public through the kind permission of the proprietors of *The Graphic*. The Ballet in the Harem supported by Miss Phyllis Broughton and Madame Victor, and Corps de Ballet. The children have been instructed in the Turkish and Russian manœuvres by Colour-Sergeant White of the Grenadier Guards.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—ONCE IN A CENTURY, A MUSICAL ALMANAC, by Mr. Corney Grain, and OUR NEW DOLL'S HOUSE. Next Wednesday, at 3 and 8; Thursday, at 3; Friday, at 3 and 8; and Saturday, at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN. — NOTICE. — Those celebrated SUPPER ROOMS are now open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS, specially trained by and under the direction of Mr. F. Jongmans, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES. Proprietor, J. B. AMOR.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. —The SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East. Ten till five. Admission 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.— The TWELFTH WINTER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from 10 till 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is NOW OPEN, at Thomas McLean's Gallery, No. 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

BRIGHTON. — PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE LAST OF TEMPLE BAR

TEMPLE BAR is at last to be removed. After years of grumbling and public agitation, and much debating amongst the Civic authorities, the *fiat* has at length gone forth, and workmen are already engaged in erecting scaffolding for its removal. It was said that the work would be accomplished in a week or ten days, but at the present rate of progress we should not be surprised to see the year close before the last stones are removed. Messrs. Mowlem, Burt, and Freeman are the contractors for the demolition, and as the dispute as to the final destination of the Bar is still unsettled the stones will be marked so as to indicate their position in the structure, and they will be placed for a while on a vacant space of land in the Farringdon Road. Very little is known of the early history of the Bar. "Anciently," says Strype, "there were only posts, rails, and a chain, such as are now in Holborn, Smithfield, and Whitechapel Bars. Afterwards there was a house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway, and an entry on the south side of it under the house." The date of the erection of this wooden house is unknown, but the present structure, built by Sir Christopher Wren, was commenced in 1670 and completed in 1672. It is of Portland stone, with four Corinthian pilasters, an entablature, and an arched pediment. The four statues—two on the western *façade* and two on the eastern—are supposed to represent Charles I., Charles II., James I. and Elizabeth his Queen. They are the work of an inferior sculptor named Bushnell, who died mad in 1701. The chief historical associations connected with the Bar are that many English monarchs have passed beneath on their way to the City or the Tower; and that in the good old times, when beheading was in fashion, the heads of traitors were exhibited thereon for the delectation of loyal people, who were accustomed to gaze at them through spyglasses, just as ladies of the present day sometimes use their *lorgnettes* at the Central Criminal Court.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE PREMIER

HER MAJESTY'S visit to Hughenden, on Saturday, was announced to be a "private" one, but the good people of Wycombe were by no means inclined to let slip such an opportunity of displaying their loyalty. With barely three days' notice they managed to decorate the town in a manner which did great credit to their taste and energy. There was a profusion of flags, flowers, and evergreens. Triumphal arches of verdure and blossom were erected in several places, and at one point there was an arch, constructed almost entirely of chairs, the staple commodity of the town,—chairs of every imaginable kind and material,—from the substantial "Windsor" to the delicate drawing-room structure, which is more elegant than reliable. The Queen, accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, left Windsor shortly before one o'clock, and on the arrival of the royal train at the Wycombe Railway Station, Her Majesty was received by Lord Beaconsfield, who returned thanks in her name for the inevitable address from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses "in council assembled," which was handed up and "taken as read." Miss Phillips, the daughter of the Mayor, then presented Her Majesty and the Princess with magnificent bouquets, and amid great shouts of "welcome," and the strains of the National Anthem from the voices of the school children, Her Majesty passed on to the open carriage which was to take her to Hughenden Manor. The cortège passed slowly through the decorated streets of the town, and then quickly onwards to its destination. Her Majesty remained at Hughenden about two hours, lunching with Lord Beaconsfield, and afterwards planting a tree upon the lawn in commemoration of the visit. Princess Beatrice also planted a tree. On the way back to the railway station Her Majesty ordered her carriage to be stopped, in order that she might more closely inspect the arch of chairs. After the departure of the royal train for Windsor, the members of the corporation feasted together in celebration of the honour which had been done to the town.

It is said that the Queen has only twice before paid a visit to her Prime Ministers: to Lord Melbourne, at Brocket Hall, in 1841, and to Sir Robert Peel, at Drayton Manor, in 1843. The *Times* says "that there are some very wise persons at home, and there will be found many more abroad, who will see in the trip from Windsor to Wycombe a political event pregnant with portentous meaning. They will scarcely, perhaps, think that the visit was paid for the purpose of determining any question of domestic or foreign policy; but it may be construed by them as a special mark of Royal approbation of the special views of a special Minister, and an ordinary act of graceful courtesy will thus be twisted out of its natural significance."—Our artist desires to make his acknowledgements to Mr. J. P. Starling, of the Frogmore Portrait Studio, High Wycombe, whose photographs of the arch of chairs have greatly assisted us in our engraving.

QUEEN POMARE

AT the time when Captain Cook was making his discoveries in the South Seas, about a hundred years ago, the French were, as naval explorers, showing almost equal activity and enterprise; and, but for the disastrous political convulsions which shortly afterwards followed, and turned their thoughts in another direction, they might have proved formidable rivals to our colonists in the southern hemisphere. As matters now stand, the actual possessions of France in that quarter of the globe are small. New Caledonia is the most important of them, nor would the Australians regard that settlement with any jealousy if it were peopled by free emigrants in place of involuntary exiles.

Still, France, as befits a great naval Power, has exercised no small influence in that vast watery region which lies between Asia and South America, and part of which is studded with those lovely groups of islands where the bread-fruit and the cocoa-nut flourish, and which are, in respect of climate, scenery, and vegetation, perhaps the most attractive places in the world.

The Society Islands, which lie just within the Southern Tropic, are one of the most important of these groups, and of these islands the Princess Aimata, then only fourteen years old, became Queen on the death of her brother, Pomare the Third, in 1823.

She assumed the title of Pomare the Fourth on attaining to the royal dignity. The point in this lady's career of most interest to us is that, through the greater part of her long reign, French and English interests struggled for supremacy at her Court; and in 1844, when the missionary Pritchard was seized by the French, the two countries narrowly escaped going to war. Religious difficulties—the question whether Roman Catholicism or Protestantism should prevail at Tahiti—were at the bottom of these disputes. The French claim that Queen Pomare favoured them, and they fear that complications will arise in consequence of her death, as her son, Arxane, is married to a lady of British lineage.

As she had no children by her first husband, Queen Pomare, imitating the example of a French sovereign of celebrity, sent him about his business, and married Prince Ari-Faaite, her junior by seven years, and by whom she had seven children. The Queen, who in her youth was a handsome woman, was a determined enemy to etiquette, which she regarded as the most mischievous of all European importations. Her manners were very simple. She excelled in games, and was especially devoted to card-playing.—Our portrait is from a sketch from life.

OUR OBITUARY RECORD

MR. SYDNEY SMIRKE, R.A., who died a fortnight since in his 78th year, was one of the last survivors of the old school of English architects. He was brought up in the office of his brother, Sir Robert Smirke, R.A., the architect of the old Covent Garden Theatre; and he inherited the same taste for classical architecture. Among his principal works are the Conservative and Carlton Club houses in London; the restoration of parts of Lichfield Cathedral, York Minster (after the second fire), the Savoy Chapel, and the Temple, the Reading Room and other parts of the British Museum; and the alteration of that part of Burlington House occupied by the Royal Academy. He was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1848, Royal Academician in 1860, Professor of Architecture in 1861, and Treasurer in 1862. He was also a Trustee of the Academy and of the Soane Museum, and was a Fellow of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Royal Institute of British Architects, and had received the Gold Medal of the Institute, the highest compliment they can bestow. Mr. Smirke has left a fortune of 100,000*l.*—Our portrait is from a photograph by Charles Watkins.

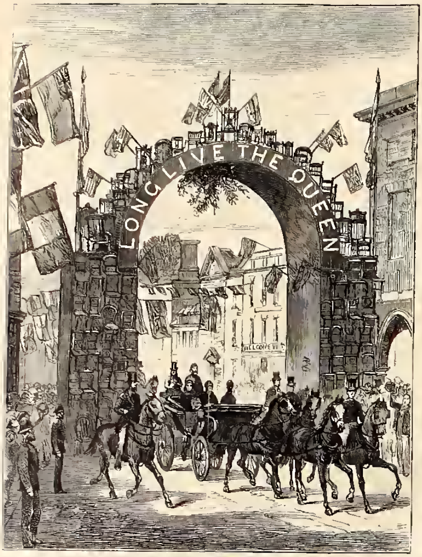
THE WAR IN THE EAST

REJOICINGS IN THE RUSSIAN CAMP

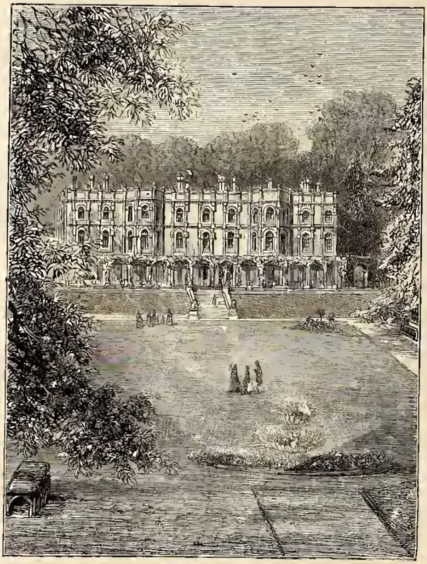
COMPARED with other Europeans, the Englishman is a very undemonstrative being, and nowhere is this more seen than in any Continental country during popular festivities in honour of some happy national event. The Russians in this present are especially direct contrast to our insular coldness, and celebrate their *fêtes* and national rejoicings with a semi-delirium wholly absent from the sober gladness of the Briton. The occasion in our picture, however, is one which deserves to be celebrated with more than ordinary fervour. After a weary siege of five months, in which the monotony has been varied by terrible battles, Plevna has surrendered to Russian arms, and one of the great obstacles to the long-looked-for southward march has been removed. Thus both officers and men throw off all military stiffness, and while the former embrace each other, sing patriotic songs, and brew the mysterious Djonka—a punch composed of Champagne, Burgundy, and any other wine which may happen to be handy, the latter indulge in thorough ursine hugs, unlimited *vodka* or *raki*, and above all in the quaint uncouth dances of their native villages.

WITH THE TURKS

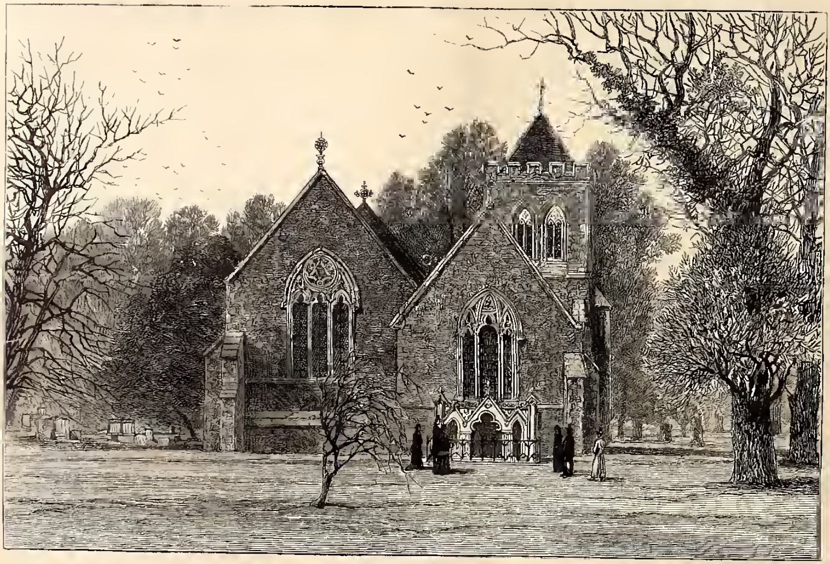
The monument at Silistria was erected by Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid, in honour of the brave defence made by Mussa Pasha against the Russians in 1854, when the latter under Prince


LONG LIVE THE QUEEN
WELCOME

THE ARCH OF CHAIRS

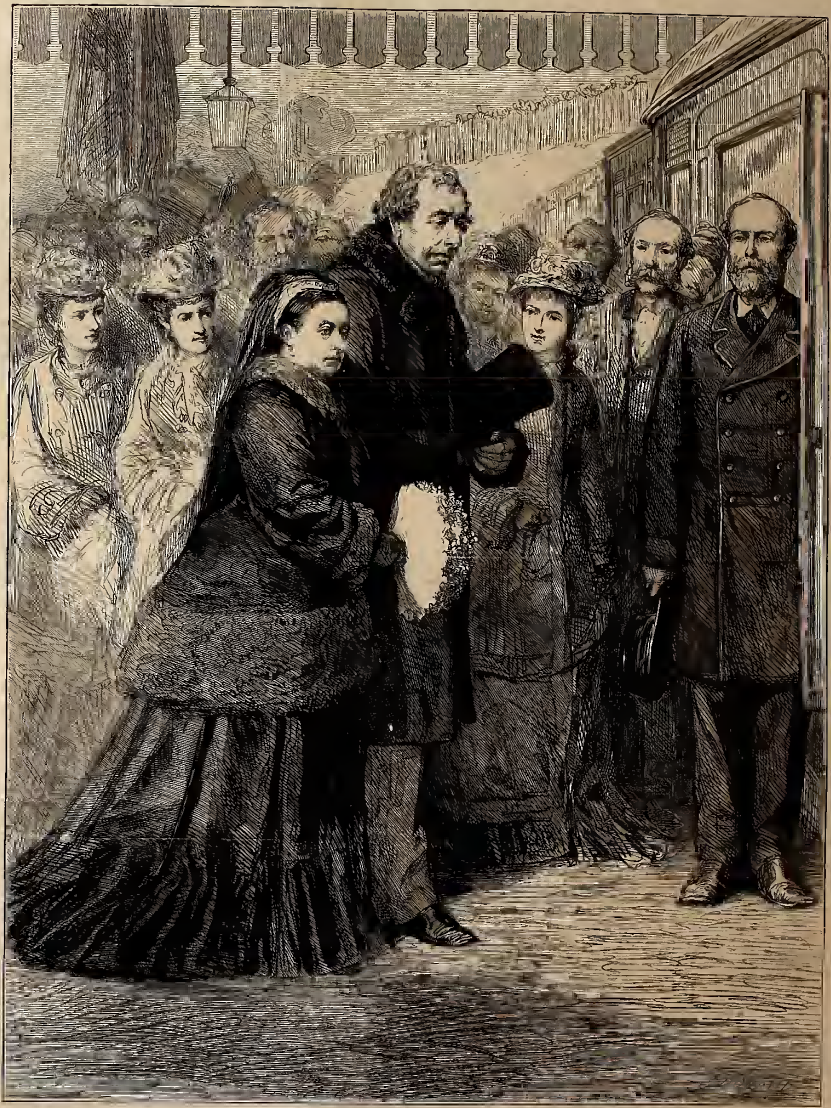


HUGHENDEN MANOR



HUGHENDEN CHURCH

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO HUGHENDEN



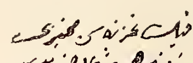
HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO HUGHENDEN—AT THE RAILWAY STATION, HIGH WYCOMBE

Paskiewitch to the number of 30,000 besieged the town, but were ultimately compelled to abandon the attempt and re-cross the river.

"Suleiman Pasha's Head Quarters" depict a little house at Rasgrad where Suleiman Pasha mostly resided during a short stay in that town, while making a visit of inspection of this line of army. The general occupied the room on the right of the sketch; his officers being quartered in the chamber on the left. "Despatching Mules for the Egyptian Artillery" is also a sketch at Rasgrad, which the Egyptian troops have now completely quitted; the mules in our sketch being the last remnants of the detachment. The animals are being dragged on to the railway trucks upon which they are to travel to Varna, and, with the habitual obstinacy of their race, they put their fore feet firmly down, and decline to mount into the conveyance. Six men accordingly are told off to each animal to push him on by main force, while a seventh leads the way and steers him by the bridle. "Welcome Loot" represents some soldiers dividing among themselves that incomparable and almost necessary luxury to a Turk—tobacco. "An Outpost Sentinel" speaks for itself, and "In the Trenches" depicts a body of Turks fairly surrounded and brought to bay by the Russians.

SULEIMAN PASHA'S AUTOGRAPH

SUBJOINED is a *fac-simile* engraving of the autograph, in Turkish, given by Suleiman Pasha, with his portrait, to our artist with the Turks.



The translation runs as follows, the last word (on the *left*) being the signature:—"To the correspondent of *The Graphic*, Aranian, offered as a present by his servant,

"SULEIMAN."

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

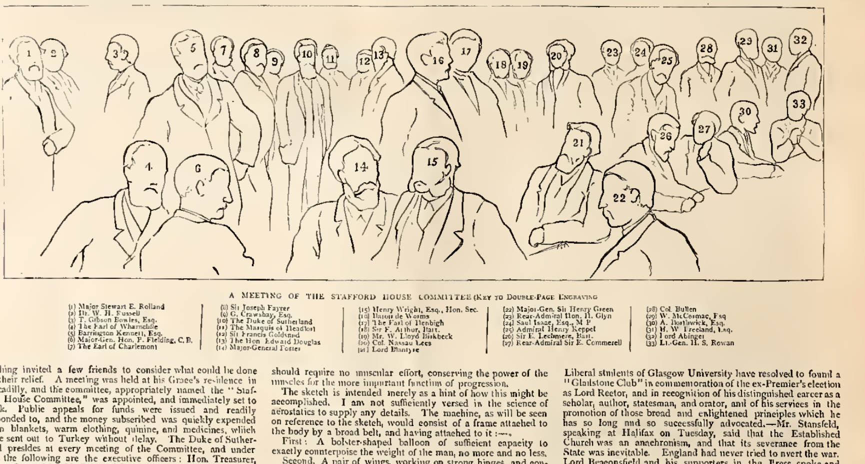
A NEW STORY, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 589.

THE STAFFORD HOUSE COMMITTEE

IT was about a year ago that the Duke of Sutherland, having heard of the great distress and suffering existing amongst Turkish soldiers, who were insufficiently supplied with food and clothing invited a few friends to consider what could be done for their relief. A meeting was held at his Grace's residence in Piccadilly, and the committee, appropriately named the "Stafford House Committee," was appointed, and immediately set to work. Public appeals for funds were issued and readily responded to, and the money subscribed was quickly expended upon blankets, warm clothing, quinine, and medicines, which were sent out to Turkey without delay. The Duke of Sutherland presides at every meeting of the Committee, and under him the following are the executive officers: Hon. Treasurer, Major-General Sir H. Green, C.B., K.C.S.I.; Hon. Secretary, H. Wright, Esq., Private Secretary to the Duke of Sutherland; Chief-Commissioner at the seat of war, V. Barrington Kennett, Esq., M.A., LL.M., of the Manor House, Dorchester, Oxon, Barrister-at-Law; Assistant-Commissioner E. R. Pratt, Esq., M.A., of Ryston Hall, Norfolk; and W. L. Stoney, Esq., a distinguished Civil Engineer, resident at Constantinople.

The medical staff, working under these gentlemen, consists of about forty surgeons and other assistants, including sixteen surgeons sent out at the expense of Lord Blantyre. At the present moment, the Committee have in full work two field ambulances and five fixed hospitals, at which there are always 1,000 wounded, in all, under treatment; also five soup kitchens, established along the lines of railway, at which over 30,000 rations of soup, rice, tobacco, &c., have been served to the wounded being transported to the rear. Stafford House surgeons accompany the sanitary trains, supply mattresses and medical comfort, and dress the severest cases *en route*. It is to be hoped that the British public will support the Committee in meeting the terrible distress which recent events have entailed.

Subscriptions should be sent to Major-General Sir H. Green, at Stafford House; or to Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; Smith, Payne, and Co., Lombard Street; Barnett, Hoare, and Co., Lombard Street; H. King and Co., Pall Mall.



A MEETING OF THE STAFFORD HOUSE COMMITTEE (KEY TO DOUBLE-PAGE ENGRAVING

(1) Major Stewart E. Rolland
(2) Dr. W. H. Russell
(3) T. Gibson Bowles, Esq.
(4) The Earl of Wharncliffe
(5) Barrington Kennett, Esq.
(6) Major-Gen. Hon. P. Fielding, C.B.
(7) The Earl of Charlemont
(8) Sir Joseph Fayrer
(9) G. Crawshay, Esq.
(10) The Duke of Sutherland
(11) The Marquis of Headfort
(12) Sir Francis Goldsmid
(13) The Hon. Edward Douglas
(14) Major-General Foster
(15) Henry Wright, Esq., Hon. Sec.
(16) Baron de Worms
(17) The Earl of Denbigh
(18) Sir F. Arthur, Bart.
(19) Mr. W. Lloyd Birkbeck
(20) Col. Nassau Lees
(21) Lord Blantyre
(22) Major-Gen. Sir Henry Green
(23) Rear-Admiral Hon. H. Glyn
(24) Saul Isaac, Esq., M.P.
(25) Admiral Henry Keppel
(26) Sir E. Lechmere, Bart.
(27) Rear-Admiral Sir E. Commerell
(28) Col. Bullen
(29) W. McCormac, Esq.
(30) A. Borthwick, Esq.
(31) H. W. Freeland, Esq.
(32) Lord Abinger
(33) Lt.-Gen. H. S. Rowan

"THE RHINE, FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA"

THERE are mightier streams in the world than the Rhine, but there are none, we venture to think, fraught with more interesting historical recollections, or which flow through scenery of a more diversified character, than that noble river which has afforded a motive for so many a stirring ditty in the manly Teuton tongue. These reflections are not unnaturally aroused by the sight of a magnificent volume, just published by Messrs. Bickers and Son, of Leicester Square, and entitled, "The Rhine, from its Source to the Sea." It is a most creditable product of German art and German enterprise; for the four hundred and twenty-five illustrations (of whose excellence our readers can judge by the three specimens here given) are all by German artists, and the letterpress (translated by Mr. G. C. T. Bartley) is by German authors of high repute, including the lately deceased and much-respected F. W. Hackländer. Like other rivers, the Rhine has a youth, a middle life, and an old age, at the close of which it pours its waters into that emblem of eternity, the Sea. Its infancy begins amid vast glaciers and towering peaks; then passing through the Lake of Constance it tumbles with multitudinous roar over the rocks at Schaffhausen, and flows swiftly past the historic city of Basle, with its tiled roofs of purple-brown. Castle-crowned hills, slopes clad with vineyards, and more and more historic cities follow in rapid succession. Their names it is needless to mention here, for this middle part of the stream is the favourite waterway of tourists from all quarters of Christendom, and all we could say is already written in Murray, Baedeker, and Bradshaw. Below Cologne, old age creeps on the brave river, his banks flatten, his current grows muddy and sluggish, and it is as difficult to recognise the wild torrent that erewhile brattled over Swiss rocks as it is to believe that a gouty double-chinned valetudinarian was once a blithe Eton boy. Peacefully, at length, the river sinks to rest in the bosom of the German Ocean, and, appropriately enough, the last sketch in the book shows us the Dunes, or sand-hills, which prevent the said ocean from overwhelming the Low Countries. Those who make an armchair tour along the Rhine "by their ain firesides," with this book in hand, will confess when they get to the end of it that they know the Rhine better than they are ever likely to do from any personal inspection.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

VICTOR HUGO's new work is continued on page 593.

A SUGGESTION FOR A FLYING MACHINE

THE radical defect in all attempts hitherto made to construct a flying machine appears to be that inventors have made no provision to counterbalance the enormous specific gravity of the human body as compared with what would be the specific gravity of a flying bird of the same bulk. The first consideration should be to bring the body into equilibrium with the air—that is to say, so to support it that the mere lifting of the body should require no muscular effort, conserving the power of the muscles for the more important function of progression.

The sketch is intended merely as a hint of how this might be accomplished. I am not sufficiently versed in the science of aerostatics to supply any details. The machine, as will be seen on reference to the sketch, would consist of a frame attached to the body by a broad belt, and having attached to it:—

First: A bolster-shaped balloon of sufficient capacity to exactly counterpoise the weight of the man, no more and no less.

Second. A pair of wings, working on strong hinges, and constructed of the lightest materials compatible with strength. The ribs might be of angle-steel, similar to the "Paragon" frames of umbrellas, and the web of strong silk. The points of the ribs being attached to the heels, the action of the wings might be produced by the upward and downward movement of the legs; which, it must be borne in mind, would have no *lifting* work to do, that being accomplished by the balloon-bolster before described. The resistance of the air to the wings would, therefore, be no greater than if they were worked by a man standing on the ground.

Third. A fan or tail made of some light but tough material such as *papier maché*, attached by a ball-and-socket joint to the end of the frame, and worked with tiller lines in the hands.

Perhaps some of your readers with a mechanical turn of mind might improve upon the idea, of which I only profess to give the first initiative thought.

T. P. A.

A DAY'S FISHING AT ST. HELENA

THE first sketch represents the descent of the Ladder (which is 612 feet high vertically). The next is the capture of a cat-fish (as it is called at St. Helena)—a species of octopus which makes excellent bait cut up into small pieces—they cling to the rocks just under the water's edge, and are only captured after considerable practice, as, unless they are taken hold of in a particular way and very sharply, they instantly cling to the rock with their suckers on being touched, and it would be impossible to pull them off. In the following sketch the boat is represented rounding a point which gives the first view of Egg Island, which swarms with sea-birds, and constitutes a very good fishing ground. It is a very common thing to get fixed hard to a rock, when there is sometimes doubt whether it may not be a large conger eel who is turned round a rock himself. These congers are very formidable in a boat, as they bite everything they can get hold of, and they are despatched by means of a thick club, called a "conger stick," which the fishermen always take with them. The final sketch represents the Ladder, as seen from Jamestown, with Ladder Hill Fort and Signal Station at the top of it—a formidable obstacle to a party of tired fishermen returning from a long day's fishing under a tropical sun.—The above details, and the sketches from which our engravings are executed are by Mr. George E. Giles, of Rock Cottage, St. Helena.

NOTE.——We last week omitted to state that our portrait of Mr. Archibald Forbes was from a photograph taken at midnight by the new Van der Weydelight process, at the Studio, 182, Regent Street.

HOME.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.——Parliament is to meet on the 19th of January, some three weeks earlier than usual.—Mr. Gladstone's attention having been called by "A Sheffield Liberal" to some recently-quoted statements of his, denouncing Russian aggression at the time of the Crimean War, he has written a letter saying that he does not doubt he said, and it was quite true if he did, that the immediate object of the war in 1854 was to repel the aggression of Russia upon Turkey. Russia made a demand at that time which did not concern the redress of the Christian grievances, but in the opinion of all Europe attacked Turkey in violation of all public law. The war aimed at repressing that violation of law; but with it were combined measures which were then believed to be realities, and to provide for the redress of grievances.—The ex-Premier has also written two other letters during the week—one acknowledging with thanks the gift of an "American" axe, manufactured in Sheffield; and the other declining to compete with a Derbyshire tree-feller who is anxious to back himself to the extent of a sovereign to bring down a tree in less time than the illustrious amateur. Mr. Gladstone regards the challenge as a great compliment, but modestly repudiates ever having had any pretensions to excellence in the craft.—The Liberal students of Glasgow University have resolved to found a "Gladstone Club" in commemoration of the ex-Premier's election as Lord Rector, and in recognition of his distinguished career as a scholar, author, statesman, and orator, and of his services in the promotion of those broad and enlightened principles which he has so long and so successfully advocated.—Mr. Stansfeld, speaking at Halifax on Tuesday, said that the Established Church was an anachronism, and that its severance from the State was inevitable. England had never tried to avert the war. Lord Beaconsfield and his supporters in the Press spoke and wrote as if their object were to goad Russia into war by insults, and lure Turkey to her doom. The action of Great Britain ought to have been to secure as far as she could a permanent peace.—At a meeting of the Sheffield Liberal Association, Professor Goldwin Smith spoke hopefully of the prospects of the Liberal party at the next election. He regretted that Mr. Gladstone had resigned the Liberal leadership, but hoped that he would soon resume it, because he believed that at present the Liberal party savoured too much of the clubs and too little of the people. He condemned the Government for its want of sympathy with young nations struggling with liberty, and for its support of Turkey.—Speaking at Whitworth on Saturday Mr. E. Hardcastle said that it was "monstrous" to use such expressions as Mr. Bright had done in his recent speech at Manchester, to the effect that our power in India was founded upon crime, and that sooner or later we should have to withdraw from India. Such expressions were unjust to the country, and all Englishmen ought to protest against them. He approved of the policy of the Government, for if England had attempted to coerce Turkey the position of this country would have been unenviable. He was sorry that the Turks had suffered such reverses, and in his opinion Russia had been actuated, not by a desire to help the Christians, but by ambition.—At a public meeting convened by the National Reform Union at Manchester on Wednesday, a resolution was adopted urging the Government to observe strict neutrality between Russia and Turkey.—Mr. Alderman Cotton, M.P., speaking at the inaugural dinner of the new Sheriffs, regretted that "the Houses of Parliament" were not sitting in the present critical times, and consequently any act—even a declaration of war—would be the act of the Ministry alone. He hoped the Ministry would not declare war, but feared that mischief was brewing, and that the Premier having prophesied ill of Russia desired to prove his prophecy true by forcing England into war.—Provost Lyle, one of the Liberal candidates for Greenock, has retired from the contest, thus leaving Mr. Donald Currie and Mr. Stewart, of Garvocks, now before the constituency in the Liberal interest. Sir Michael Shaw Stewart will probably be the Conservative candidate.—Mr. T. Burt, the member for Morpeth, contradicts the statement that he was about to resign his seat.

MISCELLANEOUS.——Sir J. Bennett has received 600*l.* as the first instalment of subscriptions for defraying his expenses in the recent contest for the Ward of Cheap. He intends to apply it to the founding of a scholarship at the City of London School, to be competed for by the children of the Board Schools of the City.—The Exeter Town Council have resolved to purchase the waterworks of that town. The arrangement will involve an immediate outlay of 90,000*l.*, and as the water supplied is scarcely fit for drinking purposes it is proposed to expend from 50,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* in going to Dartmoor or boring into the red sandstone for a further supply. The subject has been under discussion for ten years, but the old Company showed no inclination to come to terms until a new Company was started.—Mr. De Morgan and his coadjutor, Mr. Peach, have been lodged in Holloway Gaol for renewed disobedience to the injunction of the Court of Chancery to abstain from further agitation pending the decision of the Court as to the disputed manorial rights on Selston Common.—Some Admiralty experiments took place at Portsmouth on Tuesday for the purpose of testing the relative resisting powers of iron and steel plating for war-vessels, but the results were not considered conclusive.—More than 1,500*l.* has been collected for the proposed Memorial to be erected to Sir Rowland Hill, the originator of the penny postage. A large number of subscriptions were in pence.—The anniversary of shutting the gates of Derry was observed on Tuesday in the customary fashion. There was a procession and a service in the Cathedral, where the Dean preached, and in the evening a colossal effigy of Lundy, which had been suspended on the Walker Testimonial during the day, was burnt.

THEATRES

IF Mr. Toole's absence from London does not quite suffice to "eclipse the gaiety of nations," it is at least a substantial loss to the amusements of the metropolis. The reappearance, therefore, of this popular comedian for the first time this season at the GLOBE Theatre, after a long absence in provincial cities, is a fact on which London playgoers may be congratulated. He has brought with him, it is true, no novelty in the shape of play or farce—the programme of pieces at the Globe consisting simply of Mr. Burnand's version of a French farcical comedy, which he entitles *Artful Cards*, and the humorous satirical sketch by Mr. Hollingshead, entitled *The Birthplace of Podgers*. Between the performance of these pieces, however, in which Mr. Toole sustains his original characters, he presents himself in the simple evening costume of a quiet lecturer at a Literary Institute, and delivers, standing at a little table, a very amusing sketch entitled *Trying a Magistrate*. It is recorded in the biography of Charles Dickens—under a date antecedent to the period when Mr. Toole first became known to the public as an actor—that going by some chance one evening into a little lecture-room somewhere on the Surrey side of the water, the great novelist—who was not likely to be at fault in a matter of that kind—believed himself to have discovered histrionic genius of a high order in the obscure person of an amateur entertainer whose name was Toole. The correctness of this impression has since been abundantly established; but it is interesting to know that the performance on that occasion was simply the sketch which, hitherto regarded as too slight for the stage, and for many years rarely repeated by Mr. Toole except under the inspiration of a good-natured desire to please a family circle or a private party of friends, is now raised to the position of an "interlude" at the Globe. The matter of this little scene is very simple. It is a monologue—for though there are supposed to be eight or nine interlocutors, each and all of these are impersonated by the lecturer by dint of rapid changes of tone and manner. The theme is a magisterial inquiry into a certain—or, perhaps, we ought to say an uncertain—charge of assault; and a no less difficult case of collision which appears to have occurred in Leadenhall Street, though such is the garrulity, obstinacy, obtuseness, and self-sufficiency of some of the witnesses, that nothing is really certain about that perplexing and Protean charge of wilful damage to an unoffending omnibus. The sketch affords much amusement to the audience. Mr. Toole was received by the Globe on Monday evening with cordial demonstrations of satisfaction at the renewal of relations with an old favourite.

The *Adelphi* of Terence was performed this week for the second and third time by the Westminster Boys on the well-appointed stage of the old Dormitory of St. Peter's College. Additional interest was imported to the performance on these occasions, from the fact that owing to the lamented decease of Lady Augusta Stanley, followed by the sad occurrence which resulted in the death of the youthful Captain of the School, Mr. Rogers, no performance of any kind took place last year. The play has been carefully studied, and the performers evince something more than the average of talent, the Demea of Mr. Williams, the Micio of Mr. Bulkley, the Syrus of Mr. Robinson, and the Sostrata of Mr. Tepper, being especially noteworthy for their spirit and humour, and for the elocutionary qualities which they displayed. The prologue, spoken for the first time at the second performance on Tuesday last, referred as usual chiefly to the position of the school, and to other local and domestic matters. The theme of the prologue, in which all the personages of the comedy reappear in modern costume, is this year the vexed question of "The Endowment of Research," which is made to yield as much amusement as the subject seems to admit of. Crowded and distinguished audiences have assembled on each occasion to witness the performance.

Although the new Christmas pantomime at the GAIETY Theatre is only to be given at morning performances—continued daily during the holidays—it is to be produced in the most elaborate fashion in the way of scenery, costume, and harlequinade. The introduction, written by Mr. Charles Merion, is founded on the nursery tale of "Valentine and Orson." A double company of pantomimic artists, a brilliant and original transformation scene, a grand ballet introducing *la petite Blanche* and numerous other clever little dancers, and new comic business in which quadrupeds as well as bipeds will play a part, are among the features of this entertainment. The comfort and order of all arrangements at the Gaiety Theatre under Mr. Hollingshead's management are always appreciated by visitors who have children with them in the crowded holiday season; and the young folks are, we observe, to be admitted at half-prices.

Friday, Dec. 28th, will be the 950th night of *Our Boys* at the VAUDEVILLE.

◆

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"ENTRE NOUS," by Le Marquis de Leuville (Chapman and Hall).—These poems are evidently the outcome of a strong, tender, chivalrous nature, and the union of these qualities has been productive of spirit-stirring, heart and taste enthralling results. Pathos and passion permeate these songs of love and chivalry, and, in fact, the verse of Le Marquis de Leuville is alight with love, but it is clean fire. In the climax of the most tragically passionate of all, "The Turkish Improvisation" there is nothing that the greatest patriot can desire to see eliminated, although all the bitter sweetness, all the grandeur of the guileless guilty ones is brought before us vividly. His pictures of love and life are painted in with powerful strokes, but their almost painful beauty is never marred by a coarse touch. Essentially human as they are, they are so full of music and manly sentiment that only a prurient mind will disapprove of them as being too "fleshly." Space does not admit of our indulging in quotations, otherwise we would bring some of the chiselled and highly polished beauties of "Une Legende de Leuville" before our readers, and give them the whole of "Chez l'Ambassadeur," a narration of one of the noblest repulses that a loving woman ever received.

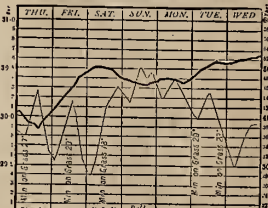
The author of "Constance: a Tale" (Smith, Elder), has many of the qualities which go to make a poet; he has great command of metre and a certain amount of fancy, as well as a strong sympathy with Nature. Nevertheless, the poem can hardly be called satisfactory—there is a want of that power which makes the reader in unison with the writer. Added to which, the story is too slight for a work of such dimensions, and, as if feeling this, the author has indulged overmuch in the didactic vein. It narrates the adventure of Constance de Walden, daughter of an Indian officer, who is loved both by the young soldier, Vernon, and by a mysterious traitor, St. Clair, who has saved her life. The latter rouses the natives to mutiny, and the heroine, her father, and her chosen lover are beset, during a mountain storm, by an insurgent band; but St. Clair is struck by lightning, and the lovers are rescued, and happily married. The scene where the traitor fires the beacon is about the best part of the poem. Amongst the minor pieces, "The Wanderer's Return" is good and pathetic.

From our recollections of "Rosamund" we had expected something finer in "Morning Clouds," by Henry Bellyse Baildon (Edinburgh: Douglas). Perhaps the author's talent lies rather in dramatic than in lyric renderings. And, indeed, where that element can be made appreciable, he is most successful in the present volume; "A Child of Shame" and "Two Friends" are extremely powerful—the latter is worthy of Browning in his best days. There is a strain of delicate fancy throughout the minor pieces, treating of Nature, which is happily exemplified by the poems named "Autumn Moods," "'Twixt Bank and Island," and "The Bee and the Wheat." But why will not Mr. Baildon recognise the fact that Nature knows nothing of the colours beloved by painters and milliners, and did he not probably mean "thurible" when, at page 130, he wrote "thurifer?"

◆

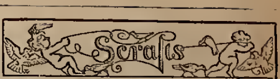
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

DECEMBER 13TH TO DECEMBER 19TH (INCLUSIVE)



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.——The weather during this period has been on the whole much finer than for some time past. The barometer fell for a few hours on Thursday morning, the 13th instant; but from the afternoon of that day until midday on Saturday, the 15th instant, it rose steadily, and the weather during the whole period was fine and dry, with cold nights. The thermometer, in the shade, fell below the freezing point on both Thursday and Friday nights the 13th and 14th, while that on the grass went as low as 20° and 18° respectively. From Saturday, the 15th instant, until Monday afternoon, the 17th instant, however, the barometer was more unsteady, and the winds backed from north-west to south-west, with dull and damp weather. The thermometer, in the shade, rose to 50° on Sunday afternoon, the 16th instant, being the highest point reached during the week. On Monday evening, the 17th instant, the mercury once more rose, and this change continued pretty steadily until Thursday, the 20th, the barometer having reached the exceptional height of 30·65 inches on Wednesday night, the 19th instant. The weather both on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 18th and 19th, was fine and cold, but thick fog came up on Wednesday night and continued throughout Thursday, so that the air had a very raw feeling. The thermometer fell to 23° on the grass early on Wednesday evening; but the formation of the fog soon put a stop to radiation, and at 8 a.m. the following morning (Thursday) the grass temperature was 1° higher than the shade reading. The barometer was highest (30·65 inches) on Wednesday, the 19th instant; lowest (29·89 inches) on Thursday, the 13th instant; range, 0·76 inches. The temperature was highest (50°) on Sunday, the 16th instant; lowest (28°) on Saturday, the 15th instant, on which occasion 18° was recorded on the grass; range, 22°. Rainfall: Total fall, 0·10 inches, on three days; greatest fall in 24 hours, 0·08 inches, on Thursday, the 13th instant.



Scraps

"BELATED SISTERS" is the latest title for old maids across the Atlantic.

TWO ROYAL ACADEMICIANS were elected last week—Mr. W. Q. Orchardson and Mr. R. Norman Shaw, the architect.

THE AMERICAN LADY PEDESTRIAN, Miss Bertha von Hillern, of Philadelphia, is going to attempt a walk of 150 miles in 50 hours.

THE SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS OF THE LATE M. GUSTAVE BRION, the French artist, were to be sold in Paris this week. The only finished picture of any importance among the collection is his Alsatian painting, "Le Reveil," which was exhibited at this year's Salon.

THE INVENTOR OF INK has been deified by the Chinese, and is believed by the Celestials to keep a record of all the evil ends to which that useful fluid is adapted. Whenever a bad sentence, word, or joke is written, a black mark is scored against the author in the deity's books.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S EUROPEAN COMPANIONS in his late expedition, the two Pococks, have been commemorated by a tablet in Upnor School Church, Upnor being their birthplace. The tablet also records the death of their uncle, who was lost in Sir John Franklin's Expedition.

PRIZE CATTLE.——"Vivisectionist" writes as follows:—"At this time of the year a very unnecessary piece of cruelty is perpetrated by some of the butchers of the metropolis, who buy a fat sheep or ox from the Cattle Show. Their unfortunate victim may be seen tied up in the midst of his kin, who are hung, drawn, and quartered around him. Is not mental worse than bodily suffering?"

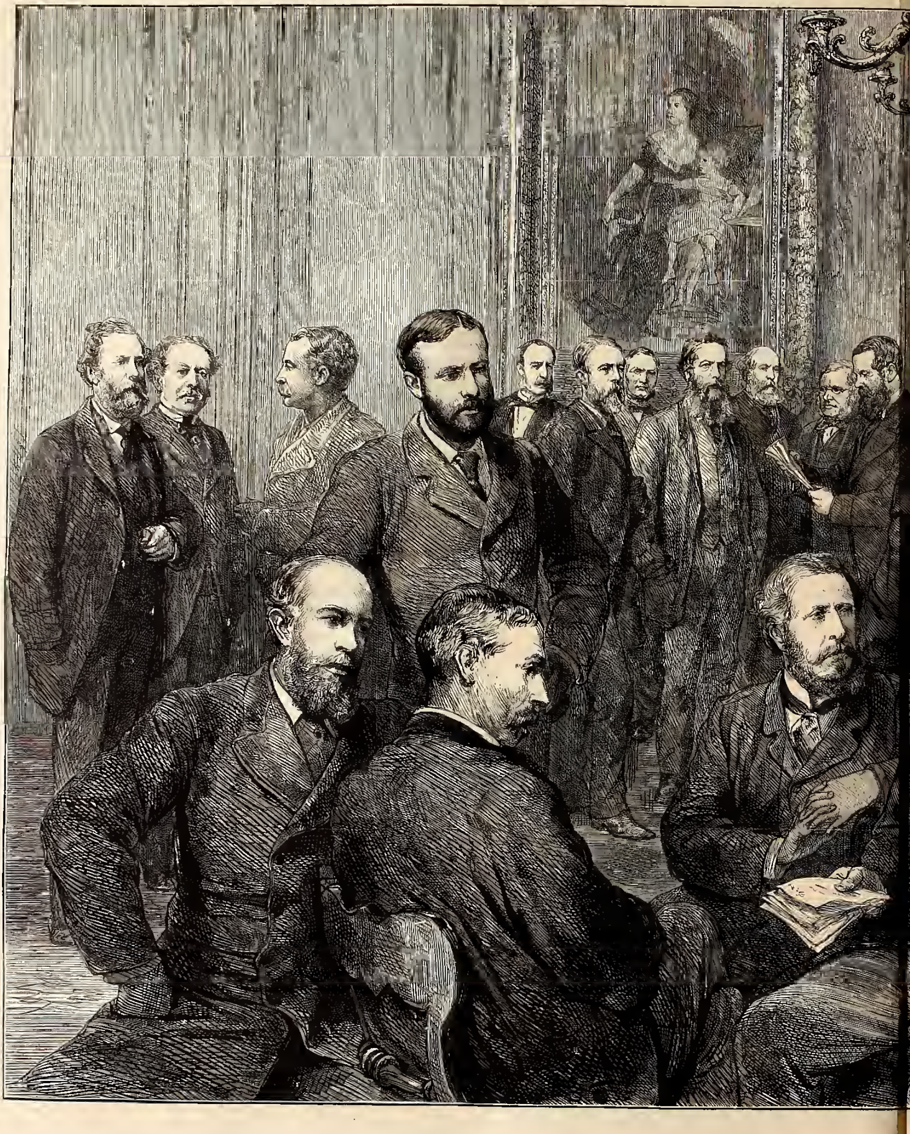
THE PRESENT FRENCH MINISTRY is not remarkable for beauty of physiognomy, and the Royalist *Figaro* gives a not over flattering description of their appearances. Thus, M. Dufaure, the President, has "the most eloquent of noses—resembles a broom, both physically and morally, and has the bearing of an old notary disguised as a wild boar." The Minister of the Interior, M. de Marcère, is "crabbed, and thick-lipped." M. Léon Say, the Finance Minister, is "fat, flowery, smiling, like a theatrical speculator, and as sceptical as Don Juan." M. Waddington, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is "an English gentleman farmer, with carefully-combed hair." The Minister of Education has the head of a curé. M. Teisserenc de Bort, the Minister of Commerce, resembles Offenbach's violoncello; while in the War and Naval Ministers the uniform has stifled the man.

CHRISTMAS APPEALS.——The Gray's Yard Ragged School Committee are anxious to give a meat breakfast to 800 destitute persons on the first Sunday in the New Year, and ask for donations, which will be received by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. Woods, 78, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square.—The Bell Alley Mission and Ragged School also appeals for funds towards a Christmas dinner for the poor people and children attending the Mission, as well as towards the free Sunday breakfasts given to children during the winter. The smallest offering of food, money, or clothing will be gratefully received by the Superintendent, Mr. J. Salmon, 6, Bell Alley, Goswell Road, E.C.—A special appeal, too, is made on behalf of Viscountess Strangford's British Hospital at Sofia for Turkish Wounded, where 160 beds are always filled, and hundreds of cases refused admission for want of space. Contributions may be sent to the London and Westminster Bank, Lothbury, or to the Hon. Sec., Mr. E. H. Baverstock, 36, Queen's Square.

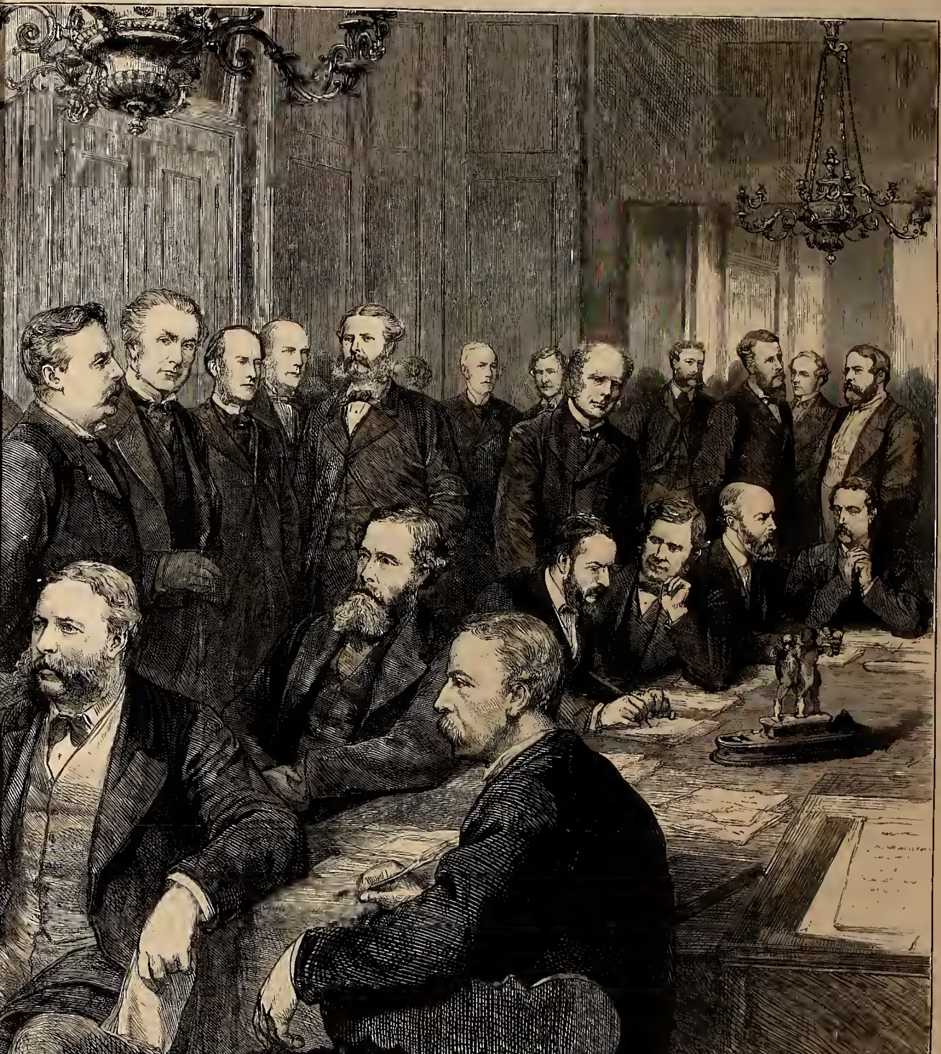
THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE WAREHOUSEMEN AND CLERKS' SCHOOLS, was held on Thursday last at the Freemason's Tavern. The Chairman, Mr. John Holms, M.P., warmly advocated the claims of this institution to public support, as saving from destitution the orphan children of poor and respectable clerks, who are by its aid enabled to make a provision in the event of death to give their children a claim on this school, for none but the children of subscribers are eligible for election; a wise provision to encourage habits of providence. However, it appears that each child costs about 42*l.* per annum, while the permanent income is only about 3*l.* per child, and the deficiency has to be made up by the efforts of the patrons and the committee, and appeals to the public, who cannot better bestow a little aid on this excellent institution that is in want of funds to complete the new wing to the buildings at Caterham. Mr. Thos. White, the secretary, will give every information by application to the Office, 97, Cheapside.

LONDON MORTALITY rose last week from 1,547 to 1,613 deaths, an increase of 66, but was 184 below the average, and at the rate of 23·8 per 1,000. These deaths included 92 from measles (an increase of 16, and exceeding the average by 40), 54 from scarlet fever (an increase of 8), 10 from diphtheria (an increase of 5), 25 from whooping-cough (a decline of 11), 26 from different forms of fever, 10 from diarrhœa (a decline of 9), and 31 from small-pox (an increase of 6). The Metropolitan Asylums Small Pox Hospitals contained 294 patients on Saturday last, 85 new cases having been admitted during the week. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 415 (an increase of 17, but being 81 below the average), of which 265 resulted from bronchitis and 104 from pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 55 deaths, 48 being the result of accident or negligence. There were 2,542 births registered against 2,435 during the previous week, being 110 above the average. The mean temperature was 39·0 deg., or 1·8 deg. below the average. The registered amount of sunshine was 6·0 hours out of 54·8 hours that the sun was above the horizon.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS, &c.——The subscription plate of the Art Union of London this year is a line engraving by Mr. A. Willmore of E. Duncan's picture, "The Return of the Life Boat." It is a very effective picture, admirably engraved, and will, we believe, prove one of the most popular of the many annual issues of this meritorious association.—Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefevre, of 1A, King Street, St. James's, have published a suggestive Christmas engraving by J. B. Pratt, from a picture by Mrs. Staples (M. E. Edwards), exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1876. It is entitled "My Neighbour," and represents a pretty girl cutting slices of bread for two poor children. The execution is excellent, and reflects the highest credit both on artist and engraver.—Messrs. T. J. Smith, Son, and Downes, have issued a magnificent photographic album (similar to the Floral Album which they published a year or two ago) called the "Album du Moyen Age," and embellished with twenty-six mediæval illustrations taken from missals in the British and Parisian Museums.—Lastly, from the London Stereoscopic Company we have received a box of Christmas Novelties, comprising magical toys, &c., which we have not yet had time to examine, but which will doubtless be as acceptable to "little folk" as in former years.



A MEETING OF THE STAF



SEE KEY, PAGE 582

ORD HOUSE COMMITTEE

FOREIGN

THE WAR IN THE EAST.——The fall of Plevna has caused a slight lull in military operations, the Czar has returned to Bucharest on his way to St. Petersburg, and the Porte has issued a circular letter to the Powers, suggesting that as both armies have covered themselves over with glory on the battle field, the moment has come when the two countries might conclude peace without forfeiting their dignity, and when Europe might usefully interpose its good offices. Unfortunately the circular goes on to state that "the independence and integrity of the Fatherland" would be maintained at every sacrifice, so that the Porte's ultimate appeal in the name of humanity to the "sentiment of justice of the Great Powers" is little likely to bear fruit, and, indeed, has been received with marked coldness by all the European Powers. In Austria, Count Andrassy manifests a staunch determination not to interfere, owing to Germany's evident disposition to support Russia to the bitter end, while France is equally held in check by Prince Bismarck's pro-Russian sympathies. England, in the person of Mr. Layard, has repeated to the Porte her determination to remain neutral, and there is a general feeling throughout Europe that any mediation now would be worse than useless as it would encourage the Turks to further resistance, and that the two combatants must be left to negotiate directly with each other.

SERVIA, as had been expected, has declared war against Turkey—Prince Milan issuing a species of manifesto, in which he states that this step was rendered necessary by the bad treatment Servian refugees had received at the hands of the Turks, and by Turkey continually plotting and conspiring against the internal security of Servia. Accordingly war was formally declared against the Porte, and the army of the frontier, amounting to some 40,000 men, under Horvatovitch, was directed to cross the frontier, while a state of siege was decreed throughout the country, and every male Servian without distinction of age announced to be liable to military service. At present the hostilities have been mainly confined to the capture of Mramo and preparations for the investment of Nisch under Generals Leschjanin and Benitzki, but it is thought likely that the Servian army will be utilised by the Russians in their march upon Sofia.

That a march southwards has been resolved upon by the Russians there seems little doubt, and it is thought that the Shipka Pass will be the first point of attack, and this being carried, a general advance upon Sofia and Adrianople will take place. There appears to be little fear of Suleiman Pasha, who since the fall of Plevna has retreated from the position at Elena and Metchka, which he recently captured from the Russians. They have now reoccupied them, and being strongly reinforced along the line of the Lom, are considered wholly equal to keeping the Pasha and his army in check.

As for the Turkish forces in the Souraili Pass, they have been holding their position, and have been fighting briskly under Nedjib and Baker Pashas, but that is all, while further south at Adrianople and Sofia the Turks are doing their best to put those important positions in an efficient state of defence.

At CONSTANTINOPLE considerable despondency manifestly exists, as is evidenced by the mediation circular, and, as usual, England is in disgrace—this time for permitting Servia to declare war after the advantageous terms that Prince Milan obtained last year through British intervention. The Sultan opened Parliament last week with considerable ceremony, but in his speech made little noteworthy mention of the war, dwelling mainly upon the equalisation of Mussulmans and Christians by the recent decree, which admits the latter to the ranks of the National Guard. He also "bitterly regretted" that the war delayed the complete application of the "Constitution," the benefits of which he rehearsed at length. In ASIA there has been little or no fighting, but the investiture of Erzeroum is being continued by the Russians with that slow caution which the siege of Plevna has recently taught them. From MONTENEGRO there is no news save that the siege of Antivari is continued, and that the garrison have shown signs of capitulating. From GREECE we hear of an increased feeling in favour of war, and of a popular demonstration to that effect on Sunday evening.

At BUCHAREST there have been great rejoicings and numerous interchanges of civilities and decorations between Prince Charles and the Czar and his generals; while St. Petersburg, for which the Czar started on Tuesday, is preparing a grand welcome for the victorious Emperor.

FRANCE.——Marshal MacMahon has "submitted." M. Dufaure, with a Republican and Parliamentary Cabinet, has at last been placed at the head of affairs, the crisis is over for the present, and France is rapidly resuming her normal quietude. This change in the Marshal's attitude was quite sudden and completely unexpected, being, according to the usually well-informed correspondent of *The Times*, wholly due to an outspoken burst of M. Pouyer-Quertier, who while visiting the Marshal was informed that a regular Dissolutionist and possible Plebiscitary Cabinet had been formed. Upon this M. Pouyer-Quertier, with all the honest frankness of a Norman, spoke fairly out, and appears to have opened the eyes of the Marshal, who declared that he would have no more schemes—"being not a schemer but a soldier," and at once wrote out his resignation. He however was ultimately persuaded to withdraw this, and then immediately sent for M. Dufaure, to whom he unreservedly entrusted the formation of a Parliamentary Ministry, which was ultimately composed as follows:—Premier and Minister of Justice, M. Dufaure; Minister of the Interior, M. de Marcère; of Foreign Affairs, M. Waddington; of Public Instruction, M. Bardoux; of War, General Borel; of Marine, Vice-Admiral Pothuau; of Finance, M. Léon Say; of Commerce, M. Teisserenc de Bort; and of Public Works, M. Freycinet. The entry of the new Ministry into office was accompanied by a Presidential Message, in which the Marshal announced that he had formed the Cabinet in accordance with Parliamentary rules and the result of the elections of October 14, and declared that the right of dissolution could not be erected into a form of Government, and that the Constitution, by establishing his irresponsibility, had instituted the joint and individual responsibility of the Ministers, whose independence is the condition of their new responsibility.

This conclusion to the crisis which for the last seven months has been paralysing commercial France has been hailed by all but the extreme political classes with unmitigated satisfaction. Of course the Conservatives are furious, and the various Prefects appointed under the "combative" *régime* have been writing the most insulting letters to the Marshal, forestalling their dismissal by M. Dufaure by handing their resignations in to the Marshal. The Extreme Republicans also are discontented that the victory was not complete, and that the Marshal was not forced to resign, but all moderate parties—the great majority of the nation, whose opinions are justly represented by the *Temps* and the *Débats*—loudly express their relief at the Marshal's patriotic conduct in thus subjugating his private opinions to the good of his country.

The new Ministry has been well received by the Chamber, which at once agreed to M. Léon Say's proposal that, as there would not be sufficient time to pass the Budget before the New Year, the four direct taxes should be passed at once. In the Senate the same willingness to assist the new Cabinet was shown on Tuesday, when the vote for the direct taxes was unanimously confirmed. M. Dufaure has lost no time in repealing the various repressive measures of M. de Broglie. Only four Prefects remain unchanged, the sale in the streets has been restored to those newspapers to whom it had been prohibited, the various arbitrary prosecutions are to be abandoned, while the fines imposed in cases already tried are not to be enforced. M. Bonnet Duverdier will now probably be speedily released, while M. Gambetta will hear no more of the action against him for declaring that the Marshal must "resign or submit."—A Conservative Senator has died this week, General d'Aurelles de Paladines, who, at Orleans, gained the solitary French success during the recent war. He was buried with military honours on Wednesday.

Paris is exceedingly jubilant that the political crisis will no longer interfere with the prospects of the 1878 Exhibition, and an official notice has been issued to the English exhibitors stating that all misgivings have been removed by the Marshal's patriotic act, and that the Exhibition would definitely open on May 1, 1878. There is little "gossip" proper beyond the capture of two English female pickpockets, who had gone to Paris with a carefully organised scheme for wholesale plunder, and the production of three new pieces—at the Théâtre Italien *La Morte Civile*, a five-act drama by P. Giacometti, a great success; at the Odéon *Le Bonhomme Misère*, in verse by MM. Ernest d'Hervilly and A. Grévin, which was well received and cleverly acted; and at the Théâtre Historique *La Centième d'Hamlet*, by the late Théodore Barrière, a five-act drama, containing a series of conflagrations of all kinds, a fairly good piece, but unfortunately a thick fog which penetrated into the theatre almost obscured the stage from the spectators.

GERMANY.——Home politics in Prussia are by no means in a wholly satisfactory condition. There seems a general feeling that the whole Cabinet will resign, and that the Conservatives will have to give way to the National Liberals. On Tuesday the Ultramontanes made a regular onslaught, in the Prussian Lower House, upon the Government, one speaker even going the length of prophesying that Prince Bismarck would be assassinated.—A telegraph treaty has been concluded with France, by which telegrams are to be charged at the rate of twopence a word. Telephones appear to be coming into almost universal use in the various centre stations in Germany.—On Monday night the centenary performance of *Hamlet* took place at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, the audience being presented with bills with the original cast, as played on Dec. 17, 1777.

ITALY.——The Pope has rallied, and is pronounced to be very much better, particularly in the morning, when his receptions usually take place. The Consistory, however, has been put off to the 28th inst., by the advice of his doctors. He is said to be "gay," and to joke about deceiving those who thought him at the last gasp.—There is a serious Ministerial crisis prevailing at Rome, where, as the existing Cabinet is scarcely able to muster a majority of a score, the Premier Signor Depretis has been requested by the King to form a new Ministry. This, however, owing to the proposed railway convention and various other difficulties, he as yet has been unable to do.

SPAIN.——The King's marriage with the Infanta Mercèdès has now been definitively fixed for the 23rd prox., and great fêtes, to last five days, are announced for the occasion; theatrical representations and bull-fights are to be provided free; a banquet will be given to a thousand poor people; there will be historical processions, and all children born on that day will be dowered.

INDIA.——The Jowakis have now been completely cowed, and offer no active resistance, but the chiefs decline to treat until the British troops leave the country. The Indian Government naturally declines to withdraw the troops until the tribes send in their unconditional and unqualified submission. The Naga expedition has also prospered, and has occupied Mozema, the principal village of the raiders.

UNITED STATES.——The conflict between the Senate and President Hayes, regarding the nominations to the Custom House, continues, and at present the Senate refuses to confirm the appointments made by the President, and which up to recently have long been left to the discretion of the Senators. There is a pause in the action of the Silver Party, and some hope may be entertained that, warned by the fall of American securities over here, the proposal to pay the national interest in silver, and not gold, may after all be negatived.

THE COURT

THE Queen will spend Christmas at Windsor Castle instead of Osborne as at first intended. At Her Majesty's dinner on Christmas Day the sideboard will contain a baron of beef weighing 300 lbs., cut from a shorthorn bred and fed on the Prince Consort's farm, a boar's head, and a game pie. At the end of last week the 16th anniversary of the Prince Consort's death was commemorated by the usual services at the Mausoleum at Frogmore, when the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Princesses Louise and Beatrice were present. The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to London immediately after the ceremony, but the Princess Louise did not leave the Castle until the next day. On Saturday the Queen and the Princess Beatrice visited Lord Beaconsfield at Hughenden Manor. Of this an account will be found in another column. Prince and Princess Christian dined at the Castle in the evening, and next morning Princess Beatrice alone attended the service in the private chapel, Princess Christian visiting the Queen in the afternoon. On Monday Her Majesty gave audience to the Judge Advocate-General, and on Tuesday Lord Beaconsfield arrived, and dined at the Castle, leaving Windsor next morning.—The Queen's New Year's gifts to the poor of St. John's, New Windsor, Holy Trinity, and Clewer will be distributed on the 1st prox. in the Riding School at Windsor Castle.

The Prince of Wales presided on Saturday at a meeting of the Commission for the Paris Exhibition, and in the evening accompanied the Princess to the Olympic Theatre. On Tuesday evening the Prince and Princess went to the Gaiety Theatre.—The Princess of Wales will accompany the Prince on his visit to Critchel, near Wimborne, Dorsetshire, next month.—The renovation of Marlborough House is still going on, and all the old drains are being removed.

Princess Christian has sent a donation to Mrs. Hilton's *crèche* at Stepney, of which she is patroness.—The Duchess of Teck has been suffering from an attack of measles, but is now much better. Her children also have been ill at Richmond with the same complaint.—The Crown Prince of Hanover visited Oxford last week.

At the coming marriage of Princess Charlotte of Germany with Duke Bernhardt of Saxe-Meiningen, there will, according to *Mayfair*, be forty bridesmaids, each of whom will be presented with a brooch in memory of the event. Anent Royal marriages, the ex-Queen Isabella will give a splendid diadem of brilliants to her son's bride, Princess Mercèdès.

CHURCH NEWS

THE RITUALISTS.——The services at St. James's, Hatcham, last Sunday passed off without any actual riot, although the congregation appeared disinclined to leave until the police were called in to clear the building. The Rev. Malcolm M'Coll has asked the Greenwich magistrate to reduce the fine inflicted upon Evenden, who is said to be only a poor working man. It is rumoured that the Bishop of the diocese intends to shut up the church rather than allow it to continue a battle-ground for the contending factions. The English Church Union have passed resolutions expressing satisfaction with the recent judgment of the Queen's Bench, with regard to Mr. Tooth's case, as confirming their view that the Public Worship Act created "a new jurisdiction."—At the Rolls Court on Monday, before commencing the case of Peek *v.* Trower, Sir George Jessel asked whether, being an Ecclesiastical Commissioner, he could, the Estates Committee of that body being co-defendants, try it at all. Mr. Southgate, Q.C., informed his lordship that not being a member of the Church of England he was not a Commissioner, on which the Master of the Rolls said it was very odd, as he regularly received the official documents and reports, and although otherwise too busy to act had up to that moment no doubt but that, like his predecessors, he held the position.—Last Sunday the Rev. A. H. Ward, of St. Raphael's, Bristol, read a correspondence which he had had with his Bishop respecting the use of vestments, lighted candles, mixing water with wine, the use of incense, the elevation of the elements, making the sign of the Cross when reading the Absolution in the Communion Service, and the pictures representing the Stations of the Cross and the Crucifixion. He said that in the short space of a week his lordship required him to bring about distinct changes in the mode of conducting Divine service which had prevailed there for twelve years, and of the character of which his lordship had been fully aware. He desired to yield obedience to his Bishop in all matters in which he could do so without disloyalty to the Church of England, but had not had time to consider all his directions. No change was made in the conduct of the service.

VARIOUS.——The statement that Bishop Colenso had been seriously hurt by the upsetting of his carriage is contradicted. His lordship escaped with a slight bruise.—The Queen has nominated the Ven. Edward Trollope, M.A., Archdeacon of Stow, to be Bishop Suffragan of the See of Nottingham, in the room of Dr. Henry Mackenzie, resigned.—The Bishop of Salisbury says that Disestablishment has already literally taken place in the parish of Anstey, in his diocese. For many years the Lords of Arundel, of Wardour Castle, have been in the habit of paying a yearly donation of 22*l.* 10s. in lieu of what was supposed to be a small tithe; but the present Lord Arundel, being a Roman Catholic, declines to continue this donation; hence the appeal of the Bishop for money to assist in propping up the Church in this small parish with a population of 299. The Arundels own all the property in the place; and from their influence the Bishop fears there is a danger of it becoming a Roman Catholic parish in the midst of an English diocese, but hopes that the injurious system of donatives will soon be entirely done away with.—The *Record* says that Lord Shaftesbury has addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, calling attention to the latitudinarian publications of the Christian Knowledge Society, including the "Argument from Prophecy," which disparages the authority of the Pentateuch, and that his Grace has sent his Lordship's letter to the Secretary and asked for information as to the responsibility of the Standing Committee, or the Tract Committee, or the Episcopal Referees, for the books in question.—In consequence of the Bishop of Lincoln's recent prohibition of the use of unfermented wine in the Holy Communion, the "opinion" of Dr. A. J. Stephens, Q.C., has been taken as to the law upon the subject. He says that the question whether unfermented fluid can scientifically be called "wine" has never been raised or decided under the Acts of Uniformity, that the Bishop's power to prohibit depends on the construction of the expression "wine," that if the Bishop of Lincoln's interpretation of that word be sustained, the Rector would be guilty of a breach of ecclesiastical law, and be liable to a monition, and probably to the payment of costs; but he does not think that the question is so free from doubt that the act of the Rector, in administering the Holy Communion in unfermented wine, can be legitimately stigmatised as "scandalous and illegal."—Lord Beaconsfield, replying to a letter of inquiry from the Manchester Orange Institution, says that he is aware of no foundation for the rumour that the Pope had written an autograph letter to the Queen thanking Her Majesty for the freedom of action given him in the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Scotland.—The Roman Catholic priesthood of Ireland have set their faces against the national custom of "wakes." No one in future is to attend at wakes except the immediate relatives of the deceased, and no spirituous or intoxicating liquors are to be used on such occasions. For disobedience of these injunctions the clergy are commanded not to visit the house, not to attend the interment, and not to celebrate mass for the deceased.

SPORTING

The Turf.——With the exception of a day's hurdle racing and steeplechasing at Kingsbury on Tuesday, a *remanet* from the sport of last week which was interfered with by the frost, there is absolutely nothing to put on record as to the public doings of the "noble animal." As a rule, a postponement militates against sport, but this was an exception, and though the local magistrates still relentlessly refuse to let any one sell alcoholic refreshment on Mr. Warner's ground, the company assembled thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The victorious Tutor put in an appearance for the Kenton Hunters' Race, and started with the odds of 2 to 1 on him; but great was the consternation of his friends at seeing him absolutely last in a field of six. It must be remembered, however, that he had 12st. 12lb. to carry, whereas the winner, Sleight-of-Hand, had only 11st. 6lb. Bounce, a recent victor also, did better, as in a field of ten for the Metropolitan Hunt Steeplechase he won by twelve lengths.—The decision of the Grand National Hunt Committee, to the effect that "no hurdle race be run under two miles and over less than eight flights of hurdles," will meet with acceptance among all true lovers of sport, and all interested in keeping up the standard of our English horses. Could not some further legislation be effected as to the height and stability of the hurdles? The deaths of two gentlemen well known in connection with the Turf are recorded, the one being that of Mr. Kitchener, solicitor to the Jockey Club; and the other of Mr. James Manning, formerly Clerk of the Scales to that body.

Football.——The present has been as lively a week as last among the "footers." The second round of the Association Challenge Cup is being got through, the result being generally in accordance with anticipations. Though the Old Foresters at the Oval held their own manfully for some time against the Oxford men, the latter at last forced the game, and won by three goals to nothing.—On their own ground Barnes beat the Marlow team by three goals to one.—The High Wycombeites, though they have cause to rejoice at the recent visit of the Queen, have had the pain of witnessing, hard by their pretty little town, a horrible defeat of their champions at the hands of the Wanderers, nine goals to love being the score.—The Wanderers have also been victorious in another first-class match at Kennington Oval, beating Harrow School with great ease. From the great strength the Wanderers have shown this season, it seems by no means improbable that they will retain the Challenge Cup in their possession.—In a Rugby Union game on Saturday last at the Oval, two strong teams representing the North and South of England played their annual match, which resulted in a victory for the South by a goal and two tries to nothing.—By the way, our medical contemporary, the *Lancet*, which recently indulged in a tilt against "tame stag-hunting," has now fallen foul of football, and maintains that "evidence is accumulating of an overwhelming character to prove the brutality of the game, and its highly dangerous character when played by adults." It may be admitted that the game is a rough one, that many accidents occur in it, and that men suffer more than boys; but when we take into consideration the tens and hundreds of thousands who now play the game during the winter months, it can hardly be said that the pastime is unjustifiably dangerous. When our contemporary further adds that "this noble game ought to be rescued from the degraded condition into which it has fallen," it must surely be in ignorance of the fact that, so far from the game having fallen into a degraded condition, the tendency of all legislation on it since its revival has been to ameliorate the conditions of play.

Coursing.——The Ridgway Club (Lytham) Meeting showed some excellent sport, though the divisions of several chief stakes spoilt a good deal of the interest. The Lytham Cup fell to Mr. Mallabey's Banner Blue.

Aquatics.——The London compositors connected with the Press have taken a further step in aquatics, and on Saturday last the members of the Press Rowing Club brought off their first Sculling Handicap over the West London Course on the Thames. The representative of the "leading journal" very appropriately headed his competitors at the finish.

MUSIC

Crystal Palace Concerts.——The Directors of the Crystal Palace are doing good service to English music. Among the most recent productions at these concerts was a manuscript symphony in G minor, by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, one of our ablest and best informed composers. His work is modelled after the classical form of which so many examples have been bequeathed to us by Haydn and Mozart. It does not attempt to emulate the larger development distinguishing the symphonies of Beethoven from those of his illustrious predecessors, but keeps discreetly within the old prescribed limits which the genius of Beethoven, as it expanded more and more, enabled him to outstep. Mr. Prout's symphony, however, shows the hand of a musician thoroughly familiar with the elements of the art he professes, and as thoroughly practised in their use. Being uniformly regular in construction, and preserving no marked characteristics calling for special description, it is a genuine example of abstract music, equal to the majority of things of the kind for which we are indebted to modern German writers, who, in defiance of the so-called "forward" (really backward) school, adhere to the principles so emphatically illustrated in the efforts of the earlier masters. There is no "dreaming" in it; all is simple, straightforward, and, at the same time, scholarly. The symphony consists of four movements, which seem to constitute a happy family group. The opening movement, *allegro moderato e con fuoco*, is legitimate parent to its three successors; the *larghetto* is melodious and expressive, the *scherzo*, as in Beethoven's first quintet, and one of the symphonies of Schumann, is supplemented by two trios; and the *finale*, a movement of well-sustained vigour, exhibits such ingenious application of the fugal style as proves its author to be well versed in the art of counterpoint, once the indispensable study of musicians, but in the present day not sufficiently taken into consideration. If Mozart and Beethoven when young laboured arduously to acquire a command of this important agent, the one could never have written the *finale* to his *Jupiter*, the other the *finale* to his *Eroica*; nor, deprived of its aid, could Mr. Prout, with all his enthusiasm, have produced the last movement (*vivace assai*) of his Symphony in G Minor. The work was admirably executed under the direction of Mr. Manns, and the composer unanimously called forward at the conclusion. About Mr. J. L. Hatton's new oratorio *Hezekiah*, or rather, "sacred drama," as he somewhat irrelevantly styles it—seeing that it has nothing dramatic in it—we shall take another opportunity of speaking, having some further general remarks to offer upon the ante-Christmas series of Crystal Palace Concerts. Enough, for the moment, to record that it was listened to with interest and received with marked favour.

Her Majesty's Theatre.——The brief winter season has come to an end, and there is reason to believe that its success will encourage the director of Her Majesty's Theatre in other undertakings of the kind. Only one of the two "novelties" announced in the prospectus was given—the *Ruy Blas* of Signor Marchetti, about which more than enough has been written. This opera was played several times, but failed to make any extraordinary impression. The *Forza del Destino* of Verdi, as remodelled by its eminent composer, was, at the eleventh hour, abandoned, for reasons with which we are unacquainted. Nevertheless, the mere fact of his having produced no fewer than sixteen operas in so short a space of time, the greater number of them with more or less efficiency, entitles Mr. Mapleson to the confidence of his patrons and supporters. The last performance (on Tuesday night) comprised a miscellaneous selection from various operas, "for the benefit of the director." At Christmas time Her Majesty's Theatre will be devoted to ballet and one-act operetta.

Waifs.——The *Africaine* of Meyerbeer has been revived at the New Grand Opera with great splendour. Meanwhile Auber, chief of the French dramatic composers, with his *Muette de Portici*, *Gustave III.*, and other admirable works, is left out in the cold. It is difficult to imagine that M. Halauzier is a Frenchman.—A young singer is just now exciting enthusiasm among the frequenters of the Opéra Comique. The Parisians, sometimes difficult to satisfy, are as often easily impressed by a new comer, especially if the new comer be a pretty woman. But, from all accounts Mdlle. Bilbaut-Vauchalet has achieved a real and legitimate success, as Isabelle, in Hérald's *Pré-aux-Clercs*.—Tamberlik has left Paris for Madrid, his farewell performance being as Manrico in the *Trovatore*, added to the scene of the duet with Iago in Rossini's *Otello*.—Madame Christine Nilsson has been greeted with the same enthusiasm at St. Petersburg as only lately at Moscow. The local papers, including the not always too lenient *Journal de St. Petersburg*, are in raptures with her performance of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*. We are not surprised.—Abbé Liszt, the pianist and composer, will pass the winter in his native country, at Buda-Pesth, *not* at Rome, as has been stated.—The success of Miss Minnie Hauck at Brussels goes on increasing. Her most recent appearance was in the *Don Pasquale* of Donizetti. She sings the part of the Norina in Italian, while her comrades sing their parts in French.—Herr Max Bruch has been invited by the directors to compose a choral and instrumental work for the Birmingham Festival of 1879.—A new grand hall is about to be erected for the concerts held in the Leipsic Gewandhaus, which Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy did so much to render famous.—The valuable library of Herr Julius Rietz, friend and successor of Mendelssohn, is to be sold by auction. The report of its having been purchased by the city of Dresden is without foundation.—Dr. Hans von Bülow has been writing a series of letters to the Leipsic *Signale*, which, however amusing to those who delight in seeing their friends held up to ridicule, are condemned by all judicious observers. The celebrated pianist, who himself lives in a glass house, is hardly discreet in throwing stones so freely.—Madame Charton Demeur, who thirty years ago found so many admirers at the French operatic performances organised by the late Mr. John Mitchell at our St. James's Theatre, attracted general attention the other day by her singing in the Chapel of the École Fénelon.—*Judas Maccabæus* was given at the last performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, in Exeter Hall.—The annual Christmas performances of the *Messiah* are already announced, and for some time we shall have nothing else in the shape of oratorio music.

LEGAL

A Spurious Picture.——A curious action was dealt with by the Common Pleas Division on Wednesday. The plaintiff, a picture-dealer, having bought a picture bearing what was supposed to be the signature of Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., took it to that gentleman to ascertain whether it was genuine. Mr. Herbert not only pronounced it to be a forgery, "a mere daub," but refused to give it up unless the owner would undertake not to sell it again. Hence the action, which resulted in the order of the Court for the picture to be given up, or the payment of 10*l*., the amount at which the jury had assessed its value. It is rather humiliating to reflect that with all our boast of culture, taste, and art-education, there are people who will gladly give 250*l*. for a picture which bears some celebrated name, but that if that name turn out to be a forgery, the work itself, hitherto so highly prized, becomes in their estimation a "mere daub."

Miscellaneous Items.——It is announced that Inspector Clarke, of the Detective Department, Scotland Yard, has been reinstated on full pay, with arrears of salary from the date of his arrest, and that he will shortly retire from the service on full pension, to which he is now entitled.—The woman Lena Chester, who attempted to bribe a gaoler attached to the Mansion House, has been discharged. It was shown that her acquaintance with Dimsdale was very slight, that she had no means of fulfiling her promise of giving 500*l*. for his release, and that the motive for her conduct was simply a silly desire for notoriety. Dimsdale and his associates Moore, Tait, and Dmke have at last been committed for trial. They are charged with having fraudulently obtained about 300,000*l*. by means of fictitious leases upon property to which they had no title whatever.—The other day a curious application was made by the owner of a picture, "The Raising of Lazarus;" which had been sent to a dealer to be restored. When the upper paint or dirt had been removed a valuable portrait of a lady, by Lely, was discovered beneath, and the dealer threatened, unless a sum, in addition to the amount he had originally agreed to take, were given to him, to paint over the picture again with some indelible substance. The Master of the Rolls granted an interim injunction restraining the defendant from mutilating or destroying the picture, and also made an order for the inspection of the picture by the person serving the injunction. Travellers who are unreasonable enough to expect hotel-keepers to be responsible for the safety of everything left upon their premises would do well to note the decision of the Exchequer Division in the case of "Hale *v.* Sinclair." The defendant, proprietor of the Golden Cross, Strand, was sued for 280*l*., the value of a case of jewellery which had been stolen from his hall, where it had been placed amongst ordinary baggage, no information being given as to its contents. Mr. Hale was non-suited by a jury, who considered that it was he who had been negligent rather than the hotel-keeper, and their sensible verdict has now been confirmed.—Mr. Hankey, the builder of the "Queen Anne's Mansions" in St. James's Park, has been summoned for alleged infringement of the Building Act. The charges are that the building has been carried to a greater height than that permitted by the statute, that the flooring was not constructed of incombustible materials, and that the openings in the party walls were not closed by wrought-iron doors, as required. The case is only part heard.—It is not often that a lady is mulcted in heavy damages for "breach of promise;" an Irish jury has, however, awarded 250*l*. to a love-lorn linendraper, although the fair defendant urged as an excuse for her faithlessness, that she had not been very much in love, and that she did not like being "dictated to" during courtship.—There was another prosecution under the Seeds Adulteration Act on Saturday. The defendant, who had mixed some inferior "dyed" clover seed with some of a more valuable kind, was fined 5*l*. and costs.—Messrs. Menzies, the distillers of Edinburgh, have been robbed of nearly 4,000*l*. worth of grain by two of their workmen, who have been sent to penal servitude for five years. A railway porter and a miller, who were concerned in the theft, have been sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour, and one Litster, a grain dealer, who was also an accomplice, and who has absconded, has been outlawed.—At the Middlesex Sessions a furniture dealer has been sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for defrauding the Fulham Board of Works by charging for articles which had never been supplied. In order that the terrible plague of small-pox might be stopped, it was necessary that all goods taken from infected houses should be destroyed; but the prisoner, aided by a sanitary inspector, named Keall, who has since absconded, had worked up these very articles and sold them again to poor people, who had received orders from the Board. Dummy beds, &c., being burnt on the Common to deceive the authorities.—At Bedford a farmer is being prosecuted for perjury, in having sworn positively to the identity of two men who, upon his evidence, were recently convicted of highway robbery and sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude and the "cat." The Home Secretary has ordered the lashing to be stopped pending the inquiry.—William Flynn, one of the twenty-four men who were apprehended on suspicion of being concerned in the fatal assault on a policeman at Batley, in Yorkshire, has been found guilty of wilful murder.—At Liverpool a lad of nineteen is in custody on a charge of killing his father. The deceased and his wife were both intoxicated at the time, and the son admits that he also was "too drunk to know what he was about."

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Long ago went summer pleasures,
  Welcome! winter joys:
With a song unlock our treasures,
  Costly Christmas toys.

Let us air our hoarded riches,
  Lest December rust them;
Tales of fairies, dwarfs, and witches,
  Take them out, and dust them.

Quips, conundrums, *quantum suff.*,
  Bring them round the fender;
Children! who's for blind-man's buff?
  Who "my thought" will render?

Bid them rest from romp and riot,
  Nor delight shall fail—
Keep our English youngsters quiet
  With our "Winter's Tale."

Baubles would ye? painted playthings
  Grown-up children cry for?
Here's a heap of gilded stray things,
  Hundreds live and die for.

Youth and light and music muster,
  Round the dancers fly;
Whirling in the silvery lustre
  Flash the faces by.

Sweets would ye? Why, here's a crockful
  Of the thymiest honey;
Never fear! the cupboard's chockful;
  Sweets too dear for money.

Sweetest lips to hunger after,
  Chatting round the blaze;
Sweetest words, and looks, and laughter,
  Sweetest woman's ways.

Two in their accustomed places,
  And a babe asleep—
Love, and hope, and darling faces,
  Joy—to make one weep.

Grandames by the cottage fires,
  Where the kettles sing;
Twinkle go their knitting wires,
  And their wedding ring.

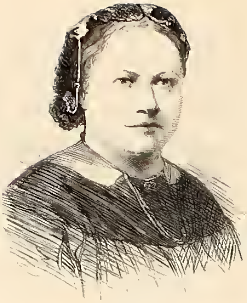
Fenced about by health and quickness,
  Where the hearth-flame glows,
Now the patient face of sickness
  Takes a fitful rose.

Quarrels left outside to cool,
  O'er the heart of home,
Brought out by the roaring Yule—
  Tender scriptures come.

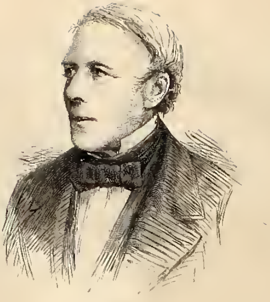
Let not this year leave another
  Scores of wicked spite;
Hast thou aught against thy brother?
  Blot it out to-night.

Blot it out! and adding, bravely,
  "Finis" to the scroll,
Turn the New Leaf softly, gravely—
  Twelve begins to toll.

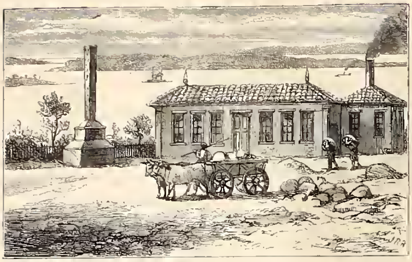
Mary Brotherton



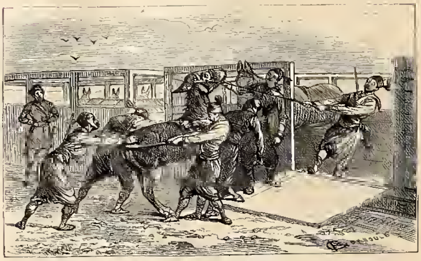
POMARE, QUEEN OF TAHITI
Died 1877, aged 68



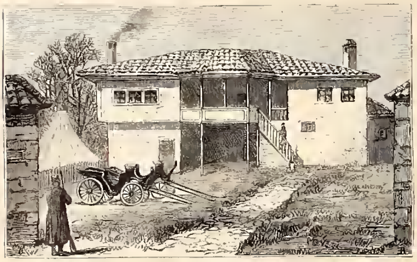
SYDNEY SMIRKE, R.A.,
Died Dec. 8, aged 78



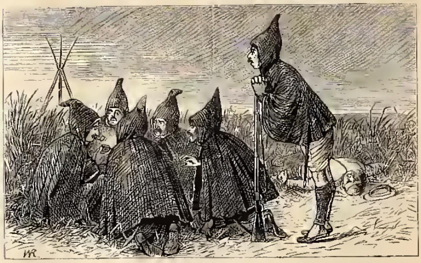
MONUMENT AT SILISTRIA COMMEMORATIVE OF THE SUCCESSFUL DEFENCE OF THE TOWN AGAINST THE RUSSIANS IN 1854



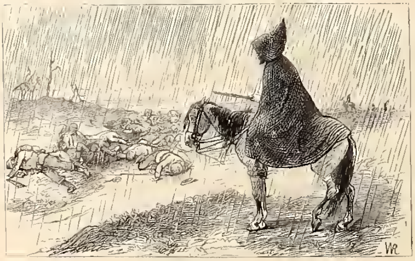
AT THE RAILWAY STATION, RASGRAD—DESPATCHING MULES FOR EGYPTIAN ARTILLERY



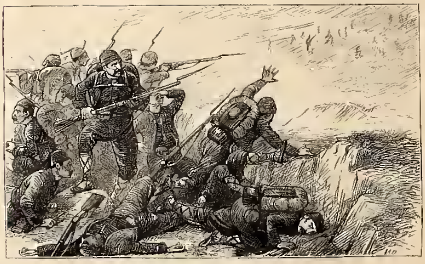
SULEIMAN PASHA'S HEADQUARTERS AT RASGRAD



"WELCOME LOOT"



"AN OUTPOST SENTINEL"



IN THE TRENCHES—"SURROUNDED"

WITH THE TURKS

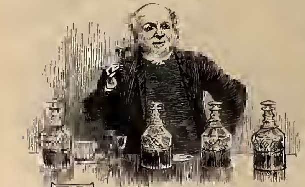
BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF-VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION

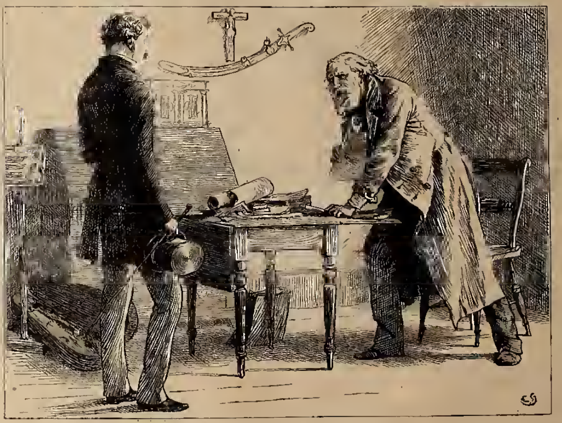


THESE were the days of a grand triumphal procession, in which we led our hero about to be congratulated by his friends. There were not many of these, it is true. That made it all the better, because the chances of the hateful passion of envy being aroused were lessened. To be sure, there were none who could be envious. Leonard's road to honour is a Royal road, open to all. But it is beset with difficulties. Stout is the heart and strong the will of him who dares to tread that pipe-clayed and uncertain way. None of the boys with whom we had been at school knew Leonard as a friend, or even as an old acquaintance. The reserved school boy who fought his way to freedom from molestation was not likely now to search out the lads who had once stung his proud soul by references to the price of soap. They were now chiefly engaged in promoting the commercial interests of the town, and would have saluted the young officer had they known who he was, hat in hand.

We went round, therefore, among our little circle of friends.

Mr. Broughton promptly invited us to dinner.

There were present at the banquet—to furnish it forth all the resources of the reverend gentleman's cellar were put under contribution—the Captain, Mr. Pontifex, Leonard, and myself. The dinner was simple, consisting of salmon, lamb, and chicken, cutlets, with early peas and asparagus. A little light Sauterne, which his reverence recommended in preference to sherry, as leaving the palate clean for the port, accompanied the meal. There was also champagne, which, he said, was a wine as Catholic as the Athanasian Creed, inasmuch as it goes equally well with a simple luncheon of cold chicken, and with the most elaborate Gaudy. After dinner, solely in deference to the uncorrupted digestion of youth, he ordered a dish of strawberries.



At sight of a stranger he sprang to his feet and clutched his papers

"It is not the right time to eat them," he said, in a voice almost as solemn for the occasion as that of Mr. Pontifex. "Their proper place is after breakfast. A good dinner port would be better. But young men expect these things. When you and I were undergraduates, Pontifex, we liked them." And then, while we absorbed the strawberries, he arose and brought from a sideboard, with great care and with his own hands, four decanters of port.

They stood all in a row before him, a label hanging from each. He put out his hands over them like a priest pronouncing a blessing.

"We ought, brother Pontifex," he said, "to have a form of thanksgiving for port."

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Pontifex, with a sigh, "I was called by some of my reckless companions—ahem!—Two-Bottle Pontifex. . . . Two-Bottle Pontifex—such was my appetite for port-wine at that period! I am now never allowed by Mrs. Pontifex—alas!—even to taste the—ahem!—the beverage."

"This," said Mr. Broughton, affectionately caressing one of the decanters, "is a bottle of 1820. I sincerely wish, Leonard, that I could entertain the hope of bequeathing you a few dozens in token of regard to my old pupil. But I have not more than enough for my own use, always supposing that I reach the allotted time of threescore years and ten. It is generous still, this wine." He poured out a glass, and held it to the light. "Mark the colour; refresh yourself with this bouquet; taste the noble wine." He suited the action to the "recommendation." "What a combination of delight for all the senses at once! Nature never raised a sweeter colour—a more divine fragrance—a more Olympian taste than she has united——"

"Under Providence, brother Broughton," said Mr. Pontifex, shaking his head.

"—united in this one glass of the finest wine ever grown. How my good grandfather, the Bishop—whose piety was only equalled by his taste for port—would have enjoyed this moment! The day before he died his chaplain, on pouring him out his single glass—the Bishop was then too feeble for more—said, 'We shall drink, my lord, in a better world, a more delicious wine.' He was a learned and sound divine, but young, and with a palate comparatively untrained. 'We cannot,' said the good old Bishop. 'Better wine than this is not to be had.'

"The next decanter," he went on with a sigh for the good Bishop's memory, "is a bottle of 1834. I do not know aright how to sing its praises. After what I have said of 1820 I would only say—

> O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior!

You shall taste it presently. Thirteen years later, we come to 1847. What a year for port! and to think that it should be followed—that year of generous and glorious vintages—by the year of rebellion and social upheaving! As if Heaven's choicest blessings were altogether thrown away upon ungrateful man! The last is a bottle of 1851, now four years in bottle and still a little too full. The four bottles do not make altogether a bottle a head—nothing to your old days, Pontifex—but we three are advanced in years, I am sorry to think, and the boys have been trained in a different school. Perhaps a better one.

"And now," he resumed, looking round with smiles twinkling in his eyes and playing over his jolly red face, "a Toast. The health of Leonard—our brave lad who has come home from the wars with medals and honours which make us all proud of him. It was in this room, my dear boy, that you first read the wars of antiquity told in heroic verse. It was here that your ear and your heart became attuned to the glorious aspects of heroism, and the din of battle. Remember, when you have some of your own, that nothing succeeds like putting a boy through the good old mill of Homer and Virgil. You were educated by me for your work, not by cramming yourself with a bundle of scientific facts, which they would persuade us is what soldiers want, but by the deeds of the great men of Greece and Rome. You have not forgotten Diomede, I hope."

"No sir," said Leonard. "Nor Sarpedon, nor the cowardly Paris, nor Turnus, nor Nedin and Euryalus—nor any of them. Who can forget the jolly old battles?"

"When I was a schoolboy," Mr. Pontifex said, solemnly, "I once fought a battle with another boy in which, I remember, I was worsted, owing to the superior strength of my antagonist. This breach of rules was subsequently discovered by the master of the school, and I was summoned before his presence. As I had nothing to say in—ahem!—vindication of the offence, I was instantly condemned to be—ahem!—in fact—birched! The—the necessary preliminaries having been performed, they proceeded to search for the rod, an instrument which was kept for that purpose under wet straw in the garden. When this had been found, I sustained a most fearful infliction."

We all laughed at this graphic reminiscence of a school battle and its consequences, and Mr. Broughton bade us charge our glasses and begin the '34. Mr. Pontifex grew more solemn as well as paler under the influence of the port as the evening went on, and Mr. Broughton more purple in the face, more jolly, and more animated. I had frequently seen this opposite effect of wine upon both clergymen. After the second bottle, the wine passed chiefly from one to the other, because the Captain had already exceeded a double ration and Leonard was moderate in his libations.

In the course of the evening, the Perpetual Curate of St. Faith's pronounced a eulogium on the world generally, on those who know how to enjoy life, and on the good things life has to give. It was in the middle of the last bottle, and his face was a deep purple, while Mr. Pontifex, perfectly white, sat with his long upper lip grown half an inch longer, and the solemnity of Rhadamanthus upon his brow.

"What good things they are," he said, enthusiastically, "to those few who know how to cultivate their senses. Wine such as this; the meats and fruits which come in their season; music such as Laddy here can play; the poetry of those divine men who made the language of a little peninsula survive for ever to fill our hearts with wonder and delight; the beauty of women to take us out of ourselves when we are young—you have been in love, Captain?"

The Captain laughed.

"Was there ever a sailor," he asked, "who has not been in love? And was there ever a lover like a sailor? What does the song say?" The Captain lifted up his pipe.

> "And the toast—for 'twas Saturday night—
> Some sweetheart or wife whom he loved as his life,
> Each drank and he wished he could hail her.
>   But the standing toast
>   That pleased the most
>   Was the wind that blows,
>   And the ship that goes,
> And the lass that loves a sailor."

"And the lass that loves a sailor," echoed Mr. Broughton, to his colleague's astonishment. "I knew you had, Captain. Catch a salt neglecting such a chance of completing his education. It did you good—own that; and it did me good, too, after the fit was over. Come, Pontifex, your wife is not here. Confess."

Mr. Pontifex shook his head very solemnly, and made answer with many parentheses.

"It is a sad—sad reminiscence of an ardent and perhaps (in this and in one or two other particulars which I have already at various times, as you may remember, Johnnie, in the course of conversation touched upon) ill-regulated youth, that I once imagined myself—actually in Love"—he spoke in a tone of the greatest surprise—"with a—a—in fact—a young person of the opposite sex, who vended perfumes, unless my memory greatly deceives me, at an establishment in the High——"

"And I daresay it was a very good thing for you," returned his jovial brother, interrupting the further particulars of this amour. "It was for me, and no worse for the girl I loved, because she preferred somebody else, and married him. It was an education for us all. As it is now, Captain, at our time of life we may say—

> Old as we are, for ladies' love unfit,
> The power of beauty we remember
>   yet.

And the sight of a pretty face, like that of Celia Tyrrell—bless her!—I drink this glass of the Forty-one to her—is like the shadow of a rock in the wilderness. Age has its pleasures; they are, besides the drinking of good port, the contemplation of beautiful women and active youth. We have lived—let us sit down and watch those who are living. You, Leonard, boy," he resumed the familiar tone of our old tutor, "you had the impudence to tell me five years ago, that you would rather help to make history than to write it. And that is what you have been doing ever since. And it does us good—us old stagers, to see you doing it."

Presently he became more serious, and spoke from the Christian's point of view.

"A Christian scholar and a gentleman. His race is nearly extinct now. But he had his uses, and many were his virtues. When I read Robert Browning's poem of 'Bishop Blougram's Apology,' I read for Blougram, Broughton. And yet he only touched that Right Reverend Father in a few points. Above all, a scholar; and with it, a kindly heart, a simple faith, and a robust, full nature which enabled him to enjoy all that could be got from life. He is gone now, with his purple face, his short fat figure, and his dogmatic sermons. I do not like the present man—who is Earnest—so well. Nor do I love the fussiness of the new school."

The next day we called upon Mrs. Pontifex, who received Leonard as cordially as that lady could make a greeting. Nothing was said about her husband's excesses in port the previous evening. She said that news had reached them of Leonard's happy return; that she rejoiced at his success, which was doubtless, she was good enough to say, deserved, though she wished it had been in more Christian fields; that the army was a bad school for those who wished to be serious; and that he must specially beware of that inflation which prosperity brings upon the heart. Then she said hospitably that she proposed, after consideration, to name an early day, for Tea. Leonard laughed and accepted, leaving the day open. He always laughed, this favourite of Fortune. I do not think that festive gathering ever came off, owing to other circumstances which interfered.

In the afternoon of what Celia called "the day after," leaving the rest of the phrase to be filled up, Leonard's Colonel called upon us. There was one thing remarkable about the Captain. He was the simplest of sailors—no retired Bo's'n could be simpler—in his habits of thought, his speech, and his way of life. But with an officer of his own or the sister service, his manner changed instinctively. To the quiet simplicity of his habitual air he added the bearing and dignity of his rank. He was, he remembered on these occasions, a Captain in the Royal Navy, and the carpet of his dining-room became a Quarterdeck.

The Colonel came to say great things of Leonard, and said them, Leonard not being present.

"He was observed by his officers, sir, from the first. Reported on his joining at his Depôt as a smart well set up lad. Found to be of superior rank and education to the men. Proved himself excellent at drill. Made a corporal first and a sergeant shortly after. And sir, if it were not for his own interests, I should say I wish he was a sergeant still.

"You have heard of his gallant action, I suppose," he went on. "Nothing finer ever done. Lord Raglan sent for him, sir. He has told you that, I dare say. But he did not tell you what the chief said afterwards. It was that if he had it in his power he would have knighted him on the field of battle. He has been a credit to the regiment since the first day he joined it. We are proud of him, sir: we are proud of him, and I am happy in being able, this day, to beat up your quarters and tell you so."

The Captain answered simply. He said that Leonard was always a brave and trustworthy lad: that for his own part he had endeavoured to make the boy think of duty before all things: that it gave him unspeakable pleasure to hear what the Colonel had said and to know that it was the truth without exaggeration: that the boy was still young, and, as yet, only at the beginning of his career. I felt proud of the Captain as he made his little speech, full of dignity and good feeling.

"At all events, he owes everything to you," said the Colonel. "And now, will you dine with us to-morrow, you and Mr. Pulaski? It is guest night.

The Captain accepted for both of us.

"I should like to ask," said the Colonel, "if it is not an impertinent question—do you think there is any chance of Copleston finding out something of his family?"

"I have thought of it more than once," the Captain replied. "His mother died in giving him birth; with the last breath she said his name was to be Leonard Copleston, 'her husband's name.' It is not a very common name. To find him one would have to consult army and navy lists of five-and-twenty years ago. If we found him, what might we not find too? That his father was a scoundrel is certain to me, from the circumstance of the boy's birth. He may be dead; he may have dishonoured the name; he may be unwilling to recognise his son—why not let things go on as they have done, without further trouble? The boy bears the Queen's Commission; he is no disgrace, but a credit to his regiment. Let us remain satisfied."

The Colonel shook his head.

"I shall look up the lists," he said. "And if I find out anything I will tell you first. If it is anything calculated to do Copleston harm, we will keep it to ourselves."

Guest night at the Hundred-and-Twentieth. The tables covered with the regimental plate, and crowded with officers. The Colonel has our old Captain on the right, his own guest. I sit beside Leonard. The band is playing. There is a full assemblage. The younger officers are full of life and spirits. What is it like—this world I have never seen till to-night—this world of animal spirits, laughter, and careless fun? I look about me dreamily. This, then, I think, was the kind of life led by my father, Roman Pulaski, of the Imperial Guard, before Nicholas exchanged it for the Siberian mines. It must be pleasant for a while. These young fellows are neither creating, like artists; nor criticising, like scholars; nor working for money, like professional men; nor selling their wit and spirits, like authors; nor contriving schemes for making money, like merchants; they are simply living to enjoy things. They have had a hard time of it in India: a few of them—very few, alas!—had a hard time in the Crimea: now they are back to garrison and English life, and they are rejoicing as heartily as they fought.

They tell me that the officer of to-day is scientific, and plays Kriegspiel. I am sure he is not braver, more genial, kindlier, or more generous than Leonard's brothers in arms of twenty years ago. I dare say, even in those brainless times, even among the jovial faces around that mess table, there were some who cared about their profession, had strategic genius, and studied the art of war. At least one did. Everybody challenges the Captain. He was Copleston's guardian. Everybody knows all about him. Then they challenged me, and had I drained all the bumpers they came offering me, my course at that table would have been brief indeed.

"Gentlemen, 'The Queen!'"

It is the President, and then we fall into general talk.

What sort of mess would that be into which Wassielewski was going to introduce me? A mess of peasants sitting round a fire of sticks in a forest. Instead of the Queen's health we should drink to Poland, instead of claret we should have water, instead of a circle of faces in which the enjoyment of life—the mere fact of living—was the prevailing feature I should see round me everywhere the grim and earnest faces of those who were looking forward sadly to defeat and death. I suppose when a man is going to be martyred he goes to meet his doom with a certain exaltation which enables him to pass through the agony of death with heroic mien. The most disagreeable part about it must be the steady looking forward to the supreme moment.

"Dreamer," whispered Leonard, "where are your thoughts?"

"I was thinking what sort of a regimental mess I should find in Poland," I replied, forgetting that Leonard knew nothing.

"What mess? Poland?" he replied. "What have you to do with Poland now?"

I told him in a few words. It was not the place or the time after dinner at a regimental mess to go into any heroics. Besides, I felt none—only a sad despondency at the necessity which was going to drag into the trouble one who had such small stomach for the fight.

Leonard was aghast.

"The thing is absurd, Laddy, ridiculous. You must not go."

"I have pledged my word," I said, "and I must. You would not have me break old Wassielewski's heart?"

"I don't know. It must be a tough old heart by this time. But I would rather break that than let him break your head. We will talk about it to-morrow, old boy. What with Celia's troubles and yours it seems as if we shall have our hands full for awhile. Pray, has the Captain, by accident, got any secret sorrow?"

"No," I replied, laughing. It was beautiful to see the calm way in which Leonard faced difficulties.

"He is not engaged to Mrs. Jeram, I hope, or contracted a secret marriage with his cook? He's not going to be tried by court martial for intoxication, is he? Really, Laddy, you have given me a shock. Are you sure there is no more behind?"

"Quite sure?"

"Good. There is going to be a move. We will get away early. I will go and see this fireeater, and appeal to his common sense."

It was twelve, however, before we escaped the kindly hospitalities of the mess, and the Captain came away amid a storm of invitations to dine with them again. He accepted them all, in great good spirits, and became a sort of privileged person in the barracks so long as that regiment stayed in the place, dividing his time in the afternoon between the officers and the boys at play. When the regiment was ordered away he returned entirely to the boys.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN APPEAL TO COMMON SENSE

"We will appeal," said Leonard, "to the man's common sense first. The thing is absurd and preposterous."

He did make that appeal to Wassielewski, and as it was a complete failure, I suppose the old conspirator had no common sense.

He called in the morning at his lodgings, that one room which I have described, where the old man told me my own story in all its hideous details, sparing nothing. The Pole was sitting at the table, the map of Poland in his hand, preparing for the campaign. Long lists and estimates lay beside him, with which he was estimating the progress and duration of the struggle. The longer the revolt, the more lives sacrificed, the greater the exasperation and cruelties of the Muscovs, the better for Poland. Tears of women, he used to say in his grim way, and blood of men together fructify the soil, so that it produces heroes.

At sight of a stranger he sprang to his feet, and clutched his papers.

"You do not remember me," said Leonard.

"I do not," replied the old man, gazing keenly and suspiciously into his face. Spies and police assume so many forms that they might even be looked for beneath the guise of a young Englishman. "Who are you, and what do you want with me?"

"My name is Leonard Copleston. I am the old friend of Ladislas Pulaski. One of his only friends."

"He has many," said Wassielewski. "Friends in his own country."

"Friends who will make him the tool of their own purposes, and lead him, if they got their own will, to death. I am one of the friends who want him to live."

Wassielewski made no reply for a moment.

Then he seemed to recollect.

"I know you now," he said. "You went away to seek your fortune. You used to come to our barrack and learn things. The Poles were good to you, then."

"Some of your people taught me French and Russian, riding; fencing, all sorts of useful things. I am grateful to them."

"And your fortune—it is found?"

"Yes; I am an officer in the army; I have been in the Crimea."

The old man's face brightened.

"Aha! you fought the Muscovite. We were watching, hoping to fight him too, but our chance never came. Why—why did you not make a demonstration in Poland?"

"We did what we could, and we got the best of it."

The Pole sighed. Then he resumed his suspicious look.

"Why do you come to see me? Can I fiddle for you? I can march before troops of your men playing a hornpipe. What else can I do for you? Ah! I see—I see," his face assumed a look of cunning. "You are a friend of Ladislas Pulaski, and you come here to persuade me not to take him. That is too late. He has pledged himself, and he must keep his word. Say what you have to say and leave me. I have much to think of."

"What I have to say is short. It is absurd to drag into the meshes of your conspiracy a man like Ladislas, the most peaceful, the most unpractical, the most dreamy of men. Even now, when you half-maddened him with some horrible story of death and torture, his sympathies are only half with you. He cannot speak Polish; he is a quiet English musician, as unfit for a campaign as any girl. Why do you seek to take away his life? What earthly good can his death do to Poland?"

"He is a Pulaski. That is why he must come with us. His father, Roman Pulaski, dragged out ten years of misery in a Siberian mine. Ladislas must strike a blow to revenge him."

"Revenge! revenge!" Leonard cried, impatiently.

"Yes, young gentleman!" Wassielewski rose to his full height, looking something like an eagle. "Revenge! That is the word. For every cruel and treacherous murder there shall be revenge full and substantial. Did Ladislas tell you the story of his father?"

"No, not yet."

"That is not well. His mother, too, was murdered when the Russians stole her boy, and she ran after the carts through the winter snow, bareheaded, crying and imploring for her child till she could run no longer, and so fell down and died. Did Ladislas tell you of his mother?"

"No."

"It is not well. Ladislas should tell everybody these things. He should repeat them to himself twice a day; he should never let them go out of his brain."

"Why did you disturb the current of his peaceful life with the story?"

"To fire his blood; to quicken his sluggish pulse. The boy is a dreamer. I would spur him into action."

"You cannot do that. But you might spur him into madness. What is the use of filling his thoughts with revenge which can only be dreamed of?"

"Only be dreamed of!" Wassielewski cried, almost with a shriek. "Why, man, I have dreamed of revenge for twenty years and more. Only be dreamed of? Why, we shall put the revenge into action at once. Do you hear?—at once—next week. We start next week—we—but you are an Englishman," he stopped short, "and you would not betray me."

"I betray no one. But Ladislas shall not go with you."

"I say he shall," Wassielewski replied, calmly. "I have persuaded him. He is expected. Revenge? Yes; a long scourge from generation to generation."

"An unworthy thing to seek. I thought you Poles were patriots."

"It is because we are patriots that we seek revenge. How easy it is for you English, who have no wrongs to remember, to talk with contempt of revenge. What do you know of backs scarred and seamed with Russian sticks? What murdered sons have you for the women to lament? What broken promises, ruined homes, outraged hearths, secret wrongs, and brutal imprisonments? Go, sir; leave me alone with my plans; and talk to no Pole about living in peace."

"He is deformed."

"So much the better. All the Pulaskis for centuries have been tall and straight. Who crippled the boy? The Russians. Let the people see his round back and hear his story."

"He is weak; he cannot march; he cannot even carry a gun."

"Yes; he is strong enough to carry a rifle, and use it, too."

"He is a dreamer. Let him dream away his life in peace."

"He may dream, if he likes—in the next world," said the conspirator, grimly. "Poland claims all her sons—dreamers, and poets, and all. This is a *levée en masse*, a universal conscription, which knows of no exceptions. He must join the rest, and march to meet his fate. Shall a son of Roman Pulaski stay in inglorious exile while the Poles are rising again?"

Leonard made a gesture of impatience.

"It is madness. Man, it is murder."

Wassielewski sighed and sat down—he had been walking up and down the room. Resting one hand upon his papers, he looked up sorrowfully at Leonard, speaking in low tones of conviction and with softened eyes.

"It is what I have said to myself a thousand times. Ladislas is not a soldier: let him live. I say it still, in the day time. But at night, when I am quite alone in the moonlight, I sometimes see the form of his mother, the Lady Claudia. She is in white, and she points to Poland. Her face is not sad but joyous. Perhaps that is because she is going to have her son again, in Heaven—after the Russians have killed him. I asked her, once, because I wished to save the boy, if he should go. She smiled and pointed her finger still. After that, I knew. She wants to have him with her."

"That was a dream of the night, Wassielewski."

"No—no," he shook his head and laughed; "I am not to be persuaded that it was a dream. Why, I should be mad indeed if I were to take the injunctions of my dear and long lost mistress to be a dream."

"People are sometimes deceived," said Leonard, "by the very force of their thoughts—by illusions of the brains—by fancies——"

"It seems a cruel thing," Wassielewski went on, unheeding, "but it cannot be cruel, if his mother orders it. The boy must come with me: he must join the villagers: he must learn their language—if he has time: march with them: eat with them: and carry his life in his hand until Death comes for him. It will be bad for him at first, but he will grow stronger, and then he will feel the battle fever, so that when I am killed he will be better able to protect himself. And perhaps he will escape—a good many Poles have escaped. Then you will have him back again. But I do not think he will, because in the night I see visions of battles between the Russians and the Poles, and I never see him among them, even myself."

"Poor Wassielewski," said Leonard, touched with his fanatic simplicity.

"He is a good lad," the old man went on. "I loved him first for his mother's sake, but learned to love him for his own. He has a tender soul, like a woman's, and a face like a girl's. We shall have to accustom him to scenes that he knows nothing of. We do not make war in Poland with kid gloves. We kill and are killed: we shoot and are shot: we use every weapon that we can find and call it lawful. We slaughter every Muscov who falls into our hands, and we expect to be slaughtered ourselves. It is war to the knife between us, and the Poles are always on the losing side."

"Then why make these mad attempts at insurrection?"

"Because the time has come round again. Once in every generation, sometimes twice, that time comes round. Now it is upon us, and we are ready to move. You wish to save your friend. It is too late; his name is here, upon the roll of those who dare to die."

"Why," said Leonard, "you are a worse dreamer than poor Ladislas. On whose head will the guilt of all this bloodshed lie, except on yours and the madmen among whom you work?"

Wassielewski shook his head.

"The crime be on the head of the Czar. Rebellion is my life. I think of it all day, and dream of it all night. By long thinking you come to learn the wishes of the dead. They whisper to me, these voices of the silent night, 'What we died for you must die for, what we suffered for you must suffer for; the soil of Poland is rank with the blood of her martyrs. Do you, too, with the rest, take the musket, and go to lie in that sacred earth.' They have chosen me, the noble dead; they have elected me to join in their fellowship. Ladislas shall sit beside me, with them. I have spoken."

He finished, and pointed to the door. There was nothing more to be said, and Leonard came away, disheartened.

"It is no use, Ladislas," he said. "The man is mad with long brooding over his wrongs. I have never been much in the conspiracy and rebellion line, but now I understand what a conspirator is like in private life, and I don't like him. When I read henceforth of Guy Fawkes, Damiens, Cassius, Brutus, and other gentlemen of their way of thinking, I shall always remember old Wassielewski, with his deep-set eyes, his overhanging eyebrows, that far-off look of his, and the calm way in which he contemplates being killed. Even Havelock and his saints never marched to death with greater composure. And killed he certainly will be, with all the madmen who go with him."

"I must go with him, Leonard. I have promised. I am pledged."

"We shall see," he replied.

The vague words brought a little hope to my soul. The thirst for revenge, alien to my nature, was gone now, despite the burning wrongs, the shameful and horrible history which the old man had told me. I looked forward with unutterable disgust to a campaign among Polish rebels. I was indeed an unworthy son of Poland.

(To be continued)

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Hazlehurst Mystery (2 vols.): J. Sale Lloyd; An Innocent Sinner (3 vols.): Mabel Collins; Thomas Browne's Will (3 vols.); Ida Milton (3 vols.); Children of Nature (2 vols.). Tinsley Brothers.

In Love and War (3 vols.): Charles Gibbon. Bentley.

A New Testament Commentary; Vol II: C. J. Elliott, D.D. Cassell.

Annus Sanctus: T. Davis. Hodder and Stoughton.

15,000 Miles on the Amazon: Brown and Lidstone; Africa; Keith Johnston. Stanford.

The Via Media of the Anglican Church, Vol. II.: J. H. Newman. Pickering.

The Flooding of the Sahara: Donald Mackenzie; In a Minor Key (2 vols.); History of a Crime (2 vols.). S. Low and Co.

Miss Misanthrope (2 vols.): Justin M'Carthy. Chatto and Windus.

History of the Indian Navy (2 vols.): C. R. Low. Bentley.

Etchings from the National Gallery. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday.

Mediæval Church History: Archbishop Trench. Macmillan.

Under the Will (3 vols.); History of English Humour (2 vols.) Hurst and Blackett.

Biology; Anthropology; Frank Raleigh (3 vols.). Chapman and Hall.

Faust: Trans. by T. J. Arnold. Hachette and Co.

A Parcel of Diaries from Messrs. Letts and Son, and a number of Christmas Books, Cards, Almanacks, &c., from Messrs. Routledge, Marcus Ward, J. F. Shaw, Cassell, the Wesleyan Sunday School Union, Religious Tract Society, &c., &c.

THE READER

"FIELD PATHS AND GREEN LANES," by Louis J. Jennings (John Murray).—Not far afield, with one exception—the paths by Wye of the concluding chapter—are the walks which Mr. Jennings has here described, and Mr. J. W. Whymper enticingly illustrated. Many could be taken in a single day from London. All lie within the compass of the weekly rest from Saturday to Monday. Yet saving for the ardent pedestrian or the member of the County Archæological Society very many of them are quite a world unknown; examples of the intensely rural scenes to be met with not thirty miles from smoky Babylon, scenes through which one may wander hour after hour along the ridges of the silent Downs or for miles of solitary green roads trodden only by the herdboy or the woodcutter; "streets" and villages whose outward aspect has hardly been altered for the last two hundred years; wildernesses of brake and fern that might have been transplanted bodily from some New World solitude; thickets that are veritable survivors of the old Andreades' Weald, where the ancient Briton held out long against the South Saxon incomer. You need the compass and the map at times—for finger-posts are often deceitful—to find your way from place to place. You light on bits of ancient English life and fragments of the old English phrase. You come out on churches where the "restorer" is beginning his work, and mansions with quaint old legends—on ruined Cowdray for instance burned down within a month of the day its last lord was swept over the falls of Laufenberg, or on Cuckfield, the original of Mr. Ainsworth's "Rookwood." With the exception of the opening visits to Winchelsea and Rye, and the parting chapter about Ross and Chepstow, the walks are all on the Sussex and Surrey Downs or the wooded tract between the North Downs and the South—their westernmost limit the old Portsmouth Road, where Nicholas Nickleby halted to recount to Smike the story of the Devil's Punch Bowl, their easternmost Hever Castle, well-known to readers of Mr. Froude or Hepworth Dixon. It is not, however, to its recollections of the past so much as to its pure and withal expert appreciation of the country side, of the birds that sing among the branches, the fronds and foliage of heath and thicket, the colouring and the contour of Down and Weald and old-world building that the volume owes its most especial charm. And Mr. Jennings, who, like Thoreau, loves to walk alone, has ample power of enjoying these to the full. His volume, it is true, is far from perfect, with the perfectness, say, of Walton when he ceased for the nonce to talk of fish; there are even in it detestable bits (*e.g.* page 194) of the modern "chiel amang you takin' notes;" but if not of the highest order, it is a very delightful volume of the second-class, and should be serviceable to very many who in a few months may be doubting where to pass a pleasant day in spring, in summer, or in early autumn.

The dedication (to Mr. Gladstone) of Signor G. B. Testa's "History of the War of Frederick against the Communes of Lombardy: A Translation from the Italian, Revised by the Author" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), is dated May 24th, 1853. From passages in the body of the work which allude to the Austrian eagle as still fluttering over Venice and Milan, we should infer that the reviser troubled himself little with things that have happened since that date. Such old-fashioned disregard of modern changes prepares us somewhat for an archaic style suggestive of over-literal translation from ancient chronicles and annals. Apart, however, from the question of style, Signor Testa's volume has many merits. The successful efforts of the Lombard cities, headed by Milan, to raise themselves to the rank of free communities, owing only a *pro formâ* allegiance to the Emperor—the earliest in date of a series of similar efforts from the Papal borders to far down the Rhine valley, out of which only the Swiss Cantons emerged as free Republics in the end—are among the most interesting incidents in mediæval Italian history. And Signor Testa has given us, out of the old annalists, a vigorous narrative of the fortunes of the war which ended in the Peace of Constance, no less than of the intestine feuds which already harbingered the swift decline of the enfranchised commonwealths into a group of "tyrannies." To the student of the rise and growth of States, these pictures from the birth-period of modern Italian nationality will be decidedly acceptable.

Two of the Messrs. Cassell's popular Illustrated Histories are brought to a conclusion at the same time. In Vol. III. and last of the "Illustrated History of India" Mr. Grant sweeps us through the last half-century of our Indian reign—the period of war with Burmese, Afghans, Ameers of Scinde, Sikhs, Persians, Mutineers—in a stream of picturesque description of daring deeds in single combat or on the battle-field that should win the heart of every youthful reader. Nor are the less stirring works of peace neglected, fair space being given to the account of changes in the government and administration, to the silent labours of the engineer and the missionary, or the peaceful pageantry of royal and vice-regal receptions. War again claims the larger moiety of the last volume of Mr. E. Ollier's most useful "History of the United States"—a volume which, commencing, like Mr. Grant's, just two-and-fifty years ago, at the death, within a few days of one another, of the two last, and all but the two greatest, of the men who had made the Republic, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, leads on, through the somewhat uninteresting period when the politics of the Union were mainly of the "parochial" sort, varied only by Indian and Filibuster wars and not very magnanimous bickerings with the British Government, to the time when Southern ascendancy at Washington breaks down at last, and Slave-holders and Emancipationists, State Right men and Federalists, grapple with one another in the great struggle of the War of Secession. The story of the war itself is told with much fairness and at ample length, while a brief sketch of the "reconstruction" policy, and of the difficulties with which the new President had to deal, brings to a fitting close a work which we would willingly see in every household.

A whole department of curious literature has been "boiled down" for Mr. Bonwick's "Pyramid Facts and Fancies" (C. Kegan Paul and Co.). "Who Built the Great Pyramid, and Why?" has been a puzzle for a thousand years. Not earlier; for the artistic Greek and Roman, who saw little more than a huge pile of stones, took quietly down the story of the priests, turned Khufu into Cheops, and put his note-book by. Not till the Saracens swarmed into the land do we get fairly among the legends of giant kings before the Flood, of Pharaoh's treasure-houses, and so forth; while it has been reserved for modern mystics to discover in the Gizeh Pyramid not only an edifice for the preservation of the sacred standards of length, and weight, and time, or the divinely revealed determinations of the "precession of the equinoxes," the sun's mean distance from the earth, the diameter and density of our planet, &c., but a chronological key to the past and future history of the world from the Flood to the Incarnation, and from the Incarnation to the commencement (in 1881-2, not, it is now thought, in 1877) of the Millennium. Merely to enumerate the fifty or so "fancies" which Mr. Bonwick has condensed and classified with most judicial, if slightly ironic, impartiality would more than fill our entire space. Much less can we dwell on the many interesting "facts" that bear on the structural design and measurements of the Great Pyramid, its place in the "pyramidal system" of the Nile-land, its comparison with similar and hardly less colossal buildings of extinct races in the Eastern and the Western Worlds. The whole volume is a most curious study—a book not to be read and cast aside, but to be welcomed as a permanent edition to the library.

In juxtaposition with Mr. Bonwick's work we might briefly note as an average example of what Mr. Proctor styles the new "Pyramid religion," Mr. W. Rowbottom's "Mystery of Bible Dates Solved by the Great Pyramid" (W. H. Guest). How Mr. Rowbottom adjusts Bible chronology to the inch scale of the great passage in the Pyramid by a general shifting forward of dates, and how he winds up with still more mysterious chapters on the identification of the British with the lost tribes of Israel, and the prophetic import of the squares, circles, and cubes of the Freemason, we must leave our readers to find out if they will. The majority, we fear, will deem such lucubrations of slender value even as exercises in arithmetic.

A fifth edition, remodelled and edited by Frederick Martin, of "Townsend's Manual of Dates" (F. Warne and Co.), will be found of very general service as a book of reference. The articles, with few exceptions, are well selected and to the point; the tables of dates under special headings—cities, countries, scientific discoveries, &c., more than usually full and accurate.

Last, far from least, as a volume of real usefulness let us commend "The Official Handbook of the National School of Cookery" (Chapman and Hall). Its recipes are not all for lordly dishes—we should turn to it with more hope of finding instructions for a "toad-in-the-hole" than a *Chateaubriand*, for "poor man's goose" than for *pâté du foies gras*; its tables of prices are hardly always after the scale of Bond Street or Piccadilly butchers. But the hammer-like force and directness of its rules—line upon line from the "now we will show you" of the beginning to the "and now it is finished" of the conclusion are unsurpassed by any book of cookery we know. Certainly there can be no better guide for those who set themselves down to cook a dinner untrammelled by any previous knowledge.

"Science, Art, and Literature, in the Middle Ages" (Bickers and Sons), is the fourth and concluding volume of M. Paul Lacroix's admirable illustrated series of Mediæval manners and customs. The subjects treated range from a chapter on Universities, Schools, and Students, in which an admirable account is given of the rise and growth of that curious Paris University System inaugurated by the unfortunate Abelard, and where the four "nations," France, England, Normandy, and Picardy, studied side by side until war destroyed the unity, to learned though popular disquisitions on Medicine, Mathematics, Philosophy, Chemistry, Alchemy, and those occult sciences which prospered far and wide under the fostering care of Thiébault, and the famous Nostradamus and his disciples. The Ptolemeian theory of Astronomy and the subsequent emendations and rectifications are fully discussed, while the Geographical lore of the time is dealt with in an admirable chapter illustrated with quaint maps from the old Roman charts of the then known world to a Spanish atlas of America executed in 1582. Here we may say a word of praise for the illustrations, which include thirteen chromolithographic prints and four hundred wood engravings, all exceedingly well executed, particularly those devoted to Alchemy and to Heraldry, which latter science is fully treated from the time of Cain, whose descendants are reported to have inaugurated the use of armorial bearings by painting implements of husbandry on their bucklers. The book, however, is by no means wholly confined to scientific treatises,—"Proverbs," "Romances," "Popular Songs," and the "Stage," meet with a fair share of notice, and certainly those who wish to obtain a general idea of literary and scientific life in the Middle Ages will find a fund of information in this volume which, although one of a series, is complete in itself. To any one interested in Mediæval life we should certainly recommend the study of the whole series, if only for the sake of the illustrations and engravings, which are not merely extremely good in themselves, but being taken from contemporaneous works, missals, chronicles, &c., are thoroughly authentic and characteristically representative of the subjects they illustrate. The copyright of the whole of this series, as well as of M. Lacroix's "Eighteenth Century," we have been requested to state, has been purchased from Messrs. Chapman and Hall by Messrs. Bickers and Son.

◆

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VI.

SEAFARING exploits and the adventures of castaways in desert regions still remain the favourite themes for Christmas books; and a trio of entertaining volumes on these familiar subjects, bright with gay bindings and illustrations, come from Messrs. Marcus Ward. "The Swiss Family Robinson" is not yet dethroned from favour by age and rivals, and appears in a new translation, wherein young people may duly admire that walking encyclopædia Pastor Velli, who is equally ready to build a house, concoct savoury messes from mysterious roots, hunt wild beasts, and preach a sermon. Slave-dealer chasing on the African coast is the exciting profession of "The Flag Lieutenant," by S. W. Sadler, and right bravely does the gallant officer do his duty, despite wounds, captivity, and shipwreck, until he wins promotion and a wife. A sadder strain runs through "Coralie," by C. H. Eden. Here a French vessel is wrecked on one of the Coral Islands, and captain and crew soon fall in a desperate encounter with the savages, leaving baby Coralie and her mother to the tender mercies of their enemies. The unlucky pair are, however, kindly treated, and with the aid of an old priest convert the tribe. The fate of the French navigator La Pérouse has supplied Mr. Eden with the leading idea, but the story is otherwise purely imaginary. These two books are printed in large type, excellent for delicate eyes, and the title-page of "Coralie" is specially tasteful. From fiction to fact, Mr. Eden also furnishes a compact and readable account of the chief features of the Celestial Empire, in "China, Historical and Descriptive" (M. Ward), a companion volume to those on Japan, India, &c. The work is but slight in character; and the details of the geography, history, religion, customs, &c., are mainly superficial; but Mr. Eden has collected the chief information necessary for the general reader, and refers the student to more pretentious works, while he writes in so agreeable and easy a style as to convey a good amount of knowledge in a small compass. Appended is a sketch of Corea, necessarily brief from meagreness of detail, as the Corean peninsula is jealously guarded from foreign eyes. The illustrations are plentiful.

A stirring and pathetic record of African exploration is Mr. N. D'Anvers' "Heroes of North African Discovery" (M. Ward). The author lightly sketches the early explorers, and begins a more complete and detailed history with Bruce's travels on the Blue Nile, not only chronicling the main points of African history—the tracking of the Niger by Park, Laing, Denham, Clapperton, and the Landers; Caillé's visit to Timbuctoo, Burckhardt's and Baker's exploration of the Nile, Richardson and Barth's journeys in the desert, Burton's trips among the Somali Arabs, and the expeditions in Abyssinia and Ashantee—but noting the numerous minor attempts, so many of which ended in failure. The work of Speke, Livingstone, Stanley, and Cameron lies too far below the Equator for treatment in the present volume, and is to be described in a work on South Africa. Tersely and plainly written, the "Heroes" is well worth careful study.—Mr. D'Anvers' other biography dates from the canine world, "Pixie, or the Tale of a Terrier" (C. Kegan Paul), and although the little Skye's adventures are not over exciting they will amuse by the simplicity of the pretended narrator. The accompanying engravings of the four-footed race by R. Moore are capital.

While adventurous boyish spirits are supplied with thrilling tales lads of a quieter temperament are furnished with the experiences of a workaday life. Thus "Martin Noble," by J. G. Watts (F. Warne), shows the reward of industry and high principles, and instils sound moral lessons. Martin is as noble in nature as in name, and the only fault we can find with him is that his goodness sometimes becomes oppressive—a drawback shared by "Boy and Man" (Religious Tract Society), wherein the moralising will very surely be skipped. The latter story, however, is well constructed, and some of the characters are evidently drawn from the Dickens model, while a quaint old-fashioned tone runs throughout.—To thoughtful people and lovers of the country the "Harvest of a Quiet Eye" (Religious Tract Society) will be a valued companion for a quiet hour or a solitary ramble. Full of graceful ideas, clad in refined poetic language, the volume draws a solemn lesson from each varied aspect of Nature as the seasons roll by, and points out freshly and forcibly the resemblance of our life to the growth and fall of the year. The illustrations are worthy of the text, and the floral headings are most dainty.—David's advice to the sign painter paraphrased into "too much red" might well be applied to the gaudy pictures of "My Pet's Gift Book" (same publishers), which is more tasteful outside than in. Nevertheless, non-critical childish eyes will like the floral alphabet and the stories in large print. Another children's favourite will be "Mother Goose's Fairy Tales" (Routledge), in which the time-honoured nursery traditions find due place, with ample illustrations. The same publisher sends a republication of a child's story by the poet Bloomfield, "Davy's New Hat," long since out of print, the original manuscript being in the British Museum. It is a simple little tale in Miss Edgeworth's style. "Peter Pengelly" and "Chronicles of Capstan Cabin," by J. J. Wray (Wesleyan Conference Office), are two more instructive stories, the former illustrative of the virtues of punctuality, the latter a series of short anecdotes. Mr. M. G. Pearse contributes a pleasant collection of Christmas stories in "Good Will" (Wesleyan Conference Office), showing the happiness of doing good to others, and some religious tracts in "Short Stories" (same publishers).

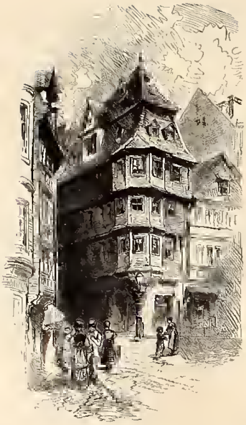
An odd little volume of a satirical turn is "The Book of Daubitoo," by J. Boshwell (A. H. Moxon), of which the illustrations are better than the jokes. The original of Dr. Johnkins is easily identified, and most of the characters are equally transparent.

Mr. W. S. Cadman, of 53, Hatton Garden, sends us numerous specimens of his cosaques, or Christmas crackers. What a contrast to the humble Waterloo crackers of our youth, which only contained a sugar plum and a slip of paper bearing a couplet of indifferent verse! The only fault about Mr. Cadman's cosaques is that they are "quite too lovely" to be pulled to pieces. It is really a shame to destroy such artistic productions. The only excuse is that if the outside is enchanting, the inside contains all sorts of pretty things, such as Japanese umbrellas, Normandy caps, ladies' hoods, capes, &c. Others, again, contain perfumes, and some are full of bonbons. Mr. Cadman also sends us some Christmas games, which we shall submit to the criticism of the young fry as soon as the holidays begin.

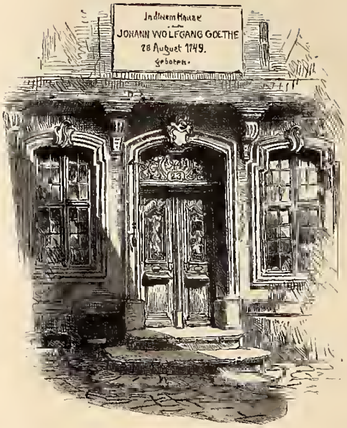
The New "Dexter" Playing Cards, patented by Messrs. De La Rue and Co., are a great improvement on those hitherto in use. They are thin, strong, flexible, and brightly burnished on both sides, and may be had with either square or rounded corners. The patent "Index-Pips" facilitate the sorting into suits, and enable the player to read his entire hand with ease when the cards are only slightly fanned out. The new system obviates the use of additional solid pips and figures at the sides of the cards, the marginal pips themselves being marked with the name of the card. The "Court Cribbage Board" received from the same firm is another ingenious novelty which ought to meet with universal approval. The old-fashioned loose pegs, which were seldom to be found when required, and which were so liable to be knocked or shaken out of their holes, are replaced by neat little buttons which slide to and fro in grooves from which it is impossible to remove them without destroying the board.

◆

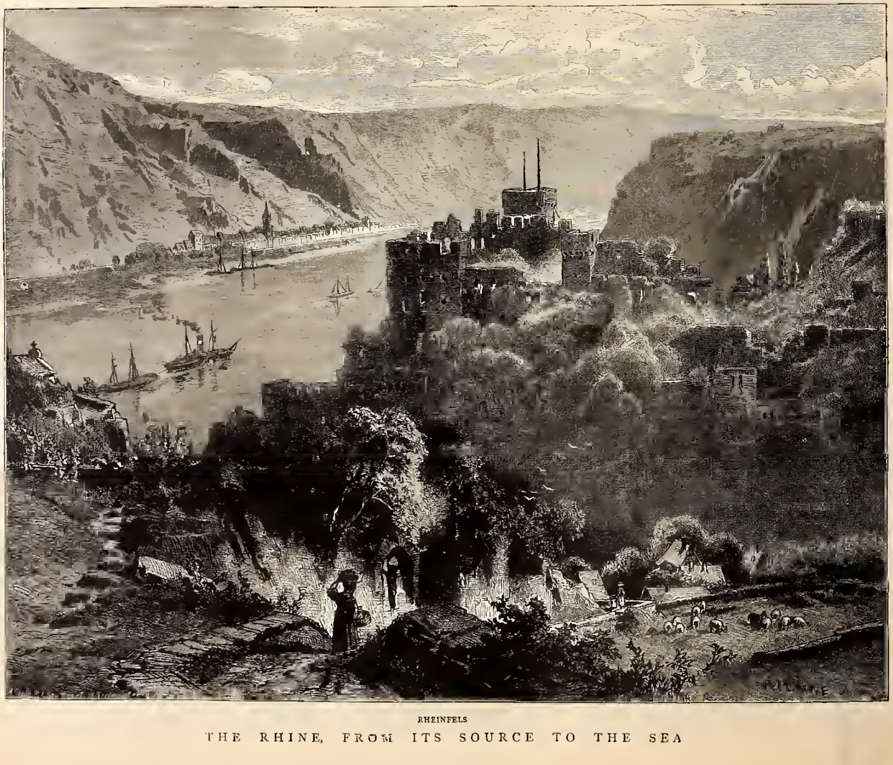
MR. BEAUMONT'S READINGS.——A new candidate for popular favour as a public reader, bearing the name of Henri Beaumont, made his appearance on Saturday last, at the Theatre of the School of Dramatic Art, No. 1, Woburn Place, Russell Square. The term "reading" is in this case almost a misnomer, for though the contents of the programme occupied nearly two hours and a half in delivery, Mr. Beaumont never once faltered for a word, and only in one piece did he have a book before him. His powers of memory are decidedly remarkable. His action also is praiseworthy, being quiet, unexaggerated, and yet appropriate to each successive situation. As a reciter, though his voice in the more *piano* passages somewhat lacks that far-reaching quality which is requisite to fill large rooms, he achieved a decided success. "The Dream of Eugene Aram" was very powerfully rendered, as was also Barham's grisly-humorous legend, "Look at the Clock." As, besides the above, the programme included such pieces as Barham's "Execution" and "The Chamber Scene" from *Hamlet*, both very effectively given, there was an undue preponderance of the horrible, and we recommend Mr. Beaumont in future to vary his bill of fare by the introduction of some specimens of unadulterated humour. There is an occasional staginess in his pronunciation of certain words, such as "true" and "blue," which he would do well to modify, but altogether he does credit to his instructor, Mr. Sleigh, the director of the above named School of Dramatic Art.



LUTHER'S HOUSE, FRANKFORT


In diesem Hause
JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE
28 August 1749.
geboren.
23

GOËTHE'S HOUSE, FRANKFORT



RHEINFELS

THE RHINE, FROM ITS SOURCE TO THE SEA

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

II.

THE SECOND DAY—THE STRUGGLE

VI.

THE DECREES OF THE REPRESENTATIVES WHO REMAINED FREE

(continued)

THEY cried out anew, "Read the Decree! Sit down! Sit down!"

There was a round table before the fireplace, a lamp, pens, blotting-books, and paper were brought there; the members of the Committee sat down at this table, the Representatives took their places around them on sofas, on arm-chairs, and on all the chairs which could be found in the adjoining rooms. Some looked about for Napoléon Bonaparte. He had withdrawn.

A member requested that in the first place the meeting should declare itself to be the National Assembly, and constitute itself by immediately appointing a President and Secretaries. I remarked that there was no need to declare ourselves the Assembly, that we were the Assembly by right as well as in fact, and the whole Assembly, our absent colleagues being detained by force; that the National Assembly, although mutilated by the *Coup d'État*, ought to preserve its entity and remain constituted afterwards in the same manner as before; that to appoint another President and another staff of Secretaries would be to give Louis Bonaparte an advantage over us, and to acknowledge in some manner the Dissolution; that we ought to do nothing of the sort; that our decrees should be published, not with the signature of a President, whoever he might be, but with the signature of all the members of the Left who had not been arrested, that they would thus carry with them full authority over the People, and full effect. They relinquished the idea of appointing a President. Noël Parfait proposed that our decrees and our resolutions should be drawn up, not with the formula: "The National Assembly decrees, &c.," but with the formula: "The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty decree, &c." In this manner we should preserve all the authority attached to the office of the Representatives of the People without associating the arrested Representatives with the responsibility of our actions. This formula had the additional advantage of separating us from the Right. The people knew that the only Representatives remaining free were the members of the Left. They adopted Noël Parfait's advice.

I read aloud the decree of deposition. It was couched in these words:—

"DECLARATION.

"The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty, by virtue of Article 68 of the Constitution, which runs as follows:—

"'Article 68.—Every measure by which the President of the Republic dissolves the Assembly, prorogues it, or obstructs the exercise of its authority, is a crime of High Treason.

"By this action alone the President is deposed from his office; the citizens are bound to refuse him obedience; the executive power passes by right to the National Assembly; the judges of the High Court of Justice should meet together immediately under penalty of treason, and convoke the juries in a place which they shall appoint to proceed to the judgment of the President and his accomplices.'

"They decree:—

"Article I.—Louis Bonaparte is deposed from his office of President of the Republic.

"Article II.—All citizens and public officials are bound to refuse him obedience under penalty of complicity.

"Article III.—The judgment drawn up on December 2nd by the High Court of Justice, and which declares Louis Bonaparte attainted with the Crime of High Treason, shall be published and executed. Consequently the civil and military authorities are summoned under penalty of treason to lend their active assistance to the execution of the said judgment.

"Given at Paris, in permanent session, December 3rd, 1851."

The decree having been read, and voted unanimously, we signed it, and the Representatives crowded round the table to add their signatures to ours. Sain remarked that this signing took time, that in addition we numbered barely more than sixty, a large number of the members of the Left being at work in the streets in insurrection. He asked if the Committee, who had full powers from the whole of the Left, had any objection to attach to the decree the names of all the Republican Representatives remaining at liberty, the absent as well as those present. We answered that the decree signed by all would assuredly better answer its purpose. Besides, it was the counsel which I had already given. Bancel had in his pocket an old number of the *Moniteur* containing the result of a division.

They cut out a list of the names of the members of the Left, the names of those who were arrested were erased, and the list was added to the decree.

The name of Emile Girardin upon this list caught my eye. He was still present.

"Do you sign this decree?" I asked him.

"Unhesitatingly."

"In that case will you consent to print it?"

"Immediately."

He continued:

"Having no longer any presses, as I have told you, I can only print it as a handbill, and with the brush. It takes a long time, but by eight o'clock this evening you shall have five hundred copies."

"And," continued I, "you persist in refusing to print the appeal to arms?"

"I do persist."

A second copy was made of the decree, which Emile de Girardin took away with him.

The deliberation was resumed. At each moment Representatives came in and brought items of news: Amiens in insurrection — Rheims and Rouen in motion, and marching on Paris—General Canrobert resisting the *Coup d'État*—General Castellane hesitating—the Minister of the United States demanding his passports. We placed little faith in these rumours, and facts proved that we were right.

Meanwhile Jules Favre had drawn up the following decree, which he proposed, and which was immediately adopted:—

"DECREE.

"FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"*Liberty,—Equality,—Fraternity.*

"The undersigned Representatives remaining at liberty, assembled in Permanent Session:

"Considering the arrests of the majority of our colleagues, and the urgency of the moment:

"Considering that for the accomplishment of his crime Louis Bonaparte has not contented himself with multiplying the most formidable means of destruction against the lives and property of the citizens of Paris, that he has trampled under foot every law, that he has annihilated all the guarantees of civilised nations:

"Considering that these criminal madnesses only serve to augment the violent denunciation of every conscience and to hasten the hour of national vengeance, but that it is important to proclaim the Right:

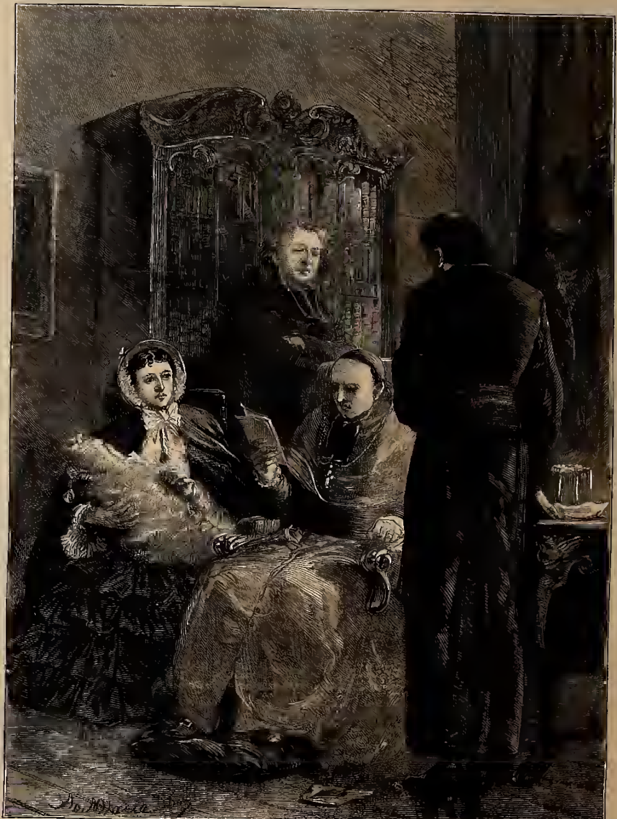
"They decree:

"Art. I.—The State of Siege is raised in all Departments where it has been established, the ordinary laws resume their authority.

"Art. II.—It is enjoined upon all military leaders under penalty of treason immediately to lay down the extraordinary powers which have been conferred upon them.

Art. III.—Officials and agents of the public force are charged under penalty of treason to put this present decree into execution.

"Given in Permanent Session, 3rd December, 1851."



THE ARCHBISHOP

Madame Arnauld handed to M. Sibour the two letters of her husband and the workman. The Archbishop read them

Madier de Montjau and De Flotte entered. They came from outside. They had been in all the districts where the conflict was proceeding, they had seen with their own eyes the hesitation of a part of the population in the presence of these words, "The Law of the 31st May is abolished, Universal Suffrage is re-established." The placards of Louis Bonaparte were manifestly working mischief. It was necessary to oppose effort to effort, and to neglect nothing which could open the eyes of the people.

I dictated the following Proclamation:—

"PROCLAMATION.

"People! you are being deceived.

"Louis Bonaparte says that he has re-established you in your rights, and that he restores to you Universal Suffrage.

"Louis Bonaparte has lied.

"Read his placords. He grants you—what infamous mockery!—the right of conferring on him, on him *alone*, the Constituent power; that is to say, the Supreme power, which belongs to you. He grants you the right to appoint him Dictator *for ten years*. In other words, he grants you the right of abdicating and of crowning him. A right which even you do not possess, O People! for one generation cannot dispose of the sovereignty of the generation which shall follow it.

"Yes, he grants to you, Sovereign, the right of giving yourself a master, and that master himself.

"Hypocrisy and treason!

"People! we unmask the hypocrite. It is for you to punish the traitor!

"The Committee of Resistance:

"Jules Favre, De Flotte, Caruot, Madier de Montjau, Mathieu (de la Drôme), Michel (de Bourges), Victor Hugo."

Baudin had fallen heroically. It was necessary to let the People know of his death, and to honour his memory. The decree below was voted on the proposition of Michel de Bourges:

"DECREE.

"The Representatives of the People remaining at liberty considering that the Representative Baudin has died on the barricade of the Faubourg St. Antoine for the Republic and for the laws, and that he has deserved well of his country, decree:

"That the honours of the Panthéon are adjudged to Representative Baudin.

"Given in Permanent Session, 3rd December, 1851."

After honour to the dead and the needs of the conflict it was necessary in my opinion to enunciate immediately and dictatorially some great popular benefit. I proposed the abolition of the *octroi* duties and of the duty on liquors. This objection was raised: "No caresses to the people! After victory, we will see. In the mean time let them fight! If they do not fight, if they do not rise, if they do not understand that it is for them, for their rights that we, the Representatives, that we risk our heads at this moment—if they leave us alone at the breach, in the presence of the *Coup d'État*—it is because they are not worthy of Liberty!" Bancel remarked that the abolition of the *octroi* duties and the duty on liquors were not caresses to the People, but succour to the poor, a great economical and reparatory measure, a satisfaction to the public demand—a satisfaction which the Right had always obstinately refused, and which the Left, master of the situation, ought to hasten to accord. They voted, with the reservation that it should not be published until after victory, the two decrees in one; in this form.

"DECREE.

"The Representatives remaining at liberty decree:

"The *Octroi* Duties are abolished throughout the extent of the territory of the Republic.

"Given in Permanent Session, 3rd December, 1851."

Versigny, with a copy of the Proclamations and of the Decree, left in search of Hetzel. Labrousse also left with the same object. They settled to meet at eight o'clock in the evening at the house of the former member of the Provisional Government, Marie, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.

As the members of the Committee and the Representatives withdrew I was told that some one had asked to speak to me. I went into a sort of little room attached to the large meeting-room, and I found there a man in a blouse, with an intelligent and sympathetic air. This man had a roll of paper in his hand.

"Citizen Victor Hugo," he said to me, "you have no printing office. Here are the means which will enable you to dispense with one."

He unfolded on the mantelpiece the roll which he had in his hand. It was a species of blotting book made of very thin blue paper, and which seemed to me to be slightly oiled. Between each leaf of blue paper there was a sheet of white paper. He took out of his pocket a sort of blunt bodkin, saying, "The first thing to hand will serve your purpose, a nail or a match," and he traced with his bodkin on the first leaf of the book the word "Republic." Then turning over the leaves, he said, "Look at this."

The word "Republic" was reproduced upon the fifteen or twenty white leaves which the book contained.

He added, "This paper is usually used to trace the designs of manufactured fabrics. I thought that it might be useful at a moment like this. I have at home a hundred books like this on which I can make a hundred copies of what you want—a Proclamation, for instance—in the same space of time that it takes to write four or five. Write something, whatever you may think useful at the present moment, and to-morrow morning five hundred copies shall be posted throughout Paris."

I had none of the documents with me which we had just drawn up. Versigny had gone away with the copies. I took a sheet of paper, and, leaning on the corner of the chimney-piece, I wrote the following Proclamation:—

"TO THE ARMY

"Soldiers!"

"A man has just broken the Constitution. He tears up the oath which he had sworn to the people; he suppresses the law, stifles Right, stains Paris with blood, chokes France, betrays the Republic!

"Soldiers, this man involves you in his crime.

"There are two things holy; the flag which represents military honour and the law which represents the National Right. Soldiers, the greatest of outrages is the flag raised against the Law! Follow no longer the wretched man who misleads you. Of such a crime French soldiers should be the avengers, not the accomplices.

"This man says he is named Bonaparte. He lies, for Bonaparte is a word which means glory. This man says that he is named Napoléon. He lies, for Napoléon is a word which means genius. As for him, he is obscure and insignificant. Give this wretch up to the law. Soldiers, he is a false Napoléon. A true Napoléon would once more give you a Marengo; he will once more give you a Transnonain.

"Look towards the true function of the French army; to protect the country, to propagate the Revolution, to free the people, to sustain the nationalities, to emancipate the Continent, to break chains everywhere, to protect Right everywhere, this is your part amongst the armies of Europe. You are worthy of great battle fields.

"Soldiers, the French army is the advanced guard of humanity.

"Become yourselves again; reflect; acknowledge your faults; rise up! Think of your Generals arrested, taken by the collar by galley sergeants and thrown handcuffed into robbers' cells! The malefactor, who is at the Elysée, thinks that the Army of France is a band of mercenaries; that if they are paid and intoxicated they will obey. He sets you an infamous task, he causes you to strangle, in this nineteenth century, and in Paris itself, Liberty, Progress, and Civilisation. He makes you—you, the children of France—destroy all that France has so gloriously and laboriously built up during three centuries of light and in sixty years of Revolution! Soldiers! you are the 'Grand Army!' respect the 'Grand Nation!'

"We, citizens; we, Representatives of the People and of yourselves; we, your friends, your brothers; we, who are Law and Right; we, who rise up before you, holding out our arms to you, and whom you strike blindly with your swords—do you know what drives us to despair? It is not to see our blood which flows; it is to see your honour which vanishes.

"Soldiers! one step more in the outrage, one day more with Louis Bonaparte, and you are lost before universal conscience. The men who command you are outlaws. They are not Generals—they are criminals. The garb of the galley slave awaits them; see it already on their shoulders. Soldiers! there is yet time—Stop! Come back to the country! Come back to the Republic! If you continue, do you know what History will say of you? It will say, 'They have trampled under the feet of their horses and crushed beneath the wheels of their cannon all the laws of their country; they, French soldiers, they have dishonoured the anniversary of Austerlitz, and by their fault, by their crime, the name of Napoléon sprinkles as much shame to-day upon France as in other times it has showered glory!

"French soldiers! cease to render assistance to crime!"

My colleagues of the Committee having left I could not consult them—time pressed—I signed:

"For the Representatives of the People remaining at liberty the Representative member of the Committee of Resistance.

"VICTOR HUGO."

The man in the blouse took away the Proclamation, saying:

"You will see it again to-morrow morning." He kept his word. I found it the next day placarded in the Rue Rambuteau, at the corner of the Rue de l'Homme-Armé and the Chapelle-Saint-Denis. To those who were not in the secret of the process it seemed to be written by hand in blue ink.

I thought of going home. When I reached the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, opposite my door, it happened curiously and by some chance to be half open. I pushed it, and entered. I crossed the courtyard, and went upstairs without meeting any one.

My wife and my daughter were in the drawing-room round the fire with Madame Paul Meurice. I entered noiselessly; they were conversing in a low tone. They were talking of Pierre Dupont, the popular song-writer, who had come to me to ask for arms. Isidore, who had been a soldier, had some pistols by him, and had lent three to Pierre Dupont for the conflict.

Suddenly these ladies turned their heads, and saw me close to them. My daughter screamed. "Oh, go away," cried my wife, throwing her arms round my neck, "you are lost if you remain here a moment. You will be arrested here!" Madame Paul Meurice added: "They are looking for you. The police were here a quarter of an hour ago." I could not succeed in reassuring them. They gave me a packet of letters offering me places of refuge for the night, some of them signed with names unknown to me. After some moments, seeing them more and more frightened, I went away. My wife said to me:—"What you are doing, you are doing for justice. Go, continue!" I embraced my wife and my daughter; five months have elapsed at the time when I am writing these lines. When I went into exile they remained near my son Victor in prison; I have not seen them since that day.

I left as I had entered. In the porter's lodge there were only two or three little children seated round a lamp, laughing and looking at pictures in a book.

VII.

THE ARCHBISHOP

ON this gloomy and tragical day an idea struck one of the people.

He was a workman belonging to the honest but almost imperceptible minority of Catholic Democrats. The double exaltation of his mind, revolutionary on the one side, mystical on the other, caused him to be somewhat distrusted by the people, even by his comrades and his friends. Sufficiently devout to be called a Jesuit by the Socialists, sufficiently Republican to be called a Red by the Reactionists, he formed an exception in the workshops of the Faubourg. Now, what is needed in these supreme crises to seize and govern the masses are men of exceptional genius, not men of exceptional opinion. There is no revolutionary originality. In order to be something, in the time of regeneration and in the days of social combat, one must bathe fully in those powerful homogeneous mediums which are called parties. Great currents of men follow great currents of ideas, and the true revolutionary leader is he who knows how best to drive the former in accordance with the latter.

Now the Gospel is in accordance with the Revolution, but Catholicism is not. This is due to the fact that in the main the Papacy is not in accordance with the Gospel. One can easily understand a Christian Republican, one cannot understand a Catholic Democrat. It is a combination of two opposites. It is a mind in which the negative bars the way to the affirmative. It is a neuter.

Now in time of revolution, whoever is neuter is impotent.

Nevertheless during the first hours of resistance against the *Coup d'État* the democratic Catholic workman, whose noble effort we are here relating, threw himself so resolutely into the cause of Justice and of Truth, that in a few moments he transformed distrust into confidence, and was hailed by the people. He showed such gallantry at the raising of the barricade of the Rue Aumaire that with an unanimous voice they appointed him their leader. At the moment of the attack he defended it as he had built it, with ardour. That was a sad but glorious battle-field; most of his companions were killed, and he escaped only by a miracle.

However, he succeeded in returning home, saying to himself bitterly, "All is lost."

It seemed evident to him that the great masses of the people would not rise. Thenceforward it appeared impossible to conquer the *Coup d'État* by a Revolution; it could be only combatted by legality. What had been the risk at the beginning became the hope at the end, for he believed the end to be fatal, and at hand. In his opinion it was necessary, as the people were defaulters, to try now to arouse the middle classes. Let one legion of the National Guard go out in arms, and the Elysée was lost. For this a decisive blow must be struck—the heart of the middle classes must be reached—the "bourgeois" must be inspired by a grand spectacle which should not be a terrifying spectacle.

It was then that this thought came to this workman: "Write to the Archbishop of Paris."

The workman took a pen, and from his humble garret he wrote to the Archbishop of Paris an enthusiastic and earnest letter, in which he, a man of the people and a believer, said this to his Bishop; we give the substance of his letter:—

"This is a solemn hour. Civil War sets by the ears the Army and the People, blood is being shed. When blood flows the Bishop goes forth. M. Sibour should follow in the path of M. Affre. The example is great, the opportunity is still greater.

"Let the Archbishop of Paris, followed by all his clergy, the Pontifical cross before him, his mitre on his head, go forth in procession through the streets. Let him summon to him the National Assembly and the High Court, the Legislators in their sashes, the Judges in their scarlet robes; let him summon to him the citizens, let him summon to him the soldiers, let him go straight to the Elysée. Let him raise his hand in the name of Justice against the man who is violating the laws, and in the name of Jesus against the man who is shedding blood. Simply with his raised hand he will crush the *Coup d'État*.

"And he will place his statue by the side of M. Affre, and it will be said that twice two Archbishops of Paris have trampled Civil War beneath their feet.

"The Church is holy, but the country is sacred. There are times when the Church should succour the Country."

The letter being finished it he signed it with his workman's signature.

But now a difficulty arose; how should it be conveyed to its destination?

Take it himself?

But would he, a mere workman in a blouse, be allowed to penetrate to the Archbishop?

And then, in order to reach the Archiepiscopal Palace, he would have to cross those very quarters in insurrection, and where, perhaps, the resistance was still active. He would have to pass through streets obstructed by troops, he would be arrested and searched, his hands smelt of powder, he would be shot, and the letter would not reach its destination.

What was to be done?

At the moment when he had almost despaired of a solution, the name of Amauld de l'Ariége came to his mind.

Arnauld de l'Ariége was a Representative after his own heart. Arnauld d'Ariége was a noble character. He was a Catholic Democrat like the workman. At the Assembly he raised aloft, but he bore nearly alone, that banner so little followed which aspires to ally the Democracy with the Church. Arnauld de l'Ariége, young, handsome, eloquent, enthusiastic, gentle, and firm, combined the attributes of the Tribune with the faith of the knight. His open nature, without wishing to detach itself from Rome, worshipped Liberty. He had two principles, but he had not two faces. On the whole the democratic spirit preponderated in him. He said to me one day, "I give my hand to Victor Hugo. I do not give it to Montalembert."

The workman knew him. He had often written to him, and had sometimes seen him.

Amauld de l'Ariége lived in a district which had remained almost free.

The workman went there without delay.

Like the rest of us, as has been seen, Arnauld de l'Ariége had taken part in the conflict. Like most of the Representatives of the Left, he had not returned home since the morning of the Second. Nevertheless, on the second day, he thought of his young wife whom he had left without knowing if he should see her again, of his baby of six months old which she was suckling, and which he had not kissed for so many hours, of that beloved hearth, of which at certain moments one feels an absolute need to obtain a fleeting glimpse, he could no longer resist; arrest, Mazas, the cell, the hulks, the firing party, all vanished, the idea of danger was obliterated, he went home.

It was precisely at that moment that the workman arrived there.

Amauld de l'Ariége received him, read his letter, and approved of it.

Amauld de l'Ariége knew the Archbishop of Paris personally.

M. Sibour, a Republican priest appointed Archbishop of Paris by General Cavaignac, was the true chief of the Church dreamed of by the liberal Catholicism of Arnauld de l'Ariége. On behalf of the Archbishop, Arnauld de l'Ariége represented in the Assembly that Catholicism which M. de Montalembert perverted. The Democratic Representative and the Republican Archbishop had at times frequent conferences, in which acted as intermediatory the Abbé Maret, an intelligent priest, a friend of the people and of progress, Vicar-General of Paris, who has since been Bishop *in partibus* of Surat. Some days previously Arnauld had seen the Archbishop, and had received his complaints of the encroachments of the Clerical party upon the episcopal authority, and he even proposed shortly to interpellate the Ministry on this subject and to take the question into the Tribune.

Amauld added to the workman's letter a letter of introduction, signed by himself, and enclosed the two letters in the same envelope.

But here the same question arose.

How was the letter to be delivered?

Amauld, for still weightier reasons than those of the workman, could not take it himself.

And time pressed!

His wife saw his difficulty, and quietly said:—

"I will take charge of it."

Madame Amauld de l'Ariége, handsome and quite young, married scarcely two years, was the daughter of the Republican ex-Constituent Guichard; worthy daughter of such a father, and worthy wife of such a husband.

They were fighting in Paris; it was necessary to face the dangers of the streets, to pass among musket balls, to risk her life.

Amauld de l'Ariége hesitated.

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

"I will take this letter."

"You yourself?"

"I myself."

"But there is danger."

She raised her eyes, and answered:

"Did I make that objection to you when you left me the day before yesterday?"

He kissed her with tears in his eyes, and answered, "Go."

But the police of the *Coup d'État* were suspicious, many women were searched while going through the streets; this letter might be found on Madame Arnauld. Where could this letter be hidden?

"I will take my baby with me," said Madame Arnauld.

She undid the linen of her little girl, hid the letter there, and refastened the swaddling band.

When this was finished the father kissed his child on the forehead, and the mother exclaimed laughingly:

"Oh, the little Red! She is only six months old, and she is already a conspirator!"

Madame Arnauld reached the Archbishop's Palace with some difficulty. Her carriage was obliged to take a long round. Nevertheless she arrived there. She asked for the Archbishop. A woman with a child in her arms could not be a very terrible visitor, and she was allowed to enter.

But she lost herself in courtyards and staircases. She was seeking her way somewhat discouraged, when she met the Abbé Maret. She knew him. She addressed him. She told him the object of her expedition. The Abbé Maret read the workman's letter, and was seized with enthusiasm—"This may save all," said he.

He added, "Follow me, Madam, I will introduce you."

The Archbishop of Paris was in the room which adjoins his study. The Abbé Maret ushered Madame Arnauld into the study, informed the Archbishop, and a moment later the Archbishop entered. Besides the Abbé Maret, the Abbé Deguerry, the Curé of the Madeleine, was with him.

Madame Arnauld handed to M. Sibour the two letters of her husband and the workman. The Archbishop read them, and remained thoughtful.

"What answer am I to take back to my husband?" asked Madame Arnauld.

"Madam," replied the Archbishop, "it is too late. This should have been done before the struggle began. Now, it would be only to risk the shedding of more blood than perhaps has yet been spilled."

The Abbé Deguerry was silent. The Abbé Maret tried respectfully to turn the mind of his Bishop towards the grand effort counselled by the workman. He spoke eloquently. He laid great stress upon this argument, that the appearance of the Archbishop would bring about a manifestation of the National Guard, and that a manifestation of the National Guard would compel the Elysée to draw back.

"No," said the Archbishop, "you hope for the impossible. The Elysée will not draw back now. You believe that I should stop the bloodshed—not at all; I should cause it to flow, and that in torrents. The National Guard has no longer any influence. If the legions appeared the Elysée could crush the legions by the regiments. And then, what is an Archbishop in the presence of the Man of the *Coup d'État*? Where is the oath? Where is the sworn faith? Where is the respect for Right? A man does not turn back when he has made three steps in such a crime. No! no! Do not hope. This man will do all. He has struck the Law in the hand of the Representative. He will strike God in mine."

And he dismissed Madame Arnauld with the look of a man overwhelmed with sorrow.

Let us do the duty of the Historian. Six weeks afterwards, in the Church of Notre Dame, some one was singing the *Te Deum* in honour of the treason of December—thus making God a partner in a crime.

This man was the Archbishop Sibour.

VIII.

MOUNT VALÉRIEN

Of the two hundred and thirty Representative prisoners at the barracks of the Quai d'Orsay fifty-three had been sent to Mount Valérien. They loaded them in four police vans. Some few remained who were packed in an omnibus. MM. Benoist d'Azy, Falloux, Piscatory, Vatimesnil, were locked in the wheeled cells, as also Eugène Sue and Esquims. The worthy M. Gustave de Beaumont, a great upholder of the cellular system, rode in a celled vehicle. It is not an undesirable thing, as we have said, that the legislator should taste of the law.

The Commandant of Mount Valérien appeared under the archway of the fort to receive the Representative prisoners.

He at first made some some show of registering them in the gaoler's book. General Oudinot, under whom he had served, rebuked him severely:

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, General."

"Well then, let that suffice. Ask no more."

"Yes," said Tamisier. "Ask more and salute. We are more than the Army; we are France."

The Commandant understood. From that moment he was hat in hand before the generals, and bowed low before the Representatives.

They led them to the barracks of the fort and shut them up promiscuously in a dormitory, to which they added fresh beds, and which the soldiers had just quitted. They spent their first night there. The beds touched each other. The sheets were dirty.

Next morning, owing to a few words which had been heard outside, the rumour spread amongst them that the fifty-three were to be sorted, and that the Republicans were to be placed by themselves. Shortly afterwards the rumour was confirmed. Madame de Luynes gained admission to her husband, and brought some items of news. It was asserted, amongst other things, that the Keeper of the Seals of the *Coup d'État*, the man who signed himself Eugène Rouher, "Minister of Justice," had said, "Let them set the men of the Right at liberty, and send the men of the Left to the dungeon. If the populace stirs they will answer for everything. As a guarantee for the submission of the Faubourgs we shall have the head of the Reds."

We do not believe that M. Rouher uttered these words, in which there is so much audacity. At that moment M. Rouher did not possess any. Appointed Minister on the 2nd December, he temporised, he exhibited a vague prudery, he did not venture to install himself in the Place Vendôme. Was all that was being done quite correct? In certain minds the doubt of success changes into scruples of conscience. To violate every law, to perjure oneself, to strangle Right, to assassinate the country, are all these proceedings wholly honest? While the deed is not accomplished they hesitate. When the deed has succeeded they throw themselves upon it. Where there is victory there is no longer treason; nothing serves like success to cleanse and render acceptable that unknown thing which is called crime. During the first moments M. Rouher reserved himself. Later on he has been one of the most violent advisers of Louis Bonaparte. It is all very simple. His fear beforehand explains his subsequent zeal.

The truth is, that these threatening words had been spoken not by Rouher, but by Persigny.

M. de Luynes imparted to his colleagues what was in preparation, and warned them that they would be asked for their names in order that the white sheep might be separated from the scarlet goats. A murmur which seemed to be unanimous arose. These generous manifestations did honour to the Representatives of the Right.

"No! No! Let us name no one, let us not allow ourselves to be sorted," exclaimed M. Gustave de Beaumont.

M. de Vatimesnil added: "We have come in here all together, we ought to go out all together."

Nevertheless a few moments afterwards Antony Thouret was informed that a list of names was being secretly prepared, and that the Royalist Representatives were invited to sign it. They attributed, doubtless wrongly, this unworthy resolution to the honourable M. de Falloux.

Antony Thouret spoke somewhat warmly in the centre of the group, which were muttering together in the dormitory.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a list of names is being prepared. This would be an unworthy action. Yesterday at the Mairie of the Tenth Arrondissement you said to us: 'There is no longer Left or Right; we are the Assembly.' You believed in the victory of the People, and you sheltered yourself behind us Republicans. To-day you believe in the victory of the *Coup d'État*, and you would again become Royalists, to deliver us up, us Democrats! Truly excellent. Very well! Pray do so."

A universal shout arose.

"No! No! No more Right or Left! All are the Assembly. The same lot for all!"

The list which had been begun was seized and burnt.

"By decision of the Chamber," said M. de Vatimesnil smiling.

A Legitimist Representative added:

"Of the Chamber? No, let us say of the Chambered."

A few moments afterwards the Commissary of the fort appeared, and in polite phrases, which, however, savoured somewhat of authority, invited each of the Representatives of the People to declare his name in order that each might be allotted to his ultimate destination.

A shout of indignation answered him.

"No one! No one will give his name," said General Oudinot.

Gustave de Beaumont added:

"We all bear the same name: Representatives of the People."

The Commissary saluted them and went away.

After two hours he came back. He was accompanied this time by the Chief of the Ushers of the Assembly, a man named Duponceau, a species of arrogant fellow with a red face and white hair, who on grand days strutted at the foot of the Tribune with a silvered collar, a chain over his stomach, and a sword between his legs.

The Commissary said to Duponceau:

"Do your duty."

What the Commissary meant, and what Duponceau understood by this word *duty*, was that the Usher should denounce the Legislators. Like the lackey who betrays his masters.

It was done in this manner.

This Duponceau dared to look in the faces of the Representatives by turn, and he named them one after the other to a policeman, who took notes of them.

The Sieur Duponceau was sharply castigated while holding this review.

"M. Duponceau," said M. Vatimesnil to him, "I always thought you an idiot, but I believed you to be an honest man."

The severest rebuke was administered by Antony Thouret. He looked Sieur Duponceau in the face, and said to him, "You deserve to be named Dupin."

The Usher in truth was worthy of being the President, and the President was worthy of being the Usher.

The flock having been counted, the classification having been made, there were found to be thirteen goats, ten Representatives of the Left: Eugène Sue, Esquiras, Antony Thouret, Pascal Duprat, Chanay, Fayolle, Paulin Durrieu, Benoît, Tamisier, Teillard-Latérisse, and three members of the Right, who since the preceding day had suddenly become Red in the eyes of the *Coup d'Etat*; Oudinot, Piscatory, and Thuriot de la Rosière.

They confined these separately, and they set at liberty one by one the forty who remained.

(To be continued)

New Novels

"The World Well Lost," by E. Lynn Linton (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus).—This is another variation on the theme which always forms, so to say, the backbone of Mrs. Lynn Linton's novels—the rightful supremacy of simple human feelings, "the claims of nature and individualism," over "the law of social needs," and perhaps also some accepted moral notions. The tale is eminently interesting, and told with all the author's wonted force and skill in the delineation of character, at least of character sufficiently strong or marked to suit her hand. It is also most cunningly contrived to serve as a medium for the expression of her theories. There has always been a mystery about Mrs. Smith of Owlett, who has been living at Grantley Bourne rather more than fourteen years, when we first make her acquaintance in the opening pages of the story. A refined and gracious lady, absolutely without reproach in her conduct, she has lived persistently in the closest retirement, holding altogether aloof from society for her own part, and keeping her two children, Derwent and Muriel, out of it as much as lay in her power without giving occasion for too much comment. But the young people, as they grew up, could not be hindered from making friends; and they have formed ties of special intimacy with their near neighbours—as country neighbours go—the Machells of Machells, one of the oldest and proudest of the county families, though now only the owners of acres mortgaged up to the hilt, and beyond it. And then we come to learn that both the Machell brothers, Wilfrid and Arthur, are in love with Muriel Smith, whilst a boy-and-girl passion is growing up between Derwent Smith and Hilda Machell. But Wilfrid, the slave of "the law of social needs," crushes down his love so that its existence is never suspected. His manifest duty, in his own eyes, is to save Machells, and to do this he must marry money—marry the money that is to be had for the asking, coupled with the hand of Miss Brown de Paumelle, the daughter of the wealthy ex-soapboiler. Arthur, disciple of "the claims of nature and individualism," casts family traditions to the winds, boldly avows his love, and wins love in return, and in spite of opposition from all quarters is resolved to carve out fortune for himself. Then comes "the bolt out of the blue"—Mr. Smith, whose recent appearance at Owlett has been as strange and unexplained as his prolonged absence from his home, is discovered to have been passing the last fifteen years of his life in penal servitude for forgery—forgery committed in one of those moments of desperation to which weak men are specially liable to save wife and little ones from the ruin he had brought upon them. This is the explanation of the mystery which has hung over his wife—true, loving, and devoted to him in dishonour as once in honour. How Derwent and Muriel take the discovery of their father's shame, and how Arthur bears himself towards the girl who must come to him now, if she comes at all, not only empty-handed, but branded more or less with social disgrace, we had better let readers find out for themselves, for we have not the space to tell them even if we wished. The title of the book will reveal a good deal of its secret. Though it does not contain any one character that takes such hold upon the imagination as Leam Dundas, it is as a whole fully equal in cleverness and power to any novel we have had from the gifted hands of its author.

"Mirage," by George Fleming, author of "A Nile Novel" (3 vols.: Macmillan).—This story seems built much on the same lines, and shows much the same characteristics, as "A Nile Novel." Here, too, we have a group of Americans, nearly all enormously rich, and most of them highly cultivated, who "do" Syria instead of, as formerly, Egypt; landing at Jaffa, and going up thence to Jerusalem, and then "camping it" over the land, as needs must be the course pursued by Syrian travellers, until we finally lose sight of them at Damascus. And here, too, we have the same delicate and subtle insight into and analysis of mood and character, the same graceful play of thought and feeling, and the same sense of a certain indefinable harmony established between the emotions of the human actors and the outward scenes in which they are experienced. Only the tale is much sadder; for Constance Varley's dream of happiness is but "mirage;" and the man to whom she has long given her loyal heart, and who is ready to love her—for his passion hardly seems to have risen higher than this—parts from her unconscious that he, and he only, occupies her thoughts, and she is powerless to clear up the fatal mistake which shatters one life and mars another. Those readers—and their number seems to have been many—who found a charm in "A Nile Novel" may take up "Mirage" without fear of disappointment; people who demand an exciting plot, and a story that it never needs any trouble to understand, are not likely to care for the one book any more than the other.

"Disappeared from Her Home," by Mrs. F. E. Pirkis (Remington and Co.).—This is the story of the sudden disappearance from her home of one Miss Amy Warden, a beautiful damsel of seventeen, the only child of a gentleman of fortune and position, who vanishes one fine August morning, without a single assignable cause, and without leaving a trace behind her. The tale is a slight one, but really very ingenious, and very well put together, all things considered, and shows that Mrs. Pirkis has a decided turn for the novel of mystery. We can recommend the story to any one in search of materials for an hour's gentle excitement, and all the more readily because the clouds clear away satisfactorily at the last.

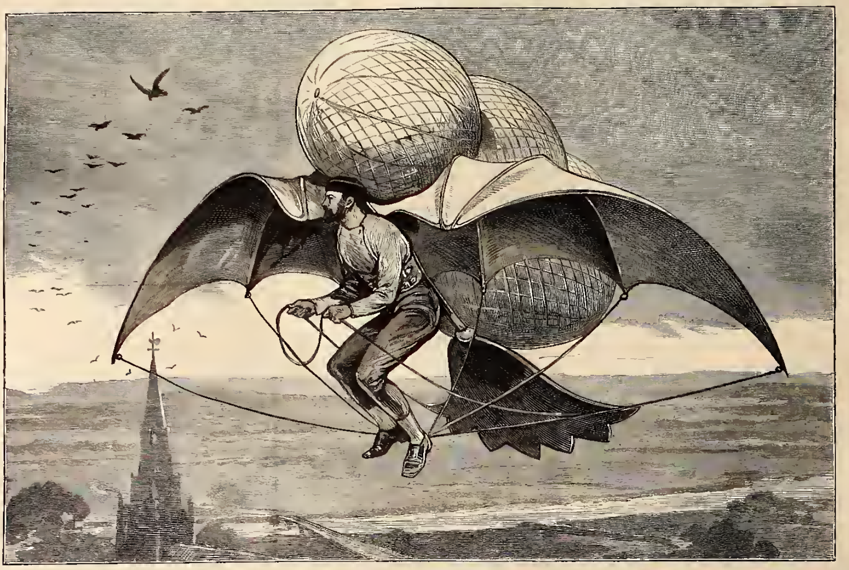
Rural Notes

Our Christmas Cattle.——Most butchers who have been in the habit of attending what is called the "Great Christmas Cattle Market" have declared that this is the best one they have ever seen—that the beasts from Scotland were never equalled for quality, and that the Norfolks seldom before came out in such good form. Perhaps it might be well to mention that Norfolks, as they are called, do not mean beasts bred in Norfolk, but as a rule those that are fed in that county. Shorthorn crosses are the favourites. On all breeds the shorthorns make their mark, on none better than a polled; but on Herefordshires, Devonshires, and Ayrshires, the quality of the Teeswater tells. The shorthorns gained the chief award this year at the Agricultural Hall fairly enough, although Mr. Catchpole's white heifer was by no means among the best that have been seen at Islington. She fairly beat, however, the Prince of Wales's Devon ox, pretty as he was; and the Devon scarcely should have been in competition with the shorthorn, as a Highland ox in the Hall was better. The polled and crosses from Scotland made the highest prices in the Christmas market, some of them reaching from 45*l.* to 60*l.* each, and in one exceptional case 80*l.* The sales of cattle were not so brisk at the Smithfield Club during the week as usual, and not a few of the younger ones shown went back to be kept on for another year. The black heifer belonging to Sir W. Gordon Gordon Cumming, that stood in competition with Mr. Catchpole's Champion, was sold to an Aberdonian for 150*l.*, and once more it is understood she will return to win laurels in the south.

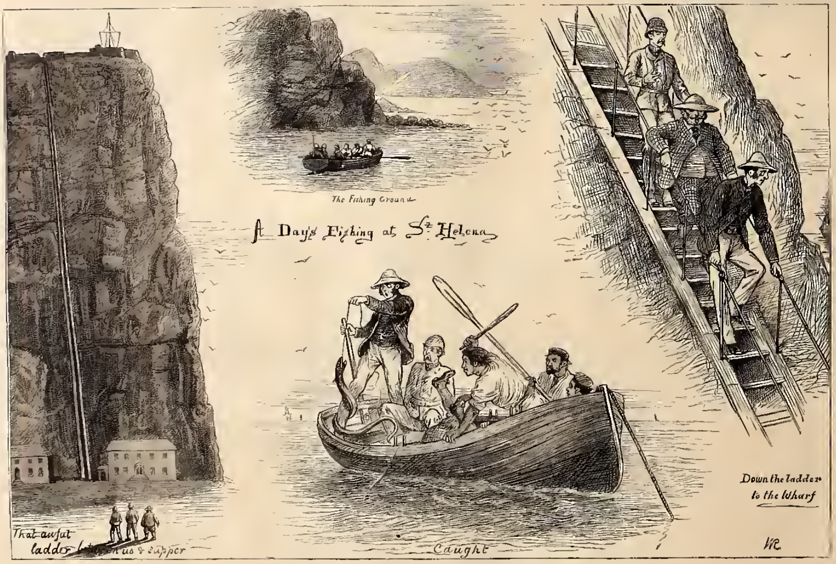
The Year's Account.——The farmers' holiday may be said to be over. They know the best and the worst of their welfare now. Their grain has been threshed, their stock has been sold. On many farms the straw cannot be taken off the steading, so that it need not much be taken into account, beyond the mention that it would be much better to leave farmers to their own discretion as to what they should do as to cropping and selling the produce. The restrictive clauses in leases have done more harm to agriculture than all the game which creates such rows throughout the country, and which is the *bête noir* of political agitators. On the whole, the year has not been a profitable one. In some localities it has been quite the opposite. The corn has not threshed out so favourably as the bulk of straw indicated, and the Christmas stock has not produced the amount it was expected to realise. At least 6*s.* 4*d.* was anticipated as a current top for the best Scots, but 6*s.* 2*d.* only was obtained, and for the best Southdowns but 7*s.* instead of 7*s.* 4*d.* Will the butchers reduce the Christmas dinners owing to the fall? It is pleasurable to notice that some generous landowners are giving back a reduction of from 20 to 30 per cent. this year on the rents. It would be better were they permanently to reduce them, for, as a rule, they are too high. The farmers' ledger, taking corn and cattle together, will balance favourably with those of the last three years.

The Weather.——During the past week the weather has been very variable. There have been days mild as spring, and

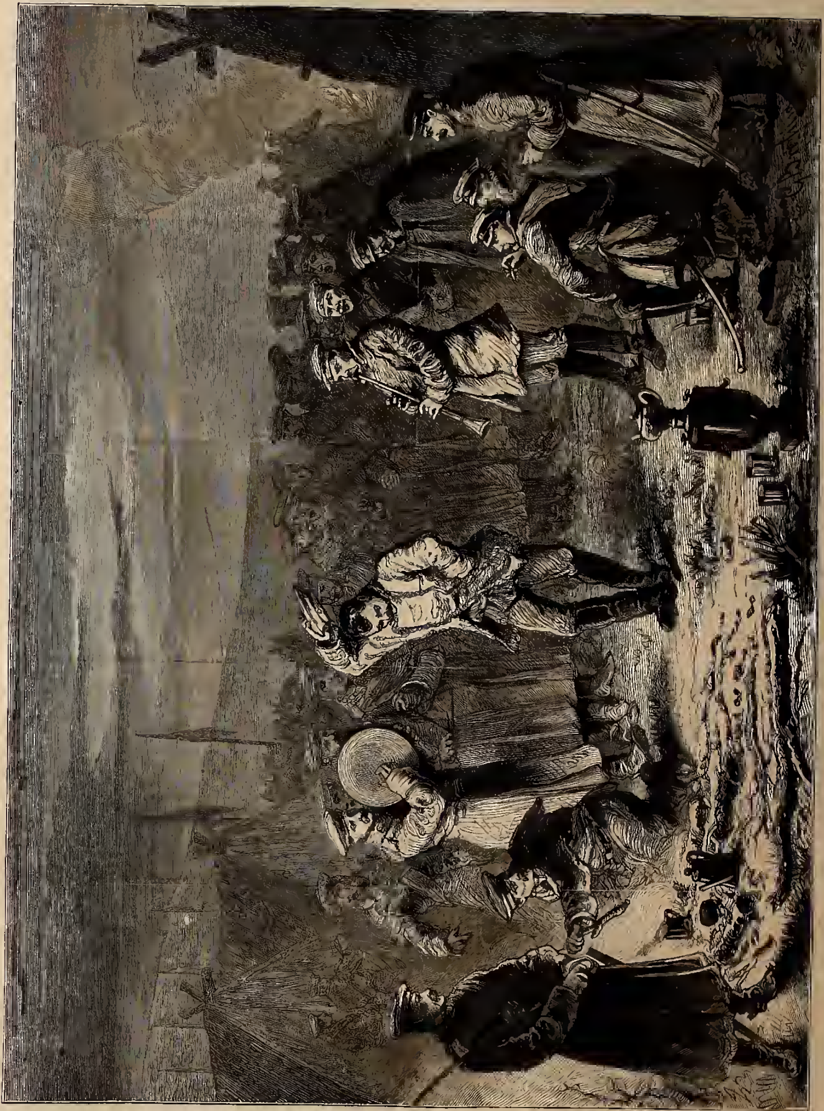
(Continued on page 598)



A SUGGESTION FOR A FLYING MACHINE


The Fishing Ground
A Day's Fishing at St. Helena
Down the ladder to the Wharf
That awful ladder between us & supper
Caught
WR

FISHING NOTES AT ST. HELENA



WITH THE RUSSIANS—SOLDIERS REJOICING AFTER THE FALL OF PLEVNA

(*Continued from page 595*)

some cold as wintry weather should be. Farm work has progressed favourably, and except in districts where the harvest was late, everything in the way of field work is quite as far advanced as it usually is at this season of the year.

MISCELLANEOUS.——A writer in *The Country*, with reference to the four-horned sheep which so much attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales and his attendants, makes the following pregnant remark: "If Mr. Watts can produce a sheep with five legs of mutton he may be considered a benefactor; but the less horns in a sheep the better."—The Duke of Bedford has been elected President of the Smithfield Club.—The Lord President of the Privy Council spoke no more explicitly to the joint deputation of the Farmers' Club and Central Chamber of Agriculture about the future legislation as to cattle disease than the Prime Minister did three weeks ago. He would not enter into details about the promised Bill because that would be "impossible," and added, "anything which I might let fall would obviously lead to misconception, and I think—at least I hope—that you will be satisfied with the assurance from me that the subject is one that has received our very serious attention, and that we shall be prepared at a very early period to introduce a Bill; and I think that the manner in which we shall deal with the subject will be satisfactory to all classes in the country." The Bill may be satisfactory when it comes; but we doubt that agricultural legislation can be perfect or approaching to perfection until such time as we have a Minister specially appointed to consider the subject, and to whom wars and rumours of wars bring no nervousness; whose whole energies shall be devoted to the interests of those who own ploughshares, instead of being divided between them and the wielders of spears.—The owners of locomotive traction engines on roads, representing 1,800 engines, have taken a step in the right direction in memorialising the Government to take up at an early period of the Parliamentary Session the subject of the petty persecutions to which they are liable under the present Act by county magistrates, and to bring in a Bill in accordance with the recommendations of the Select Committee of 1873.

Folio, price 7s. 6d. each.
THROUGH THE EYE TO THE MIND—THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOKS: a Series of Volumes illustrative of Natural History and of the Vegetable World, with Descriptive Letterpress.
"These volumes are among the most instructive picture books we have seen, and we know of none better calculated to excite and gratify the appetite of the young for the knowledge of nature."—*Times*.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Tenth Edition, with Fifty-four Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 1: or, LESSONS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS. By ADAM WHITE, late Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Fifth Edition, with many new Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 2: or, LESSONS FROM THE VEGETABLE WORLD. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Herb of the Field," &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Third Edition, with Sixty Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 3: LESSONS ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, or the Natural History of the Quadrupeds which characterise the Four Divisions of the Globe.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Second Edition, with Forty-eight Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.
THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 4: SKETCHES FROM NATURE, or Pictures of Animal and Vegetable Life in all Lands.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Seventh Edition, with Thirty-six Oblong Coloured Illustrations, price 7s. 6d.
RECREATIVE ILLUSTRATION—THE NEW PICTURE BOOK: or, PICTORIAL LESSONS ON FORM, COMPARISON, AND NUMBER, for Children under Seven Years of Age. With Explanation by NICHOLAS BOHNY.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Map and Illustrations, price 6s.
THE HEROES OF YOUNG AMERICA. By ASCOTT R. HOPE, Author of "A Peck of Troubles," "A Book About Boys," "A Book About Dominoes," &c., &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, price 6s.
ADVENTURES IN THE AIR: being Memorable Experiences of Great Aeronauts. From the French of M. DE FONVIELLE. Translated and edited by JOHN S. KELTIE.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

ATLASES.—All the best Atlases by Keith Johnston, Dr. Wm. Smith, The Useful Knowledge Society, Sprüner, Stieler, Black, Philip, &c., in bindings suitable for presentation, from £1 to £6 6s., subject to a large discount for cash.
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

STATIONERY.—"Stanford's Treasury Note," 4s. per ream, "Whatman's, Turkey Mill," Repp, and all the Ordinary and Special qualities of Note Paper, with corresponding Envelopes in Stock. Samples and prices on application. Card plates, dies, book plates, &c., &c., Engraved in the best manner.
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

DIARIES AND OTHER ANNUALS, 1878.—Letts', Pettitt's, De La Rue's, Marcus Ward's, Harwood's, Goldsmith's, Whitaker's, and other Diaries, Pocket Books, and Almanacs; Peerages, Court Guides, Foreign and Colonial Office List, Parliamentary and Clerical Directories, &c., &c., supplied on the day of publication, at a large discount for cash.
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW CHRISTMAS ALBUM contains no less than 18 new and beautiful songs (which cannot be obtained in any similar publication), published Saturday, Nov 24. Words, music, choruses, and pianoforte accompaniments. Price 1s., post free 14 stamps, addressed MANAGER, Moore and Burgess Minstrels, St. James's Hall.—Wholesale of J. WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.

Just published, cloth, 3s. 6d.; morocco, 7s. 6d.
POEMS.
By WILLIAM FREDERICK ROCK.
WM. KENT and CO., Paternoster Row; and all Booksellers.

Now ready at all Booksellers.
LETTS'S DIARIES and POCKET BOOKS for 1878, to suit all classes. 116 varieties of size, from 6d. to 14s. each. Catalogues gratis.
LETTS, SONS, and CO. (Limited), 33, King William St., E.C.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 32 stamps.
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed Specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

HAVE YOU READ "BRIEF?"

WHAT IS "BRIEF"?

"BRIEF" IS THE NEW PENNY WEEKLY PAPER

BRIEF, the CHEAPEST and BEST FAMILY PAPER ever Published.

Every Saturday, One Penny. Yearly, post free, 6s. 6d.
BRIEF: an Epitome of Current News, Thought, and Criticism. Contains the Cream of all the Daily and Weekly Papers. The best Family Paper. One Penny Weekly.
WYMAN and SONS, 81, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

ASK FOR THE NEW YORK CONSOLIDATED CARD COMPANY'S
"SQUEEZER"
PLAYING CARDS
The highest finish, back and front, and handle like highly polished Ivory.
Retail of every Stationer, and Wholesale of
LAWRENCE BROTHERS, SOLE AGENTS,
Viaduct Works, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shilling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

TO THE LADIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.
SYLVIA'S HOME JOURNAL of Tales, Stories, Fashions, and Needlework. Price 6d. An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, for Home Reading and Home Use.
On December 1st will be published
SYLVIA'S HOME JOURNAL for JANUARY, containing the opening chapters of an original story, by JULIA CHANDLER, entitled
JANETTA; or, MARRIED FOR MONEY.
In the same Number is also begun a powerful Story, by Miss MARLITT,
THE SECOND WIFE.
The Literary Contents will also comprise:
SYLVIA'S LETTER of GENERAL GOSSIP. HOME and HOME WORK, by JULIA CHANDLER. PARIS FASHIONS for JANUARY.
THE ENGLISH FASHIONS; or, Mutiny in Millinery.
SYLVIA'S ANSWERS TO HER CORRESPONDENTS Under the Three Divisions:
Sylvia's Drawing Room, Sylvia's Work Room, Sylvia's Housekeeper's Room, with Contributions by a Cricket on the Hearth.
FASHION ENGRAVINGS of a SUPERIOR DESCRIPTION, including Winter Mantles for Ladies and Children, Bride's Dresses, Bonnets, and Hats, Ties, Cuffs, Evening Dresses, Walking Costumes, Fichus, Collarettes, &c.
With the JANUARY NUMBER of SYLVIA'S HOME JOURNAL will be GIVEN AWAY
A Large COLOURED PLATE of the LATEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.
FULL-SIZED PATTERNS for CUTTING out a COMPLETE SUIT for a LITTLE BOY.
A PATTERN of a LADY'S JACKET of the very LATEST FASHION, and a COPY of
The GOLDEN CHILDHOOD MAGAZINE for JANUARY, 1878.
Nothing shall be wanting on the Editor's part to render SYLVIA'S HOME JOURNAL the Most Useful, the Cheapest, and the Best Magazine of the day.
Subscription, post free, yearly, 8s.; half-yearly, 4s.; quarterly, 2s.
London: WARD, LOCK, and CO., Warwick House, Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE BOOK WHICH ENGLISH LADS TAKE MOST DELIGHT IN.
THE BOY'S OWN BOOK. A Complete Encyclopædia of Sports and Pastimes, Athletic, Scientific, and Recreative, of Boyhood and Youth. New Edition, revised, and greatly enlarged, price 8s. 6d. cloth, or 12s. morocco elegant. 732 pages, and over 600 Illustrations. Postage 7d.
"Mr. Lockwood's 'Boy's Own Book' is the real original work which we knew in days gone by, but in a new and much enlarged form. To name it is to praise it."—*Saturday Review*.
CROSBY LOCKWOOD and CO., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.

FORTY FAVOURITE TALES, WITH 200 PICTURES.
MERRY TALES for LITTLE FOLK. Edited by Madame DE CHATELAIN, containing forty of the old and favourite Nursery Tales, such as the House that Jack Built, Little Bopeep, Old Mother Hubbard, the Three Bears, Jack the Giant Killer, Jack and the Beanstalk, Tom Thumb, Puss in Boots, Little Red Riding Hood, Little Goody Two Shoes, the Fair One with the Golden Locks, Beauty and the Beast, Cinderella, &c. In elegant binding, cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.; postage 5d.
"A charming collection of favourite stories."—*Athenæum*.
"Ought to be placed in every nursery by Act of Parliament."—*Aunt Judy's Magazine*.
CROSBY LOCKWOOD and CO., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.

EDITED BY DR. WHITTEMORE.
GOLDEN HOURS.
Contents for JANUARY. Price Sixpence.
1. Maurice Grey's Vow. By Mary E. Beesley. Chaps. I.—IV.
2. Invalid Cookery. By Letitia M'Clintock.
3. Our Mothers' Meeting. By the Author of "Life's Noontide."
4. Americans at Home. By Catherine C. Hopley.
5. Lights and Shades of a Curate's Life. By His Wife.
6. The Overland Route—Ceylon. By Charles H. Allen, F.R.G.S.
7. Wade Robinson. With a Portrait.
8. A Holiday in Penmaenmawr. By Madame Coulin.
9. Badenweiler. By the Author of "The Poor of Paris."
10. To Jesty in Illinois. By the Author of "Mary Powell."
11. Madge Lorimor's Legacy. By the Author of "Phœbe of Plasthwaite." Chapters I.—V.

SUNSHINE.
Contents for JANUARY. Price One Penny.
Little Battista: an Italian Boy who became a Great Musician. By the Author of "Phœbe of Plasthwaite."
Hilton Grange; or, Cousin Martha's Trouble. By the Author of "Philip Dene."
Hope's Secret, and How it was found Out. By the Author of "Gracie's Puzzle."
Picture Stories. The Hundred and Ninth.
Our Feathered Favourites. A True Account of some Wonderful Chickens.
Historical Enigmas. A New Series. By Kate Wood.
These Magazines will be Ready by December 20th, and may be obtained through any Bookseller.
GOLDEN HOURS for 1877. A superb Volume, handsomely bound, 7s. 6d. Illustrations on Toned paper.
SUNSHINE for 1877. 1s. 6d. plain cloth; 2s. 6d. cloth extra, gilt. Cheapest of Gilt Books.
London: W. POOLE, 12A, Paternoster Row.

DO POULTRY PAY?—1,580 eggs laid by 22 hens in the winter half-year (26 weeks), from October, 1876, to April, 1877, with simplest management. Per post, 1s.—Mr. SPENCER GREY, 8, Fernal Heath, Worcester.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE: WITH BRIEF NOTES ON EGYPT AND EGYPTIAN OBELISKS. By ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S. With Illustrations. Cloth, price 5s.; post, 5s. 6d.
BRAIN and CO., 26, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Now ready, Royal 8vo, cloth, price 38s.
BURKE'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE and KNIGHTAGE for 1878, contains a record of the families of Privy Councillors, Knights of various Orders, and Knights Bachelors, and important information as to precedence. In this edition the Club Addresses have been added.
HARRISON and SONS, 59, Pall Mall, London, S.W., Booksellers to the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

NEW WALTZES by OTTO MULLER—Composer of the famous Geliebt und Verloren (Loved and Lost). In making the present announcement DUFF and STEWART beg to point to the unprecedented success, and (for the few months it has been published) unparalleled sale of Geliebt und Verloren, and they now have great pleasure in submitting for public approval Otto Muller's Two New Sets of Waltzes,
ZART UND TREU (Tender and True), and
VERLOBT (Betrothed),
Post free 2s. each.—DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford St.

A PRETTY PRESENT for CHILDREN—WATCHING FOR PA. Juvenile Quadrille on popular melodies sung by Christy's Minstrels (beautifully illustrated), arranged without octaves and fingered throughout by JULES ROCHARD. Post free 1s.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE. Juvenile Quadrilles on Popular Melodies. By CHARLES GODFREY. "Very pretty and very easy. Just the thing for juvenile players. The illustrated title page is exceedingly good."—*Orchestra*. Solo or Duet, 2s. post free.
DUFF and STEWART, 147, Oxford Street.

MAPPIN and WEBB, Manufacturers,

76, 77, and 78, OXFORD, STREET, WEST END.

MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY.

THE HIGHEST QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICES.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S PRESENTS.

PRESENTS—SPOONS and FORKS.

PRESENTS—TABLE KNIVES.

PRESENTS—NOVELTIES.

PRESENTS—ORNAMENTALS.

PRESENTS—USEFUL.

PRESENTS—IMMENSE ASSORTMENTS.

ELECTRO SILVER.—STERLING SILVER.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

MAPPIN and WEBB, MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY.

76, 77, and 78, OXFORD STREET, WEST END.

WATCHES and JEWELLERY, Good and Cheap,
KIBBLE, 22, GRACECHURCH STREET.
Gold Watches, from 45s. Silver, from 21s.
Aluminium, 21s. Keyless ditto, 42s.
The Fashionable Silver Jewellery.
Whitby Jet Mourning Ornaments.
Christmas Presents in great variety.

THE "CLEOPATRA LOCKET."
(REGISTERED.)
CHRISTMAS NOVELTY.
Very fashionable; solid silver; a real work of art. The celebrated Obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, is represented standing boldly out in high relief, the sculptured hieroglyphics being clearly shown. Price, with Open Face, 7s. each, or, with Double Case, taking Two Portraits, 10s. 6d. each. Sent free by registered post to any part of the United Kingdom.
WARRINGTON and CO. (Proprietors of the Registered Design), 9, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

MORTLOCK'S POTTERY
MINTON'S CHINA GALLERIES.
DINNER SERVICES.
BREAKFAST SERVICES.
TEA SERVICES.
TOILET SERVICES.
ENGRAVED AND PLAIN GLASS.
SOLE ADDRESSES: 202, 203, 204, OXFORD STREET; and 30, 31, and 32, ORCHARD STREET, LONDON.

DEEP BLUE DINNER SERVICES can be obtained at GARDNER'S, 453 and 454, West Strand, from £3 13s. 6d. The set for 12 persons complete. A few of the leading patterns are detailed:

	£	s.	d.
The Glengariff	£3	13	6
The Eccles	3	13	6
The Laurel	3	13	6
The Bramble	4	4	0
The Madras	5	5	0

Photographs post free.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SERVICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

	£	s.	d.
The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNERS, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

ELECTRO-Silver Plate and Cutlery.—DEANE & CO.'S Catalogue, with Engravings, post free.
1. Dish Covers, sets of four, £11 11s., £13 13s., £18 10s.
2. Corner Dishes, sets of four, £7 10s., £10, £13 5s.
3. Cruets; 6-glass, 30s. to 84s.; 7-glass, 48s. to £6 6s.
4. Liqueur Frames, 40s., 60s., 90s., £6 6s.
5. Tea and Coffee Sets, 67s., £5 10s., £9, £12 10s., £24 10s.
6. Fruit Stands and Centre Pieces, from 22s. to £12.
7. Biscuit Boxes, 12s., 18s., 30s., 42s., 70s., £5.
8. Waiters, from 8 to 26 inches, 22s. to £6 10s.
9. Fish Carvers, Ivory and plated handles, 16s. to £3 10s.
10. Fish Knives and Forks, per dozen pairs, 84s. to £12.
11. Dessert Knives and Forks, per dozen pairs, 50s. to £8 8s.
12. Spoons—Table, per doz., 24s. to 66s., Forks, 24s. to 64s.
13. Spoons—Dessert, per doz., 16s. to 48s., Forks, 16s. to 46s.
14. Table Knives—Ivory, per doz., 19s., 25s., 35s., 40s.
15. Dessert Knives—Ivory, per doz., 16s., 21s., 30s., 34s.
DEANE & CO., 46, King William St., London Bridge. A.D. 1700.

OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS.
WALL LIGHTS AND LUSTRES.
CHANDELIERS IN BRONZE AND ORMOLU.
KEROSENE AND OTHER LAMPS FOR INDIA AND HOME USE.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS AND NEWEST DESIGNS.
ORNAMENTAL GLASS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN.
BIRMINGHAM: Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad St.
LONDON: Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.

DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, and TOILET SERVICES
CUT TABLE GLASS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
The Stock consists of the newest and best patterns, selected with much care, and is conveniently arranged for parties furnishing to choose from.
First-class quality—superior taste—low prices.
Catalogue on application.
ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
(Established 1760).

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.
JAMES SHOOLBRED and CO. beg to announce that TOTTENHAM HOUSE will be closed from 2 o'clock on Saturday, the 22nd December, until half-past 8 a.m. Thursday Morning, the 27th December.
Arrangements will be made by which all mourning and other special orders will be attended to, so as to cause as little inconvenience to their customers as possible.
Tottenham Court Road,
Dec. 11, 1877.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, REDUCTION OF PRICES.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 30 inches long, from 8 to 10 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 33 inches long, from 9 to 12 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 36 inches long, from 10 to 14 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 40 inches long, from 12 to 16 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 46 inches long, from 20 to 25 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 40 inches long, richly trimmed with real marten tails, 12 inches deep, 30 gs.; Real Sable, 10 inches deep, 40 gs.; Skunk, 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS can be sent on approval to any part of the United Kingdom by forwarding a reference in Town to

MESSRS. WAYRE, Manufacturing FURRIERS, 96, Oxford Street, and 335, Oxford Street (corner of Regent Circus). Established Half-a-Century.

GASK and GASK'S DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP.
SALE of the WHOLE of their IMMENSE STOCK at incomparably low prices.
OXFORD STREET and WELLS STREET.

SALE of MANTLES, COSTUMES, SILKS, MILLINERY, UNDERCLOTHING, &c., being the latest delivery of goods ordered early, at exceedingly low prices.—GASK and GASK.

SALE of DRESS FABRICS, LINENS, BLANKETS, CURTAINS, LONG CLOTHS, &c. The whole of the Stock remaining is now being cleared off at exceptional prices.—GASK and GASK.

SALE of HOSIERY, GLOVES, LACE GOODS, FRENCH and FANCY ARTICLES innumerable, suitable for presents, all now marked at the lowest sale prices.—GASK and GASK.

GASK and GASK'S DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP, and SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK at incomparably low prices. See above. 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

THE CONNAUGHT, £2 18s. 6d. complete.—Messrs. JAY brought especially to our notice a new winter costume of their own design, which they have called 'The Connaught.' It consists of an ulster and skirt made of black serge cloth. The ulster is of a most graceful shape and cut; no trimming, except rows of machine stitching and a few black horn buttons, mars the simplicity of this lady-like costume, which is well suited for travelling or ordinary walking wear."—*The Queen* Newspaper, Nov. 24.

BLACK SILKS.—Faithfully recommended to their Customers by Messrs. JAY. These Silks are unweighted, pure in quality, and may be fully relied on to wear well.

Present price	3s. 9d.	Late	5s. 9d.
"	4s. 3d.	"	6s. 6d.
"	4s. 9d.	"	7s. 3d.
"	5s. 3d	"	8s. 3d.
"	5s. 9d.	"	9s. 6d.
"	6s. 9d.	"	10s. 3d.

EVENING DRESSES. Two Guineas and Two and a Half Guineas each. The newest and most fashionable style, and made of non-crushing silk net. Pencil Drawings of the same postage free on application.
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Regent Street, W.

"WEAR-RESISTING" (Registered)
BOYS' SUITS.
SAMUEL BROTHERS.
Suit for a Boy, 3 ft. 8 in. in height.
C Class, 27s.; D Class, 31s.
Prices varying according to height.
Patterns, &c., post free.
SAMUEL BROTHERS, Sydenham House,
65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.
BRUSSELS CARPETS.
VELVET CARPETS, &c.
EXHIBITION MEDALS, 1851, 1862; DUBLIN, 1865.
34 and 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
SANGSTER and CO.,
UMBRELLA MAKERS.
Six Prize Medals Awarded.
SANGSTER'S SILK and ALPACA UMBRELLAS, upon Fox's Celebrated Paragon Frames, all bearing Trade Mark, and fitted with the new AUTOMATIC RUNNER, are the Cheapest, Smallest, Lightest, and Best in the world.
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR THE AUTOMATIC.
This invention has been long sought after.
THE PATENT AUTOMATIC RUNNER
Is Self-opening—Self-closing. Always ready.
140, Regent Street, W. | *75, Cheapside, E.C.
10, Royal Exchange, E.C. | 94, Fleet Street, E.C.
* Also Wholesale and Shipping Depôt.
Philadelphia Exhibition, Prize Medal and Diploma awarded.

E. DENT and CO., 61, Strand, and 43, Royal Exchange, London, Manufacturers of CHRONOMETERS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c. (Catalogues free) to Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Foreign Sovereigns.
Makers of the Great Westminster Clock and of the New Standard Clock of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

PETER ROBINSON'S
COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING
WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET,
Is the Cheapest and the Largest
Warehouse of the kind
in London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER
or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—
with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required),
without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well
as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE
OF SEVERAL THOUSAND PIECES BY
PETER ROBINSON of Regent Street
OF THE BEST WEARING MAKES ONLY,
and highly recommended

Bonnet and Cie	at 5s. 0d.
Jaubert	at 4s. 0d.
Ponsons	at 5s. 3d.
Degores	at 4s. 9d.

The above are from 2s. to 3s. per yard
under last year's prices.
The EMPRESS CACHEMIRE, at 6s.
Also Excellent Value at
2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., and 4s. 11d.
For Patterns address to
PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 262, Regent Street.

BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS.
Exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in Lyons Velvet, at 10s. 9d.
Black Silk Trimming Velvets,
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.
Nos. 256 to 262.

FOR SIX GUINEAS.
A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK,
with Velvet Garniture,
Exquisitely cut and fashioned.
Copies of expensive Paris Models.
Photos free.
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT. For 1½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT. At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

FOR TWO GUINEAS, and up to Seven,
Costumes in New Black Materials,
in various fashionable Styles,
At PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea.
Black Brussels Net, of 29s. 6d.
Tulle (condition keeping), 50s.
Grenadine, 51s. 6d.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed.
Illustrations free.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

FUR-LINED CLOAKS
at SUMMER PRICES.
Good useful Cloaks at
3½ and 4½ guineas.

SEMI-FITTING SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long for 9½ guineas.
36 inches long for 11 guineas.
39 inches long for 13 guineas.
at PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.

NOTICE.—In reference to the
above advertisement,
it is important that letters
should be clearly addressed to
256 to 262, REGENT STREET

WHITE AND DELICATE HANDS (the Secret).—FAVART'S CYTHERIAN CREAM, with Instructive Treatise, renders the hands beautifully soft, however chapped or disfigured. Pots, 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d. Order from any Chemist or Perfumer.—SANGER, 150, Oxford Street. Post free, 15 or 28 stamps.

HOLY BAZIL.—PIESSE and LUBIN. —This is a most rare perfume distilled from the HOLY BAZIL FLOWER OF HINDU (*Ocymum sanctum*), so remarkable for its unique fragrance. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, and by their agents in all parts of the world.

COLD CREAM OF ROSES.—PIESSE and LUBIN prepare this exquisite COSMETIC with the greatest care, fresh daily, in jars, 1s.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London.

PIESSE and LUBIN.—HOLY BAZIL, —Soap perfumed with HOLY BAZIL, 2s. 6d. HOLY BAZIL Sachet, 2s 6d. HOLY BAZIL Scented Toilet Powder, 2s. HOLY BAZIL in all compounds, cosmetiques, hair dressings, pomades, &c.—Royal Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London, W. Price Lists free.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.—The most appropriate at this festive period are ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, an improver and beautifier of the hair beyond all precedent; ROWLAND'S KALYDOR, for imparting a radiant bloom to the complexion; ROWLAND'S ODONTO for giving a pearl-like whiteness to the teeth, and fragrance to the breath. Sold by all chemists and perfumers.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157B, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157A, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

300 PIECES RICH
BLACK and COLORED VELVETS,
plain and brocaded in all the new designs,
prices, Black and Plain Colours, from 4s. 11d., Brocaded,
from 12s. 9d. Patterns free.

NEW COLORED LYONS SILKS,
in White, Cream, Ivory,
Tilleul, Moonlight, Coral, Eau de Nil, &c., &c.,
specially prepared for
BRIDAL AND EVENING WEAR,
also every new shade of Bronze, Navy, Claret, Prune, &c., &c.,
at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., 4s. 4½d., and 5s. 3d. per yard.
250 Shades to select from. Patterns free on application to
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

BLACK SILKS OF STANDARD QUALITY.
Heavily dyed and showy makes at low prices should be avoided.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street,
having kept for the past 25 years Black Silks produced
by Messrs. Bonnet, Ponson, Jaubert, and Tapissier,
which are found upon careful examination to be the
best and purest makes, invites special attention
to these fine qualities, as being cheaper than at any
former period, and at the same time recommended
with more confidence for really hard wear than
any other make of Silk; in proof of purity and
excellence the highest awards were given at Philadelphia.
Each quality guaranteed not to cut.
Prices, 4s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool,
This most useful material can be had in every new shade
of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 1s. 2d. to
2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

EVERY NEW SHADE FOR
BALL AND EVENING DRESSES,
in Gauzes, Diamond Lustres, Fine Cashmeres, Japanese
Silks, Lisse Muslins, and other thin fabrics, from
9s. 6d. to 23s. 6d. the Dress.
The highest quality Japanese Silks at 1s. 11½d. per yard.
Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING
MADE BALL and Wedding Dresses.
Now ready, several thousand charming Dresses
in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas.
Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen
in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN.
THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black),
profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train,
1 guinea, a substantial box included.
A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours,
for 28s. 0d., with material for bodice.
Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

69, LUDGATE HILL.
TRELOAR'S—KAMPTULICON.
TRELOAR'S—COCOA NUT MATS.
TRELOAR'S—TURKEY CARPETS.
TRELOAR'S—ORIENTAL HEARTH
RUGS.
69, LUDGATE HILL.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.
VICHY.
Property of the French Government.

CELESTINS—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.

HAUTERIVE—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.

GRANDE-GRILLE—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.

HOPITAL—For Stomach complaints, &c.

VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.

CAUTION—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.

Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, London, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD LIVER OIL (Registered).
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.

"The natural nauseous taste of the Oil is disguised with considerable art. Children take it with avidity."—See *Lancet, British Medical Journal, Sanitary Record, Medical Times, Medical Press, Medical Record,* &c.

Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half-pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.

Retail of all Chemists and Druggists, and Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited), Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 82, Southwark St., London.

TAMAR-INDIEN, a laxative, refreshing, and medicated Fruit Lozenge—the effectual Cure of Constipation, Headache, Bile, Hæmorrhoids, &c. Tamar (unlike pills and the usual purgatives) is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation. 2s. 6d. per box; post free, 2s. 8d. E. GRILLON, Wool Exchange, E.C., and of all Chemists.

MORSON'S
PEPSINE,
AND ITS PREPARATIONS
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE NAME ON LABEL.
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

As WINE, in bottles, at 3s., 5s., 9s.
LOZENGES, at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.
GLOBULES, at 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.
And as POWDER, in one-ounce bottles, at 4s. each.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, AND THE MANUFACTURERS,
MORSON and SON,
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR INDIGESTION, WIND,
HEARTBURN, &c.
Also unrivalled as a Tonic, Purifying, Family Aperient
Medicine, without Mercury.
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS, prepared by W. LAMBERT, 1a, Vere Street, London, W. Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per Box; post free for 15 or 35 penny stamps, or of all Chemists. See you have the right Pills, "Dr. Scott's," which are wrapped in a square green package.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY.
Polished Brass Writing Sets of special designs
Sets for the Writing Table and Boudoir, 21s. to £10.

Envelope Cases,	21s. to £5	Jewel Cases,	21s. to £5
Inkstands,	5s. to £5	Glove Boxes,	10s. 6d. to £5
Despatch Boxes,	21s. to £6	Handkerchief Boxes,	10s. to £5
Writing Cases,	10s. 6d. to £5	Caskets,	15s. to £5
Candlesticks (pair),	15s. to £1	Flower Vases,	21s. to £5
Candelabra,	45s. to £5	Jardinières (pair),	42s. to £5
Work Boxes,	15s. to £5	Card Trays,	21s. to £5

Rodrigues' Ladies' Dressing Case, silver-fitted, £10 10s.
And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese and Parisian NOVELTIES, for PRESENTS, from 5s. to £5.

RODRIGUES' DRESSING BAGS for TRAVELLING, with silver and plated fittings, from £3 3s. to £50; Hand Bags, Waist Bags, Carriage Bags, and Bags of all kinds, at very moderate prices.—42, Piccadilly.

PORTRAIT Albums at Rodrigues', with patent leather guards, interleaved for vignette and cabinet portraits, from 10s. 6d. to £5. Rodrigues' New Easel Album. Regimental and Presentation Albums.—42, Piccadilly.

RODRIGUES' Monograms, Crests, and ADDRESSES designed, and STEEL DIES engraved as gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour relief, and brilliantly illuminated in gold, silver, bronze, and colours in the highest style of art.—42, Piccadilly.

BALL PROGRAMMES at Rodrigues'.— All the new patterns of the season arranged, printed, and stamped in the latest fashion. BILLS OF FARE, GUEST CARDS, and INVITATIONS.—42, Piccadilly.

VISITING CARDS, at H. Rodrigues'. A card plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superfine cards printed for 4s. 6d. BOOK PLATES designed and engraved in Modern and Mediæval Styles at RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly.

FOR ARMS and CRESTSEND NAME and COUNTY to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Office, 44, High Holborn, W.C. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, &c. Illustrated Price Lists Post free.

THE WIZARD'S BOX of MAGIC. Instructions and Apparatus for performing Ten Capital Conjuring Tricks. Sufficient for one hour's amusement. Post free, 14 stamps.—H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING on EARTH.—A new Parlour Pastime, 50,000 Comical Transformations of Wit and Humour. Post free for 14 stamps. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

THE LOVE CHASE.—The Merriest Game out for any number of Players. 24 Engravings. Post free for 14 stamps. Catalogue, 1 stamp. H. G. CLARKE and CO., 2, Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

HEALTHY SKIN and GOOD COMPLEXION.
PEARS'S TRANSPARENT SOAP,
is the Best for the
TOILET, NURSERY, and SHAVING.
Recommended in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine*, edited by Mr.
ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.,
used by
THE ROYAL FAMILY,
and Sold by Chemists and Perfumers
everywhere.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and
SCALPS, from 35s.
47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair De-partment for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Frizzy ditto, Chignons, Plaits, Coils, Coronets, Cachepeignes, and covered Stems in all shades of colour to suit the present fashion. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street.

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

SUNNY RAYS for GOLDEN HAIR, a few applications of which produce the most charming golden tint, varying in brightness by its frequency of use. It is perfectly harmless both to health and hair; an occasional use has a lovely effect upon any shade of brown, without producing a perceptible change. In bottles at 5s. 6d., per post four extra stamps.—CHARLES BOND, 239, Oxford Street, W.

THE NEAREST RESEMBLANCE TO NATURE.—WALLER'S invisible fabric for covering BALD HEADS, or where the HAIR has become thin. PARTINGS of LADIES' FRONTS, BANDS, &c., thus made, are not only perfection in appearance, but most durable in wear. TRESSES of HAIR (best quality only), either PLAIN or as PLAITS or TWISTS, 16 inches, 10s. 6d.; 18 inches, 17s. 6d. Forwarded per return of post to any part of the Kingdom.—W. WALLER, Court Hairdresser, 86, Camden Road, London, N.W.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud 44, Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CON-STIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.
The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

MR. HERON, 10, Arthur Street, Bel-fast, writes: "DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS allayed the inflammation of my throat, relieved the cough, and gave me ease at once." Price 1s. 1½d.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.— This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion. Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

WEIGH YOUR CANDLES.
Many Foreign Light-Weights are about.
All the Candles of
PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited)
are intended to be the exact weight without the wrapper.
Try their GOLD MEDAL PALMITINE, burning brilliantly
but slowly and of the transparency of the finest Spermaceti.
Try also their NEW PATENT NIGHT LIGHTS made
without the paper case.
Order of your own dealer.

WILLS' "BEST BIRD'S-EYE"
CIGARETTES
Sold everywhere in Sixpenny Packets (containing Ten), protected by our Name and Trade Mark.—W. D. and H. O. WILLS, Wholesale and Export only, Bristol and London.

WILLS' "THREE CASTLES." "There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia, and no better brand than the 'THREE CASTLES.'"—Vide "The Virginians." Sold only in Packets, protected by the Name and Trade Mark of
W. D. and H. O. WILLS.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON. —LONDON DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS.—The Classes for Drawing, Painting, &c., will begin on JANUARY 3. Early application for admission is advisable, as there are but few vacancies.
Prospectuses may be obtained from the office of the College.
TALFOURD ELY, M.A.,
Secretary.

MUNICIPAL COLLEGE OF BOU-LOGNE-SUR-MER, under the direct supervision of the MUNICIPAL COUNCIL. Founded in 1630. It offers to Families the following advantages:—A literary and scientific education or a superior commercial education. The pupils are examined quarterly by Inspectors of the French University, and prepared for the Ecoles Polytechnic, St. Cyr, Navy, &c. Prospectuses and particulars on application to M. Barry, Head-Master, or to M. DUTERTRE, House Steward, The College, Boulogne-sur-Mer, or HENRY JOHNSON, Esq., Merchant, 67, Lower Thames Street, London, E.C.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (or NORTH
LONDON) HOSPITAL.
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR AID.

Ordinary Annual Expenditure over	£13,000
Reliable Income from Dividends, Annual Subscriptions, &c.	7,600
Deficit	£5,400

The total amount of RELIEF AFFORDED TO NEW CASES FROM JANUARY 1 TO OCTOBER 31 THIS YEAR has been as follows:—In-Patients, 1,687. Out-Patients, 4,762. Casualties, 5,106. Ophthalmic Cases, 1,184. Cases of Diseases of the Skin, 655. Cases of Childbirth attended at the patients' own habitations, 1,137. Total, 14,721.

The Committee most earnestly appeal to the benevolent public for pecuniary assistance to enable them to PAY OFF the above liability of the past year. SUBSCRIPTIONS received by Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, or at the Hospital.
NEWTON H. NIXON, Secretary.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, Gray's Inn Road.
Established 1864.
PHYSICIAN—Dr. BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.
Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 191, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 2 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

SCHOOL SHIP CONWAY, LIVER-POOL.—Established for teaching Young Gentlemen with a view to their becoming officers in the Mercantile Marine. Terms, 50 guineas per annum, including uniform and all other extras. The sons of Officers of the Navy and Mercantile Marine are received at the reduced rate of 40 guineas. Age for admission, 11 to 16. Quarter Days, Feb. 1, April 10, August 1, and October 10.—Apply to Captain E. B. H. FRANKLIN, R.N., Rock Ferry, Birkenhead.

PROVIDENT CLERKS' MUTUAL
LIFE ASSOCIATION,
27, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON,
Established 1840.
Mutual Assurance for all Classes.
W. T. LINFORD, Secretary.

PROVIDENT CLERKS' AND GENERAL GUARANTEE
ASSOCIATION (LIMITED)
61, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON.
Guarantees for fidelity in situations of trust. The Bonds of this Association are accepted by all Government Departments.

PROVIDENT CLERKS' AND GENERAL ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED).
61, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON.
Every description of Accidental Insurance on favourable terms.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.— The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel.
Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

The NEXT TERM will begin on Monday, January 28.

EDUCATION.—High Class, Richmond Hill. French and German, for Gentlemen's Daughters. Exceptional English (Oxford and Cambridge Examinations) also, French, German, Italian, Sciences, Music (Sir Julius Benedict, &c.) Singing, Harmony, Dancing, Drawing, Painting. English, French and German Governesses (Diplômées). Sixteen Masters. Forty to Seventy Guineas.—THETA, Richmond, Surrey.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.
Four times the strength of Cocoas Thickened yet Weakened
with Arrowroot, Starch, &c., and really cheaper.

The Faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digestive Beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER," and invaluable for Invalids and Children. Keeps in all Climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful in Breakfast cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.
H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam Street, London, W.C.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL
PRIZE MEDAL.
FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*
"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.
Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.
"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air,* edited by Dr. Hassall.
TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL
awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. per bushel; households for bread, 9s. 4d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 8s. 8d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, maize, and barley meal, 5s. 8d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d. per bushel; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG.

NEW YORK.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.
PARIS.
EPPS'S COCOA.
Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

CHRISTMAS CASES, One Guinea, containing 3 Bottles of Port, 3 Sherry, 1 Gin, 1 Rum, 1 Whiskey, 1 Brandy, 1 lb. Tea. All reputed quart bottles, warranted pure and genuine. Sent bottles, case, and carriage free, to any Railway Station in England, by the VICTORIA WINE CO., 12, Mark Lane. P.O.O. to W. W. HUGHES.

LORNE HIGHLAND WHISKY | **"THE PERFECTION OF WHISKY."** UNRIVALLED FOR "TODDY."
Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors, GREENLEES BROS.
1, Gresham Buildings, E.C. (Distilleries, Argyleshire.)

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—
THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES.
Pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome.
Universally recommended by the Medical Profession.
Dr. HASSALL says—"The Whisky is soft, mellow, and pure, well matured, and of very excellent quality."
20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, W.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

CHAPPELL'S MUSICAL MAGAZINE, containing the following Popular Dance Music:

Trial by Jury Lancers	Charles D'Albert.
Constantinople Quadrille	Charles D'Albert.
Die Fledermaus Waltz	Johann Strauss.
Les Lointains Waltz	Emile Waldteufel.
Maiden's Dream Waltz	Edward Hoffmann.
The Schomberg Galop	Charles D'Albert.
Fleretta Polka	Charles D'Albert.
Pizzicato Polka	J. and J. Strauss.
Forget-me-not Galop	A. Hecker.

And a New Quadrille,
MOLLIE DARLING, by CHARLES D'ALBERT.
Price One Shilling; post free, 1s. 2d.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

DISTANT SHORE WALTZ. By CHARLES D'ALBERT. New Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's Song. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CLEOPATRA GALOP. By Charles D'ALBERT, just published. "A splendid galop." Beautifully illustrated, 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

THE FANFARE POLKA. By Charles D'ALBERT. Illustrated. Price 1s 6d net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septett, 2s.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHARLES D'ALBERT'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

	Net.
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite Composer."	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Work	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2 0
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	1 6
RINK GALOP	2 0

The above, arranged for Full Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s. each.
N.B. A Complete List of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application to
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

A NEW CHRISTMAS SONG.

THE KING OF OUR SAXON YULE. By W. F. TAYLOR. A jovial song for Baritone or Bass Voice, with chorus ad lib. Price 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and CO., 50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SPECIALITIES in PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S STUDENT'S PIANOFORTE. Compass 5 Octaves, 15 gs., or £1 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SCHOOL PIANINOS. From Canadian Walnut, 20 gs., or 2 gs. per qr. on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S YACHT PIANINOS, 30 gs., or £3 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR PIANINO, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MODEL PIANETTE, 35 gs., or £3 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH MODEL, 40 gs., or £4 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COLONIAL MODEL, 45 gs., or £4 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S FOREIGN MODEL, 50 gs., or £5 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S ENGLISH OBLIQUE, 55 gs., or £5 10s. per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S OBLIQUE GRAND, 70 gs., or £7 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED OBLIQUE, 90 gs., or £9 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S MIGNON IRON GRAND, 80 gs., or £8 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S BOUDOIR IRON GRAND, 110 guineas, or £11 per quarter on the 3-years system of purchase.

UPWARDS of ONE HUNDRED VARIETIES on VIEW.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL PIANO-FORTE DEALERS throughout the United Kingdom.

SHOW-ROOMS, 50, NEW BOND STREET.

STEAM FACTORY, CHALK FARM ROAD, N.W.

DANCE MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO. Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps. Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d. each.

No. 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No 3.
SIX WALTZES BY JOSEPH GUNG'L.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Gräfenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schonster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tour du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancee Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss
Pergola Polka	Marie.

CONTENTS OF NO. 5.

Amoretten Tänze Waltzes, duet	Gung'l.
Soldaten Lieder Waltzes, duet	Gung'l.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

MUSICAL BOXES, by Nicole Freres.—KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., direct Importers, have the largest Stock of really fine BOXES in Europe, £3 to £300. The new rooms devoted to the display of these instruments are now ready. Self-acting and Barrel Pianoforte, 18 to 1,200 gs.

FLUTES.—NEW MODEL, for beauty of tone unsurpassed, four guineas and seven guineas; Rudall's Prize-medal Flutes, new and second-hand. A great variety of second-hand Flutes, one guinea to 25 guineas, at KEITH, PROWSE, and CO.'s Manufactory, 48, Cheapside.

BANJOES.—CHEAPSIDE MODEL is best. Covered back, machine head, &c., five guineas; including light case, £6. Other models one to twelve guineas. Self-instructing book, with airs, songs, &c., 6s. net.—KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., Manufacturers, 48, Cheapside.

NEW SONG BY JOSEPH BARNBY.

ELIZABETH'S SONG, from "The Saint's Tragedy," by the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Set to Music by JOSEPH BARNBY. 4s.

NOVELLO, EWER, and CO.'S MUSIC Primers. Edited by Dr. STAINER. The following are now ready:—

Third Edition.
THE PIANOFORTE PRIMER. By ERNST PAUER. Price 2s.

Second Edition
THE ORGAN PRIMER. By Dr. STAINER. Price 2s.

Second Edition
THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC PRIMER. By W. H. CUMMINGS. Price 1s.

Second Edition.
THE ELEMENTS OF THE BEAU-TIFUL IN MUSIC. By ERNST PAUER. Price 1s.

Ready on December 15.
HARMONY PRIMER. By Dr. Stainer.

SIXTY HARMONIUM VOLUN-TARIES. Arranged by J. W. ELLIOTT. 1s.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.—Arranged for the Pianoforte by BERTHOLD TOURS. Folio size, 5s.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.—Arranged for the Pianoforte by BERTHOLD TOURS. Folio size, 5s.
London: NOVELLO, EWER, and CO., 1, Berners Street, W., and 80 & 81, Queen Street, E.C.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.
A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.
"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News*
Post free 24 stamps.
B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

ROBERT STANLEY'S NEW SONGS.
DEAR LITTLE FLOWERS.
WHEN LOVE'S GLOW HATH GONE BY.
EASTING.
Price 2s. each net.
J. B. CRAMER and CO., 201, Regent Street.

Price 1s each Book; by post, 14 stamps.

BATH'S "MUSICAL MUSEUM" for THE HARMONIUM.

BOOK I., containing twenty-six Sacred Melodies, selected and arranged by W. Layland.

BOOK II., containing eighteen Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by A. S. Holloway

BOOK III., containing twenty Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by Dr. Spark.

BOOK IV., selected and arranged by Michael Watson, is as cheap a shillingsworth as can be met with in the musical world. It contains twenty-two pieces for that instrument, including a popular "Volkslied," by Mendelssohn, a "Rondo," by Dussek, a "Bourée" and Gavotte, by Bach—in fact, most of our great ancient and modern composers have contributed a share to this excellent little work.—Vide *Graphic*, Oct. 27.

BOOK V., containing eighteen Popular Pieces, selected and arranged by J. E. Webster
J. BATH, 40, Great Marlborough Street, W.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.

BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.

Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Piano-FORTE SCHOOL.
Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

SWING WALTZ. By C. Danzi.
Illustrated Title. Price 4s.
LAWN TENNIS SCHOTTISCHE.
By T. CAMPBELL. Illustrated Title. Price 3s.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS"

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.
OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.
Now Ready.
Polka, by Arban. 1s. 6d. net.
Polka Mazurka. 1s. 6d. net.
Suite de Valse, by O. Métra. Solo and duet. 2s each net.
Quadrilles, by Arban. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Quadrilles, by O. Métra. Solo and Duet. 2s each net.
Brilliant Fantasia, by E. Moniot. 1s. 6d. net.
Rondeau Valse, by B. Richards. 1s. 6d. net.
Chanson du Mousse, by B. Richards. 2s. net.
Valse Brillante, by B. Richards 2s. net.
In the Press.
Complete Opera, piano solo, 2s. 6d. net
Vocal Score, English and French Words.
Selections of Airs, in two books, by Cramer 1s. 6d each.
Fantasia, by W. Kuhe. 2s. net
Paraphrase, by W. Kuhe. 2s. net.
N.B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.

CH. NEWSTEDT'S CARILLON, LOUIS XIV. Piano Solo, net, 1s. 6d.; Piano Duet, by J. Rummell, net, 1s. 6d.; Small Band Parts, 1s. 6d.; Full Orchestra, 2s. net.

L. GREGH.—LES BERGÈRES WATTEAU. Piano Solo, net, 1s. 6d.; Duet, by J. Rummell, net, 1s. 6d; Orchestra, 2s. net.

ARDITI'S L'INGÉNUE. Morceau a la GAVOTTE. 3s. Performed at the Promenade Concerts with enormous success. Orchestra, 2s.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S LATEST COM-POSITIONS.
Berceuse. 3s. Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
La Princesse. 3s. (Gavotte). Also for Small Band, 1s. net.
Performed with great success at the Promenade Concerts.
Près le Lac, Deuxième Meditation. 3s.
Les Vieux Temps (Gavotte). 3s.
Pavane Royale de Louis XIV. 3s.
Air de Ballet. New Simplified Edition by Arthur Grenville. 3s.
Thematic Lists of this favourite Composer's sent free on application.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—AUTREFOIS (Souvenir de Marguerite de Valois). This charming little morceau has already run through several editions, and seems likely to rival the ever popular "Danse Favorite" of the same composer. Post free 18 stamps.

FLORIAN PASCAL.—UN BIJOU PERDU. "M. Pascal is to be congratulated upon having rescued from oblivion this really exquisite little gem, the melody of which is so captivating that we venture to predict for it great popularity." As Piano Solo, now ready, 18 stamps.

SPRING SONG. By J. Leybach.
ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN WORDS.
"A perfect little gem, easy to sing and play."
Compass D to F (in C). Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONGS by J. Leybach.
LIFE'S AUTUMN (in A). Compass E to G flat.
THE SIRENS (in F). Compass C to F.
BRIGHT STARS OF HEAVEN (in C). Compass D to F.
MAIDEN AND THE BIRDS (in B flat). Compass D to F.
Post free, 18 stamps each.

CATALOGUES GRATIS and POST FREE.
Shipping Orders on most favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,
24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

VICTORIA. New National Song. Written by W. CLARK RUSSELL. Music by HENRY SMART. 3s. Post free at half-price. As a part song post free two stamps. London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO. Order everywhere.

DEAR ENGLAND. Song. Words by CHARLES MACKAY. Music by LOUIS DIEHL. 3s. Post free 18 stamps. As a part Song post free 2 Stamps. Signor Foli always receives an ovation with this popular Song. London: Sole Publishers, ROBERT COCKS and CO. Order everywhere.

OUR DEAR OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Song. Words by Dr. CARPENTER. Music by J. L. HATTON. Dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield. Illustrated Title. "The music is well adapted to the words, and the song deserves the widest possible circulation."—Vide *Jackson's Oxford Journal*. 3s., post free 18 stamps; as a part song two stamps. London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

ROBERT COCKS and CO.'S MUSICAL BOX. Caprice for the Pianoforte. By J. LIEBICH. "An agreeable and clever piece, which is very popular among amateurs."—Vide *Musical World*.—Free by post for 24 stamps.

POPULAR QUADRILLES for the PIANOFORTE, as Solos and Duets. 4s. each, post free at half-price.

The United Service.	F. Godfrey.
The Osborne.	S. Glover.
The Globe.	Do.
The Gypsy.	Do.
The Holiday.	Do.
The True Friends.	Do.
The Scarborough.	Do.
A Singing Quadrille.	C. Dick.
The Pussey.	A. Leduc.
Pretty Polly.	Do
The Canary	R. Linter.
The Goldfinch	Do.
The Garden Party.	W. Smallwood
The Moselle.	Do.
The English Fleet.	J. Pridham.

London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington St.

CONCERTS, PENNY READINGS, &c.—POPULAR SONGS, Vocal Duets, Trios, and Quartets (part songs), selected from Messrs. ROBERT COCKS and CO.'s CATALOGUE. This list may be had gratis and post free on application at New Burlington Street.

A SINGING QUADRILLE. (Cotsford DICK. A most amusing combination of Song and Dance. Has been adopted for nightly performance, and with considerable success by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed in their Christmas entertainment. Post free for 24 stamps. Illustrated. London: ROBERT COCKS and CO., New Burlington Street.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS are to be had of every Musicseller and Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, and India, or will be sent direct post free at half the marked price (bound works and cheap vocal part music excepted) to any part of the world on receipt of remittance or satisfactory reference.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATA-LOGUES of MUSIC.
Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3 HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4 VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.
Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

MARRIOTT'S NAVAL QUADRILLE. A new and extremely effective set on popular melodies. Price 4s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

MARRIOTT'S MILITARY QUAD-RILLE. Just published. A remarkably attractive and vigorous set on popular martial airs. Price 4s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

Now Ready, at all Music and Book Sellers, or sent post free for thirteen stamps.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S THIRD ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.

CONTENTS:—

Valse	Pauline	C. Coote, jun.
Quadrille	Chilperic	Marriott.
Galop	After Dark	Montgomery.
Polka	Blush Rose	C. Godfrey.
Lancers	Princess Louise	C. Godfrey.
Schottische	Jenny Bell	H. C. Swatton.
Quadrille	England and Wales	Marriott.
Valse	Kathleen Mavourneen	Montgomery.
Galop	Wind Up	C. Godfrey.
Country Dance	Off She Goes	Old English.

Price One Shilling.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

CARE IS ALL FIDDLE-DE-DEE. A merry Christmas Song with Chorus (from the Extravaganza "The Miller and His Man"). Words by F. C. BURNAND; Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Price 3s.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

KING CHRISTMAS. J. L. HATTON'S celebrated Song. The popularity of this capital baritone Song is ever on the increase. Price 3s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S NAZARETH.—Transcription of Gounod's grand composition for the Piano. Solo, 4s.; Duet, 5s.
London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. Sixty Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded gratis post free to any part of the world.
ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

NEW and POPULAR DANCE MUSIC.
STOLEN KISSES WALTZ (WALDEFELDT). Free, 2s.
TORPEDO GALOP (MEYER). Free, 1s. 6d.
OSMAN PASHA MARCH (MEYER). Free, 2s.
London: WOOD and CO., 3, Great Marlborough Street, W.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 22, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price, £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRU-MENTS.—Violins, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Guitars, Zithers, Banjoes, Accordions, Flutinas, Cornets, Saxhorns, Drums, Fifes, and Musical Instruments of every description. Largest assortment in the kingdom at BUTLER'S MANUFACTORY, 29, Haymarket, London.—Illustrated catalogue, 50 pages, post free.

NOTICE of REMOVAL and SALE. RUDALL, CARTE and CO., Musical Instrument Makers to Her Majesty, the Army, Italian Operas, &c., are now selling their Stock of Pianofortes, Violins, Flutes, Cornets, Band Instruments, Music, &c., at very reduced prices previous to the removal of their manufactory from 20, Charing Cross to 23, Berners Street, W.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to
J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

NOTICE.—BLANKETS FOR CHA-RITIES.—OETZMANN and CO. are now offering a large stock of stout heavy Blankets, all wool, suitable for charities, large institutions, &c.; also Quilts and Flannels; these goods having been bought for cash during the late depression, the prices will be found much below actual value. Reduced price list post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.
OETZMANN & CO.
67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,
HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZ-MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PRE-MISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

THE SANDRINGHAM EASY CHAIR, full size, upholstered very soft and comfortable, suitable for any room, price 25s.; lady's ditto, smaller size, 21s. Also the Sandringham Couch, upholstered very soft and comfortable, price 2 guineas. Every one about to furnish should see these marvels of excellence and economy. Packed free and despatched same day on receipt of order per post.
OETZMANN and CO.

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES.—OETZ-MANN and CO.—Elegant Drawing Room Suite, richly carved Italian walnut-wood, upholstered very soft and comfortable, in best rep, consisting of a Couch, two Easy Chairs, and six Chairs, price 15 guineas; ditto, very handsome design, upholstered in rich Pekinade, made and finished in superior style, 20 guineas; ditto, very elegant design, richly upholstered in finest satin, and finished in the best possible manner, 33 guineas; also a variety of other Drawing-Room Suites, in Black and Gold, Early English, and other designs.

ARTISTIC FURNISHING.—OETZ-MANN & CO. are introducing a variety of Elegant Persian and Indian designs in RUGS and MATS, to meet the requirements for artistic furnishing at moderate cost. Large Rugs (excellent copies of real Persian and Indian) from 10s. each. A visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN & CO.

TURKEY CARPETS.—CLEARANCE SALE.—OETZMANN and CO.—A quantity of Turkey, Indian, Persian, Jubbalpore, Massalapatam, Farahan, Khorassan, Serabend, Koula, Ghiordes, and Kelim Carpets and Rugs, clearing out or greatly reduced prices, ranging from 15s. 9d. to 80 guineas. A reduced Price List, with sizes and description, sent post free on application. Prices will be found much below those usually charged. A quantity of Indian Rugs, 15s. 9d. each; some very handsome ditto, at 35s. to 45s.
OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

MADRID STRIPED CURTAINS, all wool, 3 yards long by 48 inches wide, 15s. per pair; 3½ yards, 17s 6d.; 4 yards, 20s.; best Worsted Damask Curtains, in green, crimson, or any self colour, plaited top, bordered with best embroidered silk lace, 3 yards long by 51 inches wide, 25s. per pair; 3½ yards, 30s.; 4 yards, 35s.; best rep, ditto, 3 yards by 54 inches wide, 42s.; 3½ yards, 50s.; 4 yards, 57s. 6d. Forwarded same day on receipt of order. One trial will ensure recommendation. No common damask or rep used, sold, or advised. Descriptive lists post-free.
OETZMANN and CO.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'s XL ELECTRO SILVER PLATE, for which this Establishment has long been celebrated, is the best substitute for silver yet discovered, being the same material as our XL Nickel Silver Plate, coated with Sterling Silver by Messrs. Elkington's Patent Process. Has stood the test of many years' wear. Cleans the same as silver. Cannot be distinguished from real silver, and cannot be surpassed at higher prices, being the best quality electro silver plate that is manufactured, and the prices are the lowest possible at which the best quality can be supplied.

—	Either Fiddle Pattern or Old English.	Beaded or Thread Pattern.	King's or Shell, with Thread
Table Spoons or Forks, per doz.	30s. 0d.	40s. 0d.	42s. 0d.
Dessert Spoons or Forks, per doz.	22s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	30s. 0d.
Tea Spoons, per doz.	13s. 6d.	18s. 0d.	20s. 0d.
Egg Spoons, gilt bowl, each	1s. 6d.	2s. 0d.	2s. 3d
Salt Spoons, ditto, each	1s. 6d.	2s. 0d.	2s 3d
Mustard Spoons, ditto, each	1s. 6d	2s. 0d.	2s. 3d.
Sugar Tongs or Bows, each	2s. 6d.	3s 6d.	4s 0d
Sauce Ladles, each	3s. 0d	4s. 0d.	4s. 6d.
Gravy Spoons, each	6s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	9s 0d
Soup Ladles, each	9s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	12s. 0d

A single article in any of the above can be had at the same rate. Orders of 40s. and upwards for Electro Plate forwarded carriage paid. A Tea Spoon sent as sample, if desired, post free on receipt of 15 stamps.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77, and 79, Hampstead Road.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY DE-PARTMENT.—Superior Electro Plate Tea and Coffee Pots, Spoons, Forks, Cruets, &c. (quality guaranteed); best warranted Table Cutlery; handsome Coal Vases, from 3s. 11d. upwards; Dish Covers; Japanned Toilet Sets, full size, bath, pail, and can, various neat designs in colours, 8s. 11d. per set. Kitchen Ironmongery of every description. Mats, Matting, Brooms, Brushes, Pails, &c. Bronze Umbrella Stands, from 3s. 9d. Table Lamps, complete, good style, 3s. 11d.
OETZMANN and CO.

EXHIBITION PATTERN COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the season, much admired, handsomely japanned, and rich burnished gold ornamentation, with opal handles, strong loose lining, a great convenience and saving in wear. Price complete, 21s.—OETZMANN and CO.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, USEFUL AND ARTISTIC.—Intending Purchaser should inspect OETZMANN and CO.'S VAST DISPLAY of elegant Vases, Lustres, Figures, Clocks, Bronzes, Pictures, Cut Glass Decanters, Wines, &c., Electro-Silver Plate, Table Cutlery, and a large variety of other useful and ornamental articles suitable for Presents. Descriptive Catalogue post free. Orders per post receive prompt and faithful attention.
OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.
OETZMANN & CO.
HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—DECEMBER 22, 1877.

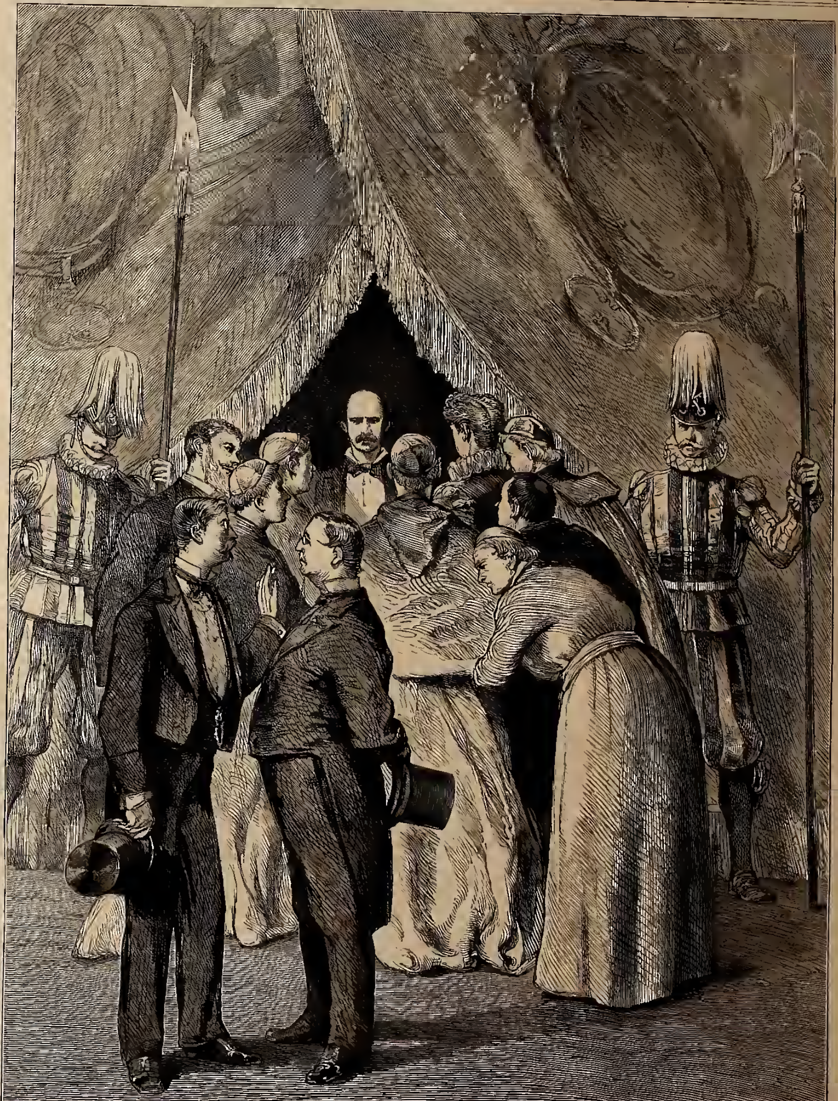
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. XVI.—No. 422
Regd at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877

PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



INQUIRING AFTER THE POPE'S HEALTH AT THE VATICAN—DR. CECCARELLI LEAVING THE SICK CHAMBER OF PIUS IX

Topics of the Week

THE ACTION OF ENGLAND.——All Europe awaits with interest the meeting of the British Parliament; and Englishmen themselves are far from looking forward to it with light hearts. Most of the theories which have been started to account for the early summons may be dismissed as wild rumours; but there can be little doubt that the Ministry will at least ask for some increase of our naval and military armaments. Ardent admirers of Russia will denounce the request as likely to encourage the hopes of the Turks; but it will be approved by the vast majority of the sober and intelligent classes of the community. So far as can be seen, there is no immediate prospect of peace. The Porte does not offer concessions which Russia will accept; and the longer the struggle lasts the more formidable are the Czar's demands sure to become. We may, then, confidently expect that the Russians will push on till they are in possession of Adrianople; and if they are further resisted, they will be only too glad to advance to Constantinople. Are we willing to see the latter city pass, even temporarily, into their hands? If we are, of course all warlike preparations are absurd, for that would practically mean that we were ready to let them act according to their inclination in South-Eastern Europe. But if we are not willing to let Russia have her own way, then it is simply a matter of course that we should add to our strength. All Englishmen who have coolly watched the course of events have given up the idea that we can effect anything in this struggle by moral influence. Our moral authority must be backed by material support. In the meantime, it would tend to prevent war if the English Government would openly say at what point it would deem intervention necessary. At present no one feels any certainty on this subject; and the result is, not only that there is a great deal of violent misunderstanding among ourselves, but that both Turks and Russians are misled. It is to be hoped that when Parliament meets, Lord Beaconsfield will not be allowed to conceal his policy under a cloud of grand but vague phrases.

THE PLEVNA CHARNEL-HOUSE.——It is to be hoped that the charge made against General Loris Melikoff of having forcibly ejected two thousand wounded Turks from Kars and driven them a hundred and forty miles through frost and snow to Erzeroum may prove to be either false or grossly exaggerated. As at first it was reported that only two hundred reached Erzeroum alive, whereas now, according to the official circular of the Porte, only one half of these miserable wretches perished, it seems probable that what actually occurred, though bad enough, and conducing neither to the honour nor to the humanity of the Russian General, was less horrible than the tale as originally told. Concerning Plevna, however, our sources of information are far more trustworthy, as they are supplied by eye-witnesses among our own countrymen. Few persons, however case-hardened, could have read the *Daily News* of Wednesday last without a thrill of horror. When Osman Pasha and the effective remnant of his troops tried to burst out of Plevna, he left his wounded, who were some thousands in number, behind, and these poor wretches were left for three days untended, without food, without water, so that in addition to their festering and undressed wounds they were perishing of hunger and thirst. At last, when the Russians had finished rejoicing over the capture of Plevna, it bethought them that some of the enemy's wounded might be somewhere hidden away in the town. Then it was that these unparalleled horrors were disclosed. Now, we are quite ready to admit that Osman Pasha seems to have treated his heroic soldiers when sick or wounded with a callousness which to us Westerns seems inexplicable; but that does not exonerate the Russians from the performance of the ordinary duties of humanity. Even if we excuse them from not having found these wounded wretches at once, they ought to have taken more active measures when they did find them. Surely a hundred thousand Russians with nothing to do—for their occupation had ceased with the surrender of the Turks—might have themselves looked after the wounded, instead of forcing a few miserable Bulgarians to do that which was obviously their own first duty on entering the town. It is to be feared that in this most horrible of modern wars the savagery is far from being altogether on the side of the Turks.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.——The Emperor William could not have more plainly indicated the direction of German policy than by conferring the Iron Cross on the leaders of the Russian army. This action has not been much commented upon; but, as has been well pointed out, the Queen of England would have been freely enough blamed if she had sent the Victoria Cross to Osman Pasha and his officers. There is something repulsive in a Government going out of its way in this manner to associate itself with the enemies of a country with which it is at peace. All through, however, Germany has displayed the same spirit. It is notorious that Prince Bismarck did everything in his power to encourage Russia to enter upon the war; and if he is not greatly maligned, he is now doing everything he can to induce her to continue it. And he has brought such pressure to bear upon Austria that she apparently feels her hands tied; at any rate, the Hungarians loudly assert that they do not exercise on the policy of the Empire the influence they may fairly claim to exert. What is the motive of the German Chancellor for this remarkably "benevolent neutrality?" The question will probably not be fully answered in our time; but some light is certainly thrown on it by the fact that the Russians cannot now talk with a good grace of allying themselves with the French against Germany, and that if they did they would find themselves much less able to cope with their powerful rival than they were six months ago. Russia, in short, has been at once weakened and made more friendly to Germany. This may not altogether explain the policy of Prince Bismarck; but those who fancy that it counts for nothing must have very imperfectly studied the aims of that statesman and the means by which he attempts to achieve them.

PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT *versus* HIGH WAGES.——There are signs that the unparalleled industrial prosperity of this country, which has now continued with few breaks for thirty years past, is likely to suffer serious interruption. This is especially the case in the iron and coal trades. As iron and coal are two of the prime necessities of every manufacturing enterprise, these industries are likely to feel the first effects of any slackness. Besides this, there are special causes of depression. America and the Continent have learnt to make their own iron, while the construction of railways—which formerly consumed a vast amount of these commodities—has practically come to an end. And it is by no means unlikely that the strenuous efforts of workmen to obtain higher wages during periods of prosperity have helped to hasten on the present distress. Wherever employers have been coerced by strikes, or by the fear of strikes, into giving higher wages than the condition of the market warranted, they have diminished their own capability for bearing up under a period of adversity, and hence are compelled to discharge their workmen sooner than they would otherwise have done. The wages fund is not unlimited, and if it is unduly dipped into at one time, there will be less left for another. This fact deserves especial consideration at the present time, when the manufacturing pre-eminence of England, which once was admitted on all sides, is so closely pressed by Continental and Transatlantic rivals. We cannot succeed in the race if workmen force employers to give higher wages than they can really afford to pay. But while believing that, for the most part, the rate of wages will be more effectually settled by the inevitable fluctuations of the market than by any artificial interference, we think that trades' unions might do much to further the well-being of workmen by demanding permanency of employment as one of the conditions of service. The spectacle of the mining population of Glamorganshire, reduced within a few weeks to a condition of pauperism, is most discreditable to our boasted civilisation, and these poor fellows would be far better off if their average pay was lower, but if their position was more secure. Nothing tends more to the general shiftlessness of the working classes than their liability to instant dismissal, and this is a weapon of defence resorted to by employers far more frequently than formerly in order to relieve themselves in some degree from the burden of paying higher wages than they can genuinely afford.

THE TEACHING OF LATIN.——At the Conference of head masters, held the other day, the question was discussed whether the teaching of Latin verse should be compulsory. No decision, so far as we learn from the published reports, was arrived at, but, however the head masters may have settled it, there can be no doubt as to the opinion of the great majority of the educated public. The making of Latin verses may be tolerable discipline for boys who display a natural aptitude for it, but a more utter waste of time in the case of those who dislike it could hardly be imagined. It not only gives them no real insight into Latin poetry, but so disgusts them with the whole subject that the chances are that they never open a Latin book after leaving school. The entire problem, how Latin may be most efficiently taught, is one that requires to be thoroughly reconsidered, for at present the results obtained in our public schools are very disproportionate to the amount of time and energy expended in securing them. Dr. Schliemann has just been telling us—and he is emphatically supported by Professor Blackie—that the best way to learn Greek is to begin with the language now spoken in Greece. Whether this is true or not, there is no reason to doubt that in learning both Latin and Greek most boys would make much more rapid progress if teachers made larger use of the conversational method. In German schools masters and pupils habitually talk Latin to each other, and although their style may not be of the purest, the custom soon gives clever lads a mastery of the language which is attained by comparatively few Englishmen. So many things have now to be learned, that teachers are morally bound to inquire whether there are no means of abridging the labour of school without injury to its quality.

MANCHESTER AND THIRLMERE.——If the health of Manchester is really suffering for want of a sufficient supply of water, and such a supply can be furnished more cheaply and conveniently from Thirlmere than from anywhere else, then lovers of the picturesque must consent, for the sake of a great public benefit, to permit the natural beauties of one of their favourite recreation-grounds to be diminished, or altogether spoilt. We are unable, however, to believe that the conversion of a lake into a reservoir, if skilfully managed, must necessarily deprive it of all its original attractiveness, and at the worst it seems to be a less reprehensible act than the pouring of mining refuse into a lake. By this means, at Ullswater and in several Welsh localities, fish have been poisoned, and water rendered unfit for drinking. But if the Thirlmere scheme be designed principally for the purpose of extending the industries of Manchester, we confess that we shall regard it far more unfavourably. The enormous development of manufacturing industry in this country during the last century has immensely increased the wealth of the nation; but it has also blotted out the beauty of many parts of the country—in parts of Warwickshire and Staffordshire, for example, in South Wales, and especially in South Lancashire. When we add to this the still more important fact that the manufacturing districts are the districts where crime most abounds, and that the manufacturing population is below the average in point of health, and would speedily be extinguished but for continuous rural immigration, ought the nation collectively to lend its aid to the further development of manufacturing enterprise? It is far more important that the mass of the population should be strong and healthy—and this they cannot be while factory life is what it now is—than that a few more men should have the chance of accumulating large fortunes.

SHAKESPEARE IN GERMANY.——A curious mistake was made this week by a correspondent of *The Times* writing from Berlin on certain representations of *Hamlet* which have just taken place in that city. "It is hardly too much to say," he asserted, "that before Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe wrote, Shakespeare was the most popular dramatist and *Hamlet* the most favourite tragedy on the German stage." The gentleman who wrote this must have tolerably large confidence in the ignorance of his readers. It is quite true that before Lessing's time the name of Shakespeare was known in Germany; but much more than this cannot be said. And he was known not as the greatest poet of modern times, but as a wild and eccentric genius who had so rudely set law at defiance that his work was of little or no value. Lessing first dissipated this notion, and proclaimed Shakespeare to be not only a greater dramatist than Corneille, but one who was in closer accord with the spirit of ancient tragedy. So well known is this, that historians of German literature have often tried to determine how Lessing's attention happened to be attracted to Shakespeare. We believe his curiosity was aroused by the study of contemporary English writers, in whom he could not but find many allusions to the poet, who was even at that time considered one of the most splendid we had produced. When he had pointed the way it was easy for others to follow, and the effect of the reading of Shakespeare was immense and almost instantaneous. To this Goethe owed the best stimulus of his early years; and Goethe only represented the general tendency of the young poets of his day. Ever since that time Shakespeare has done more than any other foreign influence to foster the intellectual life of the nation.

REGISTRATION FEES.——An ingenious gentleman is now in custody charged with defrauding a number of ladies. He professed to be the manager of a "Fine Art Company," and offered the aforesaid ladies employment as flower-painters, provided they paid a guinea registration fee and deposited specimens of their work. These specimens were invariably pronounced to be "unsatisfactory;" and as the applicants could get back neither guineas nor pictures, the matter was placed in the hands of the police. All thieving is mean, but this species of thieving is one of the meanest and cruellest possible, since it is practised on needy persons who part with money which they can ill afford, in the belief that it will enable them to earn an honest livelihood. We hope, therefore, that this man, if proved guilty, will receive exemplary punishment, and we think that a dozen lashes from the "cat" would be quite as appropriate a penalty for this class of offenders as for robbers who inflict bodily harm. But as clever rogues can manage to perpetrate these sort of frauds, and yet keep on the safe side of the law, it would be well for persons in quest of employment to use more circumspection when answering offers of the character described above. The bare fact of the heavy registration fee demanded in this case was sufficient to excite suspicion. Respectable establishments in want of ladies to paint flowers could easily obtain them either by advertisement or by private inquiry, and would be more anxious to secure really competent workwomen than to obtain preliminary guinea fees. It is painful to reflect that there are so many fairly well-educated people wanting employment, and also that so many of these same people are ready to fall into the trap of any plausible scoundrel.

NOTICE.——*With this Number is presented an* EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, *forming a* CALENDAR *for 1878.—The Half Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 612 and 621.*

AMUSEMENTS

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—EVERY EVENING, PUSS IN BOOTS. Mdlle. Cavolarzl and Ballet of 300. Prices and Day Performances as usual. Booking by Mr. E. Hall. No Fees.

GLOBE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.0, CRYPTO. 8.0, ARTFUL CARDS, TRYING A MAGISTRATE, and BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS. Mr. J. L. Toole, Messrs. Macklin, H. Westland, C. Collette, Darley; Mesdames Clifton, Hewitt, and Johnstone.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Lessee, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, and until further notice, at 6.45, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled ROMANOL-ROBIS, OR THE TAIL OF A CAT. Mrs. S. Lane, Miss Pollie Randall, Mr. Fred Foster, &c., Grand Transformation Scene. Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with MAN'S TALISMAN.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City Road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—EVERY EVENING, at 7, the Grand New Pantomime, by Messrs. George Conquest and Spry, entitled, HARLEQUIN ROLEY POLEY, OR, EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER, AND THE CHARMED UMBRELLA. Novel Ballet of Insects. Daring Phantom Fight by Messrs. George Conquest and Son 2,000 Leagues under the Sea, and Grand Transformation Scene, entitled "The Pearly Palace in the Starry House of Diana."

TO-MORROW AND NEW YEAR'S EVE
(Monday), Dec. 31,
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
will give
TWO EXTRA GRAND PERFORMANCES
in the
ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL,
When the New and Immensely Successful
HOLIDAY PROGRAMME
will be given in the
AFTERNOON at THREE,
in the
EVENING at EIGHT.
FIVE THOUSAND SEATS.
Doors Open at 2.0 for the Day Performance, and at 7.0 for the Evening Performance.
Great Area and Gallery, 1s.; Balcony, 2s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Fauteuils, 5s. No fees. No charge for programmes.

ON TUESDAY, January 1, NEW YEAR'S DAY,
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
will RESUME their PERFORMANCES
in their OWN ELEGANT HALL,
which has been
SPLENDIDLY RE-DECORATED during the interval in which the Company have been performing in the Grand Hall.
The STAGE FITTED
with
NEW and BEAUTIFUL SCENERY,
Painted by that eminent Artist, Richard Oanglass, Esq.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.
NEWLY and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
New and Immensely Successful
HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.
EVERY DAY at THREE O'CLOCK.
EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.
FORTY ARTISTS OF KNOWN EMINENCE.
Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, raised and cushioned seats, 2s. Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 on and after Tuesday, and at 7.0. No fees. No charge for programme. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts of the Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.
NEWLY and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED.
THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT
will be given
EVERY AFTERNOON, at THREE,
EVERY NIGHT, at EIGHT,
UNTIL SATURDAY, Jan. 12, inclusive; after which date
Performances will be given in the usual order.
Places can be booked for any day or evening throughout the Holidays, at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

EVANS'S, COVENT GARDEN. — NOTICE. — These celebrated SUPPER ROOMS are now open for the reception of Ladies. EVANS'S CHOIR OF BOYS, specially trained by and under the direction of Mr. F. Jonghmans, and the best comic talent. SUPPERS after the THEATRES. Proprietor, J. B. AMOR.

BRIGHTON. — PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS, leaving Victoria for Brighton every Weekday at 10.0 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m., and on Sundays from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.
EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY, Fast Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.50 a.m.; and London Bridge, 9.30 a.m. and 12.0 noon.
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds) available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Direct Service from Victoria to Ventnor, for Bonchurch and the Undercliffe; also to Sandown, Shanklin, Newport, and Cowes, viâ Ryde. Through Fares, including all charges.
The Trains by this route now run direct to and from Portsmouth Harbour, alongside the Isle of Wight steamers.
J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA-HOUSE. — Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, Dec. 31, and during the week, a Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, by F. W. Green, entitled JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. Special Engagements, Miss Mabel Hayes, Miss Kate Lawler, The Sisters Belton, Mr. William Elton, and the celebrated Kellino Troupe.

CITY STEAMERS for CALCUTTA DIRECT.—Sailing from Liverpool every alternate Saturday. Average passage 32 days. Saloon £50. Highest Class and Speed. Excellent accommodation.—ALLAN BROTHERS and CO., James Street, Liverpool.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The SIXTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East. Ten till five. Admission 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

INSTITUTE of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—The TWELFTH WINTER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN from 10 till 6. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
Gallery, 53, Pall Mall.
H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "THE BRAZEN SERPENT," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," each 33 feet by 22 feet; with "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," "Battle of Ascalon," &c., at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. 1s.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The following are the Terms of Subscription for One Year, paid in advance, including Postage and Christmas Number, for which the publisher is prepared to supply THE GRAPHIC.

United Kingdom, £1 10 0 | United States . . £1 16 0

Africa, West Coast
Austria
Belgium
Brazil
Canada
Cape of Good Hope
Constantinople
Denmark
Egypt
France
Germany
Gibraltar
Holland
Italy
Jamaica
Malta
Mexico
Monte Video
Natal
Norway
Portugal
Russia
St. Thomas
Suez
Sweden
Switzerland
West Indies

£1 12 0 Thin Edition; or £1 16 0 Thick Edition.

The Postage of a Single Copy of THE GRAPHIC (either the Thick or Thin Edition) to any part of the United Kingdom is ½d.

To any other country mentioned in the above list the charge is 1d. thin and 2d. thick; but all Newspapers which are sent abroad must be posted within eight days after the date of publication.

Australia, Ceylon, China } Via Brindisi, 36s. thin edition. 45s. thick edition. { India, Japan, New Zealand

Postage of Single Copies, 2d. and 4d.

The Subscription can be paid by means of a cheque or post-office order made payable to E. J. MANSFIELD 190, Strand, London.

All the Back Numbers of THE GRAPHIC can be obtained on application to the publisher

Our Illustrations

AT THE VATICAN—INQUIRING AFTER THE POPE'S HEALTH

OUR illustration represents a frequent scene at the door of the Pope's apartments in the Vatican, for as no one is admitted to Pius IX.'s sick chamber when His Holiness consults his medical adviser, Dr. Ceccarelli, the Pope's ordinary doctor, is always beset on leaving the room by an anxious group of inquirers. Thus in our sketch, Dr. Alessandro Ceccarelli, is being met after his daily visit by Cardinals Giacchino, Pecci, the Camerlengo, or official appointed to take charge of the Vatican at the death of the Pope, Giovanni, and Simeoni, the Papal Secretary of State, together with Baron Pereira, the Secretary of the Austrian Legation to the Papal See; Father Beckx, the General of the Jesuits; and Senor de Carderas, the Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See; the seventh figure being that of a private gentleman. "*Il Diritto* and the well-informed *Osservatore Romano*," writes our artist, "tell us that much of the information about the state of the Pope's health which passes over the telegraph wires of Europe and America is pure invention. Truly enough *La voce della verita non e sempre verita.*"

J. A. ROEBUCK, ESQ., M.P.

AT first sight it may appear somewhat remarkable that Mr. Roebuck, who has sat in the House of Commons for the greater part of the last forty-five years, and who certainly deserves to be classed among its more eminent members, has never held any Government post. The simple explanation of this fact is that, although styling himself a Liberal, Mr. Roebuck has always been characterised by a remarkable independence of mind, and has probably never felt able to accept *en bloc*—as an official subordinate is bound to accept—the policy of any Cabinet whatever, whether Liberal or Conservative. He has, moreover, a habit which is not always palateable to cautious statesmen, namely, that of boldly stating his opinions on any given topic without minding who is offended by his plain speaking. Some years ago he was usually known by the nickname of "Tear-'em, the British watch-dog;" and we may well believe that he was proud of the title. But, unlike some Liberals, who though ready to attack persons of higher rank and position than themselves, take mighty good care to flatter the prejudices of the multitude, Mr. Roebuck is no more afraid of the working classes than he is of the House of Lords. His vigorous denunciation of the Trades' Union outrages cost him his seat for Sheffield in 1868; but after six years of ostracism the electors of the knife-grinding metropolis practically admitted that he was right and that they were wrong by sending him to Parliament at the head of the poll in 1874, and he has since fully maintained all his ancient popularity. Mr. Roebuck is a man of such an original and such a valuable stamp that we cannot help feeling a pang of regret in remembering that he was born so long ago as December 28, 1802. He is the son of the late E. Roebuck, Esq., of Madras, is a barrister by profession, and was made a Q.C. and Bencher of the Inner Temple in 1843. He sat first for Bath, and afterwards for Sheffield with few breaks from 1832 up to the present time. He has written several noteworthy books, and numerous essays in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*. He was in 1834 Agent in England for the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, and in the same year he married Henrietta, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Falconer, of Bath.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

THE CONSCRIPTION AT RASGRAD

THIS sketch was taken at the Konak or Town Hall of Rasgrad, and represents the official registration of the names of those liable to enrolment in the ranks. "The scene was characteristic," writes our artist. "At the bottom of the room three persons were seated on a divan, one of whom was a military delegate, while two clerks squatted on the floor with huge registers before them, checking the names of the peasants who stood at the other end of the room near the entrance door. The Prefect on the left was seated in his armchair, and while transacting other business kept a sharp eye upon the registering clerks."

DELEGATES OF THE STAFFORD HOUSE COMMITTEE DISTRIBUTING SOUP

THIS sketch represents a train of 450 Turkish soldiers who had been wounded at Plevna being received at the Stafford House soup-kitchen, established at Constantinople Railway Station. The poor fellows had had a long journey in ox-waggons from Plevna to Tatar Bazardjik, and thence two days' train brought them to Constantinople. Immediately on arrival large bowls of *bouillon*, with the meat and rice, were placed inside the waggons, round which the wounded sat and eagerly devoured the contents. Each man was supplied with half a loaf of bread, a packet of cigarettes, and a cup of coffee. Those too seriously wounded to sit up were attended to by the Stafford House staff present. The Government Commissariat arrangements utterly break down under great pressure, hence the five soup kitchens established by the Stafford House Commissioner along the lines of railway have done excellent service. Over 30,000 rations as above have been distributed, and hundreds of brave men have been spared having their sufferings aggravated by hunger and exhaustion, while mattresses provided by the Stafford House staff higher up the line enable the wounded to lie down during the journey at the bottom of the large luggage waggons in which they are conveyed. Mr. Barrington Kennett superintended personally these arrangements. Dr. Barker was the surgeon especially appointed to accompany the train, and Col. Coope, of the Gendarmerie, came to assist on this occasion as a volunteer.

THE MEETING OF OSMAN PASHA AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS

On the tenth of this month, after a weary siege of five months, and a last desperate effort on the part of the besieged to break through General Todleben's inexorable circle of steel, a white flag was seen in the Turkish ranks, and a loud shout went up from a thousand Russian throats. Plevna was on the point of surrender. A Turkish officer, Tewfik Bey, chief of Osman Pasha's staff, then rode up to General Skobeleff and his staff with a flag of truce, and informed the Russians that Osman Pasha was wounded and ready to treat for surrender. After a few words with General Strukoff, of the Czar's staff, Tewfik Bey rode back to his chief. A conference took place between General Ganetsky and Osman Ghazi, and in an hour the latter had surrendered with his whole army to the Russians. The greatest sympathy and regard was shown on all sides to Osman Pasha, whose bravery and skill all admired, and the wounded General was placed in a carriage and driven into Plevna. Hearing, however, that the Grand Duke Nicholas was coming in his direction, Osman Pasha turned back to meet him, and the subsequent interview is thus graphically described by the correspondent of the *Daily News*:—

"The Grand Duke rode up to the carriage, and for some seconds the two chiefs gazed into each other's faces without the utterance of a word. Then the Grand Duke stretched out his hand, and shook the hand of Osman Pasha heartily and said:—

"'I compliment you on your defence of Plevna. It is one of the most splendid military feats in history.' Osman Pasha smiled sadly, rose painfully to his feet in spite of his wound, said something which I could not hear, and then re-seated himself. The Russian officers all cried, 'Bravo!' 'Bravo!' repeatedly, and all saluted respectfully. There was not one among them who did not gaze on the Hero of Plevna with the greatest admiration and sympathy. Prince Charles, who had arrived, rode up, and repeated unwittingly almost every word of the Grand Duke, and likewise shook hands. Osman Pasha again rose and bowed, this time in grim silence.

"He wore a loose blue cloak, with no apparent mark on it to designate his rank, and a red fez. He is a large, strongly-built man, the lower part of whose face is covered with a short black beard, without a streak of grey. He has a large Roman nose, and black eyes. The face is a strong face, with energy and determination stamped on every feature—yet a tired, wan face also, with lines on it that hardly were graven so deep I fancy five months ago; and with a sad, enduring, thoughtful look out of the black eyes.

"'It is the face of a great military chieftain,' said young Skobeleff. "I am glad to have seen him. Osman Ghazi he is, and Osman the Victorious he will remain, in spite of his surrender."

WITH THE RUSSIANS IN THE BALKANS—A DIFFICULT CORNER

OUR sketch represents a detachment of General Rauch's army dragging cannons up the steep mountain path of the Etropol Pass. A difficult corner has been reached, and the soldiers have fastened a rope to the muzzle of one of the guns to keep it from falling over the precepice.

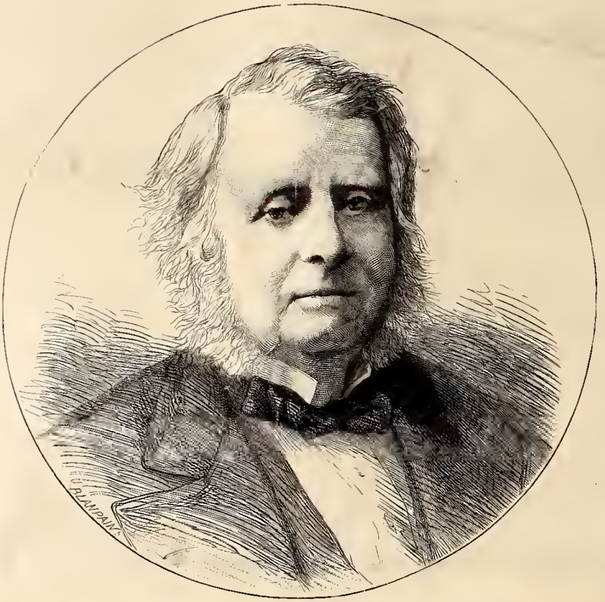
THE "MARLBOROUGH" TRAINING SCHOOL

H.M.S. *Marlborough* (131 guns), nearly the last of the monster three deckers afloat, was launched (after a little mishap on the slipways) twenty-two years ago last August by Her Majesty the Queen amidst the cheers of thousands of excursionists from all parts of the kingdom. She has seen very little service, having been commissioned but twice, the last time in the Mediterranean being in 1863; she then returned home, almost an obsolete vessel, and she now lies within a few hundred yards from her cradle, moored alongside the wharf of the large new basin in the Portsmouth Dockyard Extension Works, and connected with the shore by chain cables, as well as by fresh water pipes and gas mains. On Tuesday next, the first day of the new year, the *Marlborough* will be opened as a school for naval engineer students under the new system of training. The accommodation will be at the commencement for about forty, which number is in a few months later to be increased to 100. The upper deck will be used as a gymnasium, and the lower ones for instruction and sleeping apartments, while the hold below, now divested of engines, &c., leaving nothing but the bare sides, uprights and partitions, will be converted into a bowling alley. In fact, nothing remains of the good old ship but the mere wooden shell.

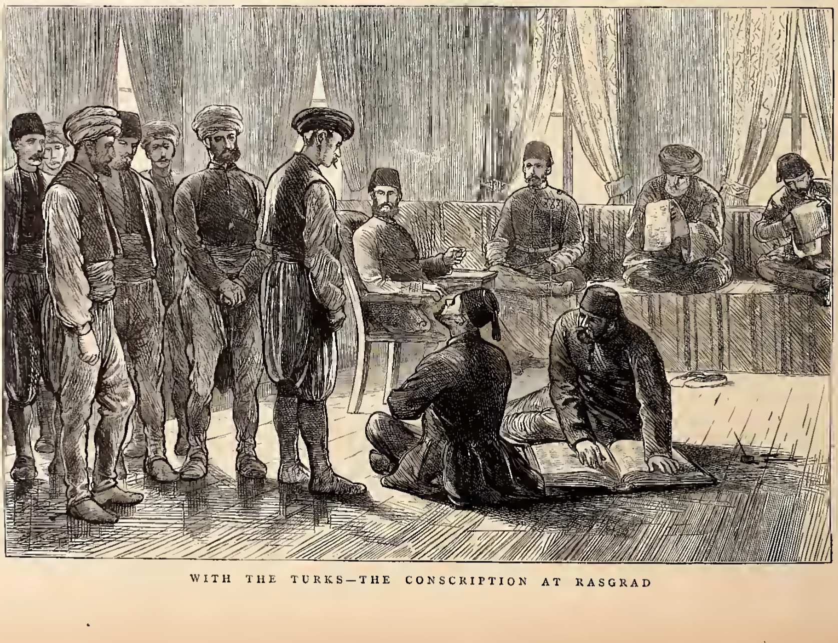
The officers for instruction are Chief Engineer C. J. Martin, and Messrs. H. C. Goldsmith and M. R. Mills, Engineers, all borne on the books of H.M.S. *Asia*.

FEEDING THE GUILDHALL PIGEONS

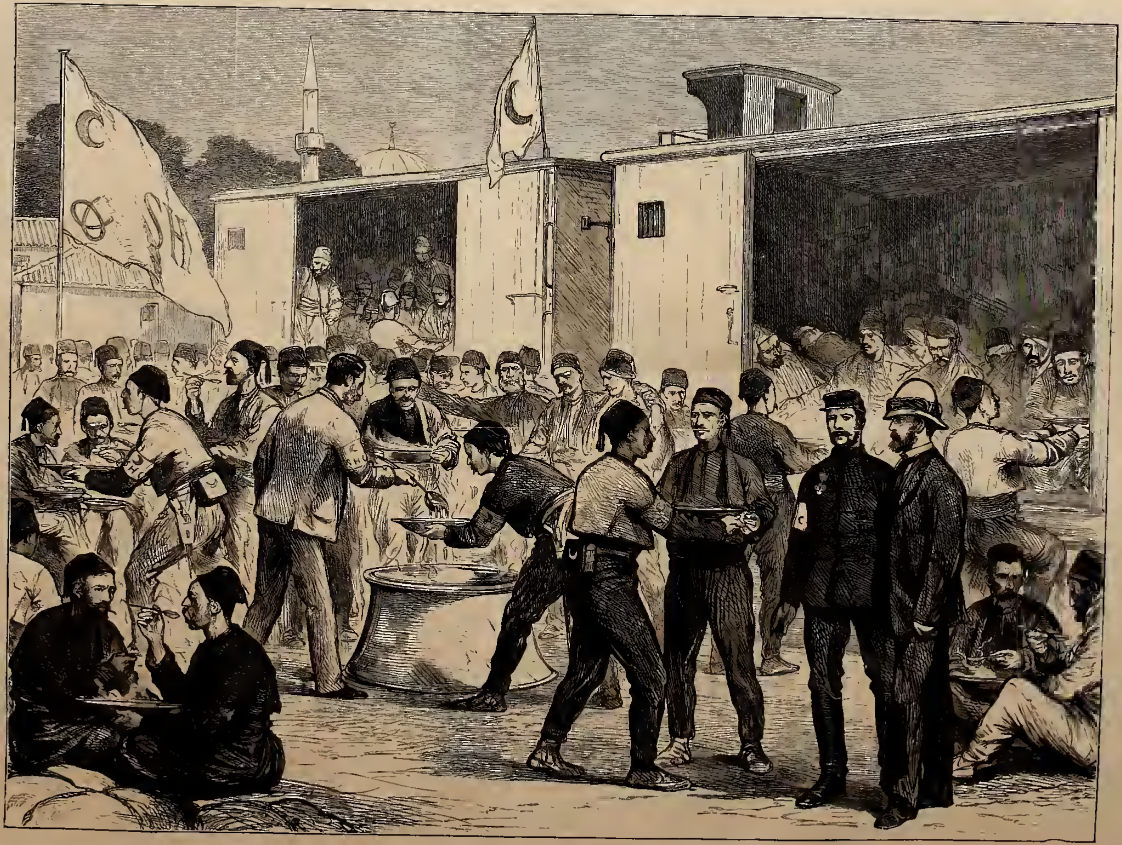
SUCH a sight as this, met with in the very centre of the bustle and turmoil of City life, has a soothing and grateful effect upon the chance wayfarer whose mind is not altogether occupied with business thoughts. The pigeons, of which there are some hundreds, are the property of the Corporation, and, according to tradition, are the descendants of a few wild birds which many years ago came suddenly from no one knows where, and establishing themselves as a colony upon the roof of the Guildhall, were forthwith taken under Civic protection. They are fed regularly every morning at ten o'clock by the venerable chief officer of the Guildhall Police Court, Mr. John Roe, who has occupied that post for more than half a century, and who, previous to the establishment of the City Police Force, was one of the City Marshal's men, and acted as a detective officer at the Bank of England. The old gentleman is very proud of his



J. A. ROEBUCK, ESQ., M.P. FOR SHEFFIELD



WITH THE TURKS—THE CONSCRIPTION AT RASGRAD



WITH THE TURKS—DELEGATES OF THE STAFFORD HOUSE COMMITTEE DISTRIBUTING SOUP TO WOUNDED SOLDIERS AT CONSTANTINOPLE RAILWAY STATION feathered favourites, who flock round him as soon as he appears with their daily ration of peas. Kind treatment and continued association with featherless bipeds has long ago eradicated all signs of timidity, and they strut about the Guildhall Yard at all times of the day even when it is most crowded, with an air which betokens a deep sense of their importance and personal beauty, as well as a profound conviction of their perfect security from molestation. There is one thing, however, which is very remarkable considering that they are London-bred birds, and that is the aversion which they display to fogs. In "thick" weather they invariably sulk, and not all the blandishments of their kind-hearted custodian can induce them to descend—even to breakfast.

"CELIA'S ARBOUR"

A new Story, by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy," is continued on page 613.

NORTH ITALIAN FOLK

See page 619.

"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"

The First Part of "The History of a Crime," Victor Hugo's new novel, is concluded in this number.

GOETHE'S "FAUST"

See page 620.

BRIDGE OVER THE NILE AT MANSURAH

This bridge, which is to be constructed from the designs of Signor Alfredo Cottran, a well-known engineer of Naples and managing director of a large engineering establishment at Castellamare, which has erected more than one thousand metallic bridges in Italy, Spain, and Turkey. It is to be built partly of stone and partly of iron, and the construction will be a combination of the suspension principle with straight girders, a method frequently adopted in America for large spaces. The two main piers are constructed of wrought iron, cast iron, and masonry, and the superstructure will be composed of two stages superimposed, the lower being intended for a railway and the upper for an ordinary roadway, with pathways for foot passengers on either side.

HOME

Political Affairs.—Mr. Gladstone has made a public apology to Midhat Pasha for having, in his recent lecture in reply to Mr. Forbes, made a charge against him on authority which he thinks it his duty to treat as anonymous, as the authorship cannot be clearly traced; but he reminds him that he still remains his accuser upon the far more flagrant matters which form the subject of "Lessons in Massacre," and remarks that he shall be glad to be placed in a position to withdraw or qualify any of them.—The Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, and those of Edinburgh and Bristol, have resolved to memorialise the Government to continue to maintain a strict neutrality with regard to Turkey and Russia.—The Executive of the Workmen's Peace Association have resolved, in the event of the Government departing from its position of neutrality, to "use its utmost influence to prevent any armed interference until the country has been directly appealed to." A meeting of representative working men is to be held to-night (Saturday), at Cannon Street Hotel.—The *Birmingham Post* says that the reports of the various Presidents of the National Liberal Federation reveal the existence of a strong feeling of alarm in many large towns as to the possibility of Lord Beaconsfield adopting a policy of intervention; and that a series of meetings will probably be held throughout the country. The same journal says that the Members for Birmingham are likely to address their constituents at an earlier date than usual, on account of the serious state of public affairs and the early summoning of Parliament.—Great confusion is alleged to exist in the ranks of the Home Rulers, and it is rumoured that Mr. Butt intends to resign his membership of the League.—Mr. Baxter, M.P., speaking at Forfar, last week, on the Eastern Question, said "That jealousy of Russia was the sole cause of our present isolated and unenviable position. He was sure that Russia would not seek the annexation of territory in Europe; but one thing the Powers would have to face was the free navigation of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus." Mr. Phipps, M.P., on the same day, expressed a completely opposite opinion, attributing the war to Russian desire for territory to which she had no title, and maintaining that at such a time as the present it was the duty of the people to strengthen the hands of the Government by a spirit of confidence in them.—On Saturday Sir M. H. Beach was waited on by a deputation representing forty-two of the trades of Dublin, who protested against the Irish Sunday Closing Bill, contending that it was mainly supported by the United Kingdom Alliance, and was not desired by the people of Ireland. He promised that their views and statements should be carefully examined by the Government. —The Fenian, Michael Davitt, who was last week released from Dartmoor Prison on a ticket of leave, attended a meeting of the Irish Political Visiting Committee on Friday, and related some of his prison experience. Mr. O'Donnell and several Nationalists were present.

The Holidays.——It is several years since Londoners have been favoured with such fine weather at this season of the year. Business was very generally suspended from Saturday until Thursday, and every advantage was taken of the multifarious means of enjoyment provided at the theatres and other places of amusement. Many Londoners left town to spend the holidays, and, on the other hand, there was a large influx of country visitors. The 230 German workmen at the Law Courts celebrated the festival in their national manner with a gigantic Christmas tree, which was set up in the centre of the crypt, and they had also religious services and a concert. The weather in most parts of England was clear and frosty, but in some places, especially in the Midland district, there were heavy falls of snow; while around the coasts the wind was very rough, several wrecks being reported.

Miscellaneous.——The *Globe* announces that Mr. Dixon has given bail in the Admiralty Court to the owners of the steamer which picked up the *Cleopatra* in the Bay of Biscay, and that the Needle is to be at once fetched from Ferrol by a steam-tug, under the command of Captain Carter, with a picked English crew.—Sad accounts are given of the condition of the labour market especially in the coal and iron districts. More than 8,000 miners are locked out in Northumberland, and in South Wales most of the collieries are working half-time, and that only for the sake of the miners, the present price of coal involving an actual loss of 6*d.* to 9*d.* per ton. Hundreds of people are in a state of semi-starvation, and the spread of pauperism is so great that the Cardiff guardians are erecting temporary iron sheds to supplement the workhouse accommodation.—A dreadful accident happened last week in Edinburgh. A fire broke out in the upper part of an hotel, and was extinguished without much difficulty, but subsequently the burnt part collapsed, and the people inhabiting the rooms beneath were buried in the ruins. Eight persons were killed, and four others injured; one poor fellow lay in the *débris* for twelve hours, and died soon after he was extricated.

SPORTING

The Turf.——Why should not a truce be agreed on, for one week at least in the year, and horses and jockeys have at least a seven days' rest? A few years ago the Christmas week was held sacred from hurdle-racing and steeple-chasing, but now "enterprising lessees" on the home circuit, bearing in mind that tens of thousands of Londoners really do not know what to do with themselves on Boxing Day, offer attractions in more than one quarter. We cannot say we regret that the sport both at Streatham and Kingsbury has been poor; nor should we be sorry to find that another year the old custom of having no racing in the Christmas week were reverted to.—Of course there has been nothing doing on future events in the speculation market, the Two Thousand and Derby remaining a dead letter. If, however, there were any betting, Beauclere, the Middle Park winner, would of course be first favourite for both. Those who indulge in making "fancy" handicaps for the two-year-olds, *i.e.*, the three-year-olds about to be, put Beauclere at the top of the tree, with Jannette second; and some do not hesitate to make the filly the equal of the colt.—A sporting contemporary, anent the remarkable fact that on two occasions during the past racing season three horses ran a dead heat, has taken the trouble to teach us the number of times similar dead heats have taken place since the beginning of 1850. This number appears to be twenty-one, but it includes the dead heats for "places," of which there were seven, thus leaving fourteen for first place. In two instances—in 1851 and 1855—four horses ran dead heats for first place.

Coursing.——For once in a way we have to record the comparative failure of a coursing gathering, namely, that of the Three Counties Union Club. The ground coursed over was near Chester, but "fur" was so scarce that it was impossible to run out any of the stakes, which consequently had to be divided. —The Southminster Open Meeting was as usual most successful. The Dog Puppy Stakes fell to Mr. Ede's Pomfret, while that for the Young Ladies was won by Mr. Salter's Selection. The County Cup was divided between the Duke of Hamilton's Hiemy-Nannie and Mr. Billing's Merry Heart II.; the last named also winning the D'Arcy Cup outright.—If we can trust to the quotations given in the papers Mr. Briggs's nomination still stands at the head of the list, those of Messrs. Hornby and Coleman being next.

Football.——Three more important games have been played in the second round of the Association Challenge Cup. That between the Clapham Rovers and the Swifts at the Oval on Saturday last resulted in an easy victory to the former by four goals to none, while the Old Harrovians on the same day at Flodden Road, Camberwell, made short work of the First Surrey Rifles. At Anerley the Hawks had to succumb to the Remnants.—The Wanderers have played an Association game with the Herefordshire Rangers, to the discomfiture of the latter. The game was a remarkable one, as during the first half of it the Wanderers were completely pinned by their adversaries, and had their goal twice captured, but the tables were completely turned in the second half, the Wanderers securing four goals in quick succession.—A Rugby Union game has been played for the first time between the Clapham Rovers and Blackheath, when the latter, which is fast becoming one of our most powerful clubs, just managed to win.

Angling.—Mr. Mundella, M.P. for Sheffield, has promised to bring a Bill into Parliament for the protection of "coarse" fish, such as roach, perch, jack, &c., during the spawning season. This is urgently required in the interests of anglers, who would get much better sport during the rest of the season, if during the months, say, of April, May, and June, it were made illegal to capture these fish. All "good" anglers should be up and doing, with a view to support Mr. Mundella, who has taken up the matter at the request of a very large body of his constituents. There are in his borough over two hundred angling clubs, comprising more than 8,000 members, so numerous are the disciples of "old Izaak" in a single town.

Swimming.—No less than twelve members of the Serpentine Club plunged into the water at an early hour on the morning of Christmas Day, to compete in the Annual Christmas Handicap. Who shall say our youth and manhood is growing up effeminate? We doubt whether a dozen men in the whole Continent of Europe, unless they happened to be Anglo-Saxons, could be found to go and do likewise!

New Novels

"Cherry Ripe!" a Romance, by the author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," &c. (3 vols.: Bentley).—Though there is, no doubt, much in this novel that reminds us of Miss Broughton—a result due probably to more or less conscious imitation—we can hardly suppose that, even if its authorship still remained unknown, it would, like its predecessor, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," have been generally attributed to that lady. We are no great admirers of Miss Broughton, as our readers scarcely need to be told, but we must allow that her novels rarely fail to exhibit a certain amount of *verve* and humour, though neither quality is of a high order. But *verve* and humour will both be looked for in vain in the story before us; such attempt at "fun" as there is being of a forced and feeble kind, consisting chiefly, as far as we can make out, in emphasising the heroine's speeches in her earlier and happier days by the lavish use of italics. As for the "situation" which serves as basis for the story, perhaps the less said the better. We cannot undertake to give any idea of it here, for the truth is it would be too puzzling a task to explain it in language which we should consider sufficiently seemly. It might not, perhaps, surprise us in a French novel of the looser sort; it is with pained astonishment that we come upon it in a work emanating from an English lady. Such a theme could only be excusable, if at all, on the score of the powerful and pathetic treatment for which it offered opportunities; but for such treatment the author is altogether without the needful means. When she essays passion or tenderness she always seems to us to tend to be hysterical or maudlin. Nor is the situation the only thing in the book that must be pronounced objectionable; there is a vein of unhealthy and unpleasant suggestion running through it almost from end to end. "It is not a nice story," says one of the prominent characters in "Cherry Ripe,"—a singularly "frisky matron"—of a highly spiced *chronique scandaleuse*, which she is detailing for the benefit of an *ingénue*, and it is a pity that it did not occur to the author that the same criticism was applicable to the whole of her unfortunate book. There seems no occasion to take up space with minor criticisms, so we will confine ourselves to remarking that the author's language on the subject of Henry the Eighth and his six wives gives the impression that she supposes every one of those ladies in succession to have been put to death by the monarch's orders.

"A Jewel of a Girl," by the author of "Queenie," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett).—Its rather silly title is almost the only point to take exception to in this story, which is singularly fresh, natural, and pleasing, and a marked advance on anything we have hitherto had from the author's hands. The gentle and saintly Miss Ina Colbert, and her niece, the beautiful, high-spirited, and strong-willed Bridget, the heroine of the tale, win our interest and sympathy from the beginning, and these characters are excellently sustained throughout. Bridget is no ideal maiden, as there are elements in her at variance with her higher nature, and the working of these is indicated to us with considerable skill. The stern and self-centred Sir James Wilde, a true man of iron, who by his wiles has dispossessed the Colberts of their ancestral domain in the north of Ireland, is another good character, at once out of the common and yet true to nature. But the best scenes in the book are the pictures of Dutch family life which follow on the removal of Miss Ina and Bridget to the home of their far-away, but generous and kindly, cousin, Mynheer Hugo Colbert of Haarlem, another descendant from the same old Huguenot stock. These scenes show the author to be intimately acquainted with Holland, its people, and its ways, and are enough of themselves to give a value to the book. Bridget's love story—for, of course, she has a love story —we need not touch upon here.

"A Very Old Question," by T. Edgar Pemberton, author of "Under Pressure," &c. (3 vols.: Samuel Tinsley).—The "very old question" submitted to us here is that in *Hamlet*, "Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love." What answer Mr. Pemberton arrives at, or whether he arrives at any, we are unable to say, for we must own that his book proved too much for our endurance. It is intolerably dull and tiresome, rather silly, and more than a little vulgar. Not a single character excites a spark of interest, and most are repulsive without being striking. As for the style, let it suffice to say that it is *not* of sufficient fascination to lead us for its sake to overlook the other defects of the book.

We have also received "Cosmo's Violets," by Cecil Rushton, author of "George Goring," &c. (Charing Cross Publishing Company), a novel in no way remarkable, but perhaps up to the average of excellence—at least not conspicuously below it.

◆

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS

Though Boxing Day is perhaps the most important of all days from the point of view of the theatrical manager, as marking the commencement of the season of crowded houses, it has never been very remarkable for the production of new pieces save and except the Christmas pantomimes, which are only performed at certain theatres. In these days, at least, few dramatic authors would care to risk the chances of a first performance before a Boxing Night audience. There was a time, not very far removed, when it was deemed indispensable that the business of Harlequin, Clown, and Columbine should be preceded by the performance of a stiff and solemn old blank verse play by the poet Rowe, whereof the heroine was *Jane Shore*; or, failing this, by Lillo's *George Barnwell*, an oppressively moral and sententious drama, wherein the impropriety of shooting a benevolent old uncle in order to gain one's own private ends was set forth with more emphasis and elaboration than so obvious a moral might seem to demand. All this, however, was but a concession to the grave and reverend personages who, objecting to stage plays in the abstract as entertainments at holiday time for servants and 'prentice boys, were supposed to be conciliated and induced to look with a more kindly eye on these forbidden recreations when accompanied by such salutary correctives. Little harm, however, and, it may be added, little good, was done by these introductory performances, and for the simple reason that no one among the audience ever bestowed upon them the slightest attention. Inexplicable dumb show on the stage and noise in pit and gallery were the sole results of this conventional usage. Nowadays, to the great relief of holiday audiences, both Rowe and Lillo are condemned on Boxing Night to that golden silence which Mr. Carlyle has so eloquently commended.

Last Wednesday evening was no exception to the rule of Boxing Night entertainments. There were, of course, new pantomimes, not at every house, it is true, but still at so many houses that nothing could be more incorrect than to describe this established form of holiday entertainment as declining. Rather should it be said to be extending and growing in popularity—always bearing in mind that the old Grimaldian business, though flourishing greatly at the suburban theatres, has at the West End suffered considerably from the encroachments of introductions. One of the most observable features this season is the large number of little performers who have been trained to take part in the pantomimes. The Adelphi, which theatre may claim the credit of having produced the first "children's pantomime," that is, a pantomime in which none but children perform —presents this year another entertainment of this kind, written, if we may be forgiven for divulging a secret, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, the inventor of "children's pantomimes," who has long modestly concealed himself under the signature of "An Old Boy." *Robin Hood* is on this occasion Mr. Blanchard's hero. It is an excellent feature of these pretty performances that they are strictly confined to the day time. Every afternoon the little performers, including a wonderfully clever little Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Columbine here go through their duties gravely or humorously as the case requires, while in the evening the Adelphi performances also recognise the holiday time by producing after the drama a new extravaganza, including a fairy ballet. The grand fairy ballet pantomime at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, entitled *Rose and Marie; or, the Reward of Filial Love*, is actually represented by 300 little performers, who are understood to have been in training in the intervals of educational studies very properly insisted upon by the School Board daily for three months past. It is a brilliant and picturesque piece, though the fact that the little people are limited to dumb show—we presume because little voices cannot well be rendered effective in so vast a house—may strike most spectators as strange. This is, however, really a return to the old fashion of pantomime in its purest form, as, indeed, the very term indicates. The popularity of DRURY LANE will probably not be easily shaken by the increased rivalry to which this favoured home of pantomime is this year subject. Here the Countess D'Aulnoy's fairy tale of *The White Cat* has served the turn of Mr. Blanchard, who has so often furnished holiday visitors with rhymed introductions. The clever Vokes Family are conspicuous again among the performers. The pantomime, or "the Annual," as Mr. Blanchard prefers to call it, has been illustrated once more by Mr. Beverly, and goblin dwarfs and demons are in great force, though, of course, too weak to resist the benignant influences of the fairies, who give effect to the splendour of the *ballet divertissement*. COVENT GARDEN observes more strictly the old custom of taking a nursery story for its subject. *Puss in Boots* is the title of the piece, which is furnished with all the customary pictorial splendours to which a large stage is so favourable. Singers of some note are engaged in the introduction, which is of a more musical character than usual; but the harlequinade and the mechanical contrivances were unfortunately marred on Wednesday evening by more than the usual proportion of disasters.

Mr. Hollingshead is also one of those managers who treat the pantomime visitors as a class to be specially provided for at reasonable hours of the day. Those Conservative tendencies which are so conspicuous in Mr. Hollingshead's published writings have naturally led him also to take his stand upon the ancient practice of choosing a nursery story for a pantomime introduction. Hence Valentine at the GAIETY flourishes his sword, and Orson wields his club, and the bear remains no passive spectator of the scene. As part and parcel of the performance of *Valentine and Orson* immense fun is created by the entertainment of Lieut. Cole's wonderful puppets; deep interest is excited in the proceedings of the bear and the wild man; and intense delight follows upon the marvellously dexterous and graceful feats of the Lenton Family. If anything *Valentine and Orson* is even too full of drolleries and surprises; it has the advantage of being altogether free from the vulgarity which sometimes characterises the boisterous fun of Christmastide entertainments. The Gaiety pantomime is performed in the morning only, the evening performance going on as usual. At the ROYAL AQUARIUM Theatre pantomime also flourishes greatly under the title of *A Frog he would a Wooing go*. This exhausts the list of West End theatres at which pantomimes properly so called are produced; but as we have often said, the suburban houses, which are with scarcely an exception true to this custom of the season, are scarcely behind their more fashionable rivals in the spectacular part of the entertainment, and often superior in the spirit which they are enabled to infuse into the whole business. Among the most important of these is the BRITANNIA, at Hoxton, where under the experienced management of Mrs. S. Lane, there is a pantomime of imposing and magnificent proportions bearing the title of *Rominagrobis*, which has no doubt some meaning, though it may escape the general eye. The sub-title, "or, the Tail of a Cat," seems, however, to throw a glimmer of light; but no doubt it is deemed good policy at Hoxton to excite a sort of curiosity which can only be completely satisfied by paying at the doors and enjoying the performance. Equally remarkable for the elaborate character of the pantomimic performances are the SURREY, the NATIONAL STANDARD, the NEW GRECIAN, the MARYLEBONE, the PARK Theatre, and the PAVILION. And we must not omit to mention that HENGLER'S CIRCUS, in Argyll Street, and the Messrs. SANGERS' at Lambeth endeavour to blend with their equestrian performances some slight amount of the pantomime element. To keep pace with all this multitude of Christmas amusements is, of course, beyond our power. Nevertheless we are able to speak more particularly below of one or two of the most popular houses.

At the FOLLY Theatre a version by Messrs. Wyndham and Matthison of a French comedy, entitled *La Poudre d'Escampette*, has achieved a well deserved success. The proverbial and colloquial title of the original might be freely rendered as *A Clean Pair of Heels*, but the adaptors have chosen to call it *A Night of Terrors*. It is a bustling, farcical, extravagant piece, full of droll situations, many of which are due to the invention of the English authors. Mr. Hill's performance of the blacksmith is humorous—though bordering slightly on the vulgar. Miss Munroe, Mr. Day, Miss Cameron, and Mr. Howson lend efficient aid in the representation. The management have also revived here the entertaining piece entitled *Peacock's Holiday*, a piece of similar character, also of French extraction.

At the OLYMPIC Mr. Neville has revived Mr. Burnand's drama, entitled the *Turn of the Tide*, which is a dramatic version of Mrs. Edwardes's novel, "The Morals of Mayfair." The drama comprises many striking scenes; and though the story is rather complex and not very skilfully set forth it is amusing. A very numerous and efficient company is engaged, including Mr. Neville, Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Anson, and Miss Florence Terry. The revival is likely to prove successful.

THE SURREY.—At this theatre the subject of the pantomime is *Dick Whittington and his Cat*, and Mr. Frank W. Green has produced a very attractive version of the old story. Miss Topsy Venn makes a very bright and pleasing hero, and Miss Nellie Moon is charming as Alice Fitzwarren. Mr. Arthur Williams as Betsibella, and Mr. Henry Taylor as the Idle Apprentice, create roars of laughter by their quaint sallies. A word must be said for Master David Abraham's clever performance of the Cat. We need not speak of the excruciating puns, the patriotic songs, and the manifold allusions to passing events—these are inseparable from a legitimate pantomime. The dresses are superb, and the floral ballet, in which the Sisters Elliott display their Terpsichorean powers, is a decided success. For many, however, the chief attraction will doubtless be the transformation scene, by Mr. C. Brooke, which is an imposing scenic master-piece. This gentleman, with Mr. J. Gray, is also to be complimented on the other very beautiful scenes which contribute to the attractions of the piece, more especially, "Highgate Hill with a View of Old London," and "The Chepe-side of the Period." With Tom Lovell as Clown, and Albert de Voy as Pantaloon, there can be little doubt that the pantomime at the Surrey will be a great favourite.

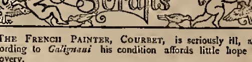
At the CRYSTAL PALACE the pantomime is founded on the old fairy tale of the *Sleeping Beauty*, and is written by Messrs. Augustus Harris and W. R. Osman, and produced under the auspices of Mr. Charles Wyndham. The orthodox story is followed throughout. The evil fairy Maligna, offended at not being invited to Beauty's christening, dooms her to an early death from the prick of a spindle—a sentence commuted by the good fairies to a century's sleep. Despite all the decrees of King Cockawax (Mr. F. Wyatt) that every spindle shall be banished from the realm, and all the efforts of her mother, Queen Sophynisba (Mr. Coote), Beauty, *alias* the Princess Deliciosa (Miss Isabelle Bryant), is duly wounded by a spindle, and together with the whole Court falls asleep for a hundred years, when all are once more awakened to health and happiness by the advent of Prince Perianderprettyman (Miss Edith Bruce), who together with his father, King Muddlehead (Mr. Ridley), braves all all the dangers of the enchanted wood, and foils all Maligna's machinations in order to kiss the lips of the pretty princess whose legend had so excited his curiosity. Although the pantomime is perhaps hardly equal to that of last year either in composition or acting it is eminently amusing, and exceedingly well mounted. One scene, wherein the fairies dancing before a "magic mirror" are exactly imitated by similarly dressed figures on the other side of a muslin screen, deserves especial mention, while the fourfold transformation scene, depicting the varied aspects of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, was a triumph of scenic art and machinery. The harlequinade, though short, is as spiritedly amusing as usual, and on the whole the *Sleeping Beauty* may be pronounced well worth a visit by all lovers of pantomime.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.——A profusion of attractions are offered just now at this popular suburban resort. Besides what may be designated as the permanent features of the Palace there is a Little Folks' Doll Show, which is well worthy of a visit; there are the Living Marionettes; there is Lam, the Bodiless Lady, a remarkable optical illusion; and there is a Circus, where, in addition to the usual horse-riding feats, there is M. Ravioli, the Lion Tamer (Van Amburgh *redivivus*), and performances with elephants, zebras, bears, monkeys, and other tame wild animals. Last, but assuredly not least at Christmastide, is the pantomime, *St. George and the Dragon*, in which the Payne Family are very comic, and the Transformation Scene one of the prettiest we ever saw.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.——Like most public entertainers, the Moore and Burgess Minstrels work hardest when other folks are enjoying a respite from labour. During this holiday season they migrate into the big hall, which is invariably crammed, and give two performances a day. Nor do the public show any signs of wearying of their black visages, for this is their thirteenth season of Christmas Holiday Entertainments, and they are as popular as ever. The programme on the afternoon of Boxing Day was a very attractive one. Of the new sentimental songs we were most attracted by "Kiss me, good night, mother," sung by Mr. Sydney Herbert, "Kitty May," by Little Freddie, "Sweet Aileen," by Mr. Rudolph, and "Robin, pretty Robin," by Mr. Vernon Reed. Mr. John Romer's fine bass voice, and Mr. W. S. Leslie's exquisite alto, were also heard to considerable advantage. Mr. G. W. Moore carried off the comic vocal honours in his "Patrick, mind the Baby," but he was run hard by Mr. Walter Howard in "Dancing at the Ball," and in his banjo song, "The Comic Alphabet," the political allusions in which were highly relished. As for the Gee-hards, their contortions—which really rival those of the Girards—are painfully wonderful to witness; Mr. Frank Pieri was, as usual, a most fascinating *prima-donna*, with a tendency to get from the soprano into the bass; while "Walking for dat Cake," though less humorous than some of its predecessors, is quite an idyll of negro life in the States.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—In view of the festivities of the season, on Friday an alteration was made in the programme of St. George's Hall, Mr. Corney Grain producing a new sketch, entitled *A Musical Almanack*, and *Our New Doll's House* being substituted for *No. 204*. Mr. Grain divides his calendar into six periods:—the domestic, classical, operatic, social, troubadour, and the festive; and it will be readily understood that this programme affords full scope for the exercise of his amusing and peculiar talent. Of the fairy (re-)vision, in one peep, *Our New Doll's House*, by W. Wye, music by Cotsford Dick, we need only say that it is admirably suited to the young folk, and is provocative of much laughter, the music being bright and appropriate. *Once in a Century* still remains a favourite; and altogether Mr. and Mrs. Reed and their clever little company provide a very pleasant and seasonable entertainment.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.——The holiday programme at this institution is as diversified and attractive as ever. Mr. J. L. King gives a lecture on torpedo warfare, a subject which, for different reasons, recommends itself both to the adult and juvenile portion of his audience—at least, to the male members thereof. Professor Gardner teaches something of chemistry in a charming, chatty way, that makes the hearer think it the easiest of studies, and Dr. Holden's conjuring is at least as wonderful as that of any of his prestidigitorial brethren. There is also a shadow pantomime and a semi-dramatic entertainment, entitled *The Rose and the Ring*, the *libretto* of which is adapted from Thackeray (and spoiled in the process, by the bye), which, being read by Mr. Seymour Smith, and enacted in dumb show by a troup of clever actors, contributes greatly to the amusement of the youthful visitors.



THE FRENCH PAINTER, COURBET, is seriously ill, and according to *Galignani* his condition affords little hope of recovery.

THE POPE has received a curious selection of presents from some converted Indians at Ottawa, one chief, named Nadowekessa, sending the Holy Father a number of scalping knives, and suggesting that they may be used for shaving monks.

CONSUMPTIVE PATIENTS in New York are now sent daily to the city slaughter-houses to drink the blood of the freshly-killed bullocks, which has proved a decided cure in several cases. This has long been a common practice in the *abattoirs* of Paris.

THE CHARACTER OF "CAPITAL" was assumed by the wife of a prominent New York banker at a recent fancy ball. Her skirt was covered with 100*l*. United States Treasury Notes, and her bodice and sleeves were 200*l*. bonds. She is said to have been worth about 60,000*l*. as she stood.

A NEW JOURNAL, the *Week*, will appear in London next Saturday. It is intended to give an outline of the principal news of the day, for the benefit of those who do not read the daily papers, and will contain special articles on English trade and finance, as well as the usual reviews and criticisms. The price will be sixpence.

PARLIAMENT, *Mayfair* tells us is, after all, only going back to its ancient customs in meeting so early in the year as the 17th of January. Last year it met on the 8th of February. But except when there has been an autumnal session, Parliament has only four times within the last twenty years met so late in the year. The four occasions were in 1870, 1876, 1871 (when Parliament did not meet till the 9th of February), and 1874, when, the general election bursting upon the country in February, the Houses were not able to meet till March.

TEMPLE BAR.——A correspondent of *The Times* sends the following lines, which were published in the year 1788:—

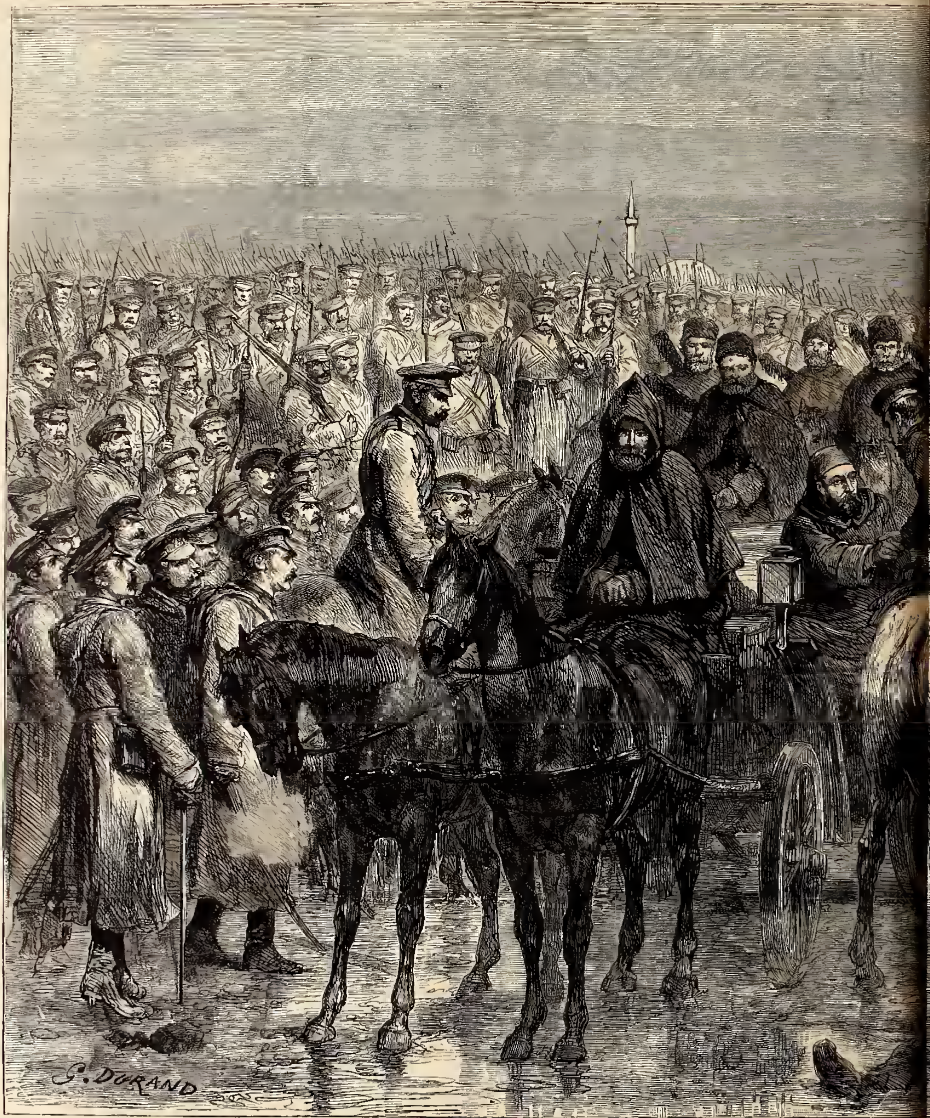
"If the Gate is pulled down 'twixt the Court and the City,
You'll blend in one mass prudent, worthless, and witty;
If you league cit and lordling as brother and brother,
You'll break order's chain, and they'll war with each other
Like the Great Wall of China, it keeps out the Tartars
From making irruptions where industry barters.
Like Samson's wild foxes, they'll fire your houses,
And madden your spinsters, and cozen your spouses.
They'll destroy in one sweep both the mart and the forum,
Which your fathers held dear, and their fathers before them."

THE ACCLIMATISATION OF BEAVERS IN SCOTLAND, where the race has long been extinct, is likely to prove very successful on the Marquis of Bute's estate. A park has been constructed for the beavers in a pine wood near Rothesay, through which runs a small stream, and across this the little creatures have formed three dams, building themselves a house of driftwood on the lowest dam. Their house is shaped like an inverted bird's nest, and the entrance is under water, while, to form the dams, the beavers have gnawed through several of the trees in the park. The beavers are still very shy, although now quite accustomed to their quarters, and several young ones have been born in the new beavery, thus raising the number to twelve. They live chiefly upon willow boughs.

SOLAR HEAT AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL ON EASTERN RAILWAYS has been proposed by the well-known African traveller Dr. Rohlfs, who suggests the construction of a railway through the Desert of Sahara from Tripoli to Lake Tschad, wherein steam could be generated by boiling the water by the heat of the sun with the aid of glasses. As cooking by solar rays has already proved successful in Bombay the inventor of the process writes to the *Times of India* to support Dr. Rohlfs' theory, alleging that the burning glasses employed should consist of a conical reflector, like a lamp-shade reversed, with its base towards the sun, while the boiler should be vertical and cylindrical, with a hollow rise in the bottom like that in a bottle, leaving a ring of water about an inch deep. The outer shell of the boiler should be continued below the water space, and be perforated to admit the hot air. A somewhat similar invention was tried in 1866 by a French mathematician, M. Mouchot, who exhibited a solar steam-engine at Mentone before Napoleon III.

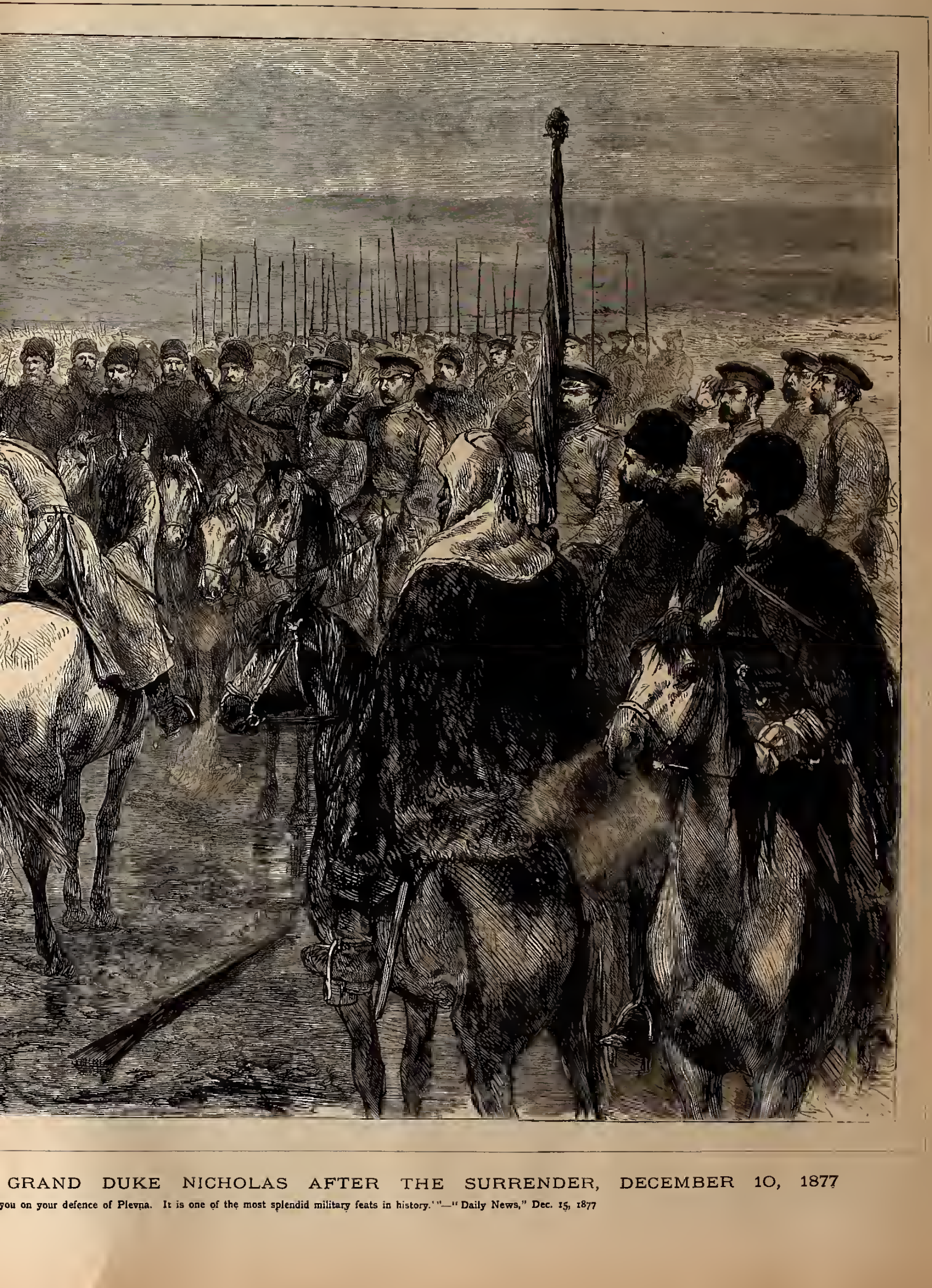
DR. SCHLIEMANN'S TROJAN TREASURE is now on view in the South Court of the Kensington Museum, each specimen being carefully labelled according to the period to which it belongs. Foremost among the collection stands the supposed treasure of Priam. Here are the two gold diadems—one of which we represented in our portrait of Madame Schliemann some time since—composed of rows of chains weighted with the image of the owl-faced goddess; eardrops in chain and tassel shape, bracelets so small as to fit only a child, and no fewer than 8,750 tiny golden jewels of all shapes and sizes. All this jewellery was concealed in one of the silver vessels exhibited, which has a handle like a jug and is rounded underneath. Close by are two golden cups—one, boat-shaped, having two handles and two mouths, supposed to have been used for libations to the gods—a quaint globular flask, and several silver cups, bottles, and vases, as well as some strips of silver conjectured to be Homeric talents. Turning to the weapons, there is a large copper-bronze shield, sword and dagger blades, lance-heads, and ancient stone instruments; while further on are a number of terra-cotta objects—notably some mysterious discs or "spindle-whorls," ornamented with figures, and thought to be votive offerings. The pottery includes specimens from the four layers of cities in the Hissarlik mound, and is mainly rude, and not over graceful. Many vessels are in the form of animals, the goblets being rounded like amphoræ, while the owl-faced goddess appears on the majority. Lastly we must mention the fine metope from the ruins of the Doric Temple of Phœbus Apollo, representing the god driving the four horses of the sun.

NEW YEAR'S APPEALS.——The "Christian" Blind Society, which grants weekly and monthly pensions to the poor blind, young or old, irrespective of religious qualifications, asks for assistance towards giving its pensioners their annual tea and entertainment on the 29th prox. Donations may be sent to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Clarke, 59, Burdett Road, E. —An appeal is also made by the Reformatory and Refuge Union, which on the principle of the Hospital Sunday Fund assists the various London Refuges. In these refuges, which now contain 4,000 destitute inmates, each child is taught a trade. Subscriptions to be sent to the offices, 435, West Strand, W.C. —A similar request for assistance comes from the Metropolitan and National Nursing Association, which provides nurses for the sick at their own homes, and maintains four districts for this purpose. 5,000*l*. are wanted, and contributions will be received at the office, 23, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.—Another Nursing Society, the House and Sisterhood of St. John the Evangelist, issues a fresh appeal on behalf of the proposed Maternity Home and Training School where poor women may be received and monthly nurses duly taught. An effort to erect the Home was made last year, but the funds were so inadequate that the School is now to be begun at Chelsea on a much humbler scale. Donations will be received by the Superior at 8, Norfolk Street, Strand.—Commander Dawson, R.N., pleads for the Mission to Seamen Agents' Association Fund, which is designed to relieve any of the fifty-three chaplains and readers belonging to the society who may be disabled, and who are greatly exposed to the weather in open boats during their labours in forty roadsteads and harbours. Contributions to be sent to the office, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand.—The Victoria Hospital for Children, Gough House, Chelsea, also pleads for New Year donations towards the balance of the purchase money (1,500*l*.) of the recently acquired land on either side of the Hospital, and the 700*l*. owing for repairs and expenses. Since its establishment in 1866, 3,040 in-patients and 149,000 out-patients have been relieved. Seventy beds are maintained, ten of these at a convalescent home in Margate, and as the institution is unendowed funds are urgently needed. Subscriptions should be sent to the Secretary, Commander W. C. Blount R.N., at the above address.



THE FALL OF PLEVNA—THE MEETING OF OSMAN PASHA AND THE

"Then the Grand Duke stretched out his hand and shook the hand of Osman Pasha heartily, and said, 'I complimen



GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AFTER THE SURRENDER, DECEMBER 10, 1877

you on your defence of Plevna. It is one of the most splendid military feats in history.'"—"Daily News," Dec. 15, 1877

FOREIGN

The War in the East.——Winter seems to have set in with great severity in Bulgaria, and for the time active military operations—except on the part of the Servians—have been almost suspended. On the Danube ice has been drifting, and seriously endangering the Russian bridges. One of them, near Ibraila, has been broken through, while a steamer has been completely closed in by the ice. Southwards also in the Shipka Pass there has been heavy snow and hard frost, while fog and snow have equally prevailed in the Kamarli Pass, so that the only fighting reported from Russian sources has been a little skirmishing beyond the Lom, where the Czarevitch has now advanced and firmly established his positions. General Todleben has been appointed to the command of the army of Rustchuk, and an energetic siege of that town, together with the investment of the remaining fortresses of the Quadrilateral, is now expected to begin, especially as the Lom army has been heavily reinforced. Suleiman Pasha also has been withdrawing his troops from this direction, and sending them, *viâ* Constantinople, to the Sofia army, with which the Turks now hope to be able to resist the Russian advance when the Balkans shall have been crossed. To return to the Danube, on the west Widdin is being gradually invested, and here the Servians are pushing actively forward. Horvatovitch has already effected a junction with the Russians near Lom Palanka, there has been sharp fighting along the whole of the Servian line, and, as far as can be gathered from conflicting reports, Prince Milan is having better fortune than during his campaign of last year. Thus Nisch has been completely invested, and the Prince himself has superintended the opening of the bombardment, on the 19th inst. the Servians carried the St. Nicholas Pass, while they are even reported so far southwards as Pirot, though here the Turks claim to have repulsed them. The Servians, however, captured Ak-Palanka on the 24th, with its surrounding fortifications, a large quantity of arms and ammunition also falling into their hands. The Turks have also been defeated in the direction of Novi Bazar.

The Russian plan of action certainly seems to be a general march southwards as soon as the weather will permit, while the various northern fortresses still in Turkish hands are to be closely invested. The main portion of the army of Plevna will therefore probably attack the Kamarli and Shipka Passes in force, while the Servians will make a flank attack on the Turkish position from the west. The Turks are making every preparation to receive the enemy, and are placing great faith in the army of Sofia, which is expected shortly to number nearly 200,000 men. This is manifestly an exaggerated estimate, but it is probable that the army will be powerful enough to give the Russians considerable trouble in their advance.

At Constantinople all is quiet save for the continued passage of troops, and every one is asking what England intends to do, and what the early session of Parliament really means. The Turks still cherish a firm belief that we shall ultimately come to their relief; and in fact the future action of England is the general theme of speculation and discussion throughout Europe, even the Czar himself—if we are to credit the *Pester Lloyd's*—openly partaking of the general uneasiness by remarking to a congratulatory deputation from the German Foreign Office that "England alone was desirous to exercise pressure on the freedom of our movements. We shall not agree to mediation, however, and we are armed against intervention." At present certainly mediation does not appear to have the slightest chance of success. The Turkish Note has fallen utterly flat, and has received little or no notice; while England, amongst other things, has been credited with having privately asked Russia if if she would entertain any idea of mediation, and of having received a very decided negative for her pains. A general feeling prevails that Germany is determined to uphold Russia to the end, and as no country cares to quarrel just now with Emperor William and his legions the other Powers are fain to let things take their course. In the meantime the German press is roundly laughing at us for our helplessness, and the *National Zeitung* declares that as Prince Gortchakoff regards Turkey as the sick man so Prince Bismarck looks upon England as the sick woman—a simile truly flattering to British national vanity.

In Asia the weather is better than in Europe, and General Melikoff is bringing up his troops to the positions before Erzeroum, and is said to be getting round to the north of that town. Great cruelties are asserted to have been committed by the Russians upon the Turkish prisoners, and according to a report from Mukhtar Pasha, out of a detachment of 2,000 wounded sent from Kars to Erzeroum, half succumbed on the journey to cold and fatigue, the survivors arriving in a most lamentable condition. In Plevna, also, three days elapsed before any attention was bestowed upon the Turkish sick and wounded. St. Petersburg has been greeting her victorious Czar with great enthusiasm—in fact the Imperial journey from Bucharest has been little else than a triumphal progress.—In Roumania Prince Charles has addressed a most laudatory order of the day to his soldiery on the fall of Plevna, and the Prince has received warm thanks from the Czar, and the Order of the Iron Cross from Emperor William. According to an official Roumanian report of the taking of Plevna, Osman Pasha is said to have surrendered to the Roumanians, and not to the Russians.—Greece celebrated her King's birthday on Monday, and the occasion was taken for making various demonstrations in favour of war, but it is said that the Cabinet wishes first to see what the the British Parliament will do.

France.—M. Dufaure and his colleagues have lost no time in thoroughly reorganising the Government upon sound Republican principles, and have been busily cancelling the arbitrary acts of their predecessors, and reinstating the innumerable officials, ranging from the all powerful prefect to the humble village schoolmistress, who were so summarily dismissed by M. de Broglie for their anti-Conservative opinions. The prefects have also been instructed to abandon all Press and political prosecutions, while M. Marcère, in receiving them, impressed upon them that the policy of the new Cabinet was one of "reparation and conciliation." M. Waddington also, in a reception of the officials of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, warned them all against publicly manifesting any anti-Republican opinions. "I know," he remarked, "that there are not many Republicans among you, but I hope that none of you will give me an occasion for perceiving the fact." This little speech has created some little stir, especially in diplomatic circles, for the French Diplomatic Staff have never warmly represented the Republican cause at foreign Courts. There are several rumoured diplomatic changes, one of which has been made,—the Comte de St. Vallier replacing the Viscomte de Gontaut Biron at Berlin.

The only other home political items of interest have been the Sessions and the elections of the Bureaux of the General Councils, in which the Republicans have secured a slight majority. The deliberations of the General Councils plainly manifested the intense relief and satisfaction with which the "submission" of the Marshal has been received. M. Bardoux, the Minister of Public Instruction, addressing the council at Puy de Dôme, paid a high compliment to the Marshal, "by whose patriotism the crisis had been solved." Echoes of the crisis, however, are still heard in the form of angry articles from the Conservative organs, a reported quarrel between M. Batbie and the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, which, it is said, threatened at one time to result in a duel at five paces; and a prosecution of *La Petite République Française* for libel by MM. de Broglie and de Fourtou. In the meantime all but the Ministers have abandoned politics for the moment; the Marshal has gone to his country seat, and M. Gambetta to Nice; while lesser stars are giving themselves up to the enjoyment of the Christmas and New Year holidays, which, now that the crisis has ended, promise to be brighter than usual.

Thus Paris has been exceedingly gay and festive this week, the boulevards have been crowded with the usual toy booths, and with purchasers and holiday makers, while the journals now find space to praise the last new novels of Adolphe Belot and Alphonse Daudet—the latter a clever work, entitled *Le Nabab*, and giving a lively picture of French life and society during the Second Empire. Foreign politics are also at last attracting attention and M. Lemoinne in the *Journal des Débats* has been gravely warning England of her responsibilities with regard to the solution of the Eastern Question. What has perhaps contributed as much as anything else to the restoration of the normal state of things in the French capital has been the Marshal's visit on Saturday to the works of the forthcoming Exhibition, which are now rapidly approaching completion. Marshal MacMahon warmly complimented Mr. Cunliffe Owen upon the forward state of the British section. The Parisians now feel that at last there is a really good chance of their again being the centre of European attention for a few months, as in 1867 under Napoleon III. There is little other gossip of interest, save that Racine's 238th birthday was celebrated last week at the Théâtre Français by the performance of *Esther* and *Les Plaideurs*, and a first representation at the Cluny of *Madeleine*, a four-act drama by M. Charles Corthey, which, however, does not promise to be highly successful. On Monday the Paris law students walked in procession to Père Lachaise to place a crown on M. Thiers' tomb. The weather this Christmas has been singularly bleak and foggy, which produces one curious effect, namely, of filling certain churches, for instance, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where numerous poor old men and women crowd round the heating apparatus to obtain the warmth which is absent from their own homes. Finally, we may record the annual meeting of Miss Leigh's home for young Englishwomen, where, according to the report, there had been 315 admissions during the year, making a total of 1,196 since the opening of the Home in 1872. The visits of girls needing and asking advice or assistance had numbered 3,613, or a total aggregate of 18,683. Funds are urgently asked for to meet the rising responsibilities of the Home.

Italy.——The Pope is much better, and has been able to be removed into his private library, where he has received several Cardinals, and has given a special audience to Cardinal Manning, who arrived in Rome on Saturday.

The political crisis is at an end, and Signor Depretis has been able to form a Ministry.—The King has been summoned to Turin by the dangerous illness of the Countess of Mirafiori.—Don Carlos, who has been staying at Milan, has been robbed of the Order of the Golden Fleece, a jewel of great and historic value, and which had belonged to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

India.——Although active hostilities have been suspended for the present, the Jowaki campaign can hardly be regarded at an end, as the Chiefs maintain an attitude of defiance, and it is thought that further military measures will have to be undertaken to reduce them to submission. According to the *Pioneer* the much-vaunted Commissariat department broke down most hopelessly in the hour of need.

United States.——Little news beyond a disturbance of the Texan-Mexican frontier, where some States troops were besieged by a mob at San Elisario, and a reported re-entry of Sitting Bull and his troops into United States territory.—President Hayes has opened a Museum of Natural History in New York.—At a boiler explosion which took place at a confectionery manufactory in New York, twelve people were killed and thirty injured.

Miscellaneous.——In New South Wales there has been a general election, resulting in an increased majority supporting the Robertson administration. A new Ministry has also been formed, composed as follows: Mr. Farnell as Secretary for Land, Mr. Cohen as Colonial Treasurer, Mr. FitzPatrick as Colonial Secretary, Mr. Burns as Attorney-General.—In Queensland there have been special religious services in consequence of the long-continued drought. At the gold diggings the Chinese are said to be determined to resist the collection of fees levied under the Gold Fields Act.—From Norway we hear of a terrible fire in the small town of Levanger, near Drontheim, the entire town being destroyed with the exception of twenty-three houses.—In South Africa considerable uneasiness exists on the borders of Kaffraria, although the volunteers are returning to their homes. On the 2nd inst. 800 Galekas attacked a night patrol of 125 volunteers and police, but were defeated with a loss of eighty men, one volunteer being killed and seven wounded.

THE COURT

The Queen has been spending Christmas at Windsor Castle. At the end of last week Her Majesty held a Council, when Sir T. M. Biddulph was sworn in a member, and also gave audiences to Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Derby, and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and received the late and the present United States Ministers, Messrs. Pierrepont and Welsh, who presented their respective letters of recall and credentials. On Saturday the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove through Windsor to see the Christmas Show made by the Royal tradespeople; the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at the Castle to spend Christmas; and Lord John Manners joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning the Queen, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, and the Marquis of Lorne attended the service in the private chapel, and in the afternoon Princess Christian visited Her Majesty, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Martin also arriving at the Castle. On Monday Prince and Princess Christian with their children visited the Queen, and Sir T. M. Biddulph dined with Her Majesty. On Christmas Day Her Majesty, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice and the Marquis of Lorne, attended morning service in the private chapel. Yesterday (Friday) the Queen with Princess Beatrice would leave Windsor for the Isle of Wight. According to *Mayfair* Her Majesty may probably open Parliament in person.—The Queen's Bounty to the London poor was distributed on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, at the Almonry Office, Whitehall. The recipients numbered 1,250, and differed in age from 60 to 95 years, two persons being aged respectively, 99 and 100, while the alms varied from 5*s.* to 13*s.*—Princess Beatrice has been suffering from a cold.

Christmas was kept by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham. The Princess and her sons arrived from town on Saturday afternoon, and were afterwards joined by the Prince of Wales on the conclusion of his visit to Mr. Amherst at Didlington. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their five children attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, and next day the usual Christmas gifts of beef to nearly 200 cottagers and tenants on the Sandringham estate were distributed in the Royal Mews, the Prince of Wales and the young Princes being present at the distribution. On Christmas Day the Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. The usual tea and New Year's presents to the school-children at Sandringham will also be given this week.

Prince and Princess Christian returned to Cumberland Lodge on Saturday from visiting the Earl and Countess of Normanton at Somerley, Ringwood.—The Duke of Connaught, as Senior Grand Warden, will preside at the eightieth anniversary festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys.—The Duchess of Teck and her children have quite recovered from their attack of measles, and the young Princes and Princesses have joined their mother at Kensington Palace.

Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria intends to pass several months in England, to study British institutions and agricultural and scientific matters, and will make a tour through the principal manufacturing districts. He will arrive with the Empress on Monday next.—King Alphonso of Spain, accompanied by his sister, the Princess of the Asturias, has spent Christmas with his *fiancée* and her family at Seville.—The Queen of Wurtemburg is staying at San Remo.

CHURCH NEWS

The Christmas Services at all the metropolitan churches were well attended. Dean Church preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, and said that the lessons we should learn from the birthday of Christ were those of reverence, purity, humility, and trust in God. Dean Stanley at Westminster Abbey dwelt eloquently on the significance of Christian Emblems; the Rev. J. T. Papillon at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, told his hearers that it was their duty to oppose the growing tendency of modern thought to regard the life of Christ from its human side alone, but the only argument which could avail was a broad and tolerant view of all difficulties and all diversities of opinions, maintaining strictly all that was true, but never losing sight of the gift of charity. At the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the Rev. F. Garden chose for his subject the method of observing the Christian festival. Earthly enjoyment and amusements with family and friends, although not wrong, were inadequate. The sentimental associations of the time should hover on the mere outskirts of that great and lofty mystery for the realisation of which the festival was consecrated. At the Roman Catholic Pro-cathedral, Kensington, after the celebration of Pontifical High Mass by Monsignor Withers, Bishop of Amycla, a sermon was preached by the Rev. M. O'Neill, one of the Passionist Fathers, who said that not only were magnificent temples to the true God rising up all over the world, but the highest and brightest intellects were turning from the world to the Church, and even kings were leaving their thrones and casting away their sceptres with the same object: but on the other hand worldly men in the pride of their so-called science were seeking to lead away the youth of the century from the knowledge of God, and endeavouring to account for His creation of the world by their own material theories. The danger thus created was worse than the worst assaults of paganism in the olden time.—Dr. Parker opened his discourse at the City Temple by asking whether the purpose of Christ's birth had succeeded or failed so far as England was concerned? We might disguise it, or quote accidental circumstances in mitigation, but there was the humiliating and infamous fact that, after centuries of Christian civilisation, this country was in a worse moral condition, and was more shocked and stunned by daily crime, than at any previous period of its history; we were more cunning in our wickedness, more delicate in our iniquity, more courteous in our blasphemy, but the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint, and the Saviour was still weeping over the land. His hope, however, was still in Christ. What His method might be he could not tell; it was his to watch and pray and wait.

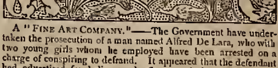
A Triple Episcopal Consecration.——On Friday last (St. Thomas's Day), the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Winchester, Bishops Piers Claughton, and Anderson, and the Metropolitan of Australia, consecrated the Ven. Edward Trollope, D.D., Archdeacon of Stow and Rector of Leasingham, to the Suffragan Bishopric of Nottingham, in succession to Bishop Mackenzie; and Drs. Jonathan Holt Titcomb, and T. Valpy French, to the new Indian Sees of Rangoon and Lahore. The preacher was Canon Kay, formerly Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, who applied his text (Acts xxviii. 30, 31) to the encouragement of Missionary work. As St. Paul had preached the Gospel in the very heart of the Roman Empire, after three years' long waiting, so the English Church, shut out 300 years ago from intercommunion with the Latin Churches, was assisted by the civil power, but had bonds thrown around her. For years she was not even permitted to consecrate a bishop for America; yet now she preached the Gospel to an empire as extensive as ancient Rome. Even her bonds were overruled for the furtherance of the Gospel, for he verily believed that the delay in the foundation of the new sees of Lahore and Rangoon was not unproductive of good.

Various.——The Rev. R. Moffat, DD., F.R.G.S., was last week presented with the freedom of the Turners' Company, "in consideration of his services to civilisation, and his geographical discoveries in Southern Africa." The ceremony took place at the Mansion House, and Dr. Moffat, in returning thanks, said that when he first went to Africa, in 1816, there were no missionaries beyond the boundaries of the colonies; but now the bearers of the Gospel were pressing upward to the north in a phalanx stronger than a Macedonian one, 80,000 members of Christian Churches existed in Africa, and missionaries had reached a point 700 miles beyond that where the work commenced. What might not be expected of the country fifty years hence, remembering what it had been fifty years back?—Lord Shaftesbury having written to the Archbishop of Canterbury requesting his Grace's permission to withdraw from the Christian Knowledge Society because of the "active distrust" he feels towards the Committee on account of their publications, which he considers at one time lead the people to Romanism and at another to Infidelity; and having received a reply asking him to defer his retirement until he heard from him again, has since written to his Grace saying that he cannot comply with the request, as "no opinion either in favour or disfavour of the book complained of can alter the resolution he has formed."

Her Majesty's Theatre.——The director of this establishment, who, like his brother managers, gives a special Christmas entertainment, has revived the English adaptation of Adolphe Adam's pretty operetta, *Le Chalet*, the libretto of which, as most amateurs are aware, was constructed by Scribe and Mélesville upon the *Betley* of Goethe, more than forty years since. The music is even now generally ranked with the best of its composer, although the strong influence exercised upon the young composer by Auber, whose *Fiancée* and *Fra Diavolo* were in the height of their popularity at the time he wrote it, takes away all that might otherwise have laid claim to originality. But, apart from this, though a lively and, when happily inspired, a brilliant composer, Adolphe Adam was rarely, if ever, original in the strict signification of the term. Story and music, however, of the *Chalet*—in its normal shape, as well as in its foreign dress as *The Swiss Cottage*, are too well known to render it necessary to dwell further upon either. That the work should have survived so long, and still be constantly performed all over France and Germany, is a fair proof of its claims, from whatever point of view those claims may be considered; and perhaps no better example may be cited of the truth of Samuel Johnson's homely apophthegm—"That which pleases many must have merit." Adam's music to *Le Chalet* has unquestionably merit; hence its comparative longevity and the hold it keeps upon the stage. The performance at Her Majesty's Theatre is for the most part good—in some respects excellent. The orchestra, under the able and praved direction of Mr. Weist Hill, is thoroughly efficient; while the chorus seldom lays itself open to criticism. The leading singers, it is true, are all more or less novices—at any rate before the lamps. Mr. George Power, who plays Daniel, Betley's persistent and in the end successful, lover, has a tenor voice which promises favourably; Mr. George Fox, to whom the character of Max (Betley's soldier-brother) is assigned, possesses, our concert-goers need scarcely be reminded, a well-trained baritone; and Mdlle. Hélène Crosmond, charged with the important part of the heroine, is a soprano from whom a great deal may reasonably be expected. Mdlle. Crosmond has evidently studied with care, and though, it being her first appearance on the stage, she was inevitably nervous, did herself infinite credit, winning the unqualified approval of the house. The performance generally pleased; and the *Chalet* may be regarded as a legitimate success.

Dr. Hans von Bulow is still directing concerts at Glasgow. His "Notes of Travel," addressed to the Leipsic *Signale*, become more and more personal. The "half dozen petticoat pianists," with whom, to the learned Doctor's infinite dissatisfaction, he had to contend in St. James' Hall, having, together with M. Ambroise Thomas, composer of *Hamlet*, been disposed of, Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, and his favourite pupil, Herr Max Bruch, were the next victims. The last sufferer is the distinguished violinist, Herr Wilhelmj, who, in anything but courteous terms, is accused of having been the cause of inveigling his illustrious friend, Richard Wagner, into the disastrous pecuniary failure which attended the Wagner Concerts this year in the Royal Albert Hall.

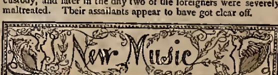
Waifs.——Mdlle. Albani has been singing in oratorio at Leeds and Nottingham. At Leeds the oratorio selected was the *Messiah*, at Nottingham it was *Elijah*, in which, for the first time, the charming Canadian undertook the whole of the leading soprano music. If she continues to progress as she has been progressing of late, we may expect in Albani a worthy successor to Titiens. Like the great Teutonic singer, she is now fairly dividing her attention between opera and oratorio.—The death of M. Chevillard, the eminent Antwerp violoncellist, is announced at the age of sixty-seven. It was this artist who (some forty years ago) introduced the later quartets of Beethoven to the Parisian public. His successor as the Conservatoire, as professor of the violoncello, will in all likelihood by M. Léon Jacquard.—A new journal devoted to the promulgation of Wagnerian doctrine is about to appear at Bayreuth under the title of *Bayreuther Blätter*.—Herr Krebs, the well-known Hofcapellmeister, and father of Mdlle. Marie Krebs, the admirable pianist, denies, in a letter to the *Dresdener Presse*, the truth of a report that he is about to resign his past as Director of Music in the Court Roman Catholic Church in Dresden. Why should he relinquish duties he is still so thoroughly capable of fulfilling?—Herr Richard Wagner is again domiciled at Bayreuth, where, at the house he built for himself and christened "Wahnfried," he is busily employed on his new opera, *Parcival*.—The Variety Theatre at Pittsburg (U.S.) has been burnt to the ground.—Señor Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, who appeared some time since at the Crystal Palace Concerts, has been playing with much success at Berlin.—The Philharmonic orchestra of Vienna, during the Opera recess, will not only give concerts at the Paris International Exhibition, but also at our own Crystal Palace. If the Viennese could pay us a visit any time between October in one year and April in the year following, they would assuredly find and—like artists who are artists for art's sake—acknowledge, that the Sydenham orchestra under the direction of Mr. August Manns is at least equal to their own.—Madame Marie Roze, accompanied by her husband, Mr. Henry Mapleson, has left England to fulfil her engagement in the United States.—M. Gounod's new opera, *Cinq Mars*, is to be produced at the Scala, Milan, during the season of the Carnival.—Madame Annette Essipoff, the accomplished Russian pianist, has returned from Venice to St. Petersburg, and there is some reason to apprehend that she may not visit us this year—at least during that part of the season which presents most favourable opportunities for the exhibition of her remarkable talent as a genuine interpretess of classical music.



A "**Fine Art Company.**"——The Government have undertaken the prosecution of a man named Alfred De Lara, who with two young girls whom he employed have been arrested on a charge of conspiring to defraud. It appeared that the defendant had advertised for ladies to do flower painting at their own homes, and that a large number of applicants had been induced to pay registration fees of a guinea each to have their names placed on the books of the "Company." They were told to supply specimens of their skill, which were invariably found fault with. The profitable nature of the swindle may be judged of by the fact that after the affair came to the knowledge of the police, a detective who was set to watch the premises saw in one day no fewer than thirty ladies visit the "art-emporium," all of whom complained of the fraud, but declined to prosecute, considering that to do so might be socially injurious to themselves. On another day about twenty ladies visited the place, and as none of them could be prevailed upon to come forward the officer sent his own wife, who paid the fee and got a printed receipt. The prisoner, who was subsequently arrested on a warrant, protested against the prosecution as tyrannical, and declared that even if he had done wrong the two young ladies who were charged with him were entirely innocent of all complicity. They were all, however, remanded, the girls being admitted to bail, but De Lom himself being detained in custody.

A Nice Child.—A boy, aged twelve, was last week charged at Brighton with having thrice attempted to commit suicide. The mother, a labourer's wife, stated that on the previous day the boy sulked about, refusing to dress, or to eat his breakfast, threatened to cut up his new boots, and did, in fact, throw them on the fire; and on her snatching them off, he became so violent that she left the room. Returning shortly afterwards she heard a strange noise in the bedroom, and found the boy hanging to the bed-post, his feet being clear of the floor, and his face quite black. She ran forward and held him up until some neighbours came and cut the cord; but the boy, on recovering consciousness, broke from them, and attempted to cut his throat with a knife, which she wrested from him, and he then caught up a kettle of boiling water and hurled it at her, upon which she went for the police. She added that the boy, who was of a dreadful temper, had thrown knives and forks at her, and had once flung the cat on the fire. The lad attributed his conduct to the drunken habits of his father, and a police officer said that the prisoner had been neglected by his parents until at last he had got the upper hand of them. This "nice child" was remanded for "further inquiries," which will probably lead to some interesting revelations.

Miscellaneous.——The Departmental Commission on the Detective Branch of the Metropolitan Police have concluded their inquiry, and their report will shortly be issued. Sir H. Selwin Ibbetson has acted as chairman.—A curious action for slander has just been heard in the Scotch Court of Session. A Miss Cosgrove, teacher in a Roman Catholic school at West Calder, who had been dismissed and re-instated, sued the Rev. Father Goldie, who one Sunday in October last year had stated publicly certain reasons for her dismissal, but added that there were "other serious faults." This phrase was regarded as an impeachment of her moral character, and the lady, who claimed 500*l.* damages, was awarded 250*l.*—A Manchester policeman, somewhat over-careful of public morals, last week summoned a gentleman for indulging in the popular exclamation, "Whoa, Emma!" which he considered an "obscene expression." He however failed to make out the charge to the satisfaction of the magistrate (Sir J. Mantell), who though unable to decide what "Whoa, Emma!" really meant dismissed the case, and reproved the constable for his ridiculously exuberant zeal.—An extensive swindle has been discovered at Birmingham, where a firm calling themselves "Bentley, Kemp and Co.," wine merchants, took premises some six weeks ago, and have since been advertising largely their "Renowned Guinea Christmas Hamper" (the newspapers in nearly every instance giving credit). They appear to have reaped a rich harvest, but the non-delivery of the goods led to complaints being made to the police, and on Tuesday Bentley was arrested just as he was preparing to leave the town, his confederates having already taken to flight. There was not a trace of wine, spirits, or goods of any kind upon the place, and no wine dealer's license could be found.—The Dundee police have made some novel and significant preparations for the approaching New Year convivialities, each station being provided with a bran-new double-springed wheelbarrow for the conveyance of any "drunk and incapable" who may be found in the streets.—On Christmas Day some of the foreign workmen employed at the New Law Courts while on the way to their lodgings were attacked by a number of English roughs. One of the Germans, who drew his knife and stabbed a man in the head, was taken into custody, and later in the day two of the foreigners were severely maltreated. Their assailants appear to have got clear off.



Messrs. Ransford and Sons.——A song which made its mark many years ago has been resuscitated by this firm, "A Cheer to keep our Hearts up," the dreary words—a narrative of a shipwreck—by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the music by R. J. Spiers; this dismal song is scarcely worthy of revival.—A pretty ballad of an ordinary type and medium compass is "Come back, ye dreams," written and composed by J. Campbell and J. R. Thomas.—*Piquante* and original are both words and music of "If you love me, tell me so," a ballad written and composed by E. L. Whiting and H. Millard; bachelors will do well to take the advice therein contained; this song is published in two keys.—Foolish words and common-place music, the former by Percy Middleton, the latter by H. Millard, will be met with in "My Ship comes in."—Of two songs written and composed by E. Oxenford and M. Watson, the more pleasing of the two is "Homeward he is sailing," for a contralto.—"Thy Sentinel am I," a bass song, will find but few admirers.—As a rule Irish ballads are popular. "Eileen's Farewell" is an average specimen of its species, although there is nothing new either in its lively words, by J. Campbell, or its tuneful melody by E. Southwell.—The last-named poet has written some rather pretty words, "The Swiss Exile," and, with the help of M. Watson, adapted them to an air by C. M. von Weber; the result of their joint labours is far from satisfactory.—Two useful drawing-room pianoforte pieces are "Pleasing Moments," a musical sketch by Allan Macbeth, and "Moonlight Musings," by Henry Kleber.—"Helen's Babies" is the taking title of a galop by Jules Lemaire; neither the frontispiece nor the contents are worthy of the subject.

Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.——A well-written anthem, for Advent, by W. Carter, is adapted for a church choir of limited capability and numbers; it is entitled "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand;" the words are from Holy Writ.—There is considerable promise in two selections from a cantata, "Adoration," composed by Austin T. Turner, although they bear strong evidence of the composer's admiration for and imitation of Mendelssohn. "The Lord is my Shepherd," is a solo for a contralto or mezzo-soprano. "Early in the Morning," a duet for contralto and tenor.

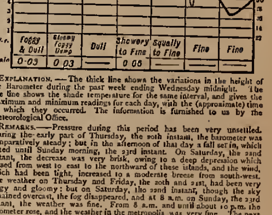
C. Jefferys.——One of the most reliable composers of the day, both vocal and instrumental, is Julia Woolf, from whom come three pianoforte pieces, tastefully and grammatically written; they are entitled respectively "Fascination," "La Harpe Magique"—the prettiest of the three—and "Shades of Evening."

Miscellaneous.——So numerous and efficient are the publications now in circulation for the benefit of old and young pianoforte students that it is surprising to find Lindsay Sloper adding yet another to the multitude. "Technical Guide to Touch, Fingering, and Execution on the Pianoforte," is the title of a number of carefully chosen, but for the most part familiar exercises and scales; there are also some valuable hints and suggestions by the compiler which will be found useful to the student (Messrs. Ashdown and Parry).—A pleasing song for a mezzo-soprano is "When love's glow hath gone by," written and composed by Mrs. Lees and Robert Stanley (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—"The Shadowless Shore," a pathetic poem by Helen Burnside, has been allied to an appropriate melody by David H. Wilson, M.A. (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Two fairly well written and simple tenor songs are "Philomel," words and music by Henry Guy, and "I Don't Mean to Tell You Her Name," by J. W. Cherry (J. A. Mills).—There is nothing very original in the "Grand March" from the Cantata "Christian the Pilgrim," by Wilford Morgan (Messrs. W. Morgan and Co.)—We have heard the like of "Galop de Bayazid," by Lady Cecil Gordon, scores of times before (W. Reeves).—The Christmas Number of Chappell's *Musical Magazine* contains ten sets of popular dance music by favourite composers; most of them are old friends, for example, "The Molly Darling Quadrille" and "The Constantinople Quadrille," by Charles d'Albert (Messrs. Chappell and Co.).—"Six Transcriptions for the Organ," by G. Shinn, are neat and useful arrangements of popular subjects from various oratorios by ancient great composers, suitable for inexperienced professors and amateurs (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).—Brief, correct, and carefully written, "Six Pieces for the Pianoforte," by J. L. Summers, will be found useful studies for the schoolroom (Messrs. Goodwin and Tabb).—A pretty song for the drawing-room, is "The Prayer of the Fisher's Wife," written and composed by E. Oxenford and J. T. Field, published in C and E flat (C. Jefferys).—There is more promise for the future than present merit in a "Romance for the Pianoforte," by F. M. L. Pattison. "The Fairy Gavotte," by F. de Solla, is a tuneful composition of an ordinary type (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).

◆

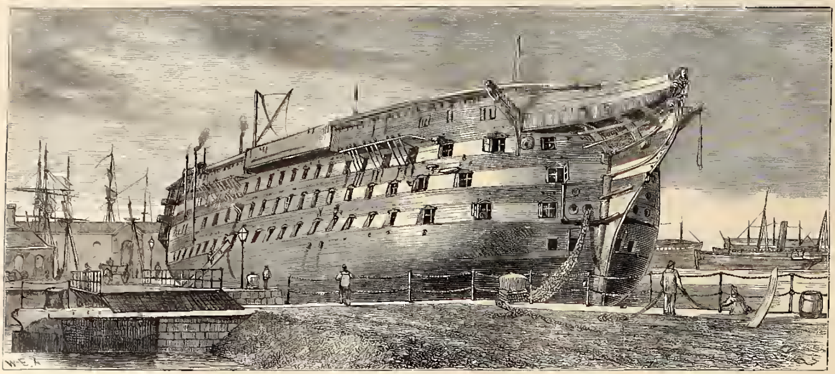
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

December 20th to December 26th (inclusive)

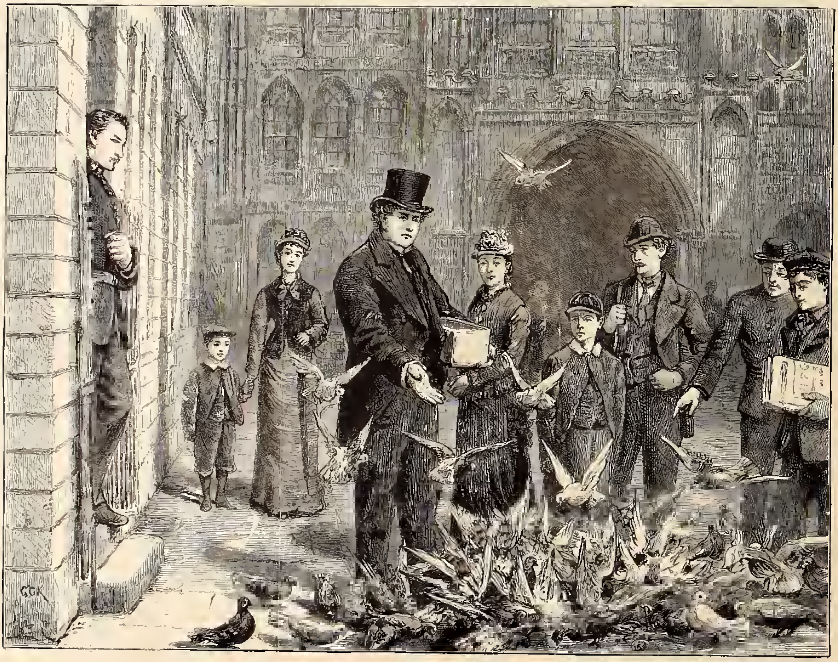


Explanation.——The thick line shows the variations in the height of the Barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

Remarks.——Pressure during this period has been very unsettled. During the early part of Thursday, the 20th instant, the barometer was comparatively steady; but in the afternoon of that day a fall set in, which lasted until Sunday morning, the 23rd instant. On Saturday, the 22nd instant, the decrease was very brisk, owing to a deep depression which passed from west to east to the northward of these islands, and the wind, which had been light, increased to a moderate breeze from south-west. The weather on Thursday and Friday, the 20th and 21st, had been very foggy and gloomy; but on Saturday, the 22nd instant, though the sky remained overcast, the fog disappeared, and at 8 a.m. on Sunday, the 23rd instant, the weather was fine. From 8 a.m. and until about 10 p.m. the barometer rose, and the weather in the metropolis was very fine. The next morning (Monday, the 24th instant), however, the barometer was falling again very quickly, and cloudy, squally weather prevailed. The influence of this depression ceased at about 2 p.m., the wind veered to north-west, the weather became very fine, and the barometer rose. This recovery only lasted for a few hours, and during Tuesday and Wednesday morning, the 25th and 26th, the barometer again fell briskly, the weather became overcast, and at about midnight on Tuesday, the 25th instant, rain and snow fell. Since that time the barometer has again risen, and the weather improved, with north-westerly breezes. Temperature has not changed much. It was rather high on Saturday, the 22nd instant; but has been generally about the average for the time of year. On Tuesday morning, the 25th instant, the thermometer fell to 28°. Very little rain has fallen. The barometer was highest (30·69 inches) at noon on Thursday, the 20th instant; lowest (29·34 inches) at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, the 26th instant; range, 1·35 inches. The thermometer was highest (50°) on Saturday, the 22nd instant; lowest (28°) on Tuesday, the 25th instant; range, 22°. Rain fell on three days; total, 0·12 inches.



H.M.S. "MARLBOROUGH," THE NEW TRAINING COLLEGE FOR NAVAL ENGINEER STUDENTS



FEEDING PIGEONS IN THE GUILDHALL YARD

BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.

BY THE AUTHORS OF

"READY-MONEY MORTIBOY," "THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY," "THIS SON OF VULCAN," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DIPLOMATIST

IT was not with any view of appealing to Herr Räumer's generosity that Leonard called upon him. Quite the contrary. He went to see what manner of man this alien would appear to him seen in the light of extended experience. And he avoided all reference to Celia. It was in the forenoon that he went. The German was sitting at his piano playing snatches of sentimental ditties and students' songs with a pipe between his lips, which he occasionally put down to warble something in French or German about Mariette remembering Lindor, and all the rest of it, or "How Love survives Absence," "How Hard it is for Friends to Part." His love for music never carried him beyond the ballad stage, and all the things he played were reminiscences of sometime spent among students or young officers at Heidelberg, Vienna, or Paris.

He got up—big, massive, imposing—and greeted his visitor cordially.

"Who comes to see me, drinks with me," he said, hospitably, "always excepting Ladislas Pulaski, who drinks with no one. Sit down, Captain Copleston. I am glad to see you so early. That shows that you are going to talk. So—a cigar——*Lieb fraumilch*—and good—so. When Fortune means most kindly to a man, she makes him a soldier. I congratulate you."

"You have served yourself?"

"I have—in the Austrian cavalry. I had an accident, and could ride no more. That is why I abandoned my career."

"Ah!" said Leonard, thoughtfully, "I knew you had been a soldier. One never quite loses the reminiscences of drill."

They went on talking in idle fashion.

"And you still keep up the same interest in the Poles, Herr Räumer?"

"Poles?" He started. "What interest?"

"When last I saw you, I was learning French at the Polish Barrack, and you used to ask me about them—you remember."

"Ah!—Yes.—So.—Yes. I remember perfectly. The poor Poles. But they are all gone now, except one or two, and I had forgotten them."

"Wassielewski remains. You know him?"

"By name, Ladislas talks about him." This was not true. "He is the irreconcileable Pole—the ideal Pole. A harmless enthusiast."

"Enthusiast, perhaps. Harmless, no."

"There are plenty like him about the world," said the German, quietly. "They seldom do mischief. They are in London, Paris, New York, and Stamboul. They are even in Moscow. Let them conspire."

"No mischief!" Leonard echoed. "The Russians prevent that by their secret service, I suppose." He looked at his friend steadily. "We know by Crimean experience how well that is conducted. Why—they had a Russian spy, disguised as a German, all through the war, in our own London War Office. But that you have heard, of course." Herr Räumer laughed.

"It was very neatly done. Any other but the English would have foreseen a Russian war, and taken care that some of their officers learned Russian."

"At all events, we get on, somehow."

"Yes; because you have a good geographical position; because you have money; and because you have the most wonderful luck. Wait till Russia gets Stamboul."

"When will that be?"

"And commands the Valley of the Euphrates. It is very clever of you to make of Moldavia and Wallachia an independent State; but who is to guard it? Suppose a time were to come when Austria—she is always Austria the Unready—was fettered with diplomatic chains, when France either would not or could not interfere in the Eastern Question, what is to prevent Russia from marching across the frontier of your Roumania? Treaties? Why, the whole history of the world is the history of broken treaties. Sooner or later she will try for Asia, from the Levant to Pekin. Of course that will include Afghanistan. Then she will try for India, and win it by force of numbers. Where will your greatness be then?"

"We have fought her before, and we will fight her again."

"Oh, yes; you can fight, you English. Perhaps you can fight better than any other people. That is to say, you can do with a hundred soldiers what Russia wants a hundred and twenty to accomplish. But you have only that hundred, and Russia has behind her hundred and twenty ten times a hundred and twenty more. You are commercially great because London has taken the place which the Constantinople of the future will hold, the commercial centre of the world. You have a great fleet. You will lose your great empire because you will not have a great army. England will become less formidable as armies grow greater. If you wish to preserve the power of England make every Englishman a soldier."

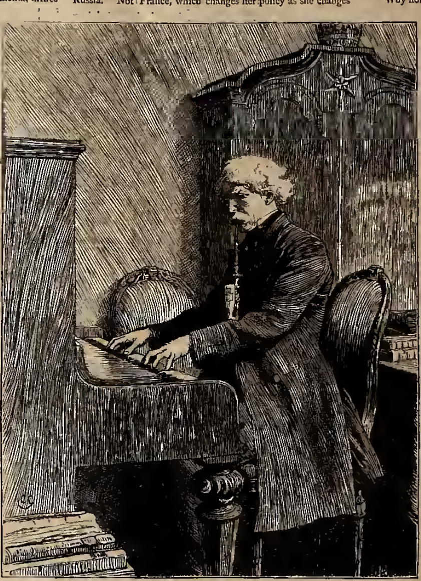
"That will never be," said Leonard.

"Then the days of England's supremacy are done."

He knocked out the ashes of his pipe, refilled it slowly, and lit up again.

"It is by her secret service which you despise that Russia defends herself, and steadily advances. She throws out her secret agents to watch, report, and, if necessary, make mischief. They are the irregular cavalry of politics. Sometimes they are called merchants or scientific explorers, sometimes they are disguised as missionaries, sometimes they are the ministers and rulers of the country corrupted by Russian gold or flattered with Russian skill. Russia makes no move till she has felt her way. Persia will be hers when the last relic of British influence has been bought out or wheedled out, and when Russian counsels have been able, unmolested, to bring the country into a fit condition for Russian occupation."

"I suppose that Russian influences are already at work in England itself?"



The German was sitting at his piano playing snatches of sentimental ditties and students' songs with a pipe between his lips

"Not yet," said Herr Räumer, laughing. "The conquest of England would cost too much. But Russian influences are already at work against British interests, wherever they can be met and injured. You have no enemy in the world except Russia. Not France, which changes her policy as she changes her Government once in every generation. Not America, which is a peaceful country, and more afraid of war than England. The enemy of England, the persistent and ever watchful enemy of England, is Russia, because it is England alone, at present, that can keep Russia from Constantinople."

"Well, you have forewarned us, at all events."

"Forewarned is nothing. You may forewarn a consumptive man that he will suffer in the lungs. That will not prevent the disease. You will go on in England, as you always do, learning nothing, preparing for nothing, acting always as if you had to do with men who tell the truth. Could any country be more stupid?"

"Why" asked Leonard, "should not nations be as honest as men?"

"So they are," he replied, "only you Englishmen will persist in supposing that men are not liars. An English gentleman, I will admit, always speaks the truth. At least he has been taught to do so, and it comes natural to him. But a common Englishman does not. The man who sells things to you lies habitually, in order to make his profit—lies like a Syrian—goes to church on Sundays, and thinks he is a Christian. An American, I suppose, is pretty nearly the same thing as an Englishman, unless he happens to be an Irish Catholic. I believe that Dutchmen, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians—small nations without ambition—have a singular preference for the truth. But all other nations lie. I am a German, and I state that unblushingly. Those get on best who lie hardest."

"Suppose that one here and there were to speak the truth?"

"It would do him no good, because he would not be believed, unless he were an Englishman. Diplomacy is a game in which no one believes any one else. The truth lies behind the words—somewhere. It is our business—I mean the business of diplomatists—to find it out. First, you have the actual assurance of the Czar, we will say, conveyed by his ambassador. Of course no one, except, perhaps, an English newspaper, pretends for a moment to believe a pacific assurance. You receive it, and you try to find out what Russia is actually doing, which is a great deal more important. If you find that out, and are able to watch the movements of other Powers, you have a chance of understanding the truth.

"Everything stated openly is stated with intentions to deceive. That is the first rule in diplomacy. All friendly assurances must be received with suspicion. That is the second rule. The statement of disinterested action which is always made is, of course, received with derision. No nation is disinterested, except, sometimes, England. There has not been a disinterested action done by any single nation since the world began, save only one or two done by England. I grant you that. Statesmanship means lying for the good of your country, and there is a regular method which is known and adopted everywhere. Except to the ignorant people, it means nothing, and imposes on no one."

"Why not start fair again all round, and speak the truth?"

"What? and spoil the game? Heaven forbid! We have our little fictions in society, why not in diplomacy also? I do not want, as I once told Ladislas Pulaski, to live in a world gone good. It would be tedious to me, that kind of world. And, at my age, I cannot unlearn things. Let us go on as we have always gone on—one nation trying to cheat every other—ambassadors lying—secret service reduced to one of the fine arts—and let us watch the splendid spectacle, unequalled in history, of a nation following a line of policy from generation to generation, beaten at one point and carrying it forward at another—always advancing, always aided everywhere by a swarm of secret agents."

Afterwards repeating the conversation to me,

"The man," said Leonard, "is a Russian agent himself. I am certain of it. No German ever talked English so well: he has the best Russian manner: he is *rusé*, polished, and utterly cynically frank, unscrupulous, like all the people connected with the Russian Government. He has an important mission here, no doubt, and must have picked up a good deal of information during all these years. I wonder what his name is, and what his real rank in the police."

"You are only guessing, Leonard."

"Perhaps, but I am sure, all the same. My dear boy, I know them. There were Russian papers on the table, too. I saw the *Golos*, of Moscow, among others. He is no more a German than you or I. 'Served in the Austrian Cavalry.' Fudge and flapdoodle! as Mrs. Pontifex says. Curious, to see the patronising way in which he talked: I am only a young officer of that stupid nation where diplomatists speak the truth. I should like to check-mate our friend on his own ground."

"But,—Celia?"

"Do you think I am going to let Celia be handed over to a Russian spy?" he asked, grandly. "A Russian officer would be a different thing. There are splendid fellows among them. But a spy? Pah! The thought makes me feel ill. Besides, Laddy," he laughed, "I don't think we will let Celia go out of England at all. She is too good for any but an Englishman."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE FOURTH ESTATE

I WAS sitting in Leonard's quarters two days afterwards, idling the time with him, when I became aware of a familiar figure walking slowly across the barrack yard. It was that of Mr. Ferdinand Brambler. I had not seen any of the family for some time, having been entirely occupied with Celia, Leonard, and my Polish schemes. He bore himself with quite his old solemnity, but there was something in his manner which showed change and decay—a kind of mouldiness. As he drew nearer it became too evident that his outer garments were much the worse for wear, his boots down at heel, and his whole appearance pinched and hungry.

Things must have been going badly with the children. My heart smote me for neglecting the Bramblers. Were all of them, including my poor little bright-eyed Forty-four, in the same hungry and dilapidated condition?

He made straight for Leonard's quarters, and, coming in out of the broad sunlight, did not at first see me.

"Captain Copleston?" he asked timidly.

"I am Captain Copleston," said Leonard. "What can I do for you?"

"Sir," said the great Ferdinand, drawing himself up, "I introduce myself as representing the Fourth Estate. I am the Printing Press."

"You don't look like one," replied Leonard, flippantly. "But go on."

"Don't you know me, Mr. Ferdinand?" I asked, jumping up and shaking hands with him. "Leonard, this is my old friend, cutting, and entered it. It was then seen what this mournful procession meant. The mob was composed of two distinct groups. The first carried on its shoulders a plank, on which could be seen stretched an old man with a white beard, stark, the mouth open, the eyes fixed, and with a hole in his forehead. The swinging movement of the bearers shook the corpse, and the dead head rose and fell in a threatening and pathetic manner. One of the men who carried him, pale, and wounded in the breast, placed his hand to his wound, leaned against the feet of the old man, and at times himself appeared ready to fall. The other group bore a second litter, on which a young man was stretched, his countenance pale and his eyes closed, his shirt stained, open over his breast, displaying his wounds. While bearing the two litters the groups sang. They sang the "Marseillaise," and at each chorus they stopped and raised their torches, crying, "To arms!" Some young men waved drawn swords. The torches shed a lurid light on the pallid foreheads of the corpses and on the livid faces of the crowd. A shudder ran through the people. It appeared as though they again saw the terrible vision of February, 1848.

This gloomy procession came from the Rue Aumaire. About eight o'clock some thirty workmen gathered together from the neighbourhood of the markets, the same who on the next day raised the barricade of the Guérin-Boisseau, reached the Rue Aumaire by the Rue de Petit Lion, the Rue Neuve-Bourg-l'Abbé, and the Carré St. Martin. They came to fight, but here the combat was at an end. The infantry had withdrawn after having pulled down the barricades. Two corpses, an old man of seventy and a young man of five-and-twenty, lay at the corner of the street on the ground, with uncovered faces, their bodies in a pool of blood, their heads on the pavement where they had fallen. Both were dressed in overcoats, and seemed to belong to the middle class. The old man had his hat by his side; he was a venerable figure with a white beard, white hair, and a calm expression. A ball had pierced his skull.

The young man's breast was pierced with buck-shot. One was the father, the other the son. The son, seeing his father fall, had said, "I also will die." Both were lying side by side.

Opposite the gateway of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers there was a house in course of building. They fetched two planks from it, they laid the corpses on the planks, the crowd raised them upon their shoulders, they brought torches, and they began their march. In the Rue St. Denis a man in a white blouse barred the way.—"Where are you going?" said he to them. "You will bring about disasters! You are helping the 'Twenty-five francs!'"—"Down with the police! Down with the white blouse!" shouted the crowd. The man slunk away.

The mob swelled on its road; the crowd opened out and repeated the "Marseillaise" in chorus, but with the exception of a few swords no one was armed. On the Boulevard the emotion was intense. Women clasped their hands in pity. Workmen were heard to exclaim: "And to think that we have no arms!"

The procession, after having for some time followed the Boulevards, re-entered the streets, followed by a deeply-affected and angry multitude. In this manner it reached the Rue de Gravilliers. Then a squad of twenty *sergents de ville* suddenly emerging from a narrow street rushed with drawn swords upon the men who were carrying the litters, and overturned the corpses into the mud. A regiment of Chasseurs came up at the double, and put an end to the conflict with bayonet thrusts. A hundred and two citizen prisoners were conducted to the Prefecture. The two corpses received several sword-cuts in the confusion, and were killed a second time. The brigadier Revial, who commanded the squad of the *sergents de ville*, received the Cross of Honour for this deed of arms.

At Marie's we were on the point of being surrounded. We decided to leave the Rue Croix des Petits Champs.

At the Elysée they commenced to tremble. The ex-commandant Fleury, one of the aides-de-camps of the Presidency, was summoned into the little room where M. Bonaparte had remained throughout the day. M. Bonaparte conferred a few moments alone with M. Fleury, then the aide-de-camp came out of the room, mounted his horse, and galloped off in the direction of Mazas.

After this the men of the *Coup d'État* met together in M. Bonaparte's room, and held council. Matters were visibly going badly; it was probable that the battle would end by assuming formidable proportions. Up to that time they had desired this, now they did not feel sure that they did not fear it. They pushed forward towards it, but they mistrusted it. There were alarming symptoms in the steadfastness of the resistance, and others not less serious in the cowardice of adherents. Not one of the new Ministers appointed during the morning had taken possession of his Ministry—a significant timidity on the part of people ordinarily so prompt to throw themselves upon such things. M. Rouher, in particular, had disappeared, no one knew where—a sign of tempest. Putting Louis Bonaparte on one side the *Coup d'État* continued to rest solely upon three names, Morny, St. Arnaud, and Maupas. St. Arnaud answered for Magnan. Morny laughed and said in a whisper, "But does Magnan answer for St. Arnaud?" These men adopted energetic measures, they sent for new regiments; an order to the garrisons to march upon Paris was despatched in the one direction as far as Cherbourg, and on the other as far as Maubeuge. These criminals, in the main deeply uneasy, sought to deceive each other. They assumed a cheerful countenance; all spoke of victory; each in the background arranged for flight; in secret, and saying nothing, in order not to give the alarm to his compromised colleagues, so as, in case of failure, to leave the people some men to devour. For this little school of Machiavellian apes the hopes of a successful escape lie in the abandonment of their friends. During their flight they throw their accomplices behind them.

X.

WHAT FLEURY WENT TO DO AT MAZAS

DURING the same night towards four o'clock the approaches of the Northern Railway Station were silently invested by two regiments; one of Chasseurs de Vincennes, the other of *gendarmerie mobile*. Numerous squads of *sergents de ville* installed themselves in the terminus. The station master was ordered to prepare a special train and to have an engine ready. A certain number of stokers and engineers for night service were retained. No explanation however was vouchsafed to any one, and absolute secresy was maintained. A little before six o'clock a movement was apparent in the troops. Some *sergents de ville* came running up, and a few minutes afterwards a squadron of lancers emerged at a sharp trot from the Rue de Nord. In the centre of the squadron and between the two lines of horse-soldiers could be seen two police-vans drawn by post-horses, behind each vehicle came a little open barouche, in which there sat one man. At the head of the lancers galloped the aide-de-camp Fleury.

The procession entered the courtyard, then the railway station, and the gates and doors were reclosed.

The two men in the barouches made themselves known to the Special Commissary of the station, to whom the aide-de-camp Fleury spoke privately. This mysterious convoy excited the curiosity of the railway officials; they questioned the policemen, but these knew nothing. All that they could tell was that these police vans contained eight places, that in each van there were four prisoners, each occupying a cell, and that the four other cells were filled by four *sergents-de-ville* placed between the prisoners so as to prevent any communication between the cells.

After various consultations between the aide-de-camp of the Elysée and the men of the Prefect Maupas, the two police-vans were placed on railway trucks, each having behind it the open barouche like a wheeled sentry-box, where a police agent acted as sentinel. The engine was ready, the trucks were attached to the tender, and the train started. It was still pitch dark.

For a long time the train sped on in the most profound silence. Meanwhile it was freezing, in the second of the two police vans the *sergents-de-ville*, cramped and chilled, opened their cells, and in order to warm and stretch themselves walked up and down the narrow gangway which runs from end to end in the police-vans. Day had broken, the four *sergents-de-ville* inhaled the outside air and gazed at the passing country through a species of port hole which borders each side of the ceiling of the passage. Suddenly a loud voice issued from one of the cells which had remained closed, and cried out:—"Hey! there! it is very cold, cannot I relight my cigar here?"

Another voice immediately issued from a second cell and said, "What! it is you! Good morning, Lamoricière!"

"Good morning, Cavaignac!" replied the first voice.

General Cavaignac and General Lamoricière had just recognised each other.

A third voice was raised from a third cell.

"Ah! you are there, gentlemen. Good morning, and a pleasant journey."

He who spoke then was General Changarnier.

"Generals!" cried out a fourth voice. "I am one of you!"

The three generals recognised M. Baze. A burst of laughter came from the four cells simultaneously.

This police-van in truth contained, and was carrying away from Paris, the Questor Baze, and the Generals Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Changarnier. In the other vehicle, which was placed foremost on the trucks, there were Colonel Charras, Generals Bedeau and Le Flô, and Count Roger (du Nord).

At midnight these eight Representative prisoners were sleeping in their cells at Mazas, when they heard a sudden knocking at their doors, and a voice cried out to them, "Dress, they are coming to fetch you." "Is it to shoot us?" cried Charras from the other side of the door. They did not answer him.

It is worth remarking that this idea came simultaneously to all. And in truth, if we can believe what has since transpired through the quarrels of accomplices, it appears that in the event of a sudden attack being made by us upon Mazas to deliver them, a fusillade had been resolved upon, and that Saint Arnaud had in his pocket the written order, signed "Louis Bonaparte."

The prisoners got up. Already on the preceding night a similar notice had been given to them. They had passed the night on their feet, and at six o'clock in the morning the gaoler said to them: "You can go to bed." The hours passed by; they ended by thinking it would be the same as the preceding night, and many of them, hearing five o'clock strike from the clock tower inside the prison, were going to get back into bed, when the doors of their cells were opened. All the eight were taken downstairs one by one into the clerk's office in the Rotunda, and were then ushered into the police-van without having met or seen each other during the passage. A man dressed in black, with an impertinent bearing, seated at a table, with pen in hand, stopped them on their way, and asked their names: "I am no more disposed to tell you my name that I am curious to learn yours," answered General Lamoricière, and he passed outside.

The aide-de-camp Fleury, concealing his uniform under his hooded cloak, stationed himself in the clerk's office. He was charged, to use his own words, to "embark" them, and to go and report their "embarkation" at the Elysée. The aide-de-camp Fleury had passed nearly the whole of his military career in Africa in General Lamoricière's division; and it was General Lamoricière who in 1848, then being Minister of War, had promoted him to the rank of major. While passing through the clerk's office, General Lamoricière looked fixedly at him.

When they entered the police-vans the generals were smoking cigars. They took them from them. General Lamoricière had kept his. A voice from outside cried three separate times: "Stop his smoking!" A *sergent de ville* who was standing by the door of the cell hesitated for some time, but however ended by saying to the general: "Throw away your cigar."

Thence later on ensued the exclamation which caused General Cavaignac to recognise General Lamoricière. The vehicles having been loaded they set off.

They did not know either with whom they were or where they were going. Each observed for himself in his box the turnings of the streets, and tried to speculate. Some believed that they were being taken to the Northern Railway Station; others thought to the Havre Railway Station. They heard the trot of the escort on the paving-stones.

On the railway the discomfort of the cells greatly increased. General Lamoricière, encumbered with a parcel and a cloak, was still more jammed in than the others. He could not move, the cold seized him, and he ended by the exclamation which put all four of them in communication with each other.

On hearing the names of the prisoners their keepers, who up to that time had been rough, became respectful. "I say there," said General Changarnier, "open our cells, and let us walk up and down the passage like yourselves."—"General," said a *sergent de ville*, "we are forbidden to do so. The Commissary of Police is behind the carriage in a barouche, whence he sees everything that is taking place here." Nevertheless, a few moments afterwards, the keepers, under pretext of cold, pulled up the ground-glass window which closed the vehicle on the side of the Commissary, and having thus "blocked the police," as one of them remarked, they opened the cells of the prisoners.

It was with great delight that the four Representatives met again and shook hands. Each of these three generals at this demonstrative moment maintained the character of his temperament. Lamoricière, impetuous and witty, throwing himself with all his military energy upon "the Bonaparte;" Cavaignac, calm and cold; Changarnier, silent, and looking out through the port-hole at the landscape. The *sergents-de-ville* ventured to put in a word here and there. One of them related to the prisoners that the ex-Prefect Carlier had spent the night of the First and Second at the Prefecture of Police. "As for me," said he, "I left the Prefecture at midnight, but I saw him up to that hour, and I can affirm that at midnight he was there still."

They reached Creil, and then Noyon. At Noyon they gave them some breakfast without letting them get out, a hurried morsel and a glass of wine. The Commissaries of Police did not open their lips to them. Then the carriages were reclosed, and they felt they were being taken off the trucks and being replaced on the wheels. Post horses arrived, and the vehicles set out, but slowly; they were now escorted by a company of infantry *gendarmerie mobile*.

When they left Noyon they had been ten hours in the police-van. Meanwhile the infantry halted. They asked permission to get out for a moment.—"We consent," said one of the Commissaries of the Police, "but only for a minute, and on condition that you will give your word of honour not to escape." —We will not give our word of honour," replied the prisoners. "Gentlemen," continued the Commissary, "give it to me only for one minute, the time to drink a glass of water." "No," said General Lamoricière, "the time to do the contrary," and he added:—"To Louis Bonaparte's health." They allowed them to get out, one by one, and they were able to inhale for a moment the fresh air in the open country by the side of the road.

Then the convoy resumed its march.

As the day waned they saw through their port-hole a mass of high walls, somewhat overtopped by a great round tower. A moment afterwards the carriages entered beneath a low archway, and then stopped in the centre of a long courtyard, steeply embanked, surrounded by high walls, and commanded by two buildings, of which one had the appearance of a barrack, and the other, with bars at all the windows, had the appearance of a prison. The doors of the carriages were opened. An officer who wore a captain's epaulettes was standing by the steps. General Changarnier came down the first.—"Where are we?" said he.

The officer answered, "You are at Ham."

This officer was the Commandant of the Fort. He had been appointed to this post by General Cavaignac.

The journey from Noyon to Ham had lasted three hours and a half. They had spent thirteen hours in the police-vans, of which ten were on the railway.

They led them separately into the prison, each to the room that was allotted to him. However, General Lamoricière having been taken by mistake into Cavaignac's room, the two generals could again exchange a shake of the hand. General Lamoricière wished to write to his wife; the only letter which the Commissaries of Police consented to take charge of was a note containing this line:—"I am well."

The principal building of the prison of Ham is composed of a storey above the ground floor. The ground floor is traversed by a dark and low archway, which leads from the principal courtyard into a back yard, and contains three rooms separated by a passage; the first floor contains five rooms. One of the three rooms on the ground floor is only a little ante-room, almost uninhabitable; there they lodged M. Baze. In the remaining lower chambers they installed General Lamoricière and General Changarnier. The five other prisoners were distributed in the five rooms of the first floor.

The room allotted to General Lamoricière had been occupied in the time of the captivity of the Ministers of Charles X. by the ex-Minister of Marine, M. d'Haussez. It was a low, damp room, long uninhabited, and which had served as a chapel, adjoining the dreary archway which led from one courtyard to the other, floored with great planks slimy and mouldy, to which the foot adhered, papered with a grey paper which had turned green, and which hung in rags, exuding saltpetre from the floor to the ceiling, lighted by two barred windows looking on to the courtyard. These windows had always to be left open on account of the smoky chimney. At the bottom of the room was the bed, and between the windows a table and two straw-bottomed chairs. The damp ran down the walls. When General Lamoricière left this room he carried away rheumatism him; M. d'Haussez went out crippled.

When the eight prisoners had entered their rooms, the doors were shut upon them; they heard the bolts shot from outside, and they were told:—"You are in close confinement."

General Cavaignac occupied on the first floor the former room of M. Louis Bonaparte, the best in the prison. The first thing which struck the eye of the General was an inscription traced on the wall, and stating the day when Louis Bonaparte had entered this fortress, and the day when he had left it, as is well known, disguised as a mason, and with a plank on his shoulder. Moreover, the choice of this building was an attention on the part of M. Louis Bonaparte, who having in 1848 taken the place of General Cavaignac in power, wished that in 1851 General Cavaignac should take his place in prison.

"Turn and turn about!" Morny had said, smiling.

The prisoners were guarded by the 48th of the Line, who formed the garrison at Ham. The old Bastilles are quite impartial. They obey those who make *Coups d'État* until the day when they clutch them. What do these words matter to them, Equity, Truth, Conscience, which moreover in certain circles do not move men any more than stones? They are the cold and gloomy servants of the just and of the unjust. They take whatever is given them. All is good to them. Are they guilty? Good! Are they innocent? Excellent! This man is the organiser of an ambush. To prison! This man is the victim of an ambush! Enter him in the prison register! In the same room. To the dungeon with all the vanquished!

These hideous Bastilles resemble that old human justice which possessed precisely as much conscience as they have, which condemned Socrates and Jesus, and which also takes and leaves, seizes and releases, absolves and condemns, liberates and incarcerates, opens and shuts, at the will of whatever hand manipulates the bolt from outside.

XI.

THE END OF THE SECOND DAY

WE left Marie's house just in time. The regiment charged to track us and to arrest us was approaching. We heard the measured steps of soldiers in the gloom. The streets were dark. We dispersed. I will not speak of a refuge which was refused to us.

Less than ten minutes after our departure M. Marie's house was invested. A swarm of guns and swords poured in, and overran it from cellar to attic. "Everywhere! everywhere!" cried the chiefs. The soldiers sought us with considerable energy. Without taking the trouble to lean down and look, they ransacked under the beds with bayonet thrusts. Sometimes they had difficulty in withdrawing the bayonets which they had driven into the wall. Unfortunately for this zeal, we were not there.

This zeal came from higher sources. The poor soldiers obeyed. "Kill the Representatives," such were their instructions. It was at that moment when Morny sent this despatch to Maupas: "If you take Victor Hugo, do what you like with him." These were their politest phrases. Later on the *Coup d'État* in its decree of banishment, called us "those individuals," which caused Schœlcher to say these haughty words: "These people do not even know how to exile politely."

Dr. Véron, who publishes in his "Memoires" the Morny-Maupas despatch, adds: "M. de Maupas sent to look for Victor Hugo at the house of his brother-in-law, M. Victor Foucher, Councillor to the Court of Cassation. He did not find him."

An old friend, a man of heart and of talent, M. Henry d'E——, had offered me a refuge in rooms which he occupied in the Rue Richelieu; these rooms, adjoining the Théâtre Français, were on the first floor of a house which, like M. Grévy's residence, had an exit into the Rue Fontaine Molière.

I went there. M. Henry d'E—— being from home, his porter was awaiting me, and handed me the key.

A candle lighted the room which I entered. There was a table near the fire, a blotting-book, and some paper. It was past midnight, and I was somewhat tired; but, before going to bed, foreseeing that if I should survive this adventure I should write its history, I resolved immediately to note down some details of the state of affairs in Paris at the end of this day, the second of the *Coup d'État*. I wrote this page, which I reproduce here, because it is a life-like portrayal—a sort of direct photograph:

"Louis Bonaparte has invented something which he calls a 'Consultative Committee,' and which he commissions to draw up the postscript of his crimes.

"Léon Faucher refuses to be in it; Montalembert hesitates; Baroche accepts.

"Falloux despises Dupin.

"The first shots were fired at the Record Office. In the Markets, in the Rue Rambuteau, in the Rue Beaubourg I heard firing.

"Fleury, the aide-de-camp, ventured to pass down the Rue Montmartre. A musket ball pierced his képi. He galloped quickly off. At one o'clock the regiments were summoned to vote on the *Coup d'État*. All gave their adhesion. The students of law and medicine assembled together at the École de Droit to protest. The Municipal Guards dispersed them. There were a great many arrests. This evening, patrols are everywhere. Sometimes an entire regiment forms a patrol.

"Representative Hespel, who is six feet high, was not able to find a cell long enough for him at Mazas, and he has been obliged to remain in the porter's lodge, where he is carefully watched.

"Mesdames Odilon Barrot and De Tocqueville do not know where their husbands are. They go from Mazas to Mont Valérien. The gaolers are dumb. It is the 19th Light Infantry which attacked the barricade when Baudin was killed. Fifty men of the *gendarmerie mobile* have carried at the double the barricade of the Oratoire in the Rue St. Honoré. Moreover, the conflict reveals itself. They sound the tocsin at the Chapelle Bréa. One barricade overturned sets twenty barricades on their feet. There is the barricade of the Schools in the Rue St. André des Arts, the barricade of the Rue du Temple, the barricade of the Carréfour Phélippeaux defended by twenty young men who have all been killed; they are reconstructing it; the barricade of the Rue de Bretagne, which at this moment Courtigis is bombarding. There is the barricade of the Invalides, the barricade of the Barrière des Martyres, the barricade of the Chapelle St. Denis. The councils of war are sitting in permanence, and order all prisoners to be shot. The 30th of the Line have shot a woman. Oil upon fire.

"The colonel of the 49th of the Line has resigned. Louis Bonaparte has appointed in his place Lieutenant-Colonel Négrier. M. Brun, Officer of the Police of the Assembly, was arrested at the same time as the Questors.

"It is said that fifty members of the majority have signed a protest at M. Odilon Barrot's house.

"This evening there is an increasing uneasiness at the Elysée. Incendiarism is feared. Two battalions of engineer-sappers have reinforced the Fire Brigade. Maupas has placed guards over the gasometers.

"Here are the military talons by which Paris has been grasped: Bivouacs at all the strategical points. At the Pont Neuf and the Quai aux Fleurs, the Municipal Guards; at the Place de la Bastille twelve pieces of cannon, three mortars, lighted matches; at the corner of the Faubourg the six-storied houses are occupied by soldiers from top to bottom; the Marulaz brigade at the Hotel de Ville; the Sauboul brigade at the Panthéon; the Courtigis brigade at the Faubourg St. Antoine; the Renaud division at the Faubourg St. Marceau. At the Legislative Palace the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and a battalion of the 15th Light Infantry; in the Champs Elysées infantry and cavalry; in the Avenue Marigny artillery. Inside the circus is an entire regiment; it has bivouacked there all night. A squadron of the Municipal Guard is bivouacking in the Place Dauphine. A bivouac in the Council of State. A bivouac in the courtyard of the Tuilleries. In addition, the garrisons of St. Germain and of Courbevoie. Two colonels killed, Loubeau, of the 75th, and Quilio. On all sides hospital attendants are passing, bearing litters. Ambulances are everywhere; in the Bazar de l'Industrie (Boulevard Poissonnière); in the Salle St. Jean at the Hotel de Ville; in the Rue du Petit Carreau. In this gloomy battle nine brigades are engaged. All have a battery of artillery; a squadron of cavalry maintains the communications between the brigades; forty thousand men are taking part in the struggle, with a reserve of sixty thousand men; a hundred thousand soldiers upon Paris. Such is the Army of the Crime. The Reibell brigade, the first and second Lancers, protect the Elysée. The Ministers are all sleeping at the Ministry of the Interior, close by Morny. Morny watches, Magnan commands. To-morrow will be a terrible day."

This page written, I went to bed, and fell asleep.

END OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE
"HISTORY OF A CRIME."

Important Notice.

WE SHALL SHORTLY PUBLISH
(WITH ILLUSTRATIONS)
THE CONCLUDING PORTION OF M. VICTOR HUGO'S NARRATIVE,
WHICH CARRIES
"THE HISTORY OF A CRIME"
UP TO
THE FALL OF SEDAN.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER sends us the following sonnet on

VICTOR HUGO

MARVELLOUS master of the potent pen;
  Meteor-brilliant genius of France;
  Wizard of wonder; ruler of romance;
Weaver of webs that catch the minds of men
In filaments of fancy; denizen
  In mental mazes; Liberty's free-lance;
  Magical minstrel whose weird songs entrance,
Thrilling cold hearts, that throb with fire again,
Thrilling and chilling with grim imagery
  Born on Thought's marge, where Madness faces Mind;
Friend of the children; great heart who would see
  The loving brotherhood of all mankind;—
In thee we find the love of Liberty
  With love of Law and love of Man combined!

LETO

PANTOMIMES PAST AND PRESENT

I WONDER if any little boy who, after having all his moral lessons turned topsey-turvey by witnessing a pantomime, was ever seized by a secret desire to rob butchers' shops, cut policemen in half, sit upon "Baby" until it was flattened, and afterwards run-a-muck with its lifeless body for a weapon? I know there's many a one would think it capital fun. But as so many generations of children have revelled in the villainies of Clown without any such direful results following, I suppose it would be useless for me, even if I had the desire, which I have not, to preach against a form of entertainment without which a great many people could not realise that Christmas *is* Christmas. So I will e'en content myself with giving what may prove more acceptable—a brief sketch of the origin and rise of this species of entertainment.

The characters of our modern pantomime are, with the exception of Clown, borrowed from the Italians; they were introduced into France by a company of those comedians in the time of Catherine de Medicis. Arlecchino was the *alias* of one of the actors, the word signifying a greedy fellow. He wore a mask, carried a magic bat, and his dress was of patches, though loose—resembling our clown's. But he was not dumb, on the contrary, he was a very witty fellow, who had a quip and a crank upon his tongue for everybody; he was "the abstract and brief chronicle of the time," holding up vice and folly to ridicule. He had his Columbine, his Pantaloon, and the French gave him Scaramouche. Harlequin and his merry troup were brought over to England by a French company in 1717. In 1719 *Harlequin Hydaspes, or the Greshamites*, was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The next year witnessed, at the same house, the birth of what was really the first English pantomime. It was entitled *Harlequin Executed*, and was described in the advertisement in the *Daily Courant* as "A new Italian mimic scene, between a Scaramouche, a Harlequin, a country farmer, his wife, and others." Rich, the manager, was the original of the dumb Harlequin, and was the first who donned the tight-spangled dress, which costume, however, did not become general until Byrne wore it at the beginning of the present century. Rich made him dumb because he could not deliver a word of dialogue. But in pantomimic expression, whether it were comic or pathetic, his talents rose almost to genius, and he could equally convulse his audience with laughter, or melt them to tears. From that time, pantomime took a firm hold of our stage, and became an entertainment so popular that no manager could afford to dispense with it. Its construction, however, was very different to that to which we are now accustomed. The opening and harlequinade were blended. A classic or mediæval fable, illustrated by handsome scenery, dresses, music, and dancing, formed the plot, the serious portions being varied by scenes between Harlequin, Columbine, and Scaramouche, much as the old Coburg and Surrey melodramas used to be relieved by front scenes between the comic characters. Harlequin was always the master of the situation, and could in an instant transform a palace into a hovel, men and women into trees or stools, or any form he thought fit. Even in the earlier decades of this century much of the old form was preserved, except that the harlequinade was distinct from the opening.

"How different were the Christmas pantomimes of my younger days," sighs Planché. "A pretty story—a nursery tale—dramatically told, in which the course of true love never did run smooth—formed the opening; the characters being a cross-grained old father, with a pretty daughter who had two suitors—one a poor young fellow, whom she preferred, the other a wealthy fop, whose pretensions were of course favoured by the father. There was also a bad servant of some sort in the old man's establishment. At the moment when the young lady was about to be forcibly married to the fop she despised, or on the point of eloping with the youth of her choice, the good fairy made her appearance, and changing the refractory pair into Harlequin and Columbine, the old curmudgeon into Pantaloon, and the body-servant into Clown, the two latter, in company with the rejected 'lover,' as he was called, commenced the pursuit of the happy pair, and 'the comic business' consisted of a dozen or more cleverly constructed scenes in which all the tricks and changes had a meaning, and were introduced as contrivances to favour the escape of Harlequin and Columbine when too closely pursued by enemies."

In the employment of machinery, and even in those rapid transformations technically called "tricks," the old pantomimes were by no means contemptible. In *Perseus and Andromeda* (1748) the playbill informs us that a dome rose from beneath the stage; that Perseus, mounted on his horse, suspended in air, attacked a fiery dragon; streets were changed into beds of tulips, and shops into twisting serpents; while in another an effect, supposed to have been first introduced into a recent pantomime, (*The House That Jack Built*), the building of a house before the audience was represented.

Rich's pupil and successor was the celebrated Woodward, who restored the speaking Harlequin to the stage, and was besides an admirable actor in the legitimate drama. His wit and vivacity in this *rôle* are highly spoken of by contemporaries. He was also the author of some of the most successful pantomimes of his day. Yates, of the Garrick time, was another delightful Harlequin to Kitty Clive's Columbine. So also was King, the original Sir Peter Teazle. Liston and Miss Kelly once appeared as the pantomime hero and heroine. Elliston and Edmund Kean both in their time donned the spangled dress.

These entertainments were not, in the last century, restricted to Christmas, but were produced at any period of the season most convenient. They always proved enormously successful. Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane, in an address published in the *Public Advertiser* in 1747, says:—"The receipts of the house are a sufficient evidence, it being notorious how necessary the addition of such pieces is towards procuring the best play a numerous audience."

Although the costly and elaborate Transformation Scene was then unknown, large sums were spent upon the mounting of these pieces. Even at Sadler's Wells in 1757, Victor tells us, in his "History of Theatres," 500*l*. was expended upon one.

In 1758 the Grimaldis arrived in England, and from that year may be dated the rise of the Clown—a character for which the son, Joseph Grimaldi, did what Rich had done for Harlequin. "Joe" made his first appearance at Drury Lane in the famous pantomime of *Mother Goose*. Like many other celebrated productions which have taken the public by storm, it was only after many rejections that this venerable old lady was first brought forward. Thomas Dibdin, the author, the Blanchard of his day, tells us in his "Reminiscences" that, although engaged to write a pantomime each year for Drury Lane, the autumn of 1806 was advanced so far without his receiving any instructions that he imagined none was to be produced. But six weeks before Christmas, Harris, the manager, called upon him one day in a great hurry. "We must have a pantomime, after all," he said. He had evidently been trying to do without it, and found he could not. "You have some sketches by you that you can work up in the time?" "Yes," replied Dibdin, "I have one I have particularly recommended you for the last five years, and which you have always refused." "Oh, what, that *Mother Goose*? Well, let's look at her again. She has certainly one recommendation—she wants no finery, no grand scenery; so e'en set everybody to work at once." And so *Mother Goose* was produced on Boxing Night, with Joe Grimaldi as Clown, and proved the most successful pantomime ever produced. Between that and the following Christmas it was performed on 111 nights, and put thousands into the pockets of the managers.

With Grimaldi pantomime rose to its greatest height—"to fall again as low." "There is no describing," says Planché, "the richness of his humour, the expression of his countenance, the variety of his resources, and his skill in their employment. Those alone who, like me, can remember him as Kasrack in Pocock's *Aladdin*, and as the Black Pirate in a drama of that name, can conceive the power of his acting parts of character and depicting the passions."

Mr. William Beverly may justly claim to be the inventor of the present gorgeous transformation scene. It was in 1847, in an extravaganza at the Lyceum, entitled *The Golden Branch*, that his artistic abilities in this line were first brought prominently forward. Then followed *The King of the Peacocks* and *The Seven Champions* at the same house. In the *Island of Jewels*, Planché tells us that a transformation scene, which consisted simply of the leaves of a palm-tree falling and discovering six fairies supporting a coronet of jewels, made an immense sensation. And that was little more than a quarter of a century ago!

Without such a reminder we could scarcely realise how rapid has been the growth of that marvellous complexity of mechanism, painting, gilding, lime-lights, coloured fires, and ballet-girls which we now call a Transformation Scene. Upon this one effect now depends the success or failure. Dancers, singers, plot, pantomimists are all secondary to this consideration. The glories of Clown and Harlequin have paled before these brilliancies, and pantomime, as our fathers and grandfathers knew it, is a thing of the past.

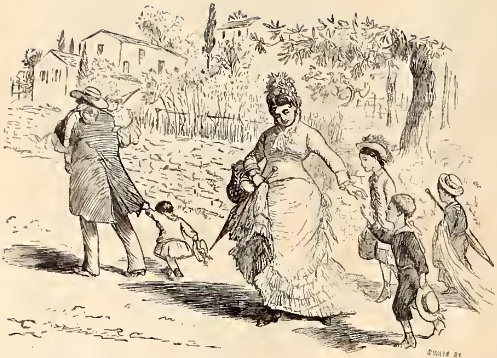
H. BARTON BAKER

"NORTH ITALIAN FOLK"

WE have already briefly noticed this charming little work by Mrs. Comyns Carr (Chatto and Windus), with its quaint and characteristic drawings by Mr. Randolph Caldecott, whose clever pencil so admirably illustrated the editions of "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall," which were published last Christmas and the preceeding year. "North Italian Folk" is assuredly one of the very few really noteworthy books which English publishers have brought out this season, and Mrs. Comyns Carr may be congratulated upon having written some bright and lively sketches of the peasant folk of the Riviera and the Northern Apennines, picturing them when at their daily work, and when decked out for the numerous *festas* which so rejoice the heart of the Italian *contadini*. While handling her subject as one she loves Mrs. Comyns Carr does not attempt to hide the faults of her *protégés*, but tells with a slight but amusing cynicism how lightly the villagers esteem their priest and his cassock, save at the solemn moment of "elevation," at a wedding, or at the bedside of the dying. Nor are Mrs. Carr's sketches confined to people alone: her descriptions of the glorious scenery of the Apennines and of the picturesque streets of Genoa are most stirring and life-like, and make the reader long for a few weeks' rest in the calm and peaceful valley if only to make the acquaintance of the various worthies whose portraits she draws, whose cheerful welcome and hospitality to a stranger she so warmly describes, and of whom she relates so many amusing anecdotes. Mrs. Carr—as the examples we publish will show—has found a powerful ally in Mr. Caldecott, whose drawings are true to the life, and reproduce to every detail the characteristic features of the personages of whom Mrs. Carr treats. Thus, "In Villeggiatura" portrays the worthy Signor and Signora Paretto, of Genoa, arriving at the village, where they purpose to spend their summer holiday. In "Shopman and Purchaser," the Comtessa Capramonte is bargaining, in true Italian style, with Signor Giordano, evidently the Shoolbred of Genoa; while the "Parish Priest" depicts the worthy village Parroco giving sage advice to a hesitating damsel on the wisdom of accepting a suitor. The "Love Letter" represents his subordinate the Cappellano, who also acts as village scribe, inditing a love-letter at the instance of a fair client; while in another illustration the same worthy ecclesiastic is represented being good-humouredly "chaffed" by a somewhat juvenile member of his congregation—also of the fair sex. In the "Priest's Servant" we see that the Parroco, although, of course, a bachelor, is none the less under petticoat government, and his faithful housekeeper is administering to him a sharp reproof for bringing home an unexpected guest to dinner on the day when she has the "holy wafers" to bake.

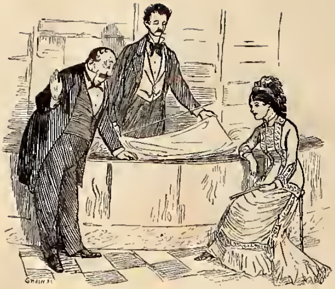
◆

TELEPHONES are being constructed by the Eton boys out of the bottoms of preserved meat tins, on the principle of the Tamil Coolies in Ceylon, who place parchment in two circular pieces of tin, connect them with a thread, and speak at the end of the thread into the tin, their remarks being distinctly heard at the other end. In Germany the telephone is coming into regular use, and a code of directions has been published instructing the speaker to pronounce every syllable slowly, and stop after each sixth word, while the hearer repeats each sentence to prevent mistake.

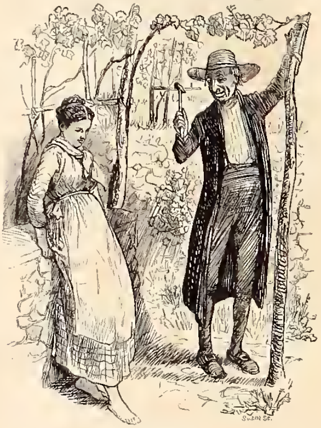


IN VILLEGGIATURA

"MADONNA, WHAT A TREAT!" COMPLAINS THE TOWN LADY, WHILE THE PAPA TRUDGES ON WEARILY IN FRONT, WITH BABIES TWO AND THREE

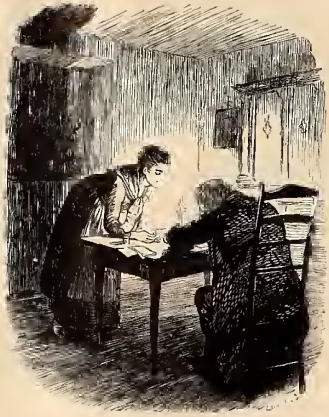


SHOPMAN AND PURCHASER



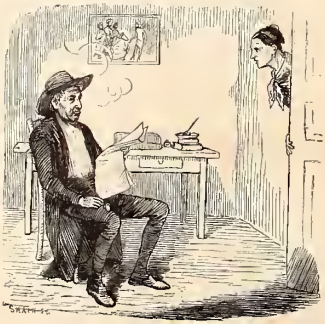
THE PARISH PRIEST

"A DAMSEL MUST LET NO MAN SEEK HER HIMSELF," SAYS THE OLD MAN, AS HE HAMMERS AT THE ROTTEN WOOD OF HIS PERGOLA

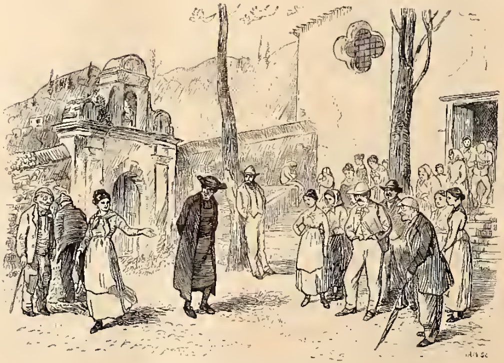


THE LOVE LETTER

THE FINE STEEL PEN PROCEEDS TO WORK, AND MAKES A FEW FLOURISHES ON THE PINK PAPER WHILE THE GIRL LOOKS ON, EAGER AND INTENT



THE PRIEST'S SERVANT ADMINISTERING A REPROOF



IL SIGNOR CAPPELLANO

A PLUMP, HARDY-LOOKING GIRL OF SOME TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ACCOSTS HIM WITH ROUGH RAILLERY

"NORTH ITALIAN FOLK," BY MRS. COMYNS CARR
ILLUSTRATED BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME:

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

II.

THE SECOND DAY—THE STRUGGLE

IX.

THE LIGHTNING BEGINS TO FLASH AMONGST THE PEOPLE

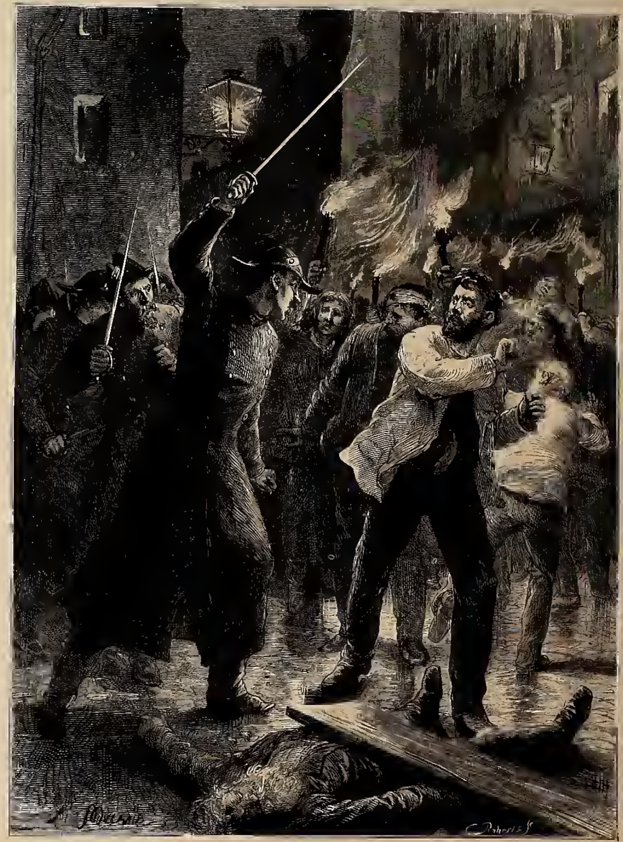
THE evening wore a threatening aspect.

Groups were formed on the Boulevards. As night advanced they grew larger and became mobs, which speedily mingled together, and only formed one crowd. An enormous crowd, reinforced and agitated by tributary currents from the side streets jostling one against another, surging, stormy, and whence ascended an ominous hum. This hubbub resolved itself into one word, into one name which issued simultaneously from every mouth, and which expressed the whole of the situation: "Soulouque!" * Throughout that long line from the Madeleine to the Bastille, the roadway nearly everywhere, except (was this on purpose?) at the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin, was occupied by the soldiers—infantry and cavalry, ranged in battle order, the artillery batteries being harnessed; on the pavements on each side of this motionless and gloomy mass, bristling with cannon, swords, and bayonets, flowed a torrent of angry people. On all sides public indignation prevailed. Such was the aspect of the Boulevards. At the Bastille there was a dead calm.

At the Porte St. Martin the crowd, hemmed together and uneasy, spoke in low tones. Groups of workmen talked in whispers. The Society of the 10th December made some efforts there. Men in white blouses, a sort of uniform which the police assumed during those days, said: "Let us leave them alone; let the 'Twenty-five francs' settle it amongst themselves! They deserted us in June, 1848; to-day let them get out of the difficulty alone! It does not concern us!" Other blouses, blue blouses, answered them: "We know what we have to do. This is only the beginning, wait and see."

Others told how the barricades of the Rue Aumaire were being rebuilt, how a large number of persons had already been killed there, how they fired without any summons, how the soldiers were drunk, how at various points in the district there were ambulances already crowded with killed and wounded. All this was said seriously, without loud speaking, without gesture, in a confidential tone. From time to time the crowd were silent and listened, and distant firing was heard.

The groups said, "Now they are beginning to tear down the curtain."


THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN THE RUE DE GRAVILLIERS

A squad of twenty sergents de ville suddenly emerging from a narrow street rushed with drawn swords upon the men who were carrying the litters, and overturned the corpses into the mud

We were holding Permanent Session at Marie's house in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs. Promises of co-operation poured in upon us from every side. Several of our colleagues, who had not been able to find us on the previous day, had joined us, amongst others Emanuel Arago, gallant son of an illustrious father; Farconnet and Roussel (de l'Yonne), and some Parisian celebrities, amongst whom was the young and already well-known defender of the *Avènement du Peuple*, M. Desmarets.

Two eloquent men, Jules Favre and Alexander Rey, seated at a large table near the window of the small room, were drawing up a Proclamation to the National Guard. In the large room Sain, seated in an arm-chair, his feet on the dog-irons, drying his wet boots before a huge fire, said, with that calm and courageous smile which he wore in the Tribune: "Things are looking badly for us, but well for the Republic. Martial law is proclaimed; it will be carried out with ferocity, above all against us. We are laid in wait for, followed, tracked, there is little probability that we shall escape. To-day, to-morrow, perhaps in ten minutes, there will be a miniature massacre of Representatives. We shall be taken here or elsewhere, shot down on the spot or killed with bayonet thrusts. They will parade our corpses, and we must hope that that will at length raise the people and overthrow Bonaparte. We are dead, but Bonaparte is lost."

At eight o'clock, as Emile de Girardin had promised, we received from the printing office of the *Presse* five hundred copies of the decree of deposition and of outlawry, endorsing the judgment of the High Court, and with all our signatures attached. It was a placard twice as large as one's hand, and printed on paper used for proofs. Noël Parfait brought us the five hundred copies, still damp, between his waistcoat and his shirt. Thirty Representatives divided the bills amongst them, and we sent them on the Boulevards to distribute the Decree to the People.

The effect of this decree falling in the midst of the crowd was marvellous. Some *cafés* had remained open, people eagerly snatched the bills, they pressed round the lighted shop windows, they crowded under the street lamps. Some mounted on kerbstones or on tables, and read aloud the Decree.—"That is it! Bravo!" cried the People. "The Signatures!" The Signatures!" they shouted. The signatures were read out, and at each popular name the crowd applauded. Charamaule, merry and indignant, wandered through the groups, distributing copies of the Decree; his great stature, his loud and bold words, the packet of handbills which he raised, and waved above his head, caused all hands to be stretched out towards him. "Shout 'Down with Soulouque!'" said he, "and you shall have some." All this in the presence of the soldiers. Even a sergeant of the line, noticing Charamaule, stretched out his hand for one of those bills which Charamaule was distributing.

"Sergeant," said Charamaule to him, "cry, 'Down with Soulouque!'" The sergeant hesitated for a moment, and answered, "No."

"Well, then," replied Charamaule, "shout 'Long live Soulouque.' This time the sergeant did not hesitate, he raised his sword, and, amidst bursts of laughter and of applause, he resolutely shouted, "Long live Soulouque!"

The reading of the Decree added a gloomy warmth to the popular anger. They set to work on all sides to tear down the placards of the *Coup d'État*. At the door of the Café des Variétés a young man cried out to the officers: "You are drunk!" Some workmen on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle shook their fists at the soldiers, and said, "Fire, then, you cowards, on unarmed men! If we had guns you would throw the butts of your muskets in the air." Charges of cavalry began to be made in front of the Café Cardinal.

As there were no troops on the Boulevard St. Martin and the Boulevard du Temple, the crowd was more compact there than elsewhere. All the shops were shut there; the street lamps alone gave any light. Against the glass of the unlighted windows heads might be dimly seen peering out. Darkness produced silence; this multitude, as we have already said, was hushed. There was only heard a confused whispering.

Suddenly a light, a noise, an uproar burst forth from the entrance of the Rue St. Martin. Every eye was turned in that direction; a profound upheaving agitated the crowd; they rushed forward, they pressed against the railings of the high pavements which border the cutting between the theatres of the Porte St. Martin and the Ambigu. A moving mass was seen, and an approaching light. Voices were singing. This formidable chorus was recognised,

Aux armes, Citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!

Lighted torches were coming, it was the "Marseillaise," that other torch of Revolution and of warfare which was blazing.

The crowd made way for the mob which carried the torches, and which were singing. The mob reached the St. Martin

---

* A popular nickname for Louis Bonaparte. Faustin Soulouque was the negro Emperor of Hayti who, when President of the Republic had carried out a somewhat similar *coup d'état* in 1848, being subsequently elected Emperor. He treated the Republicans with great cruelty, putting most of them to death.

Mr. Ferdinand Brambler, the brother of Augustus Brambler, whom you recollect, I am sure."

"Of course I do," said Leonard. "How do you do, Mr. Brambler? Your brother was a little man, with a comical face that looked as if he was too jolly for his work. I remember now. Is he in the Legal now, in the Clerical, or in the Scholastic? And will you take a glass of wine or a brandy and soda?"

"My brother Augustus devotes his whole energies now to the Legal," said Ferdinand, slowly. "I will take a brandy and soda, thank you. With a biscuit or a sandwich, if I may ask for one."

"Send for some sandwiches, Leonard," I said. "And how are you all in Castle Street?"

"But poorly, Mr. Pulaski. Very poorly. The children are—not to disguise the truth—ahem—breaking out again, in a way dreadful to look at. Forty-six is nothing but an Object—an Object—from insufficiency of diet. Too much bread and too little meat. Ah! the good old days are gone when things were going on—things worthy of a historic pen—all round us, and money flowed in—literally flowed in, Captain Copleston. What with a prize ship here, an embarkation of troops there, the return of the wounded, an inspection of militia, and all the launches, I used to think nothing of writing up to a leg of mutton in three or four hours, turning off a pair of boots as if it was nothing, putting a great coat into shape in a single evening, throwing in a gown for Mrs. Augustus and a new frock for Forty-four, or going out in the morning, and polishing off a day's run into the country for the whole family out of a visit from the Commander-in-Chief. I used to laugh at that as only a good day's work. Happy time! You remember how fat and well-fed the children were once, Mr. Pulaski. But those days are gone. I despised, then, what I used to call the butter and eggs. Alas! the butter and eggs are nearly all we have to live upon now."

"You mean——"

"I mean, gentlemen, the short paragraphs poorly remunerated at one penny for each line of copy. One penny! And at least half of the sum goes in wear and tear of shoe leather worn out in picking up items about the town. I am a chiffonier, gentlemen, as we say in the French. I pick up rags and tatters of information as I peregrinate the streets. Nothing is too trifling for my degraded pen. I find myself even, in the children's interests, praying for a fire or a murder, or a neat case of robbery. Here, for instance, is a specimen of how low in the literary scale we can go."

He pulled a little bundle of papers out of his pocket.

"'SINGULAR ACCIDENT

"'As our esteemed townsman, Alderman Cherrystone, was walking along the pavement of High Street on the morning of Monday last, he stepped upon a piece of orange peel, and falling heavily, dislocated his arm. The unfortunate gentleman, who has been removed to the hospital, is now doing well."

"Mr. Pulaski," he asked in withering sarcasm, "that is a pleasant thing to come to after all my grandeur, is it not? Think of it, you who actually remember my papers on the arrival and departure of troops. But it is sixpence," he added with a sigh. "Here is another of the same sort. I call it," be added in a sepulchral voice,

"'A LIKELY STORY.

"'On Thursday, before His Worship the Mayor, a young man of dissipated appearance, who gave the name of Moses Copleston——'

"What?" cried Leonard, "Moses Copleston?"

"Yes, sir, your own name was that given by that individual."

"Go on," said Leonard, looking at me.

"'And said he was the son of a general in the army, was charged with being drunk and disorderly in the streets. The police knew him well, and various committals made in another name were reported of him. He was fined 40s. and costs, or a fortnight. The money was instantly paid, and the prisoner left the Court laughing, and saying there was plenty more to be got where that came from.

"'The Mayor recalled him——'"

"Will you give me that paragraph?" Leonard interrupted, and with an excited air. "Will you allow me to keep that out of the paper? I have a reason—it is my own name, you see."

"Certainly, sir," said Ferdinand. "I have no wish to put it into the paper, except that it is worth fourteenpence. And that goes some way towards the children's dinner, poor things."

"I will give you more than fourteen-pence for it, my good friend," said Leonard. "Where is this prisoner—this Moses—do you know?"

Of course I perceived the suspicion that had entered his mind. He was jumping at conclusions, as usual, but it was hard not to believe that he was right. I began to think what we knew of our old enemy Moses, and could remember nothing except what Jem Hex—Boatswain Hex—told me—that he was not a credit to his education. This was but a small clue. But some shots in the dark go straight to the bull's-eye. Leonard's eye met mine, and there was certainty in it.

I saw he wanted to talk about it, and so I got rid of Ferdinand by proposing to bring Leonard to his house in the evening, when he should pump him, and extract materials for a dozen papers.

"It is very kind of you, sir," he said. "You will enable me to confer on the children next week—ahem—a sense of repletion that they have not experienced for many months."

"I will tell you anything you want," said Leonard. "But you must ask me, because I cannot know, beforehand, what you would most like to have."

"Sir," said Ferdinand fervently, "I will pump you to good purpose if you will allow me. Your own exploits, ahem——"

"No—no," said Leonard, laughing. "I must make conditions. You must keep my name out of your story."

Ferdinand's countenance fell.

"If you insist upon it—of course. But personalities are the soul of successful journalism"—it will be seen that Ferdinand Brambler was in advance of his age—"and if I *could* be permitted to describe these modest quarters in detail—camp bed, two chairs, absence of ornament—ah—'The Hero's Retreat;' your personal appearance, tall, with curling brown hair, square shoulders, manly and assured carriage, eagle eye—ah!—'The Hero at Home:' your conversation, 'with difficulty can he be induced to speak of those hairbreadth escapes, those feats of more than British pluck, those audacious sorties'—'The Hero in Modesty;' your dress when not on duty, a plain suit of tweed, without personal decoration of any kind, simple, severe, and in good taste—'The Hero in Mufti:' and your early life, a native of this town, educated partly by Mr. Hezekiah Ryler, B.A., at the time when Mr. Augustus Brambler formed part of his competent and efficient staff, and partly by the learned Perpetual Curate of St. Faith's—'The Hero's Education'; your entrance into the army, 'The Hero takes his First Step'"——

"Stop—stop—for Heaven's sake," cried the Hero. "Do you believe I am going to consent to that kind of thing?"

Ferdinand collapsed.

"If you really will not allow it," he said, "there is nothing more to be done. Just as I was warming into the subject, too. Well, Captain Copleston, if you will not let me describe your own exploits by name, I shall be grateful for any particulars you may be kind enough to give me."

"Yes—on those conditions, that my name is kept out—I shall be glad to help you."

"Sir," said Ferdinand, "you are very good. I will pump you like—like—an organ blower. I will play on you like—like a Handel. At what time, sir, will you honour our humble abode?"

"We will be with you about eight," I said. "And—and—Mr. Ferdinand, will you give my compliments to Mrs. Augustus, and my love to Forty-four, and say that we hope to have the pleasure of supper with them. Early supper, so as to suit Forty-six and the rest."

Ferdinand sighed, and then smiled, and then with a deep bow to the Hero, retired.

"What about Moses?" cried Leonard.

"How do you know it is the real Moses?"

"There can be but one Moses," said Leonard; "and how should any other get hold of my name? Do you think he is in the town, now?"

I began to make inquiries that very afternoon, bethinking me that Mrs. Hex, Jem the Bo's'n's wife, might know something about it. Jem had been married some time now, and was the father of a young family, who lived in one of the streets near Victory Row in a highly respectable manner. Mrs. Hex had been a young lady connected on both sides with the service, so that it was quite natural that she should marry a sailor, and it was an advantageous match on both sides. She remembered Moses perfectly well; he was always going and coming, she said; would be seen about for a day or two, and would then disappear for a long time; he had been in prison once for something or other; then he disappeared for some years; then he came back in rags; and then—just a short time ago—he suddenly blossomed out into new and magnificent toggery, with a gold watch-chain and a real watch, with rings on his fingers, and money in his pocket. And he got drunk every night. Also, he called himself Copleston, which Mrs. Hex thought should not be allowed. Most likely we might find him at the Blue Anchor in the evening, where there was a nightly free-and-easy for soldiers and sailors, at which he often appeared, standing drinks all round in a free and affable manner.

"Quite the Moses we used to love," said Leonard in a great rage. "We will go to the Blue Anchor and wring the truth out of him."

For that day we had, however, our engagement at the Bramblers, which we duly kept, and were ushered into the front room, Ferdinand's "study." He was sitting at the table in expectation of us, with paper and pencil before him. He was hungering and thirsting for information. Beside him stood Augustus, as cheerful and smiling as though the children were not breaking out. Except that he was shabbier than usual, there was no mark of poverty or failure upon him.

"This, Captain Copleston," he said, "is a real honour. I take it as a recognition of my brother Ferdinand's genius. My brother Ferdinand, sir, is a Gem."

"Brother Augustus," murmured the author bashfully, "nay—nay."

"A Gem—I repeat it—a Gem. And of the first water. What says the poet?—

> Full many a time, this Gem of ray serene,
> Outside the *Journal* Office may be seen.

He will do you justice, sir. Mr. Pulaski," he sank his voice to a whisper, "shall we leave these two alone? Shall we retire to the domestic circle, not to disturb History and Heroism? At what time shall we name supper, Captain Copleston? Pray, fix your own time. Think of your convenience first. We are nothing—nothing."

"I never take supper, thank you," said Leonard, who was beginning to be a little bored with the whole business.

"Don't speak of supper to me," said Ferdinand. "This is my supper," he patted the paper affectionately. "This is my evening beer." He pointed to the inkstand. "This is my pillow," indicating the blotting-pad. "And for me there will be no night's rest. Now, sir, if you will sit there—so—with the light upon your face—we can converse. Affluence is about to return, brother Augustus."

Augustus and I stole out of the room on tiptoe. In the back room the table was laid, and the children were crowded in the window, looking at the cloth with longing eyes. Poor little children! They were grown pale and thin during these hard times, and their clothes were desperately shabby. Forty-four, a tall girl now of fourteen, angular and bony, as is common at that age, preserved some show of cheerfulness, as became the eldest of the family. It was hers to set an example. But the rest were very sad in countenance, save for a sort of hungry joy raised by the prospect of supper.

"Always something kind from the Captain," murmured the poor wife.

"It *was* lucky," I said, "that we had that cold round of beef in the larder. Cannot we have supper immediately? I am sure the children would like it."

The poor children gave a cry, and Forty-six burst into loud weeping.

"Things have not gone very well, latterly," said Augustus, looking uncomfortable. "Sometimes I even think that we don't get enough meat. We had some on Sunday, I remember"—and this was Friday—"because Ferdinand said it was the first real meal he bad enjoyed for a week. That was while we were sitting over our wine after dinner."

Nothing, not even actual starvation, would have prevented the two brothers from enjoying their Sunday pretence of sitting, one each side a little table, at the front window, with a decanter and two glasses before them. I do not know what the decanter contained. Perhaps what had once been Marsala. Ferdinand cherished the custom as a mark of true gentility, and was exceedingly angry if the children came in and interrupted. He said grandly that a gentleman "ought not to be disturbed over his wine." I think Augustus cared less about the ceremony.

Meantime the mother, assisted by Forty-four and Forty-five, brought in the supper—cold beef and hot potatoes—with real beer—no toast and water.

I pass over the details of the meal. Even Augustus was too hungry to talk, and Forty-six surpassed himself. I sat next to Forty-four, who squeezed my hand furtively, to show that she was grateful to the Captain. She was always a tender-hearted little thing, and devoted to her brothers and sisters. The pangs of hunger appeased, we talked.

"You have now an opportunity," said Augustus, leaning back in his chair after the fatigues of eating; "you have now an opportunity of boasting, my children, that a Crimean hero has actually come to this house in order to tell the history of the war to your uncle Ferdinand, the well-known writer."

The boys and girls murmured. This was, indeed, grandeur.

"We will drink," said Augustus, filling his glass, and handing me the jug. "We will drink a toast. I give you, children, coupled, the names of Captain Copleston, the Hero, and Ferdinand Brambler (your uncle, my dears), the Historian. It is my firm belief that this night has commenced what I may in military language call an Alliance, or—speaking as a lawyer, one may say that this night has witnessed the tacit execution of a Deed of Partnership—a Deed of Partnership"—he relished his words so much that he was fain to repeat them—"between the Hero and the Historian, which will result in their being known together, and indissolubly connected by the generations, yet to come, of posterity. For myself, I have, as you know, little other ambition than to be remembered, if remembered I am at all, as Augustus Brambler (your father, my dears), formerly an ornament to the Legal."

We drank the toast with enthusiasm. There were nowhere to be found children more ready to drink or eat toasts than the Bramblers.

"By our own family connections, Mr. Pulaski," Augustus continued, "we have more sympathy with the Navy than with the Army. Mrs. Brambler—your mother, my dears—is highly connected as regards that service; and it is, I confess, my favourite. Sometimes I think of putting Forty-six into it, though if they were wrecked on a desert island, and provisions ran short, he would come off badly. Forty-eight, of course, is out of the question where discipline and obedience are concerned. It would, however, have been just the service for poor little Fifty-one, my dears, had that interesting child been born."

He looked critically at Forty-six, sadly at Forty-eight, and shook his head. All hung their heads sorrowfully, as was customary at mention of the Great and Gifted Fifty-one—unborn.

"Two members of my wife's family—she was a Tollerwinch—were members of that gallant service, Mr. Pulaski. One of them, her uncle, held the rank of Master's Mate, and, if he had not had the misfortune to knock down his superior officer on the quarter deck, would now, one may be justified in supposing, have been Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Tollerwinch, K.C.B.—of the White. I drink to the health and memory—in solemn silence—of the late Admiral."

Such was Augustus's enthusiasm, that we all believed at the moment the deceased officer to have died in that rank.

"The Admiral," Augustus sighed. "You must not be proud, my dears, of these accidents—mere accidents—of distinguished family connections. Your mother's first cousin, James Elderberry, entered the service also. He was a purser's clerk. I think I am right, my dear, in stating to Mr. Pulaski that James was a most gallant and deserving officer."

"He was, indeed," said Mrs. Brambler. "Poor Jem! And sang a most beautiful song when sober."

"Universally esteemed, my children, from the yardarm—to speak nautically—and the maintop mizenmast, wherever that or any other portion of the rigging is lashed taut to the shrouds, down to the orlop deck. His service was not long—only three weeks in all—and it was cut short by a court martial on a charge of—of—in fact, of inebriation while on duty. He might have done well, perhaps, in some other Walk—or shall we say, Sail of life?—if he had not, in fact, continued so. He succumbed—remember this, Forty-six—to the effects of thirst. Well, we must all die. To every brave rover comes his day." Augustus rolled his head, and tried to look like a buccaneer. "Your mother's cousin, my children, must be regarded as one who fell—in action."

(To be continued)

◆

WINTER EXHIBITIONS OF THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY AND INSTITUTE

II.

Of the more recent Associates, in landscape work combined with figures there is none who so takes captive the admiration of those who can appreciate thorough refinement combined with perfect respect for the simple truth of Nature as Mrs. Allingham. All her contributions to the Winter Exhibition are small, but how beautiful are her little studies of cottages and copses, of farmyard scenes and incidents, of beach groups, with children at play in the sand and nurses and young mothers on the watch. Since Frederick Walker was lost to the Arts no one has so presented the prose of life with poetic beauty, yet without sacrifice of truth.

Miss Clara Montalba continues to pour out her broad effective studies of Venetian shipping, but with no apparent advance or variety, except in a dashing sketch of a regatta on the Grand Canal, which is full of colour and movement. Of A. Goodwin's drawings, always original and imaginative, there is none this year which so appeals to the imagination as his "Rough Night at Sea," a pier view with a storm-rent sky, against which the vigilant eye of the lighthouse looks out warningly.

Brittan Willis, Bradley, and Otto Weber send excellent studies—the first of a shorthorn bull and carthorses, and cattle in landscape, very thorough and solid; the second, of a pleasant hunting-piece, "A Blank Day," and a timber-hauling team on the banks of the Seine; the third, of an English white heifer, rather cold in colour, but of great truth and finish, and an Italian threshing-floor, with grey oxen treading out the corn. G. H. Andrews' study for a picture of the foundering of the *Victory*, with 1,100 men, off the Casket, is a startling and vivid presentation of a terrible scene. Oswald Brierley, in several clever studies, helps to maintain the marine element in the Society.

Among such pretty and smoothly wrought figure drawings as E. K. Johnson's and Radford's, A. H. Marsh's gloomy pictures of labour, "Autumn"—a single gaunt Northumbrian farm lass, tending the fires in the field, and "Stony Land," women at work on a hungry upland—are impressive, though their gloom may be thought overcharged and their scale too large. Mr. Marsh has evidently been influenced by Israels and Millet. His Cullercoats fishermen's wives and daughters bringing in the night's catch pleases us better, just because, with quite as much truth and more picturesqueness, there is less gloom in it. Of the Institute's Winter Exhibition we can only speak generally in grateful recognition of the unusually large amount of excellent outdoor studies it contains. Those of H. Johnson, J. Mogford, J. Skill, W. W. May, and J. Orrock are genuine open-air work of the freshest and truest character, and distinctly better to my mind than what are called the "drawings" of these artists as distinct from their "studies." Then the two Dutch figure subjects of W. W. Wilson, one an interior with a young fisherman returning from sea to his old parents and his wife, the other, the "Defence of the Bridge," Dutch children near a village, who have planted a toy cannon on a plank over a field canal, in the golden light of a summer evening, have very uncommon merits of conception and execution. Another clever painter of Dutch subjects, a Dutchman, we believe, now settled in this country, G. Clausen, has a vigorous and original study of a tall Flemish girl, a somewhat ungainly, yet not ungraceful figure, putting a batch of bread into the oven. Two life-size heads of Bavarian foresters, by H. Herkomer, and one of a "Saint George," by C. Gregory, are *tours de force* in real water-colour. The truth of sunlight in Mr. Herkomer's heads is wonderfully expressed, and the character is excellently conveyed. The head and hands in Mr. Gregory's armed knight, though the face is common in type, are painted with a strength which, a short time since, would have been deemed quite unattainable in water-colour. Two studies by J. D. Linton, a mounted banner-bearer and a lady of the time of the Commonwealth in a yellow dress, are very solid and effective. The public may learn from W. Small's finished study for "The Wreck" all that there was in his oil-picture of the subject, which was hung out of sight in the Academy this year. It is a picture of rare power, though perhaps hardly attractive, owing to the terror of the subject. C. J. Staniland's studies of fish are all worthy of note for the subtlety of their colour-composition. A. Gow's two drawings of a traveller cantering uneasily alongside of a stranger, who looks suspiciously like a "Gentleman of the Road," and a village group gathered outside the gates of a mansion, doomed to sale by the death of the old squire, are capital examples of the interest to be given by well-chosen picturesque or romantic incident, effectively handled. His sister's group of a little girl reading to her convalescent sister is feelingly and gracefully treated. Robert's rustic groups of a country boy and donkey, and a boy feeding lambs, are as good as work so obviously suggested by W. Hunt can be. But his imitation is originality compared with that of the same old master by some of the fruit painters of the Institute, or of George Cattermole's subjects and treatment by his nephew C. Cattermole. This is the more provoking as both show technical strength that should enable them to stand alone. Townley Green has a charming figure of a Belgian servant girl standing in an antique doorway. John Tenniel exhibits two original sketches for *Punch* cartoons—France at the Tomb of Thiers, and the Bear tightening his grip upon the Turk. E. Bale's figure and landscape-studies are both very noticeable, in particular a half-length of a girl in yellow against a green background, with a coral necklace in her hands, of exceptional solidity and peculiarly well-combined colour.

TOM TAYLOR

THE READER

THE life and writings of a brilliant young Irishman—one who died too young for fame—are presented to us by his brother in three volumes (Longmans and Co.), entitled severally "Life and Letters," "Essays and Sketches," and "Poetical Works" of E. J. Armstrong. Of the three the "Life and Letters" are the most broadly interesting, for Armstrong was of those youths of promise whose personality is even more attractive than their writings, and who, in the impression which they make on others, in the readiness with which they are themselves impressed by the intellectual influences of their day, in their alternations of light and gloom, of high animal spirits and complete dejection, in their waverings from faith to doubt, and doubt again to broader faith, in their hopings and self-questionings through the golden time when the world's many paths lie still before them, though some, it may be, are already closing, irresistibly excite the sympathy of maturer age. Even the many who can never have heard his name will follow with pleasure the story of his brief career—the college days, the holiday rambles on Irish hills, by Jersey bays, or along dusty roads of Northern France—the literary efforts whose early promise won notice from men of European fame. Of his remains it is less easy to speak decisively. Fervid fancy and graceful expression come naturally to the Celtic intellect; while amid the maze of books and facts and "views," through which the young brain nowadays must force its way, originality is more than ever difficult. It is much if we get, not a new note, but musical variations on a key already struck; nor does it derogate much from Armstrong's powers if there is more of promise than of fulfilment in his writings, or if his own individuality seems to struggle through forms suggested by Tennyson or Coleridge or Goëthe. The essays and sketches are clever and thoughtful, the latter none the worse for a slight provincialism of tone. The poems are of a higher order,—one, the "Prisoner of Mount St. Michael," decidedly powerful in design and execution. But none of these volumes need apology for their introduction to a wider world than that which knew "Old Trinity" in 1860 and 1863.

"A History of Roman Literature" (Griffin and Co.), by C. T. Cruttwell, M.A., although a student's manual in the first instance, has almost equal claims to commendation as an agreeable volume for the much larger circle of English readers of Ancient Classics. One hardly, perhaps, sees why—unless for the sake of the youthful scholar, whose studies had better not go beyond the writers of the Silver Age—such a history should stop short at Silius and Fronto, or why the poets of the age of Brass, Claudian, once so neatly quoted by Mr. Disraeli, or gentle Ausonius, should be left out in the cold. Apart from this we have only praise for the taste and learning Mr. Cruttwell has brought to bear upon his task. More especially might we commend the reader to the chapters on the Roman writers and orators of the age when the men of letters were also the men of statesmanship and action, or (should his scholarship be of the olden school) to the short notice of the language of Italy, before, alongside with, and after, the growth and decline of that curious language within a language, the literary speech of ancient Rome.

For an almost perfectly proportioned sketch in outline of a literature of still greater height and range we may turn to Professor R. C. Jebb's "Greek Literature," the new number of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s "Literature Primers." From the nameless poets of the dawn of Grecian history—the group that clusters round the half-mythic Homer—to the last echoes of Hellenic song in the Anthologists of Justinian's Court we get in some 160 little pages a summary from which no noteworthy name has been omitted, and in which the key-note to each great writer and each distinct period or form of Grecian Art is happily given in a few pregnant paragraphs. The chapter on the Attic drama in particular could hardly, in our humble judgment, be improved upon.

It is the great merit of "The Treasury of British Eloquence" (W. P. Nimmo), compiled and arranged by R. Cochrane, that the selected specimens are all given in great measure *in extenso*. From Latimer to Spurgeon, from Sir John Eliot to W. E. Gladstone, we find in it good examples of the most effective orators of the pulpit or the Senate House—while for *chefs d'œuvre* of other forms of eloquence we need only turn to the addresses of Dean Stanley or the after-dinner speeches of Charles Dickens. Such a volume may also rank among aids to History rather than mere compilations of the Enfield's Speaker class.

But if "A Certain Professor" is too much like everyday mortals, the very opposite must be predicated of Mr. T. Sinclair of "The Mount" (Trübner and Co.), when descending from those spiritual heights to drive teams of adjectives three abreast—"divining, musing, poetic souls," "patient, non-tyrannic, life-regarding science," and the like—through sentences of which one at least extends its unbroken length well into the third page. For Mr. Sinclair flatters himself that he has passed within the Veil and seen the vision of the Sacred Mount; can assign their several places to every poet or half-poet of our time—the Goëthes, Heines, Wordsworths, Tennysons, Arnolds; can tell us which have had half-glimpses of the light and which have wandered blindly in the wilderness; or, if he must join the multitude for once in esteeming Shakespeare the truest poet since the "Makers" of the heroic ages of Greece, can see too that the great dramatist is really greatest where ordinary minds admire him least, and feeblest where the many-headed commend him most. It is but fair to say that Mr. Sinclair is clearly a man of some culture and of a certain erratic kind of power. We can scarcely, however, venture to commend him to unwary readers.

Much pleasanter is it to dip here and there into "Side Lights and Scripture Texts" (Hodder and Stoughton), by an old acquaintance, Mr. Fr. Jacox. One does not, of course, expect strict method, or even, perhaps, the most rigid decorum. We are prepared to cap Ecclesiastes with Sam Slick, or St. Paul with Mr. William Black. Still lazy readers owe Mr. Jacox much. While they have been reading the *Cornhill* with a paper-knife, or tearing through Miss Braddon to find who marries whom, he has been noting with assiduous pencil each passage that might do after-duty as a quotation, or threading all he has noted together into a far from unamusing patchwork. "Side-lights" in arrangement and solution strike us as among his happiest medleys.

Prestige, thinks Mr. Forjett, author of "Our Real Danger in India" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), is the one basis of our supremacy in the East—a *prestige* backed, it is true, by a mild good will, a sense of benefits received and benefits to come, on the part of the great masses of the population, but resting solely in the last resort on the belief in our superior strength. Loss of *prestige* through petting the Sepoy till he thought himself the white man's equal—not questions of annexation, changes of land tenures, or plots of Mussulman fanatics—led to the Mutiny of 1857. Loss of *prestige* among the dangerous classes of British India and the warlike States along our northern frontier will be our greatest and most real danger now, if Russia is allowed to deal with Turkey as she pleases. We know not how many will approve the Anglo-Indian's remedy—a foreign policy of the most "spirited" sort, instant despatch of troops to Turkey, training of the tribes beyond the Indian frontier under British officers, general arming of the population at home. But there can be little doubt that the danger he describes is a very real one, or that his views, so far at least as they depict native feeling in the East, are well worthy of the attention that may be claimed for a writer whose knowledge of Indian life and services through the great Mutiny are equally unimpeachable.

If we really wish to see ourselves as others see us, we should turn to some of the many books of European travel, written in the United States by middle-class Americans who cross the Atlantic—not to spend hastily-gotten fortunes in Paris, nor to display heavy jewellery and unlimited diamonds at a Swiss *table d'hôte*, but to secure a few months' rest and recreation in visiting for themselves those scenes and institutions in the Old Country of which they have read and heard so much from infancy. Such a work in a very brief form is "Summer Rambles in Europe" (Nelson and Phillips, New York), written by Alexander Clark. Although mainly composed of jottings by the way, and in no manner professing to be a comprehensive account of his tour, the work is interesting and instructive if only from the very Republican point of view taken by the author of many of our cherished institutions. Mr. Clark has a true democratic dislike to our railway system of three classes, and almost denounces it as unchristianlike; but, wonderful to relate, approves of our hotels, where, he remarks, you only have to pay for what you have, and are let severely alone by every one except the ubiquitous "boots," who is your "porter, boot-black, candlestick-fetcher, clothes-duster, newspaper-finder, and at your slightest nod or faintest whisper he will dance to your relief." Mr. Clark's rambles also comprise Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, and northern Switzerland, and he has throughout shown a keen power of observation of men and manners in his descriptions; though we must protest against the outcry he raises against the magnificent cathedrals, both in our own country and on the Continent. Mr. Clark thinks them far too grand for the simple Christian religion—"more sepulchral than worshipful;" and, as regards Chester Cathedral, an "immense tomb—mouldy, musty, almost repellent;" and again, "these old cathedrals are as foreign to the Gospel idea of worship as a fog is different from sunlight." But then it must be remembered that Mr. Clark is a Methodist, and that there are no cathedrals in the United States.

◆

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VII.

MRS. SALE BARKER, in "Lily's Visit to Grandmamma," has managed to introduce a description of the principal objects in the Zoological Gardens which is worthy of better illustrations.

"Seven o'Clock," by Janie Brockman (Warne), is a home story for home-loving children, told in simple language for young folks of eight or nine.

Our old friend, the Hermit of Juan Fernandez, has been multiplied six hundred-fold by Mr. Gilbert Mortimer, who describes the voyage of the *Golden Fleece* under the title of "Six Hundred Robinson Crusoes" (Low and Co.). The narrative is a true one, and will no doubt be welcomed by many readers both old and young.

"Ida Dalton" (Remington) is a series of short sketches of varying merit. "The Three Naughty Boys" (G. Waterston) is a toy-book, with clever illustrations by C. A. Doyle.

"Hush-a-Bye Baby," the Christmas Number of *Once a Week*, by G. Manville Fenn, is a clever handling of a somewhat delicate subject, of which the opening portion is incomparably the best.

"The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, and "Christmastide" (Boston: J. R. Osgood and Co.), are two sumptuously got-up volumes which mark an era in Christmas books for English readers. They are the first instalment (to us, at least) of Christmas volumes from the other side of the Atlantic, and rival in excellence of production anything we have ever received from the publishers on this side. The engravings are of the highest excellence, and show the perfection our American cousins have attained in wood engraving, whilst the printing and paper are everything that could be desired. The drawings in the "Scarlet Letter" are thoroughly artistic, and the landscapes in "Christmastide" are perfect gems.

The fourth and completing volume of "The National Portrait Gallery" (Cassell) is the best of the series. The likenesses are good, and the coloured chromos delicate and well printed. The sketches, apparently by different hands, are racy and well written.

Cassell's Family Magazine, *The Leisure Hour*, and *The Sunday at Home* present all the various and attractive features for which these popular serials have become so well known. The artistic portion of these yearly volumes is above the average. The two latter make coloured plates a feature in the way of frontispieces, whilst the former abounds with a profusion of well-executed wood engravings.

"By Land and Ocean" (Low and Co.) is curious as being the journal and letters of a young girl who went to South Australia with a lady friend, then *alone* to New Zealand, China, Japan, and across the continent of America—home again. Of course the narrative is necessarily confined to the cursory jottings which such a trip suggested, but although devoid of thrilling adventures the book is full of interest and novelty.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, have completed the first volume of their "New Natural History," edited by Professor Duncan, who has for his *collaborateurs* in this portion of the work Dr. J. Murie and W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. The volume, though popularly and profusely illustrated, is strictly scientific in its treatment, and is remarkable in this section for the numerous specimens of the Bat family, the majority of which have not we believe been previously illustrated.

From Messrs. Griffith and Farran we have three capital boys' books by W. H. Kingston. One, "Our Sailors," giving anecdotes of the engagements and gallant deeds of the British Navy during the reign of her present Majesty, has already reached a sale of eight thousand. Another, "Fred Markham in Russia, or, the Boy Travellers in the Land of the Czar," will have a special interest this season; whilst "Mark Seaworth, a Tale of the Indian Ocean," although written a quarter of a century ago, has lost none of its original charm, and will be heartily welcome in its new dress.

"The New Picture Book" (Stanford), with its pictorial lessons in form, comparison, and number, has, we are not surprised to see, reached its seventh edition. It is one of the best by far of children's books with which we are acquainted.—"The Instructive Picture Books," by the same publisher, are sketches from nature of animal and vegetable life in all lands, cleverly printed in colours, and far above the average both in execution and design.

"Week-Day Evening Addresses, delivered in Manchester by Alexander Maclaren" (Macmillan), is a little volume of earnest and eloquent discourses, as full of feeling as they are graphic and picturesque.

Energetic Church workers will like to hear of a second series of readings for Mothers' Meetings, by R. Marryatt, "Wives and Mothers" (Hatchards), in which plain advice is tempered by Christian teaching.—We have received Mrs. Hilton's "Sixth Year of the Crèche" (Morgan and Scott); Vol. II. of "Hand and Heart;" and some tasteful card games from Mullord Brothers, of which the "Willow pattern Plate" and the "Pyramids" are the prettiest.

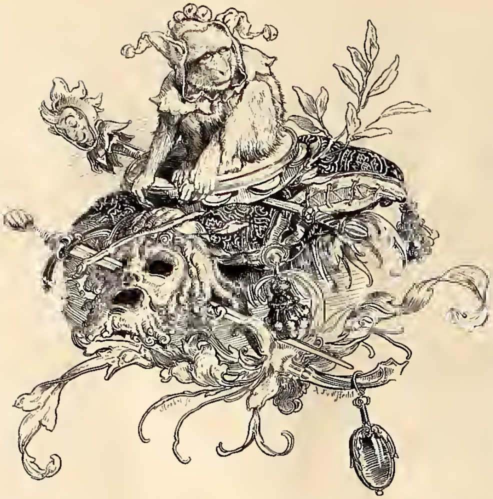
The pen of a ready writer certainly belongs to Mr. W. H. G. Kingston, who is again ready with a tale for boys, "The Young Llanero" (T. Nelson). The Venezuelan struggle for freedom from the Spanish yoke is his theme, and his hero belongs to an insurgent family burnt out of house and home, and compelled to seek refuge in the mountains.—Respect for old age, and the control of temper are the lessons of "Good out of Evil," by Mrs. Surr (T. Nelson), which is well suited for childish perusal, and contains some really artistic illustrations of birds.—Little ones just able to read will like "Aunt Emma's Picture Book" (T. Nelson)—varied pictures with brief comments, while elder sisters will find some pretty fancies anent flowers and a sheet of paper in "All in a Garden Green," by E. C. Traice (Marcus Ward).—The Teutonic nature seems specially adapted to the composition of fairy tales, and "Fairy Circles," from the German of Villamaria (Marcus Ward), is charmingly fresh and original, and reminds us of Hans Andersen. Wagner's beloved Nibelungen appear in the collection, as well as Barbarossa.—Three short seaside sketches comprise "Told by the Sea," by F. Frankfort Moore (Marcus Ward), slight in character, but amusing enough.—Mrs. Burnett's "Theo" (F. Warne), cannot compare for interest of plot with her "Lass o' Lowrie's," and the theme of the poor and lovely country girl winning the heart of a successful author from his learned but plain *fiancée* is rather well-worn. The hero is a very weak specimen, and we recommend Mrs. Burnett to study French and German before she attempts quotations in her next book.—"Tales, Poetry, and Fairy Tales," by Walter Brown (W. Brown), is a capital present for a child, and is embellished with some ninety woodcuts, many of which are printed from original blocks by the celebrated Thomas Bewick.—A new edition of the "Beauties of Shakespeare," by the late Rev. W. Dodd (Bickers and Son), in addition to the well-selected letterpress, contains a dozen permanent photographic illustrations from the Boydell Gallery.—"Topo: a Tale about English Children in Italy," by G. E. Brunefille (Marcus Ward), is especially noticeable for the excellent woodcuts, for which Miss Kate Greenaway has executed the drawings.—"Lapsed but not Lost: a Story of Roman Carthage" (Daldy, Isbister), is sufficiently recommended when we say that the author is the writer of "The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," and finally we may mention as well worthy of notice, "A Book of Episodes," by J. M. Chanson, author of "The Regent" (Dean and Son), and "Marie—a Young Girl's History," the latter a translation from the Danish (Cassell and Co.).

"Early Days" (Wesleyan Conference Office) is yet another child's magazine of the usual type—stories, sketches, and illustrations; while "Sunday" (W. Wells Gardner) is intended for Sabbath reading. Turning to graver literature, the Rev. G. H. Wilkinson's "Instructions in the Devotional Life" (Wells Gardner) may be commended as a gift for young people for its good sense and and absence of partisan views.—"Darton's Girls' Own Annual" (same publishers) consists of novelettes, illustrations, and needlework hints for maidens in their early teens; while for elder sisters appears "The Ladies' Treasury" (Bemrose), containing the usual information anent dress, work, and cookery, dear to the feminine heart. To the share of the stronger sex falls "The Live Stock Journal Almanac" (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), which will be useful alike to animal and bird fanciers, amateurs or professionals, and includes articles on cattle, horses, dogs, goats, and general pets, with excellent illustrations, as well as a calendar, &c.—Messrs. Rimmel send us specimens of their perfumes enclosed in various tasteful envelopes, cosaques, Christmas cards, &c.

GOETHE'S "FAUST"[*]

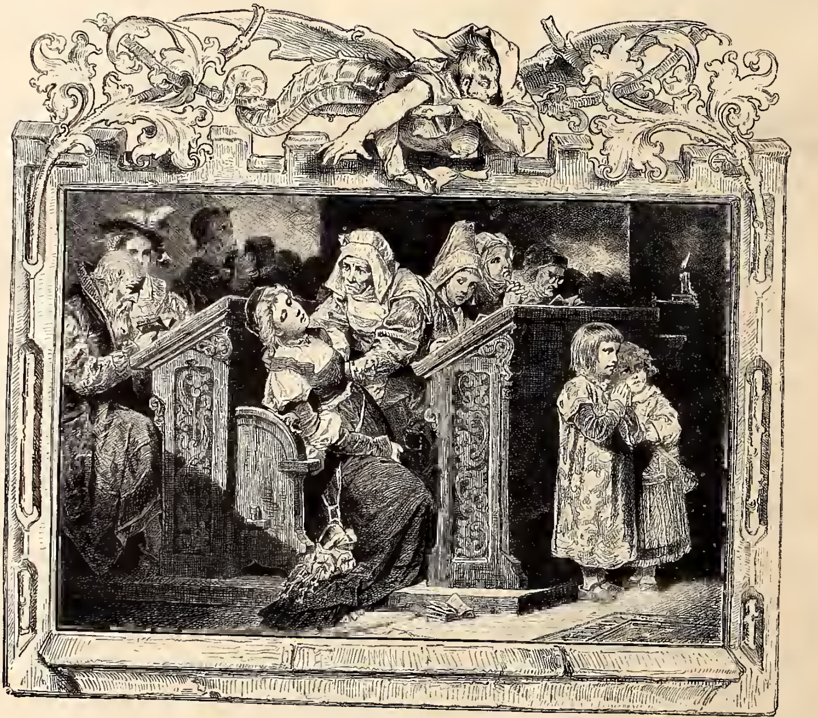
NOT long since we placed before our readers some specimens of the engravings from a magnificent edition of "Faust" put forth by Mr. Bruckmann, and now we have to execute the same agreeable task for another edition equally splendid. Authors are proverbially afflicted with vanity, nor was the great Goethe exempt from this failing. What gratification he would feel—supposing that the spirits of the departed are not beyond such mundane weakness—if he could be informed that his masterpiece, so far from passing gradually into oblivion after his death, had been translated and retranslated into all manner of tongues, and illustrated by the pencils of artists of the highest celebrity! So great, too, have been the improvements in printing and engraving processes, that a magnificent volume like this, which, if producible at all during Goethe's life time, would have been restricted to the libraries of Grand Dukes and Emperors, is now issued at a price comparatively so moderate that it may be purchased without extravagance by any lover of Art who is gifted with a fair share of this world's goods. The genius which pervades this wonderful poem is so essentially Teutonic that we never feel quite satisfied with "Faust" illustrated by any other than a German artist, however clever he may be. In the work before us, the two artists, Messrs. Mayer and Seitz, are both thorough Germans, and hence their illustrations are completely in harmony with Goethe's poetry. Take the two leading characters in the tragedy, for example. Faust is not made too young by Mr. Mayer, even after his transformation. He is not the picturesque love-inspiring youth depicted by some artists; he is the quiet, contemplative student, with grave, earnest eyes, as for instance, where he sees Margaret for the first time in the flesh. A sweet girl, this Margaret of Mr. Mayer's, not impossibly lovely, but rather a typical maiden of the finer type of Germanhood, such as may be met with any day in the quieter nooks and corners of the Fatherland, a girl whom you feel instinctively would make a thoroughly good wife and good mother, and whose fall is therefore all the more piteous. Even in the prison, with the dungeon straws clinging to her hair, she is still the same sweetfaced creature. Mr. Mayer, we think, excels in the quieter scenes, especially where children are introduced, but many of his more bustling episodes are full of vigour, as, for example, the adventure in the tavern, and the wild ride of the witches. With regard to Mr. Seitz, to whom the execution of the head and tail pieces have been entrusted (a specimen of which we engrave here) we can only say that in a branch of art—that of ingenious grotesqueness, in which the Germans are incomparably strong—he shows himself an accomplished master. It is a somewhat unthankful as well as an ambitious task to attempt a translation of

Continued on page 622



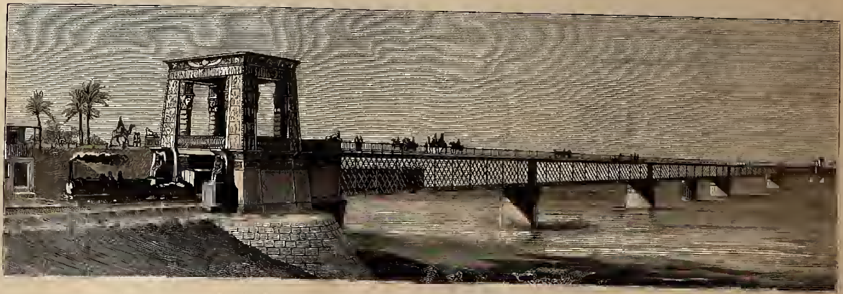
---

[*] "Faust: a Tragedy," by J. W. von Goethe, translated by T. J. Arnold, F.S.A. Illustrated by A. L. Mayer and Rudolf Seitz. London: Hachette and Co.

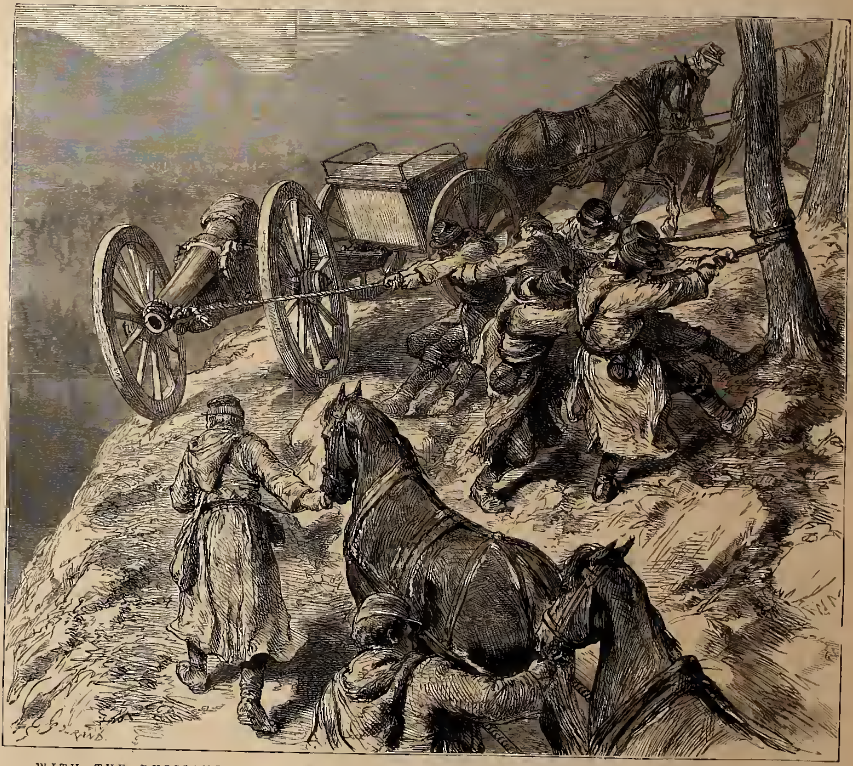


MARGARET IN THE CATHEDRAL
Margaret (swooning): "Neighbour! Your salts-bottle"

GOETHE'S "FAUST"
ILLUSTRATED BY ALEXANDER LIEZEN MAYER AND RUDOLF SEITZ



PROPOSED IRON RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE NILE AT MANSURAH



WITH THE RUSSIANS AND GENERAL GOURKO IN THE BALKANS—A DIFFICULT CORNER

(*Continued from page 619*)

Faust, because so many comparisons are necessarily made with former workers in the samefield. The version printed in this volume is from the pen of the late Mr. T. J. Arnold, best known to the English public as an energetic magistrate at the Westminster Police Court. There are occasional roughnesses and inversions in Mr. Arnold's translation, which is not to be wondered at when we remember that he has hampered himself by the resolve to reproduce exactly the original metres; but, on the other hand, judging from a somewhat cursory examination, there is an idiomatic raciness and vigour in his rendering which makes it eminently readable. We can scarcely, however, approve of Gretchen and Lischen being translated "Maggy" and "Lizzie." At any rate, "Maggie" would be preferable to "Maggy."

◆

British Field Sports are exceedingly fashionable in the United States this winter. Fox-hunting is largely practised, hawking is to be introduced, and "hare and hounds" has been tried in several schools with great success. Indeed, the various colleges are so occupied with athletic amusements, that the journals suggest that "by and by some little time will have to be set apart for study."

Old Crusts of Bread are carefully utilised by that frugal class of Parisians who gather up old cigar stumps to transform into fresh tobacco, and rake decayed vegetables out of the gutter to make a savoury soup. The "old crust man" goes round to the various *restaurants*, charitable institutions, and schools, and collects the crumbled and dirty scraps of stale bread, which he sorts into various categories. The cleanest and least damaged, after being dried and scraped, are used for that favourite French soup, *croûte au pot*. The smallest crusts are beaten in a mortar into a paste, which is used by the butchers to cover their cutlets, and the more dirty scraps are baked and formed into a brown glazed coating for hams. The refuse pieces are baked, burnt, powdered, flavoured with mint, and finally appear as toothpowder.

DEATH.

On the 25th inst., Philip Luke, son of Luke and Fanny Fildes, of Melbury Road, Holland Park, Kensington, W., aged one year.

NEW VOLUMES JUST COMMENCED OF

THE THREE MAGAZINES for 1878.

THE QUIVER
For JANUARY, price 6d.,
CONTAINS—
THE RESTING-PLACES OF OUR SAVIOUR, AND THE SCENES OF HIS SECLUSION. By the Rev. Prebendary Chadwick, B.D.
SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME. By the Rev. J. W. Gedge, M.A.
"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.
LAST WORKS OF THE BOOKS OF GOD. By the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, M.A.
CHARLES AND SARAH WESLEY.
"THE GOD WHO ONCE." New Hymn Tune. By Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. D., Organist of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor.
EARLY PILGRIMS: ABRAHAM. By the Rev. T. M. Morris.
THE PARABLES OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By the Rev. Canon Barry, D.D.
NERVINE TONICS. By the Rev. Arthur Brown.
A MOTTO FOR LIFE. A Tale for the New Year.
GOOD WORK AT HOME AND ABROAD.
MORE THAN CONQUEROR. Serial Story. By F. M. F. Skene.
A CHRONICLE OF BARHAM. Serial Story. By E. Owens Blackburne.
&c., &c.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE
For JANUARY, price 7d.,
CONTAINS—
EMBROIDERED HOUSE AND TABLE LINEN.
THE NURSING OF THE LONDON POOR.
IRIS. Song, with Music.
THE AVERAGE SERVANT.
A TIN OF SARDINES.
THE SCHOOLMISTRESS AT SKERNE DUN.
ON SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH SERVICE.
CHIT-CHAT ON DRESS.
COFFEE TAVERNS.
A LUCKY TUMBLE.
THE SONGS OF THE BELLS.
HANDS AND FEET—THEIR CARE AND COMFORT.
HOW MY CHILDREN WERE DRILLED.
KING BABY—Some Experiences of a Young Mother.
TIME SHALL TRY. Serial Story.
SUSPENSE. Serial Story.
THE GATHERER.
&c., &c.

LITTLE FOLKS
For JANUARY, price 6d.,
Forms the FIRST PART of the NEW VOLUME for 1878, and contains a beautiful COLOURED FRONTISPIECE, entitled "HURRAH FOR THE SNOW!" the Commencement of Two New Serial Stories, and many new features of attraction.

"'Little Folks' disarms criticism. It is so admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was designed, that nothing but praise can be accorded alike to the matter which is provided for youthful readers, and the exquisite pictorial cuts by which it is illustrated and enlivened."—*Civil Service Review*

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS, NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, REWARDS, PRIZES, &c.,

CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN'S COMPLETE CATALOGUE, containing a List of Several Hundred Volumes, consisting of Bibles and Religious Works (including DR. FARRAR'S "LIFE OF CHRIST," complete in Two Volumes), Fine-Art Volumes, Children's Books, Dictionaries, Educational Works, History, Natural History, Household and Domestic Treatises, Handbooks and Guides, Science, Travels, &c., together with a Synopsis of their numerous Illustrated Serial Publications, sent post free on application to CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, London.

NEW EDITION THIS DAY

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. By Charles Dickens. With 28 Illustrations by F. Barnard. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; paper, 1s. 9d. Being the completing volume of the Household Edition of Dickens's Novels.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. By Thomas a Kempis. Beautifully Illustrated Edition. Demy 8vo, 16s.

CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

NEW NOVELS.

Second Edition.
New Novel by the Author of "Fashion and Passion."
WHO IS SHE? A MYSTERY OF MAYFAIR. By the Author of "Fashion and Passion." 3 vols.

New Novel by Captain Hawley Smart.
PLAY OR PAY: a Novelette. By Captain Hawley Smart, Author of "Breezie Langton," "Bound to Win."
[This day.

THE MISSING WILL. By Herbert Broom, LL.D. 3 vols.

FRANK RALEIGH OF WATERCOMBE, a Tale of Sport, Love, and Adventure. By the Author of "Wolf-Hunting in Brittany." 3 vols.

CHAPMAN and HALL, 193, Piccadilly.

Price 6d., post-free, 7½d.

FAMILY HERALD for Jan., Part 416.

PURE LITERATURE.
The *Illustrated London News*, in reference to pure literature, speaks of "The *Family Herald*, that joy to tens of thousands of innocent English households."

LEADING ARTICLES AND ESSAYS.
The *British Quarterly Review* says:—"There is a well-considered leading article or essay every week, upon some subject of an instructive or thoughtful character."

NOVELS AND TALES.
The *Saturday Review* says:—"Its novels and tales are quite as well written as the best circulating-library stories."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
The *Saturday Review* says:—"The editor is the confidant and confessor in every station of life. The Answers to Correspondents cannot be fictitious, a romance and a life history being embodied in almost each of them."

Price 6d., post free, 7½d.,

FAMILY HERALD for Jan., Part 416. WILLIAM STEVENS, 421, Strand, London; and all Newsvendors and Railway Stations.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE: WITH BRIEF NOTES ON EGYPT AND EGYPTIAN OBELISKS. By Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S. With Illustrations. Cloth, price 5s.; post, 5s. 6d.
BRAIN and CO., 26, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Now ready, Royal 8vo, cloth, price 38s.

BURKE'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE and KNIGHTAGE for 1878, contains a record of the families of Privy Councillors, Knights of various Orders, and Knights Bachelors, and important information as to precedence. In this edition the Club Addresses have been added.
HARRISON and SONS, 59, Pall Mall, London, S.W., Booksellers to the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Folio, price 7s. 6d. each.

THROUGH THE EYE TO THE MIND—THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOKS: a Series of Volumes Illustrative of Natural History and of the Vegetable World, with Descriptive Letterpress.
"These volumes are among the most instructive picture books we have seen, and we know of none better calculated to excite and gratify the appetite of the young for the knowledge of nature."—*Times*.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Tenth Edition, with Fifty-four Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No 1; or, LESSONS FROM THE NATURAL HISTORY OF ANIMALS. By Adam White, late Assistant, Zoological Department, British Museum.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Fifth Edition, with many new Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 2; or, LESSONS FROM THE VEGETABLE WORLD. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "The Herb of the Field," &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Third Edition, with Sixty Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No 3: LESSONS ON THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, or the Natural History of the Quadrupeds which characterise the Four Divisions of the Globe.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Second Edition, with Forty-eight Folio Coloured Plates, price 7s. 6d.

THE INSTRUCTIVE PICTURE BOOK, No. 4: SKETCHES FROM NATURE, or Pictures of Animal and Vegetable Life in all Lands.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

Seventh Edition, with Thirty-six Oblong Coloured Illustrations, price 7s. 6d

RECREATIVE ILLUSTRATION— THE NEW PICTURE BOOK; or, PICTORIAL LESSONS ON FORM, COMPARISON, AND NUMBER, for Children under Seven Years of Age. With Explanation by Nicholas Bohny.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W

Crown 8vo, cloth, with Map and Illustrations, price 6s.

THE HEROES OF YOUNG AMERICA. By Ascott R. Hope, Author of "A Peck of Troubles," "A Book About Boys," "A Book About Dominoes," &c., &c.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W

Crown 8vo, with numerous Illustrations, price 6s.

ADVENTURES IN THE AIR: being Memorable Experiences of Great Aeronauts. From the French of M. De Fonvielle. Translated and edited by John S. Keltie.
London: EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

ATLASES.—All the best Atlases by Keith Johnston, Dr. Wm. Smith, The Useful Knowledge Society, Spruner, Stieler, Black, Philip, &c., in bindings suitable for presentation, from £1 to £6 6s., subject to a large discount for cash.
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

STATIONERY.—"Stanford's Treasury Note," 4s. per ream, "Whatman's, Turkey Mill," Repp, and all the Ordinary and Special qualities of Note Paper, with corresponding Envelopes in Stock. Samples and prices on application. Card plates, dies, book plates, &c., &c., Engraved in the best manner
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

DIARIES AND OTHER ANNUALS, 1878.—Letts', Pettitt's, De La Rue's, Marcus Ward's, Harwood's, Goldsmith's, Whitaker's, and other Diaries, Pocket Books, and Almanacs; Peerages, Court Guides, Foreign and Colonial Office List, Parliamentary and Clerical Directories, &c., &c., supplied on the day of publication, at a large discount for cash.
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

POMEROY ABBEY. MRS. HENRY WOOD'S ILLUSTRATED SERIAL STORY commences in the ARGOSY for JANUARY. Now ready.

Now ready for January,
MRS. HENRY WOOD'S MAGAZINE,

THE ARGOSY.
CONTENTS:
1. Pomeroy Abbey. By the Author of "East Lynne." Chap 1: Joan Pomeroy. Chap. 2: At the White House. Chap 3: The Keeper's Daughter. Illust. by M. Ellen Edwards.
2. Caromel's Farm. By Johnny Ludlow.
3. The Orkney and Shetland Islands. By Charles W. Wood, Author of "Through Holland." With Five Illusts.
4. Franz Werner. A Christmas Story.
5. The "British Workman."
6. The White Hen.
7. New Year's Night.

Sixpence Monthly.
"The best and cheapest of our magazines."—*Standard*.
"One of the marvels of the day."—*London Scotsman*
"An excellent collection of entertaining matter."—*Observer*.
"Johnny Ludlow's stories are almost perfect."—*Spectator*.
RICHARD BENTLEY and SON, 8, New Burlington St., W.

DANCING MADE EASY—COULON'S HANDBOOK OF DANCING is the most complete treatise on the subject, containing full descriptions of all dances, new and old, illustrated by upwards of forty woodcuts. Price 1s.; post free, 13 stamps.—A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, W. All new music half-price.

BY DR. BARR MEADOWS.
Seventh Edition, cloth, post free 32 stamps.

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Remarks on the Abuse of Arsenic and other reputed Specifics.—G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

24th Edition, 8vo, cloth, pp. 1,102; price 16s.

HOMŒOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. Laurie, M.D. Completely re-arranged and revised, by R. S. Gutteridge, M.D. The most comprehensive Guide published for the use of families, emigrants, and missionaries, being free of all technicalities. The present edition contains, in addition to the symptoms and treatment of all general diseases, including those of females and children, many important new chapters, comprising among others the specific characteristic effects of all the new American remedies, plain directions for the treatment of accidents, and illustrations delineating the minor operations in surgery. Hydropathic appliances, affection of the eyes (with a description of the eyes and their appendages, and illustrations showing the various parts of the eye). Full directions are also given for the treatment of diseases prevalent in tropical climates. A new and concise Dictionary of Medical Terms and Treatment, with leading indications of treatment prefixed to the various chapters and divisions.—An Epitome of the above, 29th Edition, price 5s.
LEATH and ROSS, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, London, W.

Now ready at all Booksellers.

LETTS'S DIARIES and POCKET BOOKS for 1878, to suit all classes. 116 varieties of size, from 6d. to 14s. each. Catalogues gratis.
LETTS, SONS, and CO. (Limited), 33, King William St., E.C.

MAPPIN and WEBB, Manufacturers,

76, 77, and 78, OXFORD, STREET, WEST END.

MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY.

THE HIGHEST QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICES.

MAPPIN and WEBB'S PRESENTS.

PRESENTS—SPOONS and FORKS.

PRESENTS—TABLE KNIVES.

PRESENTS—NOVELTIES.

PRESENTS—ORNAMENTALS.

PRESENTS—USEFUL.

PRESENTS—IMMENSE ASSORTMENTS.

ELECTRO SILVER.—STERLING SILVER.

CATALOGUES POST FREE.

MAPPIN and WEBB, MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, CITY.

76, 77, and 78, OXFORD STREET, WEST END.

WATCHES and JEWELLERY, Good and Cheap,
KIBBLE, 22, Gracechurch Street.
Gold Watches, from 45s. Silver, from 21s.
Aluminium, 21s. Keyless ditto, 42s.
The Fashionable Silver Jewellery.
Whitby Jet Mourning Ornaments.
Christmas Presents in great variety

MORTLOCK'S POTTERY

MINTON'S CHINA GALLERIES.

DINNER SERVICES.

BREAKFAST SERVICES.

TEA SERVICES.

TOILET SERVICES.

ENGRAVED AND PLAIN GLASS.

SOLE ADDRESSES: 202, 203, 204, OXFORD STREET; and 30, 31, and 32, ORCHARD STREET, LONDON.

DEEP BLUE DINNER SERVICES can be obtained at GARDNER'S, 453 and 454, West Strand, from £3 13s. 6d. The set for 12 persons complete. A few of the leading patterns are detailed:

The Glengariff	£3 13 6
The Feeles	3 13 6
The Laurel	3 13 6
The Bramble	4 4 0
The Madras	5 5 0

Photographs post free.

GARDNER'S NEW DINNER SER- VICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3 5 0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3 13 6
The Bramble, in all colours	4 4 0
The One Thousand and Two	5 5 0
The One Thousand and Two A	5 5 0
The Japanese Bamboo	6 6 0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNERS, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

JEWEL ROBBERIES.—CHUBB'S SAFES for JEWELS give the greatest security from the attacks of burglars, and are also Fire Resisting. All sizes, with various fittings. Chubb's Latches and Detector Locks. Price List sent free.—CHUBB and SON, 128, Queen Victoria Street, St. Paul's, E.C., and 68, St. James's Street, S.W.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—MECHI, 112, Regent Street, W.—Customers wishing to obtain for WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, or COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS, dressing-cases and dressing-bags, writing-cases, work-tables, inkstands, card-boxes, tea-caddies, cutlery in all its branches, electro-plated and silver dessert knives and forks, and other articles of utility or ornament, will find every variety in style, elegance, design, and price at MECHI'S, 112, Regent Street. Catalogues post free.

WINTER EVENINGS.—FRET- WORK MACHINE, with saws, 25 beautiful designs for 42s. Strong, elegant, and efficient. Send for sketch and description. May be obtained from any ironmonger, tool dealer, cutler, or direct from WM. MARPLES and SONS, Hibernia Works, Sheffield.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' One Shil- ling Moist Colour Box. Unadulterated pigments. Box in japanned tin.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and CO., 60, Regent St., Lond., and local Artists' Colourmen and Stationers.

PHOTOGRAPHS and VIGNETTES beautifully coloured for 2s.
Mrs. RUSSELL, 30, Seafield, West Brighton.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MIN- STRELS' NEW CHRISTMAS ALBUM contains no less than 18 new and beautiful songs (which cannot be obtained in any similar publication), published Saturday, Nov 24. Words, music, choruses, and pianoforte accompaniments. Price 1s., post free 14 stamps, addressed MANAGER, Moore and Burgess Minstrels, St. James's Hall.—Wholesale of J. WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street, W.

ASK FOR THE NEW YORK CONSOLIDATED CARD COMPANY'S

"SQUEEZER" PLAYING CARDS.
The highest finish, back and front, and handle like highly polished Ivory.
Retail of every Stationer, and Wholesale of
LAWRENCE BROTHERS, Sole Agents,
Viaduct Works, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

PETER ROBINSON'S
COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET,
Is the Cheapest and the Largest
Warehouse of the kind
in London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S
WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS,
REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.

"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—
with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required),
without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well
as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by
PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE
OF SEVERAL THOUSAND PIECES BY

PETER ROBINSON of Regent Street
OF THE BEST WEARING MAKES ONLY,
and highly recommended

Bonnet and Cie	at 5s. 0d
Jaubert	at 4s. 0d
Ponsons	at 5s. 3d.
Degoves	at 4s. 9d.

The above are from 2s. to 3s. per yard
under last year's prices.
The EMPRESS CACHEMIRE, at 6s.
Also Excellent Value at
2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 11d.
For Patterns address to
PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 262, Regent Street.

FOR SIX GUINEAS.

A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK,
with Velvet Garniture,
Exquisitely cut and fashioned.
Copies of expensive Paris Models.
Photos free.
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT.
For 2½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT.
At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

FOR TWO GUINEAS, and up to Seven,
Costumes in New Black Materials,
in various fashionable Styles,
At PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET,

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea.
Black Brussels Net, at 29s. 6d.
Tulle (condition keeping), 50s.
Grenadine, 52s. 6d.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed.
Illustrations free.

THE NEW CRAPE.
The Pure Silk Gordian Crape,
for Widows and Families.
Its advantages are—that it is made
of silk so pure, that it will not crease when sat upon
nor spot with rain.
It is a richer black, free from dress, and
the gummed appearance so objectionable in other Crape.
The wear of every yard is guaranteed.
The Gordian Crape is a Specialité,
only to be obtained at
PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET,
The MOURNING WAREHOUSE, Nos. 256 to 262.
Excellent qualities at 4s. 9d., 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.
Patterns free.

WATSON, BONTOR, and CO.,
IMPORTERS.
TURKEY CARPETS.
PERSIAN CARPETS.
INDIAN CARPETS.
35 and 36, OLD BOND STREET.

SHANKLIN, I.W.—TO BE LET UN- FURNISHED or TO BE SOLD, in the best part of this favourite health resort, a charming small VILLA RESIDENCE, containing drawing-room, 17 by 14, dining room and small study, 4 bedrooms and 1 dressing-room, a good kitchen, washhouse with soft water, usual offices, and every convenience. Town water laid on. It has a picturesque, steeply terraced garden, stocked with productive fruit trees and ornamental shrubs, which forms a part of the Upper Chine. Close to the celebrated Shanklin Chine. Four minutes from church, eight minutes from sea. Recently put into thorough repair. Rent on lease, £55. Price for lease of 999 years, £850.

AMERICAN ORGAN for SALE.—A fine AMERICAN ORGAN by MASON and HAMLIN, containing Automatic Swell, Foot Swell, Sub Bass, Diapason, Flute, Melodia, Dulciana, Octave Coupler, Euphone, 2 Pedals suitable for drawing room, and sufficiently powerful for schoolroom or small church. Cased in American Black Walnut. Cost 55 guineas, now offered for £40 cash.—Apply by letter to X 2, Messrs. Geo. Rees, 43, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

ROLLER SKATES.—THE CELE- BRATED "SWALLOW SKATE can be supplied in any quantities. References to numerous Rinks, where this Skate has long been in use, and greatly approved. Sample pair, 21s. Five handy sizes at wholesale price.—H. M. THOMAS, Office, 6, Clement's Inn, Strand.

A WIDOW LADY, who has many little Children entirely dependent on her, earnestly begs for orders for most exquisite etchings of animals. A beautiful specimen etching sent, with particulars of her case and references (if desired) on receipt of 5s. in stamps.—Address Box 23, Penzance.

DEBENHAM and FREEBODY.

STOCKTAKING SALE.

MONDAY, December 31st, and following DAYS, the WHOLE STOCK of

FANCY AND MADE-UP GOODS WILL BE OFFERED AT GREATLY

REDUCED PRICES.

BLACK AND COLOURED SILKS.

DRESS MATERIALS.

HOUSEHOLD DRAPERY.

RIBBONS AND TRIMMINGS.

MILLINERY.

DEBENHAM and FREEBODY.

STOCK-TAKING SALE.

COSTUMES and MANTLES at exceptionally Low Prices. FRENCH MODELS half-price.

JUVENILE COSTUMES—Boys' Suits.

"ODDMENTS" and REMNANTS in all Departments at half-price.

NEW YEARS' GIFTS, BRONZES, WORK BASKETS, VASES, FANCY BOXES, DRESSING CASES, CARDS, TOYS, GAMES, &c., suitable for presents, will be cleared at half-price.

DEBENHAM and FREEBODY,
WIGMORE ST. and WELBECK ST.,
LONDON, W.

FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER OF 1877.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street.

300 PIECES RICH
BLACK and COLOURED VELVETS, plain and brocaded in all the new designs, prices, Black and Plain Colours, from 4s. 11d., Brocaded, from 12s. 9d. Patterns free.

NEW COLOURED LYONS SILKS,
In White, Cream, Ivory,
Tilleul, Moonlight, Coral, Eau de Nil, &c., &c.,
specially prepared for
BRIDAL AND EVENING WEAR,
also every new shade of Bronze, Navy, Claret, Prune, &c., &c., at 3s. 6d., 3s. 11½d., 4s. 4½d., and 5s. 3d. per yard.
250 Shades to select from. Patterns free on application to
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

BLACK SILKS OF STANDARD QUALITY.
Heavily dyed and showy makes at low prices should be avoided.
PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, having kept for the past 25 years Black Silks produced by Messrs. Bonnet, Ponson, Jaubert, and Tapissier, which are found upon careful examination to be the best and purest makes, invites special attention to these fine qualities, as being cheaper than at any former period, and at the same time recommended with more confidence for really hard wear than any other make of Silk; in proof of purity and excellence the highest awards were given at Philadelphia. Each quality guaranteed not to cut.
Prices, 4s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. per yard. Patterns free.
PETER ROBINSON, 103 to 108, Oxford Street, W.

VERY FASHIONABLE THIS SEASON.
CASHMERE MERINOES, all wool, This most useful material can be had in every new shade of Bronze, Vert Bouteille, Prune, &c., &c., from 2s. 3d. to 2s. 11d. per yard, 45 inches wide. Patterns free.

EVERY NEW SHADE FOR
BALL AND EVENING DRESSES, in Gauzes, Diamond Lustres, Fine Cashmeres, Japanese Silks, Lisse Muslins, and other thin fabrics, from 9s. 6d. to 73s. 6d. the Dress.
The highest quality Japanese Silks at 1s. 11½d. per yard.
Patterns free from PETER ROBINSON, Oxford Street, W.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES REQUIRING
MADE BALL and Wedding Dresses. Now ready, several thousand charming Dresses in White, Black, and all colours, from 18s. 9d. to 10 guineas. Engravings of the above, with many others, can be seen in the New Book of Fashions, which is sent post free.

A FAVOURITE DRESS IN TARLATAN.
THE "DORA" (any Colour or Black), profusely trimmed with flounces and ample train, 1 guinea, a substantial box included.
A pretty Brussels Net Dress, in White, Black, and all colours, for 28s. 9d., with material for bodice.
Patterns of Materials and Illustrations free from
PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES REQUIRING MOURNING.
MESSRS. JAY, in reminding their clientèle that they are in direct communication with the manufacturers of the goods they supply, and thereby save them all intermediate profits, beg also to announce that they SELL whole Pieces of GOODS at WHOLESALE PRICES. Among other useful hard-wearing fabrics, at moderate charges, are

Victoria Cord, 1s. per yard, 27 in. wide.
Barathea, 1s. 3d. per yard, 39 in. wide.
All-Wool Serge, from 14d. per yard.
All-Wool French Poplin, 13d. per yard.
French Merinos, from 2s. per yard, 40 in. wide.
Circassian Cloth, from 18d. per yard, 39 in. wide.
Windsor Cloth, both sides alike, 1 guinea the dress of 12 yards.
Good Serviceable Crape, from 2s. per yard.

EVENING DRESSES. Two Guineas and Two and a Half Guineas each. The newest and most fashionable style, and made of non-crushing silk net. Pencil Drawings of the same postage free on application.
JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent Street, W.

GASK and GASK'S DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP. SALE of the WHOLE of their IMMENSE STOCK at incomparably low prices.
OXFORD STREET and WELLS STREET.

SALE of MANTLES, COSTUMES, SILKS, MILLINERY, UNDERCLOTHING, &c., being the latest delivery of goods ordered early, at exceedingly low prices.—GASK and GASK.

SALE of DRESS FABRICS, LINENS, BLANKETS, CURTAINS, LONG CLOTHS, &c. The whole of the Stock remaining is now being cleared off at exceptional prices.—GASK and GASK.

SALE of HOSIERY, GLOVES, LACE GOODS, FRENCH and FANCY ARTICLES innumerable, suitable for presents, all now marked at the lowest sale prices.—GASK and GASK.

GASK and GASK'S DISSOLUTION of PARTNERSHIP, and SALE of the whole of their IMMENSE STOCK at incomparably low prices. See above. 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, Oxford Street; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Wells Street.

LEWIS and ALLENBY.

WINTER SALE of

REDUCED GOODS

IN ALL DEPARTMENTS,

JAN. 1st to 19th, 1878.

ORIENTAL EMBROIDERIES.

LEWIS and ALLENBY

INVITE inspection of their very large and complete Collection, comprising Choice Specimens of JAPANESE, CHINESE, INDIAN, PERSIAN AND OTHER WORKS OF HIGH CLASS, as well as a large variety of low priced and less important articles. These are designed for Curtains, Screens, Cushions, Chairs, Table-covers, and other useful and decorative purposes, and are admirably suited for gifts of an elegant character. A great variety of the above are in Stock, ready mounted; the collection of Screens being exceptionally complete, and at a wide range of prices.

REGENT STREET AND CONDUIT STREET, LONDON,
AND EAST STREET, BRIGHTON.

HENRY GLAVE'S
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS for 1877.
GRENADINES for DINNER, BALL, and EVENING WEAR.

White Grenadines, with Coloured Stripes, 3¾d., and with Satin Stripes, 10¾d. a yard.
Plain White Wool Grenadines, 10¾d. and 1s. 3½d.
Black Self Stripe Grenadines, 6¾d. a yard.
Black very rich Satin Stripe Grenadines, 6¾d. and 8¾d.
Coloured Bengal Stripe Barèges, 7¾d., suitable for children.
A very pretty Grey Granite Barège, at 9¾d.
Black Checked Grenadines, at 4¾d. and 8¾d.
White-Ground, Coloured-Checked Grenadines, at 8¾d.
Pink, White, Sky, and Ecru Honeycomb Grenadines, at 1s. 0½d.
Black Dentelle Grenadines, 8¾d., 10¾d., and 1s. 0½d.
Black Silk Grenadines, 10¾d., 1s. 4½d., 1s. 6½d. and 1s. 11½d.
Black Honeycomb Grenadines, 1s. 9½d. a yard.
Black Bareges, 1s. 0½d., 1s. 3½d., 1s. 6½d., and 1s. 11½d.
Black Wool Norwich Grenadines, 6¾d., 8¾d., 1s. 0½d., 1s. 6½d., and 1s. 11½d.
Black Glacé Grenadines, 4¾d., 6¾d., and 8¾d. yard.
Patterns free
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
DOUBLE-WIDTH HOMESPUNS, SERGES, and MELTONS, measuring from 54 to 60 inches in width.
Double-width Homespun Serge, in Blue, Black, or Brown, 1s. 3½d. Double-width Scotch Serges, in Autumn Colours, 1s. 11½d. Double-width Melton Cloths, 1s. 6½d., 1s. 11½d., and 2s. 11½d.
Stout Double-width Matelasse, 3s. 11d. to 6s. 11d.
Stout Beaver and Napp Mantle Cloths, 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. Stout Camel's Hair Cloths, 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., and 7s. 11d. a yard.
All Patterns post free.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
CHRISTMAS BALL AND SOIREE DRESSES.
We have prepared photographs and sketches of the following New Styles, which are sent post free with patterns of material, instructions for self-measurement, and every other particular:—
"Robe de Bal," Coloured Tarlatan Dresses, 18s. 9d. or 25s. 9d.; "Palais Royal," 29s. 6d. or 35s. 6d.; "La Charmeuse," 2 and 2½ gs.; "Giroflée," 29s. 6d. or 37s. 6d.; "Fairy," 18s. 9d., 25s. 6d., or 29s. 6d.; "Ninon," 39s. 6d.; "Antoinette," 35s. 6d. and 2 gs.; "Yoland," 21s. 6d., 29s. 6d., and 35s. 6d.; "Gipsey," 3 gs. or £3 10s. 6d.; "Special Cheap Ball Dresses," complete, with made Bodice, in any Colour Tarlatan, 16s. 9d. each, made to measure in a few hours.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S
UNDERCLOTHING AND OUTFITTING.
A New Illustrated Price List is now ready, and can be sent free to any address.

300 dozen Ladies' Trimmed Nightdresses, 1s. 11½d. each, or three for 5s. 9d.; usual price 2s. 11½d. each.
Handsomely Trimmed Ladies' Nightdresses, with Scotch Insertion and edging, 4s. 11d.; or three for 14s. 6d.
Ladies' Trimmed Chemise, three rows insertion and edging, 2s. 6½d. each, or three for 7s. 4d.
Ladies' Handsomely Trimmed Chemise, 3s. 11½d. each, or three for 11s. 6d.; worth 5s. 11d. each.
Ladies' Plain Chemise, 1s. 4½d. each, three for 3s. 11d., or six for 7s. 10d.
100 dozen Ladies' Trimmed Knickerbockers, with insertion and edging, 2s. 6½d. each, or three for 7s. 4d.
50 dozen Ladies' Trimmed Drawers, 2s. 11½d. each, or three for 8s. 6d.

534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

HENRY GLAVE'S SALE
will commence on MONDAY, December 31.
Having bought the entire STOCK in TRADE of Mr. M. TURNER, of Brixham, Devonshire, altogether, we shall offer on the above and following days more than 20,000 pounds' worth of Silks, Dresses, Household Linens, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Lace, Mantles, Costumes, with upwards of 1,000 pounds' worth of various useful and ornamental fancy articles.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

ON TUESDAY NEXT, JANUARY 1, 1878.
HENRY GLAVE
will commence the SALE of the UNDERCLOTHING and OUTFITTING STOCK of Mr. L. R. WOODS, of Waltham New Town. This Stock consists of a large variety of made-up articles suitable for Ladies and Children.
534, 535, 536, and 537, New Oxford Street, London.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS.
REDUCTION
OF PRICES.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
30 inches long,
from 8 to 10 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
33 inches long,
from 9 to 12 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS
36 inches long,
from 10 to 14 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
40 inches long,
from 12 to 16 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS,
46 inches long,
from 20 to 25 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS, 40 inches long, richly trimmed with real marten tails, 12 inches deep, 20 gs.; Real Sable, 10 inches deep, 40 gs.; Skunk, 20 gs.

WAYRE'S SEAL PALETOTS can be sent on approval to any part of the United Kingdom by forwarding a reference in Town to

MESSRS. WAYRE, Manufacturing FURRIERS, 96, Oxford Street, and 332, Oxford Street (corner of Regent Circus). Established Half-a-Century.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 3s. 6d.; colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, book plates, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 9d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourne Street, corner of St. Martin's Lane.

VISITING CARDS by Culleton.—Fifty, best quality, 2s. 3d., post free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25 Cranbourn St. (corner of St. Martin's Lane), W.C.

CULLETON'S Guinea Box of Stationery contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

FOR ARMS and CREST SEND NAME and COUNTY to T. MORING, Inns of Court Heraldic Office, 44, High Holborn, W.C. Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, &c. Illustrated Price Lists Post free.

STATHAM'S PRESENTS for YOUTH. Endless Amusement for Holidays and Evenings. Illust. Catalogue, Polytechnic Amusements, Scientific Apparatus, Mechanical Models, Toys, Games. 3 stamps
W. E. STATHAM, 111¾, Strand, London.

THE NEW WONDER, "THE TELEPHONE," post free, 15 stamps. Produces the greatest wonder and astonishment. Can communicate at long distances in the house.—STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, 54, Cheapside, and 110 and 108, Regent Street. The "Christmas Guinea Box" just out, with all the Novelties. "It is a Christmas institution."—*Punch.*

CONSUMPTION: its Proximate Cause and Specific Treatment by the HYPOPHOSPHITES, upon the Principles of Stœchiological Medicine, by
JOHN FRANCIS CHURCHILL, M.D.,
With an Appendix on the Direct Treatment of Respiratory Diseases (Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.) by Stœchiological Inhalants And Reports of nearly Two Hundred Cases by Drs. Churchill, Campbell, Heslop, Sterling, Bird, Santa Maria, Gomez, Maestre, Parigot, Rainvillier, Galves, Leriverend, Denobele, Feldman, Pfeiffer, Vintras, Bougard, Tirlfahy, Lanil, Fabbri, Panegrossi, Cerasi, Gualdi, Todini, Ascenzi, Regnoli, Valentini, Casati, Blasi, Borromeo, Fiorelli, and Fedeli.
London: LONGMANS and CO. Price 21s.

CONSUMPTION! CONSUMPTION! SILPHIUM CYRENAICUM (the celebrated plant of the Ancients) has now been acknowledged by the principal celebrities of the French faculty to be the only cure for Consumption, and all affections of the Pulmonary Organs, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., &c. Its effect is magical, and the cure certain. To be obtained from all Chemists, with pamphlets, full instructions, &c. Wholesale from London Patent Medicine houses.

THOMPSON AND CAPPER'S
DENTIFRICE WATER
Arrests Decay in the Teeth and Sweetens the Breath. 55, Bold Street, Liverpool. Sold in 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. Bottles, by all Chemists.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the finest purifiers of the blood. They speedily correct all disorders of the liver and stomach, are invaluable in cases of dysentery, and as a general family medicine have no equal.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, and children. Of all Chemists.

DR. LELIEVRE'S ICELAND MOSS POULTICE (Patented) is exempt from all the inconveniences inseparable from Poultices made with Linseed or Bread. These spoil the linen, bedding, &c., dry up on the edges, rapidly ferment, giving a most unpleasant odour; and no dependence can be placed on the quality and freshness of the linseed meal. This New Poultice is instantaneous, for it is ready in a few seconds. Sold retail by all Chemists.
Wholesale: RIGOLLOT and CO., 81, Southwark St., London.

LESLIE'S ALMONDISED COD LIVER OIL (Registered).
No disagreeable smell or taste, no nausea.
Taken readily by the most delicate constitution and by Children.
"The natural nauseous taste of the Oil is disguised with considerable art. Children take it with avidity."—See *Lancet, British Medical Journal, Sanitary Record, Medical Times, Medical Press, Medical Record, &c.*
Prices—Pints, 4s. 6d.; half pints, 2s. 4d.; quarter pints, 1s. 3d., Imperial Measure.
Retail of all Chemists and Druggists, and Wholesale of LESLIE and CO. (Limited), Bond Court House, Walbrook, London.

THROAT IRRITATION.
EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUJUBES.
Sold only in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. labelled
JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly.

CORPULENCE.—YATE HOLLAND'S EMACERATING POWDERS speedily and safely absorb superfluous fat and reduce corpulency, however long standing. 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 11s. a box.—MARTIN and CO., 3, Paradise Road, London, S.W.; or through any Chemist.

NATURAL MINERAL WATERS.
VICHY.
Property of the French Government.
CELESTINS.—The water of this spring is very agreeable, sparkling, and slightly acidulated. Remedy for complaints of the Kidneys, Gravel, Gout, Diabetes, Rheumatism, &c.
HAUTERIVE.—This spring contains a greater quantity of carbonic acid, and is especially recommended as a table water.
GRANDE-GRILLE.—For complaints of the Liver and Biliary Organs, Indigestion, &c.
HOPITAL.—For Stomach complaints, &c.
VICHY WATERS are pleasant to the taste, and may be drank pure or mixed with wine or spirits.
CAUTION.—See that the name of the particular water required is on the capsule.
Sold by all Chemists, Wine, and Mineral Merchants.
Price One Shilling per Bottle.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CONSTIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.
The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families.*"
Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 82, Southwark Street, London.

FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH.— This excellent Family Medicine is the most effective remedy for indigestion, bilious and liver complaints, loss of appetite, drowsiness, giddiness, spasms, and all disorders of the stomach and bowels; or where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.
For FEMALES, these Pills are truly excellent, removing the distressing headache so very prevalent, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

MR. HERON, 10, Arthur Street, Belfast, writes: "DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS allayed the inflammation of my throat, relieved the cough, and gave me ease at once." Price 1s. 1½d.

MALVERN COLLEGE. The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS and SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on December 20th and 21st.

THE WANDERERS' CLUB, Pall Mall. This Club having now reached 1,378 Members, there remain only 200 VACANCIES.
Annual Subscription: Town Members, 8 guineas; Country Members, 4 guineas; Members Abroad, 2 guineas. Present Entrance Fee, 10 guineas. Apply to the Secretary.

THE GRAND HOTEL, LONDON.— The extensive building now in course of erection on the site of the historical mansion of the Dukes of Northumberland at the corner of Northumberland Avenue, Trafalgar Square, will, when completed, be opened as a first-class Hotel.
Messrs. GORDON and CO., Proprietors.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (or NORTH LONDON) HOSPITAL.
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR AID.

Ordinary Annual Expenditure over . . .	£13,000
Reliable Income from Dividends, Annual Subscriptions, &c.	7,600
Deficit . . .	£5,400

The total amount of RELIEF AFFORDED TO NEW CASES FROM JANUARY 1 TO OCTOBER 31 THIS YEAR has been as follows:—In-Patients, 1,687. Out-Patients, 4,762. Casualties, 5,100. Ophthalmic Cases, 1,184. Cases of Diseases of the Skin, 655. Cases of Childbirth attended at the patients' own habitations, 1,337. Total, 14,725.
The Committee most earnestly appeal to the benevolent public for pecuniary assistance to enable them to PAY OFF the above liability of the past year. SUBSCRIPTIONS received by Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, or at the Hospital.
NEWTON H. NIXON, Secretary.

NATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, Gray's Inn Road. Established 1864.
PHYSICIAN—Dr. BARR MEADOWS, 47, Victoria Street, S.W.
Free to necessitous; payment required from other applicants.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.— THE CREAM OF OLD IRISH WHISKIES.
Pure, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome.
Universally recommended by the Medical Profession.
Dr. HASSALL says:—"The Whisky is soft, mellow and pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."
20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, W.

COCK'S READING SAUCE
Is the best and most economical Sauce ever manufactured
FOR FISH, ENRICHING SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
It only requires a trial to convince the purchaser of its excellence.
CAUTION.—The genuine is protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature on a white ground across the Reading Arms.

THE ESSEX FLOUR AND GRAIN COMPANY, LIVERPOOL ROAD, LONDON, N., supply the best goods only. Whites for pastry, 10s. per bushel; households for bread, 9s. 4d.; wheat meal for brown bread, 8s. 6d.; coarse Scotch oatmeal, 3s. 2d. per 14 lbs.; fine, 3s. 4d.; American hominy, 4s.; barley, maize, and barley meal, 5s. 8d. per bushel, or 21s. 6d. per sack; buckwheat, 5s. per bushel, or 19s. per sack; oats, 4s. per bushel; crushed oats, 3s. 6d. per bushel, or 13s. 6d. per sack; middlings, 2s. 4d. per bushel; ground pollard, 1s. 8d.; peas, 7s. 6d.; tick beans, 8s.; split peas, 2s. 6d. and 3s. per peck; meat biscuits, 20s. per cwt.; lentil flour for invalids, in tins, 1 lb. size, 1s., and 7 lbs., 5s. All other kinds of grain and seed. Special prices for larger quantities. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be made in favour of GEORGE YOUNG

NEW YORK.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Wholesale Depôt: Smith and Vanderbeek, Park Place.

PARIS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

Depôt: A. Delafosse, Faubourg St. Honoré, 64.

WEIGH YOUR CANDLES.—Many Foreign Light-Weights are about. All the Candles of PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE COMPANY (Limited) are intended to be the exact weight without the wrapper. Try their Gold Medal Palmitine, burning brilliantly but slowly, and of the transparency of the finest Spermaceti. Try also their New Patent Night Lights, made without the paper case. Order of your own dealer.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S WIGS and
SCALPS, from 35s.
47, FENCHURCH STREET.

PROFESSOR BROWNE'S Hair Department for Ladies comprises a large collection of Long Hair Head Dresses, Crop and Frizzy ditto, Chignons, Plaits, Coils, Coronets, Cachepugnes, and covered Stems in all shades of colour to suit the present fashion. Also Bands, Fronts, and Curls.—47, Fenchurch Street.

PROFESSOR BROWNE has the largest stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Ornamental Hair in the World always on view at his Establishment, 47, Fenchurch Street, London.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's Aureoline produces, by two or three applications, the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. of all perfumers and chymists. Wholesale, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 5, Great Marlborough Street, W., and 93 and 95, City Road, E.C., London; Pinaud & Meyer, Boul. de Strasbourg, 37, Paris; 31, Graben, Vienna; and Rue des Longs Chariots, Brussels

GREY HAIR RESTORED to its Original Colour in one week by the use of CHARLES BOND'S HAIR RENOVATOR. The quickest, safest, and cheapest Hair Colour Restorer extant. Large Bottles, 5s. 6d. each; carriage free for six extra stamps.—CHARLES BOND, 239, Oxford Street (opposite Marble Arch), W.

NUDA VERITAS.—Grey Hair restored by this valuable specific to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. One trial will convince it has no equal. Price 10s. 6d., of all Chemists and Hairdressers. Testimonials post free.—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

BREIDENBACH'S TALIPAT BLOSSOMS.—The NEW SCENT for 1877. A great novelty, and quite different to all others. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 10s., 20s. Sole Address, 157a, New Bond Street, London. All kinds of Perfumery for Export duty free.

IF YOUR HAIR IS WEAK USE
BREIDENBACH'S MACASSARINE OIL, 1s.; or three bottles in one, 2s. 6d.—Sole Address, 157a, New Bond St. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Drapers.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

HOMŒOPATHIC HOSPITAL (SELECT) FOR LADIES, BOLTON HOUSE, 192, Clapham Road, Surrey. Established 1867. A private home where patients suffering from serious diseases, and requiring special supervision, can obtain the best medical and surgical treatment without incurring anxiety in their own homes. Treatise of successful cures forwarded for twelve stamps. Physician, DAVID JONES, M.D. Consultations daily, 11 till 1 (Tuesday and Friday excepted), at 15, Welbeck St., London.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of gout or rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.
They require no restraint of diet during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box

NEW DANCE MUSIC.

CHARLES D'ALBERT.—CHAPPELL and CO. have much pleasure in announcing the publication of several novelties by the above popular and favourite composer of dance music.

	s.	d.	
THE ENGAGED WALTZ	2	0	net.
THE DISTANT SHORE. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's Song	2	0	"
THE SWEETHEARTS LANCERS, on Arthur Sullivan's Song and other favourite and original melodies	2	0	"
THE CLEOPATRA GALOP	2	0	"
THE FANFARE POLKA	1	6	"
THE MOLLIE DARLING QUADRILLE	2	0	"
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite Composer."	2	0	"
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Cantata	2	0	"
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2	0	"
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2	0	"
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	2	0	"
RINK GALOP	1	6	"
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	2	0	"
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2	0	"
PRINCESS MARIE GALOP	1	6	"
SICILY QUADRILLE. Companion to "Como"	2	0	"
TWILIGHT DREAMS WALTZES	2	0	"
CHARLESTOWN QUADRILLES on Popular Airs	2	0	"
WEDDING QUADRILLE, on Christy Minstrel Melodies	2	0	"
COMO QUADRILLE, on Italian airs	2	0	"
BONNIE DUNDEE QUADRILLE	2	0	"
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN WALTZES	2	0	"
MOUNTAIN DAISY WALTZES	2	0	"
LILY OF THE VALLEY WALTZES	2	0	"
WEST-END POLKA. (20th Edition)	2	0	"

N.B. A Complete List of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application.

DAN GODFREY AND OTHER FAVOURITE COMPOSERS.

	s.	d.	
THE ROYAL WELSH LANCERS	2	0	net.
PLANTATION LANCERS	2	0	"
POLO LANCERS, on Favourite and Popular Tunes	2	0	"
ISIDORA WALTZ. New Waltz	2	0	"
LITTLE NELL WALTZ	2	0	"
CHRISTMAS ECHOES QUADRILLE, on Popular Airs	2	0	"
KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK LANCERS	2	0	"
MERRY TUNES LANCERS	2	0	"
YOUNG FRIENDS' QUADRILLE	2	0	"
OLD FRIENDS' QUADRILLE	2	0	"
MABEL WALTZ	2	0	"
BARBE-BLEUE QUADRILLE	2	0	"
ROYAL ALFRED QUADRILLE	2	0	"
HILDA WALTZ	2	0	"
GUARDS' WALTZ	2	0	"
AU REVOIR WALTZ. WALDTEUFEL	2	0	"
LES MESSAGE DES FLEURS VALSE. LAMOTHE	2	0	"
CHANTS DE L'AUBE VALSE. LAMOTHE	2	0	"
TOUT A FAIT POLKA. HENRI LOUIS	1	6	"
"This polka will become an immense favourite."			
CAROLINA WALTZ. HENRY LOUIS	2	0	"
LA FIANCEE POLKA. J. MEREDITH BALL	1	6	"
HILDRED WALTZ. J. MEREDITH BALL	2	0	"
GROSVENOR POLKA. A. W. NICHOLSON	1	6	"
KATHARINA GALOP. PERCY REEVE	1	6	"

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SPECIALITIES IN PIANOFORTES FOR EXPORT.

50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COLONIAL MODEL PIANOFORTES, Iron Plates, Extra Strong Bracings, Felt on Hammers, Panned Solid Panel, &c. Rosewood, 45 gs.; Walnut, 50 gs. Or Solid Dark Wood, Iron Pin Plates and Extra Screws, 50 gs.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S CROSS STRUNG IRON FRAMED OBLIQUE GRAND PIANOFORTE. Rosewood, 90 gs.; Walnut, 95 gs. Solid Wood, Extra Screwed for Tropical Climates, 100 gs. The strongest that can be manufactured. More powerful in tone than the small Grands.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRING PIANOFORTES. CHAPPELL and CO. let the following PIANOFORTES on HIRE, and the Instrument becomes the property of the hirer at the expiration of the third year, provided each quarterly instalment shall have been regularly paid on the following terms:—

At £8 8s. per annum; £2 2s. per quarter.

A PIANINO, by CHAPPELL and CO., in Plain Mahogany or Walnut Case, 6 7-8 Octaves, with Check Action. Cash price for this Instrument, 20 gs.

At £10 10s. per annum; £2 12s. 6d. per quarter.

AN ELEGANT PIANINO, in best Walnut and Rosewood, with ornamented Fret, 6 7-8 Octaves, Check Action, and three strings—throughout the treble. Cash price, 27 gs. Models B or C in Catalogue.

At £12 12s. per annum; £3 3s. per quarter.

A HANDSOME COTTAGE PIANOFORTE, by CHAPPELL and CO., in Rosewood, 7 Octaves. Cash price, 32 gs. No. 2 in Catalogue.

At £14 per annum; £3 10s. per quarter.

A HANDSOME COTTAGE PIANOFORTE, by CHAPPELL and CO., in Walnut Case, 7 Octaves. Cash price, 35 gs. No. 2 in Catalogue.

At £16 per annum; £4 per quarter.

THE ENGLISH MODEL PIANOFORTE, by CHAPPELL and CO., in very handsome Rosewood, 7 Octaves. Cash price, 40 gs. Ditto, ditto, in Walnut Case, £4 10s. per quarter. Cash price, 45 gs. No. 4 in Catalogue.

At £20 per annum; £5 per quarter.

THE FOREIGN MODEL PIANOFORTE, by CHAPPELL and CO., in Rosewood Case, 7 Octaves, Check Action, and three strings. Cash price, 50 gs. Ditto, ditto, in elegant Walnut, £5 10s. per quarter. Cash price, 55 gs.

The above Pianofortes are exchangeable during the first quarter.

Residents abroad can be supplied with Pianofortes on this system, the hire being paid annually instead of quarterly, in advance.

The THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM IS APPLICABLE TO PIANOS OF ALL KINDS.

Upwards of 100 varieties.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRING ALEXANDRE'S ORGAN HARMONIUMS.

No.		Per Quarter.
	At £5 5s. per annum.	
1.	Mahogany. One Stop, or knee swell	1 6 3
	At £6 per annum.	
4.	Carved Oak. Seven Stops	1 10 0
	At £8 16s. per annum.	
4a.	Carved Oak. Ten Stops	2 4 0
	At £10 10s. per annum.	
5.	Rosewood, Walnut, or Oak. Eleven Stops	2 12 6
	At £16 per annum.	
10.	Oak Case. Fifteen Stops. Percussion	4 0 0
	At £20 per annum.	
11.	Rosewood or Walnut. Fifteen Stops. Percussion	5 0 0
	At £14 per annum.	
	EXHIBITION MODEL. Fifteen Stops. Oak	3 10 0
	At £11 4s. per annum.	
No. 1.	DRAWING-ROOM MODEL. Rosewood, Walnut, or Oak	2 16 0
	At £16 per annum.	
No. 2.	DRAWING-ROOM MODEL. Rosewood, Walnut, or Oak	4 0 0
	At £26 per annum.	
No. 3.	DRAWING-ROOM MODEL. Rosewood, Walnut, or Oak	6 10 0
	At £30 per annum.	
No. 4.	DRAWING-ROOM MODEL. Rosewood or Walnut	7 10 0
	At £60 per annum.	
	THE HARP ÆOLIENNE. Modele de Salon. Nineteen Stops. Percussion action. Double expression	15 0 0

CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIPE ORGANS for DRAWING-ROOMS or CHURCHES, from 50 gs. to 200 gs., for SALE or HIRE, on the Three Years' System. Specifications for Organs suitable for any building or climate sent on application.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW ALEXANDRE ORGANS, from 20 gs. to 115 gs. A large number of these Instruments returned from Hire will be sold at greatly reduced prices for cash, or on the Three Years' System. Illustrated lists free by post.

50, New Bond Street.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS are to be had of every Musicseller and Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, the Colonies, and India, or will be sent direct post free at half the marked price (bound works and cheap vocal part music excepted) to any part of the world on receipt of remittance or satisfactory reference.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S CATALOGUES of MUSIC.

Part 1. PIANO, ORGAN, HARMONIUM.
Part 2. VOCAL.
Part 3. HARP, CONCERTINA.
Part 4. VIOLIN, VIOLONCELLO, ORCHESTRA, &c.
Part 5. FLUTE, CORNET, CLARIONET, &c.

Sent gratis and post free to any part of the World.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square, London.

MARRIOTT'S NAVAL QUADRILLE. A new and extremely effective set on popular naval airs. Price 4s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

MARRIOTT'S MILITARY QUADRILLE. Just published. A remarkably attractive and vigorous set on popular martial airs. Price 4s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

Now Ready, at all Music and Book Sellers, or sent post free for thirteen stamps

ASHDOWN and PARRY'S THIRD ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.

CONTENTS:—

Valse	Pauline	C. Coote, jun.
Quadrille	Chilperic	Marriott.
Galop	After Dark	Montgomery.
Polka	Hinah Rose	C. Godfrey.
Lancers	Princess Louise	C. Godfrey.
Schottische	Jenny Bell	H. C. Swallon.
Quadrille	England and Wales	Marriott.
Valse	Kathleen Mavourneen	Montgomery.
Galop	Wind Up	C. Godfrey.
Country Dance	Off She Goes	Old English.

Price One Shilling.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

CARE IS ALL FIDDLE-DE-DEE. A merry Christmas Song with Chorus (from the Extravaganza "The Miller and His Man"). Words by F. C. BURNAND; Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Price 3s.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

KING CHRISTMAS. J. L. HATTON'S celebrated Song. The popularity of this capital baritone Song is ever on the increase. Price 3s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S FOUR NEW PIECES.

	s.	d.
Figaro. Fantasia on Mozart's Opera	4	0
Cynthia. Serenade	4	0
Souvenir de Bal	4	0
Air Danois	4	0

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

SYDNEY SMITH'S NAZARETH.—Transcription of Gounod's grand composition for the Piano. Solo, 4s.; Duet, 5s.

London: ASHDOWN and PARRY.

POPULAR CLASSICS.—A series of sterling compositions for the Pianoforte Solo. Selected, edited, and fingered by WALTER MACFARREN. Sixty Numbers, price from 2s. to 5s. each. The series contains some of the most celebrated and beautiful works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Steibelt, Dussek, Hummel, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Detailed Lists forwarded gratis post free to any part of the world.

ASHDOWN and PARRY, Hanover Square.

DANCE MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO. Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps. Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d. each.

No. 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe.
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.

SIX WALTZES BY JOSEPH GUNG'L.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Gräfenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schönster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tout du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancee Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

CONTENTS OF NO. 5.

Amoretten Tänze Waltzes, duet	Gung'l.
Soldaten Lieder Waltzes, duet	Gung'l.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical PianoFORTE SCHOOL.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

SWING WALTZ. By C. Danzi. Illustrated Title. Price 4s.

LAWN TENNIS SCHOTTISCHE.

By T. CAMPBELL. Illustrated Title. Price 3s.

FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

HY. KLEIN'S NEW DANCE MUSIC.

THE WINIFRED WALTZ. 2s. net.
ELECTRICITY VALSE. 2s. net.
LIEB GRETCHEN (Daisy Dear) WALTZ. 2s. net.
IDA GALOP. 1s. 6d. net.

Post free of all Musicsellers and the Publishers, H. SMALL and CO., 2, Darville Road, Rectory Road, N.

TO LADIES.—SALE of NEW MUSIC at a large reduction in price. The most popular songs, pieces, or dances of the day sent post free from 4d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., &c. Best editions, new copies, all publishers. Catalogues sent post free.—A. M. MOFFATT, 3, Barnsbury St., N.

MUSICAL-BOX Depot, 56, Cheapside, London, E.C.—Nicoles' celebrated Musical Boxes, playing best secular and sacred music. Price £4 to £120. Snuff-Boxes, 18s. to 60s. Catalogues gratis and post free.—Apply WALES and M'CULLOCH, as above.

£20 SCHOOL-ROOM PIANO (Cooperative price for cash). Seven octaves, strong, sound, and substantial. Adapted for hard practice. Carefully packed free. Drawings gratis on application. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., Portman Sq.

PIANOS, £16—Pianos, £18—Pianos, £20—GREAT SALE of PIANOS returned from Hire. Full compass, 7 octaves. In excellent condition, equal to new, at half the original prices. Packed free and forwarded to any part of the kingdom. Descriptive lists post free on application. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker St., London, W.

EBONY and GOLD PIANOS, 28 Guineas, 35 Guineas, and 45 Guineas.—These charming and elegant Pianos, with ormolu embellishments, elaborately carved work, repetition action, and every recent improvement, may now be obtained at the above low prices for cash, or on the three years' system at one guinea per month. The Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

PIANO, £35 (Civil Service cash price).—Trichord Drawing Room Model, repetition action, grand, rich, full tone, handsome Italian walnut-wood case, elaborately carved fretwork front, and cabriole truss legs. The usual price charged for this instrument is 50 guineas. THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST ALL MUSIC POST FREE AT HALF-PRICE.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS."

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE. OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

Now Ready.

Suite de Valse, by O. Metra. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Quadrilles, by Arban. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Brilliant Fantasia, by E. Moniot. 1s. 6d. net.
Rondeau Valse, by B. Richards. 1s. 6d. net.
Chanson du Mousse, by B. Richards. 2s. net.
Valse Brillante, by B. Richards. 2s. net.
Polka Mazurka, by Natif. 1s. 6d. net.
Polka, by Arban. 1s. 6d. net.

In the Press.

Complete Opera, piano and score, 2s. 6d. net.
Vocal Score, English and French Words.
Selections of Airs, in two books, by Cramer. 1s. 6d. each.
Also arrangements by W. Kuhe.

N.B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.

MY SAILOR LOVE. Words by E. OXENFORD. Music by LOUIS DIEHL. Net, 1s. 6d. An exceedingly pretty song in A. Its sprightly, easily flowing melody will make it acceptable to amateurs, whilst there is sufficient artistic merit to attract the notice of the concert singer. Compass from E to F.

SO SINGS THE LARK. Words by E. OXENFORD. Music by FRANZ ABT. This is one of the most charming effusions of this talented composer; it is a song of genuine beauty, with delicately-written accompaniment, imitating the trilling of the lark. Key of E, ranging from D to E.

J. LEYBACH'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.

Chant de Bivouac. 3s.	Zampa. 4s.
Fête des Bergères. 3s.	Tancredi. 4s.
Festa Romana. 4s.	L'Elisire. 4s.
L'Alsacienne. 4s.	Pégase Galop. 3s.
Bolero Brillant. 4s.	Chant du Patrie. 3s.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' JOYFUL PEASANT (DER LUSTIGE BAUER), Schumann's popular melody. 3s.

This is decidedly the most taking arrangement of this charming theme.—*Vide* Press.

ARDITI'S L'INGENUE. GAVOTTE.

Piano Solo. 3s.
SMALL BAND. 1s. 6d. net.
FULL ORCHESTRA. 2s. net.

As performed at the Promenade Concerts.

FLORIAN PASCAL. BERCEUSE.

SMALL BAND. 2s. net.
LA PRINCESSE. GAVOTTE MODERNE. BAND PARTS. 2s. net.

As performed at the Promenade Concerts.

SPRING SONG. By J. Leybach. ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN WORDS.

"A perfect little gem, easy to sing and play."

Compass D to F (in C). Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONGS by J. Leybach.

LIFE'S AUTUMN (in A). Compass E to G flat.
THE SIRENS (in F). Compass C to F.
BRIGHT STARS OF HEAVEN (in C). Compass D to F.
MAIDEN AND THE BIRDS (in B flat). Compass D to F.

Post free, 18 stamps each.

NEW SONG by Florian Pascal.—DAWN-SONG (Aubade), with English and Italian Words. Sung with the greatest success by Signor Giannini at Arditi's Concerts. Post free, 24 stamps. The special attention of Tenors is invited to this most artistic and effective Song.

CATALOGUES SENT POST FREE. Sole Agents for Moore and Burgess Minstrels' Songs. Shipping Orders on favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867.

BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.

Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

JULIA WOOLF'S NEW SONGS.

A GREAT SECRET. Words by F. E. Weatherly, Esq.
THE BEE AND THE ROSE. Words by Agnes Trevor.

"There is an irresistible charm of melody in both these songs."—*Daily News.*

Post free 24 stamps.

B. WILLIAMS, 60, Paternoster Row.

ROBERT STANLEY'S NEW SONGS.

DEAR LITTLE FLOWERS.
WHEN LOVE'S GLOW HATH GONE BY.
EASTING.

Price 2s. each net.

J. B. CRAMER and CO., 201, Regent Street.

NEW MUSIC by Mary Travers (post free)

Faithful	2s. 0d. net.
It Was Nothing But a Rose, E flat, F, A flat	2s. 0d. net.
Wishing, E flat, F	1s. 6d. net.
Coquette, Morceau de Salon	1s. 6d. net.
Impromptu (in D)	2s. 0d. net.
Original Air, with Variations (in A)	1s. 6d. net.

ASHBEE and HOLLOWAY, 23, Spring St., Hyde Park, W.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY.

Polished Brass Writing Sets of special designs.

Sets for the Writing Table and Boudoir, 21s. to £10.

Envelope Cases,	21s. to £5	Jewel Cases,	21s. to £5
Inkstands,	5s. to £5	Glove Boxes,	10s. 6d. to £2
Despatch Boxes,	21s. to £6	Handkerchief Boxes,	10s. to £2
Writing Cases,	10s. 6d. to £5	Caskets,	15s. to £5
Candlesticks (pair),	12s. to £3	Flower Vases,	21s. to £5
Candelabra,	42s. to £5	Jardinières (pair),	42s. to £5
Work Boxes,	15s. to £5	Card Trays,	21s. to £5

Rodrigues' Ladies' Dressing Case, silver-fitted, £10 10s.

And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese and Parisian NOVELTIES, for PRESENTS, from 5s. to £5.

RODRIGUES' DRESSING BAGS for TRAVELLING, with silver and plated fittings, from £3 3s. to £50; Hand Bags, Waist Bags, Carriage Bags, and Bags of all kinds, at very moderate prices.—42, Piccadilly.

PORTRAIT Albums at Rodrigues', with patent leather guards, interleaved for vignette and cabinet portraits, from 10s. 6d. to £5. Rodrigues' New Easel Album. Regimental and Presentation Albums.—42, Piccadilly.

RODRIGUES' Monograms, Crests, and ADDRESSES designed, and STEEL DIES engraved as gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour relief, and brilliantly illuminated in gold, silver, bronze, and colours in the highest style of art.—42, Piccadilly.

BALL PROGRAMMES at Rodrigues'.—All the new patterns of the season arranged, printed, and stamped in the latest fashion. BILLS OF FARE, GUEST CARDS, and INVITATIONS.—42, Piccadilly.

VISITING CARDS, at H. Rodrigues'. A card plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superfine cards printed for 4s. 6d. BOOK PLATES designed and engraved in Modern and Mediæval Styles at RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

PULVERMACHER'S "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF EXHAUSTED VITAL ENERGY."

In this Pamphlet the most reliable proofs are given of the vast and wonderful curative powers of Pulvermacher's Patent Galvanic Chain-Bands, Belts, &c., in Rheumatic, Nervous, and Functional Disorders. Sent post free for three stamps, on application to

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 194, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—CURTAINS.—OETZMANN and CO. beg to announce that they have now received all their new designs in CURTAINS and CURTAIN MATERIALS, British and Foreign, of every description; some of the designs are very artistic. An early inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67 to 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT RD.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OETZMANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77, and 79, Hampstead Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory, Albion Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle Place, London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Drapery, Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Hangings, Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisite for completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF PREMISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY having been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS, it is now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in the world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully solicited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and CO. are enabled to offer special advantages to country customers in delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans, and fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive catalogue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

READY MONEY versus CREDIT or BOOKING.—Messrs. OETZMANN and CO.'s business is conducted on the co-operative system of small profits, and cash payments, with the extra advantages of centralised management and personal proprietary supervision, the public receiving all the benefit of the co-operative system without its inherent trouble and annoyances, and the prices will be found lower than those charged at Co-operative Stores. This system offers great advantages to those in a position to pay ready money.—OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, handsomely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in rich Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk and Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites, from 12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas; solid Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spanish Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guineas; Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 15s.; handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.

OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'S BEDROOM SUITES.—One of the largest and best assortments in the kingdom to select from, displayed in Showrooms 228 feet long, with Bedsteads and Bedding fitted up for inspection. Bedroom Suite, consisting of Wardrobe, Chest of Drawers, Washstand, Toilet Table and Glass, Towel Airer, 3 Chairs, and Pedestal Cupboard, from 6½ guineas complete. Some new and elegant designs, at 15, 18, and 21 guineas. Large and handsomely decorated Bedroom Suites, in Ash, Pitch Pine, and other Woods, at 28, 36, 50, and 75 guineas. Also in Black and Gold, 50 guineas upwards.—OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'S PATENT MATTRESS, the COMPENDIUM, requires no other mattress, palliasse, or bed to be used with it, and is at once the healthiest, softest, most economical, and complete bed extant. Descriptive catalogue post free.

ARTISTIC CANE WINDOW BLINDS and SCREENS.—These fashionable Blinds can now be had from stock or made to order in any size or design; also Cane and Wicker Chairs, Ladies' Needlework Mounts, Flower Stands, &c., in colours or black and gold. Prices considerably below those usually charged for these goods. Illustrated price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

PAPER-HANGINGS. — OETZMANN and CO.—PAPER HANGINGS at WHOLESALE PRICES.—A great reduction in price. All the new patterns are now on view at the Show Rooms.—OETZMANN and CO.

LINOLEUM.—OETZMANN and CO.—LINOLEUM.—Warm, soft, carpet-like in appearance, and very durable. ALL the NEW PRIZE DESIGNS are NOW in STOCK. A visit of inspection solicited. Prices below those usually charged for this favourite floor covering. The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—These superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN and CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manufacture, have all the style and appearance of real Turkey Carpets, at little more than the price of good Brussels, and are very durable. Price lists post free on application. For the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piece showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s., which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upon return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d. A large stock of real Turkey carpets at reduced prices.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual price 15s. 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attainable with the least possible weight, and are of the very best quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

LINEN DEPARTMENT.—Fine white Linen Damask Table Cloths, 2 yards long, 3s. 11d.; 2½ yards long by 2 yards wide, 5s. 11d.; 3 yards by 2½ yards, 8s. 11d.; 3½ yards by 2½ yards, 12s. 6d.; 4 yards by 2½ yards, 15s.; Breakfast Cloths, from 1s. 11d.; strong Linen Kitchen Table Cloths, 1s. 11d. each; stout Huckaback, from 4½d. per yard; Glass Cloths, 4½d. per yard; stout White Calico Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. per yard; 86 inches ditto, 1s. 6d. per yard; white Linen Sheeting, 76 inches wide, 1s. 11d.; 86 inches ditto, 2s. 6d. per yard; superfine quality ditto, 88 inches wide, 2s. 11d. per yard. Horrocks's Long Cloths and Sheetings at the Manufacturer's wholesale prices. Ladies should write for patterns, and compare price and quality.—OETZMANN and CO.

THE PORTLAND COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the Season, new shape, much admired, handsomely japanned and gold relieved, has bowl castors, opal handle, handscoop, and strong loose lining—a great convenience and saving in the wear. Price complete only 10s. 6d.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT.—Ironstone China Dinner Services—various neat and elegant designs, from 15s. 9d. the set; handsome ditto at 25s. and 35s. per set; a large assortment of superb patterns for selection; dessert services complete, 17 pieces, 13s. 9d.; best French China ditto, 18 pieces, very chaste, with burnished gold edges, 18s. 9d.; China Tea Services, complete, 28 pieces, 5s. 9d.; elegant ditto, burnished gold and enamelled, 25s. 9d.—OETZMANN and CO.

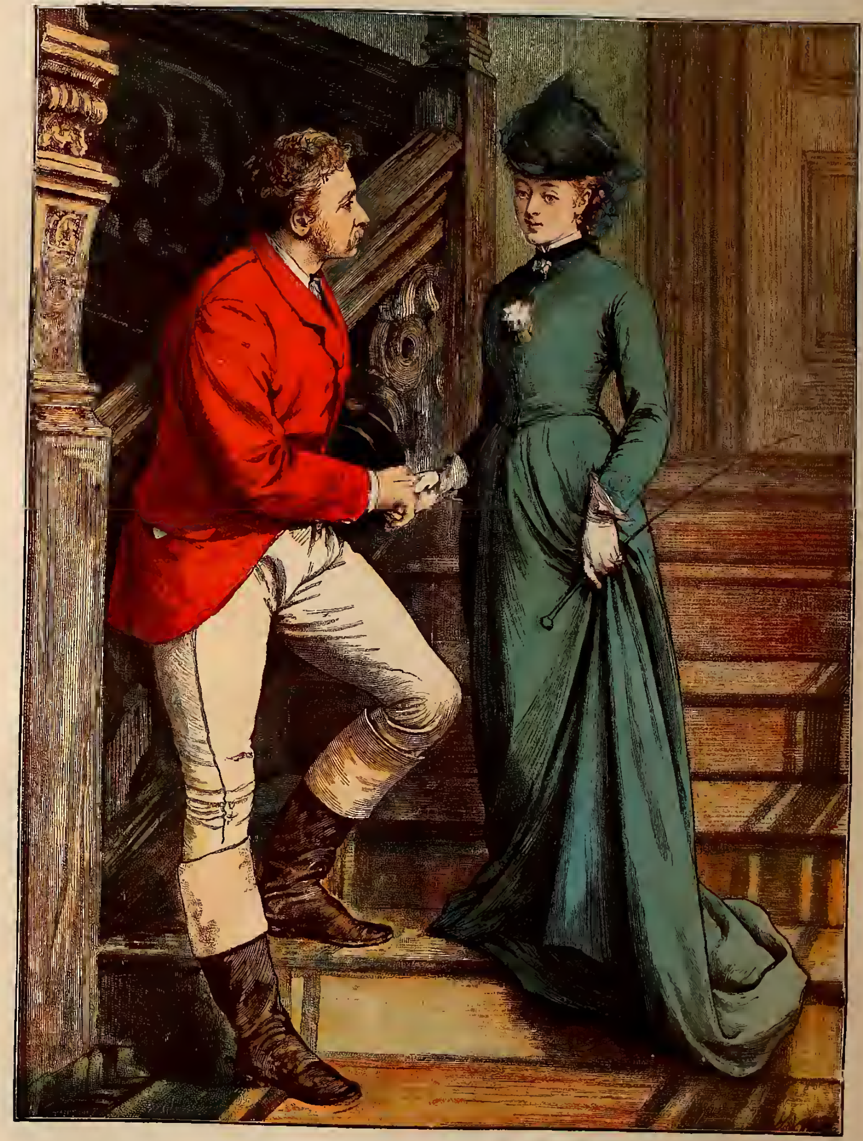
OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—DECEMBER 29, 1877.



LADY MILDRED AND HER LOVER

"Very fascinating she looked, for her face wore an especially bright animated expression as she conversed with the rising young diplomat."

The Animated Portrait;

OR,

THE GROBY CASTLE CONSPIRACY:

AN EXTRAVAGANZA IN SEVEN SCENES.

BY ARTHUR LOCKER.

I.

LAWYER KEXBY'S ADVICE

GROBY CASTLE was not one of those exceptional ducal palaces which could at a pinch accommodate a brigade of soldiers, but it was a very comfortable abode for an unambitious nobleman. The house was ancient and picturesque, yet in excellent repair, and it was situated in a charming park, dotted over with fallow deer. Beyond there lay a large extent of sound farming land, all within a ring-fence, and all the property of the happy owner of Groby.

Is "happy" the proper epithet to apply to the Earl of Egglesthorpe? He had a charming wife, and a charming family of sons and daughters, but——well, there is apt to be a worm in the bud in cases of this sort.

It was a crisp morning late in autumn, and the usual phenomena of approaching winter were making themselves visible. A pale sun illumined trees whose naked limbs showed through their variegated but swiftly-thinning foliage; patches of hoar-frost whitened those parts of the lawn which lay in shade; and the under-gardeners were perpetually sweeping fallen leaves from the footpaths.

Judging from the outward aspect of the Earl of Egglesthorpe, the worm in the bud did not seem, at that moment at least, to be particularly troublesome. He was walking briskly up and down the terrace, perfuming the air with the incense of an after-breakfast Regalia, and by his side trotted his youngest son, Eustace, a sweet little boy of seven, clad in a suit of homespun. That his lordship was not overburdened with anxiety is proved by the fact that, between the puffs of his cigar, he was teaching his son a popular ditty of the period. The song in question describes a dialogue between two persons, one youthful the other elderly, both bearing the same Christian name, and its mention may serve to fix the date of this narrative for those persons who are interested in chronology.

From the bay-window of the library, which overlooked the terrace, two persons were impatiently watching the Earl's movements. Impatiently, because, having been summoned by the Earl to meet him at ten o'clock precisely, he seemed an hour afterwards totally oblivious of their existence, though their arrival had been notified by a servant. Besides, they were personages of considerable importance in the Groby executive, one being Mr. Kexby, the family lawyer, and the other Mr. Knoyle, the farm-bailiff. Mr. Kexby was tall, bony, and elderly, with a large flexible nose like an incipient proboscis. Mr. Knoyle was short and stout, with a humorous eye, and a hard mouth. His shoes were perhaps his most noticeable feature. They were very broad in the toes, very thick in the soles, and creaked so loudly as to strike terror into the hearts of tenant-farmers who wanted to ask a favour.

"Wish he'd come," muttered Mr. Kexby, as he strode up and down, rubbing his big nose. "I have to attend an important meeting in the City this afternoon, and I want to catch the 12.15 train."

"His lordship has no sense of the value of other people's time," said Mr. Knoyle. "I've half-a-dozen pressing jobs on hand this morning."

"I think I'll open the window and look out," remarked the lawyer. "It may attract his attention."

"Ay, do."

Mr. Kexby opened the casement, and looked out. As he did so the mischievous bailiff slily thrust a pin into the calf of his companion's leg. The lawyer uttered an unpremeditated howl, which effectually arrested the Earl's attention. Meantime, Mr. Knoyle stood with his arms folded, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of a Dutch sea-piece.

"Hallo! Eusty," said the Earl, "I forgot all about Mr. Kexby, I must go to the library." And he blandly waved his hand in the direction of the open window.

"I must really beg your lordship's humble pardon," began the lawyer, as the Earl entered the room, "for the apparent liberty I took, but something——"

Here Mr. Knoyle administered a sly pinch, which again caused his companion to utter a cry of pain.

"You were quite right, quite right, Kexby, to give me a reminder," said the Earl, good humouredly, "but you needn't again show me how you did it. Let's go to business." And with these words he settled himself in an armchair. The Earl was a handsome man of middle age, with a ruddy complexion, and a curly head of iron grey hair. His figure was remarkably youthful, and was set off by an effective velvet coat and a well-cut pair of trousers.

"Your lordship," observed Mr. Kexby, "would scarcely have ventured into these rash speculations had I not unfortunately been taking that six months' tour at the Antipodes."

"Probably not, Kexby, for you know that I'm desperately afraid of you. So I took advantage of your absence, just as a child, as soon as the nurse's back is turned, begins to make itself deliciously dirty."

"Bubble concerns, every one of 'em," muttered the lawyer, as he turned over a mass of prospectuses. "Working Men's Kettle and Saucepan Company (Limited); Young Milliners' Sewing Machine Loan Association (Limited); Lake Victoria Nyanza Threepenny Steamboat Company (Limited); John Doughboy and Son, Muffin and Crumpet Bakers (Limited); North Polar Tramways Company (Limited); and half-a-dozen Skating Rink Companies. Your lordship, I perceive, has, in your directorial capacity, agreed to furnish skating rinks to the following localities: Masulipatam, Timbuctoo, Llangafelach, North Putney, Coyote City, and Wagga Wagga."

"I'm afraid most of your Companies, my lord," said the bailiff, "are like my watch at bedtime. They want winding-up."

"Ha! not bad for an impromptu, Knoyle. But now comes the question, What are we to do? I want money, and lots of it."

"Put up your rents, my lord," answered Mr. Knoyle. "Most of the Egglesthorpe property's shamefully underlet."

"Couldn't venture on it," said the Earl, "at present, with a bad root-crop, rinderpest threatening, 'foot-and-mouth' on everybody's lips, and American beef tumbling in by the waggon-load. What do you advise, Kexby?"

"Well, your lordship is by no means a rich man for a peer of the realm, and a large sum of cash will be needed. May I ask what induced your lordship to go into these affairs?"

"I did it chiefly to please Gwendolen. Most of these concerns were pets of hers. Poor dear soul! She is charitable and romantic to the last degree. Besides, she fancied that they would turn out profitable investments. You can conceive her enthusiasm. Young artisans on marrying were to get their kettles and saucepans at cost price; every dressmaker was to have a sewing-machine of her own (I really enjoyed that Company, such nice girls used to come to the office making inquiries); Central African niggers were to travel up and down Lake What-his-name as cheaply as we do on the Thames between London Bridge and Westminster; and the North Pole was to be as easily got at as—as—I have been by these humbugging promoters. Well, Kexby," concluded the Earl, throwing himself back in his chair, and extending his legs, "what do you recommend?"

"The case is a bad one, and needs a severe remedy. Your lordship must sell the Castle."

"Sell Groby Castle! Why, it has been six centuries in the family. Twenty generations of Lilburnes have lived here. What will my ancestors think of me?"

"They will think that your lordship should never have ventured to the eastward of Temple Bar. You have an advantage over most so-called landowners, that Groby Castle is really your own, to do what you please with."

"But if I sell Groby, where am I to live?"

"You will still have the mansion in Upper Brook Street."

"Hang it, man, a fellow with a wife and seven daughters, to say nothing of sons, can't stew all the year round in Upper Brook Street."

"There is Ballyvanity Abbey, County Donegal. I've heard your lordship speak of it as a nice little box."

Mr. Knoyle burst into a loud laugh. "Nice little box, eh? Mr. Kexby don't know Ballyvanity as well as you and me, my lord, eh? Why, Ballyvanity has eighty-seven windows without a square of glass in 'em, the grand staircase was blown up in Cromwell's time, and there is no roof worth speaking of. Mrs. Kiernan, the housekeeper, occupies the only three habitable rooms, and she complains of being nearly eaten up by the rats."

"No, Kexby," said the Earl, "I am afraid the Countess, let alone the young ladies, would not approve of Ballyvanity. It makes a charming sketch in a portfolio, and there its merits end. However, if I must sell Groby——"

"I see no other way out of your lordship's troubles," interrupted the lawyer.

"I daresay we shall find some other place to shelter us besides Upper Brook Street. But now, how are we to keep this matter secret from the Countess? She imagines that I am in the full tide of prosperity. If she thought that I was in pecuniary straits, above all, if she knew that I proposed selling the old place, it would break her heart. Gentlemen, I rely upon you both to keep this conversation a close secret."

"I shan't breathe a syllable, my lord," said Mr. Knoyle.

"Nor I," added Kexby. "Moreover, I think I can arrange for the purchase of the estate in such a manner that her ladyship shall know nothing until the bargain is completed."

"Good. Manage to keep Gwendolen—the Countess, I should say—in the dark till the deed is irrevocably done, and I will consent to anything."

II.

MILDRED TO THE RESCUE!

WHILE the Earl was thus engaged in the library, an almost equally important colloquy was being held in her ladyship's boudoir between the Countess and her eldest daughter, the Lady Mildred. The Lilburnes were a comely family, and Mildred was not the least attractive of the flock. She was tall, slim, and fair-haired, with large, soft grey eyes. The mother was very like the daughter, allowing for the difference of two-and-twenty years between their respective ages. She was, however, of a more excitable temperament than Mildred, and just now her agitation showed itself by the manner in which she emphasised her words.

"My dearest Mildred, I have hitherto kept silent, but I cannot exist any longer without a confidant. Your poor father! Have you observed nothing?"

"You surprise me! I thought papa seemed particularly jolly just now. He was whistling on the terrace after breakfast like a curly-headed ploughboy."

"Oh! that is his artfulness, his considerate artfulness to hoodwink me and the rest of his family. Your father is labouring under the deepest anxiety. And I am the cause of it. I led him into these dreadful Companies."

"Dear Mamma, I thought these Companies were going to double our income."

"So I thought, Mildred," replied the Countess, in a self-chastising tone, "but I was deceived. The secret has been revealed to me in the dead of night—don't start, my love—not by a vision, but by your father talking in his sleep. He used to sleep like a baby, and now he lies tossing about, and talks of nothing but Companies."

"But that may only prove that he is deeply interested in the Companies, and not that the Companies themselves are in a bad way."

"I wish I could think so, Mildred, but I am contradicted by facts. To make sure that I was not being deceived by my own dreamy imaginings, I sat up in bed last night, and took down your father's disjointed mutterings on my ivory tablets. Listen! 'Why did I ever go into the City? Confound the City! Poor Gwendolen! Take care, that fender will fall on your head. I am skating on six rinks at once. Silence that dreadful bell! Did you know the muffin man? His crumpets cost me a hundred guineas each. The boiler has burst, and all the niggers are flying through the air! Down, down, down! Ruin! ruin! We must leave Groby! Poor Gwendolen!' My dear Mildred, can you wonder that I feel anxious?"

"No, I begin to think there must be something wrong."

"And it was so touching to hear him compassionating me! So gentlemanlike and considerate, even in his sleep! But we must not content ourselves with talking. Something must be done, and you, Mildred, must nerve yourself to the sacrifice."

"I am quite willing to sell dear grandmamma's diamonds," said Mildred with the air of a placid martyr.

"Grandmamma's fiddlestick!" exclaimed Lady Egglesthorpe impetuously. "My child, there is a dreadful leak pouring into the ship's hold, and you talk as if you could stop it with a cambric handkerchief! That Muffin imposture alone would swallow up your diamonds, necklace, earrings, and all. Mildred, you must come to the rescue by marrying a rich man."

"Any particular rich man?" asked the young lady, with a slight blush.

"Yes, my love, Sir Anthony Ammerdown."

"I knew you meant him. He is rather antique for me, isn't he?" said Mildred, with a little toss of her head.

"Of course, he is not young, my dear, for he has grown-up sons, but he is so agreeable, and so distinguished—you will feel proud to be the wife of a man who has been a Cabinet Minister, and will probably be so again when the present people go out."

"But, Mamma," pursued Mildred, "have you any reason to suppose that Sir Anthony cares the least bit about me?"

"My love," replied the Countess solemnly, and taking her daughter's hand in her own, "Sir Anthony was very confidential with me the last time he came to Brook Street. He spoke much of his loneliness since Lady Ammerdown's death, and he threw out very significant hints and glances in your direction."

"Well, Mamma, let us ask him here at Christmas—I suppose Papa will be able to keep his head above water till then—and then I will see whether I can bestow my affections on the renowned Privy Councillor. I suppose," she added in an indifferent tone, "it will only be civil to ask that tall son of his also?"

"Certainly, my love. Milly," exclaimed the Countess, with emotion, "you display a plastic amiability in this affair which convinces me that you are an angel!" And she imprinted a fervent kiss on her daughter's soft cheek.

III.

THE BUYER OF THE ESTATE

BEING a mansion of respectable antiquity, Groby Castle contained a chamber which was reported to be haunted. No one—of the existing generation, at least—had either seen or heard anything of a supernatural character; nevertheless there was a vague rumour in the family that on occasions of extraordinary emergency the portrait of Ralph Lilburne, which hung in the chamber aforesaid, was wont to quit the canvas on which it was painted, and stalk in bodily shape along the corridors of the castle. This Ralph, who had fought with great gallantry and lost his life during the Civil Wars, was, judging from his portrait, a good-looking, manly fellow, and as his descendant, the present owner of the estate, had a sincere admiration for his distinguished ancestor, it was not unnatural that when on the point of parting with his cherished inheritance he should stand musing before the picture.

"Well, Ancestor Ralph," he said, "what do you think of it? The deed is almost done, and in a few minutes the new purchaser of Groby will be here to complete the bargain. I hate having to make the sacrifice just as much as you must, but I hope you understand the temptations to which I have been exposed, although there were no Limited Companies in the seventeenth century, and that, as far as we can see, selling the property is the only way of meeting the difficulty. If you can suggest any other method," exclaimed the Earl, with great earnestness, "I entreat you to step down and let me know it."

The painted face looked benignly on his descendant, but remained immoveable. It was broad daylight, and the beings of the shadowy world, like the wild creatures of the woodlands, probably prefer to remain invisible while the sun is above the horizon. Nevertheless, the Earl was so excited by his impassioned appeal that his usually tough nerves experienced a convulsive thrill when a tapping sounded at the door of the chamber.

It was the Countess.

"So you are here, my dear Algy," she said. "I always knock before coming into this room, because I think it is more respectful to—to——" She glanced at the portrait without completing the sentence.

"To Ancestor Ralph," answered the Earl. "Yes, I fancy he likes it. Well, Gwendolen, do you want me?"

"Yes, I want to consult you about our Christmas invitations. Now we are so prosperous, I think we might enlarge our usual circle of friends."

"Poor purblind darling!" thought her husband. "She is teetotally in the dark.—Yes, my dear, now that we are so prosperous owing to these conf—— these admirable Companies I feel we may venture to launch out a little."

"I should like to ask Sir Anthony Ammerdown to begin with."

"The very man I was about to mention. Delightful fellow!—Looks like a schoolmaster, and talks like a peripatetic blue-book," muttered the Earl."

"Algernon, you are too amiable. And next——"

But here her ladyship was interrupted by the apparition of a tall footman, who announced that Mr. Kexby, Mr. Samuel Chiltoe, and Mr. Gussage had arrived, and were ready to wait upon his lordship.

"Light the gas-stove, John," said the Earl, "put the writing-materials on the table, and show the gentlemen up here."

"Up here!" exclaimed her ladyship.

"Yes, I prefer to settle this little business up here," replied her husband, with a friendly nod in the direction of Ancestor Ralph. "And I must ask you to retire for a few minutes, Gwendolen."

"The impending storm is about to burst," thought the Countess. "Chiltoe! Gussage! The very names smell of bankruptcy and ruin! Good-bye, dear," she said, with a playful smile, and quitted the apartment with a fortitude worthy of the mother of Coriolanus.

The Earl, Mr. Kexby, Mr. Chiltoe, and Mr. Chiltoe's legal adviser, Mr. Gussage, before settling the formal details of the purchase, separated into two *tête-à-tête* groups, and conversed for a while in a low tone.

"Rather a cad, isn't he, Kexby?" whispered the Earl.

"His heart is in the right place."

"More than his h's are. And what a queer-looking fellow his lawyer is! He's always blushing."

"He is a very young practitioner."

"His clothes are not young. He appears to have stepped into the long-pending suit (I don't mean a pun) of some ancient attorney. He's as rusty as a cottager's rasher of bacon."

The appearance of the wealthy Mr. Chiltoe certainly did not coincide with the Earl's expectations. He was short, slim, and young, under thirty decidedly. His hair was of a fiery red, and his ample beard and whiskers were of the same foxy hue. Of his face little could be seen, as he wore a pair of double-windowed tinted spectacles.

"Before signing the dockyments," observed Mr. Chiltoe, rising, and placing his knuckles on the table in accordance with the oratorical attitude assumed by chairmen of harmonic gatherings, "I should like to hask his lordship one or two questions. I've been 'ard at work money-making for some time, I've hinjured my heyes with chemicals in investigating the processes which led to the discovery of my Incomparable Hair Dye, which will burst upon an astonished world on the 1st of Janewary next—*vide* advertisements which will appear a week previous in all the noosepapers of the globe—and I want rest, I sigh for recreation, I crave the soothing hinfluence of ladies' society. My lord, I want, in plain English, to pass a jolly Christmas. I couldn't think of turning you and your good lady out of your 'ouse at this festive season, so I propose an arrangement which I 'ope will suit all parties. Give me an invite, my lord, hask me to stop here during the Christmas 'olidays, and I agree to pay for Groby Castle the price named by this respectable long-legged limb of the law."

Mr. Chiltoe concluded his motion by clapping Mr. Kexby familiarly on the back, and then sat down.

"Good, I approve," said a peculiar and somewhat muffled voice.

The four gentlemen started, and looked at each other with eyes of astonishment. Silence prevailed for a few moments, then the Earl rose, and fixing his eyes on Ralph's portrait, said in a tone of unwonted solemnity, "I accept your proposal, Mr. Chiltoe, and shall be happy to see you here whenever you can make it convenient to come."

"I've asked Mr. Chiltoe to spend Christmas week with us, Gwendolen," he afterwards observed to the Countess. "He's a self-made man, rather shaky in his aspirates, but a good fellow, and great fun."

IV.

AN INSCRUTABLE CREATURE

CHRISTMAS week came, and with it most of the expected guests. Sir Anthony Ammerdown arrived among others, and apologised for the absence of his tall son, who was detained, he said, by unavoidable business, but hoped to make his appearance before the holidays were over. On hearing this news, the Lady Mildred appeared at first somewhat chagrined, but after a confidential walk on the terrace with Sir Anthony she recovered her usual spirits so completely that any misgivings which her mother might have felt were completely removed. "It is evident," thought the Countess, "that Sir Anthony has kept his son away for fear of any possible rivalry, and it is also evident that darling Mildred accepts the situation. She will make the required plunge, and save us from ruin."

Meantime, the presumed philanderings of Sir Anthony attracted little attention on the part of the other inmates of Groby Castle, their curiosity being so completely absorbed by the sayings and doings of Mr. Samuel Chiltoe. He was emphatically a man of mystery. Nobody seemed to know anything about him except Mr. Kexby, and that astute practitioner of the law parried all inquiries by remarking: "Wait till the New Year comes, then you shall know all that I know." Even Lord Egglesthorpe, who was aware that the title-deeds of his estate had passed into the hands of this vulgar-spoken, carroty-pated little man, was obliged to be content to remain as much in the dark as anybody else. "You know as much, my lord, as it is necessary for you to know at present," said Kexby. "Mr. Chiltoe handed me a thumping cheque, which was duly honoured by the bankers upon whom it was drawn, and with the proceeds of that cheque I am satisfying your creditors. You have no further cause for anxiety; eat, drink, and be merry while Christmastide lasts, and if after Christmas I have anything further which I think it advisable to tell your lordship, you shall hear it."

Mr. Chiltoe's popularity with the rest of the guests was remarkable. When Sir Anthony arrived, Lord Egglesthorpe felt himself constrained to take that notable statesman aside, and apologise for Mr. Chiltoe's appearance at Groby Castle. "He is a man with whom I have had some business transactions, and whom I feel bound to treat with courtesy, but you will easily understand, Sir Anthony, that I should not voluntarily choose him as a companion."

To the Earl's surprise, after a lengthened colloquy with the objectionable Chiltoe, Sir Anthony spoke thus, using the dogmatic tone in which in days of yore he had been wont when seated on the Treasury Bench to reply to the complaints of some obscure M.P. "My lord, I am compelled to differ with the estimate you appear to have formed of Mr. Chiltoe. I find him a well-informed, intelligent young man. His accent, I admit, is peculiar, but if your lordship had sat as long as I have in the House of Commons, your ear would soon learn to tolerate all kinds of accents." The Earl, usually so good-natured, was quite nettled at this little homily, but he kept his irritation under control, and did not allow it to make itself visible. In secret, he vented his wrath to the following effect. "Annoying enough to have a low fellow like Chiltoe buy your estate over your head, but to be told that you can't discern a cad from a gentleman is rather too much. It's the way with these political men; they contradict just for the sake of contradiction." His lordship felt quite a childish pleasure when early the next morning, happening to follow Sir Anthony, who was attired in his dressing-gown, into the children's playroom, he found his youngest son Eustace accompanied by his small sister Lilian busily engaged in executing a portrait of the ex-Cabinet Minister on the wall. "It would have made an amusing picture," he afterwards told his wife; "the children were absorbed in their occupation, and totally unconscious that anybody was behind them, while Sir Anthony stood frowning and pursing up his lips, till after a moment or two he broke into a laugh at the absurdity of the caricature, whereupon the little ones scuttled away like a pair of mice when the cat appears."

Lady Egglesthorpe again, who was usually most particular in the selection of her acquaintances, was wonderfully gracious towards Mr. Chiltoe. But in her case the phenomenon was, in part, due to fear. She entertained a conviction that this man was in some way connected with Algernon's pecuniary troubles; she felt sure that her husband would not have invited him to Groby if he had not felt himself in Chiltoe's power; and she determined therefore to make friends of the formidable little man, with the view of disarming his future hostility. Besides, as soon as she had overcome her original repugnance to his personal appearance and mode of speaking, she found, like Sir Anthony, that there was something remarkably winning about the patentee of the Incomparable Hair Dye. And she observed another phenomenon which added to his attractiveness. "It is most interesting," she remarked to her husband, "to trace the effect of a little good society on an uneducated person. After talking to me for some time, Mr. Chiltoe really speaks so well that I could almost fancy he was a gentleman, but then he suddenly forgets himself, and commits the most terrible havoc among his h's as if to make up for lost time. Mildred and Hilda, strangely enough, don't seem to notice whether he is vulgar or not. They converse with him as freely as with any other young man. But then young ladies nowadays are getting very democratic in their tastes. I sometimes even fancy that Hilda has really a sort of liking for Mr. Chiltoe."

"Gwendolen, you must be joking."

"Indeed, I am not. Mothers have very acute eyes."

"Imagine that horrid little red-headed vulgarian for a son-in-law!"

"He is neither so horrid nor so vulgar as you suppose, Algy."

"But," added the Earl, in a softened tone, for he began to think that a man who had captured his castle might as well be captured by one of the castle's daughters, "but surely that little baggage, Hilda, won't give him any serious encouragement. Have you forgotten how she wept, and shut herself up, and got thin, and had to be fattened with light brown cod liver oil, when that impudent young Lieutenant was ordered off to China on board the *Scamperdown*? I don't like coquettes," added his lordship, in a tone of unusual severity.

"My dear Algy, that happened a long time ago, and besides sailors don't count as serious admirers. They are all alike, from admiral to cabin-boy. They find sweethearts in every port. My lord," she added, changing her tone to one of great solemnity, on which occasions only she used this formal mode of address—"my lord, you best know why this mysterious man is here. He evidently possesses some strange influence over you, and it is my duty, as a loving wife, to second your endeavours to please him."

Lord Egglesthorpe was quite impressed with the seriousness of his wife's manner, and coupling it with the mysterious words of encouragement which had been addressed in the haunted chamber to Chiltoe, determined to let Gwendolen arrange that uncanny little gentleman's love affairs as she pleased.

Not long after this dialogue took place the Countess was about to descend the grand staircase, when a very pretty sight in the hall below caught her eye. Hilda was standing in the hall by an old-fashioned press, which served as a store-closet, and from which she had taken some biscuits. She had coaxed several of the deer from the park into the hall to eat these dainties from her hand, indeed, one forward creature had the temerity to thrust its nose into the press, in quest of a further supply. Others, too timid to enter in obedience to the summons of their fair mistress, stood shyly without the portal, while, to complete the picture, Lilian, afraid of the branching horns of a noble buck, ensconced herself behind her sister's skirts, and the cat stood with arched back and glaring eyes, as much as to say: "How dare these vulgar out-of-door quadrupeds set foot in my premises!" Lady Egglesthorpe stood for some moments in silent admiration of this lovely picture, the mother's pride in the graceful attitude of her second daughter prevailing naturally over all her other emotions. For a brief space she soared in a delightful empyrean of unconsciousness. She was brought down to earth again with a bang, as it were, by a vulgar voice, which croaked in her ear. "Ain't it a pooty scene, my lady? Worthy of a fust-class hartist! Worthy of a Har Hay! The hanimals are charming, but the Lady 'Ilda is the charmingest of hall!"

Brought down so unceremoniously from her pleasant reverie, Lady Egglesthorpe experienced a transient sensation of disgust towards the utterer of these vile cockneyisms, and she said with some asperity, "I do wish, Mr. Chiltoe, if only for the sake of our guests, that you would be rather more careful in the pronunciation of your h's."

"I can't 'elp it, my lady, I really can't, I caught it when young from a hungrammatical nuss. But I'll make a heffort to please you, my lady." He then added in an accent which would have passed muster in the selectest of circles, "It's a very pretty sight, how I wish I could sketch!"

"You are an inscrutable creature," said the Countess, regarding him fixedly. "If you would always speak like that I would do anything to please you. I would——"

"Would you?" he returned in a low impetuous tone. "Would you assist me in gaining the dearest wish of my 'art?"

"Now you are relapsing into vulgarity, Mr. Chiltoe!"

"Ham I? If I ham, it's because the heffort with haitches is hawful. Listen, my lady," he continued, drawing her into a recess of the landing which was out of earshot of the hall, "I love that gurl, the Lady 'Ilda—I——"

"Hush, dear Mr. Chiltoe, you must not talk so. The fact is, my daughter is too young to think of such matters."

"Not too young to think of Leftenants, Har, Hen," replied Mr. Chiltoe, severely.

"Who told you this?" exclaimed the Countess, with amazement. "But please say Lieutenant, it sounds nicer."

"Leftenant or Lewtenant, it's all the same. I know the party. 'Ow, I decline to state. H.M.S. *Scamperdown*, China station, heh, my lady?"

"You have guessed rightly."

"Perhaps you are not aware, my lady, that I possess the gift of second sight. I can see that Leftenant now. Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, leaning over the balustrade, "and at this very hinstant he has his heyes fixed on the woman he loves best in hall the world!"

"In China?" asked the Countess breathlessly.

"I shan't say where," he added, in a prosaic tone. "Now, my lady, that I've satisfied you I know 'ow the land lies, may I go and make love to the Lady 'Ilda?"

The Countess made a faint gesture of assent. Chiltoe nimbly descended the stairs, and judging from the bright smile with which Hilda greeted him, it looked as if he had a fair chance of success with the Lieutenant's sweetheart.

V.

WAIT TILL THE FIRST OF JANUARY

"WHO is that tall young man in the scarlet coat whom I saw in the hall just now?" said the Countess to Sir Anthony Ammerdown on the following morning.

"Perhaps you did not recognise him 'in pink,' Lady Egglesthorpe," replied the ex-Minister. "I have the honour to be that tall young man's father."

"Your son, is it?" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of surprise which was scarcely polite. She feared that her little intrigue for converting Sir Anthony into a son-in-law might be imperilled.

"He has only just arrived," continued the baronet. "He is passionately fond of hunting, and hearing that the hounds were to meet at Ryecroft Bottom to-day, he ran down by the early train. Your neighbour, Sir Everard, has promised to mount him, and I fancy he'll spend the night there."

Lady Egglesthorpe began to feel reassured. It was plain that the cunning old statesman had taken precautions that his son should not see too much of the fascinating Mildred. Nor was she alarmed when the baronet added in a careless tone, "I've asked Lady Mildred to ride over with me to see them throw off," for she felt that any danger which might arise from the companionship of the son would be counterbalanced by the advantages of a *tête-à-tête* with the father.

"Ah! there she is," said Sir Anthony, glancing downstairs, "already in her riding-habit."

Yes, there she was truly, and very fascinating she looked, for her face wore an especially bright animated expression as she conversed with Mr. Edgar Ammerdown, the rising young diplomat. Lady Egglesthorpe's motherly instinct taught her at a glance that this delightful little dialogue had better be cut short as soon as possible, lest mischief should grow out of it, and she was about to swoop down on the confidence-exchanging couple for the purpose of carrying out her amiable intention, when her plans were frustrated by the sudden appearance of that odious little Mr. Chiltoe, who with somewhat vulgar familiarity laid a hand, clad in the most staring yellow dogskin, on her plump arm, and whispered, "Might I 'ave two words with your ladyship? I 'ear the 'ounds are going to throw hoff; I adore 'ounds, but I'm no 'orseman. 'Ave you a pony you could spare me? Little Lady Lilian's pony would suit me down to the ground. He's fat, he's bold, and he's small, so that if I tumble, and I'm a wretched 'orseman, Lady Egglesthorpe, I shan't 'ave far to fall."

The Countess had much ado to refrain from laughter upon hearing this singular request, especially as the little gentleman who proffered it was attired in the most sportsmanlike style, green cutaway coat, cord nether-garments, and top-boots, but she simply replied that Lilian's pony was quite at Mr. Chiltoe's service.

It is a singular fact that so long as the dogskin grasp of the inventor of the Incomparable Hair Dye was on Lady Egglesthorpe's sleeve, Mr. Edgar Ammerdown held the Lady Mildred's fair hand in his own, but as soon as Mr. Chiltoe uttered the sportsmanlike monosyllable, "'Yoicks!" apparently as an expression of his delight at having secured such a splendid mount, the fond hands parted as if by magic, and Lady Egglesthorpe on descending the stairs found the attitude of the young couple perfectly unobjectionable. So, after exchanging the usual greetings with her intended grandson-in-law, she simply reminded Mildred that she must try and manage to devote the afternoon to the distribution of Christmas gifts to the cottagers.

Mr. Chiltoe's feats of horsemanship excited great merriment at the meet, but the Earl, who had a keen eye for such matters, observed to Mr. Knoyle, "They may laugh at him, but the fellow knows how to make the pony go. I hope he won't break the poor old thing's wind. And if you take notice, although he's always within an ace of tumbling off, he always rights himself. It takes a clever horseman to do that."

"The little gentleman's quite a puzzle to me, my lord," remarked Mr. Knoyle.

"To me, too," replied the Earl. "Let us hope, Knoyle," he added in a half-whisper, "he'll make a good landlord."

Mildred was, as has been already shown, a dutiful daughter, and after luncheon she appeared fully equipped for her cottage rounds. She was a great favourite among the poor people, and none received her more gladly than old Mrs. Boscobel, who delighted in a visit from the great folks at the Castle. As soon as the footboy had deposited the old dame's Christmas hamper Mildred settled herself for a chat.

"I'm so glad you like Sir Anthony," she said; "some people think him pompous, but it's only his outward manner."

"He warn't pompous with me, your ladyship. He set where you're setting, and talked as free and easy to me as if I was Her Majesty. I hear he used to talk to Her Majesty, and tell her what she ought to do, and, what's more, Her Majesty used to do it. Think of that, my lady! And then he talked about you, Lady Mildred, and he said you were the nicest young——"

"Now, Mrs. Boscobel," interposed Mildred, playfully, "you must not repeat Sir Anthony's praises, or I shall grow too conceited. But see, here comes Mamma."

"Mildred," said the Countess, "please finish your rounds as quickly as you can, for till you come everything is at a standstill with the preparations for the Calico Ball. I will drive with you, and then we shall get the visits over quicker." As soon as they were seated, Lady Egglesthorpe said confidentially, "And what do you think of him now, my darling?"

"Him? which him? There are so many hims."

"My dear child, there is only one him, you know, in whom I wish you to be interested."

"You mean Sir Anthony?"

"Of course I do. Tell me, Mildred."

"Well, Mamma, he is old, like Father William in the song, but he is nice, very nice."

"Do you think you can love him?"

"I love him already."

"But I mean as a husband?"

"I will answer that question, Mamma, on the first of January."

"The first of January," exclaimed the Countess; "what a strange fascination that date seems to have for certain people at Groby Castle! I ask your father, who has at length reluctantly admitted to me that the affairs of those horrible Companies are not so brilliant as they should be, for further information about them, he says, 'Wait till the first of January.' I ask Mr. Kexby to tell me something of the antecedents of that mysterious little creature, Mr. Chiltoe, he replies, 'Wait till the first of January.' I ask Mr. Chiltoe himself to tell me something of himself, he answers, 'I will fully satisfy your ladyship on the first of January.' I ask Hilda to decide whether she will accept Mr. Chiltoe's proposals, she says, 'Wait till the first of January,' and now you have joined in the plot. Are you all leagued together in a dark conspiracy?"

"Dear mamma," said Mildred, kissing her mother, "put these strange fancies out of your head, and wait patiently till the First of January."

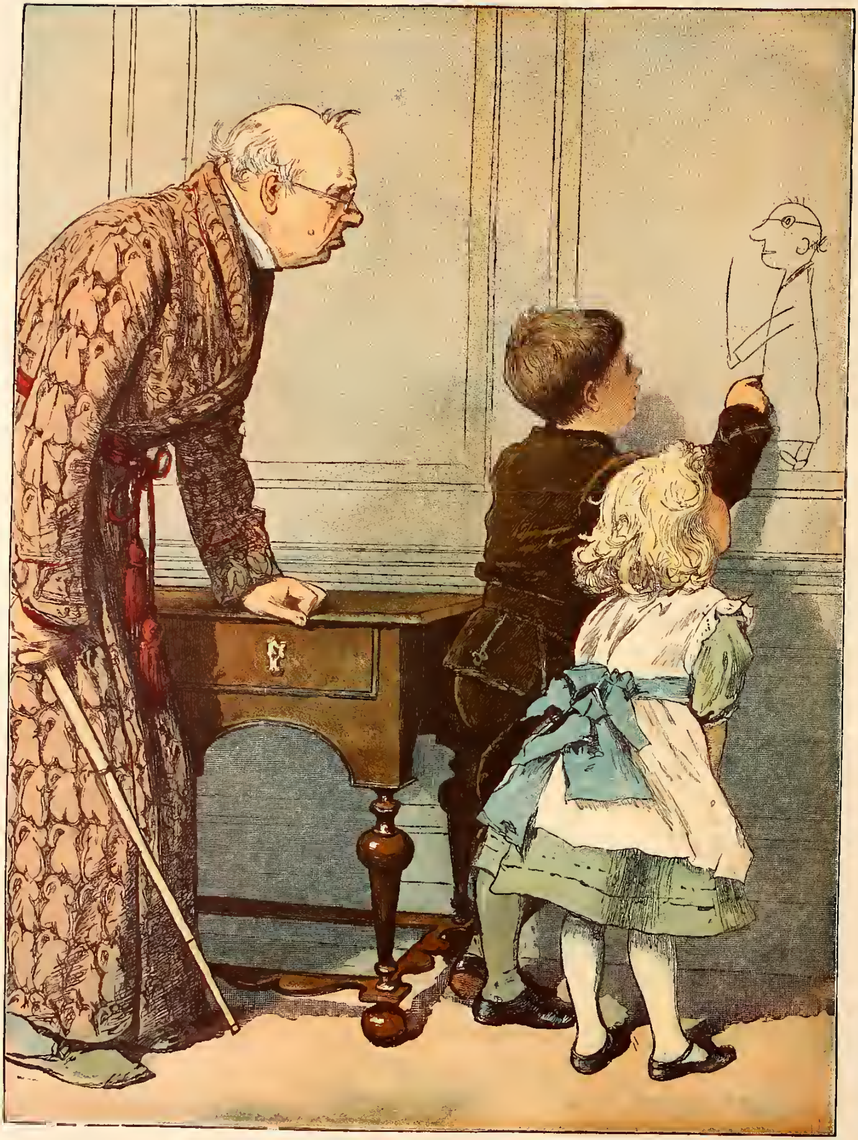
VI.

AIRY FAIRY LILIAN

WAS there really a conspiracy hatching within the venerable walls of Groby? Lady Egglesthorpe certainly thought so, and she also believed that Mr. Samuel Chiltoe, that mysterious little man, who alternately attracted and repelled her, was at the bottom of it. The Earl also knew something of which his wife as yet remained in blissful ignorance, namely, that Groby had passed out of his hands, and that so far from being a munificent host entertaining a circle of Christmas guests, the presence of himself and his family at the Castle was solely due to the good-natured forbearance of that vulgar little proprietor of the Incomparable Hair Dye. Having a superstitious streak in his composition he was wont to repair every day, and sometimes several times in the day, to the Haunted Chamber, where he would stand for many minutes together with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the immoveable countenance of Ancestor Ralph.

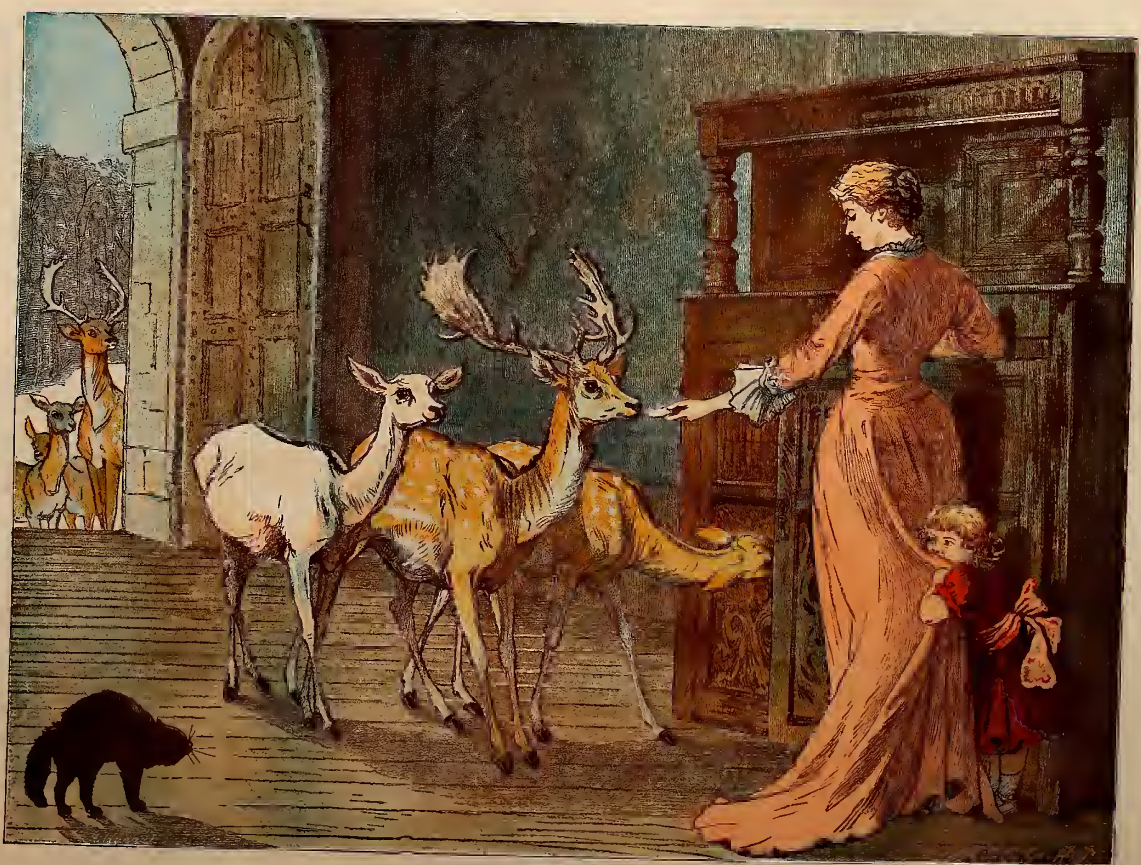
He was thus engaged early in the morning of the thirty-first of December, on the evening of which the much-anticipated Calico Ball was to take place. "The last day of the Old Year, Ancestor Ralph," he said, addressing the picture, which was just visible in the dawning light of the brief winter day. "Long before this time next year a new master will rule in the Castle. When that happens I shall be afraid to look you in the face. I shall hide you in a garret in Upper Brook Street, with your face to the wall. But could you endure the change more easily, Ancestor Ralph, if this stranger, who is destined to take my place, were to ally himself with my family, say, with my Hilda?"

To the discomfiture of the Earl's nerves, a deep sepulchral voice, which apparently came from the picture itself, distinctly replied, "I could." The Earl laid his hands on the mouldering



THE CARICATURE

"The children were absorbed in their occupation, and totally unconscious that anybody was behind them, while Sir Anthony stood frowning and pursing up his lips."



CUPBOARD LOVE

"Hilda had coaxed several of the deer from the park into the hall to eat these dainties from her hand."

tapestry, and was on the point of drawing it aside with the view of discovering whether there was any person concealed behind it, when his attention was distracted by the sound of rapid footsteps hurrying up the stairs, accompanied by half-suppressed childish screams, in which merriment and terror were equally blended. In another moment the door was abruptly opened.

The thirty-first of December, be it known, besides being the day fixed for the Calico Ball, was also the anniversary of, in the opinion of the Lady Lilian, a much more important event, namely, the Lady Lilian's birthday. Her ladyship awoke at a very early hour, and lay awake for some time, exercising her imagination over the presents which she was likely to receive, till at last the excitement became too much for her, and, as the sleepy nurse showed no signs of rising, she got up and quietly dressed herself. It was so delightful being up while the rest of the household was wrapt in a solemn stillness, that presently she aroused her brother Eustace in order that she might have a companion in her enjoyment. Eustace quite saw the fun of the thing; as soon as he was broad awake, he dressed himself in a trice, and then the pair wandered about the corridors and passages like a couple of little ghosts.

"Hush, what's that?" whispered Eustace, clutching his sister's hand, and thrusting her into a corner. It was sufficiently terrifying. A tall male figure, arrayed in what looked like a dressing-gown, crept stealthily up the staircase leading to the Haunted Chamber.

"It's papa," replied Lilian, who between cold and fright was all of a tremble. "He often goes there now."

"No, *that's* Papa!" exclaimed the brother, blowing out the candle as he spoke for fear of detection. It was very extraordinary. A second male figure, also arrayed in a dressing gown, but stouter and less active in step, had also mounted the stairs leading towards the mysterious apartment.

Lady Lilian's courage was rapidly oozing away. She began to whimper, and said, "I want to go back to bed."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the valiant Eustace. "Why, the sun'll be up soon. Let's go and pay Mr. Chiltoe a visit. He's such a jolly chap, though Mamma says he murders the Queen's English."

Presently, having advanced a little further, Eustace paused before a door.

"Doesn't the splashing sound jolly? He's having his shower-bath. No, Lily, you mustn't peep through the keyhole. It's only intended for gentlemen. I'll look, and tell you when he has his dressing-gown on. There; now he's all right, and we can go in."

Mr. Chiltoe was not unaccustomed to the visits of these young persons, and usually took certain precautions before admitting them, but on the present occasion, before Lilian had been two minutes inside the door, she saw Something on the dressing-table of such an extraordinary and unexampled character that she clapped it on her head, and when Mr. Chiltoe tried to take it from her rushed out of the room, screaming with half-hysterical laughter. Mr. Chiltoe followed, with a towel hastily thrown over his head, and a hair-brush in either hand. He pursued the little Lady Lilian, who ran like a hare, and whose brother kept pace with her, to the door of the Haunted Chamber, which Eustace boldly opened. Father and children were so mutually startled at the sight of each other, that they only half-saw, or did not see at all, a tall figure which glided from behind the arras, snatched something from Lilian's curly pate, placed it on Chiltoe's head and vanished. Mr. Chiltoe himself retreated immediately afterwards towards his own apartment, running in his flight right into the motherly arms of Lady Egglesthorpe, to whom he apologised profusely for his state of dishabille. The Countess had been told that Lilian and Eustace had mysteriously disappeared from their beds, and was anxiously seeking them, so she was quite relieved when she found they were safe and sound, and kissed Lilian with fervour.

"Mamma," said the little Birthday Pet in an engaging half-whisper, "I've seen somefin' so funny. Mr. Chiltoe has a——"

What bullies elder sisters can sometimes be! Just as poor Lilian was beginning her story the Ladies Mildred and Hilda rushed forward simultaneously and with anxious faces, saying, "Dear Mamma, Lily talks too much; she'll excite herself into a fever. Come, Lily, there is something wonderful in the conservatory. Let's go and look at it."

Away trotted Lilian, with the happy elasticity of childhood, forgetting all about Mr. Chiltoe in the anticipation of this new marvel. The something wonderful in the conservatory proved to be a collection of birthday presents, and Lilian was persuaded by Hilda to put on her hat and jacket, and to enter the house, professing to have been out shopping in the village. It was a pretty sight, the company thought, when they had assembled for breakfast, to see her arrival, her face grave with excess of joy, and her little arms laden with gifts.

VII.

ANCESTOR RALPH STEPS OUT OF THE CANVAS

THE characters in the Calico Ball which took place at Groby Castle on the evening of the 31st December were entirely sustained either by children or by young persons who had not yet done growing. The dresses had been very carefully designed, and they attracted a great deal of attention inasmuch as they afforded a pretty complete panorama of the fashions from the Middle Ages up to a recent date. It was a picturesque sight to see them filing along two by two in procession. A French *Incroyable* of the period to which the famous Madame Angot belonged walked with one of Queen Bess's maids of honour; Mary Queen of Scots took the arm of a Hussar; George the Third went back some centuries, to the time of Richard the First, for a partner; a mediæval jester vented his sallies on a staid little maiden out of one of Albert Durer's engravings. There was nothing wonderful in the fact that a shepherdess should be linked with a postboy, but it was remarkable that a gay lady from the Court of the Merry Monarch should condescend to walk with a long-tailed Chinaman. Instead of a Wolf, Little Red Riding Hood chose Paddy with his shillelagh under his arm for a comrade; and besides these there were peasants from Normandy and Alsace, a *vivandière*, a corsair, Turks, Italians, Spaniards, and a Boulogne fisherwoman leaning on the arm of a British Jack Tar. The Ladies Mildred and Hilda had worked indefatigably in the arrangement of the children's toilettes, and they received valuable aid from Mr. Chiltoe, who, as became the inventor of the Incomparable Hair Dye, showed considerable skill in the arrangement of tresses, whether artificial or natural.

The grown-up portion of the company, who were attired in ordinary evening costume, played, at any rate in the earlier hours of the entertainment, the part of spectators rather than of actors, and they were content to look on at elaborate quadrilles which were danced by little ladies and gentlemen hailing in point of dress from all the centuries between the twelfth and the nineteenth. Later on, however, the inspiriting strains of the musicians became too fascinating for resistance, and everybody, old and young, tall and short (a small minority excepted, who did not care for dancing) was presently whirling round in waltzes, galops, and the newly-revived polkas, or threading the mazes of Scotch reels, or kneeling down in the Swedish *contre danse*, or advancing and retreating in La Tempête, or bowing and curtseying in Roger de Coverley. Fancy and non-fancy dresses were all mingled together in comic complexity. Napoleon the Great, a plump little hero of four-feet-six, was being whirled round by a wiry spinster aunt of five-feet-nine; slim young men in swallow-tailed coats strove to dance with little ladies from the Courts of Francis I., Henry IV., and Louis XIV.; while a small but gallant grenadier, who might have fought at Fontenoy, pirouetted with a tall young lady, dressed in the severely classic style of the First French Republic.

Nobody was in greater request than Mr. Samuel Chiltoe. He danced every dance, round, square, or polygonical; and as he always chose a fresh lady, he worked his way conscientiously through the centuries. He was, of course, too peculiar to be dressed in ordinary evening garments. He wore a Court suit of rich plum-colour, and, despite his fiery hair and tinted spectacles, made a very smart little figure.

The Earl of Egglesthorpe, the ostensible master of the mansion, stood by the fire-place, between his wife and Sir Anthony Ammerdown, gazing at the merry scene with eyes which had lost their usual expression of easy good-humour. Just then the clock chimed three-quarters. The hands pointed to a quarter to twelve.

"The New Year will soon be here," observed Sir Anthony.

"Ay!" said the Earl, gloomily, "and the new owner of Groby will soon claim his rights."

"Algy! my darling husband, of what are you speaking?" exclaimed Lady Egglesthorpe in alarm.

"Sir Anthony," continued the Earl, "you are an old family friend, and I will tell you all. Gwendolen may as well hear it too. She must hear it some day. I have been hit hard by those confounded Companies, I wanted cash, and I have sold Groby to—to—" here the Earl nearly broke down—"to that red-headed little monkey in plum-coloured velvet!"

"Algy," murmured the Countess, with her handkerchief to her eyes, "is this a dream or a reality?"

"It is a fiction, my dear Lady Egglesthorpe," said Sir Anthony, emphatically. "Chiltoe, I am certain, has never——"

Here the speech of the ex-Minister was interrupted by a commotion at the lower end of the hall, whence there proceeded loud shrieks, and whither in a few moments everybody crowded from all sides of the spacious apartment. Presently above the hubbub the resonant voice of Mr. Chiltoe was heard shouting, "Give him room, ladies and gentlemen! Give the gallant warrior room to move!"

Before proceeding further, it is advisable at this point to step a few paces backward in the chronology of this narrative. Among the visitors at Groby Castle there were two young ladies, sisters, named Twitterly, who were of a highly nervous imaginative temperament, and who were also greatly addicted to the reading and telling of ghost stories. These girls longed to pay a visit to the Haunted Chamber at Groby, concerning which some wonderful stories had been told them. "When could we have a more favourable opportunity than this?" whispered Clara to Agnes, as they stood in a corner apart from the merry throng of dancers. "It is the last night of the old year, and the clock will soon strike twelve. The upper part of the house must be quite deserted. If the ghost of Ralph Lilborne does ever walk it is as likely to walk on this night as on any night in the year."

"I will come, dear Clara," replied Agnes, in an impassioned tone. "We might see Something. How dreadfully nice it would be!"

So the Miss Twitterlys stole away unperceived upstairs, and Clara softly opened the door of the Haunted Chamber. To her surprise the room was not wrapped in darkness, for a candle was burning on the centre table. The girls' eyes were instantly fascinated by the portrait of Ralph Lilburne. The dim light made him seem singularly life-like. "It looks more like a real man than a picture," whispered Agnes. Instead of replying articulately, Clara uttered a low cry of terror, and clasped her sister's hand. It is one thing to anticipate seeing a supernatural appearance; it is another and a much more terrifying thing to see it in reality. *Both the girls distinctly saw the right hand of the portrait move out of the canvas! In another moment the entire figure followed, stepped noiselessly on to the carpet, and advanced towards them!* The Miss Twitterlys uttered a simultaneous shriek, and rushed hand in hand down the staircase, closely followed by the doughty Cavalier. On such trying occasions there is much consolation in the presence of a multitude, so the Miss Twitterlys fled for refuge, still shrieking loudly, into the midst of the brilliantly-lighted hall. The Spectre followed them. To the company generally, who were unaware of the uncanny fashion in which Ralph had stepped from his frame, there was nothing terrifying in his aspect. They simply saw a handsome young man, correctly attired in the costume of Charles I.'s day, and they not unnaturally regarded him as one of the characters in the Calico Ball, and crowded curiously round him. It was then that the indefatigable Mr. Chiltoe, as mentioned above, asked them to give the gallant warrior room to move. As soon as Ancestor Ralph was released by Mr. Chiltoe's exertions from the surrounding pressure, he advanced towards the Lady Mildred, and making her a low bow, offered her his arm. Lady Mildred accepted it with a gracious smile, but with perfect self-possession, as if Ghosts were as common as Guardsmen. The next moment Mr. Chiltoe, with a grotesque obeisance, offered his arm to the Lady Hilda, who accepted it with equal readiness. The quartet then advanced with slow and stately steps towards the fireplace, followed at a respectful distance by the rest of the company, among whom the Miss Twitterlys were not the least interested.

Just as they arrived within a few paces of the Earl and Countess, the clock in the great tower clanged out the hour of twelve.

The New Year had begun!

"I desire," said the Spectre, solemnly, "to confer with your lordship privately in your library. I will name the other members of this company whom I wish to be present at this interview. They are these: Her Ladyship the Countess of Egglesthorpe, her two elder daughters, the Ladies Mildred and Hilda, Sir Anthony Ammerdown, and my old and faithful friend, Mr. Samuel Chiltoe."

The Spectre bowed with profound gravity to each person in succession as he mentioned his or her name. "The remainder of our friends," he added, including the rest of the assemblage in one courteous and comprehensive salute, "will be good enough to resume dancing until our business is completed."

"This is quite too delightful," whispered Agnes Twitterly to her sister, as the Spectre and his chosen companions retired in the direction of the library. "It is like a chapter of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' performed in real life."

"But I think, dear Agnes, you and I should have been treated as privileged guests, and invited to share in this mysterious council. Our eyes alone saw him descend from the frame in which he had been fixed motionless for ever so long; our eyes alone saw him once more metamorphosed into a thing of life!"

"Perhaps he was annoyed at our intrusion."

"Possibly he was. It is curious that now I don't feel the least afraid of him."

"Nor I."

"He is so good-looking."

"And no one would take him for a gh——for an inhabitant of the invisible world, don't you know, unless you knew, as we know, that he was one."

"He feels so substantial."

"You did not touch him, Clara!"

"I did, indeed, in the crowd, and he felt exactly like anybody else."

"Oh! Clara, I'm afraid you have no sense of reverence."

On reaching the library, the company, convoyed by the Spectre, found the lamps lighted, and Mr. Kexby, the family lawyer, and Mr. Knoyle, the bailiff, seated at the table, on which lay an ample army of documents. These two gentlemen rose and bowed respectfully. They did not appear in the least surprised or disconcerted at the appearance of the Spectre, a circumstance which especially perplexed the Earl.

"I do not believe in ghosts," said his lordship, "at the same time I am bound to confess, sir," he continued, addressing himself to the Spectre, "that you bear a very strong resemblance to the portrait of a respected forefather of mine, commonly known in the family as Ancestor Ralph. May I take the liberty of asking your name?"

"For a few moments I prefer to keep my name a secret," replied the Spectre.

"May I ask the object of this mysterious summons to the library?"

"In that respect your lordship's curiosity shall be immediately gratified. Not long ago, in this room, you effected an important transfer of property?"

"Yes, I know I did. I was driven up into a corner, and I couldn't help myself."

"You need not repent the transaction. I am the bearer of good news." Here the Spectre drew a roll of parchment from his bosom. "My lord, permit me to return to you the title-deeds of Groby Castle."

"You're very kind," said the Earl, "but I can't afford to buy back the estate. I've no money. Mr. Chiltoe's cheque has melted away irrevocably, gone to satisfy the claims of my creditors. Kexby told me so."

"No pecuniary compensation is needed," answered the Spectre.

"I don't understand," said the Earl. "I'm thoroughly puzzled. Besides, what about Mr. Chiltoe? Has he no voice in the matter? Is he willing to cancel his bargain?"

"Mr. Chiltoe and I are in partnership in this affair," said the Spectre gravely, "and we demand a reward, though not a money-reward, for the restoration of your title-deeds."

"Not a money-reward!" exclaimed the Earl. "Why what else can stir the enthusiasm of a newly-fledged landed proprietor?"

"This," said the Spectre, "the fair hand of the Lady Mildred." And he raised it to his ghostly lips, and kissed it. The lady endured the gallant salute with the most engaging amiability.

"My dear Algy!" interposed the Countess, excitedly, "you must not permit this, you really must not! Not even for the sake of recovering Groby. Mildred has promised Sir Anthony——"

"That she will marry any gentleman of Sir Anthony's selection," said Mildred. "Is it not so, Sir Anthony?"

"It is," replied the Ex-Minister. "And, as your daughter appears to approve of the choice, I make my decision in favour of this gentleman in trunk-hose."

"Ladies and gents," exclaimed Mr. Chiltoe, in his vulgarest tones, "please don't forget poor little Me. Me and Hancestor Ralph are in Co. together. He pairs hoff with the Lady Mildred, and Hi, Hi claim the 'and of the lovely Lady 'Ilda!"

"And I accept Mr. Chiltoe's proposal," said the Lady Hilda, smiling and blushing, "provided Papa and Mamma will give their consent."

"I'm more puzzled than ever," exclaimed the Earl.

"I'm lost in the profoundest astonishment," cried the Countess.

"Permit me to explain matters," said Lawyer Kexby, quietly stepping forward. "I took the liberty of mentioning to Sir Anthony, as he is an old and staunch family friend, that your lordship was in pecuniary difficulties. He said he would help you if he could do so without hurting your lordship's feelings. Then we all laid our heads together, and concocted a plot. Everybody was in the conspiracy, except your lordship, and her ladyship the Countess. Mr. Chiltoe——" here the lawyer made a significant gesture, whereupon the little gentleman addressed divested himself of a beard, wig, and spectacles, and revealed the features of a small but handsome dark-haired young man.

"Mr. Alfred-Hall Bowling of the *Scamperdown!*" exclaimed the Countess.

"Leftenant Har Hen, eh! Lady Egglesthorpe?" replied the *soi-disant* Chiltoe. "I hope your ladyship will forgive me all my tricks. If you knew the martyrdom I have endured wearing that meltingly oppressive wig and beard, and the danger I have incurred of vulgarising myself for life by forgetting how to pronounce my h's, I am sure you would forgive me!"

"You will forgive him, mamma, won't you?" said Hilda, throwing her arms round her mother's neck. Who could resist her pretty airs of fascination?

"I begin to suspect," said the Earl, with the old merry twinkle kindling in his eyes, "that Ancestor Ralph is also an impostor."

"Well, I must admit that he is," answered Sir Anthony, "he does not belong to the seventeenth century at all. He is a certain tall son of mine, for whom I entertain a considerable regard, and who, I hope, if he works hard and does his duty, may live some day to be Her Majesty's Representative at Washington, Paris, or Berlin. Take off your wig, Edgar, and show yourself in your real colours."

"Sir Anthony," said the Earl, clasping his old friend's hand, "I shall never forgive you."

"Nor I," added the Countess with a smile. And she kissed the old statesman's wrinkled cheek. "Yes, I'll forgive you on one condition. That you will tell us how you managed it all."

"I won't promise," replied Sir Anthony, "to let the whole of the cat out of the bag at once, but I'll disclose this much. I felt great pleasure in spending some of my money in helping an old friend out of a difficulty, and I knew, for certain tender reasons" (here he glanced at Mildred), "that Edgar would be my staunch ally. Just then, as luck would have it, Mr. Bowling came home

(Continued on page 12)

PAISLEY; and

23, IRONMONGER LANE, LONDON (THE OLD HOUSE).

J. and G. JOHNSTON, as Merchants, were the first House in England to advertise CORN FLOUR for the English and Export Markets. They are not now responsible for the quality of any Corn Flour but that which bears their own name.

WITH STEWED FRUIT OF ALL KINDS;
FOR PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS, BLANC-MANGE, CAKES; TO THICKEN SOUPS, SAUCES, BEEF TEA;
FOR ALL THE USES OF THE BEST ARROWROOT, AND WITH MILK FOR CHILDREN'S FOOD.

JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR IS THE BEST.

IT IS NOT RICE FLOUR; IT IS PREPARED AT GREAT EXPENSE SOLELY FROM MAIZE—INDIAN-CORN.

It is rich in heat-giving and flesh-forming properties; milk contains the constituents of bone and muscle, and the two in combination afford the most perfect and complete nourishment, closely resembling in nutritive value ordinary beef and bread, and in a form the most palatable and digestible, and therefore especially suitable for Children, and Mothers whilst nursing.

The emphatic and voluntarily declared opinion of *The Lancet* (Nov. 13, 1875), is that JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR is "quite free from adulteration" and "decidedly superior." The same article on JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR states that CORN FLOUR "itself has become a necessity."

The following are EXTRACTS from the EVIDENCE taken by the COMMITTEE of the HOUSE of COMMONS on the ADULTERATION OF FOOD ACT, returned to the House on July 3, 1874:—

CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., Professor of Political Medicine in the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland; Analyst for Dublin, Limerick, Waterford, Kilkenny, Galway, and Sixteen Irish Counties. Examined.

Answer to Question 4655:—"I am speaking now as a physician; and I think that a great number of children who could easily digest a delicately prepared Corn Flour could not eat a lump of wheaten flour made into dough, or cooked in any form, or even rice flour."

Answer to Question 4656:—. . . "All my children—and I have six of them—have used a large quantity of Corn Flour."

Question 4820:—"Would you state that it (Corn Flour) was a flesh forming nutriment in a very minimum degree?" Answer: "No; I consider that it would form a very large portion of flesh."

AUGUSTUS VOELCKER, Ph.D., F.R.S., Chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society. Examined.

Question 5664:—"We have had evidence that some kinds of arrowroot will command a wholesale price of two shillings per pound; in your opinion, is there more nutriment in a pound of some of those Corn Flours which you can get at about one-fourth the price?" Answer: "No. The two shillings is quite a fancy price for a fancy article, but . . . Corn Flour is just as nutritious as the more expensive arrowroots."

Question 5826:—"With regard to Corn Flour, you believe that the Corn Flour, if mixed with milk, may be beneficial to children?" Answer: "I know that it is."

Question 5555:—"Generally in conjunction with milk, is it not?" Answer: "Yes; in conjunction with milk. Nobody in his senses would think of Corn Flour or any of those preparations by themselves."

The following is the Report of the Committee:—

"The attention of your Committee has been called to the article known as Corn Flour, in reference to which important evidence as to its purity and its useful dietetic qualities has been given by some eminent medical and chemical authorities, which, however, is denied by *one* witness. Your Committee are fully convinced that the manufacture is quite legitimate, and that, like Arrowroot, Sago, and other starch foods, Corn Flour is perfectly wholesome, but that it should not in any case be given to infants without a considerable admixture of milk."

"I have examined JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR, and find it perfectly pure and most excellent in quality. When boiled with milk it affords complete nourishment for Children and persons of weak digestion.

"CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S.I.,
"Professor of Chemistry, Royal College
"of Surgeons, Dublin."

JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR, being perfectly pure, is not liable to ferment, and keeps sweet in any climate for years.

To be obtained in all Parts of the World by Order through Grocers, &c. *For Export it is Packed Specially with Great Care.*

Some reasons why
JOHNSTON'S CORN FLOUR SHOULD ALWAYS BE EXPRESSLY NAMED
when Corn Flour is ordered:—

"It is quite free from adulteration."—*The Lancet.* "Is decidedly superior."—*The Lancet.*

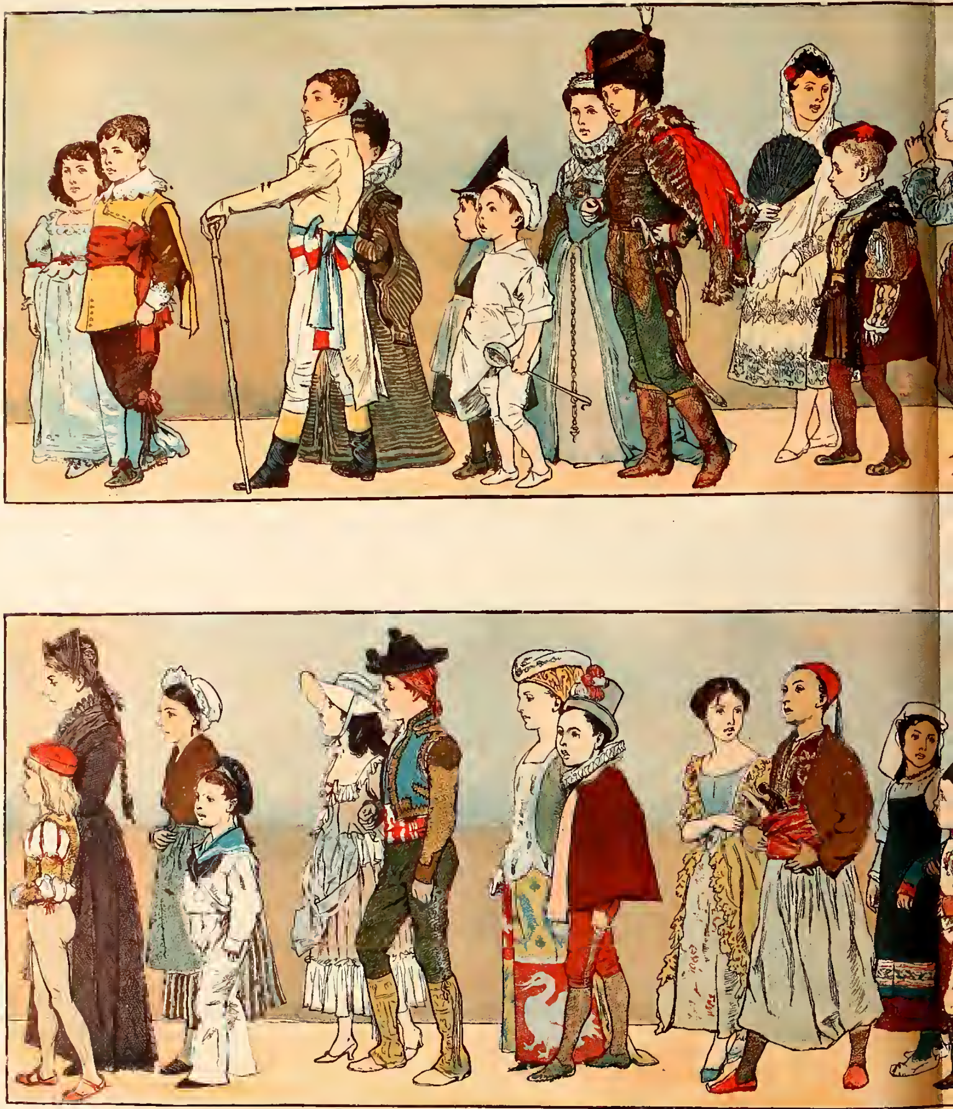
It is not Rice flour; it is prepared at great expense exclusively from Maize,—Indian Corn. It is rich in heat-giving and flesh-forming properties. In combination with milk it is the most perfect food for Children. Being perfectly pure, it does not ferment. J. and G. JOHNSTON, as Merchants, were the first House in England to advertise Corn Flour for the English and Export Markets. They have been almost entirely instrumental in introducing it as an invaluable article of nutritious food.

The Name CORN FLOUR **is unfairly appropriated to articles that are not CORN FLOUR, but cheap imitations.**

ALSO

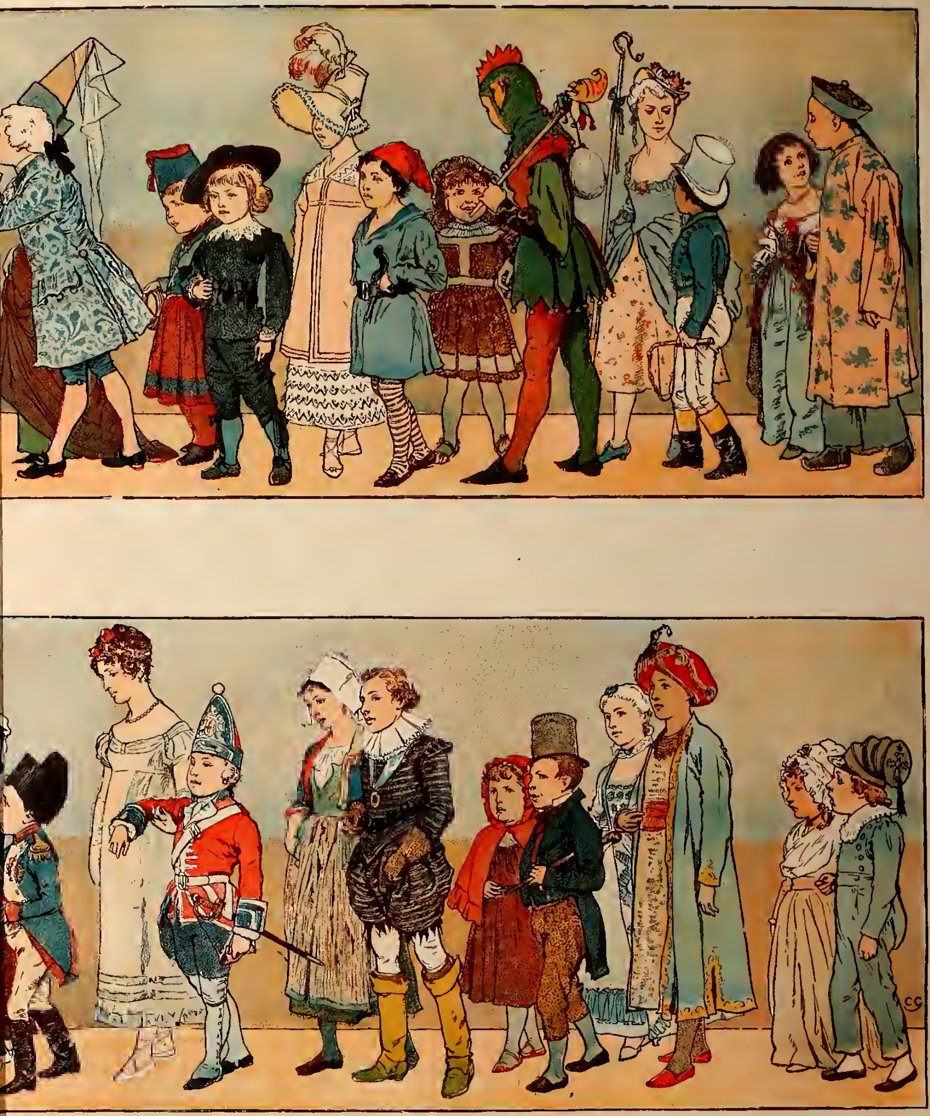
JOHNSTON'S SCOTCH OATMEAL,

Superior quality, warranted free from adulteration. Packets, ¼ lb., ½ lb., and 1 lb., with plain directions for making Porridge, Brose, and Gruel; also in 14 lb. bags. To be obtained by order from all Grocers, &c.



"The dresses had been very carefully designed, and they attracted a great deal of attention, as they afforded a pretty complete panorama of costum

THE CALICO BALL AT



ume from the Middle Ages up to a recent date. It was a picturesque sight to see the young people filing along two by two in procession.

T GROBY CASTLE

(Continued from page 8)

on sick leave. Not very sick, I suspect,—an affection of the chest which I may venture to designate as Hildamania. Well, I didn't grudge putting my hand in my pocket to help you, my old friend, but I determined to have some fun for my money, and I think I've had it. By the way, we haven't done any damage to your lordship's family picture. Ancestor Ralph was carefully removed from his frame, and when the right moment came Edgar took his place. That pair of ghost-loving sisters visited the Haunted Chamber just at the right moment. They had received delicate hints that if they went there they might see something wonderful."

"But how did you manage the mysterious voice from the picture which I heard on two occasions?" asked Lord Egglesthorpe.

"Your lordship remembers Gussage?" answered Mr. Hall Bowling, otherwise Chiltoe, "the rusty attorney's clerk?"

"Perfectly, a fellow who never opened his mouth, and who was always blushing."

"Well, he's a friend of mine whom we enlisted in the plot because he is an accomplished amateur ventriloquist. He's an awfully shy fellow, but he agreed to join our conspiracy provided he was never brought into contact with any ladies. Mr. Knoyle gave him bachelor entertainment at his house, and, except when we required his services professionally, he spent his days in rabbit-shooting and his evenings in grinding for the Indian Civil Service, and colouring a new meerschaum pipe."

"It was very rash of you, Alfred," said Hilda, "to allow the children to invade your dressing-room."

"Yes," replied her lover, "I was within an ace of being found out that morning when Lilian ran off with my auburn wig. Gussage behaved like a brick on that occasion. He was lurking, like Polonius, behind the arras with the benevolent intention of giving your lordship a ventriloquial surprise, when he saw the critical state of affairs, rushed courageously on the gigantic robber, and restored to me my head-gear."

"And you, Bowling, deserve the highest credit," observed Edgar Ammerdown, "for so skilfully keeping Lady Egglesthorpe in conversation while Mildred and I were enjoying our interview on the stairs."

"I think you young people have behaved most impudently," said the Countess. "I can hardly be persuaded to forgive you. What do you think of their conduct, Algy?" she added, turning to her husband.

"Unparalleled audacity is the only word for it," answered the Earl. "If any one had told me a twelvemonth ago that I should be so systematically humbugged and hoodwinked under my own roof I should have been ready to— But you see the young rogues were playing for very interesting stakes"—here he paused to kiss his daughters—"and it's the first hour of a New Year, and I've got my Castle back again, so, all things considered, I suppose I must forgive and forget, and say, 'Bless you, my children!'—And now, Ancestor Ralph, are you going to return to your frame?"

"I should like some supper first, if your lordship has no objection," replied the ex-spectre. "It's rather tiring work enacting the part of an Animated Portrait."

THE END

Blisson's Last Round:

A STORY OF SOME CHRISTMAS WAITS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT,

Author of "In the Dead of Night," "A Brilliant Adventure," &c.

"WELL, now, Mr. Harold, it's not half a bad idea if your Ma don't object to it."

"I'm old enough to please myself in a matter like this, Quain," I said, with my most dignified air.

"And therefore old enough to please your mother, too, young gentleman."

"If you must know, I have spoken to her about it, Quain. It's all right in that quarter."

"In that case we shall certainly be very glad to have you, Mr. Harold. A second clarnet will strengthen us considerably. We shall meet for practice at seven to-morrow night at Dicky Dodd's."

"I won't fail to be there, Quain."

The above conversation between Ephraim Quain and myself took place one evening at the beginning of December many years ago. I was just nineteen at the time, and had not long come back from Germany, where I had been to finish my education. Among other acquirements I had learnt how to play the clarionet. I was rather proud of my playing in those days, and when I got back home I was not long in discovering a small musical coterie in our little town, to which I at once affiliated myself. The coterie in question, which consisted but of some half-dozen members, was in the habit of meeting every Friday evening for three or four hours' good playing. The members were small tradesmen of the town, and they were all musical enthusiasts. They were men who had reached the dignity and substance of middle age, which was, perhaps, one reason why they had dubbed themselves "The Tortoises," being all of them so very slow and sure. They met at each other's house alternately, and every six weeks or so they supped together in a modest way on tripe and onions or some other equally cheap and savoury dish. The recognised leader of the Tortoises was Ephraim Quain, the tailor. He played first violin. The second violin was played by George Moody, the baker, and the violoncello found its master in Dicky Dodd, the shoemaker. David Mapes, the greengrocer, patronised the flute, while Silas Grogram, the smallware dealer, had a preference for the clarionet. Finally, Martin Lunn, the parish clerk, brought up the rear with his harp.

When I first mentioned to Ephraim Quain, who had known me ever since I was no higher than his counter, my wish to join the Tortoises during the ensuing winter (I was to go to a situation in London next spring), he stared at me through his spectacles in speechless amazement. That any lad of nineteen should, of his own accord, want to become a Tortoise, even *pro tem.*, was something altogether unheard of. Then, again, did not such a request, emanating from one so young, argue a considerable amount of arrogance and self-conceit? Here was a youngster who evidently put himself on a par with, and considered himself as the equal in knowledge and musical ability of, men old enough to be his grandfather—of men who had served an apprenticeship, each to his own pet instrument, long years before this jackanapes was born. Certainly boys nowadays were very different from the boys of forty years ago. They seemed to think that they could master everything with a hop, skip, and a jump.

"You must be very fond of music, young sir," said the worthy tailor, when he had sufficiently digested my daring proposition.

"I am very fond of it."

"Then come to my house to-night, and let me hear you play."

At Ephraim's house that evening I found two other Tortoises besides himself. They had come on purpose to hear me. When I had given them a specimen of what I could do, they all shook their heads solemnly. Then one cleared his throat, and uttered the word, "Showy." Another from behind his pipe grunted out the word, "Newfangled." The third, with a thump of his fist on the table, said emphatically, "That may be the Jarman way, but I'm dashed if it's the English!"

But they were good-hearted old boys for all that, and when they had sufficiently taken the wind out of my sails, they agreed that I should go to their next Friday's meeting. "If the lad's fond of music, and wants to improve hisself, it's a pity he shouldn't have the chance," said David Mapes, "and he couldn't help improving if he came to us." "Of course he couldn't," assented the others. "We don't go in for gimcracks and fireworks, we don't. We go in for something solid and substantial—something that a man can get a bellyful out of. Good music's like roast beef and taters. It always agrees with you, and you never get tired of it."

Thus it was that I became a Tortoise *pro tem.* But now Christmas was drawing near, and then it was that the conversation between Ephraim and myself, as detailed at the beginning of this paper, took place. Two nights a week during the three weeks that preceded Christmas the Tortoises turned themselves into Waits, and went about from house to house among their friends and customers, playing the simple homely tunes that accorded best with the coming season. Christmas would not have seemed like Christmas in our little town without the Tortoises and their music. It was no wonder that I wanted to go with them.

Although I did not tell Ephraim so, my mother had strongly opposed my wish to join the Waits, in fact, she would far rather that I had never joined the Tortoises at all. She thought that I, the son of a doctor, must of necessity lose caste by doing so. I could not see the matter in that light at all, and when she found how earnest I was about it, she gave way, dear soul! as she always did to my whims and wishes. So with the Waits I went, and tootled away on my clarionet to my heart's content.

Christmas Eve came round at last, and with it the last night of the Waits. It was to be a longer round than usual. We assembled at Ephraim Quain's house a little before ten o'clock. When we got there we were told that Silas Grogram, who played the clarionet, had sent word to say his cold was so bad that the doctor wouldn't let him leave home. "It don't matter so very much," added Ephraim, "because we've got young Mr. Harold here, though being our last night I should have liked us all to be together, and two clar'nets would certainly have been better than one. But what can't be cured must be endured."

Each of us had a mug of hot elder wine given him to drink. While we were sipping it, said Ephraim: "Friends all—all but young Mr. Harold there—you will not forget this night twelve months ago. It was poor Will Blisson's last night on earth."

"Will Blisson?" I said. "Was not that the man who made away with himself?"

"It was—more's the pity. He went out with us as it might be to-night, knowing all the time what he meant to do when he got home, but never hinting at it so much as by a single word. Then when we had done, he shook hands all round, nodded a good-night to us—he was always a man of few words—and went. Nobody saw him alive after that."

"There was some woman mixed up with the affair, wasn't there?" I asked. I had been in Germany when the tragedy took place, and had only a vague recollection of it.

"A woman? Yes—his wife. He had escaped the snares of matrimony till he was over fifty, then suddenly he went and married a neighbour's daughter that he had been used to dandle on his knees when she was a child. She had lost both father and mother, and would have had to go out to service. So she married Will Blisson instead."

"And a mortal pity it were," interposed David Mapes, "that they two ever became man and wife."

Everybody shook their heads in solemn agreement, and then Ephraim continued: "Though Will never said a word about it, everybody knew that the marriage was not a happy one. He was a quiet close-fisted man—some people might have called him stingy. She was a vain, feather-brained creature who, if she could have had her own way, would have spent all her husband's savings on dress and vanities."

"Ah, what red cheeks and what bright eyes she had!" interjected George Moody.

"Will had been one of us for years," went on Ephraim, addressing himself directly to me. "He played the clar'net, and a capital player he was. Silas Grogram, who's away ill to-night, didn't join us till after Will's death. Well, a year ago this very night, just before Will left home to go his rounds with us, a note was put into his hands. It was from his wife. She had gone away with another man. Will read the note, and put it into his pocket without a word. He went the rounds with us, and nobody knew there was anything the matter with him, but within two hours of his leaving us he had put an end to his life. Peace be with him! Amen."

"Amen to that," said everybody, solemnly.

"And now, my hearties, it's time we made a start."

We drank off our elder wine, and proceeded to put on our coats and comforters. Then Dicky Dodd, in accordance with immemorial custom, handed round his snuff-box. Each took a pinch in silence. Then Ephraim opened the door, and each taking his instrument, we set out. The harp did not go with us on our Christmas rounds. It was too heavy and cumbersome to be carried from place to place; in addition to which, Martin Lunn, who played it, was by nature fat and scant of breath.

"We'll go to Squire Swainson's first," said Ephraim, and in a few minutes we were there.

"Gently with the gate, my hearties," continued Ephraim. "We should come upon 'em like spirits in the night, without a sound till we all strike up together."

Following a winding path that led through the shubbery, we came presently to a small lawn interspersed with clumps of evergreens. The night was keen, with a slight frost. A white rime lay on the grass. There was no moon, but the stars shone clearly overhead.

"Who's that?" whispered Ephraim, pointing with his finger as we crossed the lawn. "There's somebody there. Can't be waiting for us, eh, boys?"

"Some chap sweethearting after the girls, perhaps," whispered David Mapes.

"Anyhow, he's no business here at this time o' night," remarked Dicky Dodd.

Somebody there certainly was: a muffled-up figure standing exactly opposite the big bow window. He did not move as we drew nearer, in fact, it almost seemed as if he were waiting for us. The stars shone brightly, and although the man's features were not clearly distinguishable, his form and figure could be plainly seen, down to the shape of his hat, the cut of his coat, and even to the dark muffler tied round his throat with its ends thrown over his left shoulder.

"Who *can* it be?" asked Ephraim in the same low voice as we drew near. "David, where's thy lantern?"

David Mapes when going his Christmas rounds always carried a small dark lantern under his capacious overcoat. Here and there a tortuous lane or a narrow field-path had to be traversed, or an awkward stile to be crossed, and as the Tortoises were no longer so young as they had once been, David's lantern was not without its uses.

In the present case the words were hardly out of Ephraim's mouth, before David brought out the lantern, pushed back the slide, and flashed the light full on the stranger's face. On that face the eyes of all present were bent. It was rugged, careworn, morose; with deep-cut lines at the corners of the eyes and mouth, and with shaggy overhanging brows, from beneath which glowed two deep-set eyes instinct with gloomy fire.

But hardly had my companions set eyes on this figure than with one accord they shrank back horror-stricken: with one accord their trembling lips breathed out the words, "It's Will Blisson!"

Then came a pause of mingled awe and astonishment as we all stood huddled together on the frosted grass, gazing with dread unspeakable on the ghostly figure before us. It stood there without moving, with its eyes bent on us—as we could feel—and still with the same air of waiting for someone or something.

George Moody was the first to speak. "I'm blest if he hasn't brought his clar'net with him!" he said in an awed whisper.

It was true. Now that George mentioned it, we could all clearly make out the shape of the instrument.

A little while, and Ephraim Quain spoke. He was our leader and we all looked to him for an opinion. "Boys," said Ephraim huskily, "we cannot doubt that we see before us our old friend Will Blisson, who came round with us for the last time this very night twelve months ago. Why he has been permitted to join us here again to night, is a mystery that we cannot fathom. But of one thing we may be quite sure—he is not here to do us any harm. We have no cause to stand in fear of him: why should we? As he is, so will each of us be in turn, and before very long. Friends and neighbours, let us get on with our work. We will play first of all, 'Hail Blessed Babe in Bethlem's Manger Laid.' Now then, all together."

I am afraid that the first few bars were rather shakily played. We had spread ourselves out a little, but hardly had the first note swelled on the night air when the silent ghostly figure that magnetised the eyes of all of us glided a few paces nearer till it formed, as it were, one of our group. We all shrank visibly away from it—all save brave old Ephraim. "Steady, friends, steady," he said in quavering accents. "Nothing in the wide world can harm us unless He wills it so." Thus encouraged we went on with our playing as steadily as our shaken nerves would allow us. We saw now why the ghost, or whatever it was, had come closer up to us. Its intention was to join us in our playing. It pressed its clarionet to its lips, and moved its fingers over the keys in accordance with the exigencies of the tune, but no sound, no faintest murmur of music, reached our straining ears. Still the figure played on—played its silent music—pausing when we paused, and beginning again when we began again. When the first piece was over, Ephraim gave out the name of the second, and in this too the figure joined, but silently as before. Could it hear *us*? I kept on wondering to myself. Did the music which we discoursed fill no more space in the vacant chambers of its brain than its did in ours?

When the second piece was at an end, we all, in accordance with a time honoured custom, lifted up our voices and cried, "'To all under this roof we wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.' The words had not left our lips before the ghost of Will Blisson had vanished. What a sigh of relief we all gave!

"We'll go to Farmer Woodruff's next," said Ephraim. "We shall get some hotted ale there, and that's a mortal fine thing on a cold night."

"It's coming on to freeze harder than ever," said George Moody with a shiver.

"Ah! We ain't so young as we once was," said Dicky Dodd. "Old bones and frosty weather don't agree nohow."

We only spoke in whispers. We hardly felt yet as if we were really alone. Turning up the collars of our coats, and burying our noses in our comforters, we set our faces for Farmer Woodruff's. It was a good half-mile away, but I don't believe that any of us spoke till we got there. The influence of what we had just gone through could not be thrown off in a moment. Ephraim was the first to speak. "We'll try the straw-yard gate," he said. "Maybe they're expecting us, and have left it unfastened."

Finding the straw-yard open, we passed through, and presently stationed ourselves in front of the house. The lower windows were not so closely shuttered, but that we could make out a light in one of the rooms. "That looks well for our hotted ale," whispered David Mapes, as he breathed on his frozen fingers.

"Blest, if poor Will ain't here a waiting for us again!" muttered Dicky Dodd.

"I thought we had very likely not seen the last of him," answered Ephraim. "He'll go with us wherever we go to-night, you see if he don't."

As before, the figure formed one of our group, and as before it accompanied us silently on its clarionet. If we were not quite so overcome as at first, still its proximity to us filled us with an awe too deep for words. When we came to talk the matter over among ourselves afterwards, one or two admitted that the chief thought in their minds at the time had been to wonder whether, when they in their turn should be gone, they would be permitted to come back, as Will Blisson had come back, and go the rounds on Christmas Eve with their old friends.

Before we had quite finished, Farmer Woodruff's door was thrown hospitably open, and as the last note died away, a cheery voice cried out: "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all!"

"The same to you, Mister Jim, and many of 'em!" we responded in unison.

"Come inside and warm yourselves with a drop of old ale," cried Jim. So we scraped our shoes and filed in, the door being shut behind the last man. Involuntarily I glanced round. It was a relief to find that the figure had not come in with us. I breathed more freely.

How cosy and home-like seemed the warm well-lighted room! For my part, I should have liked nothing better than to stay there all night and pretermit the remainder of our rounds. On a table in the middle of the sanded floor stood a dish filled with mince pies and huge slices of plum cake. Close by was a large old-fashioned silver tankard with two handles, filled to the brim with hot spiced ale, on the surface of which floated a lemon stuck with cloves.

"Dad would have sat up for you himself," said Jim, "only

(Continued on page 16)

CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers.

Catalogues and Prospectuses upon application.

MAJOR WHYTE-MELVILLE'S NEW NOVEL.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for JANUARY will contain the first chapters of a New Novel by G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE, author of "The Gladiators," &c., entitled "ROY'S WIFE." Illustrated by Arthur Hopkins.

THOMAS HARDY'S NEW NOVEL.

BELGRAVIA for JANUARY will contain the first chapters of a New Novel by THOMAS HARDY (author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," &c.), entitled "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE." Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

Illustrated by Gilbert, Du Maurier, Small, &c.

Antonina. By Wilkie Collins.
Basil. By Wilkie Collins.
Hide and Seek. By Wilkie Collins.
The Dead Secret. By Wilkie Collins.
Queen of Hearts. By Wilkie Collins.
My Miscellanies. By Wilkie Collins.
The Woman in White. By Wilkie Collins.
The Moonstone. By Wilkie Collins.
Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins.
Poor Miss Finch. By Wilkie Collins.
Miss or Mrs? By Wilkie Collins.
The New Magdalen. By Wilkie Collins.
The Frozen Deep. By Wilkie Collins.
The Law and the Lady. By Wilkie Collins.
Felicia. By M. B. Edwards.
Patricia Kemball. By E. Lynn Linton.
Atonement of Leam Dundas. By E. Lynn Linton.
The Evil Eye. By K. S. Macquoid.
Number Seventeen. By Henry Kingsley.
Oakshott Castle. By Henry Kingsley.
Open! Sesame! By Florence Marryat.
Whiteladies. By Mrs. Oliphant.
The Best of Husbands. By James Payn.
Walter's Word. By J. Payn.
Halves. By James Payn.
The Way We Live Now. By Anthony Trollope.
Diamond Cut Diamond. By T. A. Trollope.
Bound to the Wheel. By John Saunders.
Guy Waterman. By John Saunders.
One Against the World. By John Saunders.
The Lion in the Path. By John Saunders.
Ready-Money Mortiboy. By Walter Besant and James Rice.
The Golden Butterfly. By Besant and Rice.
My Little Girl. By Besant and Rice.
With Harp and Crown. By Besant and Rice.
The Case of Mr. Lucraft. By Besant and Rice.
This Son of Vulcan. By Besant and Rice.

Crown 8vo, red cloth extra, 5s. each.

OUIDA'S NOVELS.

FOLLE-FARINE.
IDALIA.
CHANDOS.
UNDER TWO FLAGS.
TRICOTRIN.
CECIL CASTLEMAINE.
HELD IN BONDAGE.
PASCAREL.
PUCK.
DOG OF FLANDERS.
STRATHMORE.
TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES.
SIGNA.
IN A WINTER CITY.
ARIADNE.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

Antonina. By Wilkie Collins.
Basil. By Wilkie Collins.
Hide and Seek. By Wilkie Collins.
Dead Secret. By W. Collins.
Queen of Hearts. By Wilkie Collins.
My Miscellanies. By Wilkie Collins.
The Woman in White. By Wilkie Collins.
Moonstone. By W. Collins.
Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins.
Poor Miss Finch. By Wilkie Collins.
Miss or Mrs.? By Wilkie Collins.
The New Magdalen. By Wilkie Collins.
Frozen Deep. By W. Collins.
The Law and the Lady. By Wilkie Collins.
Bound to the Wheel.
Oakshott Castle. By Henry Kingsley.
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. By Mark Twain.
A Pleasure Trip on the Continent. By Mark Twain.
Guy Waterman. By John Saunders.
One Against the World. By John Saunders.
The Lion in the Path. By John and Katherine Saunders.
Ready-Money Mortiboy. By Besant and Rice.
The Golden Butterfly. By Besant and Rice.
With Harp and Crown. By Besant and Rice.
This Son of Vulcan. By Besant and Rice.
My Little Girl. By Besant and Rice.
The Case of Mr. Lucraft. By Besant and Rice.

CHATTO and WINDUS, PICCADILLY, W.

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

IS DISTINGUISHED FOR UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

FOR FAMILIES.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR is of constant utility in the preparation of Puddings, Custards, Blanc-mange, Soups, Sauces, &c. Also for Invalids and Children.

FOR HOTELS.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR is inexpensive, and admits, with simple treatment, of many elegant and most agreeable applications.

FOR CONFECTIONERS.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR is admirably adapted for cakes and biscuits, as well as for light dishes suitable for breakfasts, suppers, &c.

FOR SHIP STORES.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR is equally serviceable as an ordinary diet, and as a medicinal regimen.

FOR ORPHANAGES.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR is an economic substitute for arrowroot in all its uses, and, made with milk, it becomes an excellent diet for children, both in health and sickness.

FOR HOSPITALS.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR is an approved and perfectly pure carbonaceous food, having special uses in various forms of disorder, and always beneficial in conditions of debility.

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

IS SUITABLE FOR ALL SEASONS AND CLIMATES.

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

AFFORDS THE HIGHEST SATISFACTION TO ALL WHO USE IT

ESTABLISHED
1832.
NONE
GENUINE
EXCEPT
IN
PINK PAPER
WRAPPERS.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

AMONG THE CULTIVATED AND REFINED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THIS RENOWNED PREPARATION IS THE ACKNOWLEDGED FAVOURITE WITH BOTH SEXES. OVER FORTY YEARS' TRIAL AND EXPERIENCE HAVE ESTABLISHED ITS SUPERIORITY AND EXCELLENCE.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER.

IT CANNOT FAIL TO RESTORE GREY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. WHEN THE HAIR TURNS GREY, LOSES ITS LUSTRE, AND FALLS OUT, IT SIMPLY REQUIRES NOURISHMENT. MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER, BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION, STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES THE HAIR, AND, BY THE OPERATION OF NATURAL CAUSES, GREY OR WHITE HAIR IS QUICKLY RESTORED TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOUR, GLOSS, AND BEAUTY. IT WILL STOP ITS FALLING, AND INDUCE A HEALTHY AND MOST LUXURIANT GROWTH. USE NO OTHER PREPARATION WITH IT, NOR EVEN OIL OR POMADE, OR ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. IS THE BEST

TO RESTORE GREY HAIR.

BECAUSE IT IS MADE FROM THE CHOICEST MATERIALS, AND PREPARED WITH THE UTMOST CARE AND SKILL. OVER FORTY YEARS THE FAVOURITE PREPARATION. ENJOYING BY FAR THE LARGEST SALE, IT MUST BE THE BEST. IT DOES NOT DYE THE HAIR, BUT STRENGTHENS IT. GREY HAIRS SOON DISAPPEAR. BY ITS GENTLE TONIC ACTION THE ROOTS ARE STRENGTHENED, THE SOFT AND SILKY TEXTURE OF HEALTHY HAIR FOLLOWS ITS USE.

Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN manufactures two entirely distinct Preparations for the Hair. One or the other is suited to every condition of the Human Hair. Both are never required at one time. For details as to each Preparation, kindly read above and below this paragraph. Readers can easily determine which of the two they require. These Preparations have a world-wide reputation. Enormous and increasing sale through Forty Years. Every Chemist and Dealer in Toilet Articles has both Preparations.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S ZYLO-BALSAMUM.

For the
Growth and Preservation
of the Hair.
It is a cooling, vegetable, and transparent liquid,
without sediment

A SIMPLE TONIC AND DRESSING OF INESTIMABLE VALUE TO BOTH SEXES. THE FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG AND ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NO GREY HAIR. IT WILL NOT CHANGE THE COLOUR OF THE HAIR, BUT, BY EARLY USE, IT WILL PREVENT IT TURNING GREY. PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, SO COMMON IN THESE DAYS, MAY BE ENTIRELY PREVENTED BY THE USE OF ZYLO-BALSAMUM. PROMPT RELIEF IN THOUSANDS OF CASES HAS BEEN AFFORDED WHERE THE HAIR HAS BEEN COMING OUT IN HANDFULS. IT PROMOTES A HEALTHY AND VIGOROUS GROWTH. HAIR DRESSED WITH ZYLO-BALSAMUM IS ALWAYS CLEAN, FREE FROM DANDRUFF, AND WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL GLOSS ONLY SEEN IN HEALTHY HAIR. IT IS DELIGHTFULLY FRAGRANT. NO OIL OR POMADE SHOULD BE USED WITH IT.

CAUTION!—The Genuine only in Bluish Grey Wrappers.
Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Dealers in Toilet Articles

---

THE FAVOURITE TOILET WATER OF THE AGE.

GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,

TRIPLE DISTILLED FROM THE FRESH LEAVES of the BAY TREE (*Myrcia Acris*),

FOR THE TOILET, NURSERY, AND BATH.

A
Toilet Water
of peculiar and
delightful fragrance,
delicate and lasting,
refreshing and soothing.
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
triple distilled from the fresh leaves of
the Bay Tree (Myrcia Acris). Indispensable
and a luxury for the TOILET, NURSERY, and BATH.
A few drops on a Sponge or Towel moistened with water,
and the FACE and HANDS bathed with it, is very beneficial to
the skin, removing all roughness. Most highly recommended
to apply after SHAVING. A small quantity in the BATH gives a
delightful aroma, and it has most remarkable CLEANSING
PROPERTIES. Particularly adapted to the BATHING OF INFANTS and young children; a few drops are sufficient for
a basin of water. Most grateful to INVALIDS and
all who suffer from HEADACHE, from mental
labour or fatigue. Buy only the genuine
GOLDEN STAR BAY LEAF WATER,
sold in three sizes Toilet Bottles,
2s. 6d., 5s., 8s., by Chemists
and Perfumers, or on receipt
of stamps from the whole-
sale depôt, 114 & 116,
Southampton Row,
London.

"ELECTRICITY IS LIFE."
TRADE MARK.

PULVERMACHER'S PATENT GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, BATTERIES, &c.,

RECENTLY IMPROVED,

Approved by the Academy of Medicine of Paris and other Medical Authorities in England and Abroad.

VITAL ENERGY, it is well known, depends upon the unimpaired functions of the nervo-electric fluid governing the whole economy; any deficiency thereof in the system manifests itself, according to the local parts of the body, by a variety of troublesome ailments, such as

Indigestion
Liver Complaints
Neuralgia
Sciatica
Deafness
Writer's Cramp
Loss of Voice
Asthma
Bronchitis
Paralysis
Epilepsy
Rheumatism
Gout
Constipation
Local Debility
General Debility
Female Complaints
Mental and Physical Weakness
Functional Disorders, &c., &c.

This is no conjecture, but an established scientific fact, and it must be admitted that the continuous Volta-Electric currents of these Chain-Bands, although applied externally, penetrate to the innermost organs, promoting digestion, circulation, and nutrition, and performing their recuperative and restorative work in a silent, natural way, devoid of the uncertainty, costliness, and inconvenience of ordinary treatment, or of any unpleasant sensation by shocks, counter-irritation, &c.

MR. PULVERMACHER refrains from advancing statements of his own in favour of his Medico-Galvanic appliances, but confines himself mainly to quotations from the opinions of competent medical and scientific authorities, including Sir CHARLES LOCOCK, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.S.; Sir HENRY HOLLAND, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.S., and F.R.S.; Sir J. R. MARTIN, Bart., C.B., F.R.C.S., F.S.A., and F.R.S.; Sir W. FERGUSSON, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.S., &c.

See Pamphlet, "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER of IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY," sent post free for three stamps.

GALVANISM v. CRAMP.

"9, Silver Street, Manningham, Sept. 13, 1877.

"Dear Sir,—The electric band I had from you has been a great blessing to the patient for whom it was procured, as, previous to wearing it, he suffered greatly from cramp, and could not hold the tools he worked with, and had frequent attacks at night in the legs and thigh. A week after, and ever since the application of the band, the cramp has entirely ceased.—I am dear sir, yours truly,

"E. SCHOLEFIELD.

GALVANISM v. INDIGESTION.

"New Street, Woodbridge, Sept. 2, 1877.

"Dear Sir,—Having derived great benefit by wearing one of your galvanic belts, which I had from you in May last, I feel it my duty and privilege to acknowledge my thanks to you. The complaint was Indigestion, from which I suffered very much.—Yours respectfully,

"WALTER ADAMS.

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent St., London."

GALVANISM v. HEADACHE and NUMBNESS in FEET.

2, Union Passage, Birmingham,

"Dear Sir, I feel I cannot speak too highly of your appliances. I have derived very much benefit from using them. I am quite free from pain in the head, and have not had any numbness in my feet for a very long time. I have not consulted a medical man since I commenced to wear the combined bands. I have no rheumatic pains, and, although sixty-three years of age, I feel fifteen years younger, as I can now walk seven or eight miles without feeling fatigued, whereas I used not to be able to walk one mile.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher." "JAMES DOBSON.

GALVANISM v. HEMIPLEGIA of FIVE YEARS' DURATION.

"York, August 18, 1877.

"My dear Sir,—I received your Chain Band last May, for my case, which is one of hemiplegia of five years' duration. I put it on according to directions, and I had not been in bed half an hour before both legs felt the effect of the electric power, which was not at all unpleasant. At the end of a week I could use the affected leg as well as ever, and I am now happy to say the appliance has made a complete cure in my case, and restored me to perfect health and strength.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"G. E. BUCKLE.

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

GALVANISM v. INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

"Hendesley Rectory, Butesdale, Suffolk, August 8, 1877.

"Dear Sir,—I am astonished at the marvellous effect produced after the use of your Band for a month. The child, a boy of four years, lost entirely the use of one leg, which began to waste away, and was pronounced incurable. After the use of the Band for a week the leg broke out, and then began to gain strength, and now the little fellow is able to walk, to the delight and deep gratitude of his parents.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"(Rev.) W. T. DIXON.

GALVANISM v. NERVOUS HEADACHE.

"Eshall, Aug. 7, 1877.

"Dear Sir,—It affords me great pleasure to testify to the efficiency of your appliances. I was a great sufferer from nervous headache for over 20 years. I tried no end of remedies, but never found any relief until April last, when I purchased one of your Chain Bands, which I wore for a fortnight continuously, and I have never had an attack since.—I am, dear sir, yours gratefully,

"ELIZABETH HARRISON.

"Mr. Pulvermacher, 194, Regent Street."

GALVANISM v. DEAFNESS and TIC DOULOUREUX.

"Carthage, Ross, July 31, 1877

"Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the appliances you forwarded to me for deafness and tic douloureux greatly relieved me, especially in the case of the first-mentioned complaint.

"I have been afflicted for the past fifty years, but it has not been so severe since using your Chain Band

"The above information I ought to have forwarded much earlier for the good of others.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"F. CORSER.

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher"

GALVANISM v. BILIOUSNESS.

"High Street, Leiston, Suffolk, July 31, 1877.

"Sir,—I am happy to say I am quite well. I have left the Band off about a fortnight, and I can now eat almost anything and not feel the worse for it, whereas before I could eat nothing but what disagreed with me. I recommend your treatment to any one who suffers from biliousness, as I have not felt any such symptoms since wearing your belt.

"Accept my earnest thanks. I will recommend your treatment to all sufferers. Your instructions are so simple that one cannot go amiss

"Believe me, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"AUGUSTUS TITLOW.

"Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher."

N.B.—The credulity of Invalids being constantly imposed upon by certain advertisers, Mr. Pulvermacher, confident in the 30 years' curative success of his PATENT GALVANIC APPLIANCES for Self-Application, is always desirous to offer that guarantee of sincerity which the public has a right to demand. In order to anticipate doubts as to the bonâ fide nature of his numerous testimonials, published in his Pamphlet, and in the Newspapers, he gives the full names and addresses from whence they emanate. In those cases, however, where only initials and incomplete addresses are given in accordance with the wishes of the patients, Mr. Pulvermacher will be happy to furnish, on application, any desired information to authenticate the same.

FOR FURTHER TESTIMONIALS both Medical and Private, see Pamphlet, "GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY," post free for three stamps.

J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT,

194, REGENT STREET, LONDON,
W. (Nearly opposite Conduit Street).

BENHAM and SONS,
WIGMORE STREET,
LONDON, W

BENHAM and SONS' VENTILATING GLOBE LIGHTS.

The following are some of the advantages of this mode of lighting:—

1. It carries off all the heat and foul air from the burner.
2. It also ventilates the apartment by removing the heated and vitiated air.
3. It introduces a constant supply of external fresh air
4. The flame is powerful, steady, and cannot be affected by draughts
5. No smoke escaping, the ceiling is not blackened.

BENHAM and SONS' SHOW ROOMS FOR CHIMNEY-PIECES

BENHAM and SONS' SHOW-ROOMS FOR FENDERS.

BENHAM and SONS' STOVES FOR DRAWING-ROOMS

BENHAM and SONS' STOVES FOR DINING-ROOMS.

BENHAM and SONS' STOVES FOR LIBRARIES.

BENHAM and SONS' STOVES FOR ENTRANCE HALLS

BENHAM and SONS' STOVES FOR BEDROOMS.

BENHAM and SONS' DOG STOVES AND DOGS.

BENHAM and SONS' CHINA TILE STOVES

BENHAM and SONS' TILE HEARTHS.

BENHAM and SONS' GERMAN PORCELAIN STOVE may be seen in operation. Keeps alight for twelve hours. Consumes only 14lb coal in twenty-four hours.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street, W.

BENHAM and SONS' PATENT COAL ECONOMISING GRATES. This Grate in its construction is exactly the reverse of an ordinary Register Stove; instead of being recessed in the mantel, all the heating surface stands out prominently in the room.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street, W.

BENHAM and SONS' PATENT SLOW COMBUSTION GRATES keep alight for several hours, and save more than half the fuel.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS' COOKING APPARATUS.—For cooking purposes, Benham and Sons have various patented arrangements adapted to the various requirements of hotels, club houses, hospitals, asylums, prisons, workhouses, schools, colleges.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS' KITCHEN RANGES.

BENHAM and SONS' COOKING APPARATUS

BENHAM and SONS' LAUNDRY APPARATUS

BENHAM and SONS' HEATING APPARATUS

BENHAM and SONS' HOT-WATER APPARATUS

BENHAM and SONS' STEAM-ENGINES.

BENHAM and SONS' LAUNDRY DRYING CLOSETS.

BENHAM and SONS are also prepared to undertake ENGINEERS' WORK of every description for Asylums, Workhouses, and other large establishments, comprising the following, viz.: Steam Engines and Boilers; Heating Apparatus, by means of hot water, hot air, or steam; Hot and Cold Water Tanks and Services, Pumps, &c.; Baths, Lavatories, &c., Laundries, Wash-houses, and Drying Closets; Gas-works and Gas-fittings; Hoists (or Lifts) for dinners; Coals, &c.—Wigmore Street, London, W. Factory, 66, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS' LIFTS (or HOISTS), to work by Hand or Steam, or Hydraulic Power.—Wigmore Street, W.

BENHAM and SONS' GAS-WORKS, GAS-FITTINGS, and GAS-COOKING APPARATUS.—50, 52, and 54, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS' PATENT VENTILATING KITCHENER. It requires no brickwork to fix it. It roasts, bakes, boils, and steams with one fire, and supplies a bath if required. It carries off the heat and smell of the kitchen. It can be fixed in its place in a few hours after the fireplace is cleared out and prepared for it, and by local workmen if preferred.—50, Wigmore Street.

BENHAM and SONS' PATENT COAL CELLARETTE or "Londonderry," is specially adapted for use in clubs, banking-houses, hotels, railway stations, Government offices, hospitals, steampackets, noblemen's mansions, entrance halls, &c. One Londonderry placed in a corridor or landing will supply fuel for a whole suite of rooms.—50, 52, 54, Wigmore Street

BENHAM and SONS' PLATED TEA SERVICES from £1.

BENHAM and SONS' PLATED DISH-COVERS, on Nickel, from £9 per Set.

BENHAM and SONS' PLATED DESSERT KNIVES and FORKS.

BENHAM and SONS' PLATED FISH KNIVES and FORKS

BENHAM and SONS' PLATED TEA-URNS, on Nickel, from £6 18s.

BENHAM and SONS' PLATED TEA-KETTLES, on Nickel, from £1

BENHAM and SONS' PLATED BISCUIT BOXES, from 15s.

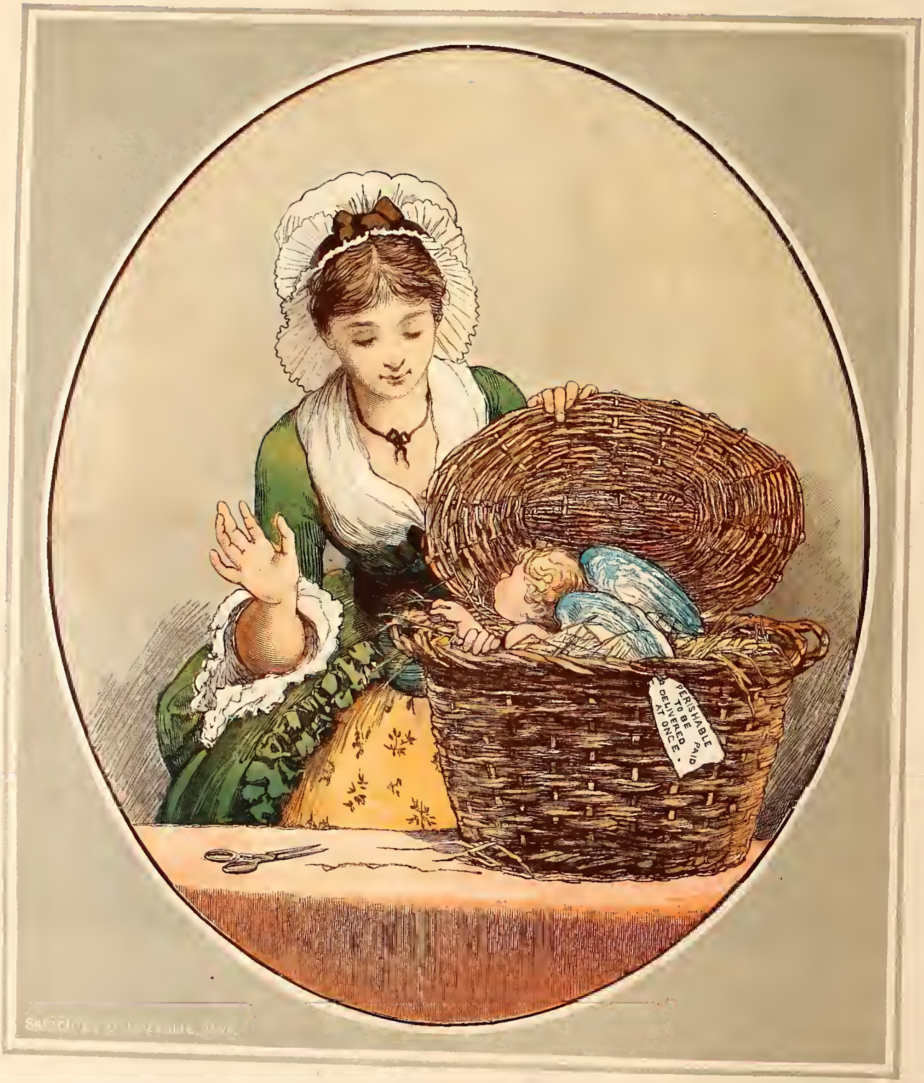
BENHAM and SONS' PLATED TRAYS and WAITERS, from 30s.

BENHAM and SONS' BRONZE TEA-URNS, from 50s.

BENHAM and SONS' BRONZE TEA-KETTLES, from 45s.

BENHAM and SONS' BATHS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

BENHAM and SONS, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.; and at 3, Mansfield Chambers, St. Ann's Square, Manchester



A CHRISTMAS HAMPER

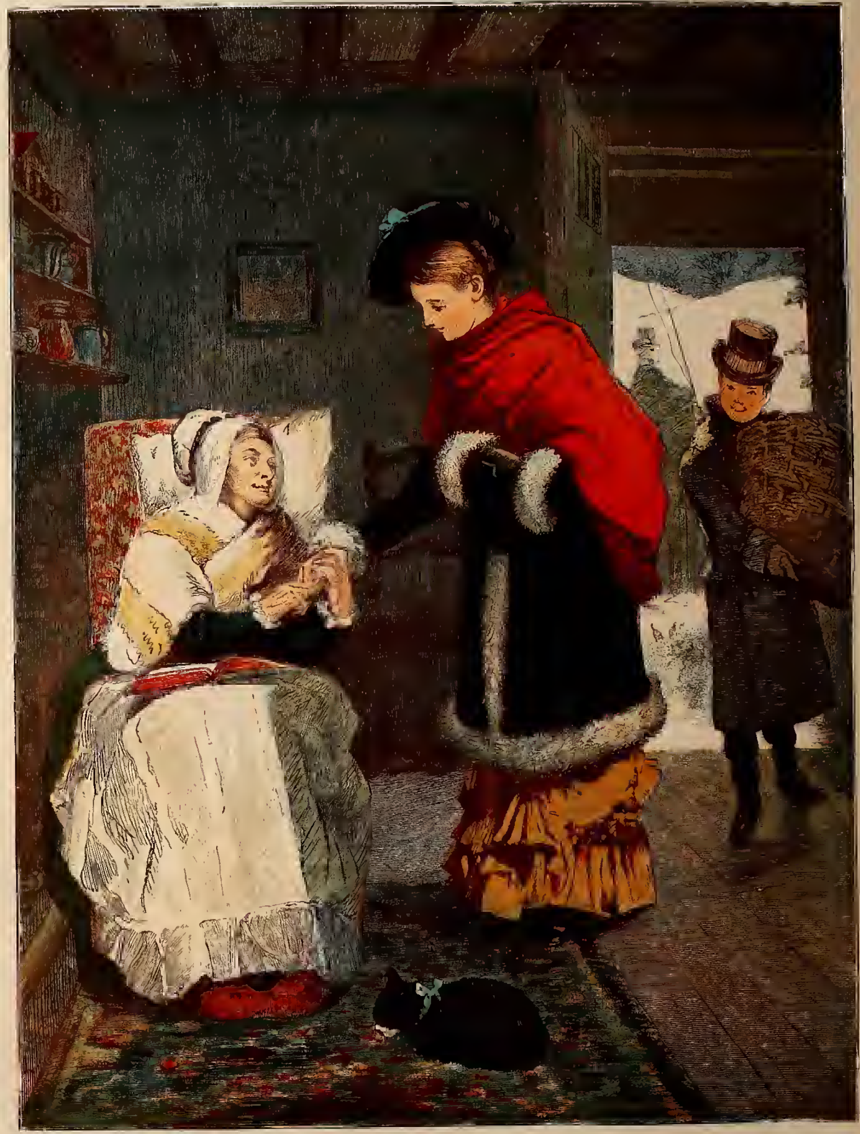
Roving about in search of sport,
Through grove and terrace, lane and court,
Dan Cupid, mischief-loving elf,
Chanced to discover on a shelf

A hamper, to a nymph directed,
Who hitherto had quite neglected
The worship due at Cupid's shrine.
"I vow," quoth Love, "she shall be mine,

In cockney rhyme my sacred fire
Shall melt the heart of sweet Maria."
He drew out partridges and pheasant,
Saying, "I'll be her Christmas present!"

Among the straw himself he hid,
While Venus kindly closed the lid,
And popped the treasure of her heart
Into a trusty carrier's cart.

Maria started when she spied
The little winged boy inside.
"You looked for game, sweet girl," cries he,
"Henceforward don't make game of me!"



A COTTAGER'S CHRISTMAS HAMPER

"None received her more gladly than old Mrs. Boscobel, who delighted in a visit from the great folks at the Castle."

(Continued from page 12)

his twitches have come on bad this last day or two, and I persuaded him to go to bed."

"Ah, there's a deal of rheumatics about at this time o' year," remarked Ephraim. "But it's an ill thing to have 'em at Christmastide."

He was in the act of lifting the tankard to his lips when I saw his face change suddenly. Following the direction of his eyes with mine, I perceived the cause in a moment. In the darkest corner of the room—a corner that the shadows seemed to love, and that the firelight hardly reached—stood an old-fashioned case clock black with age and much polishing. Leaning against the clock in an attitude of dejection stood the Figure. As yet no one had seen it but Ephraim and myself. The others were standing with their backs towards the clock busily engaged on the mince pies and plum cake. "Don't say a word, but let us get away as soon as we can," whispered Ephraim. Then he pulled himself together, and lifting the tankard to his lips he took a long deep draught. "That's real fine stingo for a night like this," he said approvingly as he passed the tankard to David Mapes. Then each of us in turn took a long deep draught, the lemon bobbing against our lips as we drank. "And now, boys, with all due thanks to Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Jim here, we mustn't stay another minute or we shan't get home till daylight."

As we were filing out with our instruments the grizzled head of old Farmer Woodruff, crowned with a long white nightcap like a huge extinguisher, was protruded over the carved oak banisters. "I couldn't let you go, my hearties, without just wishing a Merry Christmas to you all, though it is such a shivery-shakery sort o' night," said the old man.

At length we got away, and turned our noses towards Parson Newell's, Ephraim and I walking a little way behind the others. "That's just as he stood last Christmas Eve," whispered Ephraim in my ear—"leaning against the old clock case, not speaking a word to anybody, and not even drinking a drop of ale—though not above taking his glass like a man at other times. We all wondered, but didn't bother him much, knowing his strange ways."

Ephraim's prediction came true. Wherever we went that night there we found the Figure waiting for us.

"He might have know'd that Silas Grogram was ill, and have come to take his place for the sake of old times," hazarded Dicky Dodd.

"That would be all very well," said David Mapes, "if one could but hear his music, but if none of us made more noise than he makes, where would be the good of our going the rounds at all?"

We reached our last place soon after three o'clock. When we had done playing, and had shouted out the usual good wishes, Ephraim turned to us and said: "And now, my boys—for Home!"

Through the bare branches of the trees among which we were standing the night wind moaned and sighed fitfully. As in a faint whisper—a whisper, not an echo—and whence coming we could not tell, we heard breathed forth the two words, "For Home."

We all shuddered. The morning seemed suddenly to have grown colder. In the distance we heard the faint whooping of an owl.

But even as we looked, for we could not keep our eyes off it, the Figure began to fade—to fade and dissolve slowly before us. In a minute or two nothing could be seen but the dim outline of a human figure—as it were a patch of luminous haze, like the haze that rises from the meadows on autumn nights.

Suddenly through the darkness Ephraim spoke. "Farewell, old friend and companion!" he called out in low reverential tones.—And from the others came like an echo the words: "Farewell, old friend and companion!"

"May Heaven bless you wherever you are!" said Ephraim.

And, "May Heaven bless you wherever you are!" said all the rest.

But by this time the Figure was gone. Silently it had come, and silently it had vanished from among us. Where it had stood but a minute before we could now see the tree stems and an opening through the wood beyond. We turned on our heels and trudged solemnly homeward.

As each of our little band in turn drew near home he shook hands with the others, and after mutual good wishes, went his way.

At length Ephraim and I were left alone. "If you don't mind coming in with me for a minute or two, Mr. Harold," he said as we halted at his door, "I have something that I should like to show you."

Accordingly I went inside. Five minutes later he put into my hands a folded sheet of common coarse-looking note-paper. "This was found in poor Will Blisson's pocket after he was dead," said Ephraim. "Read it, Mr. Harold—read it."

This is what I read:—

"Husband,—When this comes into your hands I shall have left you for ever. I never loved you. I never even cared for you. I married you for a home, and because folk said you were a miser and had saved a heap of money. I would have stayed with you and have done my duty, only you made life too hard for me. I can stand it no longer. This night I am going away with my own true love. I knew long ago where you hid your money. I am your wife, and I have taken half of it. We shall never meet again.—Bessy."

Across this the unhappy man had written in pencil:—

"*Bess, thou liest.—We shall meet again—on Judgment Day.*"

The Christmas Guest:

A MYTH.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

They were ideal young people, and lived in a fairy farm house, in the Eldorado of lovers. Everything went happily with them; no troublesome grown-up people thwarted or annoyed them; they could be together as much as they liked, and had never in their whole lives heard of such a thing as impropriety. They had no enemies, nor so much as a single friend with conscientious ideas of duty. In spite of all this they were remarkably content with each other and with the world at large, and never did any wrong—to speak of—from week's end to week's end. For the rest, they had lived and played together ever since they could remember, had never quarrelled except to provide a pretext for a reconciliation, and she had always called him Eros, and he had always called her Psyche. They loved each other with all their hearts, and were a living refutation of the folly of those who would persuade us that pain and struggle are the necessary discipline of human beings. To see these two was enough to make one believe in the feasibility of setting up a new Garden of Eden on a durable basis.

Notwithstanding their fanciful nicknames, and exceptional surroundings and circumstances, Psyche and Eros were as thoroughly human in their thoughts and emotions as if they had lived in the most commonplace of country villages, and, although they had always been together, their temperaments were as wide asunder as the poles. Psyche was imaginative, dreamy, and sensitive to both mental and physical impressions; her gentle brown eyes would fill with tears at the lightest touch of pity or pathos, and the delicate bloom in her cheeks would fade and her girlish figure droop after but an hour's illness. Yet she was entirely wholesome and healthy both in mind and body, and though her voice was low and soft, and her manner tender and appealing, she had a strength and courage in the cause of right and truth such as a son of Anak might have envied. Eros, on the other hand, took practical views of life, and prided himself upon his solid common sense. Being now on the verge of his twenty-first birthday, he affected a manly and dogmatic tone, as of one who knew the world, and had arrived at the maturity of his judgment. He was a red-cheeked, fair-haired, blue-eyed youth, sturdy, vigorous, and jocund. Psyche loved him devotedly, and took every occasion to persuade herself that he was the wisest as well as the dearest of mankind. But she could not help suspecting sometimes that he was not always quite amenable to reason, and would feel very guilty when the conviction was occasionally forced upon her that she had taken a higher view of this or that question than he had. On the whole, however, she continued to maintain the sense of her own inferiority unimpaired, and the more inferior she felt the better was she pleased.

Now it so happened that Eros would come of age on Christmas Day; and as if the falling together of these two celebrations were not enough, it had been decided to enhance their joyfulness by the addition of a third—which was to be neither more nor less than the young people's wedding! Here, surely, was bliss enough to be crowded into one short twenty-four hours; and moreover, as Psyche observed, looking into her lover's blue eyes with the frank shyness of her own brown ones, "What Christmas Present could we make to each other so appropriate as the surrender of ourselves into each other's keeping?"

Yes, this was bliss enough even for ideal young people who lived in a fairy farm house in the Eldorado of lovers. Nevertheless—if it will believed—even this was not all! A fourth cause of rejoicing, and one to which Eros and Psyche looked forward with scarcely less delight than to their own near union, was the promised advent of an old intimate and friend of theirs, from whom they had been separated many years, but whom they had never forgotten, or ceased to reverence and love. He had been a young man when they were children, and they had looked upon him then, and did now, as a dear elder brother. He had been their confidant and adviser, the unweariable promoter and companion of their childish merrymakings, a teller of splendid stories, a man ardent, gay, sweet-tempered, wise. They had adored him as only children can adore such a friend; all his sayings were to them oracular, and all his doings superhuman. They fancied—with cause or without, it matters not—that but for him him they would not even have loved each other as they did. He had brought out the best that was in them, and inspired that best to become better. He had shown Psyche the manliness that was in Eros, and had opened the eyes of Eros to the rare loveliness of Psyche. What did they not owe to him? and since he went away, he had become transfigured in their memories.

Nine years had he been absent, a missionary among the heathen. But he had also travelled much in civilised lands, and had seen all manner of men and customs. Meantime he had written scores of delightful letters to the young friends who loved him—letters which they read and re-read scores of times, and thought more wonderful than his best stories in the old days. Throughout this long period he had never given up the purpose of seeing them again, and, if possible to part no more. But still the intended meeting had been put off; for Mortimer—such was his name—had so much work to do in illuminating darkened souls, as to leave but a distant hope of his ever being able to indulge his own personal desires. At length, however, the much wished-for opportunity had presented itself, and Mortimer was really coming. A few days before Christmas the young people received a letter from him, telling the great news. This letter was addressed to Psyche, who, as was her right, insisted upon having it all to herself, and would not allow Eros to lay a finger on it. She indeed vouchsafed to read it aloud to him, but tantalised him by pretending to reserve certain passages to herself—because, as she archly averred, they contained secrets for her private ear. Eros, as her future lord and master, was half-disposed to take umbrage at this exclusion, and, had the letter been from any other being in the wide world except Mortimer, there is no saying whether he might not actually have been jealous! But since he was debarred from jealousy, he solaced his discomfiture by putting on an air of complacent indifference, stroking his eyebrows with his forefinger, and twisting the ends of an almost imperceptible moustache. Psyche saw through his pretences, and knew that he was annoyed, and she hated to annoy him. Why, then, did she not hand him over the letter?

"I am on the point of setting sail," the letter ran, "and probably shall arrive soon after you receive this. At all events I am resolved to be with you on Christmas Eve—your marriage eve! Death alone can forestall me in that pleasure. I have said good-bye to my barbarians, who were very sorry to lose me, and fear that I shall never return to them. But I will; and I mean to bring you two (or you one, as you will be by that time) with me. Yes, my good old people; for though your home is Eldorado, mine is Paradise! Never was so beautiful a country—so tender and serene a climate—such gentle-hearted and Christian barbarians! It is a real Paradise, large enough and lovely enough to tempt all good souls to migrate thither; and I come forth into the world to find colonists, and bring them back with me. You will come, Psyche? and then I shall make sure that Eros will follow you, sooner or later!

"And so you are waiting for me to marry you? Well, I believe you are meant for each other, and I will do what I may to render your union sacred and perpetual. Not that I think mere earthly union is always the highest good for those who love. You know the old proverb; and there are lovers whose hearts never quite realise one another's worth until separation has taught it them. Do you love your old friend, who used to go nutting, boating, snow-balling, and story-telling with you, any the less because you haven't seen him for nine years? And would not you, Eros, love Psyche a thousand times better, were some chance to part you from her awhile? You have never had her out of your sight, except when your eyes were shut, and you don't half know how dear she is to you! It would do you good were I to take her with me to my Paradise, and leave you behind. Until you know what it is to be alone, and to see what you most want beyond your immediate reach,—you do not know everything! But perhaps you will be content not to know?"

All this, and much more, did Psyche read to Eros. But at the end of the letter there was a postscript, having glanced at which she looked up towards her lover with a sudden apprehension in her eyes. His own happened to be averted; and after an instant's hesitation, she folded up the letter and said, "The rest is a secret!"

"All right!" returned Eros, yawning, and getting up; "no woman can be entirely happy without a secret—every man knows that! so I'll make you a Christmas present of this one." And with that he sauntered off, his hands in his pockets.

When he was gone Psyche unfolded the letter and read the postscript again.

"I sail to-morrow," it said, "and am glad of it on more accounts than one. It is a long overland journey from my home to this port, and I did not know until I got here that a strange and fatal epidemic is wont to make its appearance in the town about this time of year. During the last few days it has broken out with great virulence, and people are dying all around me. It kills in a few hours, and gives no warning save a passing chill. Well, I have no fears; I have passed unharmed through a hundred pestilences. Still, if I should fail to sit by your fire-side next Christmas Eve, do no blame my will."

"Dear old Mort!" Psyche murmured, tears standing in her eyes. "What if he had died, just as he was on his way to meet us after all these years! I won't tell Eros—no, not even if it makes him angry. It's better he should be angry than anxious: if any one is to be anxious, let me be so. Only if Mort doesn't come on Christmas Eve—then Eros must know. But he will come, I know! and we shall all be happy."

It lacked scarcely three days to Christmas, and the house had to be arranged and decorated for the festivities. It was a house of a thousand to hold merry-makings in, and seemed really to take a genial interest in the preparations that were going forward, and to give it all the assistance that was in its power. Grey and weather-beaten without, within it was warm and home-like; square oaken beams divided the low ceilings of the rambling rooms; the deep fire-places were dusky with the smoke of ten thousand fires; the mellow old kitchen was a world in itself; and the shadowy bed-chambers, with their great four-post bedsteads, were just the place to play hide-and-seek in with ghosts and goblins. Moreover, the best of feelings prevailed between the venerable mansion and the natural and elemental surroundings amidst which it had so long existed. The forest grouped itself artistically in the background; the hill-side sloped lovingly towards it on the right; at a little distance, a clear-eyed pond smiled placid goodwill. And the rough spirits of Wind and Rain, Snow and Frost, seemed to grow soft and tractable in their sports with this time-honoured structure. "Merry Christmas!" they whispered, wept, and glistened; and the house glowed back a hearty response out of its diamond-paned lattices, and its clustered chimney breathed forth smoky satisfaction.

Meanwhile Eros and Psyche laboured with all their hearts and hands, and made the rooms green with ivy, holly, and laurel. In the parlour, beneath the cluster of mistletoe that hung from the ceiling, was arranged a little platform, with a *dais*, and an altar-table covered with white samite. It was here that the marriage ceremony was to take place. By mid-day of Christmas Eve all the preparations were complete, and the two lovers were sitting together in the deep bay-window, half-hidden by the ample curtains, and head-over-ears in a lovers' talk. They were big with the charming self-importance that belongs to young people in their condition. Love burned for them in the centre of all things—it illumined, warmed, and perfumed the whole world. For them the great earth turned more smoothly on her axis, and moved in a fairer orbit; the setting sun sank splendidly amidst his clouds for their sake; for their delight yonder rosy-cheeked boy ploughed his whistling way through the snow, and the sleigh-bells jingled so merrily from the distant road. If only Mortimer were there, their happiness would be complete. And now he must arrive every moment—so Eros kept saying, looking out of the window with confident expectation; but Pysche scarcely replied; her soft little hands were cold and tremulous, and the corners of her sweet lips drooped as she thought of the secret that harboured in her breast. It was the first secret she had ever had from Eros; O that it might resolve itself happily, and not—not as she now began to dread! For evening was coming on apace, and their friend had not yet come,—he did not come, though he had promised that Death only should forestall him. As minute after minute slipped by Psyche felt an almost irresistible impulse to snatch forth the letter from her bosom, where she had hidden it, and give it to her lover, that he might share and perhaps cheer her suspense. But she forbore; she was strong enough to suffer alone, and she felt, though hardly admitting it even to herself, that Eros was not so strong in that kind of strength as she. He would laugh at a blow from a fist such as would knock her senseless; but the blows of mental pain and disappointment he was but ill-fitted to endure. Thus thinking, the gentle Psyche crushed her trouble down, and even strove to forget it, or believe it unfounded and imaginary, if so she might answer her lover cheerfully, and in no way cast a shadow upon his Christmas Eve. But still that strange coldness crept at intervals through her veins, making her hands and her voice vibrate.

"Why, it's quite dark already!" exclaimed Eros at length. "Surely the man means to be here by supper time? I wonder how near he is now?"

"There may have been a delay—the snow is very deep, you know, in some places. Perhaps he won't find it possible to get here before to-morrow."

"Pooh! my dear little Psyche. You have forgotten the kind of man that our Mort is. When he says he'll do a thing, he does it—if hes alive! and in that very letter of yours, which you make such a mystery about, but which I know perfectly well has nothing in it more than you read to me,—he says in that very letter that only Death would stand in the way of his getting here to-night. And since he's a man in perfect health and in the prime of life, I don't see what doubt there can be that he'll keep his word. Only I do wish he'd told us the very hour, so that we mightn't have had this suspense to bother us!"

"Do you suppose we shall recognise his face when he comes?" asked Psyche, after a little pause.

"Recognise him? Of course we shall!" returned Eros positively, as became his masculine superiority. "He'll be considerably changed, to be sure; very likely he'll have a big black beard, and there'll be a few lines across his forehead and round his eyes; but you mustn't mind that. That sort of thing is bound to come on a man as he grows old—I'm beginning to find that out myself; and Mort—why he's nearly forty by this time!"

"How very wise he will be!" murmured Psyche, thought-

(Continued on page 20)

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS'

GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"A perfect check, great power, and quick repetition."—*Times of India.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Produces a better quality of tone, greater durability, perfect repetition, with a check never before attained, with a certainty of the instrument never blocking."—*Land and Water.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The softest touch is sufficient to secure a reply, the touch and facility of repetition are really perfect."—*Belgravia.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The advantages fully justify the term 'Perfect' Check Repeater Action."—*John Bull.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The touch is very sure, light, and elastic."—*Musical Times.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"This invention is simplicity itself."—*The Queen.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The latest and greatest improvements in the Pianoforte."—*City Press.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Every means are adopted to ensure the production of perfect instruments."—*The Orchestra.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action. On the Three Years' System.

The *Standard.* { "Receives the greatest approbation everywhere of musicians and manufacturers."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action. On the Three Years' System.

The *Engineer.* { "Greater volumes and richness of tone are produced with increased durability."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
PATENT PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION Pianofortes, of every description, manufactured expressly for India and extreme climates.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action,
May be obtained of every Musicseller.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action,
From 33 to 330 Guineas.

GILBERT L. BAUER'S PRIZE
MEDAL DRAWING-ROOM ORGANS.
Prices from 8 to 300 guineas, or the Three Years' System.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
PIANOFORTES,
GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS.
Illustrated Price Lists and Descriptions, with Opinions of the London Press and musical profession, forwarded post free upon application.
18, Wigmore Street, London, W.

Manufactory:
The Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action
PIANOFORTES,
of every description, manufactured expressly for India and extreme climates.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.
May be obtained at all the principal Music Warehouses.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
From 33 to 330 Guineas.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOFORTES.
GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS.
Illustrated Price Lists and Descriptions, with Opinions of the London Press and musical profession, forwarded post free upon application.
18, Wigmore Street, London, W.

Manufactory:
The Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action, with the new Iron Grand Construction, full Trichord, and the Sostenente Sounding Board.
Prices from 60 guineas to 94 guineas.

18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and the Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Illustrated Price Lists forwarded upon application.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
BICHORD PICCOLO PIANOS.
For the Schoolroom.
Prices from 33 to 40 guineas.

18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and the Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Illustrated Price Lists forwarded upon application.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
BICHORD PICCOLO PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action,
Manufactured expressly for School use.
Prices from 43 guineas to 50 guineas.

18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and the Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Illustrated Price Lists forwarded upon application.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
SEMI-COTTAGE PIANOS,
With the Escapement Action, Sub-metal Bridge, Iron Tubular Compensating Supports, &c.
Prices from 42 guineas to 84 guineas.

18, Wigmore Street, W., and the Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Illustrated Price Lists forwarded upon application.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
SEMI-COTTAGE PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action,
Prices from 52 guineas to 84 guineas.

18, Wigmore Street, W., and the Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
BOUDOIR GRAND PIANOFORTES,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action, complete Metal Frame, Sostenente Sounding Board, &c.
Prices from 105 guineas to 115 guineas.

18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and the Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Illustrated Price Lists forwarded upon application.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
DRAWING-ROOM GRAND PIANOFORTES,
With the Sostenente Sounding Board complete, Metal Framing, &c.
Prices from 180 guineas to 210 guineas.

18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and the Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Illustrated Price Lists forwarded upon application.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
CONCERT GRAND PIANOFORTES,
With the Sostenente Sounding Board, Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action, &c.
Prices from 180 guineas to 210 guineas.

18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and the Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Illustrated Price Lists forwarded upon application.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL
CONCERT GRAND PIANOFORTES
Of the most costly construction, in handsomely carved or inlaid Cases, with Metal Frames, Harmonic Bars, Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action, and all the Latest Improvements, three strings or unisons, &c.
Prices from 200 guineas to 350 guineas.

18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and the Brinsmead Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Illustrated Price Lists forwarded upon application.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

2, Manchester Square.

I have examined Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Check Action as applied to their Pianos, and consider it a most ingenious and valuable invention, which cannot fail to meet with success.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

45, Blandford Square, N.W.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the great excellence of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianofortes. Their "Perfect Check Repeater" produces a touch that is absolute perfection, and which is unsurpassed by any other maker, native or foreign.

SYDNEY SMITH.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

6, St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, Kensington, W.

To Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the efficiency of Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons' New Patent Check-Action (for Pianofortes), which I consider a very clever and useful invention, and likely to be extensively adopted.

BRINLEY RICHARDS.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

Bognor, Sussex.

The touch and tone of the Pianofortes manufactured by John Brinsmead and Sons are alike admirable, and having thoroughly examined their instruments, I have much pleasure in highly recommending them. In the present day there is so much imposition practised upon the musical public that the purchase of a Pianoforte that will give permanent satisfaction is a very important matter.

Dr. T. LLOYD FOWLE, M.A.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

8, Lower Rock Gardens, Brighton.

Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons.

Gentlemen,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to state that I consider the instrument manufactured by you to be most excellent in tone, touch, and quality of material. I particularly admire your Pianos with the Patent Check Repeater Action and new Grand Construction, being a wonderful improvement upon the old system. In my opinion your firm having been successful in creating as good a touch to the Cottage Pianoforte as that usually accorded to the Grand. All those I have chosen have given the greatest satisfaction to the purchasers.

I am, gentlemen, yours very truly,

W. KUHE.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

I have great pleasure in certifying to the fine, rich, and powerful tone of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianos, also to the great improvements they have succeeded in attaining.

As a Professor of the Harp, I can safely add that the mellow tones of their Short Iron Gold Medal Grands blend charmingly with the instrument I profess, and form a delicious *ensemble.*

FREDERICK CHATTERTON,
Harpist to the Queen.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The Close, Hereford.

Dear Sirs,—Your Patent Action is one of the best I have met with. This combined with the equal tone of your instruments must commend them to those desiring a first-class Pianoforte at a reasonable price.

Yours faithfully,
G. TOWNSHEND SMITH,
Organist of Hereford Cathedral, and Director of the Hereford Festival.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

To Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons, 18, Wigmore Street, W.

Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the excellence of your upright and horizontal Grand Pianofortes, as they are simply perfect in touch and tone.

FREDERIC GUILLAUME,
Chevalier de Liguoro,
Examiner-General of the Ancient Bourbonnie Society in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Naples, Honorary Member of the Musical Academies at Rome, Venice, &c., formerly Director-General of all Military Music for both Infantry and Cavalry of the Line in the Army of the Two Sicilies.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Milan.

"To Messrs. J. Brinsmead and Sons,

"Dear sirs—It gives me the greatest pleasure, I can assure you, in recommending your truly excellent Pianos; and without hesitation, I pronounce them superior to any other pianofortes for their exquisite tone and brilliancy. And as to the improved Check Action, it is the only improvement that could have been thought of to complete its supremacy over all other manufacturers. With the assurance of this great success for your instruments, I am, yours respectfully,

"BARON CARLO MORA."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"I find Messrs. Brinsmead's pianofortes wonderfully improved by their new mechanism. Their durability I have tested for 25 years, and in this respect am sure they cannot be surpassed.

"CH. MANGOLD."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Having used Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' Pianos for many years, I can strongly recommend them for their noble and sympathetic tone, as well as for their organ-like and delicious singing quality.

"The touch of these instruments is absolute perfection.

"W. C. LEVEY."

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The following eminent musical authorities (the most celebrated throughout Europe and America) have also unanimously certified to the superiority of JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PIANOFORTES by awarding them the highest honours:

Sir WM. STERNDALE BENNETT, Mus. D., late Professor University Cambridge.
Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.
The Rev. Sir FREDK. GORE OUSELEY, Professor of Music, University of Oxford.
Rt. Hon. Sir GEO. CLERK, F.R.S., Chairman, Edinburgh; Chairman R.A.M.
Dr. J. R. BLACK, U.S.A.
Rt. Hon. the Earl of WILTON, G.C.H.
Lord GERALD FITZGERALD.
Hon. SEYMOUR EGERTON.
M. FETIS, late Director of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Belgium.
Professor M. LISAJOUS, of the Lyceum of St. Louis.
Herr ERNST PAUER, Professor R.A.M.
WM. POLE, Mus. B., F.R.S., Professor University of London.
Dr. HENRY WYLDE, Director of the London Academy of Music.
M. AMBROISE THOMAS, Membre de l'Institut, Professor du Conservatoire Imperial de Musique.
M. KASTNER, Membre de l'Institut.
M. GAVANT.
Herr E. HANSLICK, Docteur Professor de l'Histoire de la Musique à la Université de Vienna.
FREDERIC CLAY, Esq., Musical Director to H.M. Government.
Baron DE WATTEVILLE, Paris.
Baron DONALD MACKAY, The Hague.
P. L. SIMMONDS, Esq.
Herr C. N. DAVID, Copenhagen.
M. J. MARTELET, Paris.
Dr. MOLTON, The Hague.
Marquis D'ANDELARRE, President of the National Academy, Paris.
M. DETRUCHE.
Professor J. HENRY, LL.D., U.S.A.
Professor BARNARD, LL.D., U.S.A.
Professor J. E. HILGARD, U.S.A.
Professor J. C. WATSON, U.S.A.
General H. K. OLIVER, U.S.A.
GEORGE F. BRISTOW, Esq.
Sir WM. THOMSON, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.
M. E. LEVASSEUR, Paris.
Herr P. F. KUPHA, Vienna.
M. EDWD. FAVRE PERROT, Zurich.
M. G. AYMAR BRESSION, Directeur-Général of the National Academy, Paris.
Vicomte OCTAVE DE BARRAL.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOFORTES
were awarded

The Grand Medal of Honour and Diploma of Merit, Philadelphia, 1876.
The Gold Medal, Paris, 1870.
The Highest Award, the Grand Diploma of Honour, Paris, 1874.
La Medaille d'Honneur, Paris, 1870.
The Prize Medal, London, 1862.
Le Diplome de la Mention Extraordinaire, Netherlands International Exhibition, 1869.
The Gold Medal and Diploma of Honour, South Africa, 1877.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
PATENT
PERFECT CHECK REPEATER ACTION PIANOS.
Patented 1862, 1868, 1871, and 1875, in

GREAT BRITAIN,	ITALY,
PRUSSIA,	BELGIUM,
FRANCE,	and
AUSTRIA,	AMERICA.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD-MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

The effect which "the Perfect Check Repeater Action," patented by Messrs. Brinsmead, produces on the touch, is everything that can be desired by an artist. It appears to me the most important invention of modern times, both for freedom of execution and expression.

I have equal pleasure in referring to Messrs. Brinsmead's New Metal-Back Pianofortes, which, as regards durability, richness, brilliancy, equality and contrast of tone, by far surpass Pianofortes of the ordinary construction at a much higher price.

I will not fail to draw the attention of Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, to these inventions the next opportunity which may present itself.

CHARLES JOHN HERMAN KEEBLEIN,
Conductor of the Philharmonic Society,
Capetown, Africa.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS,
Six feet six inches in length, with the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action. Price 95 to 115 Guineas.

"The tone of the Grand now referred to possessed all the qualities that a good piano ought to have, and in touch and action was perfect. The sweet and silvery quality of the upper octaves was worthy of special admiration."—*The Era.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL IRON GRAND PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Sir Julius Benedict played his well-known composition, 'Where the Bee Sucks,' on one of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' grand pianos, with the recently-patented improvements, which enabled him to produce the sustained tones with great variety of effect in the light and shade of tones, especially so when extreme delicacy of touch is required."—*Court Journal.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Magnificent, grand, the air telling out with almost vocal clearness and sweetness to the bell-like treble arpeggio accompaniment, which contrasted excellently with the extraordinary power produced in the forte passages."—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"An immense improvement in arpeggios. The rapid passages in the upper register, the beautiful flute-like tone, and quick and perfect repetition, were very effective."—*Figaro.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
CONCERT IRON GRAND PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Sir Julius Benedict, now seldom heard as a soloist, delighted the public once more by his arrangement of 'Where the Bee Sucks.' He played upon a new patent grand by Brinsmead, possessing a remarkably loud and clear tone."—*Era.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"The upright iron grand piano, with sostenente sounding-board, produces the obvious result of a fuller and richer tone."—*Morning Advertiser.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
SHORT IRON GRAND PIANOS,
With the Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action.

"Where all the pianos go to seems somewhat of a mystery, for a really good instrument will last a lifetime; and yet every year thousands are made by each of the great London manufacturers, while the numbers made by the 200 or more smaller firms must represent an enormous number in the course of each year. The improvements made in English pianos have caused this trade rapidly to increase, until one pianoforte manufactory after another has been built to supply the growing demand. One of the largest of these, lately erected by Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons, of Wigmore Street, covers nearly an acre of ground in the Grafton Road, Kentish Town, and is intended to accommodate 200 workmen. These works alone can supply 3,000 pianos annually."—*Illustrated London News.*

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS
With Patent Perfect Check Repeater Action,
For India and extreme climates.
From £5 6s. to £13 per quarter.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
Improved Bichord Piccolos.
From £3 3s. 6d. to £4 16s. 6d. per quarter.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS,
Trichord Semi-Cottages,
With Iron Tubular Compensating Supports,
From £4 1s. to £7 10s. 6d. per quarter.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.
Trichord Boudoir Extended end Piccolos.
From £6 11s. to £7 18s. per quarter.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.
Ebonised and Gold Semi-Cottages,
With Iron Tubular Compensating Supports, &c.
From £7 6s. 6d. to £8 2s. per quarter.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.
New metal frame (Grand construction), metal bridge, and sostenente sounding board, to any class piano from Class 5 upwards, 20s. per quarter extra.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
GOLD MEDAL PIANOS.
Descriptive Lists and Illustrated Catalogue will be forwarded, post free, on application to

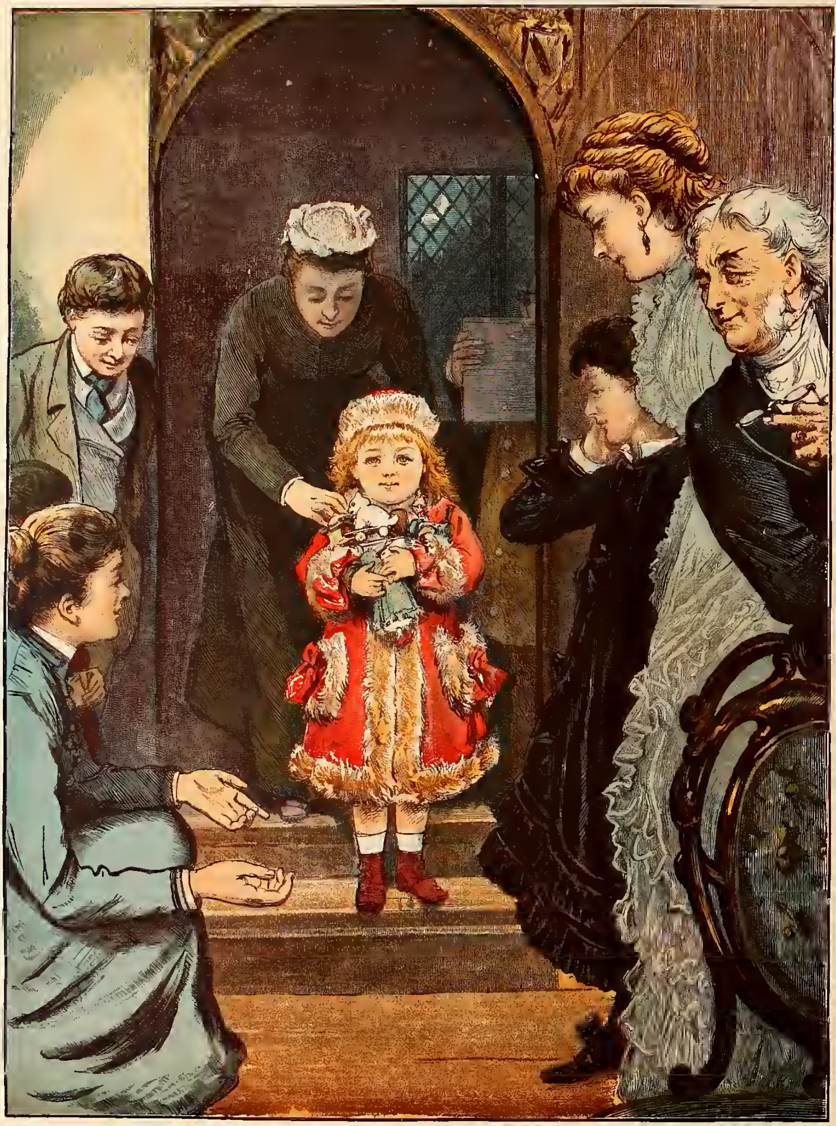
JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,
18, Wigmore Street, London, W., and the Brinsmead Pianoforte Works, Grafton Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS,

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,

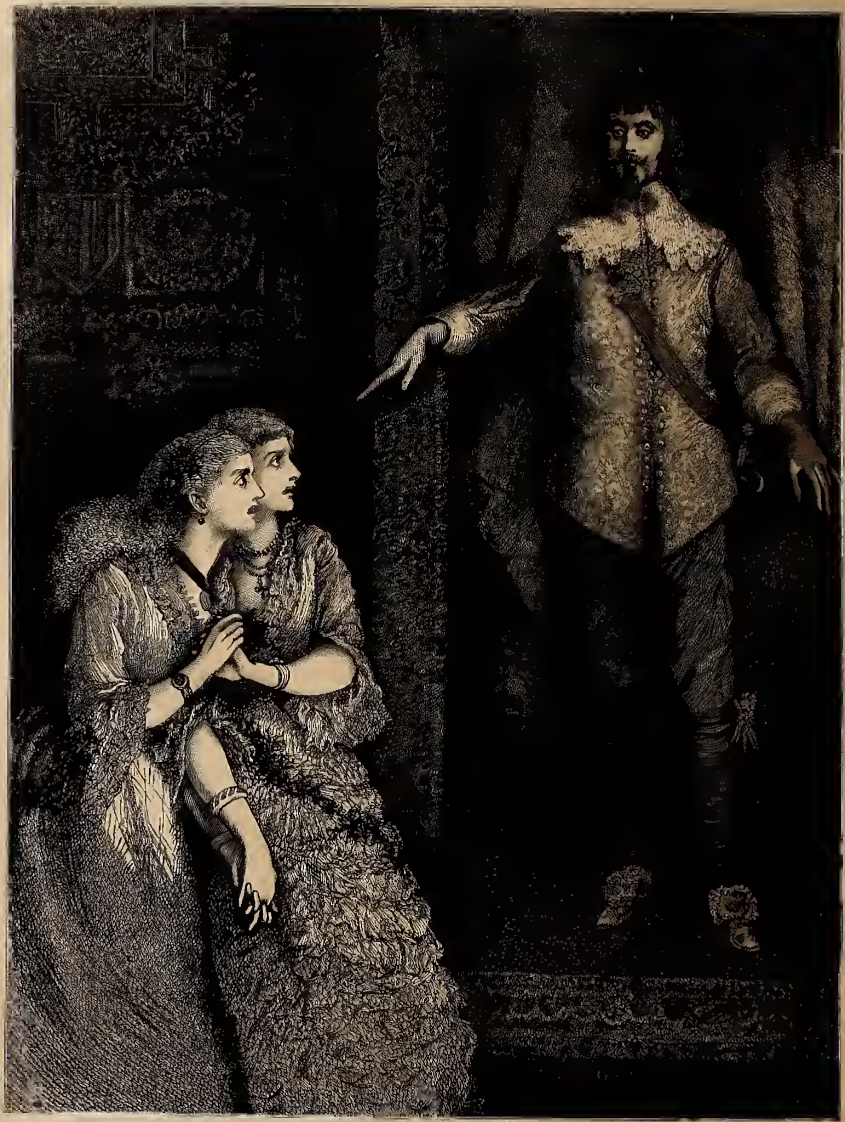
18, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY: THE BRINSMEAD PIANOFORTE WORKS, GRAFTON ROAD, KENTISH TOWN, N.W.



LILIAN'S BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

"It was a pretty sight to see her arrive, her face grave with excess of joy, and her little arms laden with gifts."



ANCESTOR RALPH

"Both of the girls distinctly saw the right hand of the portrait move out of the canvas!"

(Continued from page 16)

fully. "He was the wisest person in the world before he went away: we shall be almost afraid of him, now!"

"Well, as to that," said Eros, rubbing his downy upper lip and smiling, "as to that, my dear Psyche, you must speak for yourself. Undoubtedly, Mort—the dear old fellow—has an immense deal of information, and plenty of good sense to back it (which is more than always happens, I can assure you). But when a man reaches his majority, and is on the point of becoming a family man into the bargain (give me another, dear!) . . what was I going to say? Oh! well, I don't think *I* shall be much afraid of him, or of anybody else, that's all."

"Eros," whispered Psyche, feeling his strong young arm round her, and his hand on hers, "should you be willing to have him take us back with him to his Paradise, as he speaks of doing in the letter?"

"Well, my dear, that must depend a great deal upon circumstances. I shall talk with Mort, and see what he has to say about his place. We mustn't forget that we're very well situated as we are, and ought not to move unless we're pretty certain of bettering ourselves. The sort of society he speaks of might not suit us, you know; we're not missionaries, and don't care about barbarians as such. Mort, wise as he is, hasn't much practical sense in some ways; not so much as——some men I know! He's all for the loftiest and most ideal thing possible, without reflecting whether or not it's inconvenient or uncomfortable too. In short, unless his Paradise turns out to be a finer place than I think it will, I shall feel inclined to keep hold on what we have. Besides, Pysche, any place that you are in will be Paradise to me!"

This compliment fairly merited the reward which Eros immediately claimed and took for it, and which, by its deliciously potent effect upon both giver and receiver, made speech seem impertinent for a time. Psyche sat gazing out across the darkened snow with her tender brown eyes, and Eros looked fondly on her, thinking that he loved her more than anything in the world, and that life would be a blank without her. Surely, were she to be taken from him, all his light and warmth would depart along with her. That passage in Mortimer's letter which suggested that it might be well sometimes for lovers to be parted had received his unqualified, though unuttered, disapproval. Why should such a thing have been written? Often, since Psyche had read it to him, Eros had resolved to dismiss the idea from his mind; but such is the perversity of human minds that the idea remained in spite of him. It made him feel now and then really almost uneasy. The feeling, of course, was a morbid one; common sense and wholesome reason forbade him to entertain it. Had he no more confidence in Providence than to believe that it would take his Psyche from him—his Psyche, who had grown up with him from infancy? Would the good God be so cruel as to deprive him—and at this moment of all others—of the companionship of her whom he so loved? But the misgiving was unworthy of him: if he could not forget it, why, then he would face it, and face it down!

He bent towards Psyche, and discovered, by some method known to lovers, that her eyes were wet with tears. When Love is in supreme command, the soul is more tenderly alive to various influences, and hence more prone to sadness of a certain tender kind, than at any other epoch of life. But Eros had never understood Psyche's constitutional tendency to melancholy, and just now he found it especially inopportune.

"What makes you unhappy?" he exclaimed. "Aren't we together, and haven't we everything we want? And ought not this evening to be the most joyful we ever yet spent?"

She leaned her head on his shoulder, hiding a sigh. "I was wondering, dear," she said, "whether, when we go to the real Paradise, we shall meet and know each other there as we do now. Do you believe we shall?"

There were few problems too profound for the plummet of Eros's common sense to sound them. "Certainly we shall, my dear!" be answered emphatically. "What put such a question into your head?"

"But shall you love me then? And shall I be your own wife there, Eros, as I am to be here?"

"I really don't see the use, my dear little Psyche, of bothering our heads with such gratuitous puzzles as that. There's quite enough to attend to in this life, without trying to guess what may happen to us in the next. For my part it's enough to know that we love each other in the body, and are to be husband and wife here in this farmhouse. There'll be time enough to speculate about other states when we are in them."

"Ah, but Eros," said she, lifting her gentle face from his shoulder and looking in his eyes, "suppose that I were to die to night—this very night, before our wedding! Could you be content to wait—could you rest satisfied with the love that we have already loved in this world, and with the knowledge that I was still loving you in Paradise, and would be yours when you came there?"

Eros felt an impulse of impatience, which he repressed so far as not to give it words; but it turned his face away. Those theories of delicate tissue and transcendental application, which Psyche was given to entertaining, irritated and silenced him. He loved Psyche, as an honest man should love a woman—better than any other man ever loved a woman, he thought; and what more could be expected of him? Besides, was it not being ungrateful for the blessings in their possession, to be borrowing trouble from an improbable or unimaginable condition of things to come? It was really too bad, thought Eros, and he turned his face away and looked down the avenue, leaving Psyche unanswered.

It would have been quite dark now but for the whiteness of the snow. The wind was rising, and the window seat was getting chilly, and Psyche's hand, which still lay in his own, was cold as ice, and she herself seemed to shiver. The blinds must be closed, and they would go back to the fire, for Mortimer might not come till midnight, for all they knew. Stay!—what was that shadow moving this way up the avenue? Was it——

"Psyche! Psyche! look!" cried Eros, starting to his feet in joyous excitement. "That must be—isn't it?—yes, it must be Mortimer—it is our dear old Mort!"

"Oh, Eros, I believe it is!" she answered, peering tremulously through the darkness. "I can't see clearly; I had a vision of Death—that Death was coming instead of him!"

"Death, indeed!" exclaimed Eros with a laugh. "Let this be a lesson to you, my dear, not to indulge in silly fancies again. But come on! We must receive the dear fellow at the door."

He ran into the hall, Psyche following, and flung wide the heavy portal. A gust of icy wind burst in, as though it had been lying in wait for them on the threshold; and Psyche seemed to shrink away before it, and Eros himself could scarce repress a shiver. But they pressed forward again, and gazed out earnestly on the night. Yes, there could be no doubt about it now. There came their friend, he who was most honoured and trusted by them both, yet who, for nearly half their lives, had been a stranger to them—there he came, striding swiftly towards them across the snow. Only a dark, lofty shape he seemed; but the step, the bearing, were unmistakeable; they were Mortimer's own. By a simultaneous impulse the two young lovers threw one arm around each other, and extended the other to the advancing form. They could not cry out in welcome; was it their great joy that silenced them? for joy will sometimes bind the faculties like awe. It was very dark, and neither had remembered to bring a light. Almost before they were aware of it their strange friend was standing close in front of them. How icy cold was the wind!

In moments of high feeling and excitement we do and say things as in a dream, and afterwards hardly remember how we acted. So was it now with Eros and his Psyche. Did Mortimer take Eros's hand in a grasp as soft and cold as snow? Did he kiss Psyche's forehead with lips that sent a happy shudder to her heart? Did he speak to them in mellow, loving tones that sounded at once strange and familiar? And did they answer him? Or was it all a dream? Be that as it may, the spell soon passed off, and they found themselves in clear possession of their several senses once more. The long-expected guest had crossed their threshold, and thrown aside his heavy cloak, and removed the soft fur cap from his black hair, and, Eros leading the way, the three friends had entered the warm, firelit parlour.

"Sit down, all of us!" cried the host, rubbing his hands together. "Draw up to the fire, and get warm, if you can. My stars, what a night! Psyche, you look as if you'd been kissed by an icicle; and you, Mort—you are as cold as Death!"

They sat down round the broad hearth, the guest between the lovers; and as the firelight flickered over them, so flickered and fell and rose again their conversation. It often happens that, when we anticipate saying most, we find the least to say; and somewhat thus did it fall out in the present instance; or, perhaps, because in a meeting like this, however thoroughly foreshadowed and anticipated, there is apt to be a good deal of strangeness and unexpected diffidence to be overcome—perhaps it was for this reason that speech flowed but intermittently for a while. Nevertheless the lovers could feel that they were every moment growing more and more into sympathy and understanding with their new old friend, and doing so even more speedily and completely than might have been possible through the uncertain medium of words. He diffused around him, without effort, and apparently without being conscious of it, a gentle and winning influence which was fairly irresistible; so that by and by Psyche and Eros fancied that never before had they known him so well as now. At the same time, however, Psyche was inwardly aware of a great, yet indescribable, change from that Mortimer who had bidden her farewell nine years before. The principle, the genius of the man remained; but it existed now within the sphere of such a mighty and grand personality as transcended all she had previously known or conceived. It was as if some beneficent angel had stooped from Heaven to visit them, and, lest his celestial splendour should overwhelm them, had assumed the guise and tone of that human being in whom they felt the most affectionate trust. Through his manner and aspect, and the low resounding melody of his utterance, she seemed to catch glimpses of a power and wisdom almost superhuman; but blended with a deep kindliness and charity, and a sublimity of nature that were more human than humanity itself. She looked up to him, not in fear, but with a loving, familiar kind of reverence; and would have confided to him the choicest secrets of her heart.

The influence that he exercised was not of that kind which belongs to superior age. There was in him all the fire and vigour of unquenchable youth. His lofty figure was as alert and lightsome as it was majestic. His manner was instinct with gentle sprightliness and playfulness, and it was impossible not to feel cheery and hopeful in his company. The curve of his lips, and ever and anon the sudden kindling in his eyes, betrayed the fiery soul within; yet in everything that he said or did were visible the traces of a serene and absolute self-control.

"We are glad you came in time," observed Eros at last. "We should never have got married, I believe, if you had not been here to tie the knot."

"At least," added Psyche, in her clear, subdued voice, "you will make it seem more beautiful and indissoluble, and give it a deeper significance, than any one else could have done. Yes, I am glad you came in time. Do you know, Eros, I did not think Mortimer would come at all? That passage in the letter that I did not read you spoke of a strange pestilence—and immediately it came into my mind that Mortimer was dead. And even now," she continued, turning to the guest, and half-timidly meeting his strong unfathomable eyes with her own, "even now, though I see you here between us, I cannot feel as if our Mortimer were in this world. Are you really he? or a messenger come to tell us that he is gone?"

"I am alive—am I not?" answered the guest, with a particularly radiant smile; "and if I am, then your Mortimer is also. As to my getting here at the right time, I am always sure to do that; it would be a sad business, indeed, if I were not! But are you both certain that you are glad to have me here?"

"It would not be merry Christmas if you were not!" exclaimed Eros, heartily.

"I am not always so well received," the other resumed. "I have been in all sorts of places, and have met all sorts of people, and almost all have called me abrupt and unceremonious. But then, not many know me for what I really am."

"I think I know you," said Psyche, after a pause, "and I cannot imagine myself so happy that your coming would not make me happier."

"You need not fear to know me, Psyche," returned the guest, with grave gentleness; "and really I am not so unsympathetic as I must often seem. But I have a task in the world which brings me less credit in the performance than in the after result. Mankind, you know, Eros, are not always wise and far-sighted enough to recognise at the moment what is most for their good in the long run."

"Yes, I know that; but for my part I think I can tell what I need more quickly and surely than most people. For instance—that Psyche must be my wife, and that you must make her so!"

"You rate my powers too high," rejoined their friend, smiling again. "God only can make a man and woman one."

"Oh, I don't trouble myself with such fine-drawn distinctions. If you pronounce the service over us, I will take the rest for granted. As I was telling Psyche the other day, it's not worth while looking beyond this world. If she is mine here, I'll risk our getting separated hereafter."

"Hereafter may not be far off," said the guest, more gravely than he had yet spoken. "You were best not to leave it out of the account."

"Death is my enemy—I can see no good in him!" declared Eros; "and I will do the best I can to have my happiness in spite of him."

"He doesn't mean it!" exclaimed Psyche to their friend, in a low, appealing tone. "He knows that only Death can make Love immortal."

"I must tell you," observed the guest after a pause, "that I cannot stay here long; I shall be gone to-night. What I came to do, therefore, must be done soon."

"To-night!" cried Eros, in astonishment that was half-incredulous. Psyche said nothing, but hid her face in her hands and shivered a little.

"I wished to make you happy—happier than you have ever been—if you would let me," resumed the previous speaker. "Whoever has lofty beliefs will have a lofty fate. If your idea of marriage is high enough you will not hesitate to come with me to my Paradise. How is it with you, Eros?"

"Not yet!" replied Eros, laughing and shaking his head. "It's too far off, and the journey is too cold. If you are really determined to leave us, you must go without me. Surely you can't expect me to be ready to start at such short notice. No, no! I mean to stay by this comfortable fireside for a long time yet, and so shall Psyche!"

"Death has summoned men on shorter notice than this," said the other. "Think again before you decide."

"I have decided—and I never change my mind!" said Eros, obstinately.

And truly his preference was not an unnatural one. The old parlour presented a most attractive aspect. The great log which had been burning on the broad hearth had now fallen into glowing fragments, over which small yellow and bluish flames danced intermittently. Everything was warm, homelike, and familiar. Out of doors the stars shone crisp and white, and the snow glistened pure as a maiden's soul. But ah! it was so terribly cold; the beauty of the prospect could be enjoyed much better from the genial vantage-ground of the hearthstone.

"If that is your decision, you must abide by it," said the guest, and something in the words, and in the manner they were uttered, awed Eros for a moment. Then, turning to Psyche, he continued, "But even your Eros cannot choose for you. What is your preference? Are you, too, willing to postpone Paradise for the fireside!"

Psyche was naturally more imaginative than most young girls, and possibly there was something in the shadowy mystery of the hour, and in her own physical and mental condition, that wrought upon her mood. A creeping languor and a chill which the heat of the embers could not counteract were gaining possession of her, and filling her brain with weird fancies. Insensibly, he who sat beside her, and whose icy lips she had felt upon her brow, had become clothed to her apprehension with an unearthly, superhuman personality. No man was he, but an angel of tender and mighty sway, stooping from heaven on the eve of Christmas, to hold high argument with two mortal lovers on those questions which most nearly concerned their welfare. As she spoke her voice sounded faint and ethereal, while her eyes sought to penetrate the shadow which had fallen over the face of Eros.

"It is pleasant here," she said; "yet if, in Paradise, our union may be eternal and secure, it is surely better to be there."

"You will meet Eros where we are going," returned the strange friend, gently, taking her hand in his own. "If not this Eros whom you have known here, then another and a worthier one than he."

"Oh, not another!" whispered Psyche, entreatingly; "it must be this Eros—my own dear Eros whom I have always loved! I have lived with him, and our hearts are grown together. He is better and nobler than he seems."

"It is not for me to decide," was the answer. "But do you speak to him, Psyche. If he loves you, he will lay your words to heart."

Psyche rose from her chair, and, stepping somewhat feebly, crossed to where Eros sat, and stood before him, her hands clasped. The room had become more dusky, so that the three figures appeared rather like shadows than beings of flesh and blood. For a moment or two there was silence, and only Psyche's beseeching attitude seemed to speak.

"Eros," she said at length, "I feel that I must go—I must go with this friend of ours. Do you know him, Eros? He is your friend as well as mine. You might have gone with us; but that was not to be. We shall not know marriage here, and we shall seem to be separated for a time. But if your love for me has been as great as mine for you, the memory of it, and the faith in what is to come, will heal the worst of the parting. O my love! say it shall be so!"

"You are crazy—both of you!" cried Eros, wrestling with the fear that beset him, and striving to speak in an assured and masterful tone. "What has Mortimer to do with you, Psyche? You are mine, and whoever pretends to take you from me is my enemy!"

"Eros—Eros!" exclaimed the girl, with passionate earnestness, "it is you who are crazy, my poor darling. Mortimer is dead; and the letter which he wrote—the letter that I alone read and touched—had in it the contagion of the pestilence. It was the message of my death; and now my Death has come!"

"Death shall not have you!" cried Eros, starting to his feet; and such was the vehemence of his rebellious anger that he felt ready to defy even Omnipotence. "What have I done that I should lose you? I have loved you truly and faithfully—why should not my love have its rightful fulfilment? It shall not go for naught and end in dust and ashes! As for this future you talk about, what is it? a misty possibility—an indefinite surmise—nothing! I say it is unjust and tyrannical, and I will not submit! Come to me, Psyche!"

He reached towards her through the dusk, but she seemed to falter backwards from him, and when he would have followed, the tall form of the mysterious guest rose between, and beneath that mighty and majestic gaze the eyes of Eros wavered, though the rebellion in him was unconquered still.

"You must yield her to me," said those deep, reverberating tones; "yet it is not I that parts you. True lovers can be parted only through want of faith. Upon yourself alone, therefore, does it depend whether she leaves you for a time or for ever."

Eros pressed his hands to his head. Every good and evil impulse of his soul was in deadly struggle for the mastery. Was his love greater than Death? or had the past been a delusion—was the future to be a blank? He was but a man, with a man's weaknesses. He must rise to the higher levels through bitter trial, if at all; and except there were in him some elements of generous nobleness, to turn his stubborn self-will at the crisis of the conflict, the demon of mistrust would gain the victory. Had he such allies?

"Speak to him again, Psyche," murmured the lofty presence, "you may yet prevail."

"Eros," she said, throwing all the tenderness of her loving soul into the word, "this is more than our friend-- he is our brother. Love and Death should glorify each other. If they are enemies Death becomes cruel and Love degraded. Yield me up now that you may possess me for ever. Oh, quick, my love —quick!"

The struggling man uttered a cry, heartrending, full of anguish. He was faint and giddy, and the world seemed to reel beneath his feet. He stretched out his arms. "I love you, Psyche," he muttered. "Do not leave me behind; let me go with you."

He felt her hand again within his own. "You are my own Eros," she whispered in his ear. "I shall not altogether leave you; you will see me in dreams, and you will know that the Paradise I go to is near this earthly home of ours. At last —perhaps not for a long time—but at last we shall meet there. And now . . . . take me to our marriage altar, and let us say farewell there."

They came to the little samite-covered table, Psyche supported between the other two. The lovers knelt down together, and the form of the mysterious guest bended beneficently above them. Then Psyche slowly drooped sideways, and Eros caught her in his arms. Yet no—she was not there!

Still kneeling, he looked upwards through the window into the clear winter night, and saw where two cloud-shapes seemed to flit hand in hand across the starlit purple of the heavens. A strange peace entered his lately tortured soul. The doubt in his love's immortality was gone, and the struggle was ended.

"Take her, friend!" he cried, in a voice trembling with a deeper than earthly happiness. "So great is my love, that not in this world, nor with this mortal body, can I give it fit and full expression."

He was left alone in the old parlour, with the dead embers of the fire upon the hearthstone. Christmas bells were ushering in what was to have been his wedding-day; but, like their sweet notes, his mortal hopes had been caught up to heaven, but were not lost there. It is many years since then, yet every returning Christmas has found the same light of peace in his face that first dawned there so long ago. No brooding sullenness or failing faith has changed it into gloom.

But who was the mysterious guest, and why did he bear the likeness of him whom, above all others, Eros and Psyche had loved? That is a question which answers itself in all our lives. For when the time comes—as come it must—that this majestic Presence must be met face to face, shall we not trust that the countenance which will, perhaps, seem awful, may at least not be as that of a stranger whom we know not, and whose heart is indifferent towards us? Would it not be pleasant, at that hour, to recognise in him who must herald our entrance into a new Society, the well-known features of one whom our previous life had made our most secure and faithful friend?

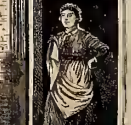
The Barley Mow

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Curate in Charge," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE AIKINS



THE village of Ingleton lies not far from London, on the edge of one of the greatest of the Royal parks, in a beautiful woodland country, rich with fine trees. It is a village of gentility, not like the usual collection of houses which is generally called by that name. Behind backs, half a mile or so along the different roads that intersected the Green, stood a group here and there of humbler houses, which looked as if they had been sent off out of the way of the finer dwellings—the cottages *ornées* and detached mansions that formed Ingleton proper. All round the Green there was nothing visible except the houses of the gentlefolks. Here a beautiful green lawn visible across a ha-ha let itself be seen in a dignified simplicity, with its drooping larch and fine cedars, and the low house behind which nestled under the trees; there the warm limes of a shrubbery closed about the square loftier house that shone through them, conscious of its own importance. The biggest house of all upon the Green was a kind of modern castle, luxurious and splendid, in possession of an unimaginably wealthy "City man," whose footings and costliness were the talk of the neighbourhood, and the poorest a little cottage, half wood, half brick, at the other end, with all the irregular length of the Green between them to separate the great from the small. Close by this latter dwelling stood the Barley Mow, a favourite and picturesque little village public-house, the most inoffensive article of the kind, perhaps, which was to be found for miles and miles around. The Green itself was not like the trim and daintily-kept greensward, with orderly posts and railings, which is to be seen in many suburban hamlets; for Ingleton was too far from town to deserve that name. It was long, irregular, and just wild enough to be thoroughly natural. The lower end near the Barley Mow was smooth and neat, the best cricket ground that you could find in the neighbourhood. But the upper part, which widened out towards the great house which was known as Temple Hill, was still wild with gorse bushes, and bordered by a little thicket of rhododendrons, strayed thither from the adjacent park. Many a cricket match was played upon the lower Green, and on the bright summer Saturdays, when the cricket parties came, there was often quite a pretty little company from the surrounding houses to watch them, and a great traffic went on at the Barley Mow. It was an irregular old house, partly red brick, partly whitewashed, with a luxuriant old garden, warm and sunny, opening through a green wicket set in a great hedge on the right hand. A signpost stood in the open space in front, where the road widened out, and by the open door you could see through a clean, red-tiled passage into the garden at the back, where the turf was like velvet, and the borders full of all kinds of bright and sweet old-fashioned flowers. There were neither standard rose bushes nor red geraniums to be seen there, not that Widow Aikin, good woman, had any whim of taste that prompted her to despise these conventional inmates of the modern garden, but that the pinks and gilliflowers, the rockets and larkspurs, and great straggling rose bushes were cheaper and gave less trouble, having established themselves there, and requiring no bedding out. The room which looked out upon this garden was where the strangers and gentlefolks who came from far were entertained, and there was a parlour, with a bow window in front, for humbler persons. But the favourite place in summer for that kind of "company" was the bench outside the door, looking out upon the Green. There was little traffic of any kind in winter. But the summer aspect of the Barley Mow was a pleasant one. It had no air of stale dissipation about it, no heavy odour of spilt beer or coarse tobacco, but looked wholesome and sweet-smelling, a place of refreshment, not of indulgence. Anyhow, it was the fashion about the Green to think and say this of Widow Aikin's clean, honest, respectable house. She was a favourite with all the "families." She served them with milk as well as beer, and fresh eggs, and sometimes fruit. She had all sorts of little agencies in hand, found servants for the ladies on the Green, and executed little commissions of many kinds. She was a personage, privileged and petted, everybody had a smile and a kind word for her, and she for everybody. She was always about, never standing still, glancing in and out of the red-tiled passage, the bow-windowed parlour, the sunny garden, the noisy stable-yard. You saw her everywhere—now this side, now that —a ubiquitous being, so quick-footed that she was almost capable of being in two places at once.

It was a favourite subject with Mrs. Aikin to talk of her own loneliness, and incapacity to manage "such a house as this." She liked to dwell upon the responsibilities of the position and the likelihood that a lone woman would be imposed upon; and the Green generally considered this a very proper strain of observation, and felt it to be respectable that a widow should so feel and so express herself. But it was very well known that things had gone much better at the Barley Mow since Will Aikin managed very opportunely to be carried off by that vulgar gout which springs from beer, and has all the disadvantages with none of the distinctions belonging to its kindred ailment. There was no saying what might not have happened had he lived a year longer, for the creditors were urgent and the business paralysed. It was this which made his death opportune, for the brewers were merciful to the widow, and gave her time to redeem herself; and when she was relieved from the necessity of nursing him and studying his "ways," which were as difficult as if the landlord of the Barley Mow had been a prince of the blood, the widow blossomed out into another woman. It is but a poor compliment to the lamented husband, but widows continually do this, it must be allowed, giving the lie practically to their own tears. Happily, however, Mrs. Aikin, like many others in her position, took her own desolation for granted, and attributed her increase of prosperity to luck or the blessing of God, which is the better way of stating it. "Alas! that poor Will had not lived to see it!" she would say with kindly tears in her eyes, and never whispered even to herself that had poor Will lived it would never have been. She never missed an opportunity, good soul, of bringing him into her conversation, telling stories of his excellence, his good looks (he was one of the plainest men in the county), his good jokes (he was as dull as ditch-water), and his readiness in all encounters. She would stand in the doorway, with her apron lifted in her hand, ready to dry the tear which out of grief for his loss, or tremulous traditionary laughter over one of his pleasantries, was always ready to spring up in the corner of her eye. What did it matter to her that the poor old jokes were pointless? She never inquired into their claims, but accepted them as laughter-worthy by divine right.

Mrs. Aikin had but one child, Jane, a modest dark-eyed girl, with pretty fair curling hair, which gave her a certain distinction among the rustic prettinesses about. Her mother professed to be annoyed by the mingling of two complexions, protesting that Jane was always "contrairy," that such light hair should have gone with blue eyes, and that she was neither one sort nor another; but in her heart she was proud enough of her daughter's uncommon looks—and Jane was an uncommon girl. It has already been said that the smallest house on the Green stood near to the Barley Mow, a little place half wooden, half brick, which would have been tumble-down and disreputable had it not been so exquisitely neat and well cared for. This was the poorest little place of all the gentry's houses, but it was not by any means the humblest of the inhabitants who lived at the Thatched Cottage. Old Mrs. Mowbray was a very great person, though she was a very small person. She was the tiniest woman on the Green, and she had the tiniest income, but she was related to half the peerage, and considered herself as great a lady as if she had been a Grand Duchess. Nor did any one dispute her claim. The great people at Temple Hill were nobody in comparison with old Mrs. Mowbray. There was not one house on the Green that had such visitors as she had. She was grand-aunt to a duke, and nobody would have been surprised to hear that in her own person she had a far-away right to the Crown—a right, let us say, coming by some side-wind from the Plantagenets, leaping over the other families who are of yesterday. Many people at Ingleton called her the Fairy Queen. She had the easy familiarity of royalty with all her surroundings. What could it matter to her who her neighbours and friends were? She could afford to be indifferent to the trifling distinctions of society. Widow Aikin was not appreciably further out of the reach of this splendid little old poor patrician than Mrs. Temple at the great house. Education was in favour of the latter, it is true, but there was this against her, that it was possible for her to entertain some delusive idea of equality, of which Mrs. Aikin was guiltless. Mrs. Mowbray accordingly made no secret of the fact that she entertained a great friendship for the landlady of the Barley Mow, and was very fond of Jane. She had the girl with her a great deal, and taught her those pretty manners which were so unlike others of her class. When Jane was a growing girl of twelve or thirteen she used to wait upon the old lady's guests at tea as a maid of honour might have waited. It was done for love for one thing, which always confers a certain grace; and it was not possible to move awkwardly or act ungracefully under the eye of such a keen critic.

It was the general opinion of the ladies on the Green that this patronage might not be an advantage to Jane as she grew older, and it became necessary to choose what was to be her occupation in the world; but in this respect Mrs. Mowbray behaved with great wisdom. It was, indeed, against not only all her traditions, but all the habits of her mind to "put nonsense in the girl's head," and disgust her with her natural position, which was what the other ladies feared. What did it matter to Mrs. Mowbray whether the girl became a pupil-teacher; or pushed upward in the small scale of rank, as understood at the Barley Mow, to be a nursery governess and call herself a lady; or remained what she was by nature, her mother's right hand and chief assistant? Parties ran very high on the Green on this subject. It was fought over in many a drawing-room as hotly as if it had been a branch of the Eastern Question. Ought Jane Aikin to stay at the parish school with Mrs. Peters, whose favourite pupil she was, and become her aid and probable successor? Ought she, being so refined in her manners, and altogether such a nice-looking girl, to learn a little music and French, and become a governess? The ladies who were liberal, who believed in education, and that everybody should do their best to improve their position and better themselves, upheld the latter idea; but the strongest party was in favour of the pupil teacher notion, which was considered a means of utilising Jane's good manners and excellent qualities, without moving her out of "her own sphere of life"—and this set was headed by the Rector, who was very hot and decided on the subject. A third party, to which nobody paid much attention, and which consisted chiefly of Mrs. Aikin herself, the only real authority, intended Jane to remain where she was, head-waiter and superintendent at the Barley Mow. The question between the two first projects had already been warmly discussed in the drawing-rooms before it occurred to anybody that it could be Mrs. Aikin's intention to do such injustice to her daughter, or indeed that the good landlady had any particular say in the matter. What! make a barmaid of Jane! The Rector was, it is to be feared, very injudicious in his treatment of the question. He attempted to carry matters with a very high hand, and went so far as to say that no modest girl could be brought up in "an alehouse," as he was so foolish as to call it, an opprobrious epithet which Mrs. Aikin did not forgive for years. She was so desperately offended, indeed, that she went to chapel for four Sundays after she heard of it, walking straight past the church doors, and proclaiming her defection to the whole world. Mrs. Mowbray was the person who was employed to set this matter right. She was waited upon by representatives of the two different parties, both of them feeling secure of her sympathy, but both anxious at all events to bring that foolish woman, Jane's mother, to her senses. Mrs. Stoke was at the head of the governess set, and good Mr. Wigmore represented the Church. They met at the gate of the Thatched Cottage upon this mission. "I have not spoken to dear Mrs. Mowbray on the subject, because I feel so sure that she will be on our side—so fond as she is of Jane," said Mrs. Stoke. "Mrs. Mowbray is not the person to advocate any breaking up of the divisions which mark society," said Mr. Wigmore. "*She* knows the evil of all such revolutionary measures." And thus they went in, each confident in his and her own cause.

Mrs. Mowbray sat by the fire in the big old carved ebony chair, which made her look more than ever a fairy queen. She had a handsome old ivory face, with a tinge of colour on the cheeks, which looked as if it might once have been rouge. Strangers considered that this peculiarity of complexion gave an artificial and even improper look to the old lady, but on the Green it was considered one of the evidences of that supreme aristocratism which would not take the trouble to disguise anything it pleased to do, but would rouge, if rouge was necessary, in a masterful and magnificent way, making no secret of it. However, as a matter of fact it was not rouge, but perfectly real, as was the fine ivory yellow of her old nose, a stately and prominent feature, evidently belonging to the highest rank. She would not have budged from her ebony chair to receive any one less than the Queen; but she permitted Mrs. Stoke to kiss her, and Mr. Wigmore to shake her hand, with serene graciousness. When they had both seated themselves she looked at them across her knitting with a smile. "This looks likes a deputation," she said. "What do you want, good people? If it is to settle about my funeral there is no hurry—for my cold is much better, and I have a good many things to see after before I can think of such luxuries." This distressed both her visitors, who did not like to hear an old lady speak of such serious matters in this lightminded way.

"Indeed, indeed, dear Mrs. Mowbray, it was nothing of the kind. When such a dreadful event occurs there will be weeping and wailing on the Green; and we all know very well that though you always talk so cheerfully, and so amusingly——"

"You regard such subjects with the melancholy which becomes right-thinking people," said Mr. Wigmore; "but we came—or to speak for myself, I came——"

"To speak of Jane Aikin," cried Mrs. Stoke, feeling the importance of having the first word, "and her mother's inconceivable foolishness in keeping her at home; and the still more foolish step she has taken in separating herself from all her true friends."

"Frequenting the Dissenters' services," said Mr. Wigmore. "Few things more sad have come under my observation in this very distressing parish—which is really such a mixture of everything that is unsatisfactory——"

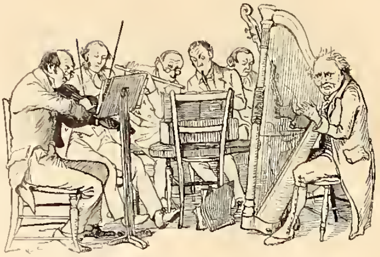
"The parish is just like other parishes," said Mrs. Stoke, "only much better, I should say—so many educated people in it, and so few poor comparatively. But I am sure our dear old friend will agree with me that Jane is quite out of place——"

"Now, my good people," said the old lady, "think a moment —what do you mean by out of place?—Everybody is out of place nowadays. I see people in this room calmly sitting down by me whose fathers and mothers would have come to the kitchen fifty years ago; but if I made a fuss what would any one say?"

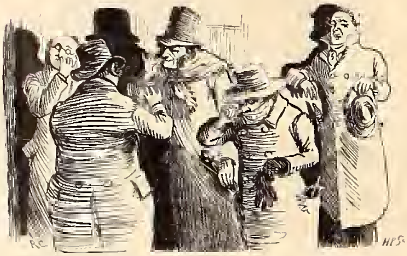
This made Mr. Wigmore very uncomfortable, whose father had been a cheesemonger in a good way of business; but as for Mrs. Stoke she did not care, being very well born, as she supposed. Mrs. Mowbray, however, took them both in quite impartially. "Unless people really belong to the old nobility," she continued, "I don't see that it matters about their place. It does not mean anything. Even in what we call the old nobility, you know, there's not above half-a-dozen families that are anything like *pur sang*. I know dukes that are just as much out of place as Jane Aikin would be at Windsor Castle. The only place any one has a right to is where their ancestors are born and bred—if they have any. And when you have not rank," said the old lady, looking keenly at Mr. Wigmore, "you had much better be *peuple*, as the French say. We haven't got an English word for it. No, it doesn't mean lower classes—it means *peuple*, neither less nor more. And Jane Aikin is pure *peuple*. She can't be out of place where she is."

"But you forget her education, dear Mrs. Mowbray—and you yourself that have given her such a taste for beautiful manners, and spoiled her for her own common class."

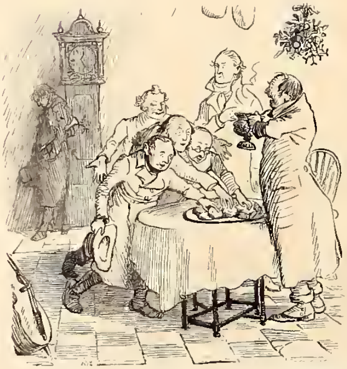
Mrs. Mowbray did not say anything, but she put on her spectacles and stared at her reprover. "I never spoil any one," she said; "out of my own condition—I make no secret of it—one girl is very much like another to me. They should all be



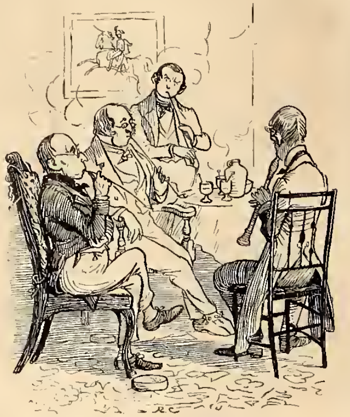
THE TORTOISES



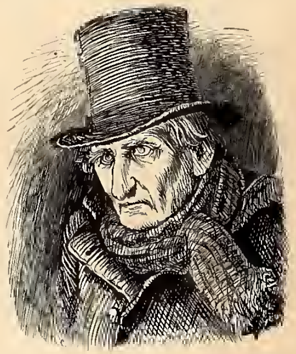
THEN DICKY DODD, IN ACCORDANCE WITH IMMEMORIAL CUSTOM, HANDED ROUND HIS SNUFFBOX



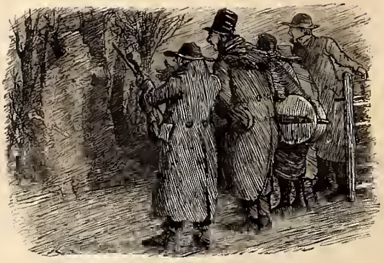
HE WAS IN THE ACT OF LIFTING THE TANKARD TO HIS LIPS WHEN I SAW HIS FACE CHANGE SUDDENLY. FOLLOWING THE DIRECTION OF HIS EYES WITH MINE, I PERCEIVED THE CAUSE IN A MOMENT. . . . LEANING AGAINST THE CLOCK IN AN ATTITUDE OF DEJECTION STOOD THE FIGURE



AT EPHRAIM'S HOUSE THAT EVENING I FOUND TWO OTHER TORTOISES BESIDES HIMSELF. THEY HAD COME ON PURPOSE TO HEAR ME. WHEN I HAD GIVEN THEM A SPECIMEN OF WHAT I COULD DO, THEY ALL SHOOK THEIR HEADS SOLEMNLY

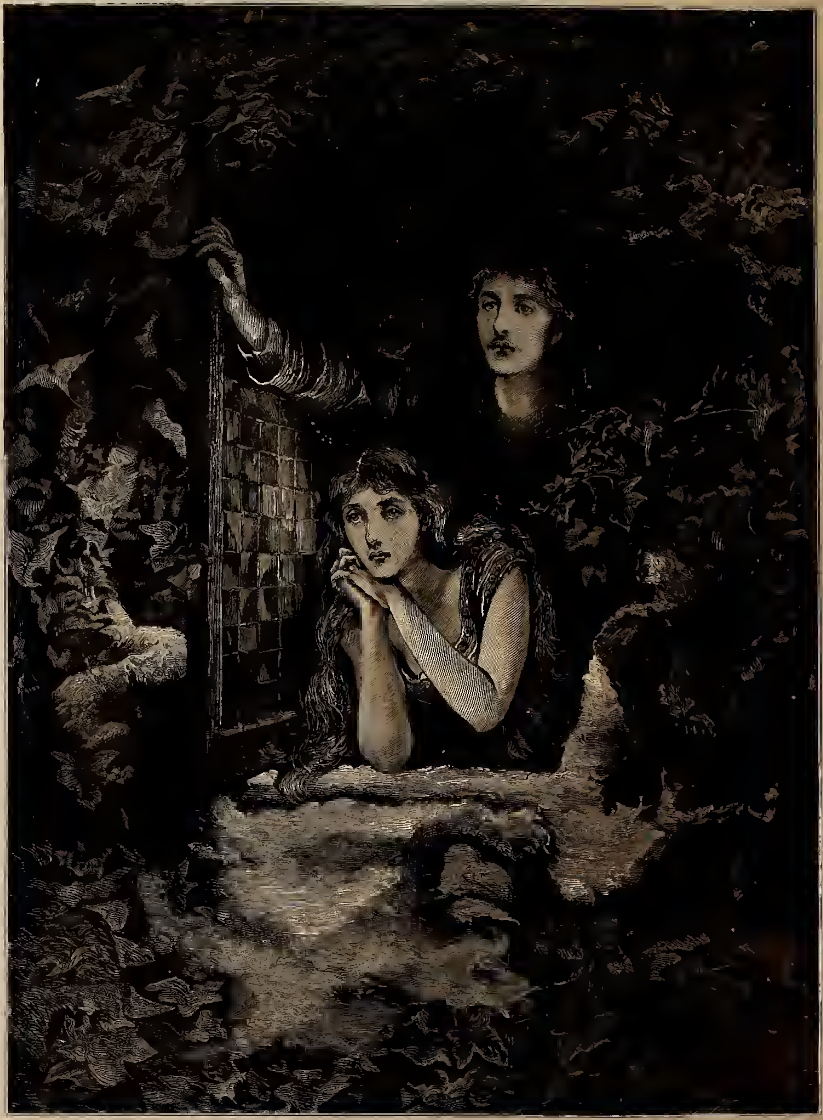


"IT'S WILL BLISSON!"



THE FIGURE BEGAN TO FADE—TO FADE AND DISSOLVE SLOWLY BEFORE US

BLISSON'S LAST ROUND



THE CHRISTMAS GUEST

"Psyche! Psyche! look!" cried Eros, starting to his feet in joyous excitement. "That must be—isn't it?—yes, it must be Mortimer—it is our dear old Mort!"

pretty-mannered—I never knew *that* to spoil any one, small or great."

"Dear Mrs. Mowbray, no; but if we could raise her to a position in which she would be appreciated. She has taken such a step out of her own class in associating with you."

"Associating—with me!" Mrs. Mowbray took off her spectacles again after she had gazed mildly with a wonder beyond speech in the speaker's face. Then she shrugged her shoulders slightly and shook her head. "I can't recall at this moment any one in this neighbourhood who does that. I have a great many friends, if that is what you mean, and I am not so particular as most people about the little subdivisions—but associates! I don't know any. Yes, Mr. Wigmore? you were going to speak."

"I am one of those who agree with you that the poor should be kept in their own place," said Mr. Wigmore. As he spoke the old lady took up her spectacles again, and deliberately put them on, looking at him as if (Mrs. Stoke said) he was a natural curiosity, which somewhat discomfited the excellent man—"but, as our excellent friend says, her manners and breeding are quite above her station."

"Jane Aikin has no station," said Mrs. Mowbray, promptly. "She is *people*, as I told you. I know nothing of your aboves and belows. Let her stay where she is, in her natural place and do her duty. Do your duty in that condition to which God has called you: that's what the Catechism says. There's nothing about being above or below. Very lucky for her she's got a natural place and her duty plain before her. If one had not one's own rank, which of course one does not choose, that's what I should prefer for myself, a distinct place and a clear duty—and that's what Jane Aikin has."

"In a public-house!" cried Mr. Wigmore, aghast.

"In her mother's house, sir," said old Mrs. Mowbray.

Thus the Green was routed horse and foot; but the old lady on further talk accepted the position of mediatrix to bring back the Widow Aikin to her allegiance, and to show her her duty as a churchwoman. She sallied forth for that purpose the very next morning in her old quilted white satin bonnet and great furred cloak. She never changed the fashion of her garments, having had abundant time to discover what was most becoming to her, as she frankly said. Mrs. Aikin was standing at her front door, looking out upon the bright morning, when the old lady appeared. There was very little doing at the Barley Mow. The parlour with the bow window was full of a dazzling stock of household linen, which Jane and a maid were looking over, and putting in order. Jane herself had the task of darning the thin places, which she did so as to make darning into a fine art. This had been taught her by Mrs. Peters at the parish school. Perhaps it was not, after all, such a valuable accomplishment as it looked, but certainly Jane's darning had a beautiful appearance on the tablecloths, after they had passed their first perfection of being, at the Barley Mow.

"The sunshine's a pleasure," said Mrs. Aikin, making her best curtsey, "and I hope I see you well, ma'am, this bright morning. It shows us as how spring's coming. Might I be so bold as to ask you to step in and take a chair?"

"Not this morning," said Mrs. Mowbray, in her frank voice, not unduly subdued in tone, "though I've come to scold you. They tell me you've gone off from your church, you that were born and bred in it, and Jane, though I taught her her Catechism myself. Do you mean to tell me you've got opinions—you?—with a nice child like Jane to thank God for, and everything going well——"

"Well, ma'am," said Mrs. Aikin, growing red and smoothing her apron, "I don't say as I'm one for opinions—more than doing your duty, and getting a bit of good out of a sermon when you can."

"That's very pious and right," said the old lady, "but your church that you were christened in is more than a sermon. I don't pretend to get much good of them myself, but you'll not tell me that you have left your church for that."

"Well, ma'am!" said Mrs. Aikin, reluctant to commit herself. She put out her foot, and began to trace patterns with her shoe in the sand on the doorstep, and fixed her eyes upon the process. She could not meet the little old lady's decided gaze. "Mr. Short at the chapel do preach beautiful, he do. You should just hear him for yourself. He'll make you come all over in a tremble, when you're sitting quite quiet like thinking of nothing; and then he's real comforting to poor folks and them as is put upon. It's almost a pleasure to feel as you've had your troubles with the quality too."

"Quality! Where do you find any quality to have troubles with?" said Mrs. Mowbray. "You and I have always been good friends. You don't consider that you're put upon, as you call it, because the Duke sent me my Christmas turkey. That was no offence to you."

"No, ma'am, never—not you. There is them that shall be nameless—not but what *they* call names a plenty."

"The woman's thinking of the Rector, I declare. Quality!" said Mrs. Mowbray, with an accent of mingled amazement and amusement. "No, my dear woman, he's not quality. But he meant no harm. He was thinking of the girl and her good. They think they know, these men; and we must submit, you know, to our clergy. It was because of his interest in Jane."

"Interest in Jane!" said Widow Aikin (she pronounced the name something like *Jeyeyn*; but the peculiarities of Berkshire are too much for even phonetic spelling), "if that shows an interest! telling her mother to her face as she wasn't fit to bring her up decent and respectable, and showing no more confidence than that in the girl herself."

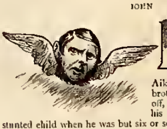
"It was his mistake," said Mrs. Mowbray, "he wants tact, that is what it is. He hasn't the right way of doing a thing, my dear woman. That is how these middling sort of people always break down. My nephew, the Duke, if he had to send you to prison, would do it as if it was the greatest favour in the world. But the middling classes have no grace about them. That's not to say that you're to give up your church that you were christened in and married in. Who's to bury you, woman? Do you never think of that? Not your Mr. Short at the chapel, I hope. At least I know he would never do for me. There ought to be more in your church than a sermon, or even than a pleasant word."

"Well, ma'am, I don't say but what that's true; and I never thought of the burying," said the widow, hanging her head. She was subdued and awe-stricken at the turn which the discussion had taken, and, indeed, had never intended to forsake "her church," but only to make a demonstration of her independence. Jane had come out from the parlour, leaving her work to listen to this argument, with great anxiety and interest, for her heart was in it. She was hovering in the passage behind her mother, now and then giving her a little touch or pull to enforce something the old lady said. During the pause that followed she came forward very anxiously, and put forward a plea of her own, in which there did not seem much point or applicability. "Oh, mother," she said, softly, pulling her sleeve, "and Johnny in the choir!"

"Oh, go along with your Johnnys," said the landlady of the Barley Mow. But it was clear enough that the victory was won.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN



It is full time that John should be spoken of, who was the other member of the family, and a very important one. He was Mrs. Aikin's nephew, the son of a brother who was very poorly off, and had been taken in by his good aunt as a miserable stunted child when he was but six or seven. The brother was a soldier, who had been discharged, and whose character it is to be supposed did not recommend him sufficiently to get any interest made for him, or to establish him anywhere in one of the occupations which seem made for old soldiers. Instead of this he had fallen into a kind of vagabondism, wandering from place to place, and as his wife was dead this only child had been miserably neglected, and was in a bad way when Mrs. Aikin took him to her kindly care. He had never been a prepossessing boy, and he did not at all share with Jane in the interest of the Green. He was heavy and lowering in his looks, quiet to outward appearance, though tales were told of him which were not consistent with this subdued aspect. Both the women, however, were devoted to John, either because they had no one else to be fond of, or because he possessed some qualities at bottom which made up for his faults of exterior. He certainly did not seem at any time to give himself much trouble to secure their affections. All that he did seemed to be done unwillingly—the very sound of his voice was churlish—and except Mrs. Aikin and her daughter nobody cared for the boy. From his very first coming, he had showed himself in an unfavourable light. He was then a boy of about eight years old, and little Jane, a delightful child, everybody's favourite, was a year younger. One summer evening he was standing with his hands in his pockets staring at the waggons with their big horses, when she came running up to him. "Come and play, Johnny," she said, in her soft little voice. "I won't," he said, pushing her out of his way with his shoulder. "Oh, Johnny, come and have tea in the garden," said little Jane, "mother says we may. I've got some cake and some gooseberries, and my own little tea-things, and all the best shall be for you. Oh, Johnny, come!" "I won't," he said again, though he faltered when he heard of the cake. "Oh, Johnny, come to please me," cried the poor little woman, already as foolish in her expectations as if she had been twenty years older. "To please you! I'd a deal rather please myself," cried the boy, once more thrusting her aside with a push of his shoulder. Little Jane was ready to cry, but the mother coming out full of business called to the children in her hasty way to go at once to the garden, and get out of her road. Upon which the boy shrugged his shoulders, and obeyed with brutish unwillingness and display of yielding to superior force. This was how he had been ever since. The little girl would coax and entreat, the kind mother give cheerful orders, never so much as seeing the lowering looks of rebellion. "Poor boy!" Mrs. Aikin would say, "he ain't got no mother, and I can see by his solemn face many a day as he's thinking and thinking of his poor father, which was never one as would settle down to anything. We has to do all we can to keep him cheerful, Jane and me." Thus from the very first they made up their minds to spoil the loutish unpleasant boy. The widow was continually praising him, and holding him up to the admiration of her neighbours. When it was found that he had a good voice, this gave them as much delight and triumph as if they had inherited a fortune, and when he made his appearance for the first time with the choir in his white surplice, the faces of the two were a sight to see, so glowing were they with satisfaction and delight. In this way the two cousins had grown up—the boy always sullen and downlooking, resisting rather than responding to the kindnesses heaped upon him, the girl always ready to smooth away every cloud, to say the best for him, to explain his moodiness and backwardness. "It is only his way," Jane would say in her soft voice, and *her* way was so ingratiating and conciliatory that no one could stand against it. His aunt, too, was foolish in her affection for this unattractive hero. He was the son of the house, the young master, though he had not a penny. His opinion was always asked about everything, and his judgment constantly relied upon. It was true that the advice he gave was not always taken, for Mrs. Aikin was very active, and liked to manage everything her own way; but when it happened that he agreed with her, she would trumpet forth his praises and give him all the credit. "I should never have thought of that but for Johnny. There's no telling the sense of him," the good woman would say admiringly. All this special pleading, however, could not give the Green any interest in John. Nobody cared for him except the two who cared so much for him, and nobody believed in him, notwithstanding his imposing appearance in the choir and his beautiful voice. As he grew up this voice changed from its angelical soprano to a big melodious baritone. He was the chief singer at Ingleton, and kept up the character of the place, which had always been noted for its choir, and indeed he was the only man in it to whom a solo could be entrusted. This made the Rector and Mr. Wigmore tolerant of the alehouse so far as he was concerned.

Thus the little family at the Barley Mow were happy enough, when the difficulty was got over about Jane. Of course Mrs. Aikin had the best right to settle what her daughter was to do, and, whatever they might advise, neither the clergy nor the ladies could do anything on their own account in the matter. So that when Mrs. Aikin gave up chapel and came back to her own pew all was forgiven and forgotten, and Jane, though the maid of the inn, became a greater favourite than ever. She was liked as much as her cousin was disliked. Even the contact which she could not be altogether saved from, in their position, with the roughest and coarsest class did not seem to affect her. She went about and served the beer, and waited on the summer visitors as softly and as neatly as she used to serve the ladies at tea in old Mrs. Mowbray's tiny drawing-room. She never took any notice of foolish things that might be said to her, and did not even seem to hear or see the squabbles and noisy talk that must always go on more or less about such places. In the cricketing time they were always very busy, and Jane no doubt had the additional temptation of the gentlemen who would have talked and flirted had she allowed them to do so—but she passed through everything like a humble Una, with a smile for everybody, but not a word that could have been objected to, had all the ladies in the Green sat in committee on her. Perhaps, however, her lout of a cousin did more for Jane than the ladies could have done. She was very modest and shy, and did not betray herself except to the keenest observation; but it was apparent enough to those who were chiefly interested that all her thoughts were for John. She was constantly doing his work for him in her quiet way, undertaking this and that to let him have a holiday, or go to a choral meeting, or have his innings at cricket. "Girls don't want so much play as boys," she would say, with a smile. And he took her at her word, and accepted everything she did for him as if it had been the most natural thing in the world. Strangely enough, her mother did not object to this. She spoiled and petted the clumsy fellow just as much as Jane did, and took it for granted that he should have all kinds of indulgences as if he had been a favourite son. The great terror of both of them was his vagabond father, who appeared now and then, a scandal to their respectability, and a standing danger to John. The two women were always in a fright lest this undesirable relative should lead their darling astray. "He is such a good boy now—he has always been such a good boy," Mrs. Aikin said, with an uncomfortable sense that nobody accepted this statement as gospel, which made her more and more hot in giving it forth. And when old Mrs. Mowbray stopped in her walk to inquire after Jane and the poultry, the widow fairly wept over this one danger which threatened the family peace. "Why do you let him come at all?" the old lady asked peremptorily. "If I were in your place, I would order him off the premises. You have done too much for him already, my dear woman. When a man becomes a vagabond he has no more claim on his friends."

This did not at all please the landlady of the Barleymow. Her honest face flushed, and she dried her eyes indignantly. "Nature is nature, ma'am," she said; "good or bad, you can't deny your own flesh and blood."

"But I could keep my own flesh and blood at a distance," said the old lady, "especially if it has got more harm in it, and could do me an injury still."

"That is all that troubles me," said Mrs. Aikin. "I'd be as happy a woman as steps the Green, but for that. Nature is nature, and a father's a father. And if so be as he was to put wild thoughts in our Johnny's head—what would me and Jane do? La, bless you, it would break that girl's heart."

"And that is just what I am thinking of," said Mrs. Mowbray, briskly. "You are a silly woman. What has Jane's heart got to do with it? You keep this boy by her side year after year. And now they're growing man and woman, and what's to come of it? What do you mean by it? That's what I say!"

"La, ma'am, what could come of it? They've been brought up like brother and sister," the widow said, with a laugh, and she went about with a smile on her face for the rest of the day. The other ladies made remonstrances of the same kind with equally little use. Of course, it was very clear that this was what she had made up her mind to—that the two should marry and succeed her when she grew old, and carry on the business. It was all suitable enough and natural enough. And, of course, the fact that Jane was above her position made no difference. When a woman is above her position the best thing for her to do is to conceal it carefully, and make the best of the circumstances. And she herself was not conscious of the fact of her superiority. Whether Mrs. Aikin had been so foolish as to communicate her ideas to Jane no one knew, but there could be little doubt that the poor girl took the arrangement for granted as much as her mother did. It was so natural! She had been fond of her cousin all her life, loving him with that most powerful of all kinds of love, the close tie of tender habit, the affection one has for the being whom one has protected, excused, and been good to all one's life. If she had not pushed him softly through his work, coaxed him through his lessons, made the best of him to everybody, how could poor Johnny ever have got on at all? He wanted her backing up so perpetually, that it might be permitted to Jane to believe that he could not have got on without her. It is common to say that the love of a woman for a man has often a great deal that is motherly in it, and certainly this was the case here. It had been her duty to be kind to him, to make him feel himself at home, he who had no other home. All her own little pleasures, almost ever since she could remember, had been made secondary to Johnny—and what so natural as that this should go on? She took it for granted, poor girl. She scarcely expected to be courted as other girls were who "fall in love" with strangers. It had not been necessary for her to fall in love. She had always been fond of her cousin. She had never thought of any other man.

And poor Jane was as delicate in her love as any lady of romance. She had none of the romping ways of country girls of her class. Neither was she sentimentally disposed. Her modest look dwelt upon him now and then with a tender pleasure, especially when he was singing, which was the only thing about him which seemed to justify that delusion. But even this look was so modest and so momentary that only careful observation surprised it now and then. She held her somewhat embarrassing position with a serious grace which was almost dignity—making no advances on her part, though she was the Crown Princess, and had everything to bestow, yet never doubting, I think, poor girl, what the course of affairs was to be. Was it not natural that he should love her best as she loved him best? and that their life should go on as it had always done, with something added but nothing taken away? Such was the simple, happy tenor of Jane's maiden thoughts.

Whether John divined what the women took for granted it would be difficult to say. Perhaps he saw the advantages of being master of the Barley Mow, and the homage he received no doubt increased his natural loutish self-complacency,—that stolid vanity which so often dwells in the minds of those who have nothing in the world to be vain of. He took it for granted on his side that he was the sun of this little world, and accepted everything as a natural homage to his fine deservings. He thought the more of himself for all they did for him, not of them. As for Jane, her pretty looks, her superiority, her grace and good breeding were nothing to the lout. He would have liked her a great deal better had she been a noisy, laughing, romping girl. He accepted all the little sacrifices she made, and allowed her to do his work, with that satisfied consciousness that she liked it, which gave him the feeling of doing rather than receiving a favour. And very likely he might go on, and carry out the programme, and marry her in the same lordly way. For there could be no doubt that it was very much to his advantage, and that his position as Jane's husband would be much more assured than that of Mrs. Aikin's nephew. So things went on, day gliding into day, and summer into winter. They were both young—there was no hurry; and to quicken the settlement or alter anything from the pleasant footing on which it at present stood was not at all the widow's wish.

The picture would have been incomplete, however, had there not been something on the other side. When one man is indifferent to the goods the gods provide him it is almost certain there is another somewhere to whom these gifts would seem divine. Jane had always kept up her friendship with Mrs. Peters, the schoolmistress, who had trained her, and whose assistant the ladies on the Green had wished her to be. She was fond of going to see her in the winter afternoons when there was not much doing, and always found something to do among the girls, work to set right, or a class to look after which had wearied the schoolmistress, and she got on so well with them that it was clear the ladies on the Green had not been wrong in their idea of her powers. But while she thus came and went about the good schoolmistress whom she loved, another person had come into the little circle, of whom Jane took little notice. This was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Peters, who had been lately appointed schoolmaster, and was very highly thought of in the parish. He was ten years at least older than Jane, and appeared to her a middle-aged man, though he was scarcely over thirty. He was a good schoolmaster and a good man, a little precise in speech, perhaps, and rigid in his ways, but true and honest and kind, anxious to be of real service to his pupils and everybody round him. It was not wonderful that his serious eye should be caught by the serious gentle girl who was so sweet and so kind to his sister-in-law, so much at home in the school, so helpful, and so understanding. After he had taken tea half-a-dozen times in her company the good young man's head was full of Jane. And he was not so instructed in the ways of the place as to be aware of Mrs. Aikin's understood plans, or the kind of tacit arrangement by which everything seemed settled. He did not even know of John's existence at first—and when he did become aware of him there seemed nothing alarming in the loutish lad, whose appearance and manners were not attractive to the outward eye. Mr. Peters, though the very name of a public-house was obnoxious to him, began to come out in the evenings, when that first winter was over, and would sit down in the shade on a bench outside the door of the Barley Mow, sometimes for hours together, within reach of all the noises, and of the smoking and beer-drinking which was a horror to him, and not respectable even, or becoming in his position. To see him seated there in his black coat, with that air of respectability half ashamed of itself, was both comical and touching. It was said that the Rector spoke to him about it, pointing out that the Barley Mow, however respectable in itself, was not a place where an instructor of youth ought to spend his evenings, a reproach which cut to the schoolmaster's very heart. But he was so far gone that he stood up in defence of the place where his beloved spent her life.

"Sir," he stammered, reddening and faltering, "I see a—person there: who is an example to—every one round."

"You mean Mrs. Aikin," the Rector said. "Yes, yes, Peters, she is very respectable, I don't say anything against her; but it is not a place for you to be seen at, you know."

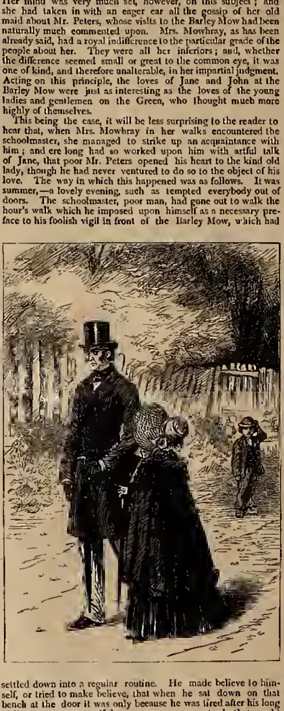
And this was true, there could be no doubt. The schoolmaster after this would come late. He would be seen going out for a walk, passing the Barley Mow with wistful looks after his tea-time, casting glances aside at the cheerful bustle; and when the darkness was falling, and everything had grown indistinct in the twilight, some keen eye would see him steal to his accustomed seat, and stay there, neither drinking nor talking, except to Jane when she passed him. He watched her taking the tray from her cousin's hand, letting him go free for his cricket or his practice, sometimes even sending him indoors to take a hand at whist, and had begun to be angry with the young man for letting her do his work for him before he surprised the gleam of soft love and kindness in Jane's pretty eyes which revealed the whole story. Was that what it meant? It was such a shock to him that the schoolmaster fell ill, and was not about the place for weeks. But at last he came back again, as people constantly do, to gaze at sights that break their hearts. The front of the Barley Mow was a cheerful place in these summer evenings. Mrs. Aikin allowed no rioting or excess of drinking on her benches, and she was as imperative as a little queen. And all the travellers who passed stopped there to get water for their horses and beverages not quite so innocent for themselves. The horses alone were a sight to see. The whole hierarchy of rank on four legs might be seen at the door. The beautiful riding-horses, slim and dainty, with their shy, supercilious looks; the carriage horses just a trifle less fine—the large florid, highly-fed brutes in the drays, that made no stand on their quality, but looked calmly conscious of unlimited corn at home—the saucy little pony, ready for any impertinence—the shabby, poor gentleman in the fly who had seen better days, meek beast, broken spirited, and unfortunate—the donkey, meeker still, but with a whole red revolution, if he could only but once get the upper hand, in his eye. It was curious to sit there in the darkening of the soft summer night, and see the indistinct vehicles gliding past, and all the dim figures of men, while the stars came out overhead, and the heat of the day sank into grateful coolness. And what a dramatic completeness the humble, bustling scene took, when one perceived the little human drama, tragedy or comedy, who could tell which, that was going on in the midst, Jane regarding the loutish cousin who was not her lover with those soft eyes of tenderness as the stars regarded the earth: he altogether indifferent, caring nothing, taking a vulgar advantage of her weakness to save himself trouble; and the spectator in the corner, hidden in the shadows, who did not lose a look or a word, whose very heart was burning to see the wasted affection, and made furious by the indifference. Mr. Peters would have given all he had in the world could he have purchased that soft look from Jane; but the lout thought nothing of it, except so far as it ministered to his own rude self-satisfaction. Perhaps he had his grievance too. He would have liked to escape from this propriety and quiet to the noisy revels on the other side of the Green, where there was always some nonsense going on at the Load-o'-Hay, a kind of rival, but much inferior place, which was the one place in the world which Mrs. Aikin regarded with feelings of hatred, and which moved even Jane to something like anger. He would have liked to have had "a bit of fun" there, and left the steady business of the Barley Mow to take care of itself. How it was that neither Jane nor her mother perceived or guessed the discrepancy between his thoughts and theirs is past divining. The girl, at least, one would have thought, must have had some moments of distrust, some wondering doubts, but if so she never showed them, and as for Mrs. Aikin, she was too busy a woman to think of anything that did not come immediately under her eyes.

CHAPTER III.

THE ENGAGEMENT

THIS state of calm, so full of explosive elements, could scarcely go on without some revelation, sooner or later, of the dangers below; and, again, the little old Fairy Queen, Mrs. Mowbray, had a hand in the revelation. Though she was so old, there was no more clear-sighted or keen observer in all the county; and, as her interest in Jane was great, it cannot be supposed that she had not seen through the complications about her. But as yet there had been no opening,—nothing which could justify her in speaking particularly on this subject; and all that could be said in a general way had been already said. Her mind was very much set, however, on this subject; and she had taken in with an eager ear all the gossip of her old maid about Mr. Peters, whose visits to the Barley Mow had been naturally much commented upon. Mrs. Mowbray, as has been already said, had a royal indifference to the particular grade of the people about her. They were all her inferiors; and, whether the difference seemed small or great to the common eye, it was one of kind, and therefore unalterable, in her impartial judgment. Acting on this principle, the loves of Jane and John at the Barley Mow were just as interesting as the loves of the young ladies and gentlemen on the Green, who thought much more highly of themselves.

This being the case, it will be less surprising to the reader to hear that, when Mrs. Mowbray in her walks encountered the schoolmaster, she managed to strike up an acquaintance with him; and ere long had so worked upon him with artful talk of Jane, that poor Mr. Peters opened his heart to the kind old lady, though he had never ventured to do so to the object of his love. The way in which this happened was as follows. It was summer,—a lovely evening, such as tempted everybody out of doors. The schoolmaster, poor man, had gone out to walk the hour's walk which he imposed upon himself as a necessary preface to his foolish vigil in front of the Barley Mow, which had settled down into a regular routine. He made believe to himself, or tried to make believe, that when he sat down on that bench at the door it was only because he was tired after his long walk; it was not as if he went on purpose,—to do that would be foolishness indeed. But he was no moth, scorching his wings in the flame,—he was an honest, manly pedestrian, taking needful rest in the cool of the evening. This was the little delusion he had wrapped himself in. When he was setting out for his walk, he met Mrs. Mowbray, and took off his hat with that mixture of conscious respect and stiff propriety which became his somewhat doubtful position. His position made him feel that more was expected from him than would be expected from the common people round. He was in his way a personage, a representative of education and civilisation; but yet he did not belong to the sphere occupied by the ladies and gentlemen. This made poor Mr. Peters doubly precise. But as the old lady,—whose lively mind was full of Jane, and of a little plan she had in her head,—turned to look at him instead of looking where she stepped, she suddenly knocked her foot against a projecting root, and would have fallen had not the schoolmaster, almost too shy to touch her, and wondering much in his own mind what a gentleman would do in such an emergency, rushed forward to give his assistance. Mrs. Mowbray laid hold of him with a very decided clutch. She was not shy;—she threw her whole weight (it was not much) upon his arm, which she grasped to save herself. "I was nearly over," she said, panting a little for breath, with a pretty flush rising into her pale old delicate cheeks. The shock stirred her old blood, and made her heart beat, and brought a spark to her eyes. It did not frighten and trouble, but excited her not unpleasantly, so thorough-bred was this old woman. "No, I am not hurt, not a bit hurt: it was nothing. I ought to look where I am going, at my age," she said; and held Mr. Peters fast by the arm, and panted, and laughed. But even after she had recovered herself she still leant upon him. "You must give me your arm to my house," she said; "there's the drawback of being old. I can't help trembling, as if I had been frightened or hurt. You must give me your arm to my house."



"Certainly, Madam," said Mr. Peters. He did not like to dispense with any title of civility, though (oddly enough, and in England alone) the superior classes do so; but he would not say "Ma'am," like a servant. It seemed to him that "Madam" was a kind of stately compromise; and he walked on, somewhat tremulous himself with embarrassment, supporting with the greatest care his unexpected companion; and though she shook, the courageous old lady laughed and chattered.

"You were going the other way?" she said. "I am wasting your time, I fear, and stopping your walk."

"Oh, no, Madam, not at all," said Mr. Peters; "I am very glad to be of use. I am very happy that I was there just at the moment,—just at the fortunate moment——"

"Do you call it a fortunate moment when I hurt my foot—not that I have really hurt my foot—and got myself shaken and upset like this,—an old woman at my age?"

"I meant—the unfortunate moment, Madam," said Mr. Peters, colouring high, and feeling that he had said something wrong, though what he scarcely knew.

"Oh, fie! that looks as if you were sorry that you have been compelled to help me," said the old lady, laughing.

Poor Mr. Peters had not the least idea how to take this banter. He thought he had done or said something wrong. He coloured up to the respectable tall hat that shaded his sober brows; but she stopped his troubled explanations summarily.

"Where were you going? It does not matter? Well, you shall come in with me, and Morris will give you some tea. You can tell me about your school,—I am always interested in my neighbours' concerns. You pass this way most evenings, don't you? I see you passing. You always take a walk after your day's work—a very wholesome custom. And then your evenings,—where do you spend your evenings? Are there any nice people who give you a cup of tea? Do you go and see your friends? Yes, I am interested, always interested, to learn how my fellow-creatures get through their life; I don't do much myself but look on, nowadays. And you know life's a strange sort of thing," said the old lady. "Nothing interests me so much. It isn't a line of great events, as we think in our youth,—the intervals are more important than the events. Are you dull, eh? You are a stranger in this place. How do you spend your evenings after you go in?"

"Madam, there is always plenty to do," said Mr. Peters; "a master can never be said to have much leisure." And then he unbent from that high seriousness, and said, with a mixture of confused grandeur and wistfulness, "In the circles to which I have admission there is not much that can be called society. I have to spend my evenings at home, or——"

"Or——?" said Mrs. Mowbray. "Just so, that is the whole business; alone, or—— But where is the 'or?' So am I. I am alone (which I generally like best), or—I have friends with me. Friends—I call them friends for want of a better word—the people on the Green. They bore me, but I like them sometimes. Now, you are a young man. Tell me what 'or' commends itself to you."

Thus exhorted, Mr. Peters hung down his head; he stammered in his reply. "I am afraid, Madam, you will think but badly of me if you knew—without knowing why. I go and sit down there—in front of Mrs. Aikin's house——"

"In front of the Barley Mow! Dear me!" she said, with well-acted surprise; "that is not the thing for a schoolmaster to do!"

"I know it, Madam," said Mr. Peters, with a sigh.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Mowbray, with the air of one who makes an important discovery; "ah! I divine you at last. It is a girl that beguiles you to the Barley Mow! Then it must be a good girl, for they allow no one else there. Bless me! I wonder if it should be Jane!"

"You know her, Madam?"

"Ah, it is Jane then? Mr. Schoolmaster—I forget your name—you are a man of penetration and sense; I honour you. A man who chooses the best woman within his knowledge—that's the sort of man I approve of. It happens so seldom. Men are all such fools on that point. So it is Jane!"

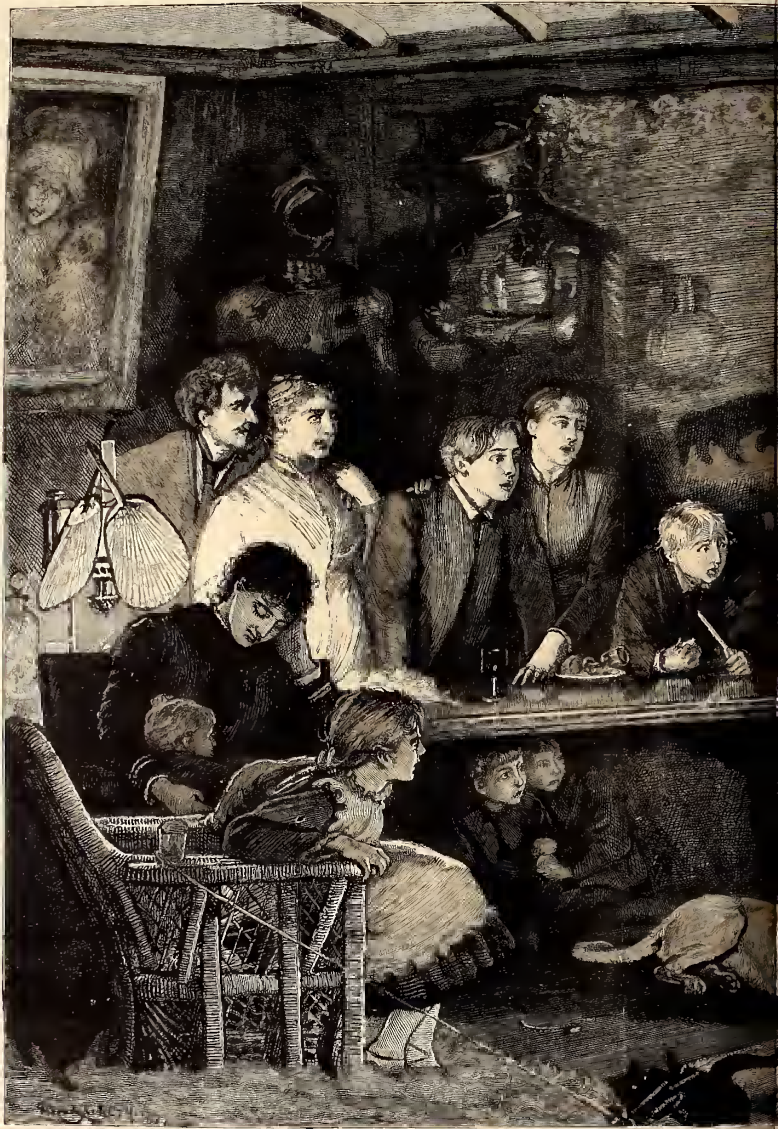
Mr. Peters breathed a long sigh. "She never looks at me, Madam—she never knows I am there. You must not think she has anything to do with it."

"Ay, ay, that's always the way. When the men show some sense the women are fools; or else it's the other thing. Now, listen to me. You say, Do I know Jane? Yes, I know her from her cradle. Why, I brought her up! Can't you see the girl has the manners of a lady? I gave them to her. There is nothing Jane will not do for me. And I like the looks of you. You're stiff, but you're a man. Do you think I should have come out of my way, and hurt my foot (oh, it is quite well now!) to speak to you, if I hadn't heard all about this? I want to help you to marry Jane."

"Oh, Madam, what can I say to you?" cried Mr. Peters, not knowing in his bewilderment what might be going to happen. He was shocked in his sense of propriety by being told that he was stiff, and by the old lady's frank avowal that she knew all about him after she had wormed his secret out of him; and he was excited by this promise of aid, and by the bold jump of his patroness to the last crown of success. To *marry* Jane! To get a word from her, or a kind look, seemed enough in the mean time; and he did not know on the spot whether he was ready to marry any one, even this Queen of his affections.

He led Mrs. Mowbray to her door, and listened to her talk, divided between alarm and eagerness. She made everything so easy! She was willing to be his plenipotentiary—to explain everything. She would see no obstacle in the way—all he had to do was to put himself in her hands. The old lady herself got very much excited over it. She said more than she meant, as people have a way of doing when they are excited, and sent Mr. Peters away in the most curious muddle of hope and fear,—hope that the way might be opened for him to Jane, fear lest he might be driven along that path at a pace much more rapid and urgent than he had meant to go.

Next morning, Mrs. Mowbray had made up her mind to send for Jane, and open the subject at once,—merely to represent to her how much more satisfactory this man was than such a lout as John. What a suitable union it would be! just her own quiet tastes and ways. And a man able to sustain and help her,



A HORRI

Without—the wind against the pane
Sighed like a ghost that strives to gain
Admittance to its old domain.

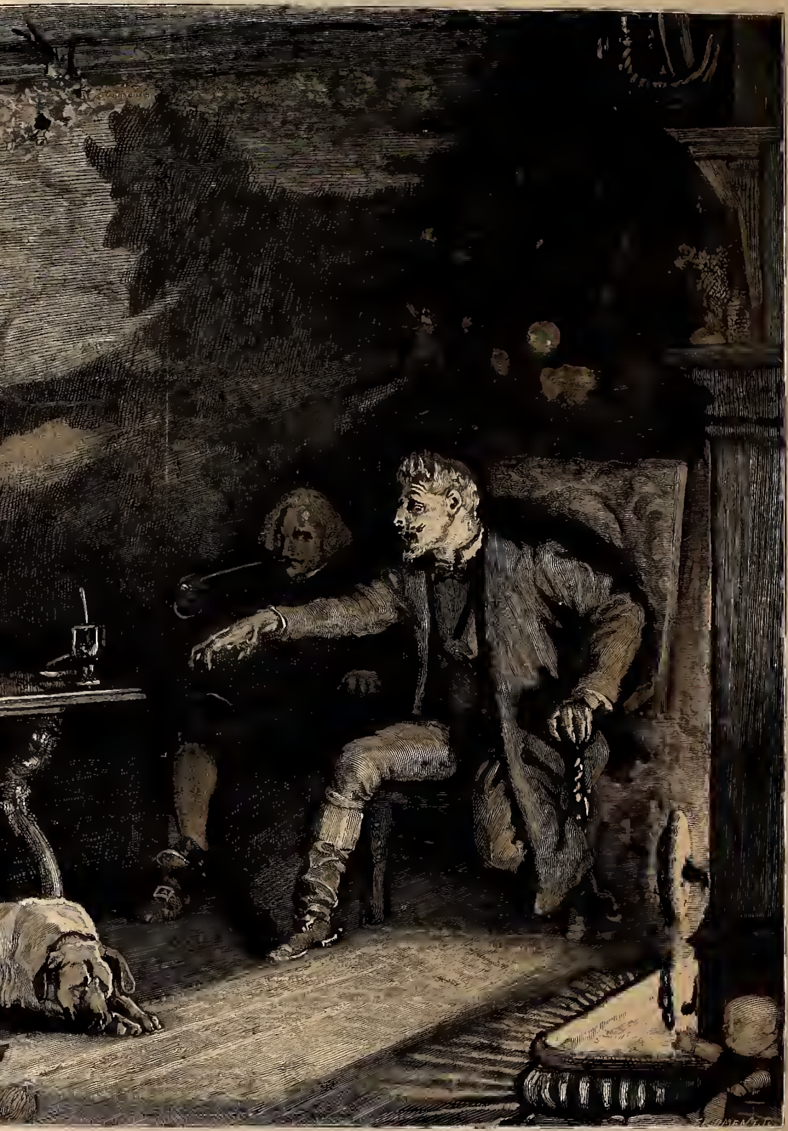
Within—the fire burnt brimstone-blue,
So that each face, to neighbours' view,
Seemed of a ghastly corpse-like hue.

Close by the fire sat Mr. Jones,
Who told, in earnest awe-struck tones,
A thrilling tale of blood and bones!

A tale of mystery and crime,
Beginning, "Once upon a time,"
And echoing like a funeral chime.

We listened with a solemn dread,
As to a message from the dead,
For Jones believed each word be said.

And as he spoke he waxed in vigour;
His hair rose up, his eyes grew bigger;
He seemed a supernatural figure!



BLE TALE

Entranced, we marked his stony glare,
His hollow voice, his bristling hair;
Our eyeballs gave back stare for stare!

And then we saw upon the wall
A Something that was worse than all,
Something that held us fast in thrall.

A grewsome Shape, with peaked jaw,
With hornèd head, with outstretched paw,
And at each finger's end a claw!

Our blood was chilled, we could not speak,
We could not even raise a shriek,
Each moment seemed a tedious week.

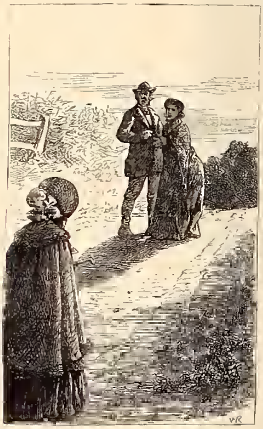
But Fear was soon laid on the shelf,
When we perceived this monstrous elf
Was but the shade of Jones himself.

Reaction made us laugh—and that
Made Jones's tale seem rather flat,
So presently he sought his hat.

Arthur Locker

instead of a lad of her own age, whom she would have to carry on her shoulders, instead of being guided by. The pleas in his favour were so strong, that the old lady could not see what pretence Jane could find for declining to listen to the schoolmaster. But she was not so certain about it next morning—and she neither went to the Barley Mow nor sent for Jane—but gave herself, as she said, time to think. And but for an accident that happened that very evening, prudence might have overcome the livelier impulse in her mind.

That evening, however, Mrs. Mowbray went out again to see the sunset, taking a short turn down the lane from her house. The lane ran between her house and the Barley Mow, and a back door from Mrs. Aikin's garden opened into it. It was a very green, very flowery bit of road, leading nowhere in particular except due west; and as the ground was high here—for Ingleton stood on a gentle eminence raised above the rest of the valley—this lane of an evening, when the sun was setting, seemed to lead straight through into the sunset. This was an exceptional evening, when the sunset glowed with all the colour that could be found in a tropical sky, and the whole world was glorified. It drew Mrs. Mowbray out in spite of herself; she had thrown a scarf over her cap and about her shoulders, being so near home, and was "stepping westward," like the poet, but with the meditative step of age which signifies leisure from everything urgent, and time to bestow upon this great pageant of Nature. To be so at leisure from everything in thought as well as in life is a privilege of the aged and solitary. And there is nobody who enjoys the beauty of such a scene or dwells upon it with the same delight. But the privilege has its drawbacks, like most human things. Those busy folks who give but a glance, and are gone, have perhaps a warmer, because accidental pleasure—the more deliberate enjoyment is a little sad. Mrs. Mowbray, however, was one to feel this as little as could well be. She walked briskly, and her mind, even in the midst of this spectacle, was full of her plans. She was half-way down the lane, with all the light in her face, when she suddenly perceived two figures black against the light in front of her, standing out like black *silhouettes* on the glow of lovely colour. She saw them dimly; but they, having their backs to the dazzling light, and being totally unmindful of the sunset, saw her very clearly, and were much alarmed by her appearance. They had been so much occupied with each other that the sound of the old lady's step upon some gravel was the first thing that roused them. The girl gave a frightened exclamation, and sprang apart from her companion, who for his part backed into the hedge, as if with the hope of concealing himself there. Though Mrs. Mowbray's attention and curiosity were immediately roused, she did not even then recognise them, and they might have escaped her if they had not been so consciously guilty. The girl was the first to be detected. She ran off after that startled look, with a half-laughing cry, leaving the other to bear the consequences.



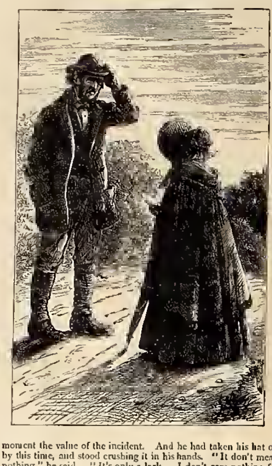
"Bless me! Ellen Turner. The little flirt! She is after some mischief," Mrs. Mowbray said to herself; and even then she thought nothing of the young man. But he was not aware of that. He did not know that her eyes, which had been fixed on the glow in the sky, were dazzled by it, and unable to see him; and, feeling himself detected, it seemed to John safer to take the matter in his own hands. He made a step into the middle of the road, in front of her. He could not have done anything less wise. Mrs. Mowbray was thinking only of Ellen, and nothing at all of the man she was fooling. This was the way she put it to herself: What did it matter who the silly fellow was? If he put any dependence on such a little coquette as that, he was to be pitied, poor fellow. The old lady had half a mind to warn him. But she was much surprised to find him confront her like this, and even a little frightened. And it was only now that she recognised who he was.

He had forgotten what little manners he had, and all his awe of "the quality" in the excitement of the moment. "You'll go telling of us!" he cried, in sudden excitement, almost with a threat of his clenched hand.

A thrill of apprehension ran through the old lady's frame, but she stood still suddenly, confronting him with the courage of her nature. "How dare you to speak to me so, with your cap on your head?" she said.

John's hand stole to his hat in spite of himself. He fell back a step. "I beg your pardon, my lady; but I was a-going to say—You won't say nothing to *them?*—It was a—accident—it wasn't done a-purpose. You won't tell—about *her* and me?"

"Whom am I to tell?" The old lady had seized the position already, and it made her herself again. She perceived in a moment the value of the incident. And he had taken his hat off by this time, and stood crushing it in his hands. "It don't mean nothing," he said. "It's only a lark. I don't care nothing for her, nor I don't suppose she do for me."



"That I'll answer for," said Mrs. Mowbray briskly; "neither for you nor any one else, you vain blockhead. But if it's only a lark, as you say, what are you frightened for? And what do you want of me?"

He stared at her for a moment with his mouth open, and then he said, "Haunt and Jeyeyne thinks a deal of you."

"I daresay they do," said the old lady; "but what of that? And they think a deal of you, you booby,—more's the pity. If you have a fancy for Ellen Turner, why don't you let them know? Why don't you marry her, or some one like her, and have done with it? I don't say she's much of a girl, but she's good enough for you."

His hand griped upon his hat with rising fury; the very dullest of natures feels the keen edge of contempt. And then he laughed; he had a sharp point at his own command, and could make reprisals.

"They'd kill her," he said, "if they knew it. They're too sweet upon me to put up with it. They think as I don't see what they're after; but I see it fast enough."

"And what are they after, if you are so clear-sighted?"

"They mean as I'm to settle down and marry Jeyeyne,—that's what they mean. They think, 'cos I'm a quiet one, that I can't see an inch from my nose. They think a fellow is to be caught like that afore he's had his fling, and seen a bit of the world."

"Oh," said the old lady; "so you want to have your fling, and see the world?"

"That is just about it, my lady," said the lout, taking courage. "I talks to *her* just to pass the time; but what I wants is to see the world. I won't say as I mightn't come back after, and settle down. Jeyeyne's a good sort of girl enough,—I've nothing to say against her; and she knows my ways,—but a man isn't like a set of women. I must have my fling,—I must,—afore I settle down."

"And who is to do your work, Mr. John, while you have your fling? Or are you clever enough to see that you are not of the least use at the Barley Mow?"

"Oh, ain't I of use! See what a fuss there will be when they think I'm going! But Haunt can afford a good wage, and there's lots of fellows to be had."

"You ungrateful cub!" cried the old lady; "is this all your thanks for their kindness taking you in, and making a man of you! You were glad enough to find a home here when you were a wretched hungry little boy."

"Begging your pardon, my lady, I never was," said John, with a gleam of courage. "I'd have been a deal better with father if they'd let me alone. He'd a got me into the regiment as a drummer, and I'd been in the band afore this. And that's the sort of life to suit me. I ain't one of your dull sort,—I likes life. This kind of a dismal old country place never was the place for me."

"You ungrateful, unkind, impertinent!"——

Mrs. Mowbray stopped short. She could not get out all the words that poured from her lips, and the sight of him there opposite silenced her after all. Mrs. Aikin's goodness to this boy had been the wonder and admiration of everybody round. They had considered her foolishly generous,—Quixotic, almost absurd, in her kindness; and now to hear his opinion of it! This bold ingratitude closes the spectator's mouth. Perhaps, after all, it is better to leave the bramble wild, and the street boy in the gutter; and give up all attempts to improve the one or the other. But there is nothing which so silences natural human sentiment and approval of charity and kindness. Mrs. Mowbray was struck dumb. Who could tell that he had not even some shadow of justice in his wrong,—something that excused his doubt, but nothing to excuse his unkindness? This strange suggestion took away her breath.

"They've had their own way," said John; "they did it to please themselves; and that's what they'd like to do again—marry me right off,—a fellow at my age, and stop my fun! But I'm not the sort to have a girl thrust down my throat. I'll have my fling first, or else I'll have nothing to say to it. Now, my lady," he added, lowering his voice, and coming a step nearer, "if you'll stand my friend! There's nobody as Haunt and Jeyeyne thinks so much of as you. If you says it they won't oppose. I don't want to quarrel with nobody; but I *will* have my fling, and see the world!"

"And so you shall!" cried Mrs. Mowbray; "if I can manage it. So you shall, my man! Get out of Jane's way,—that's all I want of you. And I think better of you since you proposed it! Yes, yes! I'll take it all upon me! There's nothing I wish for more than that you should take yourself out of this. Have your fling! And I hope you'll fling yourself a hundred miles out of the reach of the Barley Mow!"

John looked at her with dull amazement. What did she mean? His thanks were stopped upon his lips. For, after all, this was not a pleasant way of having his choice backed up. "Get out of Jane's way!" His heavy self-complacency was ruffled for the moment. "I don't mind how far I go," he said, with a suspicious look.

"Nor I, I assure you," cried Mrs. Mowbray, briskly; "I'll plead your cause;" and with that she turned round and went back again, forgetting all about the sunset. Nature is hardly treated by the best of us; we let her come in when we have nothing else in hand, but forget her as soon as a livelier human interest claims our attention. This was how even the old lady, who had been so meditatively occupied by Nature, treated the patient mother now.

Next day was Sunday, and of course Mrs. Mowbray could not enter upon this business which she had undertaken then. But when there is any undercurrent of feeling or complication of rival wishes in a family, Sunday is a very dangerous day, especially when the family belongs to the lower regions of society, and the Sunday quiet affords means of communication not always to be had. This, of course, was scarcely the case among the household at the Barley Mow, but the habit of their class was upon them, and the natural fitness of Sunday for an important announcement, joined, it is to be supposed, with the fact that he had already unbosomed himself to one person, drew John's project out. When Mrs. Mowbray accordingly took her way to Mrs. Aikin's on the Monday morning, more and more pleased as she thought of it, with the idea of getting John out of the way, she saw at once by the aspect of both mother and daughter that her news was no news. The two women had both a look of agitation and seriousness which on Mrs. Aikin's part was mingled with resentment. She was discoursing upon her chickens when Mrs. Mowbray found her way into the barnyard. "They don't care what troubles folks has with them, not they," she was saying with a flush on her cheek. "The poor hen, as has sat on her nest all day, and never got off to pick a bit o' food. What's that to them, the little yellow senseless things? And them as we've brought up and cared for all our lives, and should know better, is just as bad." Jane was putting up a setting of Bramahpootra eggs for somebody. She was very pale, and made no reply to her mother, but her hand trembled a little as she put them into the packet. "What is the matter?" said the old lady as she came in. Jane gave her a silent look and said nothing. "La bless us, ma'am, what should be the matter?" said Mrs. Aikin. They were so disturbed that Mrs. Mowbray did a thing which she was not at all in the habit of doing. She departed from her original intention, and said nothing at all of her mission, concluding, as was the fact, that John himself had spoken. No later than that afterooon, however, her self-denial was rewarded, for Mrs. Aikin came to the Thatched Cottage, curtseying and apologetic. "I saw as you didn't believe me, ma'am," she said. "There is nobody like you for seeing how things is. A deal has happened, and I don't know whether I'm most pleased or unhappy. For one thing it's all settled between Johnny and Jane."

"All settled!" the old lady was so much surprised that she could scarcely speak.

"Yes, ma'am, thank you, the poor dears! I always said that as soon as he knew his own mind—There ain't a many lads as one can see through like our John."

"You didn't wish it then?" said Mrs. Mowbray. "I should have thought this morning that something bad had happened. You didn't wish it! Then we've all been doing you injustice, my dear woman, for I thought you had set your heart on this all along."

"And so I have; and I'm as happy—*that* happy I don't know what to do with myself," said Mrs. Aikin, putting her apron to her eyes.

"Happy! nobody would think it to look at you—nor Jane. I thought I knew you like my A, B, C, but now I can't tell a bit what you mean."

"Jane, she's all of a flutter still, and she's that humble-minded, all her thought is, Will she make him happy? But you don't suppose, ma'am, as I think any such nonsense—lucky to get her, I say, and so does everybody. It ain't that. But he's been seeing his father, and his father's put nonsense in the lad's head. I always said as he'd do it. Johnny's the best of boys; he'd never have thought of such a thing if it hadn't been put in his head. He says he wants to go out into the world and see a bit of life afore he settles down."

"And that is what troubles you? If I were you I should let him go," said the old lady. "Lucky! I should think he was lucky. A young fellow like that! He is not half good enough for Jane."

"Well, ma'am," said Mrs. Aikin, half ruffled, half pleased, "it is well known who was always your pet, and a great honour for her and me too—and I don't know how it is as folks do such injustice to our John. It's all the father, well I know; leave him to himself and a better boy couldn't be. But I've written him a letter and given him a piece of my mind. It's him as always puts fancies in the boy's head. See the world! Where could he see the world better than at the Barley Mow! Why there's a bit of everything at our place. There's them gentlemen cricketers in the summer, and the best quality in the kingdom coming and going at Ascot time, and London company in the best parlours most every Sunday through the season. All sorts there is. There was never a week, summer or winter, so long as I can remember, but something was going on at the Barley Mow. Summer, it's nothing but taking money from morning to-night. I don't mean to say," said Mrs. Aikin, suddenly recollecting that this sounded like a confession of large profits such as no woman in trade willingly acknowledges—"I don't mean to say as the expenses ain't great, or as it's all profit, far from it. But what I says to Johnny I don't deny anywhere—it's a living—and it's the amusingest living and the most variety of any I know."

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES

WITH SPECIAL NOVELTIES
and Patented Improvements.
Without Addition to the
Recently Reduced Prices.
The Cheapest and Best.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

WITH New SELF-ADJUSTING
BALANCE WHEEL
are the Most Simple and Perfect
for Family Sewing
and every Variety of Needlework.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

REDUCED PRICE from £4 4s
Cash £4.
With New Patent Triple Action
Balance Wheel,
Which is Self-Adjusting
In its Perfect Control by Learners

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

HAND OR TREADLE,
with
Self-Adjusting Balance Wheel.
On Hire at 2s. 6d. per Week,
with Option of Purchase
Without Extra Charge or
Expense.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

With
NOVEL THREAD-COCOON
and Cocoon Shuttle Case.
The Latest Improvement.
No Re-winding of Thread.
Perfect Sewing, with
Great Saving of Time.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

ARE THE MOST HIGHLY
PERFECTED for Every Class of
Lock-Stitch Sewing,
Braiding, and Embroidery,
and are the Cheapest.
Price from £4 4s. Cash £4
No Re-winding of Thread.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED
and Largest Sale
in Every Country.
Hand or Treadle.
With New Patent Self-adjusting
Balance Wheel.
On Hire at 2s. 6d. per Week

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

WITH SELF-ADJUSTING
BALANCE WHEEL.
Machine cannot be turned in
wrong direction.
Perfection for those learning to Sew.
And for Every Variety of Family
Sewing, Embroidery, and Braiding.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

WITH SPECIAL IMPROVEMENTS.
The New Thread Cocoons,
On Sale at all the Offices of the
Company.
Price per dozen or per gross.
As cheap as Cotton on Spools.
No Re-winding of Thread.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

With Novel THREAD-COCOON
Ready wound for use.
Makes a Perfect Tension,
With a Precision and
Beauty of Stitch
Unequalled by any other Machine.
No Re-winding of Thread.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

HAND or TREADLE,
On Hire, at 2s. 6d. per Week, with
OPTION of PURCHASE,
Can be Returned at any Time, or
Purchased at any Time,
Without Addition to the Price,
or any Extra Charges of any kind.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

CAUTION.

BEWARE OF PERSONS, WHO
HAVING NO GOOD TRADE
REPUTE OF THEIR OWN,
USE OUR NAME,
"SINGER,"
To PALM OFF COUNTERFEIT
MACHINES
of Inferior Construction and
Manufacture

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

EVERY SINGER MACHINE
Has the
COMPANY'S NAME
PRINTED UPON THE ARM,
And
Impressed upon the Brass-Trade-
Mark Plate.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

To Avoid Deception
Buy only at the Offices of
THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
(Formerly I. and M. Singer and Co.)
CHIEF OFFICE in EUROPE—
39, Foster Lane, London, E.C.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

District Offices in
London :—

Cheapside, E C, 147
Oxford Street, W, 132
Commercial Road, E, 12
Brompton Road, S W, 144
High Street, Croydon, S E., 11r.
South Street, Greenwich, S.E., 13r.
Castle St., Kingsland High St., 3.
Newington Causeway, S E, 31 and 33.
Clarence Street, Kingston, S.W

AND 214 OTHER
BRANCH OFFICES
throughout the
UNITED KINGDOM.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Imperial 8vo, handsomely bound, gilt edges, 8s.
ENGLISH PICTURES, Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., and the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D. With Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Wood Engravings.

Imperial 8vo, 8s., handsomely bound in cloth gilt,
AMERICAN PICTURES, Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. Profusely Illustrated in the best style of Wood Engraving by eminent English and Foreign Artists.

Imperial 8vo, 8s., handsomely bound, gilt edges,
THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS: EGYPT and SINAI. Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., Author of "Those Holy Fields," "Swiss Pictures," &c. Profusely Illustrated with fine Engravings.

Imperial 8vo, 8s., handsomely bound, gilt edges,
THOSE HOLY FIELDS: PALESTINE. Illustrated by Pen and Pen and Pencil. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. Uniform with "Swiss Pictures," "Italian Pictures," &c. Profusely Illustrated.

Imperial 8vo, 8s., cloth elegant,
ITALIAN PICTURES, Drawn with PEN and PENCIL. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. Profusely Illustrated.

Imperial 8vo, 8s., cloth elegant,
SPANISH PICTURES, Drawn with PEN and PENCIL. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré and other Eminent Artists.

Imperial 8vo, 8s. cloth elegant,
SWISS PICTURES, Drawn with PEN and PENCIL. By SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D. With numerous Illustrations by Whymper and others.

Imperial 8vo, 6s., bevelled cloth boards, gilt edges,
INGLESIDE AND WAYSIDE MUSINGS. A companion volume to "The Harvest Quiet Eye." By the same Author. With numerous fine Engravings. [Ready in January.

Imperial 16mo, 3s., cloth elegant
SONNETS OF THE SACRED YEAR. By the Rev. S. J. STONE, M.A. Neatly printed with bordered pages.

Small 4to, 8s., cloth boards, gilt edges,
THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF LUTHER. By the Rev. Dr. STOUGHTON. With numerous Engravings by Whymper and others.

Small 4to, 8s., handsome bevelled boards, gilt edges,
LYRICS OF ANCIENT PALESTINE. Poetical and Pictorial Illustrations of Old Testament History. With Illustrations by Skelton, Staniland, A. de Neuville, and others; engraved by Whymper.

Imperial 8vo, 7s., cloth; 8s 6d., gilt edges; 10s 6d, half calf,
THE LEISURE HOUR VOLUME for 1877 contains 828 pages of Interesting Reading. Well illustrated by eminent Artists.

Imperial 8vo, 7s., cloth; 8s 6d., gilt edges; 10s 6d., half calf,
THE SUNDAY AT HOME VOLUME for 1877 contains 828 pages of Sunday Reading, profusely Illustrated with Wood Engravings and Coloured Pictures.

Complete in one volume, 4s., handsomely bound, gilt edges,
BIBLE PICTURES FOR OUR PETS. With large Illustrations, drawn by Selous, Staniland, Webb, Watson, Harrison Weir, Downard, Doré, and other well-known Artists. Quarto.

London: 56, Paternoster Row; 65, St. Paul's Churchyard; and 164, Piccadilly; Brighton, 31, Western Road; Manchester, 100, Corporation Street; Liverpool, 18, Slater Street.

ALL BUYERS OF
CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS should obtain a Catalogue of the Society's Publications, which may be had gratis from the Depositories or through any Bookseller.

THE THREE MAGAZINES

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THE QUIVER. "An outlay of sixpence upon THE QUIVER will not be regretted by those who are desirous of finding something at once easy to understand and worth the reading. The illustrations are a very pleasant feature in the number."—*Guardian.*

THE QUIVER.—New Volume commenced with the November Part. Price 6d. Order THE QUIVER FOR NOVEMBER, price 6d.

THE QUIVER.
List of some of the contributors to "The Quiver."
His Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
His Grace the Archbishop of YORK.
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of BATH and WELLS.
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of CARLISLE.
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of DERRY
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL.
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of ROCHESTER.
The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of ST. ALBANS.
The Very Rev. the Dean of CANTERBURY.
Rev. Canon BARRY, D.D., D.C.L.
Rev. Canon BATEMAN, M.A.
Rev. Canon FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.
Rev. Canon ELLIOTT, B.D.
Rev. Canon RYLE, M.A.
Rev. Prebendary CHADWICK, B.D.
Rev. Prebendary JACKSON, M.A.
Rev. DANIEL MOORE, M.A.
Rev. P. B. POWER, B.A.
Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A.
Rev. R. MAGUIRE, D.D.
Among Contributors of Original Sacred Music are
Sir JOHN GOSS, Mus. D., Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal.
Sir GEORGE ELVEY, Mus. D., Organist of the Chapel Royal, Windsor.
Sir H. S. OAKELEY, Professor of Music in the University of S. Edinburgh.
Sir R. P. STEWART, Mus. D., Professor of Music in the University of Dublin.
G. A. MACFARREN, Mus. D., Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge.
E. J. HOPKINS, Organist of the Temple
CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. D., Organist of Lincoln's Inn.
JOSEPH BARNBY, Precentor of Eton College.
J. F. BRIDGE, Mus. D., Westminster Abbey.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—"Its character is so marked and decided that we have no hesitation in giving 'Cassell's Family Magazine' the FIRST POSITION AMONG THE MONTHLIES for the people."—*Edinburgh Courant.*

Now ready; price 7d,
CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for DECEMBER, forming the First Part of a New Volume, and containing the commencement of two new Serial stories and many new features of attraction.

LITTLE FOLKS.—"The praise of 'Little Folks' is among all the critics as the perfect ideal of a magazine for the young."—*Glasgow Mail.*

On Dec. 20th will be published, price 6d
LITTLE FOLKS for JANUARY. Being the First Part of the New Volume for 1878. Containing a beautiful coloured Frontispiece, entitled, "HURRAH FOR THE SNOW."

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS, REWARDS, PRIZES, BIRTHDAY PRESENTS, &c.
CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN'S COMPLETE CATALOGUE, containing a List of SEVERAL HUNDRED VOLUMES, consisting of Bibles and Religious Works (including Dr. Farrar's "Life of Christ" in its complete volume form), Fine-Art Volumes, Children's Books, Dictionaries, Educational Works, History, Natural History, Household and Domestic Treatises, Hand-Books and Guides, Science, Travels, &c., &c., together with a Synopsis of their numerous Illustrated Serial Publications, sent post free on application to CASSELL, PETTER, and GALPIN, Ludgate Hill, London.

GRIFFITH and FARRAN'S Gift-Books FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

MASTERPIECES OF ANTIQUE ART. From the Celebrated Collections in the Vatican, the Louvre, and the British Museum. By STEPHEN THOMPSON, Author of "Old English Homes," "Old Masters," &c. Twenty-five Examples in Permanent Photography. Elegantly bound. 42s.

OXFORD UNDERGRADUATE LIFE.
WILTON OF CUTHBERT'S. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A., Author of "Hairbreadth Escapes," &c. Illustrated by John Lawson. 5s.; gilt, 5s. 6d.

"THOSE UNLUCKY TWINS!"—"The brightest, merriest, jolliest little pair of monkeys in the world." By ANNETTE LYSTER. Ten Illustrations by John Proctor. 2s. 6d.

CAST ADRIFT; the Story of a Waif. Suitable for Girls of from Twelve to Sixteen Years of Age. By Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN. Eight Illustrations by Miss C. Paterson. 3s 6d., gilt edges, 4s.

LITTLE MAY'S FRIENDS; or, Country Pets and Pastimes. A Story inculcating the gentle and benevolent treatment of dumb animals. By ANNIE WHITTEM. Ten Illustrations by Harrison Weir. 3s 6d., gilt, 4s.

A STORY OF ETON SCHOOL LIFE.
TALENT IN TATTERS; or, Some Vicissitudes in the Life of an English Boy. By HOPE WRAYTHE. With Eight Illustrations. 3s. 6d.; gilt, 4s.

TEN OF THEM; or, The Children of Danehurst. Full of lively fun and amusing reading for boys and girls alike. By Mrs R. M. BRAY, Author of "Jack a Nory," &c. Twelve Illustrations by A. H. COLLINS. 2s 6d.

THE SECRET OF WREXFORD; or, Stella Desmond's Search. By EMMA CASS. Chiefly suited for young girls, but not without adventure that boys may relish. 8 Illusts. by Miss C. Paterson. 2s 6d.

MADELON: a Story. By the Same. 2s. 6d. "A pretty little tale, quite worth telling."—*Times.*

W. H. G. KINGSTON'S NEW BOOK.
THE THREE ADMIRALS, AND THE ADVENTURES OF THEIR YOUNG FOLLOWERS. Illustrated by J. R. Wells and C. J. Staniland. 6s.; bevelled boards, gilt edges, 7s 6d.
By the same Author, uniform with the above in size and price.
THE MISSING SHIP
THE THREE COMMANDERS.
THE THREE LIEUTENANTS.
THE THREE MIDSHIPMEN.
HURRICANE HURRY.

New Editions of Popular Books by the same Author.
FRED MARKHAM IN RUSSIA; or, The Boy Travellers in the Land of the Czar. Third Thousand. Illustrated, 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s

MARK SEAWORTH: a Tale of the Indian Ocean. Sixth Thousand. Illustrated, 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

OUR SOLDIERS; or, Anecdotes of the Campaigns and Gallant Deeds of the British Army during the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. With an Account of the Abyssinian Expedition. Eighth Thousand. New and Revised Edition, with Frontispiece, 3s.; gilt, 3s. 6d.

OUR SAILORS; or, Anecdotes of the Engagements and Gallant Deeds of the British Navy. Eighth Thousand. New and Revised Edition, with Frontispiece, 3s.; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

NEW BOOK BY M. E. B.
THE THREE WISHES. By the Author of "Clement's Trial and Victory," "Little Lisette," &c. Illust. by C. O. Murray. 1s 6d.

BRAVE NELLY: or, Weak Hands and a Willing Heart. By the Same. Third Thousand. Illust. by C. O. Murray. 1s. 6d.

GRIFFITH and FARRAN, WEST CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON.

C. BECHSTEIN, BERLIN, Pianoforte Manufacturer, by Special Appointment, to His Majesty the Emperor of Germany, H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Germany (Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland). First Prize Gold Medals—London, 1862; Paris, 1867. BECHSTEIN INSTRUMENTS are recommended by all leading artists as the best and cheapest. Price lists and testimonials post free.
Central Depot for the British Empire: 10, RATHBONE PLACE, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

TO LADIES.—SALE of NEW MUSIC at a large reduction in price.—The most popular songs, pieces, or dances of the day sent post free from 4d., 6d., 8d., 10d., 1s., &c. Best editions, new copies, all publishers. Catalogues sent post free.—A. M. MOFFATT, 3, Barnsbury St., N.

MUSICAL BOXES, by Nicole, Freres. —KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., direct importers, have the largest Stock of really fine BOXES in Europe, £3 to £300. The new rooms devoted to the display of these instruments are now ready. Self-acting and Barrel Pianoforte, 18 guineas to 300 guineas.

FLUTES.—NEW MODEL, for beauty of tone unsurpassed, four guineas and seven guineas; Rudall's Prize-medal Flutes, new and second-hand. A great variety of second-hand Flutes, one guinea to 25 guineas, at KEITH, PROWSE, and CO.'s Manufactory, 48, Cheapside.

BANJOES.—CHEAPSIDE MODEL is best. Covered back, machine head, &c., five guineas; including light case, £6. Other models one to twelve guineas. Self-instructing book, with airs, songs, &c., 6s. net, post free.—KEITH, PROWSE, and CO., Manufacturers, 48, Cheapside.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Harmoniums, Concertinas, Flutes, Flageolets, Guitars, Banjoes, Accordions, Flutinas, Zithers, and Musical Instruments of every description. Largest assortment in the kingdom at BUTLER'S MANUFACTORY, 29, Haymarket, London.—Illustrated catalogues of 50 pages, sent free by post.

BUTLER'S BRASS BAND INSTRUMENTS, Cornets, Saxhorns, Drums, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionets, &c., are in use in all parts of the kingdom and colonies, giving universal satisfaction. Manufactory—29, Haymarket, London. Prices, with drawings, post free.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANACKS (Arts and Sciences), 6d. FAN ALMANACKS, 6d. COMIC POCKET BOOK (Olympus), 1s. Christmas Cards and Presents in great variety. List on application.—E. RIMMEL, Perfumer, 96, Strand, 128, Regent Street, 24, Cornhill, London; and 76, King's Road, Brighton.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Sichel's Grand Historical Painting has just been reproduced by the Oleographic Process in a sumptuous and splendid style. Price £5 5s.
The very best Oleograph yet produced. It would grace any Drawing Room. Will go very far to remove any prejudice that yet exists against the new Art.—ART JOURNAL, Nov., 1877.
Marks the attainment of a very high point indeed in the modern process of reproducing Oil Paintings by Oleography.—THE TIMES, October 15, 1877.
Of all Fine Art Dealers, and of the Publishers, RAPHAEL TUCK, 177, City Road, London. Prospectus and Key post free.

A BASHI-BAZOOK and A DON COSSACK. Just Published, Two fine Cabinet Studies in Crayon in the Frank Miles style, after Helen K. Shaw. Guaranteed not to fade. Price 1s. each plain, or 2s 6d. each coloured by hand in water-colours. Of all the Fine Art dealers, or post free on receipt of stamps from the Publisher, RAPHAEL TUCK, 177, City Road, London.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. For over 30 Years approved as the best Remedy for ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION; and as a safe and gentle Aperient for delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants.—DINNEFORD and CO., 172, New Bond Street, London, and of all Chemists.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.—Universally recommended by the Medical Profession. A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome. Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.

THE GREATEST OF ALL PIANOFORTES.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.
STEINWAY HALL, NEW YORK.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.
STEINWAY HALL, LOWER SEYMOUR STREET,
PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.—Attention is directed to the CHANGE in the LONDON ADDRESS of Messrs. Steinway and Sons, their new and enlarged premises, like the recent addition of 400 acres to their business territory in New York, having been rendered necessary by the pressure of the world-wide demand for their Instruments.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.
Grand, Upright, and Square.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.—The supremacy of the Steinway Pianofortes in relation to all Pianofortes throughout the world is a fact which has long since been removed from the arena of discussion, it being certified by every possible form of appropriate evidence.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. Merely comparative superiority, however, does not convey an adequate conception of the merits of the Steinway Pianofortes, nor of the complete revolution in pianoforte construction throughout Europe and America which the creative genius of Messrs. Steinway and Sons has enabled them to accomplish. Every improvement in the pianoforte made within the past quarter of a century—the most fertile period in its history—has been the creation of Messrs. Steinway and Sons; and, conversely, every maker, without exception, who has not empirically copied the Steinway Pianoforte has made no improvement in his instruments, but remains a mere reproducer of the primitive and imperfect types of the pianoforte belonging to a past generation.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.—It should also be understood that no one can form a true conception of the scientific, artistic, and structural perfection to which the pianoforte has now attained who has not seen and heard a Steinway Pianoforte; and, in the words of one of the most accomplished of modern pianists—"in them is found the Ideal Instrument."

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.
Typical Extracts from recognised Authorities

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SWEDEN.—"Your beautiful Instrument, by its noble tones, excited general admiration at the solemn yearly meeting of December last, when it was heard for the first time; and it will, I am sure, in a very effective way, benefit the pianoforte instruction at our Conservatoire. The Royal Government has, at my request, been pleased to decree to you the National Gold Medal, bearing the inscription—'*His qui artes excoluere laboribus*;' and the Royal Academy has, in its first meeting of this year, unanimously called upon Mr. Theodore Steinway to take a place as member of its Honourable Corporation.—Believe me, Sirs, yours most sincerely, OSCAR."

PRESIDENT MUSIC DEPARTMENT, PARIS ACADEMY OF ARTS.—"The Pianos of Messrs. STEINWAY appear to me, as well as to all the artists who have tried them, superior to all that have been made to this day in the entire world."

LISZT.—"The magnificent STEINWAY GRAND PIANO now stands in my music-room, and presents a harmonious totality of admirable qualities, a detailed enumeration of which is the more superfluous as this instrument fully justifies the world-wide reputation that for years you have everywhere enjoyed. After so much well-deserved praise, permit me also to add my homage and the expression of my undisguised admiration."

MADAME ESSIPOFF.—"The wonderful beauty and sympathetic quality of the tone of the STEINWAY PIANOFORTE, so delightful, and, so to speak, satisfying to the sense of hearing, arises from the perfect purity of its component parts, hence its richness and gem-like sparkle and brilliancy, which, together with the greatest possible volume, depth, sonority, with unequalled singing and carrying quality, render, to my taste, the Steinway tone the very essence of poetry.

"The action is perfection itself—responding with equal promptitude to the most delicate or the most powerful touch; and under the severest trials its wonderful precision, elasticity, and power remain unchanged, enabling the boundless resources of the Steinway Pianofortes to be fully unlocked, according to the inspiration of the artist.

"No other Pianofortes—European or American—known to me possess such extraordinary durability under the severest usage, nor combine all excellences in such a high degree as yours, and in them I have found my ideal instrument."

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.

RUBINSTEIN.—"On the eve of returning to Europe, I deem it my pleasant duty to express to you my my most heartfelt thanks for all the kindness and courtesy you have shown me during my stay in the United United States; but also, and above all, for your UNRIVALLED PIANOFORTES, which once more have done full justice to their world-wide reputation, both for excellence and capacity of enduring the severest trials; for during all my long and difficult journeys all over America, in a very inclement season, I used, and have been enabled to use, your Pianos exclusively in my 215 concerts, and also in private, with the most eminent satisfaction and effect."

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD. "Your UNRIVALLED GRAND PIANOS are certainly the most perfect instruments I have met with, especially your latest achievement, the Centennial Grand Piano. Their volume of tone is simply marvellous, and at the same time of truly musical and poetic quality, which never changes its noble character under either the most delicate or the most powerful touch; with an action of the most unerring precision, power, elasticity, and unequalled durability under the severest trials."

RICHARD WAGNER.—"The incomparably magnificent STEINWAY GRAND PIANOFORTES."

MDLLE. TITIENS.—"I am deeply impressed and very much pleased with your magnificent PIANOFORTES, and consider they fully deserve their great reputation."

MISS ANNA MEHLIG.—"Your PIANOFORTES—with their sympathetic and poetic tone, their glorious sonority, yet wonderful evenness throughout their scales, their perfect and responsive action, their capacity of remaining in perfect tune and order under the severest trials of travel, changes of atmosphere, and of use—I prefer to all others."

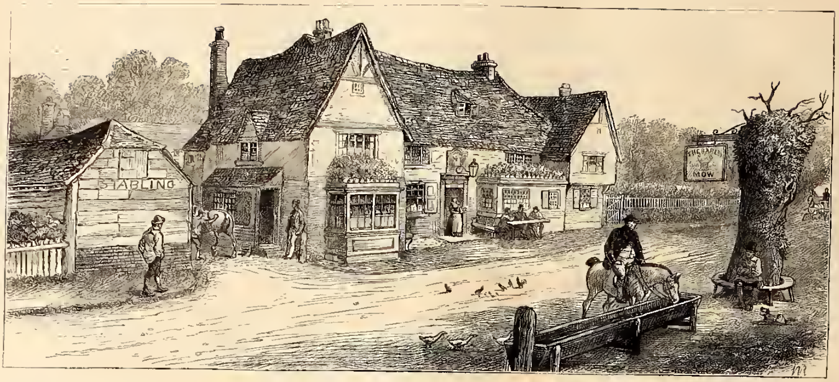
MISS MARIE KREBS.—"Their tone is marvellously grand, of exquisite poetic and sympathetic quality, which was to me a perfect revelation when trying the STEINWAY PIANO for the first time, and it is just this thoroughly musical quality of tone, inseparably characterising your pianos, which so grows both upon hearer and player, that a cultivated musical ear will prefer the tone of your pianos to all others. The touch is simply perfect—elastic, pliable, and promptly responding to every demand made by the pianist."

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.

PIANOFORTES FOR INDIA.—The STEINWAY Instruments are the only Pianofortes in the world which are capable of permanent endurance amid the severities of an Indian climate. Not only is each Model—Grand, Upright, and Square—constructed with a degree of solidity very far beyond that of any European Instruments, but also this solidity is an integral portion of their construction or prime factor in the production of their unrivalled artistic qualities, and not—as in all European pianofortes—a mere external adjunct imposed upon an inherently inferior and imperfect workmanship.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogues will be forwarded post free to any part of the world.

THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.
STEINWAY HALL,
Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, London, W.



THE BARLEY MOW

"And yet he wants to see the world; there's no accounting for men's depravity. Do you mean to let him go?"

Mrs. Aikin laughed. "I ain't a good one to deceive," she said; "this morning I was all in a way, but now I've had time to think. You know yourself, ma'am, that to say 'No' is the way to make a boy more determined than ever. Seemingly I'm a giving in, but I don't mean to take no steps one way or other. I'll let things take their course. And now that Jane and him understands one another, and the summer trade's so brisk, who can say? Maybe it'll go out of his head if he ain't opposed. I've give my consent—so far as words goes—but I tell him as there's no hurry. We can wait."

She laughed again in thorough satisfaction with her own tactics. And Mrs. Mowbray, with a different sentiment, echoed the laugh. "Yes we can wait," the old lady said, "my poor little Jane!" That was all, but it made Mrs. Aikin angry, she could not tell why.

Mr. Peters at this period kept putting himself perpetually in Mrs. Mowbray's way. He went past her house for his walk, he came back again past the thatched cottage. She could scarcely go out in the evening that he did not turn up in her path, and for some days the old lady was cruel enough to say nothing to him. At last one evening she called the poor schoolmaster to her. "You must make up your mind to it like a man," she said, "Jane is going to marry her cousin. It is all settled. The mother told me, like a fool."

"All settled!" Poor Mr. Peters grew so pale that she thought he was going to faint. "I saw him," he gasped, "only yesterday, with——"

"Never mind, yes; that's quite true," said the old lady. "That woman has settled it like a fool. They are going to throw the girl away among them. But we cannot do anything. You must make up your mind to it like a man."

The schoolmaster's stiffness and embarrassment all melted away under the influence of strong feeling. He took off his hat unconsciously, showing a face that was like ashes. "Then God bless her," he said, "and turn away the evil. If she is happy, what does it matter about me!"

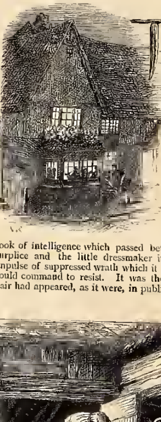
"She will never be happy," said the old lady, "never, with that lout; and the thing for us to do is to wait. I tell you, what you've got to do is to wait. After all, the devil seldom gets things all his own way."

Mr. Peters put on his hat again, and went away with a heavy heart. He did not go near the Barley Mow. He went home to his room, and sat there very desolate, reading poetry. He could bear it, he thought; but how could she bear it when she came to hear of Ellen Turner and those meetings in the lane?

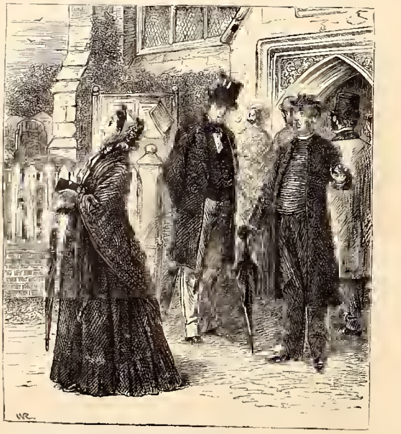
At present, however, nothing was known of Ellen Turner at the Barley Mow. The very next Sunday after that the women had forgotten all the evils of John's perversity, and remembered only the fact of the engagement, and that all doubt was over on the point which they thought so essential to their happiness. Mrs. Aikin had a new bonnet on, resplendent in red ribbons, and the happiness in Jane's face was better than any new bonnet. As it happened, there was a solo in the anthem that day which John sang standing up in his white surplice, and rolling out Handel's great notes so that they filled the church. He had a beautiful voice, and while he sang poor Jane's face was a sight to see. As he sang her countenance glowed with a kind of soft rapture. She clasped her hands unawares with the prayer-book held open in them, her eyes were raised, her lips apart, her nostrils slightly dilated. She had the look of a votary making a special offering. Poor simple Jane! There was no consciousness in her mind of any elevation above the rest, as she lifted that ineffable look, and praised God in a subdued ecstacy, offering to Him the voice of her beloved. For the moment Jane was as the prophets, as the poets, raised up above everything surrounding her, triumphing even over the doubt that was too ready to invade her. She was but a country girl, the maid of the inn, occupying the most unelevated and most unelevating of positions, but yet no lady of romance could have stood on a higher altitude, for the time.

CHAPTER IV.

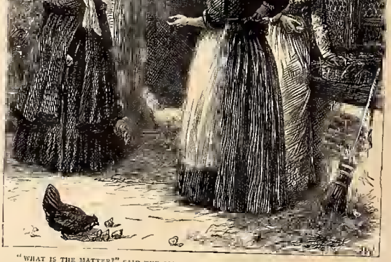
THE CATASTROPHE



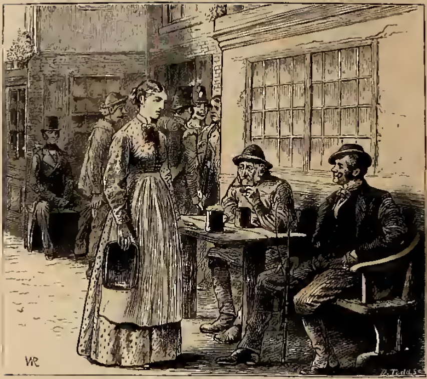
THIS however was the last time that Jane's look of modest silent happiness could touch any heart. Whether she caught sight of some private telegraphing which passed between her newly-betrothed and Ellen Turner in the very church that very day, is not known, but other people saw it with wonder and forebodings. Mr. Peters, who had seen the rapture in Jane's upturned face with a mingled pity and sympathy and pain which made him, too, heroic for the moment, perceived the nod and look of intelligence which passed between the baritone in the surplice and the little dressmaker in the free seats with an impulse of suppressed wrath which it took all the moral force he could command to resist. It was the first time the betrothed pair had appeared, as it were, in public, since it was known that



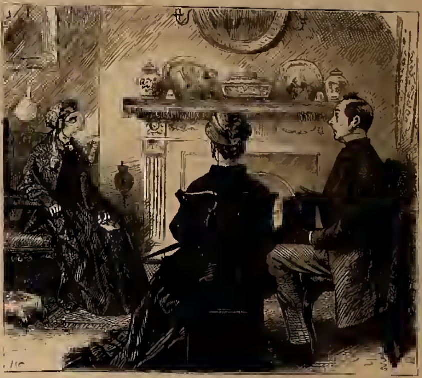
SHE WAS SO DESPERATELY OFFENDED, INDEED, THAT SHE WENT TO CHAPEL FOR FOUR SUNDAYS AFTER SHE HEARD OF IT, WALKING STRAIGHT PAST THE CHURCH DOORS, AND PROCLAIMING HER DEFECTION TO THE WHOLE WORLD



"WHAT IS THE MATTER?" SAID THE OLD LADY AS SHE CAME IN. . . . . "LA BLESS US, MA'AM, WHAT SHOULD BE THE MATTER?" SAID MRS. AIKIN

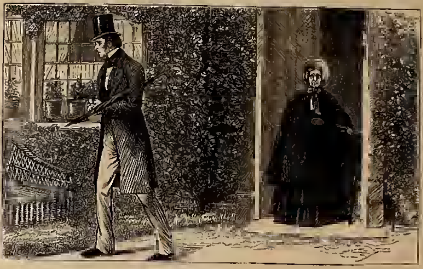


TO SEE HIM SEATED THEN IN HIS BLACK COAT, WITH THAT AIR OF RESPECTABILITY HALF ASHAMED OF ITSELF, WAS BOTH COMICAL AND TOUCHING



AS HE SPOKE THE OLD LADY TOOK UP HER SPECTACLES AGAIN, AND DELIBERATELY PUT THEM ON, LOOKING AT HIM AS IF (MRS. STOKE SAID) HE WAS A NATURAL CURIOSITY, WHICH SOMEWHAT DISCONCERTED THE EXCELLENT MAN

"all was settled." And was it for this, for a vulgar reprobate who betrayed her at the moment of union, while the first happiness ought still to have been in delicate blossom, that she had overlooked altogether the far more worthy love of the other? He could not help wondering over that any more than Jane herself, a little while later, could help wondering. The best thrown aside, the worst chosen—is not this a far more poignant and wonderful evil than the tyrannies of parents or hindrances of fate which keep lovers apart? But no more from that day did Jane's celestial content wound any sufferer. She grew grave, pale, almost visibly older from that moment. She withdrew herself from everybody. Even the old lady at the thatched cottage, who depended upon her for so many things, did not see her for weeks together. And their next meeting was a chance one, and took place on an August evening, about a month after these events. How Jane could have kept out of sight for so long was a mystery which nobody could have explained; but she had managed it somehow, sending respectful messages of regret by her mother. This time they met face to face without warning, as Mrs. Mowbray was returning in the cool of the evening from Sir Thomas Denzil's, where she had been dining. The old lady sent her maid away instantly, so anxious was she to have a conversation with her favourite. Jane for her part would fain have escaped, but she could not be rude to her kind old patroness, and Mrs. Mowbray took her arm quite eagerly. "You may go home, Morris," she said; and almost without waiting till the maid was gone, "What has become of you, Jane? Where have you been hiding? Is it because you are so happy, my dear, or for some other reason, that you run away from me?"—A nervous quiver went over poor Jane; she said with a trembling voice, "For another reason." She did not even look her old friend in the face.



MR. PETERS PUT ON HIS HAT AGAIN, AND WENT HOME WITH A HEAVY HEART

"Then what is it, my dear? Come, tell me. Don't you know whatever it is, you can't hide it from me."

To this Jane made answer by drooping her head and turning away her face; and then she pressed the old lady's hand, which was on her arm, to her side, and said hastily, "I was coming—I wanted you to speak for me—oh! ma'am, if you would speak to mother! about—about——"

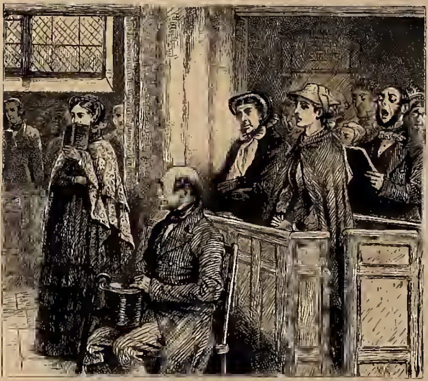
"What! my poor little Jane! What, dear? Tell me, tell me freely," said the old lady, almost crying. There could be but one subject that could excite the poor girl so.

"About John's going away. Oh, he's sick of this quiet place! I can see it—and mother takes no notice. Men are not like us women. He's dying to get away, and mother she can't see it. She humours him in words, but she will not do anything. Oh, ma'am, speak for us! He's had all we have to give him, and he's tired of it, and he never will be happy till he gets away."

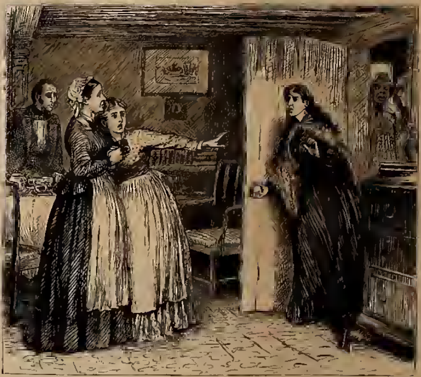
"Do you wish him to go.—You, Jane?"

"Yes," she cried, passionately, "I wish it, too!—it will make me happier. I mean not so—miserable——. Oh, ma'am, that's not what I mean. I am all confused like. I know—I know it's for his good to go away——."

"But it's your good I think of—and your mother, too," said Mrs. Mowbray. "We care for you, and not for him. You've avoided me, Jane, and never told you me if you were happy—but you're engaged, you and he——"



SHE CLASPED HER HANDS UNAWARES WITH THE PRAYER-BOOK HELD OPEN IN THEM, HER EYES WERE RAISED, HER LIPS APART, HER NOSTRILS SLIGHTLY DILATED



THE DISTURBANCE OUTSIDE CONTINUED, AND JUST AT THIS MOMENT THE WORDS BECAME AUDIBLE, ALONG WITH THE SOUND OF STEPS RUSHING TO THE DOOR. "MY 'USBAND! MY 'USBAND!" CRIED THE VOICE; "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY 'USBAND?"

"It was a mistake," she said, "all a mistake! We didn't know our own minds. Don't you know, ma'am, that happens sometimes? I always felt it was a mistake—but mother deceived herself. It's so easy to believe what you wish. And he deceived himself. But now that he's done it it drives him wild——Oh, he must go—that's the only thing that will do any good. If she would only see it, and let him go!"

"Do you want to break it off, Jane?"

"Oh," she cried, with a moan, "break it off! Am I one to break it off? But he can't abide the place, and he wants to go. ——If he has any true—respect—for me—he'll feel it when he's gone. That's what I think. Oh! ma'am, speak a word to mother, and tell her to let him go."

"There is more in your mind," said the old lady, "but if it is as serious as this—I'll go there straight, my dear. I'll go straight and speak to your mother. I know you've got more in your mind."

Jane did not make any reply, but quickened her steps to keep up with the active old woman as she hurried on. Poor Jane was past all make-believe. "Think!" she said, almost under her breath, "what it is when he comes and pretends to be fond of me——Oh, ma'am! pretends as if he loved me—after all I know!" She wrung her hands, and there was a suppressed anguish in her voice, such as only a tender creature outraged could have been driven to. Then Mrs. Mowbray, who knew all the gossip of the place, remembered to have heard that Ellen Turner, who was a dressmaker, had been working at Mrs. Aikin's—no doubt that was the cause. She went along quickly, almost dragging the girl with her. It was a beautiful evening, soft, and cool after a hot day. The lights were beginning to twinkle about the Barley Mow. There were people sitting out on the bench, and people visible at the open windows with the lights behind them, and a murmur of cheerful voices. The scene was very homely, but the night was so soft, the shadows so grateful upon the refreshed earth, the dews so sweet, and nothing but rest and refreshment in the air. Overhead the sky was veiled, a few modest stars peeping from the edges of the clouds, nothing bright to jar upon the subdued quiet. All this went to Jane's heart. She began to cry softly, as she looked with wistful eyes at her home. The sensation subdued her. So peaceful and quiet, with the vague half-dim figures about, the cheerful lights in the windows, was it possible that there could be such trouble there?

But all at once there came a jarring note into this tranquillity—the sound of a woman's voice raised in anger. They were going towards the garden door, but before they reached it somebody was pushed out violently, and half falling forward, came stumbling against Jane, who was straight in the way. "Get out of my sight, you little baggage, you treacherous, wicked, lying creature, you bad girl!" cried Mrs. Aikin in a furious voice. Jane clutched at Mrs. Mowbray's arm, and shrank back, while the girl who had stumbled against her gave a sudden scream of dismay. It was Ellen Turner, her cheeks blazing red with anger, though the sight of Jane cowed her. "What have you been doing, you little flirt?" cried old Mrs. Mowbray. "If a man speaks to me, ain't I to give him a civil answer?" cried the girl standing still, and preparing to give battle. Jane did not say a word. She shook herself free of the old lady without knowing what she did, and went into her mother, without as much as a look at the other. As soon as she had disappeared John appeared out of the darkness like a spectre. "Run, Nell, run," he said. "She's safe now. She's in Jane's hands. I'll see you to-morrow. Run, Nell, run." And he darted back again among the guests, and threw himself into his work with devotion. Never before had John been seen so busy and so civil. Who could interfere with him in the middle of his work? He was as safe as if he had been at church.

What had happened was that Mrs. Aikin had found her nephew and the little dressmaker together, on very affectionate terms, and her outburst of sullen wrath was very hot and violent. But after the first moment it was entirely against Ellen that her anger was directed, and she was as little willing as before to listen to Mrs. Mowbray's suggestion that he should be sent away. She was, like most women of her class, perhaps like most women of all classes, furious against the girl, half sorry for, half contemptuous of the man. "Lord, what could Johnny do against one of them artful things?" she said, when she had calmed down. "It's Jane's fault, as don't talk to him enough, nor keep him going. That minx shall never set foot in my house again." Jane said very little while her mother talked thus. She was very pale, and her breath came quickly, but she betrayed no emotion either of grief or anger. She stood still by her mother's side while Mrs. Aikin cried and sobbed. Jane was past all that. She said, "He don't know his own mind, mother. Let him go as he wishes." They were both made incapable of work by this sudden incident. But John,—John had turned into a model of industry and carefulness. While the two women retired into their little parlour with the door shut, he, safe from all interference, kept everything going. He ran about here and there, attending to everybody, civil and thoughtful. When he was asked what was the matter, he answered carelessly, "Some row among the women," as if that was too trifling and too everyday a matter for his notice. He had never shown so much cleverness in all his life before.

Even after this, however, the widow still temporised. Yes, she said in words she would let him go, but after the bustle was over—after the summer work was done with. She gave a hundred excuses, and invented new reasons constantly for her delay. Jane said little, having said all she could. A new reserve crept over her, she talked to nobody—went no more to see Mrs. Peters, and never saw her old friend at the Thatched Cottage when she could help it. She was sick of her false position, as well as of those pangs which she told to nobody, which were all shut up in her own heart. No more in church or otherwise did the look of happiness come back to her face. When John sang she would stand with her eyes fixed on her book, or else would cover her face with her hand. The beautiful song was no longer hers to be offered up to God's praise. But sometimes during the sermon her eyes would turn unconsciously to that foolish pretty face in the free seats,—the pink and white countenance of Ellen Turner, inferior in beauty as in everything else to herself. "What is there in her that is better than me? Why should she be preferred to me?" was what Jane was asking herself, with a wondering pain that was half self-abasement and half indignation. Just so good Mr. Peters, in the school pew, gazed from her to the loutish bass in his surplice and back again. Why should fate be so contradictory and hearts so bitterly deceived?

This state of affairs, however, could not go on very long—and it came to a conclusion quite suddenly at last. There was an agricultural show in the neighbourhood some twenty miles off from Ingleton, to which all the rural people of the neighbourhood, and John among them, went, at the end of August. In other circumstances Jane would have gone with her cousin; but she had no heart for shows of any kind. In the evening most of the Ingleton people came home, but not John. Mrs. Aikin was evidently frightened by his non-appearance, but she made the best of it. "He had gone to see his friends," she said, "and of course he had missed his train. He was always missing trains. He was the carelessest lad!" But when next day came, and the next, with no news of John, the mother and daughter could no longer disguise their alarm. The widow "was in such a way" that her friends gathered round her full of condolence and encouragements; and Mrs. Mowbray herself put on her bonnet, and went to tell her not to be a fool, and to bid her remember that young men cannot be held in like girls. "I know that, ma'am, I know that," said Mrs. Aikin, soothed. The rest of her consolers had encouraged her by telling her they had always foreseen it, and that this was what over-indulgence always came to at last. The widow turned her back upon these Job's comforters, and clutched at Mrs. Mowbray's shawl. "I've held him too tight, ma'am, and I should have taken your advice," she said. They had sent expresses in all directions in search of him, and that very evening they had information that he had enlisted in the regiment to which his father had formerly belonged, and which was at the time quartered in the town where the show had been held. This is always, though it is hard to say why, terrible news for a decent family. "'Listed!" do not all the vagabonds, the good-for-nothings, 'list? It was Mr. Peters who brought this news to the two anxious women. He had been in Castleville "by accident," he said; the truth being that he had given the children a holiday on purpose to offer this humble service to the woman who had his heart. It was good news, though it was such bad news, for the widow's imagination had begun to jump at all sorts of fatal accidents, and he was made kindly welcome, and allowed to remain with them until Mrs. Aikin's first fit of distress and relief, and shame and vexation, and content was over. "It's his father, it's all his father," she said. "Such a thought would never, never have come into our Johnny's head." Mr. Peters, with trembling anxiety, observed that Jane did not say a word. She was moving about with her usual quickness, preparing tea, that the kind visitor who had taken so much trouble should have some refreshment after his long walk. She was full of suppressed excitement, her cheek less pale than usual, her eyes shining. But she said nothing till her mother's outburst was over. Mrs. Aikin was a foolish, soft-hearted, sanguine woman. As soon as she knew the worst her mind leapt at a universal mending and making up. She had no sooner dried her eyes and swallowed a cup of tea, after protesting that she "could not touch it," than she began with a certain timidity in another tone.

"It's well known what most families do when such a thing happens," she said, with a sigh, "folks as has more money than we have. And I've heard say as it was a foolish thing to do; but when you consider all things——Lads is so silly, they never see what they're doing till after it's done, and past changing—past their changing I mean."

Jane did not say anything, but she stood still suddenly in the middle of the room to listen, with a startled look.

"I dare to say he's repented long before this," said the widow, "him as never was put to hard work nor ordered about, him as had most things his own way, though he mightn't know it. It might have been better for Johnny if you and me hadn't been so fond of him, Jane—and it will all tell upon him now. We've spoiled him, and we're leaving him to bear it by himself! Oh! Jane! Jane!"

"What is it, mother? You are thinking of something," said Jane, with a harsh tone, quite unusual to her, in her voice.

"Oh, Jane, you're hard-hearted, you ain't forgiving, you're not like me," cried the widow. "If you were the girl folks think you, you would come to me on your knees, that's what you would do, to get me to buy him off——"

"Oh, mother, mother, I knew that was what you were coming to. Don't do it! I cannot bear it. I cannot go on with it. You may save him, but you'll kill me."

"Kill you—what has it got to do with you?" said Mrs. Aikin, drying her eyes. "Thank the Lord, it ain't so bad but what it can be mended—when one comes to think of it! I'll write to the lawyer this very night."

"If I can of any use," said Mr. Peters, faltering. The more he felt it was against himself, the more he was anxious to do it to show, if only to himself, that it was Jane and not his own interest that was nearest to his thoughts. But the poor man felt chilled to the heart as he made his offer. He did not understand Jane. It was only an impulse of anger, he thought, against the lover for whom, no doubt, she was longing in her heart.

"You're very kind, Mr. Peters—very kind. I'll never forget it—and you think it's the right thing, don't you, now? He ain't fit for the army, isn't Johnny. He was always delicate in the chest, and needs to be taken a deal of notice of. And to give him up all for one thing—all for a minute's foolishness."

"Mother!" said Jane, with a shrill tone of passion in her voice, "he is not to come back here again; let him be!"

"No—no—no. You'll be the first to thank me, though you've lost your temper now. The fright will do him a deal of good," Mrs. Aikin said, getting up with all her cheerfulness restored. "We'll leave him a week or so just to see the error of his ways, and then we'll buy him off, and have him back, and settle everything. Poor lad! You may take my word he's miserable enough, thinking of you and me, and wondering what we are thinking of him. Poor John! We won't go on shilly-shallying any longer, but we'll have it all settled when he comes home."

She was still speaking with the smile on her face which these pleasant anticipations had brought there when a sudden commotion got up outside—loud voices, and something like a scuffle. Sounds of this kind are not so rare or so alarming even at the best regulated of taverns as they are in a private house, and the widow paid but little attention. She went across the room, and opened her big, old-fashioned chest. Her heart was warmed and her face brightened by her resolution. Jane gave a glance of despair at Mr. Peters (which he no more understood than if he had not seen it). She went across the room after her mother, and laid her hand on her shoulder. "Mother," she said, "don't do it—don't do it, let him have his choice."

"Ah! what was that?" cried Mrs. Aikin, with a start.

The disturbance outside continued, and just at this moment the words became audible, along with the sound of steps rushing to the door. "My 'usband, my 'usband!" cried the voice, "what have you done with my 'usband?" The mother and daughter turned round by a common impulse, and looked at each other—then stood as if stiffened into stone, with their faces to the door. Without another word said they knew what it meant. They needed no further explanation, nor the sight of Ellen Turner, all in disorder, with her hair hanging about her neck, and her face swollen with tears, who suddenly dashed the door open, and came wildly in. "John, John! I want my 'usband," the poor creature cried, half demented. Jane shrank back against her mother, leaning on her heavily, then cast a wondering gaze around, appealing as it were to earth and heaven. Could it be true? She put out one hand to the girl to silence her, and turned round and leant against the wall, with a gasp for breath and a low moan. This was all the demonstration she made. She was not even conscious of the altercation that followed, the crying, and questioning, and denying. Jane turned her face to the wall. People have died and broken their hearts with less pain. The world seemed to go round with her, and all truth and sense to fail.

When she was seen again, which indeed was next day, moving about her work as if nothing bad happened, Jane was like a ghost in the first morning light. All the blood seemed to have been drained out of her. She was like a marble woman, moving unconsciously, not touched by anything she did. "I am quite well," she said, when people asked, "quite well, and quite right, there is nothing the matter." As for the poor schoolmaster, he went home that night sobbing in the great pity of his heart. Though he loved her so, the good fellow felt that if anything could have brought back to her the wretched lout whom she had loved he would have done it had it cost him his life, but Mr. Peters had to go away helpless, unable to save her a single pang, as most of us one time or other have to do.

When and how John had found means and ways to make himself Ellen Turner's husband, or whether he had really done so at all, remained always a mystery to the Green. But she went off to him, and became a wretched hanger-on of the regiment, from which Mrs. Aikin no longer thought of buying him off. Nothing else could have settled the question so summarily, and but for Jane's stony face all the neighbourhood would have been glad. Her misery, which was so patient and sweet, and of which she talked to no one, lasted a great deal longer than it ought to have done, everybody felt. But it could not last for ever. Bad enough that such a girl should waste the first sweetness of her life on such a delusion, but the delusion must come to an end some time. After a longer interval than pleased the Green, an interval of which old Mrs. Mowbray was very impatient, declaring pettishly a hundred times that she would marry off the faithful Peters to some one if Jane did not mind, Jane came to herself. She is now the mistress of the schoolroom, if not the schoolmistress, with too many children of her own to be able to take charge of those of the parish, but so "comfortable," with what the Barley Mow affords, that the schoolmaster's income requires no eking out from her work. She is far better off, and in circumstances much more congenial to her than if she had been able to carry out the plan which had been her early dream, and which she and her mother had so passionately wished. And Jane is happy, but the scar of the old wound has never departed, and never will depart. It is unforgetable for the sake of the pain, more than for the sake of the love. As for the faithful Peters, he is as happy as ever schoolmaster was, and very proper and mindful of his position, and would not sit on a bench outside a village inn nowadays night after night, as he once did, not for any inducement in the world.

Mrs. Aikin held out, and kept her place after Jane was married as long as that was practicable, but has sold the business now (and it brought in a pretty penny), and lives very happily with a cow of her own and a poultry yard, and half-a-dozen grandchildren. Happy woman! She has no scar upon her comfortable soul, and knows of no mistake she ever made, but she feeds the hungry mouths of a wretched nephew and his wretched family, and does not grumble, for, after all, she says, "Nature is Nature, and it was all his father's fault."

MECHI'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, WEDDING GIFTS, and GENERAL PRESENTATIONS.—First-class work—newest fashions—great variety. Still (despite the beards) his famous Magic Strops, Paste, and Razors are in demand. Plenty of good Table Knives for the Roast Beef at Christmas, and Cases of Dessert Knives for the good things which follow the plum pudding. Illustrated Catalogues post free.—No. 112, Regent Street (opposite Vigo Street).—Dressing Bags and Dressing Cases, very suitable as presents, at moderate prices.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
GLENFIELD STARCH
SEE THAT YOU GET IT,
As inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profit.

RODRIGUES' Monograms, Crests, and ADDRESSES designed, and STEEL DIES engraved as gems. NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES stamped in colour relief, and brilliantly illuminated in gold, silver, and colours in the highest style of art.—42, Piccadilly, London.

VISITING CARDS, at H. Rodrigues'. A card plate elegantly engraved, and 100 superfine cards printed for 4s. 6d. BOOK PLATES designed and engraved in Modern and Mediæval Styles at RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly.

BALL PROGRAMMES at Rodrigues'.—All the new patterns of the season arranged, printed, and stamped in the latest fashion. BILLS OF FARE, GUEST CARDS, and INVITATIONS.—42, Piccadilly.

EGERTON BURNETT'S
ROYAL
WELLINGTON
SERGES.

The *Court Circular*, the *Queen*, *Myra's Journal*, &c., testify to the superiority of EGERTON BURNETT'S SERGES as *par excellence* the material for ladies' wear.

EGERTON BURNETT, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, respectfully calls attention to these SERGES. He has repeatedly had the honour of supplying them direct to the ROYAL FAMILY, and orders are daily arriving from all parts of the kingdom. Being woven from the finest wools, and of a permanent patent dye, which neither rain nor salt water can affect, they surpass all others in appearance and durability. Prices from 1s 2½d. to the finest at 4s. 6d. per yard. New autumn mixtures are ready.

E. B.'s NEW SNOWFLAKE, VIGOGNE, and CACHEMIRIENNE SERGES are most fashionable.

A SPECIAL STRONG MAKE IS WOVEN FOR BOYS' AND GENTLEMEN'S SUITS, 54 inch, from 3s. 9d. Pattern Books of the various makes and shades sent free by post, and carriage is paid to Bristol or London on parcels over £2.

GOODS PACKED FOR EXPORTATION.

EGERTON BURNETT,
WOOLLEN MERCHANT, WELLINGTON,
SOMERSET.

HENRY RODRIGUES'
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS and
NEW YEARS' GIFTS.
42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

POLISHED BRASS WRITING TABLE SETS OF ANTIQUE AND SPECIAL DESIGNS.
SETS for the BOUDOIR, TOILET and WRITING TABLE 21s. to £10.

Envelope Cases,	21s. to £5	Candlesticks (per pr.)	12s. to £3
Blotting Books,	5s. to £2	Work Boxes,	15s. to £5
Inkstands,	5s. to £5	Jewel Cases,	21s. to £5
Despatch Boxes,	21s. to £6	Glove Boxes,	10s 6d. to £1
Writing Cases,	10s 6d. to £5	Handkerchief Boxes,	10s. to £5
Letter Scales,	8s. 6d to £5	Card Trays,	21s. to £5

Dressing Cases, Flower Vases, Jardinières, Caskets, Candelabra.
Rodrigues' Ladies' Dressing Case, silver-fitted, £10 10s.
And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese and Parisian NOVELTIES, for PRESENTS, from 5s. to £5.

RODRIGUES' DRESSING BAGS for TRAVELLING, of the best workmanship and latest improvements, with silver, silver-gilt, and plated fittings, from 63s. to £50; Hand Bags, Waist Bags, Carriage Bags, and Bags of all kinds, at very moderate prices.—42, Piccadilly.

PORTRAIT Albums at Rodrigues', with patent leather guards, four portraits on a page, interleaved for vignette and cabinet portraits, from 10s. 6d. to £5. Regimental and Presentation Albums.—42, Piccadilly.

CHEAP HANDSOME GILT FRAMES
for the COLOURED PICTURE given with this Paper,
"ONCE UPON A TIME."
2s 6d., glass complete; maple and gilt, 3s. 6d.; packing case, 1s. extra.

EIGHT BEAUTIFUL CHROMOS,
20 in. by 16 in., 10s.
Four Lake Scenes and Four Landscapes, worth half a guinea each. Two Sets will be sent carriage free.

FOUR LARGE STEEL ENGRAVINGS for One Guinea published at Two Guineas each.
SUNSHINE OF LOVE. By BROOKS.
THE FARMER'S HOME. By BROOKS.
THE DISTINGUISHED MEMBER. By LANDSEER.
THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL. By DAVID WILKIE.
Suitable for Wedding Presents or for Institutions.
Size, 36 in. by 26 in.

ALL IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION.

GEO. REES, 41, 42, 43, Russell Street,
COVENT GARDEN.

BENNETT.	65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.
WATCHES.	BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTATION WATCHES, FROM £10 TO £100.
CLOCKS.	TO CLOCK PURCHASERS. JOHN BENNETT having just completed great alterations in his Clock Show-Rooms, is enabled to offer to purchasers the most extensive Stock in London, comprising Clocks for the Drawing, Dining Rooms, and Presentation, of the highest quality and newest designs, at the lowest prices.

JOHN BENNETT, WATCH and CLOCK MANUFACTORY, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE.

CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

£10.—In return for a £10 Note, free and safe, per post, one of BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air tight, damp tight, and dust tight.—65, Cheapside, London. Good chains at manufacturer's prices. P.O.O. to John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 and 64, Cheapside.

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS
OF THE NEWEST DESIGNS.
ASTRONOMICAL, TURRET, and OTHER CLOCKS,
Made to Order.

BENNETT'S DINING, DRAWING ROOM, and HALL CLOCKS.

MARBLE CLOCKS	from	£2	2	0
DITTO, STRIKING HOURS and HALF HOURS	from	3	3	0
DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS of the NEWEST DESIGNS	from	4	4	0
HALL CLOCKS, in MAHOGANY, OAK, or WALNUT CASES	from	12	12	0
CHIME CLOCKS, in HANDSOMELY CARVED CASES	from	18	0	0

Estimates on Application.
MANUFACTORY, 65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE.

BENNETT'S GOLD PRESENTA- TION WATCHES,
For India, 10 gs., 20 gs., 30 gs., 40 gs.

BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEY- LESS WATCHES,
For India, from 10 guineas.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS HALF- CHRONOMETERS, compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, with improved keyless action.

Specially fitted for India.

In Gold	30 to 40 Guineas
In Silver	16 to 25 Guineas
Ditto for Ladies, with richly Engraved Gold Cases and Dials,	from 20 to 30 Guineas

BENNETT'S KEYLESS SILVER WATCHES,
For India, from 6 guineas.

BENNETT'S 18-CARAT HALL- MARKED CHAINS and choice JEWELLERY. Free and safe for Post-office Order.

BENNETT'S KEYLESS WATCHES.
NO KEY REQUIRED.
AIR-TIGHT, DAMP-TIGHT, DUST-TIGHT.

Silver	6 Guineas	8 Guineas	10 Guineas
Gold	10 Guineas	12 Guineas	14 Guineas

Every Watch skilfully Examined, Timed, and its performance Guaranteed.

SAFE AND FREE BY POST.

JOHN BENNETT'S WATCHES.
65, Cheapside.

- PRESENTATION GOLD WATCHES, 20 to 40 guineas.
- LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS ACTION WATCHES, from 10 guineas.
- SILVER WATCHES, with Keyless Action, from 6 guineas.
- GOLD KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 30 to 40 guineas.
- SILVER HALF-CHRONOMETERS, from 16 to 25 guineas.
- HALF CHRONOMETERS are compensated for variations of temperature, adjusted in positions, and Wind and Set Hands without Keys.
- ENGLISH HALL CLOCKS, chiming the quarters, from 30 guineas.
- RICHLY-GILT DRAWING-ROOM CLOCKS, with classic designs.
- MARBLE DINING-ROOM CLOCKS, with Antique Bronzes.
- 18-CARAT HALL-MARKED CHAINS and CHOICE JEWELLERY.

JOHN BENNETT'S
CLOCK and WATCH MANUFACTORY,
65 and 64, Cheapside.

COUNTRY ORDERS attended to with the utmost care. Post-office Orders, or Cheques, crossed London and Westminster Bank, to JOHN BENNETT, 65, Cheapside.

INDIAN ORDERS should be accom- panied by remittances or London references.

SHIPPERS, CAPTAINS, and WHOLE- SALE BUYERS LIBERALLY TREATED.

INDIAN and ENGLISH RAILWAYS CONTRACTED WITH on the BEST TERMS.

BENNETT'S HOUSE, OFFICE, and SHOP DIALS EIGHT DAY PIECES.
In Mahogany, Oak, or Rosewood Cases, warranted for perfect time.

CASH PRICES.

12-in.	£3	3	16-in.	£7	10
14 "	4	4	20 "	10	10
15 "	5	5	24 "	15	15

Price Lists post free on application.

JOHN BENNETT'S WATCH and CLOCK MANUFACTORY,
65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON.

PETER ROBINSON'S COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET,
Is the Cheapest and the Largest
Warehouse of the kind
in London.

AT PETER ROBINSON'S WAREHOUSE FOR BLACK GOODS, REGENT STREET.
For TWO GUINEAS and up to FIVE
CHOICE BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES COMPLETE,
in the New Style
(Princess Polonaise and Skirt),
Patterns and Photos free.

URGENT MOURNING.
"ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM,"
MOURNING GOODS will be forwarded to all parts of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent-fitting Dressmaker (if required), without extra charge.
PETER ROBINSON, 256, 258, 260, 262, Regent St., London.

DEEP MOURNING ORDERS.
DRESSES, Costumes, Mantles, Millinery,
and all made-up articles,
in the most appropriate and best styles,
at the lowest possible cost.
Dressmaking and Millinery,
by clever and expert artists.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON,
upon the most advantageous terms, to Families.
The Court and Family Mourning Warehouse,
256, 258, 260, 262, Regent Street, London.

BLACK SILKS.
AN IMPORTANT PURCHASE
OF SEVERAL THOUSAND PIECES BY
PETER ROBINSON of Regent Street
OF THE BEST WEARING MAKES ONLY,
and highly recommended

Bonnet and Cie	at 5s. 0d.
Jaubert	at 4s. 0d.
Ponsons	at 5s. 3d.
Degoves	at 4s. 9d.

The above are from 9s. to 3s. per yard
under last year's prices.
The EMPRESS CACHEMIRE, at 6s.
Also Excellent Value at
2s. 6d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., and 4s. 11d.
For Patterns address to
PETER ROBINSON,
256 to 262, Regent Street.

BLACK SILK DRESS VELVETS.
Exceedingly good qualities,
at 7s. 6d., 8s. 9d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 15s. 6d.
A Special Bargain
in Lyons Velvet, at 10s. 9d.
Black Silk Trimming Velvets
at 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 6s. 9d.
At PETER ROBINSON'S, of REGENT STREET.
Nos. 256 to 262.

FOR SIX GUINEAS.
A BLACK SILK COSTUME
made of RICH LYONS SILK.
with Velvet Garniture,
Exquisitely cut and fashioned.
Copies of expensive Paris Models.
Photos free.
PETER ROBINSON, of REGENT STREET.

REMARKABLY CHEAP. For One Guinea, A Black Quilted SATIN PETTICOAT.
For 2½ Guineas, A Black Silk TRAINED SKIRT.
At PETER ROBINSON'S of REGENT STREET.

EVENING DRESSES, at One Guinea.
Black Brussels Net, at 29s. 6d.
Tulle (condition keeping), 50s.
Grenadine, 52s 6d.
New Styles, well cut, and elegantly trimmed.
Illustrations free.

IRISH LINENS.—JAMES LINDSAY and COMPANY, Donegall Place, Belfast, will forward to any railway stations, carriage paid on parcels of £3 and upwards in value,
DAMASK TABLE LINENS, DIAPERS, SHEETINGS, PILLOW LINEN, SHIRTINGS, TOWELLINGS, &c., and every Description of LINEN FABRICS for Household Use.
Price List and Patterns post free.
JAMES LINDSAY and CO., Linen Merchants, &c., Belfast.

HAMILTON and KIMPTON.

TAILORS AND OVERCOAT MAKERS, 105, Strand.
Gentlemen can depend on the very best Materials at Fair Price. N.B.—No cheap, common goods kept at this Establishment.—105, Strand (opposite Exeter Hall).

GARDNERS' TOUGHENED GLASS and INDESTRUCTIBLE DINNER WARE, the Glass direct from De la Bastie's Manufactory. Wholesale price lists free on application.—GARDNERS', Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

DEEP BLUE DINNER SERVICES can be obtained at GARDNER'S, 453 and 454, West Strand, from £3 13s. 6d. The Set for Twelve Persons complete. A few of the leading patterns are detailed.

The Glengariff	£3	13	6
The Kecica	3	13	6
The Laurel	3	13	6
The Bramble	4	4	0
The Madras	5	5	0

Photographs post free.

GARDNERS' NEW DINNER SER- VICES are perfect in shape, elegant in appearance, and unequalled in price, complete for 12 persons:—

The Osborne, in pink or green	£3	5	0
The Glengariff, in all colours	3	13	6
The Bramble, in all colours	4	4	0
The One Thousand and Two	5	5	0
The One Thousand and Two A	5	5	0
The Japanese Bamboo	6	6	0

Coloured Drawings post free.—GARDNER'S, Glass and China Manufacturers, 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

LEWIN CRAWCOUR and CO., Com- PLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS,
71, 73, and 75, Brompton Road, London. Established 1810.

COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED

CATALOGUE, GRATIS AND POST FREE,

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION,

CONTAINS NEARLY 700 DESIGNS OF

USEFUL, ARTISTIC, AND WELL-SEASONED FURNITURE AND ESTIMATES FOR FURNISHING

OF HOUSES.

LEWIN CRAWCOUR and CO. forward all Goods selected from Catalogue carriage-paid to any Railway Station in the Kingdom.

THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL, in his Report to the Admiralty (13th August, 1870) on 40 Chronometers entered for annual competition, says of M. F. DENT'S CHRONOMETER—"This is the finest chronometer that we have ever had on trial."—M. F. Dent, Chronometer, Watch, and Clock Maker to the Queen, 33, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross. The Report on Chronometers, Watches, &c., by the Judges at the Philadelphia Exhibition, can be had on application to 33, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross.

LEA and PERRINS' SAUCE.— In consequence of Spurious Imitations, which are calculated to deceive the Public, LEA and PERRINS have adopted a New Label, bearing their Signature, "LEA AND PERRINS," which signature is placed on every bottle of WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.

Sold wholesale by the proprietors, Worcester. Retail by dealers in sauces throughout the world.

DE LA RUE and CO.'S INDELIBLE RED LETTER DIARIES, CONDENSED DIARIES, and TABLET CALENDARS, for 1878, in great variety, may now be had of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Publishers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

DE LA RUE and CO.'S PLAYING CARDS. The New Patterns for the Season may now be had of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Manufacturers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

By Royal Letters Patent.
"DEXTER" PLAYING CARDS, with rounded Corners and Patent Index-pips, extra thin, and highly burnished on both sides. Of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Manufacturers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

DE LA RUE and CO.'S CHRISTMAS CARDS, in great variety, prepared from original designs and illustrated by original verses. Of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Publishers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

GO-BANG, a JAPANESE GAME, with Board arranged on an improved principle, Counters, and "Guide" by "CAVENDISH." Retail at 5s. and upwards Of all Booksellers and Stationers. Wholesale only of the Manufacturers,
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

Now ready. 11th Edition. 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, price 5s
WHIST. The Laws and Principles of. By "CAVENDISH." Of all Booksellers and Stationers.
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

By the same Author
ECARTÉ. The Laws of, with a TREATISE ON THE GAME. Price 2s. 6d. ROUND GAMES AT CARDS, Price 1s. 6d. PIQUET, Price 3s. 6d. LAWN TENNIS and BADMINTON, Price 1s. POCKET GUIDES, Price 6d. each: WHIST (3)—Guide; Laws; Leads. BEZIQUE. POLISH BEZIQUE. ECARTÉ. EUCHRE. SPOIL-FIVE. CRIBBAGE. CALABRASELLA. SIXTY-SIX. GO-BANG. BACKGAMMON. CHESS. DRAUGHTS. Of all Booksellers and Stationers.
THOS. DE LA RUE and CO., London.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.— STATHAM'S POLYTECHNIC AMUSEMENTS, Scientific Toys, Games, &c. Endless Pastime for Holidays and Evenings. Illustrated Catalogue, 3 stamps.
W. E. STATHAM, 111½, Strand, London.

A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
"OUR DARLING."
Messrs. MENDELSSOHN and LESSER,
of 35, Jewin Street, Fore Street,
London, E.C.,
Have published a magnificently-finished
OLEOGRAPH
under the above title.

Price per Copy	7s. 6d.
Ditto, in a 3 inch gilt frame	15s. 0d.
Ditto, in a 5-inch best English gilt frame	25s 0d.

Carriage paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

JENNER AND KNEWSTUB'S NOVELTIES AND ELEGANCIES, suitable as presents, include a large and varied stock of albums, almanack frames, card trays, chatelaines; a beautiful selection of carriage and other clocks of Jenner and Knewstub's special design; bags, travelling bags, hand bags, waist bags, with antique silver frames, &c., caskets, candelabra, gold, silver, and plated dressing cases, despatch-boxes, double bottles, Elgin writing-cases, envelope-cases, game and bezique boxes, jewel-cases, miniature cases, mirrors, Norwegian and other belts of artistic design, with the Empress Ombrelle, and every useful and ornamental novelty in appendages in gold, silver, enamel, plated maresque, &c.—JENNER and KNEWSTUB, to the Queen, 33, St. James' Street and 66, Jermyn Street.

PICTURE FRAME AND DECORA- TIVE MOULDINGS, &c., &c.
H. MORELL, 28 and 30, GREAT ST. ANDREW STREET, BLOOMSBURY, LONDON, Importer of Patent Washable Gilt and other Mouldings. White and Ornamental Mouldings already prepared for gilding, also carved, Maple, Rosewood, Walnut, and Oak Mouldings of every description manufactured on the premises by experienced workmen.

The largest Stock in London of Decorative and Picture Frame Mouldings. An immense variety (see Illustrated Pattern Book, post free for three penny stamps). Also

Oak Oxford Frames.
Black and Gold Oxford Frames.
Carved Frames.
White Frames for Gilding
Ornamental Frames for Gilding.

The same also gilt in an artistic manner by first-class workmen.

Frames of any design made on the shortest notice for *Graphic* and other Christmas Plates.

Every requisite for the trade at the cheapest possible prices.

H. M. begs respectfully to inform Shippers and the Trade that he is unequalled in London for quality and prices, and they would do well to select a Case from his Stock.

Note the Name and Address.

Price 6d.; Interleaved with ruled note, 8d.; Neat Case, 1s. 6d.; Russia Gilt, 2s. 6d.; exquisitely painted Calf, 3s. Do. gilt rim, 5s. (post 1d. each extra).
CHARMING PRESENT — Howlett's VICTORIA GOLDEN ALMANACK for 1878. 32 pages of delicate rose tinted enamel, brilliantly wrought in gold letters, contains the information of large year-books; and is not (as many are) a trade advertisement.
London: SIMPKIN, Stationers' Hall Court; HOWLETT, 10, Frith Street, W.; and all Booksellers.

FINE ENGRAVINGS from the WORKS of Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., Sir Joshua Reynolds.

J. M. W. Turner, R.A.,	W. P. Frith, R.A.,
T. Faed, R.A.,	Rosa Bonheur,
John Philip, R.A.,	Alma Tadema.

Choice artist proof and good print impressions from the above. Also a large collection of all the new engravings. On VIEW at T. McLEAN'S, 7, Haymarket, near the Theatre.
Catalogues forwarded on application.

TOOTH-ACHE.

INSTANT CURE.

BUNTER'S NERVINE.

FORMS A STOPPING.

SAVES THE TOOTH.

J. Hounsell, Esq., Surgeon, Bridport, writes: "I consider Bunter's Nervine a specific for Toothache. Very severe cases under my care have found instantaneous and permanent relief. I therefore give my testimony of having used it with invariable success, and recommend its use to the profession and the public."
Of all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per packet.

LAXORA, the best remedy for CON- STIPATION and Derangements of the Organs of the Stomach, Bile, Headache. Specially suitable for ladies and children.

The LANCET, June 9, 1877, says: *It is a great improvement on the preparations which are in common use for the same purpose, and will be really valuable in families."*

Sold 1s. 1½d. retail by all chemists and druggists.
Wholesale: 63, Southwark Street, London.

WALLER'S SCURF SPECIFIC, an infallible remedy for DANDRIFF, in whatever form it may assume on the head. 2s. 6d. per pot, or forwarded by post in wood boxes on receipt of 2s. 6d. in stamps.
W. WALLER, 86, Camden Road, London, N.W.

LADIES who SAVE the COMBINGS of their HAIR can have them properly prepared, the roots turned, and made up by a process perfected by W. Waller, and returned post free at 3s. 6d. per oz.—W. WALLER, Court Hairdresser, 86, Camden Road, N.W.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, LONDON.—The FIFTEENTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW for 1878 will open as usual on the SATURDAY after the Derby Race, June 1. The same Prize List as 1877, except that the Prize for the best Hunter will be Fifty Pounds in Cash and the Agricultural Hall Medal. The Prize Awards of 1877 may be had on application with a stamped envelope.
By order, J. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager.
Agricultural Hall Company (Limited).

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil).

HYDROLEINE. Equal to ten times the quantity of Cod Liver Oil.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil). The nauseous taste of Cod Liver Oil is removed by Hydration. Easier to administer than Cod Liver Oil

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) Entirely supersedes plain Cod Liver Oil. Contains ready-digested Cod Liver Oil. Can be taken by the most delicate stomach. Is immediately assimilated.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) Produces rapid increase in flesh and weight.

"HYDROLEINE" has been described as partially-digested oil, which will nourish and produce increase in weight in those cases where oils or fats not so treated are difficult or impossible to digest. All tendency to emaciation and loss of weight is arrested by the regular use of HYDROLEINE, which may be discontinued when the usual average weight has been permanently regained."

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil). Superior to any Emulsion or Pancreatised Oil ever known.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) Is not a Patent Medicine. Has the formula upon every bottle. Is Tonic, Digestive, and Highly Nutritive.

IN "NOTES on CONSUMPTION and

WASTING DISEASES

SUCCESSFULLY TREATED by

HYDRATED OIL, With cases showing the immediate increase in weight produced by it." (Published by Diprose, Bateman, and Co., Sheffield St., Lincoln's Inn Fields),

G. OVEREND DREWRY, M.D., Phy- sician to the National Free Dispensary for Consumption and Wasting Diseases, Gower Street, W., Author of "Common Sense Management of the Stomach," &c.,

REFERRING to CASES treated at the

NATIONAL FREE DISPENSARY says that

"HYDRATED OIL produces an effect such as neither Cod Liver Oil nor any preparation of it with which I am acquainted even faintly approaches."—Page 23, and on page 21.

"PATIENTS are unanimous in their statement that the appetite is much increased by taking Hydrated Oil, and that so far from possessing the unpleasant taste of ordinary Cod Liver Oil, the taste of Hydrated Oil is agreeable rather than the reverse, and is described by some as resembling Devonshire cream. These, I submit, are very important points, in cases usually attended by great irritability of stomach. The general improvement in strength shown within a fortnight was in many instances surprising even to myself, who had seen already in private practice many sterling results from its use. My experience, however, shows that in cases where Cod Liver Oil or an emulsion of it has been depended upon, increase of weight is rarely obtained."—Page 26.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil). Economical in use; certain in result.

THE agreeable character of HYDRATED OIL is conclusively shown by the fact that Delicate Women and Young Children take it with avidity; and in the case of Infants who do not thrive upon the food given, the nourished and well-conditioned appearance of the child after this treatment is most marked.

THE CHEMICAL PRINCIPLES upon which Hydrated Oil is prepared were first described

IN a TREATISE on the ASSIMILA- TION AND DIGESTION OF FATS IN THE HUMAN BODY, by

H. C. BARTLETT, Ph.D., F.C.S. Published by Messrs. J. and A. Churchill, New Burlington Street.

"FAT in the HUMAN BODY." Page 41.

"NOTHING appears to restore the healthy functions of the liver and pancreas in these cases except the frequent ingestion of oil or liquid fat, so treated artificially that it is already partially transformed by fermentation and the reaction of bile. Seized on with avidity by the absorbents, it is insensibly assimilated by the digestive organs, until they gradually become strengthened, not only to provide their own nourishment, but to transform a sufficient quantity of fat to supply the inevitable waste throughout the body."

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil). From its valuable tonic effect on the nervous system, in addition to its special stimulating action on the organs concerned in the production of fat in the body, it also causes marked increase in weight in persons of naturally thin habit who do not present any evidences of disease.

THE permanence and perfection of the emulsion and the extreme solubility of the HYDRATED OIL is shown by its retaining its cream-like condition as long as the purest Cod Liver Oil will retain its sweetness. Unlike simple Cod Liver Oil, it produces no unpleasant eructation or sense of nausea, and should be taken in such very much smaller doses, according to the directions, as will ensure its complete assimilation; this at the same time renders its use economical in the highest degree.

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) is imme- diately assimilated. Unlike ordinary Cod Liver Oil, it does not Purge, does not produce Sickness, or what is so well known as biliousness, nor does it pass through the body unchanged, as it is already partially digested, and suitable for immediate absorption and assimilation. Hence its economical value, none being wasted.

WEAKLY INFANTS thrive on it. Appetite is improved, digestion assisted, and strength increased by HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil). A true Nerve Tonic, a REAL DIGESTIVE, and POWERFUL NUTRITIVE.

ALL Persons taking HYDROLEINE are particularly urged to keep an ACCOUNT FROM WEEK TO WEEK of THEIR WEIGHT, that the gain and improvement may be shown.

MESSRS. J. M. RICHARDS and CO., having devoted special attention to perfecting a process by means of which uniformity in the production of HYDRATED OIL is secured, desire to direct the attention of the medical profession and the public to this preparation, to distinguish which the name of HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil) has been registered under the Trade Marks Act by them

HYDROLEINE (Hydrated Oil), in Half- pound Bottles, price 4s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists. Manufactured by J. M. RICHARDS and CO.—Office and Warehouse, Great Russell Street Buildings, Great Russell Street (corner of Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury), London.

NEW DANCE MUSIC.

CHARLES D'ALBERT.

CHAPPELL and CO have much pleasure in announcing the publication of several novelties by the above popular and favourite composer of dance music.

	s.	d.	
THE ENGAGED WALTZ	2	0	net.
THE DISTANT SHORE. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's Song	2	0	"
THE SWEETHEARTS LANCERS, on Arthur Sullivan's Song and other favourite and original melodies	2	0	"
THE CLEOPATRA GALOP	2	0	"
THE FANFARE POLKA	1	6	"
THE MOLLIE DARLING QUADRILLE	2	0	"
SWEETHEARTS. Waltz on Arthur Sullivan's popular Song. "One of the best waltzes ever written by the above favourite Composer."	2	0	"
TRIAL BY JURY LANCERS, on Airs from Sullivan's popular Cantata	2	0	"
TRIAL BY JURY QUADRILLE	2	0	"
TRIAL BY JURY WALTZ	2	0	"
TRIAL BY JURY POLKA	2	0	"
RINK GALOP	1	6	"
FLEUR DE THE QUADRILLE	2	0	"
FASCINATION VALSE à Trois Temps	2	0	"
PRINCESS MARIE GALOP	1	6	"
SICILY QUADRILLE. Companion to "Como."	2	0	"
TWILIGHT DREAMS WALTZES	2	0	"
CHARLESTOWN QUADRILLES on Popular Airs	2	0	"
WEDDING QUADRILLE, on Christy Minstrel Melodies	2	0	"
COMO QUADRILLE, on Italian airs	2	0	"
BONNIE DUNDEE QUADRILLE	2	0	"
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN WALTZES	2	0	"
MOUNTAIN DAISY WALTZES	2	0	"
LILY OF THE VALLEY WALTZES	2	0	"
WEST-END POLKA. (20th Edition)	2	0	"

N.B. A Complete List of M. D'Albert's Popular Dance Music will be sent on application.

DAN GODFREY AND OTHER FAVOURITE COMPOSERS.

	s.	d.	
THE ROYAL WELSH LANCERS	2	0	net.
PLANTATION LANCERS	2	0	"
POLO LANCERS, on Favourite and Popular Tunes	2	0	"
ISIDORA WALTZ. New Waltz	2	0	"
LITTLE NELL WALTZ	2	0	"
CHRISTMAS ECHOES QUADRILLE, on Popular Airs	2	0	"
KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK LANCERS	2	0	"
MERRY TUNES LANCERS	2	0	"
YOUNG FRIENDS' QUADRILLE	2	0	"
OLD FRIENDS' QUADRILLE	2	0	"
MABEL WALTZ	2	0	"
BARBE-BLEUE QUADRILLE	2	0	"
ROYAL ALFRED QUADRILLE	2	0	"
HILDA WALTZ	2	0	"
GUARDS' WALTZ	2	0	"
AU REVOIR WALTZ. WALDTEUFEL	2	0	"
LES MESSAGE DES FLEURS VALSE. LAMOTHE	2	0	"
CHANTS DE L'AUBE VALSE. LAMOTHE	2	0	"
TOUT A FAIT POLKA. HENRI LOUIS "This polka will become an immense favourite."	1	6	"
CAROLINA WALTZ. HENRY LOUIS	2	0	"
LA FIANCEE POLKA. J. MEREDITH BALL	1	6	"
HILDRED WALTZ. J. MEREDITH BALL	2	0	"
GROSVENOR POLKA. A. W. NICHOLSON	1	6	"
KATHARINA GALOP. PERCY REEVE	1	6	"

CHAPPELL and CO.'S SPECIALITIES IN PIANOFORTES FOR EXPORT.

50, New Bond Street.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S COLONIAL MODEL PIANOFORTES,

Iron Plates, Extra Strong Bracings, Felt on Hammers, Pinned Solid Panel, &c. Rosewood, 45 gs.; Walnut, 50 gs. Or Solid Dark Wood, Iron Pin Plates and Extra Screws, 50 gs.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S CROSS STRUNG IRON FRAMED OBLIQUE GRAND PIANOFORTE.

Rosewood, 90 gs.; Walnut, 95 gs. Solid Wood, Extra Screwed for Tropical Climates, 100 gs. The strongest that can be manufactured. More powerful in tone than the small Grands.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRING PIANOFORTES.

CHAPPELL and CO. let the following PIANOFORTES on HIRE, and the Instrument becomes the property of the hirer at the expiration of the third year, provided each quarterly instalment shall have been regularly paid on the following terms:—

At £8 8s. per annum; £2 2s. per quarter.

A PIANINO, by CHAPPELL and CO., in Plain Mahogany or Walnut Case, 6 7-8 Octaves, with Check Action. Cash price for this Instrument, 20 gs.

At £10 10s. per annum; £2 12s. 6d. per quarter.

AN ELEGANT PIANINO, in best Walnut and Rosewood, with ornamented Fret, 6 7-8 Octaves, Check Action, and three strings—throughout the treble. Cash price, 27 gs. Models B or C in Catalogue.

At £12 12s. per annum; £3 3s. per quarter.

A HANDSOME COTTAGE PIANOFORTE, by CHAPPELL and CO., in Rosewood, 7 Octaves. Cash price, 32 gs. No. 2 in Catalogue.

At £14 per annum; £3 10s. per quarter.

A HANDSOME COTTAGE PIANOFORTE, by CHAPPELL and CO., in Walnut Case, 7 Octaves. Cash price, 35 gs. No. 2 in Catalogue.

At £16 per annum; £4 per quarter.

THE ENGLISH MODEL PIANOFORTE, by CHAPPELL and CO., in very handsome Rosewood, 7 Octaves. Cash price, 40 gs. Ditto, ditto, in Walnut Case, £4 10s. per quarter. Cash price, 45 gs. No. 4 in Catalogue.

At £20 per annum; £5 per quarter.

THE FOREIGN MODEL PIANOFORTE, by CHAPPELL and CO., in Rosewood Case, 7 Octaves, Check Action, and three strings. Cash price, 50 gs. Ditto, ditto, in elegant Walnut, £5 10s. per quarter. Cash price, 55 gs.

The above Pianofortes are exchangeable during the first quarter.

Residents abroad can be supplied with Pianofortes on this system, the hire being paid annually instead of quarterly, in advance.

The THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM IS APPLICABLE TO PIANOS OF ALL KINDS.

Upwards of 100 varieties.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM OF HIRING ALEXANDRE'S ORGAN HARMONIUMS.

No. — Per Quarter.

At £5 5s. per annum.
1. Mahogany. One Stop, or knee swell . . . 1 6 3
At £6 per annum.
4. Carved Oak. Seven Stops . . . 1 10 0
At £8 16s. per annum.
4a. Carved Oak. Ten Stops . . . 2 4 0
At £10 10s. per annum.
5. Rosewood, Walnut, or Oak. Eleven Stops . . . 2 12 6
At £16 per annum.
10. Oak Case. Fifteen Stops. Percussion . . . 4 0 0
At £20 per annum.
11. Rosewood or Walnut. Fifteen Stops. Percussion . . . 5 0 0
At £14 per annum.
EXHIBITION MODEL. Fifteen Stops. Oak . . . 3 10 0
At £11 4s. per annum.
No. 1. DRAWING-ROOM MODEL. Rosewood, Walnut, or Oak . . . 2 16 0
At £16 per annum.
No. 2. DRAWING-ROOM MODEL. Rosewood, Walnut, or Oak . . . 4 0 0
At £26 per annum.
No. 3. DRAWING-ROOM MODEL. Rosewood, Walnut, or Oak . . . 6 10 0
At £30 per annum.
No. 4. DRAWING-ROOM MODEL. Rosewood or Walnut . . . 7 10 0
At £60 per annum.
THE HARP ÆOLIENNE. Modèle de Salon. Nineteen Stops. Percussion action. Double expression . . . 15 0 0

CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIPE ORGANS

for DRAWING-ROOMS or CHURCHES, from 50 gs. to 200 gs., for SALE or HIRE, on the Three Years' System. Specifications for Organs suitable for any building or climate sent on application.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S NEW ALEXANDRE ORGANS,

from 20 gs. to 175 gs. A large number of these Instruments returned from Hire will be sold at greatly reduced prices for cash, or on the Three Years' System. Illustrated lists free by post.

50, New Bond Street.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS'S LIST.

ALL MUSIC POST FREE AT HALF-PRICE.

"THE GREATEST SUCCESS IN PARIS."

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

OPERA COMIQUE DE ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

Now Ready.

Suite de Valse, by O. Metra. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Quadrilles, by Arban. Solo and duet. 2s. each net.
Brilliant Fantasie, by E. Moniot. 1s. 6d. net.
Rondeau Valse, by B. Richards. 2s. net.
Chanson du Mousse. B. Richards.
Valse Brillante. B. Richards. 2s. net.
Polka Mazurka, by Natif. 1s. 6d. net.
Polka, by Arban. 1s. 6d. net.

In the press.

Complete Opera, piano and score, 2s. 6d. net.
Vocal Score, English and French Words.
Selections of Airs, in two books, by Cramer. 1s. 6d each.
Also arrangements by W. Kuhe.

N B.—The sole right of representation, &c., for Great Britain and Colonies belongs to Mr. Joseph Williams.

MY SAILOR LOVE. Words by E. OXENFORD.

Music by LOUIS DIEHL. Net, 1s. 6d. An exceedingly pretty song in A. Its sprightly, easily flowing melody will make it acceptable to amateurs, whilst there is sufficient artistic merit to attract the notice of the concert singer. Compass from E to F.

SO SINGS THE LARK. Words by E. OXENFORD.

Music by FRANZ ABT. This is one of the most charming effusions of this talented composer; it is a song of genuine beauty, with delicately-written accompaniment, imitating the trilling of the lark. Key of E, ranging from D to E.

J. LEYBACH'S LATEST COMPOSITIONS.

Chant de Bivouac. 3s.
Fête des Bergères. 3s.
Festa Romana. 4s.
L'Alsacienne. 4s.
Bolero Brillant. 4s.
Zampa. 4s.
Tancredi. 4s.
L'Elisire. 4s.
Pégase Galop. 3s.
Chant du Patrie. 3s.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' JOYFUL PEASANT (DER LUSTIGE BAUER),

Schumann's popular melody 3s. This is decidedly the most taking arrangement of this charming theme.—*Vide* Press.

ARDITI'S L'INGENUE. GAVOTTE.

Piano Solo. 3s.
SMALL BAND. 1s. 6d. net.
FULL ORCHESTRA. 2s. net.
As performed at the Promenade Concerts.

FLORIAN PASCAL. BERCEUSE.

SMALL BAND. 2s. net.
LA PRINCESSE. GAVOTTE MODERNE. BAND PARTS. 2s. net.
As performed at the Promenade Concerts.

SPRING SONG. By J. Leybach.

ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ITALIAN WORDS.
"A perfect little gem, easy to sing and play."
Compass D to F (in C). Post free, 18 stamps.

NEW SONGS by J. Leybach.

LIFE'S AUTUMN (in A). Compass E to G flat.
THE SIRENS (in F). Compass C to F.
BRIGHT STARS OF HEAVEN (in C). Compass D to F.
MAIDEN AND THE BIRDS (in B flat). Compass D to F.
Post free, 18 stamps each.

H. WEIST HILL'S COMPOSITIONS.

Performed with great success at the Alexandra Palace.

VALSES.
Alma. 4s.
Son Image. 2s.
True Love. 2s.

POLKAS.
Gertrude. 1s. 6d.
Belle of the Promenade. 1s. 6d.

Gavotte, Madame de Pompadour (beautifully Illustrated). 2s.
Bashi-Barouk Galop. 1s. 6d. Osmanli March. 1s. 6d.
To Paris in Ten Hours Galop. 1s. 6d.

Review.—"Marked by far more thought and musical ability than dance music usually is."

NEW SONG by Florian Pascal.—

DAWN-SONG (Aubade), with English and Italian Words. Sung with the greatest success by Signor Giannini at Arditi's Concerts. Post free, 24 stamps. The special attention of Tenors is invited to this most artistic and effective Song.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S NAAMAN.

Vocal Score, complete, Octavo Edition, 4s. net.
Do. do. bound in cloth. 6s. net.

All the numbers of "Naaman" can also be had separately, including the celebrated Aria, "I Dreamt I was in Heaven," 3s.; and the Triumphal March, "Naaman," as Piano Solo, 3s. Piano Duet, 3s.; and also as Organ Solo, with Pedal, 3s.

SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT'S WORKS for the PIANOFORTE,

in two vols. Cheap Edition now ready, including the celebrated Toccata, Scherzo, Op. 13; Capriccio, Op. 27; Three Sketches, &c. Price 6s. net each vol.; or, bound, cloth, 8s. net.

PIANOFORTE COMPOSITIONS, By SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

NEW EDITION CAREFULLY FINGERED, &c.

Capriccio. Op. 2.
The Lake. Op. 10, No. 1.
The Millstream. Op. 10. No. 2.
The Fountain. Op. 10. No. 3.
Three Musical Sketches. Complete.
Allegro con Precisione. Op. 11. No. 1.
Moderato Grazioso. Op. 11. No. 2.
Allegro Brillante. Op. 11. No. 3.
Vivace Giocoso. Op. 11. No. 4.
Andante Capriccioso. Op. 11. No. 5.
Allegro Agitato. Op. 11. No. 6.
Six Studies. Complete.
Andante Expressivo. Op. 12. No. 1.
Grazioso. Op. 12. No. 2.
Presto. Op. 12. No. 3.
Three Impromptus. Complete.
Serenata. From Op. 13.
Scherzo. From Op. 13.
Sonata.
Allegro Grazioso. Op. 18.
Caprice. Op. 22.
Presto Leggiero. Op. 24. No. 1.
Capricciosa. Op. 24. No. 2.
Agitato Assai. Op. 24. No. 3.
Alla Fantasia. Op. 24. No. 4.
Presto Agitato. Op. 24. No. 5.
Lento-Allegro con Bravura. Op. 24. No. 6.
Suite de Pieces. Op. 24. Complete.
Rondo Piacevole. Op. 25.
Scherzo. Op. 27.
Introduzione e Pastorale. Op. 28. No. 1.
Rondino. Op. 28. No. 2.
Capriccio. Op. 28. No. 3.
L'Amabile. Op. 29. No. 1.
L'Appassionata. Op. 29. No. 2.
Two Characteristic Studies. Op. 29.
Tema e Variazioni. Op. 31.
Pastriete Pas Gal. Op. 34.
Rondeau à la Polonaise. Op. 37.
Toccata. Op. 38.

FLORIAN PASCAL'S NEW PIECES.

PRES DU LAC (Meditation), artistically illustrated. Price 2s. net.
UN BIJOU PERDU, artistically illustrated. Price 2s. net.
BERCEUSE. Price 1s. 6d. net.
LES VIEUX TEMPS. Gavotte. Price 1s. 6d. net.
LA PRINCESSE. Gavotte moderne. 1s. 6d. net.
TRANSCRIPTION BRILLANTE (Braham). As played by Madame Arabella Goddard. 2s. 6d. net.

HAROLD THOMAS'S POPULAR PIANO PIECES.

OPERATIC (very brilliant).

Il Trovatore (new). 4s.
La Traviata (new). 4s.
Stradella (new). 4s.
Le Prophète (new). 4s.
Lohengrin. 4s.
Tannhauser. 4s.
Mose in Egitto. 4s.
Les Huguenots. 4s.
Faust (Gounod). 4s.
Lucia. 4s.
Masaniello. 4s.
Marta. 4s.
Freischutz. 4s.
Don Giovanni. 4s.

DRAWING-ROOM PIECES.

Les Cuirassiers. 4s.
The Sleigh Drive. 4s.
Chant Rouman. 4s.
Air Styrien. 3s.
Birdie and Brooklet. 3s.
The Musical Clock. 3s.

FOR SUNDAY PLAYING.

St. Paul (Mendelssohn). 4s.
Hymn of Praise. 4s.
Cujus Animam. 4s.

MOST USEFUL TEACHING PIECES.

Albion (English Airs). 4s.
Erin (Irish Airs). 4s.
Cambria (Welsh Airs). 4s.
Scotia (Scotch Airs). 4s.

Full Catalogues of all Harold Thomas's Piano Pieces forwarded on application.

CATALOGUES SENT POST FREE.

Sole Agents for Moore and Burgess Minstrels' Songs. Shipping Orders on favourable terms.

LONDON: JOSEPH WILLIAMS,

24, BERNERS STREET, W.; and
123, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

HAMMOND'S MUSIC PORTFOLIO.

Price 1s. each number. Post free 13 stamps. Violin and Cornet Accompaniments to each number, 6d. each.

No. 1 CONTAINS:

Brise des Nuits Waltzes	Lamothe.
Hydropaten Waltzes	Gung'l.
Manuelita Waltzes	Waldteufel.
Autograph Waltzes	Strauss.
St. David's Quadrille	Dan Godfrey.
Bruder Lustig Galop	Budik.

CONTENTS OF No. 2.

Le Premier Baiser Waltzes	Lamothe.
Venus Reigen Waltzes	Gung'l.
Den Lieben Langen Tag Waltzes	Rudel.
Deutsche Herzen Waltzes	Strauss.
The 'Varsity Lancers	D'Egville.
The Pet Schottische	Bertrand.

CONTENTS OF No. 3.

SIX WALTZES BY JOSEPH GUNG'L.

Soldaten Lieder	Waltzes.
Gräfenberger	Waltzes.
Daheim!	Waltzes.
Jungherren Tänze	Waltzes.
Fantasiebilder	Waltzes.
Mein schönster Tag in Berlin	Waltzes.

CONTENTS OF No. 4.

Frühlingslieder Waltzes	Gung'l.
Lille Waltzes	Strauss.
Le Tour du monde Waltzes	Metra.
La Fiancée Waltz	Lamothe.
Hochzeit (Wedding) Quadrille	Strauss.
Pergola Polka	Marie.

A. HAMMOND and CO., 5, Vigo Street, London, W.

FRANCIS and DAY'S POPULAR SONGS by the Best Composers.

Half Price. 24 stamps each.

THE PATRIOT (Baritone). F. CAMPANA.
THE LOVES OF THE BRAVE AND FREE. ODOARDO BARRI.
LOST AND FOUND. ODOARDO BARRI.
THE GOLDEN DREAM. KING HALL.

FRANCIS and DAY'S POPULAR PIANOFORTE PIECES

Half Price 18 Stamps each.

DUNSTER'S GAVOTTE.
DUNSTER'S TARANTELLA.
DUNSTER'S FESTIVAL MARCH for PIANO, ORGAN, or HARMONIUM.
LEON DORE'S STILL I LOVE THEE.
SMALLWOOD'S RUSSIAN WAR MARCH.
SMALLWOOD'S TURKISH WAR MARCH.

FRANCIS and DAY'S DANCE MUSIC for CHRISTMAS.

Half Price and Post free.

MARRIOTT'S THEY ALL DO IT QUADRILLE (on Popular Melodies). 4s.
SMALLWOOD'S BONNY WREATH POLKA. 3s.
EATON'S FROHLICH GALOP. 3s.

FRANCIS and DAY'S COMIC SONGS for CHRISTMAS.

Half Price 18 stamps each.

WEDDING BELLS; or, TAKE HIM HOME.
WE MEAN TO KEEP OUR EMPIRE IN THE EAST.
POOR MR. COPPETT (By G. W. HUNT).
THE COLORADO BEETLE'S COME (HARRY HUNTER).
CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE (HARRY HUNTER).
MISS JENNY AP-TOMMAS AP-SHENKLIN AP-JONES.
TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

No. 5, Vol. 2 of the

MOHAWK MINSTRELS' MAGAZINE OF FAVOURITE SONGS and BALLADS.

Price 1s., containing Sixteen New and Original Songs, Humorous and Pathetic, by HARRY HUNTER, written by him especially for this work.

Just published

SMALLWOOD'S PIANOFORTE TUTOR.

Price 5s. (Post free for 36 stamps). Pronounced by all who have seen it to be the easiest Instruction book to teach and to learn from ever issued. The lessons and exercises are well chosen and carefully studied, and graduated in a most easy manner, making the practice interesting and pleasing. Several beautiful original melodies are introduced, as are also many well-known airs by celebrated composers, some pretty duets, and a choice selection of Sacred Music.

FRANCIS BROTHERS and DAY, 351, Oxford Street.

CHOPIN'S SEVENTEEN POLISH SONGS.

Bound, 4s. net.
RIMBAULT'S SUNDAY SONGS FOR CHILDREN. Bound, 4s. net.
BARTHOLOMEW'S HOLY THOUGHTS IN SONG. Bound, 4s. net.
MACFARREN'S LADY OF THE LAKE CANTATA. 4s. net.
LAWSON'S PEOPLE'S SONGS AND BALLADS. 6s. net.
MACFARREN'S ORATORIO, JOSEPH. 4s. Bound 6s.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, and CO.,
84, New Bond Street, London, W.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S Practical Pianoforte School.

Section 1. No. 1. PIANOFORTE TUTOR.
FORSYTH BROTHERS, London and Manchester.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S New Edition of POPULAR WORKS.

For list of pieces already published Catalogues will be forwarded post free on application to FORSYTH BROTHERS, 272a, Regent Circus, Oxford St., London; Cross Street, South King Street, Manchester.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

INSTITUTED 1822.
Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830,
Under the immediate patronage of
Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family.
President—the Right Hon. the Earl of DUDLEY.
Principal—Professor MACFARREN, Mus. Doc., Cantab.

The Lent Term will commence on MONDAY, the 21st January, 1878, and will terminate on SATURDAY, the 20th April.

Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on THURSDAY, the 17th January, at Eleven o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
Royal Academy of Music,
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

WILL CELEBRATE THEIR

THIRTEENTH CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY FESTIVAL

in the

ST. JAMES'S GREAT HALL,

upon a scale of unexampled magnitude.
AN ENTIRELY NEW
And most brilliant Programme,
having been specially prepared for the occasion, in which the
Whole Strength of the Company,
Numbering
Nearly Fifty Artists,
will take place.
The Great Hall will be fitted with a Splendid Proscenium and Scenery,
and will be illuminated in a most magnificent manner,
Presenting a Coup d'Œil of Rare Beauty.
Seats for Five Thousand Visitors.
Performances will be Given Throughout the Holidays

EVERY DAY at 3.

EVERY NIGHT at 8.

Omnibuses run direct to the doors of St. James's Hall from every Railway Station in London. Every West-End Omnibus will also carry visitors to the door of the Hall.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.

67, 69, 71, 73, 77 & 79,

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT

FURNISH THROUGHOUT.—OE
MANN and CO., 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, Ham
Road, near Tottenham Court Road; Cabinet Factory,
Works, Drummond Street; Bedding Factory, Eagle
London, N.W. CARPETS, Furniture, Bedding, Dr
Furnishing Ironmongery, China, Glass, Paper Han
Pictures, Bronzes, Clocks, &c., and every other requisi
completely furnishing a house throughout.

THE IMMENSE RANGE OF P
MISES formerly the EAGLE BREWERY h
been REBUILT and ADDED to their SHOW ROOMS
now one of the largest Furnishing Establishments in
world. Comparison of price and quality respectfully
cited before deciding elsewhere. OETZMANN and C
enabled to offer special advantages to country custome
delivery of goods by their own large Pantechnicon Vans
fixing in position by competent persons. Descriptive
logue, the best furnishing guide extant, post free.

PAINTINGS, OLEOS, CHROM
PHOTOS, and Engravings; a choice assortmen
handsome frames. The paintings are by well-known a
and the name guaranteed. Also, a large assortment
Bronzes, Statuettes, Vases, Clocks, Antique Furniture,
Artistic Furnishing Items. A catalogue of art depar
post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

CABINET and UPHOLSTERY D
PARTMENT.—Elegant Drawing-room Suites, h
somely carved Italian walnut wood, upholstered in
Worsted Damask, from 8 guineas; ditto in Rich Silk
Satin, 20 to 60 guineas; Elegant Black and Gold Suites,
12 guineas; superior ditto, from 18 to 50 guineas;
Mahogany Dining Room Suites, 8 guineas; ditto Fine Spa
Mahogany, upholstered in best Marone Leather, 14 guin
Massive Mahogany Telescope Dining Tables, from £2 1
handsome walnut large OVAL Centre Table, 3 guineas.
OETZMANN and CO.

OETZMANN and CO.'s FIVE GUINE
NONPAREIL BEDSTEAD and BEDDING
marvel of quality and economy combined—consists o
4 ft. 6 in. wide handsome Brass and Iron French Bedste
one of O. and Co.'s patent Pallio Mattresses, and a good W
Upper Mattress, good Feather Bolster, and two Pillo
Every one about to furnish should see this excellent set
view in the Show Rooms. Also to suit the above, two f
Linen Sheets, one ditto Bolster-case, two ditto Pillow-ca
three superior quality Blankets, and handsome wh
Marsella Quilt, for 78s. 6d. the set.—OETZMANN and CO

OETZMANN'S Patent Pallio Mattre
supersedes the use of the old rigid Palliasse; is mo
cleanly, healthy, and elastic; combines the advantages of
Mattress and Palliasse at the cost of one article. Price fr
16s. 9d. upwards. See page 123 in "Guide to House Fu
nishing," sent post free on application.—OETZMANN and C

LINOLEUM.—OETZMANN and C
—LINOLEUM.—Warm, soft, carpet-like in appearan
and very durable. ALL the NEW PRIZE DESIGNS a
NOW in STOCK. A visit of inspection solicited. Pric
below those usually charged for this favourite floor coverin
The trade supplied.—OETZMANN and CO.

ANGLO-TURKEY CARPETS.—The
superior Carpets, of which Messrs. OETZMANN an
CO. have the exclusive sale, are of first-class British manu
facture, have all the style and appearance of real Turke
Carpets, at little more than the price of good Brussels, an
are very durable. Price lists post free on application. Fo
the convenience of those residing at a distance, a large piec
showing the border and centre of carpet, sent on receipt of 5s
which will be deducted from price of carpet or refunded upo
return of pattern. Hearth Rugs to match, 6 ft. long b
2 ft. 8 in. wide, £1 5s. 6d. A large stock of real Turkey
carpets at reduced prices.—OETZMANN and CO.

EVERY ONE SHOULD SEE the large
handsome AXMINSTER HEARTH RUGS that
OETZMANN and CO. are now selling at 9s. 11d. each, usual
price 15s. 6d. There is nothing sold that can be compared
with these for quality and cheapness. An immense variety of
designs and colours to suit every pattern in Carpets; a visit
of inspection solicited.—OETZMANN and CO.

DOWN QUILTS.—OETZMANN and
CO.'S EIDER and ARCTIC DOWN QUILTS and
CLOTHING combine the greatest amount of warmth attain-
able with the least possible weight, and are of the very best
quality. Price lists post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

MADRID STRIPED CURTAINS, all
wool, 3 yards long by 48 inches wide, 15s. per pair; 3½
yards, 17s. 6d.; 4 yards, 20s.; best Worsted Damask Curtains, in
green, crimson, or any self colour, plaited top, bordered all
round with best embroidered silk lace, 3 yards long by 51
inches wide, 25s. per pair; 3½ yards, 30s.; 4 yards, 35s.; best
rep, ditto, 3 yards by 54 inches wide, 42s.; 3½ yards, 50s.; 4
yards, 57s. 6d. Forwarded same day on receipt of order. One
trial will ensure recommendation. No common damask or
rep used, sold, or advised. Descriptive lists post-free.
OETZMANN and CO.

KITCHEN REQUISITES.—OETZMANN and CO.'S TEN POUND SET (List No. 2A, page 231, in their "GUIDE TO HOUSE FURNISHING," sent post free on application), includes Tables, Chairs, Clock, &c., with the various culinary utensils and requisites, contained all the most useful articles required in every kitchen, each being of superior quality, and is the most practical selection extant.—OETZMANN and CO.

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY DEPARTMENT.—Superior Electro Plate Tea and Coffee Pots, Spoons, Forks, Cruets, &c. (quality guaranteed); best warranted Table Cutlery; handsome Coal Vases, from 3s. 11d. upwards; Dish Covers; Japanned Toilet Sets, full size, bath, pail, and can, various neat designs in colours, 8s. 11d. per set. Kitchen Ironmongery of every description. Mats, Matting, Brooms, Brushes, Pails, &c. Bronze Umbrella Stands, from 3s. 9d. Table Lamps, complete, good style, 3s. 11d.
OETZMANN and CO.

EXHIBITION PATTERN COAL VASE.—OETZMANN and CO.'S NEW SPECIAL DESIGNS for the season, much admired, handsomely japanned, and rich burnished gold ornamentation, with opal handles, strong loose lining, a great convenience and saving in wear. Price complete, 21s.—OETZMANN and CO.

CHINA and GLASS DEPARTMENT.—Ironstone China Dinner Services—various neat and elegant designs, from 15s. 9d. the set; handsome ditto at 25s. and 35s. per set; a large assortment of superb patterns for selection; dessert services complete, 17 pieces, 13s. 9d.; best French China ditto, 18 pieces, very chaste, with burnished gold edges, 18s. 9d.; China Tea Services, complete, 28 pieces, 5s. 9d.; elegant ditto, burnished gold and enamelled, 15s. 9d.—OETZMANN and CO.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.—OETZMANN and CO.—ORDERS sent per POST, whether large or small, receive prompt and careful attention. Those residing at a distance, or any to whom a personal visit would be inconvenient, desirous of leaving the selection to the Firm, may rely upon a faithful attention to their wishes and interest in the selection. This Department is personally supervised by a member of the Firm. For further particulars please see page 287 in Catalogue, sent free on application.

OETZMANN and CO., COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS, 67, 69, 71, 73, 77 and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD (three minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road and Gower Street Station, Metropolitan Railway). Lowest prices consistent with guaranteed quality. Orders per post, large or small, receive prompt and faithful attention in the selection. Close at 7, and on Saturdays at 4 o'clock. Descriptive Catalogue post free.—OETZMANN and CO.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

OETZMANN & CO.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietors by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, at 12, Milford Lane, and published by him at 190, Strand, both in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—DECEMBER 25, 1877

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

3 0112 099118470